




In late November of 1999, as tens of thousands converged on the city of Seattle for what would turn out to be a watershed week of civic confrontation of corporate power manifested in the World Trade Organization, a small group of activists were busy hoisting batteries, electronic gear, and everything they would need for up to a month of survival 70 feet up a tree high in the Olympic national forest. Their purpose? To serve the community arrayed below with an independent broadcast channel the authorities would find difficult to shut down. They occupied otherwise empty FM radio channels for five days with a mix of eclectic music, news (both independent and appropriated), live commentary, rants, poetry and technical glitches, beaming signals heard miles around Seattle, and got away clean. This CD is an audio document of free radio station Y2WTKO.

Most of this material is presented "as heard" recorded off air in Seattle. If not, it is directly off the media that were in the tree. Do not expect slick produced audio quality. This document includes the flaws, glitches, overmodulation products and signal fading to be expected in a low power, low tech field operation. While jump cuts abound to fit 5 days into 77 minutes, no mixing was done in the edit; all multiple source tracks are presented just as they occurred.

Few of the artists whose work is featured were approached regarding their appearance here. All this material has been made widely available in the germplasm of popular culture and inclusion documents its insertion in to a historic situation. If any of the artists objects we have severely misjudged them and no one wishes they were not on the CD more than us. Each is, however, entitled to a free CD.

\*Note to literalists and federal agents: Nothing in these liner notes or on the CD should be construed as representing actual events, individuals or violations of federal law.



Field operators: Fungus, Sparrowhawk  
 Street operators: Mikrowant, Smokestack  
 Prepared content: Hija in the Crane, Hejethyksi, SHAR, Ms. Nobody  
 ECM/supplemental RF intel: Lo Onia (djh)  
 Site selection: Linn Eject  
 Site preparation: U.S. Forest Service (the jackets)  
 Hafford cat: Tool, Fungus  
 Materials acquisition: John Sippy, RFP  
 Extraction: Mikrowant, Lo-og, Seattle LRC Radio 4  
 Extraction recon/decay: Shane Walters  
 Cryptography: Alaska, Mikrowant  
 Online resources: RadioFAR.net, Top26, GXT  
 Archiving: Bajtis, Orane, Mikrowant, Smokestack  
 Black & White Photography: Karl Jensen  
 Color Video stills: Rasty Shadowstar  
 Inspiration: Radio Vancouver, Amy Goodwin, EZLN, POUN/CNT-892, Tria Radio Berkeley, PRSC, FRC, EPI, Nilsa Tealc  
 Special thanks: Orane (for the acronym), Roadkill, Dier, Capitol Hill Selfishness, Bigfoot, Alaskan Printer Guild, U.S. Navy (for not blowing us off the island), the Black Site (for strategic restraint and focus), whoever the winner with the white truck was, Lyn Garry (for coping), The FCC/NAB (without whose repressive policies and monopolistic domination this operation would have been without context), Butters (for food), Radio Shack Corp. (for being as easy to steal from)  
 Extra special thanks: Mark Healer and Nightstand, Tomiang, Robert Hoyt, Joey Skilthead and DOA, Cascadia Media Collective, Cascadia Wetlands Project, Alaska, Fossilfuel (one very special old growth hemlock)  
 No thanks: Global Exchange, John Zerzan

Funglitch	Fungus	00:21
Carnival of Chaos	DJ Static	04:10
One Nation	Ignatius	02:50
Live Report	Mikrowant	01:37
Rubberzone	TehKunGI With KING 5	07:06
New Earth	TehKunGI	01:35
Live Report 2	Smokestack	01:19
Mozzato	Seize the Day	03:43
The ABCs of Press Conference	Chumbawamba with police chief and mayor	03:04
Food Not Bombs	Desert Rat	03:06
Progressive News Network	Radio For Peace International	01:04
Cointelpro	KOMO 4	00:49
Communications Emergency	Squarewave	00:46
Radio Habana Cuba	RHC	01:40
Flaming Media Pigs	KOMO 4	01:44
Volume Mode	Halo Benders with Fungus	03:57
Transformation	Radio Free Cascadia	01:26
Hot Little Corner	Robert Hoyt	04:56
Oppression	Sheriff Dave Reichert with caller	02:41
Police State	Ms. Nobody	02:10
Capitol Slam	Sheriff Dave Reichert with caller	06:14
One Minute of Fame	Pacifics Radio	00:53
Evacuating the President/Westlake Gas	Squarewave	01:32
Beast Self, by John Brandi	Static, from Semiotext(c) USA	05:22
Three Minutes	Squarewave	00:28
Dancing on the Ruins	Casey Neill	02:05
Rise Up	Rage Against the Machine with news	03:01
37,900,000 RPS	Squarewave	00:25
FCC	Yeastie Girls	01:10
Black Bloc	Squarewave	00:32
The Only Thing Green	DOA	03:57
Helicopter	Squarewave	00:41
Funglitch	Fungus	00:33



