

MARGARET KILLJOY
BEING THE EXPLORATIONS

#5

#5

2011

BEING THE EXPLORATIONS

A photographic exploration of a year in the life of a wanderer, covering subjects such as anarchy, punks, politics, squatting, graffiti, and landscape. Including photography from the USA, Italy, Greece, Bulgaria, The Netherlands, Spain, and Canada.

MARGARET KILLJOY

















13



14





16



17























AMSTEL ANTIQUES

1017 CA AMSTERDAM

T. 020 625 1111



ESSE

AMSTERDAM

Brangs-Reinrich

SAAN

Cl. Dullighe











Bro $\frac{12}{6}$

Union Nationale des Etudiants de France
Association Fédérative Générale des Etudiants
de Strasbourg

DE LA MISERE EN MILIEU ETUDIANT

*considérée
sous ses aspects économique, politique,
psychologique, sexuel et notamment
intellectuel
et de quelques moyens pour y remédier.*

1966

Supplément spécial au N° 16 de «21-27 Etudiants de France»

LA NOVELA IDEAL



¡ ENGAÑADA !

NÚM. 8 15 CTS.

Prat





Hanneke 5



















**NO BORDER CAMP
IN BRUSSELS**

SEVEN DAYS OF ACTION, INFORMATION, MOVES,
DEBATES... ON IMMIGRATION & INFORMATION POLICY
DOPT 30 IN OCTOBER 7 2011

WWW.NO BORDER CAMP.BE

**WIJ ZIJN GEEN SLAYEN,
WIJ ZIJN DYNAMIET**

HET IS EEN OUDE
KWESTIE, VAN DE
VORIGE EEUW,
DE OPSTAND.

IMEL

Antikapitalistische demonstratie
voor een radicaal andere samenleving

Nijmegen
14.00 uur
Stationplein
Imel.org

eerste mei iedereen vrij!

**DEMONSTRATION
FOR AUTONOMY**

voor een leven in
voor de de...
2011...
1000...

**VOTE
FROM A ROOFTOP**

**JULIE WETTEN
NIET DE ONZE**

DE DEMONSTRATIE
27 OKTOBER 2011

8/9 januari 2011
**Landelijke
Kraak
dagen**

love
you



US 802068
DIRECT ACTION NEWS FROM GERMANY
ROCK N RIOT
PREPARED



Thursday Oct 29 MKZ Food: Ten Info: 8pm
Wednesday Nov 25 Tanager Cafe du Nord - 07 201 Info: 8pm
NEVER TRUST A COP.ORG

BREEK HET MOORDENDE RITME VAN DE DEPORTATIEMACHINE!
Laten we de rechte verpakking- verpakking de geluiden contra en de verpakkingen

HAPPY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR FROM BERLIN



DEMONSTRATION





YES!
YOU ARE
HORSEY!



ALL YOU
FAKERS
BEHOLD
I AM THE
REAL HORSEY

it's not the right
horsey!

IN GIRUM IMUS NOCLE
ET CONSUMIMUR IGNI

SMRT.

WHERE IS THE HORSEY!
IT MUST COME
BACK!



NOW!



1919 MAP THE DOGS - BEWARE OF THE SNATTERS

OCCII
MAY / MAY / MAY

Text describing the building and event details.

OCCII
MAY / MAY / MAY

Text describing the event.

JUNE PROGRAM
OCCII

Text describing the program.

ShitTown
DIY PUNK & HC FESTIVAL

STILL LIVING THEIR NIGHTMARE
14th - 17th
of August
2008

MUSIC, WORKSHOPS, BIKER PUNK STUFF, FILMS,
PUNK FICKING, BOOPFRICKEN, DISTROS - BOMBS
WWW.SHIT-TOWN.DK

Weg met de

STOP
STOP
STOP



CHANGE THE WORLD
 MAKE it HORSEY
 How?

