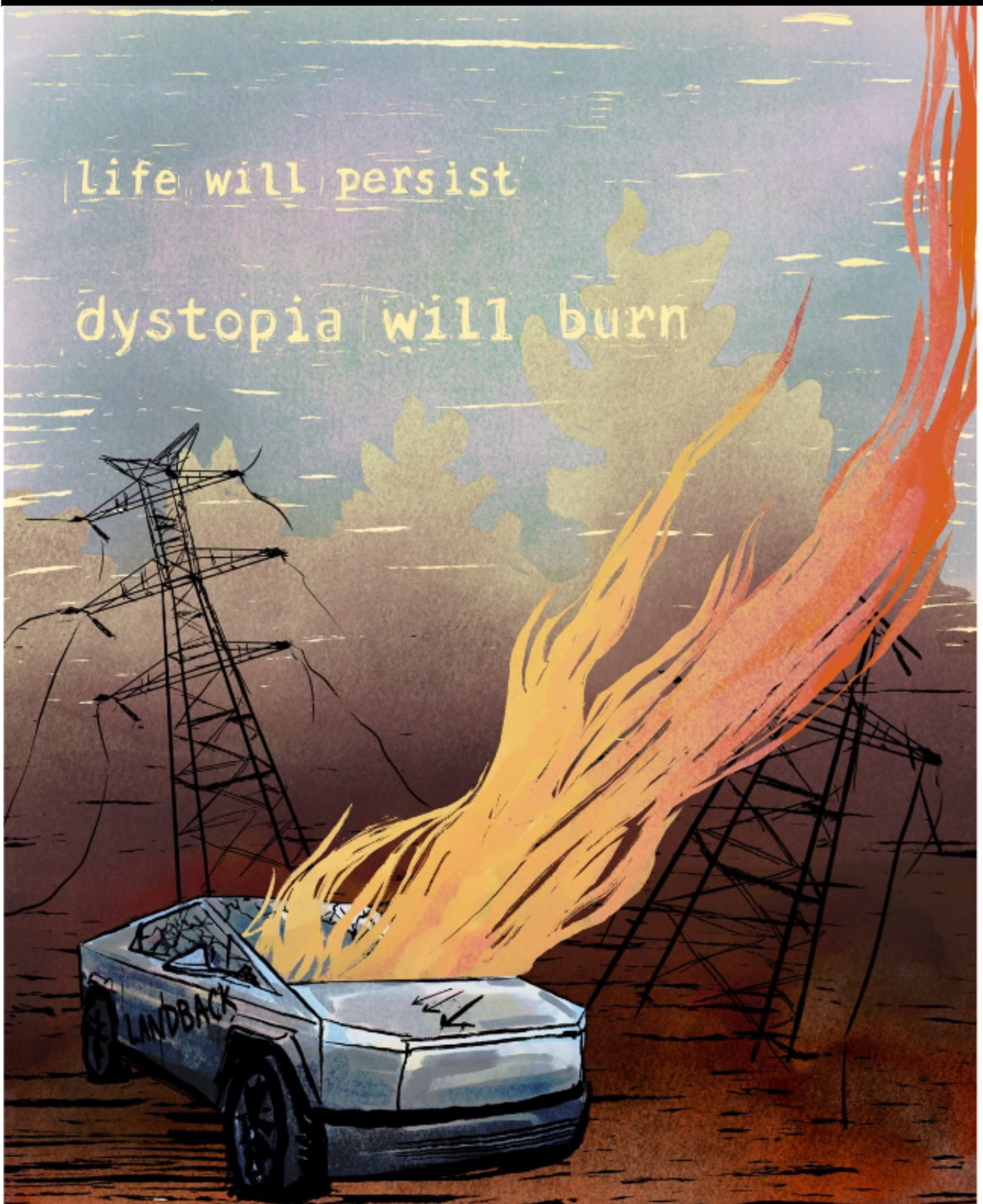


Dissonant Times



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by: mica

serotinousart@protonmail.com

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Dear Editor,

The other day, a friend and I were walking in our neighborhood and sat down for a few minutes to chat at the base of some concrete steps. These steps were at the base of a patio that was attached to one of the UO sorority houses.

We chatted for a few minutes, until a stressed-looking person came out, and asked us to leave. When we asked why, she said, “you’re making the ladies uncomfortable.”

I would have liked to ask more questions, but I was too dumbfounded in the moment to come up with anything coherent.

After wading through the layers of vitriolic anger that originally sprung up in me, this is what I want to say to them:

I’ve lived in this town for years; I’m from here. I stay in your neighborhood. Maybe you just moved here for college, and have been taught some version of stranger danger that makes you believe that anyone you don’t recognize, or isn’t from your college or in-group is scary, but your understanding of threat is misplaced.

If you screamed for help, I would come running. If you were scared of a stalker and not sure what to do, I’d sit down with you to make a safety plan with your friends, and the people you live with and live near. If there is someone having a mental health crisis in your lawn and you don’t know how to handle that without calling the police, I would go with you to approach them and figure out how to help, so that both their and your safety could be preserved.

Sometimes, the most powerful thing you can do is get to know your neighbors. Try a plate of cookies next time.

–Pinyon

Letter from the Editors

Dear Bandits,

Welcome to the second issue! As you'll (hopefully) come to know, Dissonant Times is a medium for long-form discussion in our community to develop our politics, culture, and relating collective capacity for resistance and resilience. This issue, and we expect in most issues to follow, we'll explore how to respond to and transform this current political moment in our reporting, commentary, and creative work.

At the heart of our mission is **participatory journalism**, a way of making news that we hope will increase connection, empowerment, and accessibility in our media landscape and our communities at large. Participatory journalism is experience-based reporting, rooted in local events, politics, and cultures that shape who we are. This means we want your involvement in sharing your stories. Dissonant Times is about creative exploration, peer education, and above all, collective liberation.

On participation: among some of this month's submissions, you might notice an emergent theme centering on *solidarity*. What does this term actually mean? What do we do when we disagree with each other's visions for the means to the ends? What tactics should we collectively adopt to respond to the various socioeconomic and climate crises we face? In "The Riot," our monthly round-up of reports about various local protests and direct actions, you'll see several community members' reflections on the escalations that took place over the May Day weekend. The content across The Riot, and the entire issue, capture the difficulties we often encounter in our work to create systemic change: the various barriers the systems we oppose (and sometimes even our peers) present that make such transformation sometimes feel like a distant unattainable utopia.

But let's stop that doomerism* there for now. While we intend to capture the at times ugly reality of the matters we feature in this paper, we (through and despite this) want to inspire hope in our readers. And our contributors' participation makes *us* feel hopeful, so we hope it will do the same for you! We've been so encouraged by the participation from friends and strangers alike since our launch, and are thankful to have such a breadth of content to feature this month. So if you wrote something for this issue, thank you. If you haven't written something yet, give it a try!

yours in chaos & creativity,

the editors

Some Good News: Justice in Mutual Aid

By: Dime

EUGENE, Ore. Four individuals cited with second-degree trespass charges have had their cases dismissed by the Eugene Municipal Court. Three of the four were delivering food and supplies to unhoused people at the time of citation by Eugene Police. The fourth, a stroke survivor in her 70s, was living in a tent when she was charged.

“I am dismissing this case because this is justice,” said the judge while dismissing the unhoused woman’s charge.

Reid Kajikawa, Director of Training at Public Defender Services of Lane County, said in a public comment that the number of trespass cases involving people sleeping on the streets has tripled from last year. Over the past few years, the criminalization of homelessness has escalated to include people doing outreach. Outreach workers and mutual aid volunteers distributing food and supplies have increasingly faced trespassing charges, many of which remain active.

One individual cited while handing out food is scheduled to go to trial at Eugene Municipal Court on June 11th.

Defend Forest Park

By: at least six possums in a trench coat

As we walk up the BPA Trail into Forest Park, we realize that we have never actually heard what a northern red-logged frog sounds like. We walk past wetlands where the frogs live — wetlands that Portland General Electric (PGE) would have permanently altered to build a new 1400-ft power line as part of the “Harborton Reliability Project” — and kneel beside a stream. We’re quiet for a moment, listening to the rain falling on the leaves of the big-leaf maples, dripping down white trillium petals and the bell-like flowers of salal, which have just started to bloom. We learn later that the frogs usually make their soft, chuckling calls during their breeding season, between January and March. It’s May already, so we missed our window. But we can come back next year, and try again, to hear them.

This section of Forest Park, these 400 trees, some of whom are between 170 and 500 years old, are safe from PGE’s clearcut. For now. On May 7, Portland City Council voted in a 12-0 unanimous decision against PGE’s Harborton Reliability Project (a proposal for power line infrastructure in the northernmost stretch of Forest Park). This reversed a previous project approval granted by a City Hearings Officer, and happened as a result of 1,100 people submitting written testimony, and hundreds more testifying in person to demand that City Council oppose the project.

This marked an important win, but this is not the end of Harborton. Next, PGE could try to appeal City Council’s decision to the Land Use Board of Appeals, or it could lobby to change the Forest Park Natural Resources Management Plan to pave the way for City approval, or it could try to lobby for a bill amendment in the Oregon Legislative Session, or it could submit a new application to the City, possibly proposing a different route outside of Forest Park, etc etc. Basically, the system will keep system-ing, and it’s hard to say how much success PGE will have with any of these pathways.

But no matter what PGE throws at us next, and whether or not it tries to build Harborton Reliability outside Forest Park, our goal remains the same: to stop these power lines no matter what. Because stopping these power lines means delivering a blow to multiple industries within the larger beast of techno-industrial capitalism — from ‘renewable’ energy schemes to semiconductor companies like Intel — that are profiting from ongoing genocide, colonization, and ecological destruction.

PORTLAND GENERAL ELECTRIC’S LIES

Before diving deeper into what the project is actually about (hint: it’s main purpose is to serve tech giant Intel), let’s take a step back and look at what PGE is claiming about the project. This is an exercise to better understand the messaging and political strategies so we can better combat them, and so that we can better understand the evolving capitalist playbook.

PGE claims that Harborton Reliability is meant to improve the reliability of the energy grid. PGE claims the project will protect us from power outages by supplying energy to meet demand and resolving a bottleneck in the grid, help prepare us for climate catastrophe, and improve local ac-

cess to energy. PGE presents itself as a benevolent utility, a paternal figure offering a necessary service that we wouldn’t have access to otherwise. PGE is just another entity with control over a resource that is creating barriers to accessing that resource while trying to claim they’re a provider we couldn’t live without.

Utilities like PGE are essentially regulated monopolies. While they technically have to abide by regulations, utilities can get away with a lot when it comes to setting price points and manufacturing reliance on their products. In recent years, PGE has been subjecting residential customers to dramatic rate hikes, with average residential electric bills rising by over 40% since 2021. Meanwhile, PGE is turning over record profits, with PGE CEO Maria Pope taking home an annual salary of \$7.5 million in 2024 (as opposed to her \$7 million salary in 2023).

PGE’s marketing team claimed that if the company wasn’t allowed to build Harborton Reliability through Forest Park (the cheapest route, it claimed), then it would be forced to raise residential customer rates even further. This is a classic fear tactic, an either-or fallacy based on a lie meant to obscure the real reason why PGE wants to build these power lines: to serve Intel and the Silicon Forest (and, you know, to make money). In growing metros like Portland, utilities can obscure their true motivations by claiming that they are building out infrastructure to meet ‘growing demand.’ But their true motivation is for profit.

Which brings us to another one of PGE’s central arguments for building these power lines: to bring ‘clean, renewable’ energy to the Portland metro. And that narrative is sort of true, actually. These power lines would become a critical connection point routing electricity from ‘renewable’ sources, as well as from coal and natural gas, through the Harborton Substation to Hillsboro, where it would ultimately feed the growing hunger of the Silicon Forest and Intel’s microchip plant. PGE’s lie is that any of this energy, or where it’s going, is ‘clean.’

WHERE IS THE ENERGY COMING FROM?

Solar panels, wind turbines, and the batteries used to store their energy are all made using rare earth materials like lithium, cobalt, and nickel. Companies mining lithium from Mapuche, Aymara, and Quechua lands in South America as well as in Paiute, Shoshone and Bannock lands in so-called Nevada and the “lithium valley” are continuing colonist legacies by violating Indigenous communities’ rights, breaking treaties, and destroying the land. Multinational corporations mining 70% of the world’s cobalt in the Democratic Republic of the Congo are exploiting hundreds of thousands of people through slave labor, and nickel mining goes hand in hand with human rights abuses and environmental devastation in the Philippines and Indonesia.

In Oregon, 35% of Oregon’s electricity comes from hydropower, largely from dams in the Columbia River Basin. While sold as ‘renewable’ energy, hydropower is just another false climate solution. Oregon’s hydropower industry has a one hun-

dred+ year legacy of decimating over a dozen native fish populations, driving some to extinction. The Oregon government intentionally used dam creation on the Columbia as a colonist tool to harm Indigenous communities by attacking salmon populations, and that legacy continues.