As street correspondents and media contacts for Y2WTKO, Smokestack and I took great pains to look like slick, professional media personnel. We were up before dawn Monday, ironing our disguises. Under my long skirt dangled a dual band VHF/ UHF transceiver with a flexible quarter-wave antenna that poked up under my shirt to my armpit. Also wired under my shirt were a tiny microphone and push-to-talk button. In my slick vinyl backpack: the home-hecked four element UHF yagi antenna I had made just for the occasion out of scratch materials, "the Beam." With our briefcases full of sensitive documents, we were ready.

Away across the Puget Sound, high on a hilltop at the end of a logging spur road, nestled 65 feet up a Hemlock tree, the other half of our cell positioned the broadcast arrays with a line of sight 25 miles straight into Seattle. The sciences of radio and treesitting were truly merged and poised for a long-range aural assault on the greater Seattle area. Move over corporate radio!

Monday afternoon, we were on the air. Smokestack quickly wrote and sent out a press release: "Like the forests and the oceans, the airwaves belong to the public. This resource of the people has been stolen from us by governments and corporations, aided and abetted by the illegal, illegitimate organization that is the WTO. As with so many other aspects of our lives, we must once again struggle to liberate this element of our collective reality."

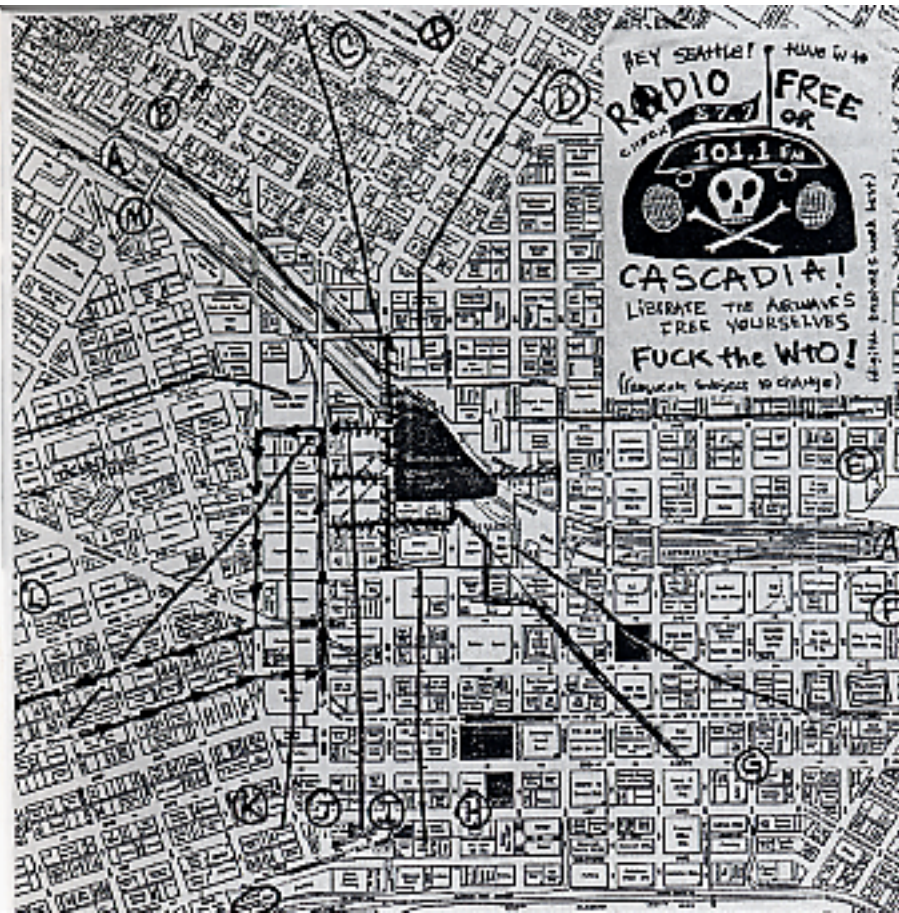
Tuesday, N30: While all our friends were on the front lines getting gassed, setting dumpsters ablaze, smashing corporate glass and looting the Radio Shack, Smokestack and I hung back, looking like slick yuppie media twerps on the sidelines. Comrades' eyes would meet mine over their balaclavas and I had to give them a quick, cold "Don't talk to me, I'm undercover" look. But the police never questioned us as we roamed around in front of police lines and through crowded streets, gathering information. The problem was relaying it. From deep down between the skyscrapers, my beam and whip antenna were useless. We had to go down to the waterfront or up on a parking garage to have clear contact with the station.