^



FUR COATS
 are worn by
 BEAUTIFUL
 ANIMALS
 and
 UGLY PEOPLE































888

888

MOMS



































UP THE
PUNKS!
⊗



























BADWATER BASIN

282 FEET / 85.5 METERS

BELOW SEA LEVEL





















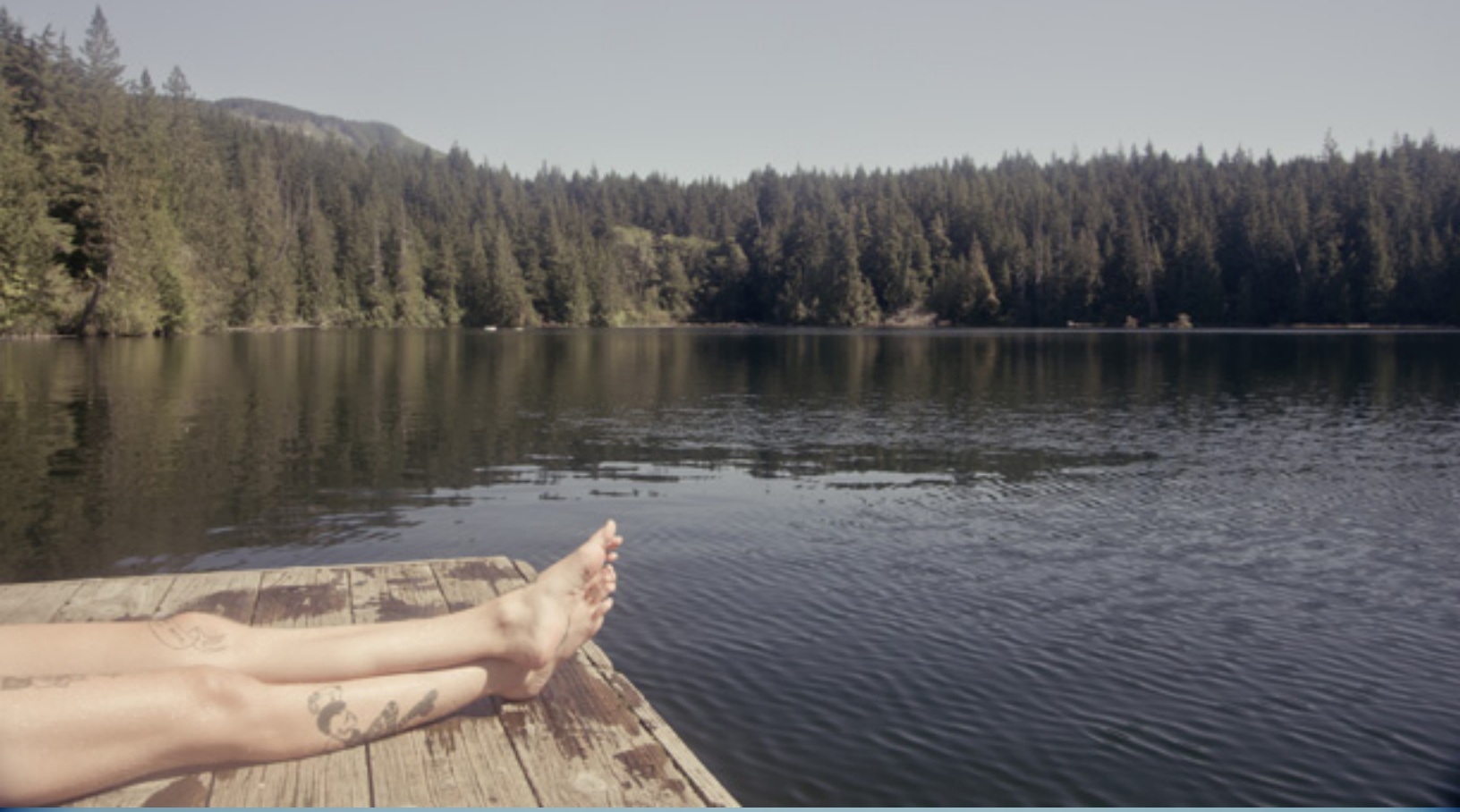




















VV FIRM
"A"
Lushmore

Dear SMASHI,
(person you're involved with)



I think you're THE CATS ASS.
(flattering adjective)

You make my heart DO SOMETHING I think about
(verb)

you while washing. I hope one day you'll agree to
(frequent amount of time)

show me your tits. Happy Valentine's Day.
(some form of commitment)

Love, BONESAW
(your nickname)



DONT
WORK
TWO
MUCH



IDIOT

MY SEXUAL
PREFERENCE
IS OFTEN







YOU
SAY
"CLASS
WAR"
LIKE
IT'S A
BAD
THING





Bank of A













STAND
with the
99%
Row 2
Oakland City Hall
Oak, Reno, San

**DEFEND
HUMAN
DIGNITY
CHALLENGE
CORPORATE
POWER**





THIS IS
CLASS
WAR

just w
baby























































































- 1-3 Elektra KB from Rosa Apátrida at the band's first show, 1/8/11. Rosa Apatrida is an anti-fascist, anarchist cold wave band based in Brooklyn, New York. They sing in Spanish, English, and Russian.
- 4-5 DJ Chaöten from the Ice Age Crew spinning at the event We Have Decided Not To Die. Semi-Legit Autonomous Space in Brooklyn, New York, 1/28/11.
- 6 Rosa Apátrida performing at We Have Decided Not To Die.
- 7 Agnostic Pray performing at We Have Decided Not To Die. Agnostic Pray is an anarchist post-punk band.
- 8 Flying over the Swiss alps on the way from New York City to Italy.
- 9 Cloudscape from the plane over Europe.
- 10 The city of Trento, Italy. I went to Trento to stay with a friend and help her edit her PhD thesis, arriving in the city after a beautiful train ride through the Adige River valley.
- 11 A demonstration in Trento against then-prime minister Silvio Berlusconi. The demonstration was held on a national day against the famously fucked-up leader, who was forced to resign by the end of the year.
- 12 The Trento Cathedral. All I knew about Trento before I arrived was that my host had told me it was the birthplace of the inquisition. The city and the cathedral were primarily built up for the Church's Council of Trent in the 16th century, at which protestants and other folks with unique interpretations of the bible were declared to be heretics. And the council was held in this cathedral. Some punks approached me while I was photographing the square, but they only knew enough English to hit me up for change.
- 13-15 I spent a week in Rome visiting an American friend overseas on an internship. She lived in a small apartment in an immigrant neighborhood and the grocers all knew her and enjoyed testing her very limited Italian. I bought non-alcoholic beer by accident, not able to understand the label, but drank it regardless. In the summer of 2010 I'd done the Rome tourist thing and seen the coliseum, but the ruins run through Rome like veins and my friend and I took long walks out to the aqueduct. The 2,000 year old structure was covered with beautiful graffiti. Birds, people, and plants have made their home in nooks between bricks.
- 16-18 The view from the ferry between Venice, Italy, and Patras, Greece. I checked maps of Venice so I could navigate my way from the train station to the ferry docks, but my preparations were for naught. An hour of running to and fro, around the less-interesting parts of the city, and finally I found the skytrain to the docks and got onboard. Venice is a spectacular city, mysterious and gross, swamped by tourists. The streets are regularly flooded and the entire city is rapidly sinking into the mire.
- 19 Athens, Greece is a low sea of concrete that flows down from the hills and fills the valleys. I arrived by bus in the early morning from the coastal city of Patras, though owing to the rolling strikes across the country we considered ourselves lucky to have gotten a bus. Greece is not a stable place at the moment. The country is crippled by debt and even the "leftist" government has passed austerity measure after austerity measure against the express desire of the population.
- 20 The neighborhood of Exarcheia is the "anarchist neighborhood" of Athens. The walls are covered with beautiful graffiti but the sidewalks are covered with dog shit. Police are afraid to enter alone, and even when large groups of riot cops try to come in, they are sometimes met with rocks and molotov cocktails. The community is largely self-policing: one afternoon I went to a "reclaim the streets" style demonstration that was organized by anarchists and other members of the community in order to hold some streets as safe space from the hoodlums that had been harassing the elderly. In the center of Exarcheia is a self-organized park held on squatted land that has been defended from police for a few years now. The anarchists in Athens are generally camera-shy and aren't very excited about outsiders representing them, so although I spent a month and a half in Greece, I took very few photographs.
- 21 Three hundred immigrants went on hunger strike in Greece for six weeks this winter, refusing sustenance but for water and salt. After being evicted from a university building, they ended up camped on private property. The strike was self-organized from within a community that was fed up with the impossible conditions for immigrants in Greece. Other groups, including leftists and anarchists, organized in solidarity, taking on support roles like defending the space from fascists and police as well as driving strikers to the hospital as necessary. The strike ended when the government, afraid of the increasing publicity around the event, caved to many of the immigrants' demands.
- 22 The panorama from the roof of my friend's apartment at the edge of Exarcheia.
- 23 I went from Greece to Sofia, Bulgaria. I stayed with my friend's parents, neither of whom speak English.
- 24 Dogs and people, all wearing fur, sitting in a park in Sofia.
- 25 Bulgaria was the first country I've been to that uses the cyrillic alphabet, and it entertained the hell out of me that my placemat at the bar said "HOB0!!!" meaning "new," instead of, you know, me. A hobo.
- 26 There was more fascist graffiti in Sofia than anti-fascist, but it warmed my heart to see the classic "follow your leader" slogan with a picture of Hitler committing suicide.
- 27 For me, this is one of the more depressing images in this book. The slogan "ACAB." stands for "All Cops Are Bastards" and is a staple in anarchist and anti-fascist scenes across at least Europe in the US. To see it paired with a swastika feels gross. From an anarchist point of view, the slogan makes sense: anarchists believe in a society without police. But for fascists? The fascist youth scene is the strongest counter-cultural movement in the country, and therefore the one that the police end up in conflict with the most often.
- 28 I've spent more time in Amsterdam, The Netherlands, than any other city outside the US. The city, like most of the country, is built on land that was reclaimed from the sea, and I was told while I lived there that sea level was somewhere around the second or third floor of most houses. In downtown Amsterdam, the buildings are all at weird angles from one another; this isn't just distortion from a wide-angle camera lens.
- 29 A canal near the zoo in Amsterdam.
- 30 The Amstel, the oldest canal (and namesake) of Amsterdam. My old squat was immediately to the left of this picture.
- 31 Houseboats alongside a canal in Amsterdam.