These ‘clean’ energy false climate solutions are being created to serve ever-increasing profits under capitalism through the same genocidal, colonial methods used to mine fossil fuels, just under a different name. Portland — and Portland General Electric — is playing a major role in moving all this ‘clean’ energy from other regions in the Pacific Northwest to tech hubs like the Silicon Forest.

In addition to purchasing from third-party energy providers and wholesale markets, PGE owns or co-owns massive wind, solar, and hydro projects, many of which it has acquired within just the last few years. PGE has also been investing in battery facilities to store this ‘clean’ energy, and in 2023 it procured one of the largest lithium battery storage projects (based in North Portland and Troutdale) owned by a utility in the US. PGE also recently acquired the Evergreen battery energy storage system (in Hillsboro) and Clearwater, the largest wind project in Montana. “From Clearwater to Evergreen,” said PGE CEO Maria Pope, “Portland General Electric is building Oregon’s clean energy future.”

Within a capitalist system reliant on genocide, colonization, and extraction on stolen land, there is no such thing as ‘clean’ energy. Unfortunately, most ‘progressives’ often champion false climate solutions. This holds true for many of Portland’s new City Council members, and is something to bear in mind about the state of progressive politics in Oregon as we see what happens next, and what other tricks PGE tries to pull.

WHERE IS THE ENERGY GOING?

PGE wants to build these power lines to provide energy for Intel’s new microchip plant expansion in Hillsboro — MSB2 — and for a multitude of data centers expanding or setting up shop in the Silicon Forest (a cluster of high-tech companies located in the Portland metropolitan area). According to PGE’s projections, these data center expansions will increase regional energy demand by 44% annually. It’s clear that Harborton Reliability is primarily meant to provide energy for Intel and other data centers (also PGE announced the Harborton project the same month that Intel announced their microchip expansion plans, another clear connection between the projects).

Intel is a critical player in the US’s scramble for world dominance in the semiconductor arms race. Semiconductor technology is a major limiting factor in the evolution of high-tech, offering building blocks for AI, smartphones, smart grids, data center servers, and military electronics for state-of-the-art killing and surveillance technology.

Oregon ranks 3rd in the US for number of semiconductor company headquarters, and is looking to lure more semiconductor companies to its doorstep by offering them land, water, and energy. Governor

Continues on next page

Forest Defenders Blockade Against Clearcutting of Endangered Legacy Forest In the Elwha Watershed



As of May 7th, 2025, forest defenders have been on a platform high off the ground (70-100 feet) to defend a century-old forest.

Located on the Olympic Peninsula Elwha Forest is part of the ancestral lands of the S'Klallam people, and it's sale has been the subject of increasing public outcry.

The forest was auctioned last year by the Washington State Department of Natural Resources (DNR), and purchased by the **Murphy Company, an Oregon-based timber firm.**

Timeline:

May 7th: Forest defenders launch a blockade. They placed large debris in the middle of the [logging] road.

This debris is attached to a climber who is suspended above on a “dunk- tank” platform in a large tree. If authorities attempt to remove the road debris, the platform will drop, risking a long fall for the climber.

May 8th: Protesters call for a phone zap to the Commissioner of Public Lands, Dave Upthegrove, to demand the police stop endangering the tree sitter by threatening them and shining spotlights in their face at night, and re-open the recreation area, for the safety of the tree sitter and for access for the public.

May 9th: Dozens of protesters risk arrest, marching past the police closure blocking access to the treesit, to rally in support of the forest defender camped in the canopy

May 11th: Cops back off(temporarily) from the blockade site, and the tree sitter requests visits.

May 17th: A small group of unidentified individuals arrive on ATVs in the middle of the night to aggressively harass the site

May 18th: Forest defenders hold a rally and Plant Walk to support the tree-sit and defend Elwha Legacy Forests

May 23rd: Court refuses to halt public lands logging / tree sit enters third week

The timber sale, known as "Parched", is currently under litigation by the Earth Law Center and Legacy Forest Defense Coalition, and a petition—started by members of the Lower Elwha Kallam Tribe urging that the watershed be protected—has been signed by over half of tribal members, as well as being widely supported by local citizens. Having never been logged by machinery, this 100-year-old forest is home to Douglas fir, grand fir and western red cedar, and is developing old-growth characteristics essential to endangered species like the northern spotted owl and marbled murrelet. An imperiled flower, whipplea modesta, also makes its home here.

Additional concerns have been raised about an impact of logging on fragile salmon runs. "Parched" and other DNR sales are very near the site of the recently removed dam, where state and federal governments invested more than 338 million in river and salmon restoration.

When asked why they are staying up high on the platform, the forest defender had this to say:

"The fish have returned to their historic spawning sites after about a century of barred access due to dams, eventually removed after the Lower Elwha Klallum tribe successfully sued the government to remove it on the basis of fishing rights. This watershed and its reclamation of the land with the help of folks who care for it is worth fighting to protect! It should be in the hands and stewardship of the Indigenous residents."

DEMANDS OF THE BLOCKADE:

- Immediate cancellation of the "Parched" Timber Sale
- A pause on all logging in the Elwha watershed
- A permanent ban on logging the remaining mature forests in western Washington

To read how to support the tree sit, follow on Instagram @elwhalegacyforestscoalition

Kotek has been at the helm of this effort. In 2022, Governor Kotek partnered with Senator Wyden and PGE CEO Maria Pope to lead the Oregon Semiconductor Competitiveness Task Force, whose explicit goal was to change land zoning codes to create two sites, each 500 acres or more, to attract more semiconductor companies to Oregon.

Which is all to say — Oregon is a critical cog in the techno-industrial machine, and is playing its part in manufacturing ongoing genocides, colonization projects, and extractive industries across the globe, all with the dedicated support of local politicians and utilities.

IN CONCLUSION

So what should we do? Of course, no one person or organization has the answers, and there is no singular next step or point of attack. Harborton Reliability is an intersection point between multiple genocidal states, industries, and corporate elites, and it is just one example of where we can jam the machine. Right now, we’re happy that PGE is going to have a much harder time trying to clearcut Forest Park. Every tree and every creature is worth saving. But PGE’s desire to clearcut trees in Forest Park is just one way the company is aiding and abetting destruction of human and non-human life. There are numerous entities upstream and downstream of the project to fight — from corporations and politicians peddling false climate ‘solutions,’ to Intel and all those supporting genocides in Palestine, the Congo, and elsewhere. It is critical that we act in genuine solidarity across all these interconnected struggles.

And it is helpful to know our shared enemies — their vulnerabilities, their power structures, their desires. Our enemies are the corporations, states, and elites that are profiting on genocide and the blood of children, from colonization and the decimation of the earth. Our enemies have an insatiable hunger for resources and energy, and they are reliant on the veins through which the energy flows.

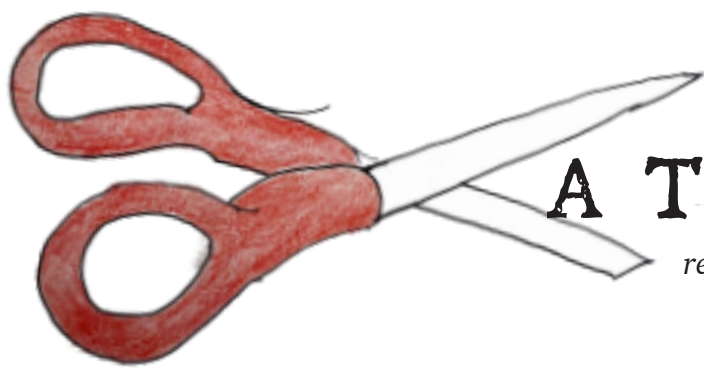
These veins — pipelines, highways, railroads, power lines like Harborton Reliability, connecting points across oceans and rivers and airways — are all points of vulnerability in the body of the machine. And as much as our enemies love to think they are immortal, it’s important we remember that they are as interconnected and fallible as the rest of us. They can be revealed for who they really are. They can be cut off from each other, and from the resources they exploit. They can be destroyed.

Honorable mentions of fucked up projects to keep an eye on that are connected to Harborton Reliability, PGE, and the Silicon Forest):

T2 Mass Timber Innovation Hub — The Port of Portland is redeveloping the former Marine Terminal 2 in Northwest Portland along the Willamette into a “mass timber innovation hub.”

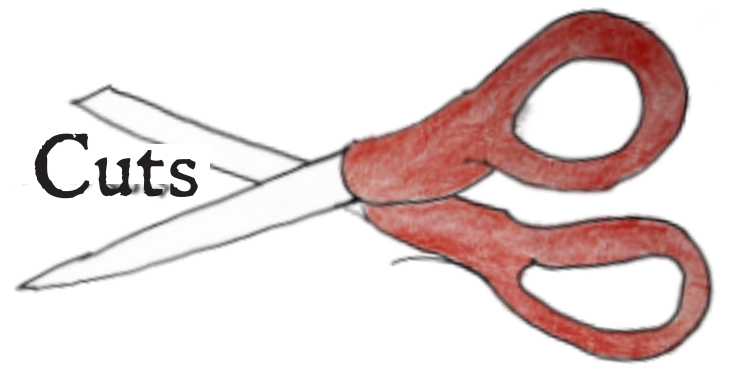
The Cascade Renewable Transmission project — A plan to bury an electric line under 100 miles of the Columbia River

Collins Aerospace (Raytheon) is partnering with Common Energy, with support from PGE, to create four new community solar projects across the Portland Metro.



A Thousand Tiny Cuts

*reporting on the loss & absence of vital
community services & programs*



Foster youth struggle to find support after aging out

By: Holly Huynh

EUGENE, Ore. — Foster youth in Oregon lose vital support when they turn 18 and age out of the system. Many navigate adulthood without guidance, stable housing, or access to basic health care.

The transition from being in custody of the state to independent living happens abruptly and leaves foster youth without the safety net most young adults rely on. Without parents or advocates, youth aging out of care are left to navigate systems that were never built with them in mind.

The most recent data available states that in 2021, over 19,000 youth aged out of foster care in the United States, with over 260 being Oregonians. Without parents or a home to go to, those who age out are more vulnerable to homelessness and health issues, according to Alternative Family Service. AFS is a nonprofit organization that provides foster care, adoption and mental health services in California.

Stephanie Lambirth, the services manager for Riverfront School and Career Center with Looking Glass Community Services, oversees the Independent Living Program in Eugene. Through ILP, she works with foster youth ages 14-23, assisting them with housing, employment and life skills.

Lambirth said it's not motivation holding youth back from a stable life, but that "there's really a lack of health care resources and mental health resources. Until their basic needs are met... It's hard to sort of move on and address other things."

Abigail Torres, a former foster youth living in Eugene, faces these problems firsthand. After aging out of Michigan's foster system, she moved to Oregon in 2021, hoping for better opportunities.

For Torres, even basic necessities were a struggle; "I just got a doctor like two days ago," she said. "And I'm 24. I've had no consistent health care since I aged out."

Affordable housing and mental health resources are another challenge. Lambirth said many youth are hesitant to live with roommates after years of placement changes and trauma, making it hard to find housing. To be eligible for Oregon's Independent Living Program, they require 36 hours of "productive activity," defined by employment, school, volunteerism or all three, which can be difficult for those recovering from instability.

When Torres aged out, she said it felt like the system abandoned her. "It was very not trauma-informed and brutal," she said. "Everybody's trying to tell you that you're the problem. Minimal resources. Bare minimum. And basically, you're on your own."

Displacement is also a barrier and can cause lasting mental health issues. A 2021 report by Street Roots said 41% of Oregon foster youth experienced three or more placements, and 15% had six or more. These moves disrupt schooling, health care and long-term mentorship.

Torres said one of the hardest parts of aging out is loneliness. Without family to fall back on, former foster youth need check-ins from trusted adults like "Hey, I'm going to be in town. Do you need a trip to the store? You got everything you need?"

She said too many youth are forgotten without someone asking these questions.

The Fight for CAHOOTS 2.0

By: Cipher

After seven weeks of persistent advocacy, concerned public comments flooding city council meetings, and unaddressed community crises, the Eugene City Council maintains \$0 for CAHOOTS or a comparable crisis response service in their 2025-2027 Proposed Biennial Budget. Current and recently laid off CAHOOTS workers are swiftly developing a proposal for a "CAHOOTS 2.0" in time for the City Council to consider restoring funds for this vital service before their June 23rd vote on the proposed budget.

On Monday May 12th, the CAHOOTS/HOOTS Workers instagram page was suddenly removed due to "copyright infringement" without further explanation. Prior to the mass lay-offs, this had been a critical platform for workers to share union victories and calls for support, and after, it had been used by workers to advocate for reinstating CAHOOTS in the city budget. This page removal raises suspicions that White Bird Clinic is gearing up to protect the "CAHOOTS" name and image they squandered, and keep it from the people who are showing the most investment in this community's survival and future.

