

2025 Summer Anti-ICE Collection

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Revolt and Representation

A View from the Battle for Los Angeles

Mapaches Clandestinxs, Cuauhtli

June 16th, 2025

In Los Angeles, no partisan in the struggle has not been touched by riot, revolt, or localized rebellion. The tip of the spear here has been sharpening itself since the Watts Uprising of 1965, the 1992 LA Riots, and the George Floyd Rebellion of 2020

Nation-States become customs agents of capital. There are no governments. there is only one Border Patrol with different colors and different flags.

– El Capitán Marcos

Capital posits humanity only to abject it.

– decompositions

Because sometimes the whole structure cracks.

– Fredy Perlman

It's gonna be a *long* hot summer. The National Guard stood toe-to-toe with local LAPD in riot gear. Migra were caught escaping hurled bricks between Compton and Paramount. Thousands of people were marching and confronting pigs on the freeways, being met with tear gas and less-than-lethal bullets. Señoritas were vending hotdogs between battles, on the freeway or the streets, with Palestinian flags waving alongside Mexican, Salvadoran, and Guatemalan flags. Black and brown, masked and evading capture, coming together in street skirmishes. Migrants getting down with chota. Cholos tagging up detention centers. Lime e-scooters dropped off a bridge onto police vehicles, scaring the pigs away. Youth attacking migra with rocks, burning vehicles, unleashing their rage for nothing less than their unrelenting audacity. A little something called spontaneity; lumpen and prole fury directing violence against state repression and private property.

The accumulating debris of these confrontations lay scattered in the streets like confetti, remnants of a dignified rage decorating the neighborhoods of a Los Angeles still in revolt. Regarding

the current landscape of struggle, Joshua Clover put it best: “Labor struggles have in the main been diminished to ragged defensive actions, while the riot features increasingly as the central figure of political antagonism, a specter leaping from insurrectionary debates to anxious governmental studies to glossy magazine covers.”¹ In Los Angeles, no partisan in the communist and anarchist struggle has not been touched by riot, revolt, or localized rebellion. The tip of the spear here has been sharpening itself since the Watts Uprising of 1965, the 1992 LA Riots, and the George Floyd Rebellion of 2020, ready to strike. It is the “intransigent social centrality” Clover identified that guides our view here, where private property becomes the means and object of racialized prole rage. As the Berkeley pro-situationist group 1044 wrote back in 1970 (under the name Herbert Marcuse), “The commodity is the heart of the spectacle.”² Now, as then, the relationship of racialized proles to capital was demonstrated in the very destruction of commodities and property. This revolt was not about expropriation alone. It sought to burn down this technohellscape, or at least its technologies. Its glimmers remain in our memory, caught on camera and livestreams for the big ole capitalists to see: “Let the capitalists grieve over the one million dollars in damage.”³

It’s no surprise ICE was on the run. They could not quell the revolt. For them, this was supposed to be a coordinated abduction across multiple geographies aimed at realizing mass deportations. In opposition to their operation were the forces of racialized prole antagonism. Migra found sanctuary under the benevolence of the state, with Donald J. Trump ordering the deployment of the California National Guard, an action not seen since 1965. Fucking chumps. They rolled out urban class war against workers, citizen and undocumented, not expecting a blowout of resistance from the barrio, the ghetto, the hood, and the slums surrounding Downtown. In Los Angeles, ICE raided the means of production, circulation, and hot spots where day workers endure the blistering sun. Garment factories, such as Ambiance Apparel. Day labor centers. Home Depot. High school graduations. The streets. Los Angeles proles responded with asymmetrical force: their hands, their bodies, their writing on the wall: “Death to Amerikkka.” “Fuck ICE.” “No One Is Illegal.” We got a taste of a little bit of “brown anarchy” mixed in with the community self-defense patrols organized since Donald J. Trump’s inauguration.⁴ Escalation through prole revolt was the only response to this state terror. It was the spontaneous riot that kindled the soul of racialized proletarians, despite Los Angeles Mayor Karen Bass claiming that “outsider agitators” caused the damage.

June 6th was the beginning. It started with the arrest of David Huerta, president of the Service Employees International Union and United Service Workers West, during a coordinated ICE raid in Downtown Los Angeles. Tased. Struck on the head face down on the curb. Hospitalized. Detained. Fifteen undocumented garment workers — Zapotec migrants — were abducted the same day and transported to a nearby detention center. And then the next day, and the day after that.

On June 8th, we heard from Cuauhtli, who was on the ground in Downtown Los Angeles that week and who reported the following: It’s beautiful to see the destruction of this urban jungle. But just around the corner of our protest in Little Tokyo, life went on as usual: the consumerist

¹ Joshua Clover, *Riot. Strike. Riot* (Verso, 2019), 3.

² Herbert Marcuse, “Riot and Representation: The Significance of the Chicano Riot” (1970), reproduced on *Bureau of Public Secrets*.

³ Marcuse, “Riot and Representation.”

⁴ Much of this self-organized network has been facilitated by political organizations and militant socialist groups such as Unión del Barrio and Centro CSO, both of which are majority Latina/o/x organizations.

society. Tourists enjoyed themselves. Hipsters took nice photos. People were partying. This is life in the belly of empire. The *core* on one block. The *periphery* on the next. We have the numbers, the energy, the skills to demonstrate, occupy streets, protest, chant, march, and antagonize migra. But we are out-organized. I asked myself, who the fuck is *we*? Is it even possible to do anything other than the classic strategy of mass demonstration? Getting arrested by the end of the day or going home, to wake up to *the same thing* tomorrow? Are we prepared for what comes after? El día después? Hopefully we live to see nothing but earth again.