- 32 Oldtown Amsterdam.
- 33 The *bakfiets* (“box-bike”) is the pickup truck of bikes. Squatters use these to move construction and barricading supplies as well as furniture around the city. They’re built by the squatters themselves. They’re a joy to ride, but they really only make sense in an entirely flat city like Amsterdam.
- 34 Elsewhere in Amsterdam.
- 35 A magpie perched on the wall outside the International Institute for Social History, the world’s largest archive of anarchist materials. Every time I stop into town, I come by and photograph old zines and newspapers and photographs.
- 36 *De La Misere En Milieu Etudiant*, or “On The Poverty of Student Life.” I believe this is the original printing of this Situationist text that is sometimes credited as having sparked the famous May 1968 events in Paris. I had a chance to photograph the entire original document, which I uploaded to my Flickr.
- 37 *La Novela Ideal* was an anarchist fiction periodical published in Spain from the 1920s up until the fascist takeover of the country during the Spanish Civil War at the end of the 1930s. It and its sister publication, *La Novela Libre*, came out regularly and had print runs of 50,000 copies per issue. A number of the more important Spanish authors of the time published in the series. The IISH has the most complete collection that is known to exist, with hundreds of issues.
- 38 Spuistraat is an avenue in the heart of downtown Amsterdam, a part of town that caters primarily to tourism. But squatters have had an incredible effect on the landscape. This is the front door to the Vrankrijk, a building that was squatted in 1982 and legalized ten years later but continues to be a stronghold of the political squat scene of the city and is collectively-run. The bar on the ground floor was run for over twenty-five years. The story I heard from one of the bartenders was that the city wanted them to legalize, but the squatters refused because as long as they stayed a squat, they were capable (and legally permitted, more or less) to keep cops out of the space and to not pay taxes. The city compromised, and promised not to let police into the space. Another time, a cop car was parked right out front on a Friday night, the “punk night” at the bar, and the young punks destroyed the police car entirely. A cop came to the Vrankrijk and my friend, the bartender, went out to speak with him, nervous. “I’m so sorry,” the cop said. “It was a rookie cop, he didn’t know better than to park right in front of the Vrankrijk. It won’t happen again.”
- 39 The top of another squatted building on Spuistraat, this one a residence.
- 40 The facade of the Vrankrijk.
- 41 The facade of another (legalized? I can’t recall) squat on Spuistraat. Interestingly, the mural on the building is legally protected as a historic part of the city and isn’t allowed to be painted over.
- 42-44 In addition to the murals on squats, Spuistraat is also home to some of the most elaborate and beautiful graffiti I’ve ever seen.
- 45 The bar in the Vrankrijk was shut down a few years ago after an incident of violence left the scene divided, but it was under renovation and being prepared for re-opening. These rats are painted on the wall inside. Rats are a common symbol for the squatters, since we identify with the scavengers of society.
- 46 A mural in the Vrankrijk’s show space, signed by the graffiti artist Krark.
- 47 The Vrankrijk under renovations. Not all squatters are enthusiastic about having their picture taken.
- 48 The backyard of my friends’ squat in another part of central Amsterdam is actually the roof of another building.
- 49-52 The interior of my friends’ squat in Amsterdam. Legalized squatting in The Netherlands is a legacy from the 1980s, when a huge portion of at least Amsterdam was squatted. Legalized squatting kept real estate speculation from driving neighborhoods into slum-like conditions, because property owners had to find uses for their property lest it be seized by those in need of residence. At the end of 2010, however, squatting was banned. The squat opening I attended was shut down by riot police and the squatters had to escape by rowboat as the police broke in the door. Existing squats are being shut down one by one, and it is likely the end of an era.
- 53 Squatters from all over Europe end up settling (at least temporarily) in Amsterdam.
- 54-57 Graffiti and other art on the walls of the squat. The posters in 55 are silkscreened calendars for the OCCII, a radical showspace in Amsterdam.
- 58 My friend walking across the roof to his squat.
- 59 Even in the era of legalized squatting, squatters knew that a squat was only as safe as its barricades. As soon as squatters move in, they begin to block off any entrances that aren’t in use to make it harder for cops or thugs hired by the landowner to break in and evict. This is the back of my friends’ squat, where they’ve been collecting barricade materials.
- 60 An anarchist heart and some other graffiti on the back of the squat.
- 61 Art on the back of the squat.
- 62 A panorama of Catalonia. I’d been planning to visit Spain for six years at least, and I finally had a chance. I took a night train through France, something I’d been excited about, but my experience was probably the closest that I’ve had to jail without actually being arrested. I spent hours sitting in a Paris train station watching cops with assault rifles pace back and forth, then boarded a train. I was curtly escorted to a tiny, dark room where I sat with three strangers with no shared languages. A conductor came by and took my passport and said I would get it back the next morning after it had been inspected by Spanish police, and I spent the night nervously hoping the police wouldn’t have anything to say to me in the morning. They didn’t, and I arrived in Barcelona. My hosts, two scientists, took me out to see the countryside.
- 63 My host photographing the landscape in Catalonia.
- 64 Pausing on the path.
- 65-66 One night in Barcelona, my friend asked me “Do you want to go to the gothic quarter?” I thought she was joking, because she knew I was into goth. But lo and behold, there’s a part of Barcelona called the gothic quarter, and it’s filled with crazy old churches and crazy old brick alleyways.

