

After the clouds clear and the fence comes down, here stands a generation radicalized, which is part of a population outraged by what they experienced in Quebec or shocked by what they heard from those who came here.



We are the first generation that knows the taste of teargas. They have attacked us with the worst they have and it has only strengthened our resolve.

No longer will an affinity for used clothes, a refusal to eat fast food, a vegetarian lifestyle and a subscription to Adbusters suffice. I want to buy myself a gas mask, tear this world apart and rebuild from the roots with others of like-mind.



A FTAA DIARY

Free to \$5 — whatever you have is fine
(any proceeds to FTAA legal defense fund)



This zine is a collection of stories and images from people who were in Quebec April 18-22. The names of the writers and photographers are not important because the stories are shared with everyone who attended.

This is zine is a small scale replication of the healing process that has gone on in thousands of small communities following that weekend's assault on our rights and beliefs. We must never stop sharing these stories because they remind us that we are not alone.

We must remember that we are the majority. Even a recent survey of Americans showed that more than three-quarters of the population believe that business has far too much control over the way the world is run.

The people who traveled to Quebec and elsewhere to fight on the front lines against this corporate domination are the white-blood cells. Relatively small in number, we have the have the strength to fight head on with the most toxic and vicious assailants.

This zine is meant to aide those who were taken-down by those assailants: those wrongfully arrested and imprisoned. Please, if you haven't already, donate to their legal defense efforts:

Send a cheque, made out to CASA, and indicating on it "fonds de defense", to: Le Maquis, C.P. 48026, 110 Boul. René Lévesque, Québec, PQ, G1R 2R5

Afterwards, send an email to la_casa2001@hotmail.com, with "fonds de defense" as the Subject, and let us know the amount of the deposit and the date.

REMEMBER: CREATIVITY IS THE MOST DANGEROUS FORM OF REBELLION.



The FTAA takes power out of the hands of citizens and gives it to corporations. People came here because they're worried about a new bottom line, which this trade agreement brings. In a democratic society, the bottom line for citizens is to serve one another. The bottom line for corporations is to make money. The business community by definition prioritizes profit before the rights of people and the environment. Why should they be made even more powerful at the expense of citizens in this hemisphere? People here hold different priorities for their future than the delegates inside the wall, and they came here to raise their voices."

I spoke this line to a crowd of 100,000 groggy Toronto residents via an early morning talk show. The host introduced me as a journalist, and signed me off at the end as an activist. This pleased me. This line strikes a chord.

system that I did not support in the first place."



I did not go to Quebec City for fun. I did not go to Quebec City to throw rocks at cops, or to get arrested with the hundreds prepared to do so. I knew my voice would be lost in the chorus of voices, old and young. Yet my presence at the protest against the Summit of Americas was essential, and I would have traveled from distant corners.

What could I have possibly changed with my individual presence? Nothing: this was not the point. I was there to withdraw my consent from a system that I did not support in the first place. In solidarity with the other thousands, I took back our space and our streets, simply by standing in them, arms linked, singing and dancing, despite tear gas and the threat of being struck by bullets. This is largely symbolic in effect yet essential, and I accomplished it, with 60,000 others, by our mere presence.

"I was there to withdraw my consent from a

"The darkest and deepest places in hell are reserved for those who in times of moral crisis refuse to take a stand."

-Dante, The Divine Comedy

For Jaggi Singh, Morgan Stewart and everyone else who was abducted, gassed, or otherwise attacked and invaded.

And for those who resisted, especially the elderly woman, who, supported by two canes, walked to the front of the police lines, placed a rose over the shield of a soldier and was promptly gassed.

We heartily encourage you to rip out the staples, add your own stories, photocopy, and share this zine.

download and distribute the pdf:

www.geocities.com/ftaadiary

email: ftaadiary@hotmail.com



"We want to make sure that every citizen has

these small streets were not just roads, they were vivid battlegrounds where demonstrators took a stand. The message was that there are public spaces and rights that are ours, and we will never again be intimidated into relinquishing them.