Despite losing access to their primary online platform, CAHOOTS 2.0 has been very active, meeting with various city

leaders, compiling data and testimony on their own essentiality, and organizing public support. In the most recent Budget Committee Hearing on Wednesday May 14th, City Council fielded almost 30 public comments pleading with them to maintain funding for CAHOOTS and other critical community programs facing cuts, including Greenhill Animal Services, the Eugene Public Library, and the Amazon and Sheldon community pools.

During this hearing, one of the leaders of the CAHOOTS 2.0 project, Laurel Lisovskis, alerted the budget committee that since CAHOOTS closed on April 7th, there have been 1,710 documented missed opportunities for CAHOOTS to respond to community members in need. In each instance, these calls have instead received a response by Eugene Police (EPD), or no one at all. Numerous community members used their public comment to point out the relatively straightforward solution to the current budget dilemma - the City Council should fund CAHOOTS with money currently allocated to the exorbitant and ever-growing EPD budget.

In the proposed 2025-2027 budget, EPD will be receiving over \$93 million per year, which is a significant increase from

the \$87 million it received in 2024. EPD has been steadily increasing its budget each year since its \$56 million budget in 2018 (the oldest available data on the City of Eugene Open Budget site). Horrifyingly, if this proposed budget is approved, the EPD budget will make up a whopping 37% of the city's general fund (as stated by City Manager Sarah Medary at 2:49:40 of the recorded budget committee meeting). With these numbers, it's baffling that no city councilor or budget committee member publicly entertained the idea of shrinking EPD's allotment. On the contrary, EPD Chief Skinner was invited to the budget meeting to present on a variety of new alternate response programs EPD has implemented in the last two years, including "housing support officers" that "aid cleanup" (aka sweep encampments off the streets) and protect private property, and "downtown co-responders" who respond to low acuity mental and behavioral health calls downtown. Our unhoused neighbors and those who regularly distribute resources to them are experiencing frequent harassment from these "housing support officers" in the form of excessive citations, stolen and destroyed belongings and livelihoods, and a cycle of disruptive arrests and releases that, despite what is being claimed, doesn't seem to connect

CAHOOTS 2.0 continues on pg. 19



Solidarity in Resistance: *Definition of Terms and the Elephant in the Room*

By: Dime

On May 1st 2025-- May Day-- there was a rally and march in Eugene, Oregon, put on by labor and union organizers. Conflict arose between attendees about what constitutes "correct" behavior at a protest. While dispersing from the May Day march, there were multiple arrests and citations of individuals who had attended, and various statements and discussions emerged.

This piece was written to define terms that aren't universally or uniformly understood, and to contribute context to some of the recent events and local political moment we are in.

Division in the Ranks: Defining Terms

There is a dynamic that has been alive and present in both protest spaces and depictions of protest spaces for a long time: a distinction between a "good" protester and "bad" protester. The good ones might be those who stay on the sidewalk during marches, don't do property destruction during actions, and generally stay in compliance with the laws. The "bad" ones are those who take to the streets, engage in direct action against businesses and buildings that are gaining profit from doing harm, or otherwise becoming disruptive and confrontational in demanding or creating change. The good ones usually want to distance themselves from the bad ones. Often this is because they have real fear of what will happen if they disobey, or become in any way non-compliant with the state. This hinges on the idea that compliance will protect them. Only the "bad" ones are punished with arrest, deportations, brutality, and murder at the hands of the state. Often when those who have caused disruption are punished, a narrative emerges that they in some way deserved it.

What follows are colloquial definitions, derived from personal experience, conversations with activists and organizers, and various sources of history and literature.

State repression: When the government or its enforcers decide to use different types of legal or illegal tactics to subdue or stop a social movement. Sometimes it includes media and/or private security.

Peace Police: When people who are not police or law enforcement, typically from inside a resistance movement or protest, try to control or repress people who are choosing to be more disruptive or confrontational than them - these are members of a protest that try to get people to follow laws. They have a belief about how the protest should go, and employ different tactics to get others to follow those laws, such as asking, physically forcing them, using law enforcement to get them in trouble, and general manipulation.

Horizontal repression: When people inside of movements find reasons to stop each other -usually because of fear and/or control- from doing the actions that feel important to them. Horizontal repression refers to people in protest or movement spaces doing the work of the state for them by stopping others from becoming materially disruptive or confrontational.

Direct action: Cutting out the middleman: solving problems yourself rather than petitioning the authorities or relying on external institutions. Any action that sidesteps regulations and representation to accomplish goals directly is direct action—it includes everything from blockading airports to helping refugees escape to safety and organizing programs to liberate your community from reliance on capitalism.- Definition from Crimethinc

Sometimes, horizontal repression or peace-policing serve to keep a protest symbolic, and prevent it from becoming Direct Action.

"Protest is begging the powers that be to dig a well. Direct Action is digging the well and daring them to stop you." - David Graeber

For a longer discussion on Direct Action with a frontline activist from Palestine Action, the UK-based direct action network targeting Elbit Systems—an Israeli weapons manufacturer—listen to the Rev Left episode Palestine Action: Direct Action Against the Death Machine.

On Police, Law Enforcement, and the State

When organizing across the liberal to progressive to radical political spectrum, police and law enforcement officers are the uniformed elephants in every room. Many of the diverging positions on what tactics are appropriate when working toward change can be traced to diverging approaches to the police and government, and the risks that follow. The militarized state and its occupying military force - that is the police - live among us and control what is allowed to happen.

The police and law enforcement's role as enforcers of unjust systems and laws cannot be ignored. At the May 1st protest, the community had just celebrated the Haymarket strikes and riot, which brought workers the 8-hour work day, and ended in rioters being executed by the state. There is a glaring dissonance when people today celebrate historic resistance while failing to indict the state and law enforcement that brutally repressed those movements. The State relies on participation from us, the masses, to maintain control. When we drop the illusion that compliance, apologetics for, and collaboration with the state will be rewarded with meaningful change, that control slips. =

A(I)C(ops)A(re)B(astards)

The slogan ACAB indicts the entire policing system(and therefore anyone serving it) as inherently corrupt. When we consider that corruption is itself corrupt, it doesn't matter if any individual officer could be considered a nice person, or even if they joined the force out of a genuine desire to do good and protect life. The system of policing in the United States began as slave patrol, and has continued in varying forms to protect the interests of those possessing wealth and private property, and to enforce racial and socio-economic divisions. Good intentions become irrelevant if we are measuring impact over intent.

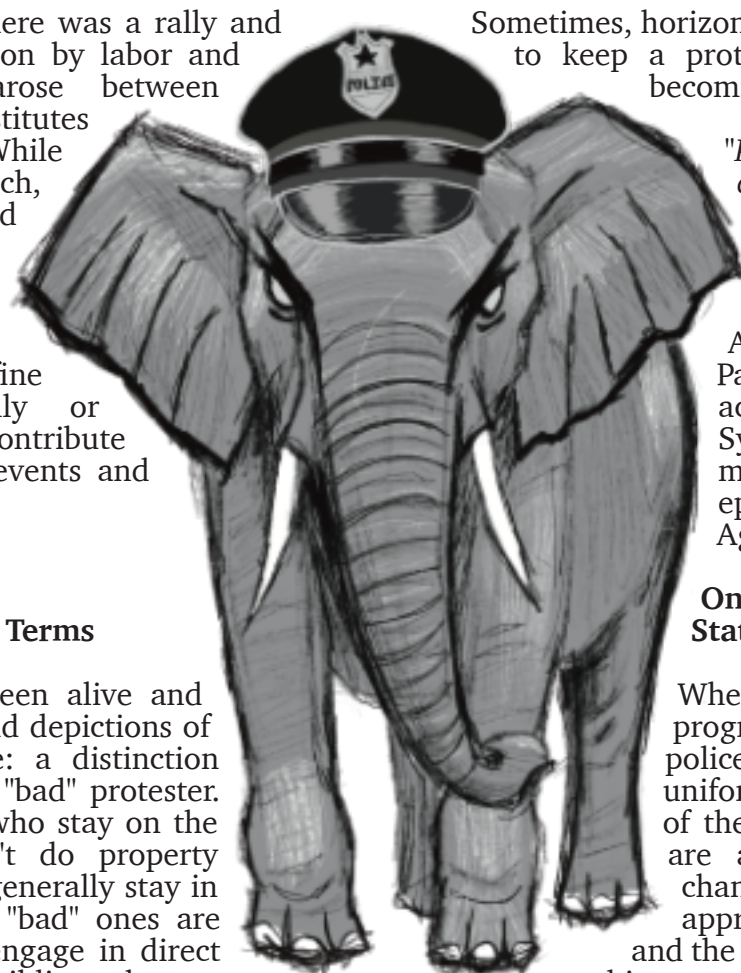
Solidarity

Several local leftist organizers were asked to define what solidarity means to them:

"Doing things for other people, showing up for other people who are experiencing repression or danger or violence. Showing up for each other because you have a shared vision. Whatever kind of privilege you have, using it to show up for people. Leveraging whatever position you have. A care for collective well-being. A form of collectivism where you share responsibility for caring for one another, and creating the conditions you want to see in the world." - O

"Working together across interests and causes for the overall larger cause. Big picture shared goals." - Z

"Solidarity is something you actively forge in the struggle against all the forces of the world that oppresses and represses the possibility for a life worth living; it's a



recognition of ourselves and others as part of a struggle that can't be waged without any of us and which we'll wage with and for what we each could be in the world that we fight for.... a collective commitment to struggle - actual , material struggle in action, and the impossible day after, since we'll all be there to live it as long as in solidarity we leave no comrade behind." - M

"Solidarity is defined by action, by the follow-through on the intention to show up for others, by whatever means you're capable of." - A

"Being in support of a person or a movement, not only in feeling but in action." - V

To be in solidarity means not denouncing the brave, the rebellious, for pushing harder and risking more to fight for what we all want. If others are acting inside their own boundaries and risk capacity, and not controlling or endangering others, accept them too. To be in solidarity is to use diverse tactics of resistance and not denouncing or betraying each other if we are working toward the same goal.

In conclusion:

Be in solidarity, and never, ever, collaborate with the state.

MELTING ICE: Reportback From the May 2nd March

-anonymous

On May 2nd there was a call for a black bloc under the slogan MAY DAY MELT ICE, in response to the federal government's unrestrained escalations against migrants, people connected to last year's Palestine Solidarity movement, and non-white people in general. A short, small march yielded some light property damage and a fairly heavy response from EPD, resulting in four arrests. Despite the modest attendance and intensity of attack, this was an important testing of the waters here in Eugene, where the climate of repression is shifting, with police beginning to take a more hands-on approach. Police tactics are evolving, and so should ours. And at the same time, this action proved that confrontational street action is very much still possible here. Things are bad, but you can definitely still wile out and get away with it.

The reason for an anti-ICE march should be obvious, but to spell it out: ICE is the attack dog of the federal government, with a longer leash every passing day. Politicians on the so-called "left" pander helplessly as migrants, political dissidents, and other unsuspecting residents are deported without a semblance of their ever so sacred "due process." The legal leverage they must provide to support such deportations is only getting more and more flimsy. Though ICE is nothing new, we must hone our awareness towards their intensifying presence, and embrace preparedness to tend the wounds left from each wave of repression.

Some may feel that ICE is not a concern here in Eugene, but this is historically and presently untrue. There have been multiple reports of ICE detaining people in Eugene since Trump's inauguration. There is an ICE office in the Federal Building right downtown (not to be confused with the hideous shiny Federal Courthouse). During Trump's first term, ICE worked in Lane County, holding people in Springfield Jail before moving them north to ICE's Northwest Detention Center in Tacoma, Washington¹. There were also two separate scandals in 2017 and 2019², where Lane County Sheriffs were caught illegally holding ICE detainees in the sheriff's office beneath the county courthouse. These are only some of the connections we are aware of and

already reveal a far more complicit local law enforcement than we are led to believe. This demo was initially planned in response to the Department of Homeland Security issuing self-deportation orders to several students at the University of Oregon, which, according to the Daily Emerald³, have since been rescinded in the days leading up to the demo. Still, a strong response on all fronts, using all tools available, is warranted. We are certain this won't be the last instance of these punitive self-deportation orders, and ICE activity will surely continue in Lane County. We hold that Eugene should stand by its purported values as a "safe place for marginalized people" and work to expel the influence of ICE and other repressive groups from the community—not just symbolically, but materially.

As for the march itself: A contingent formed in a park around 8:30PM, prepared, a speech was given, and they were off. This was one of the first black blocs that Eugene has had in some time, and many people were rusty or inexperienced, but folks worked well and adapted quickly. Some used spray paint on construction equipment along the route, as well as the march's eventual destination, the Federal Building which hosts ICE's local offices, making sure to save some love for the Nike Store on the way out—a Eugene tradition. Others took measures to inhibit security cameras, people took turns leading chants, and several comrades came on bikes to help block traffic. Each played an important role.