- 67-68** Apparently it's reasonably normal in Spain for there to be stone chapels from the 800s to just be sitting empty-but-not-abandoned in the countryside, so we stopped at one and ate lunch and expressed our blasphemy.
- 69** The night before I was to fly back to the US, we went to the sea. This image, of the sky setting behind the clouds, haunted me the whole of my return. I don't mind that I live in the US most of the time, but I seem to always resent my flight home.
- 70-71** The French Broad river runs through Asheville, North Carolina. Asheville is one of the most beautiful places to live in the US. It's nestled in the mountains, you can walk almost anywhere in town, and there's this gorgeous river that runs through an industrial area, mostly abandoned, a short trip from downtown. These two photos were taken after sunset with a friend of mine.
- 72** Punx is family. Three of my favorite people walking through Asheville.
- 73** The edible garden is, well, a garden of edible plants. It's beautiful any time of year, and most seasons you can come snack on things. Here, two of my friends play with toys.
- 74** My friend, three years old in these photos, thinks pretty much everything is amusing. I hope he holds onto this trait.
- 75** Two of my friends crossing the pedestrian bridge between downtown and the edible garden.
- 76-77** Like anywhere in the US (probably anywhere in the world), the cops in Asheville can get pretty nasty. Here, people gather in the heart of tourist downtown to express their discomfort with the police. ACAB stands for "All Cops Are Bastards."
- 78** Emma Goldman was an outspoken anarchist organizer and agitator in the US at the turn of the 20th century, and is without a doubt the most famous American anarchist. She's also really badass. Her likeness is tattooed on my friend's leg.
- 79** While I was in Amsterdam, I got my knuckles tattooed at a tattoo studio in the squat I stayed in. I've been certain I've wanted my knuckles tattooed for three years, and for the past year I was sure I wanted "sedition." I was nervous, of course, about crossing borders with a crime tattooed on my hands, but the US border guard asked me: "What do your hands say?" quite politely and I said, nervously, "sedition." "Oh, what does that mean?" she asked me. "It means I don't like kings very much," I said. "Well that's nice," she said as she stamped my passport.
- 80-82** The Blue Ridge Parkway is a scenic drive running through the Appalachian mountains. My friend and I took a drive out and climbed a fire watch tower to appreciate the view. The Appalachian mountains are the oldest mountain range in North America, so I'm lead to believe, and I love how low and lumpy they are. Not everything has to be tall and majestic to be beautiful. The first shot is a panorama from the tower.
- 83** An ant crawling across the sticky bud of a plant in my friend's garden. The photos on this page were all taken with a DIY kaleidoscopic macro lens that I made. I cut the lens apparatus out of a lomography camera, one that took four pictures in rapid sequence on a single frame, and taped it into a drilled-out body cap for my SLR. I love what it can do.
- 84** Unripe berries.
- 85-86** My mouth? My friend's mouth? Someone's mouth.
- 87** I drove from Asheville up to Ithaca, New York, since I hadn't been through in a year and a half. Two of us went camping out at Finger Lakes National Forest. Because Finger Lakes is one of the newest national forests, it's actually cut through with private land and that trip included the surreal experience of staying at a campground and having to listen to someone mow their lawn. Still, a few miles hike into the low forest around us and we were happy enough.
- 88-89** A non-finger lake in Finger Lakes National Forest.
- 90** Graffiti on an empty building in Ithaca, New York. Hydrofracking is a new and environmentally unsustainable way of mining natural gas and petroleum in which companies force pressurized poison down into the bedrock to break it apart and make mining cheaper. This, as one might imagine, has negative effects on the surrounding area and most famously the ground water supply that people and other animals depend on. And in case you wondered, hydrofracking is mysteriously exempt from regulation by the safe drinking water act.
- 91** A page of portraits taken over the course of a month or so. This shot is of photographer Beatrice Schleyer in her Brooklyn Studio. We've been friends for several years, but I stopped by to see her because she's going to be featured in the second issue of *Graceless: A Journal of the Radical Gothic*.
- 92** My sister works at the Montgomery County Historical Society in Maryland and runs the museum there. Here, we're examining what I believe to be a 19th century harmonium. Musically, it works like an accordion, with air forced by a bellows over reeds.
- 93** My Spanish host came to North Carolina to speak at a marine biology conference. This shot is taken at a rest stop somewhere in eastern North Carolina.
- 94** I was in New York City when copies of my second book (and my first fiction book!) returned from the printer. Here I am holding *What Lies Beneath The Clock Tower*, which is a choose-your-own-adventure tale of an absinthe drunk caught in a revolution between gnomes and goblins in the undercity of 19th century France. We rushed to have the books back in time to have them at the Steampunk World's Fair in New Jersey.
- 95** At the Steampunk World's Fair in Somerset, New Jersey. Now, I'd never heard of Somerset, but it clearly didn't matter because the convention stayed confined to the hotel. It was a wonderful event, despite its drab location, and did a lot to renew my flagging interest in the world of steampunk. In fact, there was a steampunk labor rally. And who would contest a steampunk labor rally but steampunk aristocrats? Two of the four or five gentlemen who came out to counter-demonstrate are featured here. My favorite sign, not featured, was "why work when you can inherit?"
- 96** A sideshow performer at the Steampunk World's Fair let people staple money to him in exchange for the money. Yes, it hurts; yes, it bleeds. Still, this goes to show my

theory as to what steampunk, as a culture, is: where nerds hire circus punks to entertain them. And yet it appears to be a symbiotic relationship. Maybe this isn't the best example of the symbiosis.