Away from the media at the main gates, the same scene was repeated — without reinforcements, without media, without anything but courage and a belief that we had a right to be there. At least half a dozen times the same scene was repeated. One brave soul approached police lines with arms raised giving the peace sign. Several others followed, all sitting or standing twenty yards from the police line.

The cops stared down the demonstrators for several minutes. Then they began intimidation techniques, loading their guns with tear gas canisters and pointing them directly at demonstrators. Sometimes the demonstrators backed down. Most of them stay; willing to risk being shot at point blank range by a projectile that could easily kill them.

In the streets on the hill below, demonstrators would often catch on to the actions above. Frequently they would attempt to join the small group, bolstering their numbers. As they marched up the streets, the cops fired tear gas canisters, stopping their advance. Those sitting in front of police lines were trapped.

What followed was perhaps some of the most brutal displays of unwarranted force at the summit. Without warning — not once did they use a megaphone — multiple tear gas canisters would be rolled at those participating in the sit in. Those who attempted to toss the pain-spitting cartridges back at police were met with plastic bullets. In some cases, shock grenades were used. One exploded in the face of a demonstrator.

The victim of that attack turned his back to police, knelt on the ground, and raised his hands above his head. "This is not an execution," he screamed, "You cannot shoot me in the back."

The cops didn't. In a few minutes they retreated, leaving demonstrators with control of the street again. It the most beautiful thing I saw all weekend. Without any violence, three people — two on their knees with their backs turned, one holding a flower — made an entire police line stand down.

The police — servants of the people we were there to fight were defeated. They attacked us with worst they had and we stood our ground. There is no reason to be afraid.

If freedom, as John Ralston Saul defines it is, as an occupied space that must be reoccupied every day then Quebec City saw the most vivid realization of freedom I've ever seen.

In the face of tear gas, shock grenades and plastic bullets, small groups of demonstrators attempted to maintain control of Quebec streets. The action wasn't only about strategy — preventing police from encircling demonstrators as they had on Friday — it was also a part of the statement everyone had gathered here to make. We were here to reclaim rights that had been ceded to corporate forces without our consent. On Saturday,



an equal opportunity to live in dignity."

-Prime Minister Jean Chretien, from his address to the Summit delegates during the opening ceremonies.



It wasn't supposed to be like this. But as the tear gas dug its sharp nails into my lungs and acidic tears bled down my face, I knew I would have done it. If anyone put a rock in my hand that moment, it would have been gone. I would whip it at their damn heads. It would break the fence. It would break their masks. It would break their faces. There was no doubt in my mind that they deserved it.

Moments before, I had been interviewing one of fifteen very brave people. It was Friday, long after the fence had been broken and the cops had driven the crowd back a full block. These fifteen brave souls had slowly, cautiously walked back up to the police line. As they crept forward they raised their hands in the peace sign. Then they sat. They were surrounded on all sides, outnumbered at least ten to one.

No one was throwing rocks at this point. No one was doing anything. Nothing at all. They were just sitting

This is your zine.

Read it, add to it, give to a friend or a parent who doesn't understand. We need you to help tell these stories; help ensure no one forgets. Email us at ftaadiary@hotmail.com and we will send .pdf's. Or download it from www.geocities.com/ftaadiary to photocopy and distribute wherever you live. Without your help these stories will not be told.

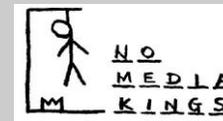
Many of us feel out of sorts after the ferocity of those few days in Quebec. This is meant as a way to stay involved and direct those energies towards two noble causes: sharing the stories that a mainstream media forgot to tell and raising much needed funds for the 400 plus people arrested in Quebec, each of whom will have to pay \$300 to \$500 in bail plus court charges. Many will have to fly back to Quebec city for their hearings. They will not be able to defend themselves without your support.

Once again, send a cheque, made out to CASA, and indicating on it "fonds de defense", to: Le Maquis, C.P. 48026, 110 Boul. René Lévesque, Québec, PQ, G1R 2R5

Afterwards, send an email to la_casa2001@hotmail.com, with "fonds de defense" as the Subject, and let us know the amount of the deposit and the date.