It's beautiful to see the destruction of this urban jungle. But just around the corner of our protest in Little Tokyo, life went on as usual: the consumerist society. Tourists enjoyed themselves. Hipsters took nice photos. People were partying. This is life in the belly of empire. The *core* on one block. The *periphery* on the next. We have the numbers, the energy, the skills to demonstrate, occupy streets, protest, chant, march, and antagonize migra. But we are out-organized. I asked myself, who the fuck is *we*? Is it even possible to do anything other than the classic strategy of mass demonstration? Getting arrested by the end of the day or going home, to wake up to *the same thing* tomorrow? Are we prepared for what comes after? El día después? Hopefully we live to see nothing but earth again.

These raids are part of a larger attempt at reorganizing the activity of capital with a nationalist inflection, one that reveals fissures in its composition. ICE carries out their activity of mass deportation while The Geo Group profits from the capture of undocumented migrants. Though, recent reports of “no due process” demonstrates the sidestepping of processing centers altogether (i.e., detained migrants are being immediately sent to countries of origin or misplaced in foreign countries). In contrast, the unusual activity of bosses from many workplaces — from agricultural fields in Oxnard to factories in Ontario — their ambiguous relationship to the raids as well, where some decide to “protect” their workers by sending them home or alerting them to ICE presence — only to insist they work the next day. These bosses reveal their commitment to the exploitation of international workforce necessary to their business models, the previous status quo. In either case, we are confronted with that adage, this contradiction between state and capital: “We want Mexican labor, but we don’t want Mexicans.”

June 9th is when seven hundred Marines from the 2nd Battalion, 7th Marines at Twentynine Palms, California were deployed. The battles for Los Angeles to defend migrant laborers and everyday working people continued to the next day. And the next. And the next...

At a time of white, Protestant, Anglo-Saxon patriotic nationalism, of the obsession to “Make America Great Again,” the attack on racialized migrant labor is an ideological and material spectacle. The precedent for these raids goes way back to the US deporting an estimated one million Mexicans during the Great Depression, something called repatriation.⁵ In 1954, the US sanctioned Operation Wetback, an initiative that deported an estimated one million Mexicans, citizen or not.⁶

⁵ Francisco E. Balderrama and Raymond Rodríguez, *Decade of Betrayal: Mexican Repatriation in the 1930s* (University of New Mexico Press, 2006).

⁶ Juan Ramon García, *Operation Wetback: The Mass Deportation of Mexican Undocumented Workers in 1954*. (Greenwood Press, 1980).

We might remember Governor Pete Wilson's California and what became Prop 187 in 1994, where undocumented migrants were stripped from state welfare services. In 2006, waves of ICE raids and deportations were carried out after the largest mass demonstration for immigrant workers — La Gran Marcha — and the “Day Without Immigrants” on May Day, targeting Latina/o/x, Asian, and black undocumented workers throughout the US. The connective tissue between these historical processes and their racialized violence is the same: capital.

The frontier between the US and Mexico has been a racialized geography since its inception in 1848. It was a double land grab of Indigenous territory mediated through war, a continued dispossession for the expansion of capital, and the ascendancy of white Anglo-American nationalism in a historical pursuit (i.e., Manifest Destiny) to complete the nation's desire for its “promised” land. Cristina Beltrán suggests the following, “As the frontier pushed ever farther west, American settlers were increasingly encountering Mexicans — citizens of a neighboring sovereign nation and a new racialized population to be feared, exploited, and subjugated.”⁷ She continues,

Frontier freedom on the border was also a project invested in rescuing the region from both Indians and Mexicans. Serving a double function, conquest also saved the region from “Mexican misrule” — a failure of governance defined in part by Mexico's inability to eliminate the presence of indigeneity, turning the territory into a “howling wilderness, trod only by savages.”⁸

Capitalist civilization comes to the rescue, to exterminate the barbarians at the gate who will trouble them for another two centuries, unsettling the American Dream. As Samuel Huntington argued in 2004, “There is no *Americano* dream. There is only the American dream created by an Anglo-Protestant society. Mexican Americans will share in that dream and in that society only if they dream in English.”⁹ The jokes write themselves.

The existential threat of a Mexican invasion, of “criminals” crossing the border, of Black Haitians or brown Venezuelans finding refuge in “the first world,” and Chinese migrants finding their way across the Pacific Ocean; all these represent not the crisis of exodus, but the catastrophe of capital everywhere wrought by its concomitant ecological crisis. Between racialized antagonists and the class relation, the unfolding of revolt in Los Angeles presents to other metropolitan geographies the possibilities for a generalized revolt against not only ICE, local police and sheriff's departments, or a National Guard (and a deployed Marine force), but against production and circulation, the damage dealt to commodities and private property. This is a revolt not convinced by Silicon Valley innovation or the circulation circuits of a gig-based, service-based, and barely production-based racial geography. The revolt reveals its own desire for disalienation, its angry prole attacks against that which subdues us, dislocates us, and deprives us. Our dispossession and targeting by ICE and the CBP are what ignites the revolt.

Hidden beneath the rhetorical (and liberal) gestures of “Immigrant Rights” is the insurrectionary potential of the general strike, the spontaneous or organized attack of the general antagonism. For us, the general antagonism names those forces whose basis for surviving in this

⁷ Cristina Beltrán, “A Desire for Land but Not People: *Herrenvolk* Democracy and the Violent Legacies of the Mexican-American War,” in *Cruelty as Citizenship: How Migrant Suffering Sustains White Democracy* (University of Minnesota Press, 2020).