- 97 Steampunk Emma Goldman, a cosplayer ("cosplay" is short for "costume play" and is something that the geek crowd sometimes gets into, where they dress as certain characters) who has chosen notorious anarchist Emma Goldman as her character. This is the woman who organized the steampunk labor rally. Since being pictured here, she has organized demonstrations at other steampunk events and has been arrested at least twice at Occupy Wall Street.
- 98 A speaker at the steampunk labor rally.
- 99 I went from New Jersey back down to Asheville. Here two of my friends show the third how to play violin.
- 100 Nighttime in Asheville.
- 101-102 A Swiss friend of mine I was traveling with was remarkably deft at painting light with a headlamp.
- 103 On our way west, our first stop was Idapalooza, a queer music festival at Ida, a queer land project in Tennessee. We hiked up to the waterfall, where my friends were bathing and allowed me to photograph. This first shot was taken with a DIY pinhole lens I built for my camera. I had to shoot at an incredibly high ISO to be able to shoot handheld, but I managed.
- 104 At the waterfall at Idapalooza.
- 105 A vertical panorama of the waterfall at Ida.
- 106 We went the southern way across the country and spent several days in and around New Orleans, Louisiana. This was my first time heading out to the swamps outside the city, and we got to watch alligators swim just off the path and below the footbridges throughout the nature reserve. A storm was just off the horizon most of the time, but when it hit and soaked us, we didn't mind.
- 107 A rather large spider at the nature reserve. Sadly, there's nothing to compare for scale, but I didn't shoot this with a macro lens.
- 108 A frog on a frond at the nature reserve.
- 109 On our way back to the city, we passed a roadkill alligator and picked it up.
- 110 Skinning a roadkill alligator at the backyard of our host's house.
- 111-112 New Orleans has some of the most striking graveyards in the US. Because the water table is absurdly low, bodies are not interred in the ground but instead in raised graves or tombs.
- 113-114 Two of the people I was traveling with were from Switzerland, and when we were staying in Phoenix, Arizona we realized that they and a lot of my other friends had never seen the Grand Canyon. So we drove north until we reached the southern rim and spent the afternoon hiking. The Grand Canyon is perhaps the best example of a touristy location that you'd be a fool to pass up seeing. Yes, it's crowded. But that doesn't matter: there is a reason tourists go to see it... it's one of the most marvelous landscapes in the world.
- 115-119 Badwater Basin in Death Valley, California, is the lowest place in North America, with an elevation of 282ft below sea level. Of course, it's got nothing on the Dead Sea's 1388ft below sea level, but I'll take what I can get. It's in Death Valley, too, so it's hot as hell. I think it was only around 108-110° while we were there, but we were lucky and early in the season. We all walked out onto the Salt Flats and posed absurdly. It's the kind of thing you do when you've been traveling for too many miles with people.
- 120-121 Hotter still was our time in Slab City, California. Slab City is a sort of a squatted trailer park with a population of a few hundred in summer and thousands in winter. People roll up with their RVs and vans and live in one of the most lawless places in the US, bordering the Salton Sea. We went to go kill a few days by sitting under tarps, and wishing we were dead, at my friend's camp. He'd just moved in and it was quite a mess at the time.
- 122-123 Shooting a BB gun at beer bottles was about the only thing it made sense to do during the day besides hide in the shade or soak in the canal.
- 124 The first view of the Pacific on our trip.
- 125 We went to Fern Canyon, California just as the sun was going down. It was a nice place, but one of my friends headed off "to find the sea." This was as close as she got, but she still found a really nice place to be.
- 126 We drove through Tioga Pass across the Sierra Nevadas, through Yosemite, the very first day it opened for the year. The landscape was still covered with snow. It was the day after we left Death Valley.
- 127 Flowers by the ocean in California.
- 128-130 By the end of summer, I was headed north. I met up with some Canadians at the Seattle Anarchist Bookfair and we decided to go out to see Lester, Washington, a ghost town in the mountains. There're still railroads that run through it, and the road is used a few times a day. All that's left of the town, though, are a lot of foundations and four buildings. There're old-growth trees and all kinds of beautiful rusty things just off into the forest, and I know I'll be coming back.
- 131 I crossed into Canada and stayed in Vancouver, British Columbia for a week or two. We spent a lot of our time down at the beach. And this particular rock balancing was in place for hours at the very least and honestly I just can't wrap my brain around how it's possible.
- 132 We marched with a coalition of folks against the tar sands oil extraction project that has been destroying huge swathes of Canada. An insane amount of water is used in the process of extracting trace bits of oil from the sands, and the then-poisonous water is just left in tailing ponds so big they can be seen from space that kill any birds that land in them. We marched to an export terminal in Vancouver and from there to a pipeline that had ruptured in a residential neighborhood scant years before. It's worth noting that the extraction project disproportionately affects the indigenous population of Canada, as well. And it turns out that Vancouver, as well as much of Canada, is actually unceded territory that was never signed over to the colonizers.
- 133 I was invited by my friend Unwoman, a cellist songwriter of some renown, to do a reading of my choose-your-own-adventure book before a show of hers for a steampunk crowd in Vancouver. When Unwoman played her

cover of Madonna's "Papa Don't Preach," I managed to sort-of impress my friend by having never heard the original and therefore not recognizing it.