You can also get informed about the FTAA. This zine focuses a lot on the occurrences in Quebec because we want to show one fact — if this is the amount of repression that has to occur in order to get this agreement passed it is obviously fundamentally flawed. But in order to argue that case, you will need to arm yourself with knowledge. Check out:

www.mob4glob.ca • www.stopftaa.org • www.cmaq.net
www.a16.org • www.indymedia.org • www.rabble.ca
<http://www.web.net/comfront/alts4americas/eng/eng.html>
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lanes and capture the hundreds of innocent victims. Writers should be starting campaigns to free those imprisoned or wrongfully accused.

None of this has happened. Nor will it happen. The reasons are multiple: misplaced resources, bias, poor training. Even the good hearted employees have been forced to move on.

We will change the rules. When everyone is the media then the whole world is always watching. In 100 years we will look back and scoff at the idea that only those with special training could work for the media. The concept will be preposterous, in-league with the idea that only rich men with property can vote.

We will not allow them to dismiss us because we will stick to certain principles of reporting. We will not slant stories because we know that power in media comes from not how you cover a story, but what you cover in the first place. We will tell the stories that are untold and we will talk to normal people instead of white men in suits. We will show them they have a voice and that they are powerful and beautiful. And we will educate the masses about what they have had withheld from them for too long.

And they will share our anger. Because nothing gets under someone's skin as much as being lied to. We will not counter lies with lies of our own. We will counter it with honesty and respect – the values missing most in corporate media.



there — outside the security fence, sitting silently.

Then they came. Landing maybe twenty feet behind us, fanned by the helicopter flying low overhead. The gas was on us. It was worse than APEC— Even Sgt. Pepper gave out one warning before he attacked. They just shot pain. The cloud descended on us. It raped our respiratory tract. It clawed at our eyes. Mucus poured down our face like a fiery nose bleed.

I wanted to throw something, but there was nothing around. Had there been I would have thrown it. I think I would feel better, even if I was in jail. Anything is better than how I feel now. I have anger and fear and the deepest sense of injustice and I don't know where to put those feelings.

And until they savagely invade your body — your lungs — with toxic gas, you cannot understand how that feels and what it makes you want to do.

Richard knows that feeling all to well. He threw something. A placard in fact. Threw it like a javelin, he says. An ice pack is being pressed against his back as we speak. He was hit in the kidney with a plastic bullet. Shot in the back. It hit him hard. Spun him around like a top. He will soon be rushed to the hospital when they discover he is bleeding internally. For now we talk.

He tells me he was chalking the sidewalk when he was hit with the gas. He attempted to gather his art supplies but soon collapsed. A medic rescued him and he recovered in time to see his friend being arrested — abducted — by police. He grabbed his friend's picket sign and tossed it at the police. He says it was stupid. And it probably was.

What was more stupid though was police firing a deadly weapon at him. Plastic bullets have killed before. Its easy to see why. They're about two inches wide, a bit shorter than a pop-can and when you bang them on a table they make the sound of a hammer. They had clubs, but they shot him.

A few inches to the right and they would have broken his spine. He would have been in a wheelchair or worse





The revolution will be televised. It will be on-line, on the airwaves and in print. But it will not be produced by them. It will be produced by us.

The first rule is the one on the doors of the Indy Media Centre: Don't Hate the Media, become the media. Until we all embrace that rule we cannot begin to think about winning.

This zine conveys the 180 degree turn our lives took during those three or four days in Quebec. Unfortunately, as we all know, the shock of having a life's worth of assumptions destroyed in 48 hours was not conveyed by the corporate media.

The conversations we have had with friends and family should have been on every channel and in every newspaper. Anchors should have taken out plastic bullets and thumped them against their desks at the top of every hour. Corporate photographers should have had the guts to travel down back

and they would have had nothing — nothing at all — happen to them. Because they are anonymous soldiers. They are the police and they will not police themselves. They wouldn't even give their badges when asked, even though they are legally bound to do so. In a situation like this, how can anyone fault demonstrators for attacking the police? The police have made it so that the only justice comes from vengeance. It is their fault, not ours. If they would tell us their numbers we would be able to hold them accountable. But they didn't.