⁸ Beltrán, “A Desire for Land but Not People.”

⁹ Samuel Huntington, “The Hispanic Challenge,” *Foreign Policy* (March/April 2004).

death-world is the refusal and hostility against the capital-relation, the state, and reactionary nationalism. The general antagonism is the opposition to the reproduction of everyday life based on what Marx calls the valorization process of capital.¹⁰ As Stefano Harney and Fred Moten gesture, “Another word for this is communism.”¹¹ And what are we to do or think about the representation of state flags in the revolt and the general antagonism? Of the signification rolling out in the form of an ambivalent national belonging or perhaps gestures to national liberation, as sought out by some groups?¹² The ubiquitousness of Mexican flags in Los Angeles is much more than an infantile nationalism, “stolen land” rhetorical gestures, or vulgar appeals to anti-imperialist Third Worldism, but rather, it is the antagonistic expression of racialized migrant prole positions: its spectacle confirms the character of the precarious form of its composition. So, what of this supposed representation, its mere appearance in terms of its extensive visibility? Re-Existir Media, a community info-project from the Inland Empire, put it straightforwardly in a recent communiqué,

1 in 5 “Americans” in the United States are “Hispanics.” This country depends on millions of Latin Americans to maintain its social structure. We are the farmworkers: without us, most of the food in the country wouldn’t exist. We are the ones in retail, service, and domestic work: no business or household would survive without our labor. We are the logistics workers: goods and commodities would not move without us. We are the builders and constructors: without us, infrastructure and facilities would fall apart much sooner.¹³

To be clear, we view “Hispanic” as a flattening term. Coined by the Richard Nixon administration, this abstraction of the “Spanish-speaking” population does little to think through the issues of racialized black and indigenous people or the class relations within said group. The national flags from Latin America being flown by all kinds of racialized Latin American descent proles, as symbolic gesture of representation, is juxtaposed to the self-defense against ICE and the National Guard, the burning Waymo vehicles, and the destruction of private property in general. Perhaps, and this is us risking the analysis here, the appearance of an overrepresentation of Mexican flags rather than US flags continues to show us all that the Mexican-American war has never ended. The structure of anti-Mexican racism, and by extension anti-Latina/o/x racism, reveals the troubled history of annexation, war, and the regime that has desired subservient Mexican labor since 1848 coupled with the elimination of Mexicans by way of displacement, lynching, and policing.

Yet, the sequence of mass protest, confrontations, and revolt are not without another reality: the police, the ICE agents, and National Guard are overwhelmingly also of Latin American

¹⁰ “The general antagonism admits neither strategy nor strategic relations nor strategic agents. In fact, it points to the fundamental antagonism of all as difference: clashing, contrasting, emerging, and fading without agents or strategies. Agents with strategies, that is, individuals, mistake all this difference for something out of which they can fashion choices, or decisions, or relations, which is also to say out of which they could fashion themselves. But the general antagonism won’t let you go, no matter how hard it propels you, ‘cause it’s us. Your efforts at recognizing yourself and being recognized will riot on you.” Stefano Harney and Fred Moten, “Plantocracy and Communism,” in *All Incomplete* (Minor Compositions), 124.

¹¹ Harney and Moten, “Plantocracy and Communism,” 125.

¹² We are in complete disagreement with La Raza Unida Party and the strategy of “Aztlán” as the irredentist struggle for the “stolen and annexed territories of Mexico” as the basis for communist struggle in general but anarchist praxis in particular.

¹³ Re-Existir Media, *We Are All Illegal: An Intro to Brown Anarchy* (Inland Empire, 2025), 3.

descent, or Latina/o/x. The enemy looks like us. They are the levas who made their decision: join them. Border Patrol is no longer a white Anglo-American majority. It is also Mexican, con nopal en la frente. Despite this fact of enemy demographic, its multicultural white supremacy, Re-Existir Media continues,

With the exponential of U.S. white nationalism, all Latin Americans will only continue to be marked as stateless, as potential “illegal aliens,” as people without rights. Our people have always inhabited a proximity to life outside of government. Now, it is on us to build upon this anarchistic life, by weaponizing our everyday fugitivity and undoing the chains that bind us to the system. Not through proclamations of war, but through silent subversion and quiet sabotage that render inoperable all that which subjugates us. Chip away at the foundations, till it all falls.¹⁴

An ungovernable revolt means doing away with representation. To become unrepresentable. It means being swallowed up with the general antagonism, with the dignified rage of the racialized proles, the nothing-to-lose lumpens, and the looters who redistribute the wealth of what was stolen from us: time. The specter of the Sleeping Giant must transcend itself into the general antagonism — alongside the multiplicity of racial forms, in the barricades with compañeras/os/xs who share a common dispossession.

The imaginary crisis of the border must stumble into the crisis of capital everywhere. We find the following instructive: 1. The destruction of Waymo “autonomous” and self-driving vehicles is the dignified rage of Los Angeles prole desire, 2. The chokepoints of intersections and freeways present the unfolding of tactical escalation to the transportation of abductees, 3. The national flags waved from Latin America by everyday lumpen and proletarian Mexicans and Central Americans remind us of the dispossessed and hyper-exploited migrant labor in the cracks and fissures of the formal economy, and 4. The effectiveness of Lime e-bikes and e-scooters as obstructions, weapons, and barricades to interrupt or destabilize ICE, police, and National Guard activity reveals the insight of today’s riot. The direct measures against ICE patrol were those congealing themselves in the riot, enabling the lines of attack against capital. It’s the faceless swarm striking state forces with illegal and commercial-grade fireworks, blockades made of trash containers, and molotovs shattering on migra patrol vehicles inspiring others to act. The lessons here are manifold, and the cities across the US suffering the same forms of capture — enduring ICE raids — and confronting the state and capital are spreading. And we’ll say it loud and clear for President Donald J. Trump: *We are* the brown and migrant invasion. Fuck your migra. Welcome are the rioters, troublemakers, and LA foos tirando barrio.