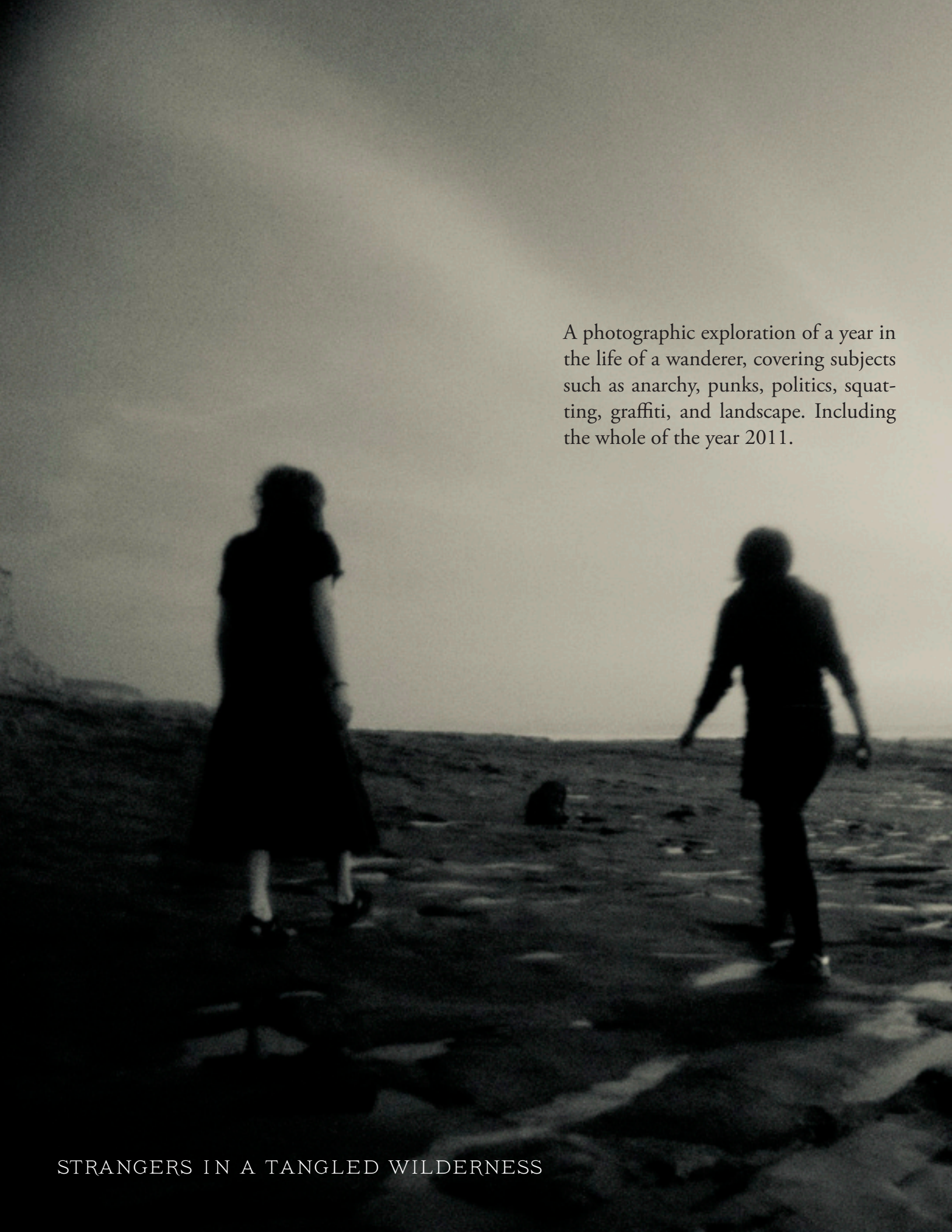
- 134** A week later I was on Vancouver Island, off the coast of British Columbia, for the Victoria Anarchist Bookfair. We took a trip around the island to see the forests and beaches, but drove past clearcut after clearcut. In away from the touristy areas, Vancouver Island is a mess of deforestation. I remember when I was younger, I naively believed that logging companies didn't clearcut and that they certainly replanted. Little did I know that what replanting they do creates a "monoculture" which has more in common with a field of wheat than a forest. And even the healthiest soil is depleted after only two or three plantings. The ancient forests will not regrow, not for thousands of years at least.
- 135** My friend has the biggest ACAB tattoo I've ever seen. It's hella tough, just like my friend. Here, they're lying on the dock by Lizard Lake.
- 136** A tree growing on a tree in Fairy Lake (I believe it was) on Vancouver Island, Canada.
- 137** Someone tried quite hard to get rid of the "save our forests" graffiti on this sign, but they didn't succeed and they also didn't succeed at scrubbing it off any of the other dozen or so signs we saw it scrawled upon as we made our way through the patchwork landscape of the island's interior.
- 138** Lizard Lake on Vancouver Island.
- 139** The beach on Vancouver Island.
- 140** After the Victoria bookfair, I crossed with some other folks to Pender Island, a much smaller place. Here, my friend surveys his domain at sunset.
- 141** The ferry to Pender Island.
- 142** My friend playing her accordion, sitting in her veggie oil truck. Her and her partner travel around, half the time hauling their trailer home behind them, running their truck off of used vegetable oil they reclaim from restaurants. Yes, their exhaust smells like french fries. While we were waiting in line for the ferry, they were approached by concerned security because the back of their truck sometimes leaks oil and is clearly filled with strange apparatus and 5-gallon buckets. They explained the system to the workers, who were immediately amused. This man and his dog came over to talk to us about cameras and accordions for awhile.
- 143-144** Our host on Pender lives on property owned by his dad. His dad's kind of a nut, from what I gather, and has filled the bits of forest he owns with literally hundreds of broken down vehicles. It's cheaper to just give any junker to him than to pay to have it towed off the island, so his land serves as the graveyard of trucks and bikes and cars of all kinds. The forest has grown in over many of them, and exploring the property is magical.
- 145** A strange card on the wall of our host's cabin that pre-dates his residence.
- 146** The refrigerator in the cabin we used the kitchen of on Pender.
- 147** In addition to the rusted-out cars was an inexplicable number of stuffed monkeys scattered throughout the property.
- 148** Behind the main cabin is an older ruin, the walls of which are still covered in old photos and this cannabis sack.
- 149** I moved to Santa Cruz, California just as Occupy Wall Street and its lovely and chaotic ilk began to spread across the country. The Santa Cruz occupation was hundreds strong and routinely brought out a pretty wide demographic to demonstrate. Some were frustrated with the bailouts, but it seemed like most people knew that the root of the problem is capitalism itself.
- 150** I really can't explain this sign. It says "Smang (smash and then bang!) the system."
- 151** Fuck wall street. Simple enough message.
- 152** Occupy Santa Cruz during its first few hours, in San Lorenzo park. The police pretended to be polite, yet the first thing they did was require us to take down our tarp in the middle of a rainstorm.
- 153** After a few other locations, Occupy Santa Cruz moved in front of the courthouse steps, with a larger campground a few hundred meters away in the park. Featured here is the hotly-contested "occudome." This geodesic dome was part of the occupation for weeks despite constant attempts by the county to have it removed. Eventually the succeeded, unfortunately.
- 154** Anti-capitalist posters taped to the exterior walls of Bank of America during one of the first Occupy Santa Cruz demonstrations.
- 155-156** The police never gave up their tactics of harassment throughout the occupation, and on any number of occasions I was woken up by text alerts at 5:30am telling me that the camp was being raided and that they needed support and cameras. The first time I came down, I was too late and the police had already given out misdemeanor tickets and then left. A misdemeanor ticket means they've charged you with a crime and you might serve time in prison for it, yet instead of arresting you they just hand you a piece of paper. It almost seems like cheating. Anyhow, I missed the cops but took some photos in the first light of the day of some of the hundreds of people hardcore enough to stay camped out despite the cold and the harassment.
- 157** Our second General Assembly. The General Assembly is a decision-making model that anarchists, feminists, and other awesome folks have used for decades in which everyone's voice is treated as equal. Instead of a leader or an arbitrator, we have facilitators. A facilitator just helps the group come to consensus on what to do. One of the most beautiful thing about the Occupy movement is that it taught thousands and thousands of people that organizing and decision-making doesn't have to be disenfranchising. That people can decide for themselves what to do.
- 158** October 22nd is a national day of action against police brutality. A few dozen people from Occupy Santa Cruz marched in the streets to the police station. Once there, people told their stories of why they were there. We heard from a man whose cousin had been shot 60 times in the back by cops for holding his cell phone. One woman talked about being solicited for prostitution by cops, another about being locked up for an unpaid parking ticket and being groped and objectified by the cops in the process. Another person had had his arm broken