Fun with the Black Bloc

The Black Bloc doesn't just smash banks and lob tear gas canisters. Saturday afternoon, I encountered three bloc members in calm conversation at the fence, with three cops in riot gear. Intrigued, I moved in close to hear their words. I was taken aback at first: the conversation seemed a mere exchange of locker room taunts.

"What do you carry that club around for? Is that your dildo?"
"Come to this side and say that, you little punks."
"Did you always want to be a cop? How sad. What does your mom think of you now?"

The cops menaced with their shields and weapons, and the Bloc held their ground. Still, I was unimpressed with both sides. This was not what this weekend was about.

"We are an entire generation without respect for your profession," a Bloc member offered. The cops closed in on the fence.

"You guys don't scare us. You're lucky there's a fence. We'd kick your ass."

I only understood the true motivation when I stepped back in disgust. A smile crossed my face. Twenty feet down the fence, a fourth Bloc member clipped through the fence with wire cutters, while his buddies provided a distraction.

One of the cops, big and dumb, suddenly caught on.

"Hey, get the hell away from there."

But the damage was done, and there was a series of links breached almost large enough to allow a body to pass through, and now needing constant attention. The Bloc laughed last, this time.

Judy Rebick's Rabble.ca tells another story the media misses. The Black Bloc are not a raving bunch of dangerous savages, they are in fact polite.

Rabble writer Heather Robinson tells the story of seeing the black clad group for the first time:

I approached one of the harder-edged fellows and asked, "Excuse me, is this the Black Bloc?" not really sure what that meant. "Yes, ma'am, this is the Black Bloc." He sounded calm behind that gas mask and the anarchy sign. "Do you know what that means?" he asked.

He outlined what the Black Bloc was planning to do when it reached the perimeter. He spoke of the anticipated police reaction when the group got there. He told me about the risk I was in by walking with them. My stomach went into knots.

"But, but I'm green," I stuttered. Panic. (At noon on Friday, I thought green people didn't get gassed or shot at.) "The green march is up ahead, to the left ... you'll be okay," he said, his voice muffled by the mask. He had a consoling smile in his eyes.





If we oppose what happened in Quebec city then we must reject the hierarchies and organizations that provide the insulation for those who will do to us what they would never do to a mother, a father, a daughter or a son. The act of violence hurts, but what leaves scars is the dominance over us, and the barriers between what we know is right and what they did.

These barriers exist because of their power relationships. The cops are able to sleep at night because they were only following orders. And the people above them can sleep to because they never experience the results of the orders they gave.

Fighting for control of this frightening apparatus is not in our interest. Why replace the enforcement of one person's will with that of another? Why be so foolhardy as to think that we can even achieve this power in this system without making the multitude of compromises that got our heads of state first into power?

When you hear an anarchist speak of revolution, this is some of what he or she has in mind. We're not saying you have to agree but we'd certainly request your understanding that *anarchism* is not synonymous with either chaos or violence. Quite the opposite in fact. We want to set up our own small democracies, our own collectives, that support and sustain one another; that work together, where the lack of leaders makes them nearly impossible to coopt or destroy.

We want everyone to recognize that chain of command is exactly that — a chain. We want to break the chains and establish something better. If we're talking about making the world a better place, why limit our dreams to the confines and weaknesses of the current system?

"That which doesn't destroy power is destroyed by power."

The militia appeared. There are still thousands in the large park area near the main gates. They are all looking at the gates. Most are milling about, chanting, banging on drums and lampposts. It is pretty peaceful. Down the street I see two massive vehicles approach. They look like Hummers. I run in their direction.

They are in fact, armored water cannons. The size of fire trucks with metal plating.

"I saw one of those things disembowel somebody in a demonstration back in the sixties," a grey-haired woman beside me says, terror creeping across her face, as she sends worried glances in either direction at the crowds.

Out nowhere the Black Bloc descends. They step in front of the water trucks. They stop them cold. From either side they attack with sticks and rocks. They smash the sides of the windows. The trucks are forced to drive away.

I smile. I smile because the cops know how we feel now. I saw one of them covering his face as the glass shattered. They know what it is like to be outside of their cocoon; to lose the power of anonymity, to realize this is not a video game and their actions are hurting. My world shifts again. Attacking cops was always wrong. Even when I wanted to throw a rock, I felt on some level that it was wrong.