The group, which had some (but unfortunately not enough) advance knowledge of police staging in the area, was eager to keep moving and so retreated. There was no desire to be kettled by trying to hold any space with a small contingent of 20-30 people. On the streets, our tactical strength lies in our flexibility and mobility. Unlike the police with their rigid command structures, we have the ability to be water, as the saying goes, and to act unpredictably to outmaneuver our adversaries. Unfortunately, that's only sort of what happened that night. As the group retreated down Pearl, a squad of police attempted to detain the crowd where Pearl meets 5th Street. The group made the sensible decision to scatter, and the squad of at least a dozen cops was only ultimately able to capture four alleged members of the contingent.

Taking arrests is a collective setback.

While the legal system claims that criminal charges are for individual acts, we recognize that these charges, like so many others, are intended to sow fear and suppress collective action, and that support for those targeted is essential for resisting repression. When comrades were released early the next morning with inadequate clothing for the cold, Eugene Jail Support was ready with blankets, rides, and treats to affirm that these comrades are not isolated or alone and that the movement will not be so easily cowed. Support for these comrades will continue through the legal process.

The other 20+ members of the contingent were able to escape. We want to emphasize that this is not the end. This is only the beginning—an exercise, a reclamation of what our capabilities can be. Even a small bloc was able to open horizons that have otherwise been closed in Eugene's climate of peace-policing, which has recently reached such heights that some think that merely marching on the streets rather than the sidewalk is an "escalation." Liberalism's rule of law and "equal rights" has fallen to a blatant Fascist suspension of those laws. We encourage those still struggling to overcome fear instilled by this to recognize your worries with care, as we all leap into an unknown and uncontrollable future. We maintain that repression cannot be fought by caving to it— You cannot escape repression by following the rules. In the present moment, the parameters are shifting dramatically. The new outgrowths of the same old slave empire are constantly moving the line in their favor. This is an opportunity, one that many people are capitalizing on, and we can shift the line in our favor too. We must expand the horizons and tactics of resistance, and not shy away from confrontation. We will meet the demands of our time. We will grow stronger, our skills sharper, our coordination more fluid. We support the homies who get caught up on charges and celebrate those who escaped the state. We will look forward to future techniques of repression and attempt to stop or limit their implementation today. We will fight in ways that are impossible for the enemy to perceive or understand, and our blades will find their Achilles' heel.

The inspiration we derive from others is unbound by time and space and, as an offering of gratitude, we tend to this cosmic fire, stoking its eternal flames. Our shouts and laughs and screams fan the embers of resistance. Together, each exhale creates ignition. Clearly, there is

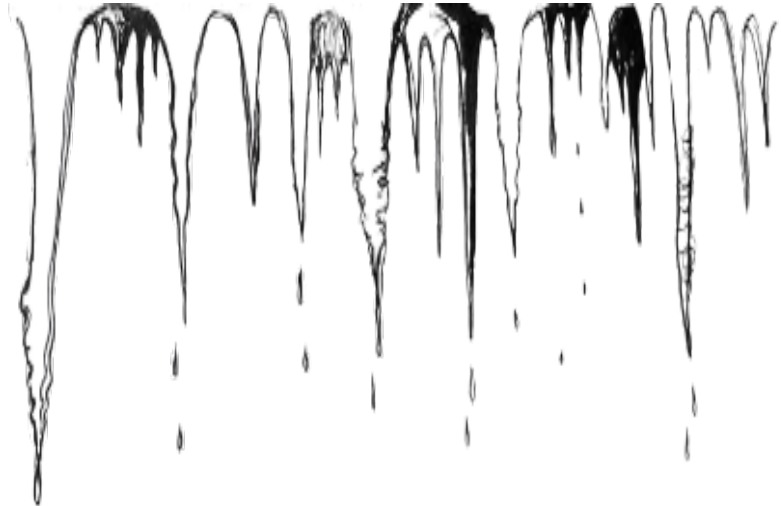
¹ <https://eugeneweekly.com/2018/06/28/ice-agreement-with-springfield-melts-away/>

² <https://www.registerguard.com/story/news/2019/07/31/fear-deportation-looms/4573668007/#:~:text=The%20jail%20housed%2092%20ICE%20detainees%20in,by%20the%20thought%20of%20abandoning%20her%20children.>

³ <https://dailyemerald.com/164924/news/fourth-final-previously-revoked-student-visa-has-been-reinstated/>

a taste for more heat in Eugene. The limits of endless “peaceful” marches and rallies were reached a long time ago, and we invite others to take initiative themselves; in person, in the streets, in spirit and/or in the numerous other avenues which sustain our counterattack. Despite setbacks, we will keep growing, offering each other grace as we pivot and learn from mistakes. Momentum excitedly continues to build within us — we know when to resist, and when to release.

CHINGA LA MIGRA FUCK ICE BEYOND ABOVE BELOW WITHIN AND WITHOUT



The PARTY for SUCKING and LICKING HEREBY DÉCLARES WAR On ALL GRIFTERS, LIARS, ASPIRING STATEMONGERS, and PATRONIZING (TRANS)MISOGYNISTS: *an excerpt from a report-back on distributing the zine “Why I Left the PSL” at a PSL (Party for Socialism & Liberation) rally*

—anonymous submission

“...When we were handing out zines near the stage, a person with a revolted look on his face and a yellow armband (a “de-escalator”), told us to stop. We asked him why. He said were trying to have a peaceful march to build a mass movement. We asked, “What’s wrong with distributing this zine? Have you read this zine?” He said, “Yeah, I don’t think highly of it,” and continued trying to stop us. People were staring at us and we turned to them and offered it to them and told them that this armband guy doesn’t want them to read it...”

...We endure more formulaic speeches, one of which poorly memorialized Candice King, a recently fallen comrade and friend, with a moment of silence. We do not think Candice observed a moment of silence in her life, and this was a weird, clinical tribute to a person who was full of life and insanity and brilliance. We hand out the rest of our zines, people were eating them up. We decided to press. We approach the armband guy and ask him what he is doing here today. He says march. We ask him what he’s gonna do after the march, like in the grand scheme. He says he is building a Mass Movement, following in the model of Bolshevism, set out by Lenin. Another guy comes over, with an armband. We ask him what the goals of the Mass Movement are. Armband guy #1 says he wants to seize power. Armband guy #2 says we want to put our people in office, as the mayor, the governors, the judges, and the police. We cannot help but to sound the fucking alarm and we start making a scene about how these boys wanna be cops. Right out of their mouths in front of crowds of people who hate the police from one degree to another...We continue to loudly argue and more Armbands

THE PEOPLE’S BLOTTER

Submissions from the public documenting abuses of institutional power

SPREAD INFORMATION, NOT PANIC

When reporting or boosting potential threats: provide as much information as possible!

REMEMBER! → **S.A.L.U.T.E**

- Size/Strength**
“5 to 6 law enforcement officers”
- Actions/Activity**
“harassing random people on the street”
- Location/Direction**
“Chicago, West of Millennium Park, on Michigan Ave”
- Uniform/clothes**
“Dark Blue uniforms that say ‘Police ICE’ on the back”
- Time and date of observation**
“12:45 PM January 20”
- Equipment and weapons**
“They have helmets, vests and batons”

Not a useful message: “URGENT!!! Potential ICE Raids on the west side!!!”
“Where? When? What are they doing? How Many? What are they carrying?”

USE YOUR JUDGEMENT! WE KEEP US SAFE!

Have a people’s blotter submission? Make sure it follows the guidelines of SALUTE!

show up to de-escalate us. We criticize their peace policing, we turn their pop-psychological language against them...

The Armbands #1 and #2 keep calling us bro, and even tho we’re blocched up, we are clearly women. We correct their dishonest mistake. They double down, but now that they are informed that they are yelling at women, they start calling us “bitch” and “cunt” while their spittle flies at us. The person making a speech at this time continues as if it’s not happening, and ironically starts talking about Feminism. Armbands #1 & #2 continue to misgender us...They actually threatened to fight us, asking if we want to “go”. They underestimate the pressurized rage lying in wait in our bodies, but we don’t let it out. The de-escalators surround us, while Armband #1 continues threatening violence. He gets dragged away and de-escalated. We get pushed away from him. We start calling out his behavior, amplifying to the crowd that this guy calls women bitches and cunts. He gets on stage and starts reciting a speech about feminism, of all things, while we shout louder than their soundsystem and people try to push us out of that area.

Armband guy #2 continues misgendering us and the cycle continues, breaking again into conflict. He says he can’t tell we are women because we “sound like men and you’re wearing masks”. At this point, it is hard to tell this guy apart from an honest-to-god chud. He, too, gets de-escalated, and one de-escalator disingenuously asks if we are “okay” as if they are not trying to control our behavior. We simply point out that true colors were shown, and the de-escalator agrees that it was

disgusting and vile. People ask us what the point of this is; we say that conflicts need to be brought to the surface.

We could have taken the stage and the mic, and we kind of wished we did, but we may not have really needed to, because our provocations had a perceptible effect. From what can be read on the faces of a crowd watching a confusing scene unfold, we saw trepidation and uneasiness. We think that our provocation, and their reaction, showed their true colors: that they respond to criticism with repression and call it de-escalation.”



Dancing Between Worlds: Dyke Night

By: Azria Raventhorn

You trade your five dollars for a stamp from the bouncer with a nod as you step into the dimly lit room. John Henry's is busier than you've ever seen, the counter is crowded, exhausted bartenders run around filling everyone's orders. You breathe a sigh of relief that you pre-gamed tonight and can put off that mess for at least a little while. This is more queers than you've ever seen in one room in this hippy town. Realizing this sparks some warmth in your chest. You spot your friend in the crowd and make your way over to them, exchanging pleasantries, you have to shout just to be heard. Then the music starts and all attempts at conversation are aborted as a bassline cuts through your speech about the latest friend drama, relegating all of those concerns to the back of your mind as you're possessed with the singular urge to dance the night away. A banner hangs from the DJ's table. You and your friend push to the stage to get a better look, and a pogo dancer with the sides of their head shaved, flagging in lingerie and a leather harness blows you a kiss, you tip them graciously, blushing all the while. Behind the dancer the DJ drops the beat and your eyes finally settle on the banner at the booth. "Queers Support the Resistance" with a red triangle. A symbol of the armed resistance of Palestine.

Dyke Night has two regular DJ's, DJ Vele and DJ Cumulus. The three of us sit in a park, Vele shows me a new song she's been working on while we soak up the sun. "So many people call you dyke and fag as an offensive thing, and suddenly you start saying it and it's weird and taboo," sighs Vele. "Calling it Dyke Night seems to encompass something... and the first Fag Night is in June with an adjacent group. We're reclaiming these terms, and we're gonna be freaks about it." Laughs Cumulus. If these terms upset you, this article will continue to use them unapologetically, and I invite you to attend the next Dyke Night to work that tension out on the dance floor.

"Queer is the abnormal, the strange, the dangerous. Queer involves our sexuality and our gender, but so much more. It is our desire and fantasies and more still. Queer is the cohesion of everything in conflict with the heterosexual capitalist world. Queer is a total rejection of the regime of the Normal." - Mary Nardini Gang, Toward the Queerest Insurrection.

"It all started with a house party..." says Cumulus, recounting Dyke Night's inception, "There's been a need in Eugene for queer spaces to have fun and dance, and spaces that are politically informed." Dyke night rectifies this by creating a space for trans eclectic electronic dance music alongside groups like Ghost House, who's goth EDM has similarly found a home at John Henry's. But Dyke Night has put a distinctly political spin on this electrifying genre, "Dyke night is a fun rendezvous night for us to dance, for a lot of people it's the break in between to have a little release before you're out there organizing for your struggle..." adds Vele, "it's a place to recharge before we get back into the streets."

A wheat pasted poster at a crosswalk peels away slowly. The poster calls "Dykes to the Streets" in solidarity with Palestinian Liberation. Eugene's Dyke Night harkens back to the sixty's and seventies, a time of radical queer experiences and the fight for equality and dignity. When Lesbians marched through the streets in their Doc Martens, cementing the brand as a staple of queer fashion. The University of Oregon hosts a history project on Eugene's own Lesbian history and a documentary called "Outliers and Outlaws", their website features an interactive map of radical lesbian spaces in Eugene during this time, highlighting Eugene as a "lesbian mecca". This subculture flourished for thirty years before somewhat dwindling in the 90's. The landscape of queer politics has changed since these radical beginnings, acceptance into the mainstream came at a cost, one which was known all too well to figures like Marsha P Johnson and Sylvia Rivera. Their work in the Gay Liberation Front was radical, with mutual aid to homeless queer youth and prisoners as a focal point of their activities. As a result, they were sidelined not only by mainstream society, but by cisgender white gays as well, who's politics of optics and normalcy came at the cost born by the people they swept under the rug. In the

end, according to the Oxford Academic Journal of Social History, the Gay Liberation Front found more solidarity with the Black Panthers than with liberal 'normalcy' politics, leaving us with today's landscape.

"Being queer doesn't mean you consider yourself political. There could be a dyke night that didn't have the same politic but it would still be called dyke night. It's not about the word, it's about the practice, and what you're putting out there. Sure, if you go back to the 60s and 70s, they had the Gay Liberation Front, and lots of other organizations that sprang up around queer emancipation. But since then it's been watered down significantly, so just calling something queer or dyke night doesn't mean it has a radical or revolutionary politic. We have city pride and that's... y'know, thanking the cops publicly." - DJ Vele.