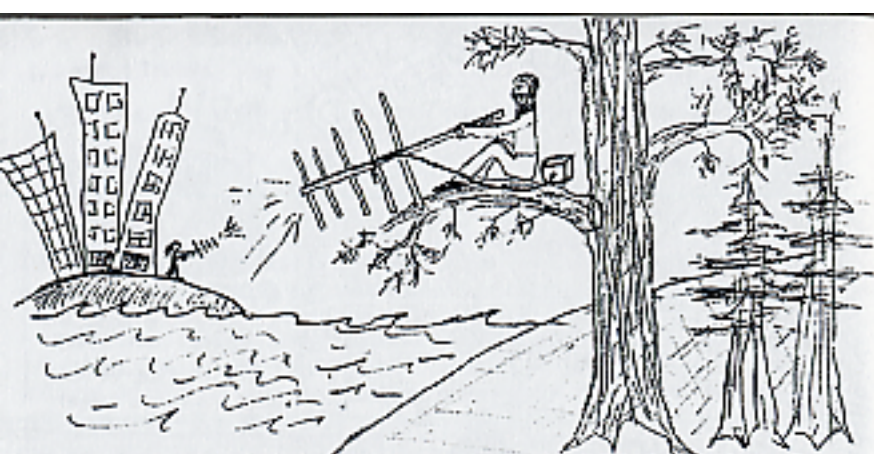
In the streets and on the air, the unrest intensified. Free Seattle Radio had audio commentary streaming live on the internet from Studio X. One comrade from another radio cell cruised around briefly with a low-power transmitter in a suitcase and an umbrella antenna, while a cyclist circulated with a boombox tuned to his frequency, but the signal had no where to go in the towering urban walls resounding with the noise of the mobilization of thousands and the crash/banging of the teargas grenades. At the waterfront that evening, as we ranted and detailed the successes and horrors of the day, our own voices were relayed on the air, sounding tinny and distant after crossing the sound and back.

Wednesday it started all over again. Locked out of the parking garage, we went down toward the sound. We were firing a report when Smokestack gave the signal to ditch! An ominous unmarked white van adorned with multiple antennas had just pulled up across the street. They were watching us! We grabbed all our gear and bailed through the Pike Place Market.

No longer safely able to transmit from street-level, we retreated to the strategic heights of Capitol Hill, escaping the Pike Place market in time to miss the nerve gas and the heightening police brutality. If Wednesday was anything like Tuesday, we knew the police would herd the riot right up to our feet. The police performed on cue. Down the street, the Guardian helicopter trained a bright spotlight on the show being staged by the Anarchist Black Bloc on Denny Street. An armored personnel carrier careened around the corner mere yards away from my shadowed position just as I lost contact with the station. How did it happen? In all the excitement, one of us lost the frequency, and we had forgotten to establish a default!

Wednesday night and all of Thursday I stayed put on the Hill, parked by an FM receiver tuned in to Y2WTKO. Without a two-way link, the FM signal was the only way I had to know if my affinity group was okay. If law enforcement assaulted the station, they were counting on me to respond. I was anxious, so I made a couple hundred small flyers for the station and distributed them around the Hill. With help we also logged many hours of the Y2WTKO broadcast on tape, an afterthought that enabled us to create this felonious sound collage.





Friday morning my pager went off with an emergency code! An independent radio decryption cell had intercepted some startling signals from a federal helicopter headed in the direction of our radio station! They were tracking our signal. I knew that the crew in the tree had no ground support. Could I get from downtown Seattle to the site across the sound before the feds laid siege?

On the spot I deputized a videographer and Lo-dog, an RFC comrade from Eugene, then we had to locate our driver at the labor rally. I was stressing way out; in my head that black enemy chopper kept chopping away across the sound and along the Olympic ridges, triangulating the radio signal. We had no way to warn the station!