But this action, this attack, saved us. It protected the crowd of thousands from being attacked with this watercannon. Not only being blown off their feet but having their residual teargas be reactivated. Having the gas that is caked in their hair drip down their face for the rest of the day. More importantly, it stops these massive machines from rolling to the crowd. Where one wrong turn could easily kill. And five people stopped this from happening. It was incredibly daring — five people taking on two armored vehicles. This was self defence, and even those opposed to violence owe these five brave people a debt of gratitude — they saved a lot of people from a lot of pain.

It won't be the last time either. Throughout the day when protestors are beaten or attacked by police the Bloc is there, sending up a red flag for help and stepping in front of countless rubber bullets and tear gas canisters.

The point the media has missed entirely is the acts of violence — vandalism — enacted by the violent protest groups were far from random. After lobbing rocks through the windows of a Shell station, one of the Black Bloc spraypainted "Viva Saro Wiwa" on the station's sign. The anarchists left the neighbouring gas station intact.



For almost a week we existed without hierarchy. We danced, we ate, we had a million and one more interesting social interactions than we do in every day life. When we were attacked, people gave us water. We decided where to go, what actions to participate in and when to call it quits. And whenever we saw something wrong happen, we made sure other people knew and we helped in whatever way we could.

It is idealist to call this the real world, but it shows how normal structures are not necessary. Every day, people do enormously complex tasks and perform countless small acts of love and rebellion. And they do this without bosses, without police, without people barking orders at them. If we can manage ourselves in a life-and-death situation, why is it that we need bosses or hierarchy in our everyday lives? Fact is, we don't.

This realization is part of the core of anarchism. We realize we can work better as equals and we see the enemy not just as the police, the government or the corporations, but as the power structures that produce and sustain them. Contrary to the mainstream media, anarchists don't want chaos — we want liberty; freedom from these structures that isolate, that oppress, that allow people to do the unthinkable with total impunity.



They are our enemies. But they are also not our enemies. The men and women almost killed many of us, but they are only the attack dogs. They have been trained. They serve those who do not have the guts to carry out the dirty work.

They are not the enemies, but the embodiment of the enemy. They are power; hierarchy. They are the barrier, keeping the leaders one step removed. They prevent the heads of state from seeing their grandparents in the lines of people brought down with tear gas. They keep the corporate heads far enough away so they don't see their daughter's face on that of a Malaysian sweatshop worker they enslave.

We cannot simply take power. With the power they have, it is too easy to shut out reality. Even the best of us, with that sort of power — with everything several steps removed — will do things we would never do to our friends, our family.

This disassociation is what we must fight. We don't want their power. We want to destroy their power. And that scares them more than anything. Because if we want to take power, they know we have to play the game. We have to modify our image to fit with what is acceptable in the mainstream media. We have to compromise our ideals to win support from members of the business community. And we have to do this again and again and again.

It's a game we refuse to play.

Withdrawing in disgust is not the same as apathy.

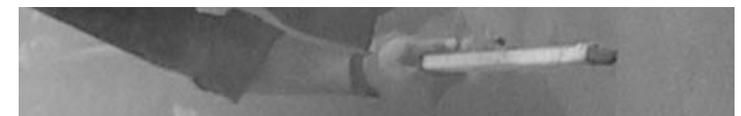


Ken Saro Wiwa, is the Nigerian academic and activist who was hung on trumped up murder charges in 1995, after his long campaign against Shell. Observers hold a widespread consensus that the trial and the sentencing was a farce and a smokescreen means of eliminating Wiwa, so Shell could keep drilling in Nigeria and greasing the palms of dodgy politicians. This was not a random act.

I remember an incredible moment, when hundreds of protesters, filling an entire city block, sat in the streets metres away from the line of riot police. We sang songs while several people drummed on street signs and danced. The police decided to retreat on the condition that protestors wouldn't advance to the wall again. For nearly an hour, the block was a peaceful swirl of colour and dancing.