by police in an anti-war demonstration in 2003. The Santa Cruz city council later used a video of this event as their justification for distancing themselves from the Occupy movement, because of this “bad element” who believed that police were servants of the ruling elite.

- 159-160** Another splinter demonstration was held in front of the Santa Cruz jail, just across the street from the courthouse steps where Occupy Santa Cruz had taken up residence. We marched at night and chanted loudly, beating on drums, so that people inside the jail could hear our solidarity. At least one prisoner flicked the lights in her cell off and on in time with our drumming to show that she heard us.
- 161** Get it? It says “octopi” instead of “occupy.” Taken during an anti-bank march as part of Occupy Santa Cruz.
- 162** A woman holding a “capitalism is a pyramid scheme” poster that shows how our society exists to funnel wealth up towards those in power.
- 163** On November 2nd, Occupy Oakland held a general strike. This was the first general strike in the US since, I believe, 1946. The last one was actually in Oakland too. A rather large number of downtown businesses closed and tens of thousands of people came down to join in. I drove up from Santa Cruz to participate. At first, walking around Oscar Grant Plaza, I felt like I was at any other large, liberal mobilization or demonstration. There were sound trucks and port-a-potties, after all. But then I realized that it was entirely self-organized, that there wasn’t some big non-profit calling for it, that it wasn’t a bid to put this-or-that candidate into office. This was an event called for by a group of equals. Most of it had been organized through committees and general assemblies, the rest had been organized autonomously. Here, Rainforest Action Network marches with their balloon-lofted banner.
- 164** A banner in Spanish at the General Strike in Oakland, California.
- 165** This sign sums up the way a lot of us feel.
- 166** A security guard stands before a shattered Wells Fargo window. While most of the demonstration stayed non-destructive, a black bloc anti-capitalist march attacked numerous large banks. Though the action polarized the crowd, less people seemed turned off by the destruction than I would have expected. Cheers went up every time a rock broke the spectacle. This particular bank was the last one hit during the march. An unmasked man went up to the window after the crowd had left and yelled into it: “Do you hear us now? We tried everything: we wrote letters, we signed petitions, we protested, and you didn’t listen. Did you hear that though? Do you hear us now?”
- 167** Word came that Whole Foods had told their employees that anyone who participated in the strike would be fired, so the anti-capitalist march went to the building and painted “strike” on the side with a fire extinguisher that had been filled with paint. The entire piece of graffiti went up in seconds.
- 168** “Just Win Baby” is the slogan of the Oakland Raiders. This banner was dropped from a parking garage as the black bloc went past.
- 169** Graffiti on Wells Fargo at the Oakland General Strike.
- 170** Graffiti on a church at the Oakland General Strike.
- 171-172** A banner was suspended over the intersection occupied next to Oscar Grant Plaza.
- 173** Occupying the Port of Oakland. When I made it home from the General Strike, I posted the following to my blog:
- There were two marches, one at 4pm and one at 5pm, down to the port of Oakland. Longshoremen are unionized but the terms of their contract prohibit striking. Yet they are allowed to feel “unsafe” crossing a picket line and not work, so when they feel the need to strike, they require others to come down and set up picket lines. We obliged.
- And interestingly enough, dozens of longshoremen (out of a workforce of around 300) refused work this morning regardless.
- I joined the 5pm march and marched into one of the most beautiful things I’ve ever encountered. The space, miles and miles long, was entirely flooded with people. The cops say 7,000. One journalist I spoke to estimated 100,000. I personally want to say 20,000-50,000 people. People were climbing on trains, trucks, traffic signals... anything. Everyone was festive, there were bands playing everywhere. People of all walks of life, of all ages and races and sexualities and ableness were represented that I saw. Oakland represented, and Oakland represented hard. Tens of thousands of people engaged in a direct action.
- By shutting down the city, we’ve expressed to the government, the corporations, to the world, to each other: we are the ones in control. It is we the workers who made this world. It is ours. We have only to reclaim it from those who seek to control us.
- I mean none of this hyperbolically. I’ve been a part of demonstrations across the US and much of the “western” world and I’ve rarely felt anything like this: the feeling that we can win this. That people are sick of being mistreated. That we will rise like lions after slumber.
- 174** Feminist banner at the Port of Oakland.
- 175** A more professional group of banner-hangers set up this banner near some corporate banks in downtown Oakland on the day of the general strike.
- 176** While people stand on top of trucks, and a man wearing a middle finger shirt holds a middle finger sign, two steampunks stand on stilts. All while shutting down the Port of Oakland.
- 177** My cellist friend Unwoman performing in front of a bank occupation during the general strike in Oakland. And people say steampunks aren’t political.
- 178** Most of the truck drivers were supportive of the strike, for what it’s worth.
- 179** People descended like a swarm onto the port and climbed on top of everything they saw, suddenly liberated from the expectations of society.
- 180** Graffiti at the Port of Oakland.
- 181** A banner hung at the Port of Oakland. “It’s a man’s world. Let’s fuck it up.”
- 182** My Spanish marine biologist friend took up work in San Diego, so I drove down to visit her and took her out to