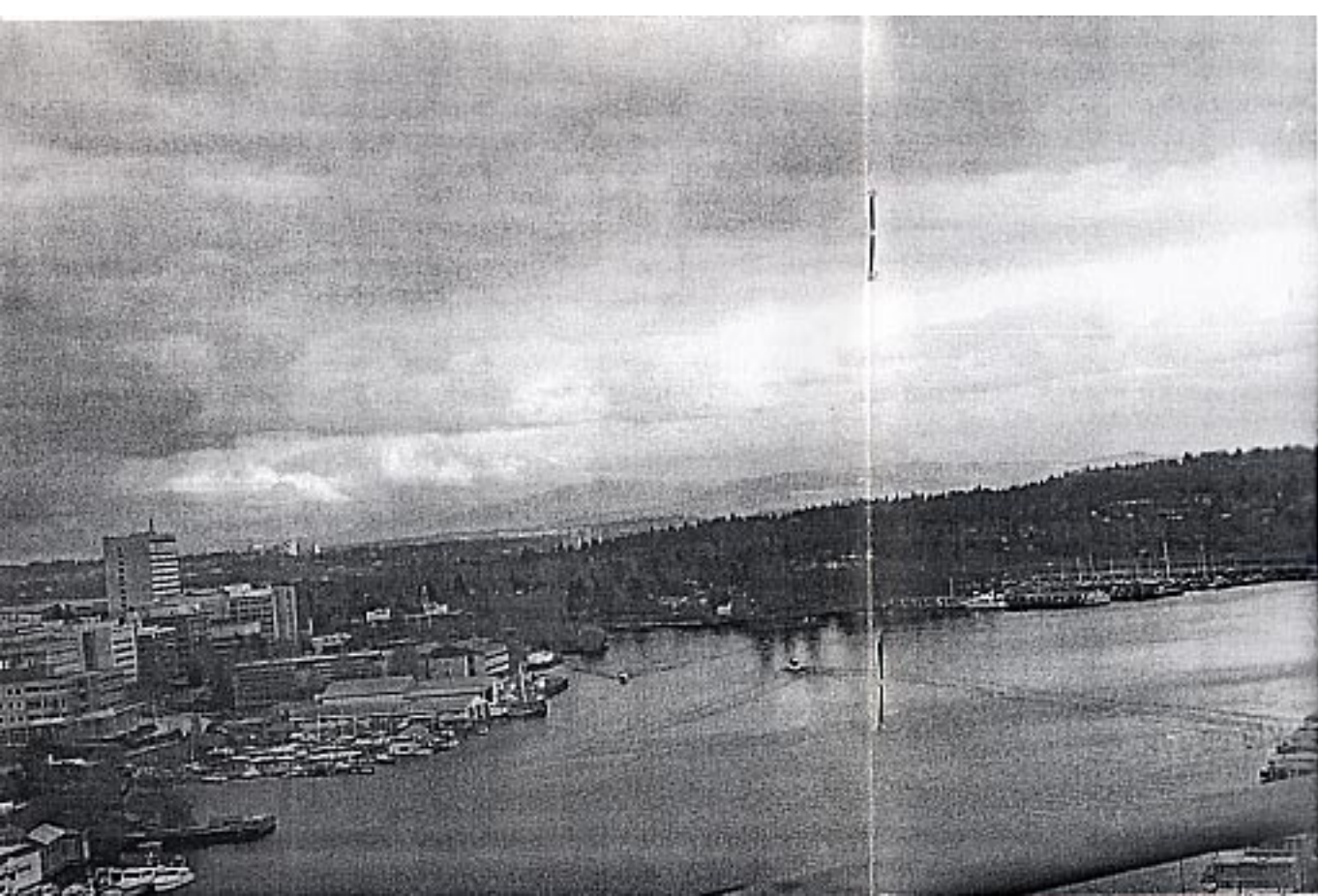
Finally we were on our way, having released topographic maps to the site in case anyone felt like leaving the riot of the century, taking a ferry, and driving up to a remote hilltop in the National Forest to face off with the feds and defend a beleaguered crew of radio pirates.

On our way up the mountain, we met a sheriff coming down. The sheriff asked the driver some questions and let us go. As we neared the site, however, the road was blocked by law enforcement. Two Forest Service law enforcement officers, more sheriffs, and an ominous unmarked white van with lots of antennas - the FCC! They had zeroed in on the signal.

Y2WTKO kept broadcasting the whole time. They seemed to be unaware of the siege. Finally the crew in the tree took note of the activity on the ground, just as the cops were retreating! The pirates attempted to dialogue, but the cops wouldn't stay too far from their vehicles. Over the radio we heard them goad: "Why don't you slick around and talk next time, guys?" So the feds didn't want to camp out under the tree all night. I envisioned them tag-team sleeping in their Broncos, the FCC geeks taking turns listening to dead air all night. Lo-dog and I got dropped at the bottom of the hill by a payphone on Highway 101. We nested down with blankets and an FM radio. Y2WTKO was playing slow, mellow jazz. How could they be so damn cool under pressure? I was pissing my pants! Would the feds send climbers up, or starve them down? Would my friends get a slap on the wrist, or get slapped with class C felonies for broadcasting without a license? Would they go to prison?