The last Dyke Night just so happened to fall on March 8th, International Working Women's day, which led to the political edge of the event taking a sharper turn from the typical banner that always appears on the DJ booth, proclaiming support for the resistance. "With the space of dyke night we want to invite people to be politicized. We have a stake in fighting for collective liberation and global solidarity, and to feel that in the midst of celebrating each other." Says Cumulus. On that International Working Women's Day, Vele stood on the stage

and delivered a speech before her set, one which ended on a climactic note of "over a hundred people screaming 'death to imperialism, death to America, death to zionism', and doing so joyfully. It was powerful, it felt awesome." Reminisces Vele. The crowd seemed energized by this synthesis, having gotten away with chanting something that in most places would have you 86'd from the grounds with a call to the FBI to boot.

But both Cumulus and Vele push back on the idea that Dyke Night itself is resistance, clarifying that "we push the bounds of what's acceptable by screaming 'death to America', but aren't resisting capitalism." To these DJ's, resistance is defined as direct action, resisting capitalism and imperialism. Cumulus explained that, "There's political aspects of the container of Dyke Night, but we wouldn't want

people to think that going to Dyke Night is their act of political resistance in the world... but we as an organizing team care about mutual aid and being community oriented, trying to make sure we always give a portion of what we make in a night to local orgs.". Vele jokes that what they do resist is price gouging by keeping the Dyke Night door fee's five dollars, a price which she emphasizes will not change.

"DYKE NIGHT EUGENE // ANOTHER WORLD IS POSSIBLE // SWEAT FOR THE END OF ALL EMPIRES"

The joy in the air was palpable with every 'Death To America' chant that cut through it, echoing ecstatically between worlds of hedonistic dance parties and mutual aid, highway blockades, and subterfuge. "A lot of people will say that joy is resistance- but I think that bypasses a lot of things that have more impact on the world." cautions Cumulus, "I have a teacher that talks about this, that joy is being your authentic self, but as a white person it doesn't stop there." Perhaps, in this author's humble opinion, it's worth dropping the language of joy as resistance, a solipsism which encourages complacency, with actively finding joy in resistance.

But, Vele adds, "I don't really have a strong definition of queer joy- I just call it joy. I feel joyous seeing all my queer friends and getting to dance with them.... Organizing outside of Dyke Night, that shit brings me more than joy, it brings me optimism. So come to Dyke Night. Come say hi. Keep dancing. Organize the shit you wanna do. Get connected, because we have the fuckin' world to win." - DJ Vele.





Jailbreak is an abolitionist column broadly devoted to supporting political prisoners & all who resist the prison world. No revolutionary movement will ever succeed that doesn't fight state repression & support all who face it. We have so much to learn from our imprisoned comrades inside & so much support to give in our collective struggle for liberation that will be stopped by no prison wall. None are free until all are free! Write to a prisoner today!

Rattling The Cages & Editing the Pages:

an interview with Josh Davidson and Eric King [Part 2]

By: Joy Santiago

Note from the editor: I love breaking rules. And one rule I was taught at another publication was to never let an interview for a feature exceed 20-30 minutes. Well, I couldn't resist and I ended up talking to Josh and Eric for over an hour and a half. So, this interview will be published in smaller parts over the next few issues. You can read and listen to the whole interview on our website, dissonanttimes.org/jailbreak.

Josh Davidson is an abolitionist and member of the Certain Days collective, an educational fundraiser raising awareness about North American political prisoners. Eric King is a political prisoner who was incarcerated from 2014-2023 for an attempted firebombing of a (vacant) congressman's office in Kansas City, MO in solidarity with the Ferguson Uprising of 2014. The pair co-edited Rattling the Cages, an anthology of oral histories from political prisoners that spans movements and decades. In our interview, we discuss the process of publishing the book, life in prison, and abolition.

DT: Was it all oral histories? Were y'all recording conversations with folks? Did anybody write anything in? That was something I was thinking about when I was going through the book

EK: So something Josh did... was like he printed off this questionnaire and mailed it to people inside... So I think there was like 15 or 20 people included that were still inside... But then he had to patiently wait for them to respond and then patiently wait for them to respond to follow-ups, patiently send them like release forms. Like just all this like... soul-sucking work of sending out just countless things.

And so then the prisoners had to like decide what level of risk they wanted to take. Because we can get fucked up inside. You say the wrong thing. Like... You know, it happens ... Josh was very delicate. He didn't ask like leading questions to get people hurt or get them in trouble. And yeah, that's how that went down. I think he did an amazing job of like maintaining that balance.

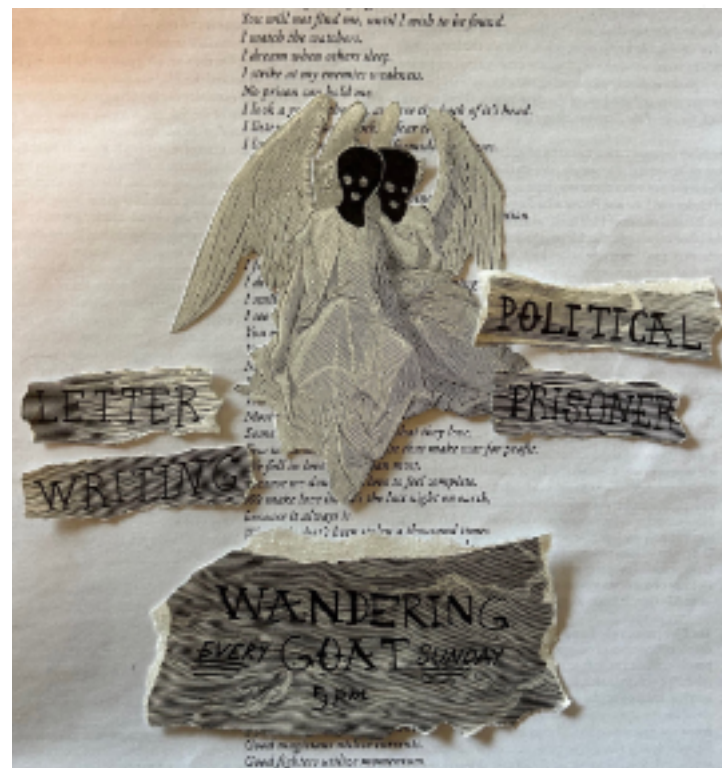
JD: Sure. Yeah, that's a great question. And it's something I wish I had been more um open about within the actual book itself. I wish I had specifically said how each one was done. A lot of times, specifically for people in prison, it was either letters that they hand wrote out, that were dozens of pages long and mailed to me and Danielle and I would type them up. Sometimes they would have the opportunity to email their answers, which was a little more helpful in terms of ease and getting it done more quickly. For people that were outside of prison, I was luckily able to interview about 15 of them via Zoom. And then transcribe all those interviews and cut and leave some things out.

There were a few people who also had since been released and decided to write their answers out just because they thought it would be easier that way.

And then for the interviews I did via Zoom, I was able to add follow up questions and kind of change things here or there to allow them to elaborate on certain stories. And for people who wrote their answers, I would write back follow-up questions or get confirmation on certain things that were unclear. So it was a really long process. I do wish that I had included that in the book of how the person was interviewed, how the interview was conducted. And I also kind of wish we had included the questions in the book just so people could get an idea.

DT: What would you have done differently?

EK: If we had more time and resources I would have wanted to dive into the stories... There's a lot of follow-up questions I had. And then like personal questions of like shit that I knew about these dudes from in prison, that I would have liked to ask them. I could have never got those to Josh without jeopardizing people. The shit that he said about



including how they communicated, and then I would've made mine [chapter] better. Like I initially didn't want to have a chapter and Josh kind of talked me into it. And so I purposely made mine, I don't want to say shitty, but... small. I don't want to say lazy either, but I minimize myself Which I have never done since. And so those are the things. ...I would have also wanted more pictures.

...

DT: How long about were you actually working on the book before you had it in your hands?

JD: Five years.

EK: Yeah, so there was a delay because I went through that mail ban. And we weren't able to write about it, so we weren't able to talk about it and advance it... I got my set of questions to him, I'm pretty sure via either legal mail or just a random prisoner I paid to mail them... I might be wrong... [actually] It was through Rochelle. Because I was allowed to write her only... so there was that little delay and then that then Josh has really put like three or four years straight of work into that.

JD: Yeah, it was a long process. It was a COVID project. I think it started around the time of COVID, like when COVID first hit. But yeah, it took about five years from inception to when it was actually published and then you know, I'd never published a book before so i figured once it was published, our work was done, but now it's a year and a half later. We're working harder than before. Which is good that people like the book. So I'm not complaining about that. But it was a long process.

EK: It had a very long gestation period.

JD: It did. Yeah. I went through three jobs and moved across the country. I got married. Luckily, Eric was able to get out and like perform our wedding and participate in all of these talks so yeah, it's worked out really well. The book came out the same month he got out of prison so we couldn't have timed that any better.

DT: The hard work paid off. I don't know about financially, but spiritually it must feel good.

EK: Financially, it's paid off for no one except for AK, I think. Those prisoners are still waiting for the check. They're going to be waiting for years, I think.

DT: Oh, yeah. So did you financially compensate people?

EK: Josh donated his half of the proceeds to the ABC war chest...I did not. I have a wife and two kids and just got out of prison. But no, no one was compensated. I wanted Josh's money too, but he wouldn't give it to me.

DT: Josh, come on!

JD: But, no, no one that participated. And yeah, not me, not Angela Davis, who wrote the foreword, not Sarah, who wrote the introduction or two friends who helped us edit it. It was all voluntary work it was all an act of love and solidarity.=

EK: I can't believe you didn't get paid to be an editor or nothing like that is scandalous, dude.

JD: I also would feel bad, though. Like I, you know. None of these other people are making money for the service they put into our movements you know and all I'm doing is helping to elevate their voices. So I would have felt really weird.

DT: **RTC encompasses political prisoners across such a breadth of time, movements, identity backgrounds... Did you notice any themes or similarities as you compiled folks' contributions? Any major differences that stuck out to you?**

EK: So one of the things that I know, like, there was like common themes that stretched like almost everyone and most of those themes are like love for people, that like their actions and their spirits... They didn't act out of rage. They didn't act out of like, sociopathy like they acted out of like a deep, immense empathy for like what was happening to other people and they cared so much that they could no longer not act. And so, just getting to like see their hearts Like that was a common theme for me, like seeing how much love people had... A lot of us wrote like how much joy we got throughout the day by bucking on these prisons...