What we might practice as communist measures peak their head in the barricades, where the faceless whose hands throw bricks and bottles are the same that take to task the realization of anarchy as confrontation with the state. Hoped for are those “communist measures [...] that repair metabolic continuity through expropriation.”¹⁵ Though, all we witness here in this sequence of struggle is the protracted desire to end the capitalist organization and reproduction of everyday

¹⁴ Re-Existir Media, *We Are All Illegal*, 7.

¹⁵ Decompositions, “The Cacophony of Communism,” *The Fate of Composition* (Decompositions, 2024), 39.

life as it is tied to migrant labor, one brick at a time. The lesson here is to turn passive protest (resistance) into a generalized revolt (attack); to construct lines of antagonism whose rage *might* erupt into communist measures. As 1044 puts it, “An exciting life is what remains to be constructed by the revolutionary proletariat. Where authentic revolt does not recognize itself for what it is, the routine of daily life reasserts itself and revolt fails to continue.” The burning of Waymo cars is only the beginning. As was seen on a poster circulated by haters cafe, “ataquen sin vergüenza.” The battle for Los Angeles remains unfinished. *Heatwave* puts the issue of struggle clearly, “Cycles of struggle have the habit of reshuffling the deck, suspending time and space and providing practical truth to the communist hypothesis: the real death of capital is not a given, but a matter of force.”¹⁶ This matter of force must continue, proliferate, and spread. And it is in our correspondence with each other where we might see our inquiry and analysis blossom into practice.

We are left with this burning question: what are *we* doing for the long run? For some, it’s continuing to show up for precarious undocumented migrant workers, confronting state forces with everything they’ve got, a la chingada. For others, it’s brushing up on a materialist theory of riot, expanding the practice of expropriation. For the anarchist, it’s testing the limit of anarchy, asking how we foment long-term praxis in a burning city. For the communist, it’s developing rigorous inquiry into the present and continued study of the logistics of one’s geography, locating tactical chokepoints — orienting a struggle to the path of communism. We find each other on the streets, or not. But we find each other. For now, perhaps that is the task at hand in the rubble of revolt, donde la vida vale.¹⁷ C/S

— Mapaches Clandestinxs / Cuauhtli¹⁸

<https://heatwavemag.info/blog/revrep-061625/>

¹⁶ Editors, “The Case for Letting the World Burn,” *Heatwave*, 1 (2025), 8.

¹⁷ See E14 Distro, “Donde La Vida No Vale Nada: Scattered Thoughts on Organized Abandonment and Ideological Retrenchment in Oakland,” *Heatwave*, 1 (2025), 56.

¹⁸ mapaches clandestinxs is a brown anarchist collective based out of the urban jungle of Los Angeles, Califas, rabble-rousing and writing from the undercommons. cuauhtli is an LA-based urban anti-capitalist struggling to build networks of organized militant self-defense from below.

It Never Has Been. It Always Will Be

On the “Right” Time To Act

Ignatius

June 2025

It is now June, 2025. Much has changed in recent months but much more has remained the same. The mass death of Palestinians continues to be live streamed on social media as Israel continues to wage genocidal violence in both Gaza and the West Bank. The United States has continued to do everything in its power to ensure that mass death never be slowed. Within the last few days, and with the support of the U.S., Israel has intensified their attempt to draw Iran into a more direct war by committing nightly bombings across the country, especially in highly populated districts of Tehran. The U.S., ever drawn to the siren call of supposed “weapons of mass destruction”, seems poised to imminently take an active part in that war as well (beyond the obvious role of supplying Israel with nearly limitless armaments).

Back at home, ICE raids have grown more frequent, more ambitious in number of people detained at once, and more bold in location and tactic. Local police departments continue to aid with these raids both directly (offering personnel and resources to help conduct the raid itself) and indirectly (deploying riot squads to deter/prevent resistance against the raids). In response to these raids, Los Angeles has set itself apart as the site of the most direct, intense, and beautifully violent resistance yet (though deeply important acts have occurred in Newark, Portland, Seattle, NYC, Chicago, Omaha and many other locales as well). For their defiance, Los Angeles has been occupied by no fewer than two additional militaries (beyond the LAPD), the National Guard, and the Marine Corps. I will not attempt to speak on specifics of the struggle unfolding there (keep an eye on for *ediciones ineditas* on that front) but from afar, it seems obvious the powder has long been dry and the protests/riots so far are only the beginning of a long, hot summer.

Unfortunately, for every locale going hard there are a dozen in which things remain awfully, painfully quiet. Even in the hotter locales, daily life for the majority continues at devastating pace. Work subsumes all activity, all thought lingers on the next debt payment or commodity to acquire. Genocide continues abroad and at home, ecocide ensures every wildfire or hurricane to come will be more deadly than the last. The police kill, the prisons fill, colonial power expands. Despite this fact, I have seen many self-described radicals embrace a posture of waiting. What they are waiting for differs depending on the particulars of their political and personal orientation; the revolution, the collapse, a signal, a solar flare, an amassed arsenal. Despite the flavor differing, there is a sentiment that the moment of action remains ever on the horizon. Words like “organize”, “protest”, “resist” may be thrown around but they almost always presuppose a distinction between taking action within the context of daily life and some specialized location of resistance.