Finally, late at night, IMC Media 4 arrived. One of the team turned out to be from Free Seattle Radio. They were eager to get the story, but I urged them to help us get the pirates out of the tree. After a brief circle in which we forged a hasty affinity, we piled into the truck and headed back up the mountain to face the enemy. As we reached the last intersection, the station dropped carrier. Maybe the feds were all camped out on the landing. I decided to walk the rest of the way up with Lo-dog, rather than have us all blunder into a government camp, vehicle and all. It was a miracle! Not a bronco to be seen! Nary an ominous white van with antennas. Only the forest and the rock road, and the view! The dark sparkling water of the sound, the shaken city spread far below us, quiet, peaceful. We tentatively approached the tree. It was dark. I hooted. No answer. I called out my name. Tarps rustled, then earnest hoots resounded. Contact at last! We couldn't fit everything in the truck, but we got all the gear and recovered the crusty, stubbly radio pirates who had managed to keep it all going through storm and several-hour siege while the city rocked with the uprising of the masses.

-miskrant



FOR IMMEDIATE PRESS RELEASE

NOVEMBER 29th, 1999

#### SEATTLE AIRWAVES LIBERATED BY MICROPOWER

As of 2 pm today, the frequency of 131.1 FM in Seattle has been liberated by the Radio Free Cascadia collective. Tune in to this frequency for the entire week to hear up-to-the-minute news, radical music, live interviews, and frontline reports from the battle to shut down this meeting of the World Trade Organization. Radio Free Cascadia and the Vox Populi Alliance are committed to taking the direct action to liberate our airwaves from corporate control.

#### PUBLIC RESOURCES UNDER ATTACK

Like the forests and the oceans, the airwaves belong to the public. This resource of the people has been stolen from us by governments and corporations, aided and abetted by the illegal, illegitimate organization that is the WTO. As with so many other aspects of our lives, we must once again struggle to liberate this element of our collective reality.

#### LOCAL MEDIA ISN'T DOING THE JOB

When "local", corporate stations such as KOMO refuse point blank to cover the real reasons behind this unprecedented influx of global resistance, the people have no choice but to reclaim the power of information for themselves. When corporate media can do no more than talk the books of their corporate masters, they create a fundamental resistance: a desire to fill their empty editorial vacuum. Since they aren't telling us the truth, we need to tell ourselves.

#### THE MICROPOWER RESISTANCE IS GROWING

Radio Free Cascadia can normally be found in Eugene on 90.5 FM. This week in Seattle, you can look for other manifestations of the new global resistance on the Vox Populi frequencies - 87.5 FM, 93.1 FM, 99.5 FM, 98.5 FM, and 131.1 FM, as we ask the big question: Is economics "progress" using the planet?



The second night I really thought we were going to die. That evening the wind kicked up blowing a freezing rain off the sound. The tree got to working pretty good. You have to understand, when you stand on the ground and watch a tree in the wind it seems to just sort of sway back and forth, but when you're in the tree you realize that it is a dynamic being in relation with the air. It has all this sail area - the branches and needles and such - distributed around it which receive an enormous amount of energy in high winds. The heavy branches and trunk have to absorb and transfer all this energy relative to the roots. What you realize from in the tree is that the swaying you see from the ground is a two dimensional perception of a three dimensional, largely rotational dynamic. Different parts of the tree move quite a bit in relation to each other and the trunk sets up a sort of helical hula hoop motion to deal with this tremendous amount of energy.

Anyway, the tree got to working pretty good. The branches with the antenna on them were moving several feet in relation to the platform and the feedline connector at the transmitter started fritzing out. For a while I was able to physically keep the coax jammed into the connector with one hand but as the wind got heavier this became a losing cause and we signed off. We had been unable to do any real programming anyway with our attention largely devoted to tarp maintenance and keeping shit from going over the side. So we shut down and battened the hatches as best we could.

We hunkered down in our sleeping bags and tried in vain to rest. We had been in trees in storms before (yes, there were tree sitters before Ms. Butterfly) and knew that they could move a lot and not come down. There were however several factors adding to our anxiety. Most of our experience was in Douglas Firs, a particularly sturdy species, and Provident was a hemlock, not noted for their strength. Provident was also a remnant, a tree passed over when the unit had been logged and so taller and more exposed than its neighbors. Probably foremost on our minds was the amount of weight in our installation: battery banks, generator, gasoline, water, platform, propane tank, siege rations, electronic gear, us, probably a ton and a half of radioactive treesit all told. In hindsight our biggest mistake in this respect was hanging liquids off the edge of the platform where their inertial moment was multiplied by their distance from the trunk (remember the hula hoop effect). We knew better but had implemented certain expedencies in the rush to get deployed and operational.