But the peace was broken suddenly as a cadre of the Black Bloc anarchists chose this moment to storm the empty CIBC Bank on the corner and break its windows. The action had a calculated precision and the group left the buildings on either side of the bank intact. Many protestors booed, and some even tried to physically restrain the black clad group.

As the anarchists retreated, one turned back for a moment with a felt marker and wrote on the bank, "Banks don't bleed, protestors have." I agreed, and decided that, given the how directed, well-orchestrated and symbolic this action was, I supported it wholeheartedly.





My mother, typically conservative and apolitical, sat glued to the T.V. all weekend, learning much about the issues involved. She was appalled at my story, which I punched out in a quick e-mail Saturday night, of an innocent friend dragged off the street in front of me by police in an unmarked van during the peaceful labour march. The charge was "uttering death threats to a police officer," which, upon my soul, is entirely false.

We were marching and I pointed out an unmarked police van, parked on a side street, to some friends. It was the first one I had seen. Morgan started chanting "So-so-so solidarité" into a megaphone he had brought. I joked with one of the parade marshals about Morgan's English accent. "It doesn't matter," he said, "we are all together."

I smiled and ran ahead to catch up with Morgan. When I did I saw a police officer running towards him with his baton ready to strike. Morgan put out his arm to defend himself, and was quickly surrounded by five other officers who beat him to the ground. He let himself fall to a dead weight, and they dragged him, pulling his shirt off in the process, into the same white van I had seen earlier. They must have seen him and driven to the next block to apprehend him.



deliberately at the peaceful demonstrators at the back of the crowd.

I am writing this story because I believe that the mainstream media is very biased. I want you all to know what really went down. I haven't even told you the half of it in this story, but I've tried to give at least a taste of the pain I saw this weekend. I am having a very hard time processing and dealing with this - the feelings I am experiencing are similar to those I had when I came back from the death camps in Poland. I cannot function adequately right now, and writing this is part of my healing process. I want the world to know what went on in Quebec, how undemocratic and unfair and immoral and oppressive the situation was.

Yet I also want people to know that a better world is possible - through the gas and the pain and the fear I also glimpsed the possibility, the hope, of that new space. People from all walks of life, backgrounds, ages and races came together in Quebec to fight against corporate rule, and to fight for basic human rights, environmentalism and fair trade. We have a vision of a future where things will be better. I don't stand with the anarchists who want to break this society in order to form a new one, and I don't stand with the protesters shouting "Revolution" in the armed sense. But I do stand with the ordinary individuals, grandmothers, kids, labourers, environmentalists, humans, who want to change things.

(i.e. the Montreal Gazette) reported only 300 injuries, total. That's laughable: I treated that many myself (and there were probably 50 medics treating that many injuries each).

While we medics were holed up inside a shack that was being used as a "Free Space" in Ilot Fleurie (they let us use it as a makeshift clinic), a guy was brought in with a serious asthma attack. He had been having the attack for about a half hour, and his breathing was extremely laboured. I sat him down and attempted to calm him, but it only got worse. I could hear the wheezing and feel his body shaking with every effort, and I knew the pain he was in because of my own experiences with asthma. I recognized his panic: he also didn't have his ventolin inhaler.

As I sat there by his side I went over my options in my head - and realized I had none. An ambulance wouldn't come into such a "hot" area, our clinic had just been busted by the cops, and I had no ventolin or adrenaline for him. So in a moment of clarity I realized I should try my only other option - an acupressure point I had learned the week before, that supposedly stops asthma attacks immediately. I admit that before Saturday night I was very skeptical of these techniques, but when I was confronted with this guy's obvious need, faith just kicked in. I knew it would work, I just knew it. Maybe because I believed it so much, maybe because of something else, it worked.

Within seconds of my pressing that point on his hand, his breathing began to slow down. Within a minute he was calm, and walked out of the clinic. That moment for me was magic - without any Western medical techniques or medication of any sort, I managed to help take away this man's pain. Unbelievable. I began to cry as soon as he walked out - I was so shocked and so relieved.