I fear that if we (anarchists and fellow travelers) cannot explicitly articulate the need for action, within the context of upending daily life as it is currently lived, the horrors that are the existent world will continue along with it. Even when protests become riots, if we find ourselves continuing to inhabit the position of waiting for specialized locations of resistance to make themselves known we will fail to meet the moment at hand, perpetually stuck in a reactive cycle of prairie-dogging into moments of rupture only to fall back in line when the tides subside. If we truly desire the end of this world of death machines, we cannot afford to wait and take action only once ruptures become clear. We must embody the constant state of rupture. But to do that, we need to recognize why we so often wait.

Kinds of Waiting

There are numerous positionalities of waiting, each with their own frameworks and justifications. It feels worthwhile to acknowledge some specific positionalities I have noticed over the years in hopes of encouraging each of us to reflect on how/why we may have inhabited those positions. I want to push us to honestly look at where we're at and what is actually required to bring about the end of this hell-world.

— *Waiting of Accumulation*: This waiting is seen in the large formal “revolutionary” orgs in terms of amassing requisite members in order to have control over the tone/tempo/direction of “resistance”. Think PSL, CPUSA, or any of the other Leninist/Stalinist/etc cadres you’ve had the displeasure of interacting with. These groups may call demos but always do their best to ensure that no meaningful resistance actually occurs within their bounds. They will tell you to sign their petition, get on their email list, smile for their camera. They will tell you to do anything but to embody your own potential for resistance, for revolt. If you take meaningful action, they are as likely to call the police as any other liberal and then release a press statement denouncing you as an adventurist and counter-revolutionary. These groups are built to wait and raise money, that is their primary function. All that we can do is encourage those individuals with whom we have proximity who may have been drawn by the allure of a “real revolutionary group” to break out of these frameworks.

Unfortunately, the waiting of accumulation also exists outside of the formal org, though less often in the form of waiting for requisite numbers. This waiting also exists with those who feel their revolutionary potential is dictated by the number of firearms they have acquired or tactical training they have undertaken. Individuals caught in this web of waiting will share memes stating their refusal to be “taken to El Salvador” while sitting on the sidelines as real people are taken from their loved ones and community, locked up in the prisons that exist only in the abstract for these “radicals in waiting”. They will practice room clearing drills like they’re auditioning for the marines, miming a positionality far closer to the abductees than the abducted.

At best these radicals mistake their hobby for radical action. At worst they (knowingly or unknowingly) embrace castle doctrine and continually reinforce the commodity relation as they train to be the next police. Either way, they wait, gun in hand, for some signal to act that will never come

— *Waiting for “The Masses”*: Not wholly dissimilar from the waiting of accumulation, the rhetoric of “waiting for the masses” is almost always expressed by formal orgs of the state-communist variety. They will speak towards the need for a discreet stage of political education before any meaningful revolutionary action may be undertaken, often while attempting to undermine the present insurrectionary actions of the supposedly yet-to-be-educated “masses”. This waiting is about control over the context of resistance, it is about ensuring that if action is to be taken, it only be taken in service of the specific, prescriptive, desires of the org intending to lead this “education”. The material may differ slightly from org to org but if someone tries to tell you that you need to read *State and Revolution* before you are wise enough to build a barricade, that same person will likely use their next breath to explain why the prisons need to be kept around or how cops in socialist states are actually really good and you should kiss their boots when you get the chance.

This type of waiting also reinforces an idea of “the masses” as some monolithic bloc waiting for divine salvation. The formal orgs envision themselves messianic actors who will usher this

monolithic bloc from damnation towards that salvation. They say they “serve the masses” (or similarly “the people”) reifying their self-perception of messiah. But there is no singular “masses”, there are only communities of individuals all of whom have their own orientation towards the existing world. If our aim is to break with the existent world and its horrors, we do not need messiahs and we do not need divine deliverance, we need to help one another to articulate our specific experiences of suffering and to strike against the institutions of that suffering.

— *Waiting of “Tactical Advantage”*: This waiting is less associated with a specific ideology or group and more something that we all may struggle with. This waiting posits that there exists some way of analyzing the world such that particular moments make themselves known as the “right” time to act from a tactical consideration. Obviously, tactics are something we should think about, but the decision *to act* is distinct from the consideration of which tactics to employ in a given instance. Fundamentally, I believe the world as it exists is entirely unbearable and it has been unbearable for a lot longer than I’ve been around. Thus, it is *always* the time to act against it, to act towards its end. Specifically, it is always the time to act against a daily life that reproduces this unbearable world. Meaningful consideration of tactic can only come after the decision has been made to act.

— *Waiting of “Safety”*: Similar to the waiting of tactical advantage, I’ve seen many discuss “safety” in regards to when one should resist/act against the horrors around us. I am sympathetic to these expressions as I think they are often borne of fear of repression (physical, social, legal, etc), a fear I am also familiar with. Unfortunately, I do not believe the concept of “safety” holds much meaning at the present moment, if it ever had. For the most marginalized, safety has only ever been an illusion held just out of reach by power to keep rebellions at bay. For those who are not marginalized, their assumed safety (as much as it can exist) exists solely at the expense of the marginalized. Either way, the concept of “safety” (both its pursuit and defense) encourages a protection of the status quo. Waiting for when it is “safe” to act will mean waiting in perpetuity, and demanding that others wait as well.