A couple hours after we shut the transmitter off, in the full dark and driving rain, the wind really kicked up in earnest and the tree started moving alarmingly. We got our harnesses on and clipped in with serious concern. The five gallon fuel and water containers were jerking and yanking like mad on their batters and it was far too rough to even think about going out to move them or even simply cut them loose. The tree's natural mechanisms were hampered by all this misplaced weight and the hula hoop was becoming complicated by many degrees of actual torsional twist in the trunk. I remember poking outside the tarp with my headlamp and seeing a water container almost horizontal as the tree careened away from it with the rain driving almost horizontal the other direction. Fungus had unclipped from the platform and instead lied in to the largest branch on his side. He was clinging to the trunk with his eyes squeezed shut. I had been trying to keep morale up with reassuring platitudes but by this point I was thinking about what I wanted clipped to me if I should end up injured but still alive on the ground.

At some point in this swirling madness the wind reached a violent crescendo, the platform seemed to lift and twist in its webbing as the tree yielded a profoundly disturbing, resonant cracking sound. The world jerked crazily. There followed an interminable period of mad chaos and abject terror: the shriek of the wind, tarps that had been drumhead tight flapping like they would burst, the constant pitch, yaw and roll of our universe which had been reduced to a couple of square yards of heaving plywood and synthetic.

The WTO, the FCC, such abstractions lost all meaning as I clung in horror to the tree, fully expecting it to surrender its tenuous hold on the hillside at any moment. I don't really remember the wind slacking off or finally losing consciousness that night but at some point exhaustion must have overcome fear because the next morning found us largely intact, if shaken, in a straightforward Puget Sound December squall.

It was later that day as I assembled the low-band antenna in place, tied in to a branch not an inch and a half in diameter, working at the extreme limit of my reach with the snow building up on my parka, that I realized we were going to win, that no one they could send after us was willing, for mere employment, to endure the hardship that would be required to take us into custody. Sit in your defrosting Broncos, shiny shoe boys, I'll be dragging my ass and 70 pounds of gear up a frozen creekbed to the extraction point as your thermos runs dry.

-Squarewave



It was a proud moment when I stood in the streets of Seattle and watched a black-and-camo-clad gas-masked demonstrator climb atop a dumpster (conveniently dragged into the middle of the street) to wave a huge red and black flag. In the person's other hand was a large white diamond-shaped sign reading "Caution: Inhalation Hazard". This and many other fine sights were successfully reported from the streets of Seattle to the live radio relay of Y2WTKORFC. My colleague Miskreant has fully reported on our drama. I only wish to note the cloaked, radar-screened communications digible that provided us with invaluable intelligence information. I also found the private submarine to be quite useful. Truly, we are everywhere... Being part of a giant "FUCK YOU" to the capitalist scumbags who are trying to take over the world was one of the most exhilarating events of my life. I give thanks to the Black Bloc for the excellent selection of targets, the brave Virginia Street squatters, everybody in a mask, everybody who participated in direct action by breaking laws or taking streets, all communications collectives, Studio X, IMC, Ruckus, Capitol Hill residents, and whoever put out the Seattle Post-Intelligence.

Love, Smokestack

So there we were in the tree high on a cliff overlooking Seattle. The action had been intense on the ground. We fought off the cold with ample doses of yerba mate. We'd been clinging for dear life on the platform for six blustery days. Suddenly, a vehicle approached. Through the rain soaked night we could see their headlights wind up the lonely logging road to the landing below us. "Who could it be?" we wondered. With the generator humming we knew that whoever it was would be able to find us with relative ease. We jumped into action. I could feel the adrenaline flow as I moved my weary, weather-beaten body over to the edge. We had to shut off the generator, which meant climbing in the dark down to where we hung our power supply. That's when I saw the flashlight approach. I knew from the brightness that it was not one of us. My partner and I donned our increasingly fashionable balaclavas and took a peek outside our platform. All we could see was the shadow of a man. We waved amiably at the state funded officer and went about our business, knowing he wouldn't climb our tree at such a late hour. We announced our situation over the air and wondered if anyone was really listening. We expressed our thoughts over the air directly to the feds because we knew at least they were listening. (Something to the effect of "na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na" was about all we could muster at that point.) I wish I could have seen the face of the guy who came to the base of our tree. I expected a look of disgust. "I can't believe these damn hippies are in the tree!" he may have thought.

I was impressed that these shiny-shod bureaucrats actually got out of their vehicles and hiked uphill through the wet undergrowth. With no immediate way to get us down in the wet winter night, they soon left. I felt empowered and victorious. We stood up to the Man and he had nothing to do but walk away empty-handed. Now, I have nothing against these people (they take our defiance of their authority way too personally) but I realized the importance of going the extra mile to put our stallion physically out of their reach. It wasn't easy but in the end it was worth it. The alternative was incarceration. If it wasn't for the sound of our generator I wonder if they would have found us at all (another reason to "go solar"). We later extracted from our position and escaped with all our equipment into the night. We had the last laugh that day and will continue to defy the corporate media monopoly every chance we get. I hope this inspires other creative actions. The more angles we hit them from, the better are our chances of success. As with anything truly revolutionary, this is a do-it-yourself thing. Study up, work hard, examine your commitment, hit them where and when they least expect it and we will have their heads spinning like a 45. Good luck and happy transmitting!