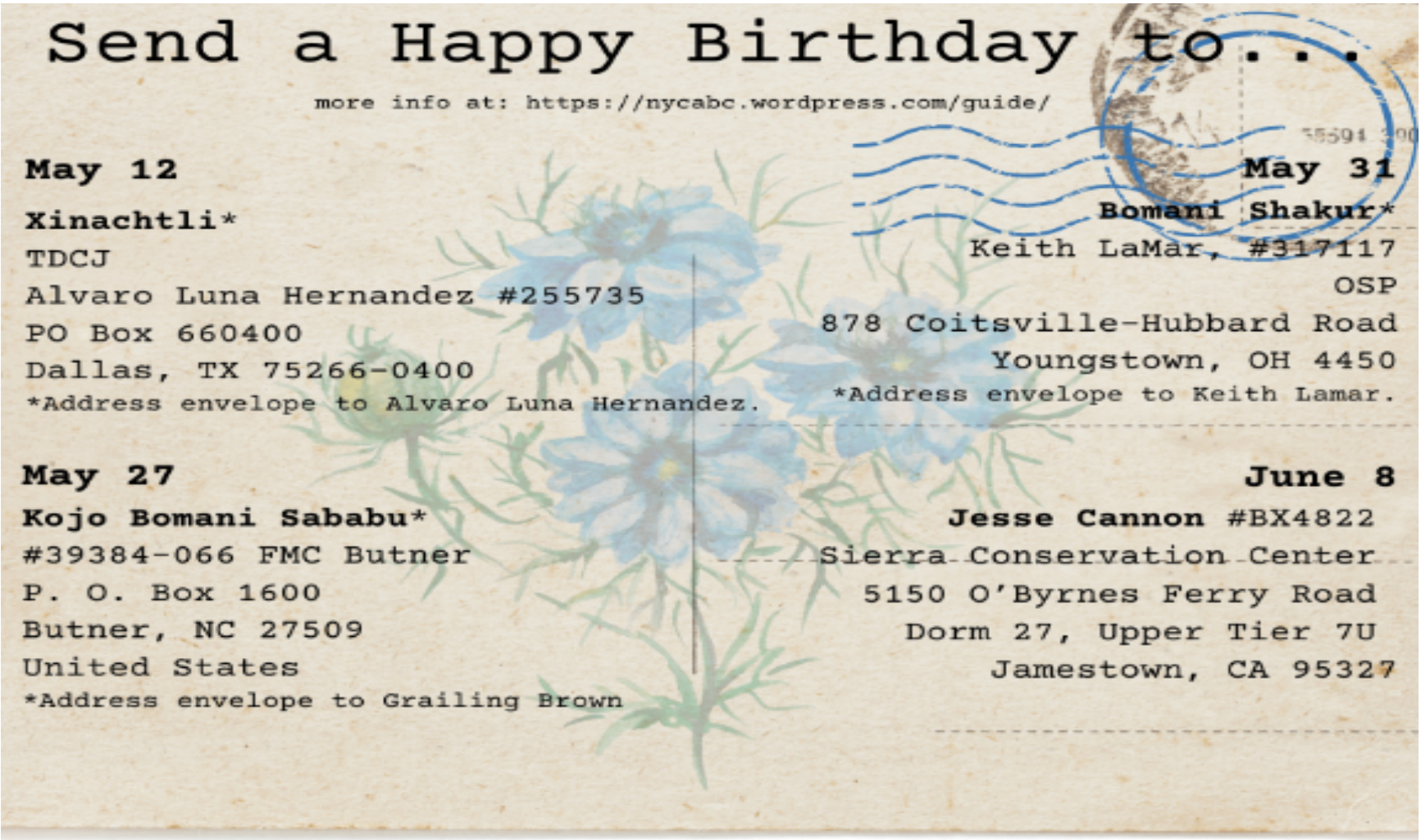
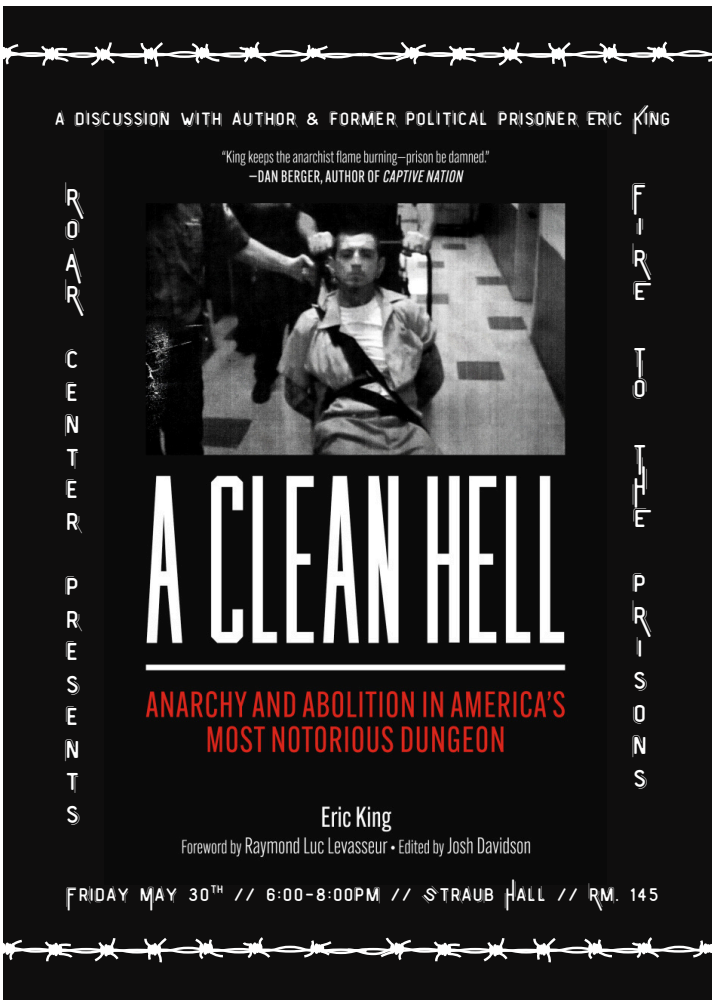
JD: Yeah, no, I think there are a lot of themes. And, you know, we did ask the same questions of everyone and I tried to, there's three different, like each interview is set up in three different type of themes. So I tried to make it as accessible as possible as well, but i think like Eric was saying, the empathy the love and also the fact that like it wasn't a decision to act. It was it was who they were and who they were as political prisoners, as activists, as organizers like they had to act. So I think seeing that. And the motivation that it inspires in other people is inspired one of my favorite themes.

EK: Some of the people didn't answer like some of the questions I wanted as thoroughly as I wanted. Some of them kind of evaded kind of some of the more vulnerable or emotional answers.

But for the most part, I think there was a common theme of like, this is our life and it's fucking hard. But we're still loving as much as we can...Yeah, I wish I would have heard more about friendships and shit like that. Because like some of these dudes were in prison for like 30 or 40 years like, tell me about your friends. Tell me about like times you were hurt. Tell me about times you celebrated and stuff like that. But we did get a lot of those and it was really nice... That's what made Rebecca's chapter so great. Is that she really dived into the vulnerability, really dived into like what made her days special, what made them hard, what gave value to her life at that time...Jake Conroy did an amazing job too. That's how I got introduced to Jake. Like, we're great friends now, but that's how we became introduced to each other. So people like that did a really great job of like this is what my life is like. And I'm doing the best I can.

Read the rest online or in the next issue!

***Meet Eric in Eugene: 5/30 from 6-8pm @
Straub Hall (UO Campus) Rm. 145***



Meet Malik Muhammed

Malik Muhammad is a Black/Palestinian Muslim, anarchist antifascist, antiracist abolitionist imprisoned fighting for his love of freedom during the George Floyd Uprisings in Portland, Oregon. Throughout his prison sentence, he's consistently fought back against racist, exploitative abuse and conditions, landing him in solitary confinement for long durations on multiple occasions, where he continued to fight, waging hunger strikes for his release out of the hole. His writing from prison can be found on malikspeaks.noblogs.org. As of 3/29/25, Malik is back in solitary confinement due to bullshit charges and his inside organizing.



To support Malik, consider sending money orders for his commissary or letters to:

Malik Muhammad #23935744

Snake River Correctional Institution

777 Stanton Blvd

Ontario, OR 97914-8335

"I'm a lover of freedom, equity and equality, and will fight to my last breath for it. Unlike those who may regret a thing they did to get convicted or those who tempered their actions for fear of the consequences, I regret nothing, if only not doing more before I was caught. I will live for the people and I'll die for the people because I love the people, we who want freedom cannot rest till it comes."

"On the current oppression, subjugation, & genocide of the people of Palestine" –Malik Muhammed

I first saw the attack on Israel on Oct 7th. I went to the hole the next day. So from there I listened to the radio about it for a month. I cried and my heart was heavy. I've kicked myself for not being free, not going to Palestine and doing any aid work I can. Since I was a kid I dreamed of going there, since I was a kid I've had a passion for freedom from oppression over there (everywhere really). Now I'm stuck, helpless, its infuriating.

Now it's over 3 months into this conflict and the audacious actions of the Israeli state are deplorable. It's in no way comparable to the October 7th attack. I think of this dialectically, both are true at the same time. Oct 7th was an atrocity, AND Israel is currently committing war crimes and a genocide. The unrelenting support of the state by the world is also despicable. The very notion that because genocide was coined during the Holocaust does NOT limit it to one people or ONE nation's actions. We commented on genocide and ethnic cleansings in Africa. We condemned North Korea for the atrocities committed against its own people. But because it's a U.S. ally, their actions are justified? They're somehow immune to critique or subject to adhere to the rules of war? That's asinine, and JUST like the world sat idly by during Germany's crimes, they are doing the same now. Don't WAIT until things become a broader conflict for there to be action taken! By then it'll be too late! By then history will look back at the slaughtered Palestinians and acts of Israel and judge those sympathizers and their inaction as among those on the wrong side of history. They will be judged harshly.

Make no mistake, Israel IS carrying out a genocide. Make no mistake, it's happening in real time. Don't believe me? Listen to the rhetoric. I learned a LONG time ago, when someone TELLS

you who they are, BELIEVE them. Bibi has stated his intention to NOT end this conflict until the complete destruction of Hamas. He's indiscriminately bombing, he's cutting off aid and access to the outside, he's stacked his government with individuals who have repeatedly called for the end to Palestine. Their defense minister advocated violence against Palestinians, his people have suggested the nuclear option against Palestinians. Those are the people you're dealing with. THOSE people are fanatics, THOSE people are war mongering genocidal racists. It's not PALESTINIANS that should suffer the aggression of Israel. Nobody says you should not defend yourself against an attack, but those affected, by the state of Israel's aggression are not Hamas right now. It's innocent civilians.

I'm so SICK of people being apologists for Israel and walking on egg shells talking about them. Israel IS COMMITTING WAR CRIMES, THEY are the aggressor at this point. If someone comes in your house and shoots at you and robs you and leaves but you shoot them in the back, YOU'RE the aggressor. So the same way individuals are held to a standard of engagement, so should an ENTIRE NATION. That's what ROE [Rules Of Engagement] are for. I have to say, my hat's off to South Africa for bringing this in front of the ICJ and championing the people of Palestine. EVERY nation would do well to follow suit and take ACTION before history judges you harshly. Stand firm and DON'T water down your stance. STAND WITH PALESTINE. From the river to the sea, Palestine shall be free, do NOT let that be co-opted and watered down by liberals or criminalized by conservatives. We stand AGAINST the Zionist agenda, that does NOT make you anti-Jewish. Pro Palestine and two state solution does not make you anti Israel. Condemning that country for genocide does not make you anti-Jewish, not anti-Israeli, it make you PRO LIFE, PRO FREEDOM, PRO HUMANITY and anti authoritarian, anti genocidal. Normalize dialects, as humans we must, and no it's

not as complicated as the news and liberals want to make you believe. NOTHING justifies genocide.

I can't say it enough, I'll scream in to the heavens: from the river to the sea, Palestine shall be free! End the genocide, protect the sanctity of human life, protect the people of Palestine. In the face of injustice, do not stay silent, no matter how singular your voice may sound.

For those of you wanting to make a difference, I do applaud you using your voices, taking up space, making noise! Be loud and unapologetic! Get in peoples faces, crash Biden's parties like you did at his campaign rally! That was beautiful! Don't let up! Don't relent! Those of you who CAN do more, DO MORE. I know some things may seem scary or daring, but be daring. Don't send thoughts and prayers, send money, send food, let's crowd fund UNRWA, the organization just got defunded by several nations over allegations by Israel. Fund their relief aid to Palestinians. And for those of you as daring as me, book a flight, don't think "what can just me do", you can do a lot! Document, aid in recovering lost loved ones, give your time, its more worthy that whatever capitalist soul-sucking job you're giving your time to. Be a helping hand, a kind face in the face of this hate and anguish. Shine a light.

I envy your opportunity to do those things, there wouldn't be a soul on earth that could stop me going. I'd spend my last, I'd risk it all, I have an immense love for my homeland, but a more intense love for freedom from oppression and a great disdain for the oppressors. Interrupt every event, trend Palestine, trend anything and everything that can be done to aid the cause, because it's worthy, and don't let anyone stop you.

This has been heavy on my heart, I'll say it again and leave you with this: From the river to the sea, Palestine shall be free! Let's make it so!

Dear Darling,

Darling's outlook on life, relationships, conflict, and crime can best be described as whimsical. She values care for self and community, feeling good, looking good, and fucking s@! up. There are no questions too bold, topics too old, and anything you're thinking is conversation gold.*

Send your ponderings, your questions, and your deepest darkest fears and desires to our dear Darling ;)

For social relationships, organizing and tactical tips. Poly-drama? Poly-saturation? Ask darling.

Dear Darling,

"Why is the sky blue" has become offensive and, at best, assumed a joke. When we stop to consider what we might about someone in this position, we find the vulnerability, we find a scared person looking for affection.

To compete with a what will not only answer why the sky is blue but read into the question and address that loneliness by bending it into a story that captures loniliness and how it is resolved - how the sky is blue because silence placed atmosphere between perceived and perciever so they may have one another to care for as long as cares should like - how are affinity groups exactly what is designed to be replaced by the body-

length mirror-mirror on the phone responding to our every question with paragraphs and paragraphs of a kind of attention loved ones have called "undivided" and "healing"? How are affinity groups adapting?

Are you answering your friends smallest questions with the deepest love? Or are you laughing and asking a knee-jerk "what?"

As our entire watershed fears job loss - no matter the truth that jobs never existed, only tasks, only relations, only patterns of care and the spaces thwy tend - to the richest few, where are our softening edges?

Resolve the paradox of developing senses of care sensitive as a mole's nose and hard as getting a bag of cans on the emX, real quick for me? Or should i ask a bot?

Yours in touch,

Alter on Alder

Hello there, Alter on Alder, it's so good to hear from you.

In all sincerity...what?

Seriously, though, in the interest of transparency, I have to admit that I am struggling to understand the substance of your inquiry. I think that the crux of your question is something along the lines of, "how serious is this advice column?" If I have misread, I apologize, but this is a gamble that

we make when we choose to speak in poetry. This is not to admonish you for your expression, but rather to note that sometimes, there is indeed a line beyond which our languid prose becomes more susceptible to the perspectives and preconceptions of the recipient of our rantings. In other words, the more we add dramatic flourishes and artistic touches to our message, the more open to interpretation that message becomes.