There are undoubtedly many more categorizations of waiting that we could (and likely should) interrogate. I encourage you to consider the types of waiting you see around you, but especially within you. Interrogate where those positionalities come from, what they serve, and how you may move beyond them, on your own but especially with the help of others. Once we understand why we wait, we begin to understand how to move beyond waiting. And in moving beyond waiting, we make it possible to push, extend, embolden insurrectionary potential.

The Insurrection Doesn’t Accumulate. It Proliferates

I have seen it stated recently that “the insurrection” does not arise from the accumulation of individual acts of sabotage. I agree with this statement, given that insurrection (at least within the framework from which I operate) entails a complete rupture of the existent ways of relating to the world around us, however I would like to push that while accumulation of discreet acts may not make an insurrection, it is because there is no singular insurrection towards which acts could accumulate.

Intimately tied to the willingness to act, insurrection is first and foremost embodied within the individual will to break with the existent. Every single person who desires more or different for themselves (and those around them) and moves to disrupt daily life towards that end is

already participating in their own insurrection. They may not be permanent, only existing so long as the will to disrupt exists, but they are insurrections all the same. What we typically refer to as capital “I” Insurrections are, in many ways, the proliferation of these discreet, individual insurrectionary wills made visible through their size and explosiveness. Courage is contagious, bravery perpetuates itself, and being near others who desire more and who are willing to act towards that desire can cause will and focus to align such that incredible moments of rupture spontaneously arise. But it all begins with the desire for more and a willingness to act.

For this reason, while individual acts of resistance may not be legible as Insurrections in the capital “I” sense, they are the foundation of broader insurrectionary potential. Specifically, they form this foundation when they are internalized and understood as both whole and piece. For the individual, in the discreet moment of resistance, to act is to embody the will to disrupt, to fight against, to reject and refuse. This is a whole insurrection itself. Even though discreet moments pass, and this whole will fade, for the duration of the embodiment of that will, insurrection is present and alive. Not only is this moment a whole unto itself, it is also a piece of a broader insurrectionary current. These discreet moments of individual rupture can be weaved together to form a much broader upheaval either immediately (think of the first stone being thrown that kicks off a riot) or over a prolonged stoking of the flames (think of the thousand cuts against police that have led to understaffing at many of the largest precincts in the country).

If we desire to break with the existent, to really fight against the horrors of this world, we must recognize that there will never be a singular moment in which a neon sign lights up reading “The Insurrection is Here”. Insurrection is ever present and ever fleeting. There are as many insurrections as there are individuals who cannot bear the weight of this world and who refuse it with the entirety of their being. There are as many insurrections as there are moments of connection between the fighters, inspiring one another to be brave, to hit back instead of simply waiting in death.

These insurrections die, constantly. There is only permanence so long as there is will to reject and refuse daily life. But even as one dies, that it existed at all opens space for the next, and the next, and the next. Every tagged wall, every ICE raid fought, every cop shouted out of a coffee shop, every parking meter glued, every prison window smashed, and every act far more explicit than those listed here opens space for more and for others to join with their own contributions.

To contribute is to act, to resist, to refuse. Our canvas is the world around us and our paint is our embodiment of the ruptures we desire. Insurrectionary potential is at its most potent when it cannot be neatly contained by a programmatic list of demands or communicated through a catchy slogan or chant. Insurrectionary fervor is best uttered as a guttural scream in a crowded public space as a brick meets a bank window, but it also is contained in the hiss of air being let out of a tire and the smell of smoke coming from a few blocks away. I am drawn to the insurrectionary current because I know, to the marrow of my bone, that either we strike against the entirety of the existent or we suffer its continual propagation. Every oppressive structure of our world feeds and supports every other. Either it all goes or it all stays the same. Either we find life in our will to fight, or we die waiting.

So, while no individual act of resistance makes *The Insurrection*, every individual holds the potential to foment insurrection and rebellion within themselves. It is through this fomenting that we grow capable of recognizing meaningful ways to strike and grow willing to act. Every action we take towards revolt helps to bring about the next. Every action we take towards revolt helps to carry the distant comrade who has been beaten down, imprisoned, deported. We carry

those who have been taken from us in every swing of a hammer or threatening gesture made towards the riot line. No matter how quiet your locale, there will always be others looking for ways to fight back. So long as there are fighters, insurrection lives. So long as insurrection lives, it is always a good day to bring about the end of the world.

Don't die waiting.

Long Leaf Distro. <cryptpad.fr/file/#/2/file/4xy5IWJwGMeqUhYr2lUCHG8a>

Fuck I.C.E. City-Wide

Los Angeles Goes Up

C/S

6/18/25

Sunday, June 8th, 2025

As rocks, bottles, e-scooters, fireworks & other found objects rained upon California Highway Patrol SUV squad cars parked on the 101 Freeway (a below-grade cement corridor that runs through downtown Los Angeles), it appeared that everyone out on the streets was in agreement. This was fine, keep an eye out for incoming cops, but this was fine. Not only was it fine, it was fun. The crowd would go “ooh” and “aah” after a particular crunchy hit. A sight to behold and also an action open to wide participation. Anyone could pick up something and chuck it down at them.

On the bridge over the freeway people were milling about, chatting about the confrontations with the cops elsewhere in the city “center;” talking about people they saw injured; helping the wounded get mended; freely tagging anti-ICE & anti-police messages; drinking; smoking; and decompressing because the cops were for once not all around us, but down below us.