Your DJ in the trees,  
The Fungus Umbilicus



When Ms. Nobody and I learned that Radio Free Cascadia would be broadcasting in Seattle, our minds naturally turned to program content. As experienced pirate DJs, we knew that it was essential to provide material that got our point of view across. Armed with various radical texts, we entered our home studio.

The tracks you hear on this CD are the result of us in a room with microphones, turntables, a mixer, and a tape deck. All the tracks were improvised live, in one take, with no overdubs. The text on "Carnival of Chaos" was written by Soscha Altman Dubrul and is available in his book *Carnival of Chaos* (Autonomedia Publishing). "Boost Sell" is from Autonomedia's book *Semiotext(e) USA*. "Police State" was written by Ms. Nobody herself.

We believed that these texts would come across especially well in the radio medium. Along with a number of other text pieces from sources such as *The Buffer*, we made a 60-minute tape for broadcast. It served the DJs well, in addition to many other input sources ("Food Not Bombs" is my favorite other track).

The occasionally obscenity-laced pieces on this disc are being testament to the power of free radio. I believe they speak for themselves, and all I have to add is that I believe it vitally important that all the ideas within these pieces be seriously considered if not carried out in actual life. - DJ Slack

- "New Earth" is directly off the TekKings CD (incl. available from Post World Industries 1122 E Pike #949, Seattle, WA 98122, U.S.A. - [www.postworldindustries.org](http://www.postworldindustries.org) - [contact@postworldindustries.org](mailto:contact@postworldindustries.org))  
- The first half of "Hot Little Corner" is directly off Robert Hoyt's CD *American Pie*. Available from Red Mud Records, P.O. Box 462, Pheix, IN 47494, U.S.A. - [www.roberthoyt.com](http://www.roberthoyt.com) - [redmud@roberthoyt.com](mailto:redmud@roberthoyt.com)  
- Ms. Nobody writes a 'zine called *Ms. Nobody*, P.O. Box 11013 Eugene, OR 97440, U.S.A. Please send \$1 for a copy.

- *Autonomedia* - [www.autonomedia.org](http://www.autonomedia.org) - [info@autonomedia.org](mailto:info@autonomedia.org)  
- *Seize the Day* - c/o Big Hill Music, P.O. Box 23, 5 High St., Glasbury, Somerset BA6 9DR, U.K. - [www.seizetheday.org](http://www.seizetheday.org) - [seizetheday@btinternet.com](mailto:seizetheday@btinternet.com) - [freeserve.co.uk](http://freeserve.co.uk)  
- *Highlyland* - P.O. Box 7218, Olympia, WA 98507-7218, U.S.A. - [www.negativland.com](http://www.negativland.com) - [seeland@mac.com](mailto:seeland@mac.com)  
- *Chumbaamba* - P.O. Box TR656, Armley, Leeds, LS12 3JL, U.K. - [www.chumba.com](http://www.chumba.com)  
[feedback@chumba.com](mailto:feedback@chumba.com)

- Casey Nell - [www.caseynell.org](http://www.caseynell.org)  
- *Desert Rat* - c/o Cascadia Media Collective, P.O. Box 703, Eugene, OR 97440, U.S.A. - [www.cascadiamedia.org](http://www.cascadiamedia.org) - [thecmc@efn.org](mailto:thecmc@efn.org)  
- *DDA* - c/o Sudden Death Records, Moncrip P.O. Box 41001, Burnaby, B.C. V5G 1M0, Canada - [www.suddendeath.com](http://www.suddendeath.com) - [info@suddendeath.com](mailto:info@suddendeath.com)  
- *Radio For Peace International* - General Mail: P.O. Box 1094, Eugene, OR 97440, U.S.A. Reception reports/OSL's, requests for frequency or schedule info: Radio Paz Internacional, P.O. Box 61-6150, Santa Ana, Costa Rica. - [www.rfpi.org](http://www.rfpi.org) - [info@rfpi.org](mailto:info@rfpi.org)  
- *Radio Habana Cuba* - P.O. Box 6240, Habana, Cuba - [www.radiohc.cu](http://www.radiohc.cu) - [radiohc@enet.cu](mailto:radiohc@enet.cu)  
- *Five Days Over Seattle* distributed by Cascadia Media Collective, P.O. Box 703, Eugene, OR 97440, U.S.A. - [www.cascadiamedia.org](http://www.cascadiamedia.org) - [thecmc@efn.org](mailto:thecmc@efn.org)  
- *Y2WTKD* operational cell - [www.tree-st.org/~y2wtkd](http://www.tree-st.org/~y2wtkd) - [y2wtkd@tree-st.org](mailto:y2wtkd@tree-st.org)