Slab City, California. By that point, my friend who lived at the slabs had moved from his ramshackle camp into the nicest spot in the whole place, East Jesus. There are some crazy, crazy pieces of art here. But unlike other sculpture gardens, the artwork here becomes part of the landscape that is meant to be lived in and experienced.

- 183** A bus buried in the sand at East Jesus. The bed in the back of the bus is actually level with the ground, not with the bus floor.
- 184** An art car and a geodesic dome at East Jesus.
- 185** Not all of it is legible in this small print, but there is so much going on in this photo. The dispenser to the left is a condom dispenser that says "Prevent Aids. Welcome to Nigeria." The trailer has a sign posted that reads: "Danger: Armed and Bitter Libertarian Drunkards Live Here. Trespassers Will Be Used for Target Practice. Screw Obama, Fuck McCain, Slabbers Vote for Insane Wayne (RIP)"
- 186** East Jesus, Slab City, California.
- 187** The Salton Sea is an accident of an inland sea that smells like death and sewage. The shores are covered with millions of dead fish and dead barnacles and dozens of dead towns. And it's a bird sanctuary. This place is so strange that the documentary about it is narrated by John Waters.
- 188** Maybe we had a dead fish fight on the shores of the Salton Sea.
- 189** Salvation Mountain is like a wingnut temple. Only the man who made it is nicer than most any priest. The somewhat-hollow mound of earth was built by Leonard Knight, who coats it with layer after layer of paint and covers the entire thing with bible references. It's amazing. It would have been in the middle of nowhere if Slab City hadn't sprung up around it. It's also a registered piece of folk art, whatever that means.
- 190** Despite having nothing but respect for Leonard Knight and his crazy creations, it's hard not to poke fun at this wording. Are we not punks?
- 191** A friend and I were going through a hard time at the same time, so we started taking trips together as Autumn deepened. This photo is from Henry Cowell State Park in Felton, California. I didn't get photos of it, but there's an albino redwood in the park with white needles. It gets its nutrients by tapping into the root system of the forest around it.
- 192** Henry Cowell State Park, California.
- 193** Somewhere out along US-1, south of Santa Cruz.
- 194-195** Henry Cowell State Park, California.
- 196-198** We drove down to Jade Cove to look for jade. The locals tear down the sign so that it stays a secret, but what I hear is that a huge portion of this cliffside is made of jade and we found lots of flakes and pebbles of it in the hour or two we spent. Of course, my clothes I'd set out on a rock to stay dry got thoroughly soaked and I had to scramble after them lest they wash away.
- 199-211** The lowest tide of the year came upon us, so a car of us drove up to scour the shoreline for mussels and other treasures. Enough of the seabed was exposed that we walked across a carpet of living mussels. The sea came back in slowly, leaving the beach a shallow mirror of salt-water as the sun set.
- 212** After several months, the city of Santa Cruz finally followed through on their threats to disband the illegal Occupy Santa Cruz encampment that had grown to approximately 100 tents. They'd been arresting stragglers when they could, but they were only able to force the eviction of such a large number of people by bringing in cops from all over the nearby area. The night before the eviction, much of the camp packed up. Most had nowhere else to go and simply continued to camp in San Lorenzo park but more dispersed and vulnerable to harassment from people and police.
- 213** An ominous sign beside the courthouse during the eviction of Occupy Santa Cruz.
- 214** An Occupier relaxing next to a poignant sign. What began as a protest decrying corporate greed became something much larger, and for many it was about the right to simply exist, something we don't have in the US.
- 215-216** The courthouse steps where Occupy Santa Cruz had kept vigil for months. The police had promised time and time again that they respected our right to free assembly, but eventually they grew tired of our continued insistence that we sought not just the right to demonstrate but the right to change our society into one that suits human and environmental needs. Eventually, the city withdrew even our right to demonstrate.
- 217** A corner lot in Santa Cruz, California had stood empty for decades, and one weekend a dozen people came out to turn it into a community park and garden. The property was owned by a new Walgreens, which dispatched a construction crew to destroy the garden. The space was fenced in, but activists went inside and refused to leave until police forced them out.
- 218** A bobcat was brought in to demolish the community garden, but activists blocked its path. One person dumped mulch into the machine's exhaust, disabling it until a repairperson appeared on the scene. Unfortunately, the destruction was only delayed for a day and the park was short-lived. The space is expected to return to its previous incarnation as a sketchy corner adorned only with used drug paraphernalia.
- 219-220** The eviction of Occupy Santa Cruz led to the arrest of several people who were held, for misdemeanor crimes, on \$25,000 bail. We organized a solidarity noise demonstration outside the local jail. Possibly in response to community pressure, the bail was dropped entirely and our recently-imprisoned friends actually came to our demonstration's meeting place. We decided to go ahead with the protest regardless, to show our support for all the people behind bars.
- 221-224** I left Santa Cruz to begin my journey east and stopped at Slab City on the Salton Sea once more. This time, I filled my van with folks for a trip out to the mud pots, a place in the middle of the desert with geothermal clay pits. We couldn't resist, and soon we were all covered in clay.
- 225** Back at Slab City, one friend gives another a haircut.
- 226-227** One man decided that it would be fun to shoot the other one's pee stream with a pellet gun.
- 228** The wastelands of America are beautiful, and I'll miss the southwest. This photo is from Imperial Valley, scant days before New Year's Eve.



A photographic exploration of a year in the life of a wanderer, covering subjects such as anarchy, punks, politics, squatting, graffiti, and landscape. Including the whole of the year 2011.

STRANGERS IN A TANGLED WILDERNESS