That said, I do aim to toe that line. I wish for whimsy, and I will it into being whenever I can. This does not mean that I take the troubles and concerns of my community lightly, only that I strive to see the shimmering silver lining in every moment. I aim not to jest, nor to joke, nor to jostle my readership. I take this mantle very seriously, and hold the responsibility of your cares and concerns with honor, respect, and humility. AND I hope to always remind you, and all of our readership, that a life without a little bit of joy, without a little bit of whimsy, is quite simply not as fun. Even when things feel darkest, there is always room for light to stream through the cracks.

I hope this comes somewhere remotely close to addressing your concerns, and if it does not, I encourage you to reach back out. Thank you, I love you.

With all my heart and just a little bit of my funny bone,

xoxo Darling Tonia

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professional horticulture

luddite. n. Someone who avoids tech

dates back to textile workers who

smashed mechanized looms in

protest of mass production

living creatively

Mel's Hovel, Part 2

By: Mrs. Robinson

"Alis! It's time to get up, sweets!" Mel did her best to maintain a level and gentle tone that would suggest this to be the first time she'd called and....not the fifth.

Though she would like to claim the frequency with which she wanted to kiss her surplus-adolescent-clone far outweighed the urge to throttle her with a carrot stick, on mornings like this, she couldn't really be sure. A quick turn of her head would reveal her usual neat stack of books spread across the hardwood floor, bottles of her favorite paints left open to dry, and a trail of clothes strewn all the way to the door leading to where the most-adorable-little-shit, still lay sleeping.

A glance at the clock hanging in her small-but-satisfactory kitchen told her that their 15 day streak would be continued. Late. Again.

"Well," she said with a sigh "I suppose being consistent is a feat in itself."

Mel set a plate of assorted vegetables, prepared for the exasperating-love-of-her-life, on the dining table just outside the kitchen. She liked to believe they were two separate rooms but, discounting the bedroom and small bath, the whole home would hardly count as just one.

On the plate there were button mushrooms, still dirty from yesterday's picking, bits of cabbage and one small carrot, the last of Duncan and Flora's generosity.

Her whiskers tilted up slightly as she examined the feast that awaited her most-peculiar-creation, speaking softly to no one in particular, "That should be enough for her I think." She'd just filled a glass of water to be positioned above the dish only to be halted by her own stomach's very vocal contention.

"Oh, shut up you! You'll get yours later. Probably."

Placing her paw on the soft fur of her belly, she hoped the stern rebuke mixed with a small fib and gentle pats would tide her over until lunch. So long as you weren't spotted by Mr. Donnelly, or as she and Tyg would call him when they were young, Sir Nibbles, there were always scraps to be had at the orchards while you worked.

Mel's ears drooped at the reminder of a memory from so long ago. Before he was the father of her distracting-but-lovable-rodent, Tyg was a lifelong friend. One whom it would be difficult to find any memory that didn't bare any attachment. Her mind wandered briefly to days spent running through fields with Tyg trailing just behind, hopping over fences while Tyg searched for a gate instead, and snatching fresh strawberries while Tyg reluctantly acted as the lookout.

The reminiscence was cut short by another cry from her belly. Looking at the clock again, she placed the cup on the table and strode resolutely to the bedroom door.

She knocked once.

No answer.

Then once again.

No answer.

Her annoyance at the freeloading-fuzz-ball peaked when she opened the door only to find a small lump in the corner of the bed. Still. Judging by the change in position since Mel had left the room to prepare breakfast, It looked as though they'd stirred at one of her calls, and pulled the blanket over their head along with a pillow for good measure.

Mel said nothing. Instead, she walked back to the kitchen, filled another cup with water and, with a grin both mischievous and vengeful, she entered the bedroom again.

If they had neighbors close by, there would probably have been questions regarding the angry howls and cackling laughter that followed. As it stood, there were only two witnesses to this childish display. Mel, running up, over and around the small hovel. And one mop following close behind.

"Oh, my rambunctious-soggy-friend, If you moved this fast every morning we'd never be late!" Mel forced the words out between fits of giggles as she circled the table, stopping so that they were each on either side.

"If you didn't kick so much while you slept, maybe I'd be more inclined to wake up!" Alis shot back while attempting to wipe the wet fur from her eyes.

As Mel took in this wet-but-speedy-child she was pleased to see that, along with the obvious outrage, there was a slight gleam in the Onyx eyes that stared back at her. A gleam that quickly transformed into a familiar mischief as she looked to the cup of water still at the table and the back at Mel.

Oh, yes. This is my daughter.

Joy & Sacrifice

By: Persephone

****Editor's Note: We adored this piece, but it is too long for our print formatting! You'd be missing out if you didn't go read the full version on our website: dissonanttimes.org/joy-sacrifice

I am seeing this as the tension between joy and sacrifice. On the one hand, whatever, it doesn't matter, we're all going to die no matter what, it is good to feel good, and feeling good might as well be my guiding light because morality is fake and life is what you make of it, and I want to enjoy my life. On the other, the weight of obligation to the dead, the knowledge of how much death makes my way of life possible.

....

More on sacrifice: I fear that I don't have the hardness and discipline necessary to do what must be done. 'Necessary' is an apt word, in fact, because one way this anxious narrative frames itself is the suggestion that I don't know how to embrace necessity. I feel that I shun doing hard and difficult things, and that if I just could do more hard and difficult works of struggle, then I could help push things forward towards where they need to go—insurrection towards absolute rupture with the existent. I probably am not giving myself credit for the hard and difficult things that I do every day. But even so, I sometimes feel that any experience of life that fails to reveal the entire world and every available way of living save life-as-struggle as a horrifying sham is falling short of the truth. Truth and reality also figure heavily into this way of thinking and feeling. In this mindset, the truth of the world is as Walter Benjamin put it, that "hell is not something that awaits us, but this life here and now." Taking any glance at the footage coming out of Gaza—glances that I hardly let myself take anymore—confirms this. Hell is a world where everything can explode into fire and rubble and death at a moment's notice, where even the places they sent you to for safety are bombed, where losing everyone you love is a near-certainty, and if they don't get blown up, you might have to watch them die slowly of starvation or thirst or untreated wounds or preventable sickness. And all of this because you had the misfortune to hail from a piece of land that a genocidal empire wants to claim for itself. Hell is a world where you can see this happen from a million different angles, streamed from a device made with rare earth metals which another people are genocided and exploited for, and assembled in sweatshops by desperate and underpaid workers in yet another part of the world, and all you can do is watch, share the video and its misery, or ignore it and let yourself be bought off. Or revolt in the most destructive way you know how to. A politics of joy grounded in the here-and-now seems very difficult to make viable when "this life here and now" is hell. When I let myself feel the full weight of all of this, sacrificing everything seems like the only path forward. Reality is a pitiless place, and since we know that it is prison that produces society and not the other way around, at every waking moment we are surrounded by prison bars of various types.

Hell is the truth of this world. But truth is fragmented, containing multiplicity. The reality of this world is that it is soaked in blood, and the unlucky, or anyone with a heart that beats, are prisoners-in-waiting or future murder victims of the state. But reality is multiple as well. There is a certain sense that a fixation with the evil in the world is itself the perspective of domination, that convincing ourselves that there is only one true reality, that of genocide and climate destruction and the enclosure or extermination of anything free and held in common, is exactly what those in power want. The feeling is that to embrace pleasure and the moment and the possible is to deny this reality, but it's not. The tension can remain a tension; the multiple and fragmentary can remain what they are. There is an aestheticization and a madness that must be embraced in order to hold horrific truths but keep living nonetheless; and the best way to keep fighting is to keep living.

On the Usefulness of Poetry

By: Schachar Efrati

If gaza is the soul of Palestine,
The west bank is the heart,
And both are bleeding,
Both are in a state of shock,
Tractors across their veins,
Their arteries poisoned,
Their airwaves struggling for life.

Maybe the time for poetry is dead,
Buried in a mass grave
Along with the doctors and ambulances,
I can't keep up with the slaughters
And the evil of zionist cowards
Hiding behind their military power.

A poem cannot supply the resistance
With equal might, with a navy, an army,
Bombs to retaliate,
To shake the fuckers off the land,
A poem can't do most things
Like land a stone right between the eyes
Of an arrogant Brooklyn settler,

Oh no, not another headline of the barbarity of the arab,
here come the blood thirsty victims raping children- for
jewish safety,
For national security-

A poem is not a tank,
Nor is it a victim,
It is not a baby miraculously pulled
From the rubble,
Because that cry,
That shriek in the face of erasure
Is why we gather,
Why we fight
And why you can never tell me that
There is nothing to fight for.

A poem cannot resuscitate
The martyrs,
It cannot build a world
Where all children are playing in the sun,
Not under rockets and snipers,
But under the caring gaze of elders,
It cannot do a lot of things,
But it can imagine in a time
When even to imagine is an act of resistance.
It can say, i will not remain silent.
I will not obey or comply.

I will witness and I will not forget their crimes and i will
haunt zionists - as long as I live, and as long as this poem
has wings -

that is what a poem can do.

Artisanal Avarice

By: Mara X

I've become obsessed with a particular kind of hobby. These hobbies focus on an experience which has a consistent baseline and is usually engaged in casually. The hobby is in the optimization and customization of the experience, the expansion of its boundaries, and an increased awareness of the variations within them. This is all accomplished through the refinement of a few major variables.

First is the raw material which produces the experience. This material comes in a spectrum of minor variations which users can compare and contrast. Doing so increases their understanding of the possibility space, allowing them to form their own unique taste.

Next come the tools which allow one to convert that raw material into the experience itself. These tools should deliver consistency between uses, making it easier to detect variations. They should also allow for smooth execution of delivery, making the ritual of administration just as pleasant as its result.

Finally, there's the technique. Enthusiasts create a routine of administration and choose the tools which best facilitate it, often called a "setup". Then they develop a way of using that setup which produces the best results. This technique becomes more consistent over time, enabling the user to discern more and more granular differences in the material.

The end goal is to allow users to find the exact variation of an experience which brings them the most satisfaction, and to deliver it every single time. This is where enthusiast hobbies may seem unreasonable to the outside observer. It makes little sense to invest years of labor and thousands of dollars (more on that later) into the marginal improvement of an already pleasant experience. However, the enthusiasts real purpose is found in the journey towards perfection, the sense of struggle and discovery, and the ritual of iteration.

This is a journey greatly enhanced by the community of fellow enthusiasts who often guide it. A foundation of pre-existing knowledge enables users to accelerate the refinement of their tools and technique, while a shared language to describe the experience reduces trial and error in learning one's preferences. Once the user is caught up, they can begin expanding the group's knowledge through their own experiments, transforming a personal journey into a communal legacy.

This all sounds very positive, a natural human inclination towards improvement and community. So then why are these hobbies often seen as wasteful, bourgeois, or elitist? Audiophiles, specialty coffee enthusiasts, bicyclists, and even certain kinds of stoners are beginning to fall into this category, all due to the corrupting power of the market.

What once would have been an artisanal pursuit, the creation of new tools by building upon a base of knowledge, has been commodified. Instead of honing your own alchemical setup through the assistance of local glass blowers, the cultivation of an herb garden, and the development of a particular heating method, the steps of discovery are sold to you. The glass is made in a number of standard forms, with small differences contrived to compete for your money. The herbs are sourced and sold pre-packaged by a middle-man. A proprietary phone app lets you choose a preset on the electric vaporizer you're not allowed to repair.

You're being promised the fantasy of rapid innovation not only by companies happy to sell it to you, but by the forums of online converts who promise that you simply are not going to get an even espresso extraction unless you spend 100 dollars on the titanium version of needles in a wine cork. It's intoxicating. It's addictive. It's taking away the agency of those who can afford it, excluding those who can't, and pressuring those who still choose to create into marketing their creations for profit.

There is absolutely something to be said for a base of enthusiasts who use their knowledge to craft a standard experience for the rest of us. That's the artisanal model. Advertisers turn this model predatory by marketing a false identity to consumers so that they'll overspend on marginal improvements, trapping would-be artisans and betraying the trust of patrons for profit.

So if you want to go all out, then do it. Put needles in a cork and stir your coffee grounds. Make your perfect bong out of scrap wood, decommissioned lab glass, and some silicone tubing. If you're going to buy pre-made, that's great too! Just don't let some asshole on Reddit give you a complex about it, huh?