I can't believe how people hurt each other. I am shocked at the violence I saw in the span of two days, Friday and Saturday. I can't believe the ferocity of chemical weapons, and that a government would allow its police force to use such arms against its own people. I fully appreciate the cops' need to defend themselves against the concrete and plywood wielding protestors, but each of these cops was heavily armed and protected, and a handful of them could have easily surrounded the small group of armed protesters and dealt with them instead of affecting the peaceful demonstrators: instead tear-gas was shot

Some protesters tried to pull the police off Morgan and were beaten back with batons and held back by parade security. Some people took pictures. I went to the front of the crowd and shouted at Morgan, "Who do I call?" He couldn't hear me. He was busy repeating over and over "Qu'est ce que j'ai fais? (What did I do?)"

It was an abduction.

My mother got into a heated discussion with a member of her church who said my friend probably deserved what he got. My friend — political yes, violent no — was doing nothing wrong at the time. He was wearing a motorcycle helmet, ski goggles, and a black hoodie, and chanting through a bullhorn—none of which are illegal in this country. His attire was more than appropriate given the random projectiles that hurtled through the air from both sides for hours the previous night, and the thick cloud of teargas that had already filled the city.

Since then I've heard that Morgan was held eight hours without food, then twelve hours without food or water. He was denied access to a phone and to a lawyer. He was led into a room with a TV and told this was a court. He demanded to speak to a lawyer and was eventually given a few minutes on the phone to speak to one.

We can only guess that he was targeted because his attire suggested that he may turn militant at any moment, or incite violence in others. The incident made a telling point: who's more to blame for this violence, the taxpayer-funded police and their dangerous arsenal, or the protesters fighting back, trying to have their small voice heard? Why should my friend, a passionate believer in socialism and opponent of capitalism, remain silent? Obviously, he dressed appropriately for the occasion, given the excessive teargas, and given the fact that six police armed with clubs forcefully abducted him from a public place, without warning or good reason.



I'm at the top of the hill again. The gloves I bought at Canadian Tire are not doing me any good. I thought with the swimming goggles and dust-mask I picked up today I could get close enough to throw the gas back at them. Get close enough to protect those people, who, like me yesterday, arrived today without anything remotely close to adequate protection. But I can't. Rumour has it that they've up the dosage. That they are using military-grade tear-gas today. It could be that, it could be the lack of wind, it could be the fact that they are firing more and more and more. But I can't get near enough.

So I give the gloves to those with gasmasks, those who can use them. They accept them with glee. Next time I will bring more, I will blow the budget buying gloves and handing them out to those who can use them. I will start a foundation to buy welding gloves and kevlar vests.

For now I just watch.

I think my goggles are fogging up again. I can't see. But

But Saturday night was a different story. I was in the Bfield at the time, but I heard the story from many medics who were there: The cops advanced down Cote D'Abraham, shooting tear gas and rubber bullets down alleys and driveways. When they reached the clinic they marched everyone who was in the alley (the decontamination space) out at gunpoint. This included many medics and their patients, even seriously injured ones. The cops forcibly removed almost everyone's protective gear, including gas masks, vinegar bandannas and any goggles, saying "No more protection for you guys!"

They also took the medical supplies and equipment that were in the alley or being carried by the medics. Then they marched people, hands in the air and at gunpoint, out into the gas. They made them walk one way, then changed their minds and marched them another direction. My friend Sean said that one guy next to him was hit in the head with a rubber bullet, and the cops wouldn't allow him to stop and treat the person. Finally they let the group go, without any arrests. The clinic was evacuated and set up in a different location.

I heard about other injuries from medics: Derek and his partner treated a guy who was severely beaten by police. He had a skull fracture, was in serious shock and had a compound leg fracture that made it almost severed. They waited in clouds of tear gas, with more and more canisters being hurled at them, for the ambulance. Another medic treated a guy whose finger was cut off as he tried to scale the wall. One girl's shoulder was dislocated. I treated a guy who got hit in the back with a tear gas canister. One guy got hit in the adam's apple with a rubber bullet and underwent an emergency tracheotomy. My teammate Leigh had a serious asthma attack in the clouds. There were many victims of beatings at the hands of police - serious injuries from police batons. One guy had his earring ripped straight out of his ear by a riot cop. I can't remember many of the injuries. The mainstream media



its not fog — its my own tears. Tears that come from that deepest place when the core of your being has been sickened. My own tears are rapidly filling the tiny glass fishbowls of my swimming goggles. I feel like I'm drowning, and with each unnecessary canister that is lobbed into the peaceful crowd, I grow closer to going under. They are not the last tears I will cry.