So, while TRUCK was in get or pulled back to a regional metro hive. We cranked the gear at a safehouse and broke into distraction teams for dispersal. But that was the end of the plan. It might seem from all this that we had our shit together, and I guess in some ways we did, but at this point we were extended in the extreme. Let me try to get this across. This operation cost thousands of dollars, months of logistical setup. It took all we had. By the time we actually went into the field we were shopping AA batteries. There was nothing left for cushy extraction scenarios. What we needed was a hot tub and a few cases of very dark beer. Instead here my dispersal partner and I were hitchhiking in the rain with about \$7 between us.

It's hard to imagine how we could have put more into it. Sure, there are all kinds of things that could have been done: wideband links into realtime studios and the IMC, streaming internet into and out of the tree... fuck, we didn't even have a cellphone. The reality is that not only was there no cash for more gear, but despite our best efforts we had been unable to establish contact with the folks that could have made it happen. There's a basic problem here that is only going to get worse as we move forward. Resistance in a surveillance society dictates decentralized, self-directed autonomous cells. I think Seattle demonstrated good progress in that direction. A certain amount of coordination and focalization can, however, be strategically advantageous. We were totally shut out of the independent media elite (and don't fool yourself, the hardware is controlled by someone). I think this was due more to oversight than malice but I would advise future media focalizers to respond to mysterious PGP keys they receive in the lead up to a big action, it just might be the very autonomous cell you need (hello? Danifer?... Ruggieri?... Hello??).

This is probably a good place to express our apologies to the Free Seattle Radio collective. Sorry folks. We listened hard at 87.9 before we moved down and heard nothing. Our stealthside representatives had made themselves available in meetings at the IMC (at risk to their operational security) and we had attempted in vain to establish email contact several times.

So how do we coordinate without opening ourselves unduly to infiltration? Opportunities were missed in Seattle. D.C. in 2000 on the other hand seems to have been overfocalized. I guess all I can suggest is that folks follow their impulses but remain open to the reality that, no matter how badass you and the people you know are, there are other cells out there, just as badass, that you don't know. If it's about working together, and working everyone you can figure out how to bust in, we will be successful. If it's about ego then fuck it anyway. I, for one, am not interested. Hey meet the new media elite. Just like the old media elite... tip my hat to the new internet feed.

One last barb, and then I'll call the bitchest to a close. As I hitchhiked out of Seattle in squid anonymity I had no idea how bad it would get. Early in 2000 the FCC formalized the new micro-radio licensing structure shunting out anyone who had been involved in unlicensed operation. Schellhard and his ilk had made clear all along that we were on our own. But when Peter Diba and the wimps at Prometheus hung us out to dry it pretty much broke my heart. Such is the politics of reform... who are you willing to stab in the back to get your payoff? I hope you all are happy with your pieces of paper, just don't f'ly fuck on the air right? Ch... and no grabbing the 6:00 TV news audio and mixing it with pig noises... and... and...

+24Vdc @ 7

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As it turned out we overestimated our adversaries. We fully expected the ferry ride to dissuade them for a day or two and our arboreal vantage to foil their first visit, but to go unmolested for five straight days beaming directly over a navy base into a civil emergency zone, and then be left wholly unattended the entire night after first contact while we extracted right from the landing? Quite frankly, we expected better for our tax dollars. Not that I'm complaining mind you. It was without remorse that I wadded up my unused copy of the extraction map with its cryptic glyphs and numbered contingencies and burned it along with the code sheets and frequency lists. It is kind of funny to think, though, that at that instant, probably along with the black bloc, we were the state of the art, dealing a solid blow and evaporating without loss.

The FCC had no idea what they were dealing with. We later got some information fourth hand that the FCC was saying they had interdicted a "fuel run". We have no idea what they are talking about. We put no vehicles in the area all week, and we certainly needed no "fuel run". For the record boys, had you been prepared to lay siege that night, or had we decided to forgo easy extraction and parlay our position into media attention, you would have been in for a rude awakening. We had fuel for a month, dried beans and salmon for the apocalypse, five gallons of propane, tarp water forever, media and onsite support operations ready to ramp it up. In retrospect, especially given the insulting form low-power FM legalization ended up taking, I wish we had stuck around and battered y'all a good one. And don't think that more jamming would have been your ticket. With the two arrays in place we were good from 87 to at least 105 with gain. What a wonderful media circus it would have made, chasing us up and down the band! How long were we, 30 minutes from the time you jammed 87.9 until we had a solid contour on 101.1?