Now that freeway takeovers are part of the social lexicon for fighting-the-fuck-back, we had California Highway Patrol pre-emptively “securing” the freeway, while in effect blocking it themselves. Though, getting on the 101 Freeway in downtown Los Angeles is rarely a good idea as there are very high walls on both sides, so escape is very difficult once the pigs show up. But here, we had an inversion of everyday capitalist reality. The cops were not only blocking the freeway for us, they were locked in a tactically bad position: anyone could come by and rain upon them whatever they want. This was the first lesson from the first few days of a broad uprising against Federal & local law enforcement: that the pigs are not as omniscient and omnipotent as regularly advertised in movies, news broadcasts and broader culture. That they can be surrounded and overwhelmed. This was also a lesson that the police learned and to which they would respond to with increasing viciousness in the coming days.

There is much back and forth whether what occurred on that day was a riot. The Far-Right and MAGA-base would like for it to be one because it would seemingly imply that the “federalization” of the National Guard by President Trump was necessary; the Left would like for it not to be because then there is an argument against the calling of the National Guard; the ultra-left & anarchists would like for it to be a riot because it is a sign that proles are in revolt. Whether it was or not a riot, is not the goal of this piece. What did happen, felt a lot like a riot; even if but for a few city blocks. The tension of everyday life under the regime of Capital was released because the cops were off somewhere else, or were simply overwhelmed by the force of protestors on Sunday. A feeling of communal sharing, solidarity and joy. As ugly as everything has been since the inauguration of this presidency, here was a moment of revolutionary beauty. Beauty was in the streets again.

Prelude

Earlier in the day (June 8th) there was a running stand-off with LAPD, who were protecting the Edward R. Roybal Federal Building at Alameda and Temple St. Here the feeling was much more on edge as the cops were aggressively holding a line with periodic deployments of rubber bullets and tear gas. Cries of “medic!” kept coming as more and more protestors were injured at the front-lines.

Now a part of broader resistance culture in Los Angeles, dirt bikes and mini bikes would often roll through the crowds and taunt the line of riot cops. Though they would eventually roll away, they do offer a bit of loud prole joy in the midst of stale chants of “shame” or “peaceful protest.” In fact, multiple times we would see random Los Angeles drivers pull up in front of a line of riot cops to obviously flick it up for social media. The city hates its police department and this was an opportunity to openly taunt them. To flex our collective power. Now, we don’t condone sharing illegal activity on social media as it leaves one, and others, open to the long arm of the State, but it demonstrates a deep need within Los Angelenos to tell the cops to FUCK OFF.

Eventually, a badly-timed breakaway march thinned out the numbers at the Federal Building and thus the line was broken as the police declared an unlawful assembly. They now gave themselves a *carte blanche* to attack at-will the protestors. This also gave us another lesson: hold the line. The more there are of us at any given point, the more we can overwhelm police. Reminding ourselves and each other to not run when we hear the flash bangs and the other weapons of the State; to look out for each other and in that care is our strength. What we saw was many people who took it open themselves to offer water, KN95 masks, snacks or medical care. Here is another lesson: not everyone needs to be at the front-line to support this struggle against ICE and the police. We can all play a role.

As the day grew hotter, we took a break at a local bar to stave off heat sickness. Then we saw a plume of black smoke rising above the buildings: *something* was burning. This was the contradictory nature of the day. Businesses were still mostly open while Waymo cars were burning on Los Angeles St. *But something was still burning.* Walking ever-closer and cutting through police lines, we saw the burning Waymos. Someone with an ingenious idea, called on some Waymos and then set them aflame. A rather blatant proletarian act against the ever-encroaching **enshit-tification** of our lives through technology that only works to disempower us. Some may just see a self-driving car, but some of us see yet another extension of surveillance and A.I. in our lives. And in those flames we saw what would become hyper-mediated images and videos that would help embolden the moment, the movement. A moment which opens up a world of possibilities for the viewer and the participant: we *can* fight-the-fuck-back.

As an aggressive police line pushed us away from the burning Waymos on Los Angeles St., we fell back a bit. Some sharp protestors hauled out wire fences to form a defensive barrier, just across the street from the former location of the Parker Center, the former LAPD HQ, and a flash point during the L.A. 1992 uprising / riots (see photo below). As I walk through the city, all I see are the ghosts of revolts past. The Parker Center was demolished in 2019. Now at the site is an LAPD detention center.

As we watched the Waymos burn, we could see the police slowly advancing behind plumes of acrid black smoke. But there was a lull. In that lull there were people dancing to Latin American music, whether cumbias, reggaetón or norteñas. Tagging was free to do and city government buildings were damaged. Dancing to music may not seem revolutionary, or insurrectionary, but music helps keep the energy going. It helps bring people into the struggle because it shows that while we will be ferocious with the police, we will share joy with each other.

Pushed further into the city “center” by the police, we ended up at Temple and Spring St. As we were attempting to navigate through the ever-moving police lines, an LAPD helicopter overhead was openly taunting and threatening physical violence from their loudspeaker. “We’re gonna kick your asses.” This is not new. For as long as I can remember the police hovering above in helicopters, I recall them openly taunting & threatening those below. Whether at protests or

when they fly over inner-city neighborhoods to torment its residents. Collectively we gave them the finger.

Now closer to City Hall, some ahead of us decided the time was set for a proper street barricade. Across from City Hall is Grand Park, a green band of city park that goes across 3 blocks and is set between Spring St to the south-east and Grand Ave to the north-west. This park is a common site for labor rallies, may day rallies and city-sponsored events. Today, its iconic pink outdoor furniture, installed in 2012, played a pivotal role. Protestors dragged these pieces of furniture (tables, benches & chairs) onto Spring St. to protect themselves and others. Again, no one voiced any dissent when it came to re-purposing this furniture. Even the original design and manufacturer, *Rios*, lauded after the fact how now the furniture was not only offering “comfort” but also “protection.”