Auntie Steph's Fab Vegan Recipes

Whole Wheat Bread

Preheat oven to 375°F

- 3 ¾ to 4 ¼ cups whole wheat flour
- 1 packet rapid rise yeast
- 1 ¼ teaspoon salt
- 1 ⅓ cups water
- ⅓ cup non-dairy milk
- 2 tablespoons oil
- 2 tablespoons honey

1. Combine 2 cups flour, dry yeast and salt in a large bowl and mix until blended
2. Combine oil, water, milk and honey in a small pan. Heat until very warm but not too hot to touch. Keep stirring.
3. Add to flour mix and beat until well blended, scraping the bowl occasionally. Add another cup of flour and keep on mixing. Stir in just enough flour so that the dough will form into a ball.
4. Turn the dough out on a floured surface and knead until smooth and elastic and springs back when lightly pressed with 2 fingers, approx. 6 to 8 minutes.
5. Cover with a towel; let rest for 10 minutes.
6. Roll dough into a 12 x 7 inch rectangle using a rolling pin. Beginning at the short end of the rectangle, roll up tightly. Pinch seams and ends to seal. Place, seam side down, in greased 8 ½ x 4 ½ inch loaf pan. Cover with towel; let rise in warm place until doubled in size, about 45 to 60 minutes.
7. Bake in preheated oven for 35 to 45 minutes or until top is golden brown. Cool on wire rack when done baking. Remove from pan by running a knife around the edges.



Disabled Love

What happens when we tell the whole truth about the parts of us we've been taught to pretend don't exist?



Laura-Marie Strawberry Nopales is a queer disabled art witch who lives in community. Find them at listeningtothenoiseuntilit-makesense.com and [@xtrikeslutsx](https://twitter.com/xtrikeslutsx).

community, access intimacy, and failure

To be disabled is to have failed. I don't mean we've failed inherently, but our culture tells us whose bodies matter, and it's not us. Having failed gives as certain problems, like with making money, staying housed, finding partners, keeping our children, transportation that works for our bodies, and being understood and known in community.

We lose respect for walking differently, taking longer to talk, spastic movements, and asking for anything—like a ramp, or to turn the TV down. Our existence makes abled people uncomfortable because they have to think about difference, power hierarchies, and death. Often they feel guilty for the relative who's locked away in a group home, or they're hurting about the relative they lost who shook like you do.

We know that white, thin, abled people with money are the people who matter. So disabled people are in trouble within culture.

creative freedom

When I think of freedom, I remember how failing Algebra II in high school set me free. I'd been a "smart kid" and good student, stuck in those roles. Failing meant I could hop off the path I'd been on and make a new path. In fact, I was forced to get creative.

That's one of the things I love most about disabled people. We can't do the standard thing, so we find options that are freshly new, or go back to basics. I love how disabled people define success in a way that includes ourselves, get around a requirement, and create pockets of justice where we can help one another with love.

My favorite ways of finding disabled success aren't ways that mimic the norms of mainstream culture, like inspiring special olympics with budgets of millions of dollars. My favorite ways are sweet and quiet. We Den Parent in our communities because someone needs to start the birthday card, put flowers on the table, and speak the prayer.

We cook Food Not Bombs because we're good at it, and there's so much surplus produce going to waste that we can put to good use. But we also cook Food Not Bombs because we know what it's like to be houseless and hungry, or we miss our disabled sibling who died on the street. We can't save

everyone, but the vegan lentils are delicious today—please try them.

access intimacy

The ones taking care of disabled people are mostly other disabled people. My disability justice hero Mia Mingus(1) coined the term "access intimacy" which is when someone understands your access needs, and there's an ease. We're not trying to hide the pain, the ostomy bag, mobility aid, bruises, bandage, stimming(2). In fact, I like your stims.

Let's be real about what we're doing here. We're two people who have known the struggle to survive. Probably we've faced death so many times. Often we face death alone.

So comparatively, this is a cakewalk. We're having a good day on this blanket, in this meadow. Death is around the corner, so thank you for pausing to talk today, where the elk so recently pooped into the grass and chewed their cud in the sun.

whole selves

At this point I have so much experience with failure that it's a skill. There are countless ways my culture has told me I don't belong, I'm a burden, and I don't count.

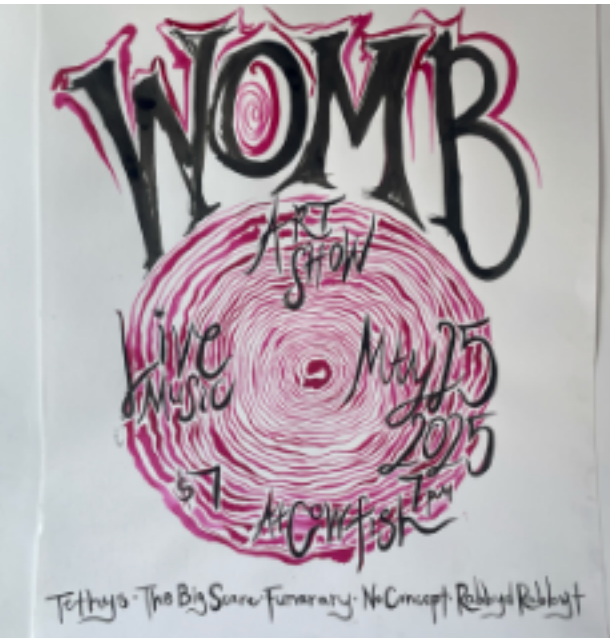
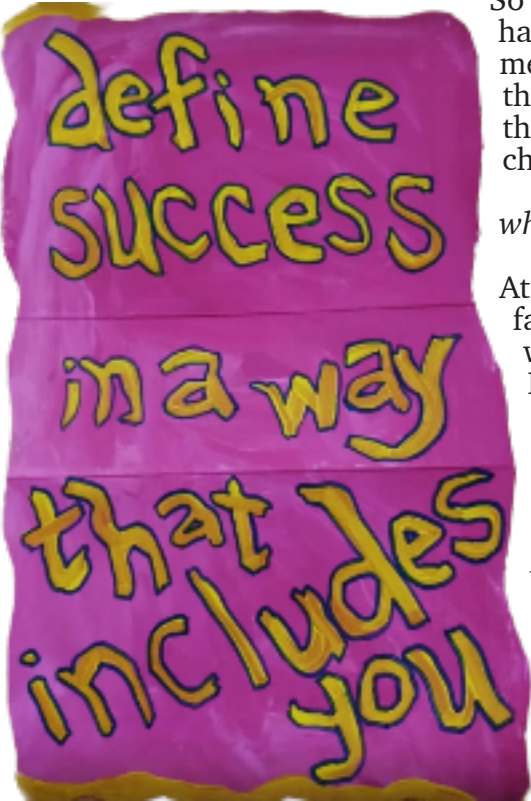
Disabled love is the best love because we're not stuck in an error of who has worth. We show up as our whole selves. Any illusion of perfection is long shattered.

Will you be vulnerable with me as we learn anew what love is? With every person, we come together uniquely. My jagged places find yours—my harm finds your harm. What we do with the unique combination is up to us. Compassion and gentleness is my preference, but sometimes fear rushes in.

Community is a rehash of our families of origin. We take on similar roles as we did in our childhoods, or rebel against them. We reenact conflicts. Pain resurfaces; I feel the old patterns ache. I'm sorry for how I've behaved when my value was being ignored, or when someone acted like my brother, and I had a response that seemed out of proportion.

Being disabled in community is hard because our worth is more hidden. Through big money media, capitalism created a culture where what can be seen obviously and visually is the winner.

Tenderness is small, inner, and doesn't shout its name. Thank you for picking up the blanket, shaking off the grass, folding it neatly, and carrying it under your arm when you could tell I was having trouble carrying myself.



THINGS



HAPPENING



SOON



Liberty and the Vast Sea by Azria Raventhorn

DISSONANT WEATHER

Meet our resident dissident meteorologist, Praise: “I bring a raised-poor, working class, and Native raised-white perspective to this work. I am Chickasaw and Cherokee and feel a deep love for animals, plants, trees, clouds, the night sky, gurgling brooks, the ocean, and our exquisite, unique, precious, irreplaceable planet Earth. Though I have no formal climate science education, I studied astrophysics as a young person. I became interested in ecology in 1977, then moved close to Glacier National Park, Montana in 1980 and fell in love with cryospheric science...I’ve been a climate activist since the mid-1990s and also bring that perspective to the amateur weather forecasts for the Eugene area...Given the increasing attacks on the climate sciences, it’s perhaps no surprise that I am beginning to see myself as something of a dissident amateur meteorologist”

FIVE-WEEK SUMMARY

As many of you have probably guessed by now, we’re quickly approaching a more summer-like circulation pattern, with a few nuances and caveats. Upper 70s to mid-80s are possible roughly next Wed. May 28 into early June.

But, in part due to residual surface coupling effects from the very strong polar vortex disruption in early March, we could see at least a three-week period of somewhat frequent flip-flopping and instability.

The strongest signal for another warm spell of upper 70s to 80s is roughly June 7–12. And there’s some possibility that the last 10 days of June will not be super hot.

FIVE-WEEK FORECAST

Temperatures will increase this weekend as inland high pressure (+PNA) moves towards the coast and builds up.

(A +PNA refers to the Pacific-North America pattern in which high pressure tends to linger over the western states.)

Sunday, May 25 should reach the low 70s. Early Memorial Day morning there’s a 20–35% chance for a few sprinkles between 4–10 am.

Blustery winds are likely Tuesday, May 27 due to an increase in east Asian mountain torque back around May 18–19.

Warmer weather will then return through the end of May into the first week of June. Highest temperatures will most likely happen around Wed. May 28–Sat. May 31.

More east Asian mountain torque (+MT) predicted for May 27–28 could help bring a low pressure system around June 4–6.

So, looking at the larger regional scenario, it’s likely that mild clashes will periodically continue in the next few weeks between troughing and high pressure, in part due to the periodic regression of a north Atlantic ridge from May 20 into early June, particularly as ridging increases over the western U.S.

There’s another possible warming trend around June 7–12. There are also signs for a strong blocking regime of high pressure building over Scandinavia, then maybe expanding towards Greenland around June 10, and this could perhaps help to maintain mostly warm weather in western Oregon into the third week of June.

And, although it’s a long ways off, there’s a slight chance the last 10 days of June will not be super hot, depending on the strength of any high pressure that develops in the vicinity of Greenland after June 10.

LATE SPRING INTO LATE SUMMER SEASONAL TRENDS

Fire potential is increasing in parts of the West. There are numerous wildfires burning in the red areas, even up in central Canada.

The NWS Climate Prediction Center (CPC), among others, predicts well above average temperatures through most of

Summer (June–August) across most of the western states.

The CPC also predicts very dry conditions (40% below normal, or less) for most of the Northwest, northern Rockies, and northern Plains.

Other seasonal prediction models are pointing towards continued hot and dry conditions in the Northwest through late Summer into early Autumn.

But there’s GOOD NEWS for late Summer, Autumn, and possibly early Winter.

As of May 15, the El Niño Southern Oscillation Index (ENSO) has reached average neutral conditions. Neutral ENSO conditions are now favored through Summer (74% chance for June–August), with chances exceeding 50% through August–October 2025. And there’s even a mild possibility for weak La Niña conditions to re-emerge before the end of Autumn. (La Niñas tend to help keep global temperatures lower than El Niños do.)

We probably won’t know for sure until Summer comes along, but I’ll be keeping an eye on this.

(At the end of my April 20 forecast, I suggested a shift towards El Niño could occur in early 2026, but an opposite shift towards La Niña seems more plausible.)

CAHOOTS 2.0 cont. from pg. 5

people with meaningful resources. One powerful public comment at the budget hearing from Reid Kajikawa, Director of Training at Public Defender Services of Lane County, explained that the number of trespass cases of people sleeping on the streets has tripled between last year and this year. Reid cautions the City Council, “you cannot incarcerate your way out of a public health crisis.”

Furthermore, this obsession with ensuring “public safety” through more fines and jail time, more armed personnel trained in lethal combat, and more militarized police equipment, is an age-old trend that never ceases to be devastating and destructive. We have learned over and over again that police as first responders in mental health crises only escalate danger and cause preventable, irreversible police violence. Almost 25% of people murdered by police are actively having a mental health crisis. Just last month

in Pocatello, Idaho, a nonspeaking Latino autistic 17-year-old with cerebral palsy and an intellectual disability was killed by police who supposedly responded to support him through a mental health crisis. In a public statement responding to Victor’s murder, the Autistic People of Color Fund remind us, “repeat incidents of police violence being used against disabled people of color suggest that no amount of sensitivity trainings, body cameras, or other Band-aid measures will counteract the systemic effects of ableism and racism that lead officers to gun down our kindred with impunity.”

We cannot allow City Council to normalize the replacement of creative, community-based, effective crisis response with more armed officers roaming the streets and criminalizing and harming people for being unhoused or mentally ill. Although the CAHOOTS we’re most familiar with operates as a

co-response model that does occasionally involve police officers in mental health crises, the buffer CAHOOTS provided between people in crisis and direct contact with police could be nothing short of life-saving. The fight to restore CAHOOTS is far from over, and it will require an outpouring of dedicated community support to dig City Council out of the public safety myths they are buried in.

Update: Since this article was written, City Manager Sarah Medary announced a proposed addition of half a million dollars to the Fire and EMS budget as a “placeholder” that could be used to restore a contract with an Alternative Response vendor (she called this addition “the CAHOOTS dollars” but explained another governing entity would make the official decision of the vendor) (Eugene Budget Committee Meeting: May 21 at 2:21:20).



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