A protestor who said they had been there the last few days, noted that as soon as the barricade advances the cops would escalate and advance. Sure enough, as the barricade lurched but a few inches forward the LAPD acted as though they were under siege and let off *hundreds* of less-lethal rounds at the barricade. This went on for at least 30 minutes. More pigs would roll up with boxes of munitions as they just went through an incredible amount of rounds. It wasn't until we decided to get away from the barrage of tear gas and rubber bullets that we came up the scene at the 101 Freeway. We jumped from a scene of entrenched self-defense, to a scene of entrenched *offense*. What I saw that day I will never forget. I have been to protests, riots and everything in between in Los Angeles since the late 90s (I was too young to join in on '92) and nothing felt like the power of that moment.

It was like a collective act of daydreaming that became reality.

Saturday, June 14th 2025

By this day, the National Guard had already been deployed in Los Angeles. President Trump had already “federalized” the National Guard against the wishes of the state governor and the city's mayor. This proved to only further incite the city, rather than tamp down the energy. But this time, it was clear that the police, in all its local agencies, were out for revenge.

When we arrived in downtown and made our way to City Hall, the protest felt very tame. It almost looked like the kind of fake protest you see in a movie or T.V. show. Not much was going on, so we ventured to Temple St. and it was there that we saw people confronting a line of cops. It seemed to be the Los Angeles Sheriff Department this time. A notorious law enforcement department that has a history of internal racist gangs and outright brutality. LAPD surrounded City Hall in riot gear. There was an ebb and flow to confronting the line of police. People would push up against the line and then fall back as law enforcement let off periodic “less-lethals” weapons.

Here is where divisions began to show themselves. The chants of “peaceful protest” became more and more pervasive. A chant that is infuriating because it assumes that being peacefully assembled (whatever that means), means that one will not be attacked by police. This is dead wrong.

As the police line pushed up Temple St. the crowd began to throw projectiles, but you could hear voices of dissent in the crowd this time around. Still, fireworks were set off against the cops. At a certain point the police line stopped and a lull came on. It was concerning that protestors

instead of taking the whole of the intersection, would let vehicles pass through. Though there are of course random motorists who get stuck in protests taking over the streets, we have to recognize vehicles as deadly weapons against those on the streets.

Suddenly, an unmarked SUV aggressively drove through the intersection. Friends said they saw what appeared to be an undercover police officer, in an L.A. Dodgers hat but with their faces obscured with some kind of mask. Before they knew it, this person was chucking tear gas canisters outside the windows that left off a cacophony of startling explosions, noise and tear gas. Protestors ran and someone appears to have broken their leg in the melee.

Later, after we all checked in on each other and attending to the injured, we debriefed over what we saw. Were they police? Or maybe fascists being opportunistic? Either way, they used the same brand of tear gas as deployed by local law enforcement. This is a tactic which I've never experience before and it is one which I will now ever-be on the look out for.

As the tear gas began to keep flowing, we pulled back and decided to get away while we were able to and not be kettled. Even without direct exposure to tear gas, the effects will eventually make you feel terrible. Taking a breather at Grand Park we then were subjected to MANY people randomly yelling at us to get off the streets because "we were given them a reason to attack." They were actively working against people trying to build barricades or even just being in the street. After just being attacked out of nowhere by police, in what was effectively a police drive-by, we just ignored them.

The previous week the "peace police" were not making themselves known; but this week they were. Anyone that has spent anytime on social media, especially Instagram, would have seen how the old argument of "good" vs "bad" protestors has once again become the topic of the day. We cannot discount how much social media companies, in this case Meta, are manipulating what we see to push this narrative. The repetition of phrases like "paid protestors", "outside agitators" or "people just wanting to destroy" only divides us and promotes falsehoods as truth. Those who profess these sentiments may mean well and they may think they are protecting the "good" protestors, but the police will beat you whether you are throwing a rock or having your hands up in the air. Just as they will attempt to deport whether you have some sort of legal status, or even citizenship.

People are being disappeared, kidnapped and trafficked by the State: if you think that any kind of violence against those who enable and support them is wrong, then you are fighting a struggle you have already lost in your mind. The lie that non-violence can bring about revolutionary change is one that we need to get away from. Take for instance the Civil Rights Movement: it is now common to think that *solely* non-violence forced the arm of the State to give some level of concessions to this movement. That the State had suddenly decided to make a moral decision. This ignores how many U.S. cities were rocked by riots and revolutionary violence and it was indeed the threat of violence that forced these concessions.

Back to the streets: the Sheriff police line looked so militarized up-close, that at first I took them for the National Guard. In front of them were a line of LAPD officers on horses. Suddenly and violently the Sheriffs let off a barrage of tear gas and rubber bullets that apparently not only hit protestors but also the LAPD. There is audio from a police scanner, noting that LAPD were taking on objects thrown by protestors but also rubber bullets fired by Sheriffs (we had an audio link, but the link is now down). There were other moments where even National Guard was in the line of sight of LAPD setting off their less-lethals. Wafts of tear gas heading towards National Guard without gas masks, but armed with M16s.

Local and national media would eventually pick up on how incredibly violent the police were, on a mostly non-confrontational crowd. There are videos all over social media of people being beat by batons by cowards on horseback. It was clear to myself and my friends that the police were out for revenge for the humiliation they faced the previous weekend when they were truly overwhelmed. I personally have not seen such a violent, massive escalation since the Democratic National Convention which took place in 2000, at the former Staples Center. It was clear that the police were trying to send a message of deterrence and fear.

MORE TO COME SOON.

6/18/25

C/S

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