Later that night, I'm in the Indy media centre attempting to write. Our eyes are already irritated by the residual teargas in the air. It's inescapable now. That fact become too clear though when a woman rushes through the doors screaming, "Medic!"

She is holding a seven-month-old baby.

The poor thing is almost having a seizure, screaming and shaking violently. Its fragile, developing lungs are being ripped apart by vicious chemicals.

Many of us are shell-shocked. Our jaws drop and we just stare. One man falls like a rock to the floor, sobbing. I look around.

Peoples heads are on the tables.

Tears are falling into their laps.

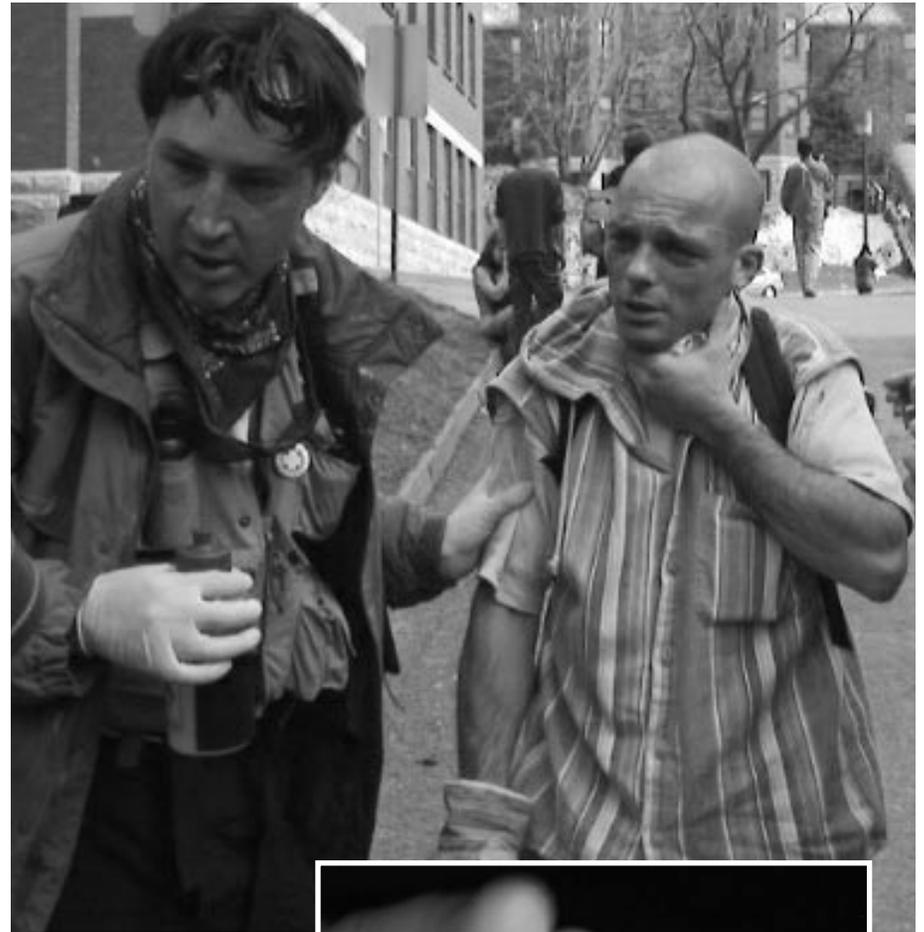


On Thursday, I joined about 400 women and marched from Basse-Ville towards the security perimeter. We followed a twelve-foot high Goddess made of papier-mâché and chicken wire. We spoke about solidarity with women around the world. We chanted in French and Spanish and English.

Residents waved and smiled from their windows. It was beautiful. When we reached the perimeter everyone was tense. We were prepared for arrests, since even touching the fence was forbidden. We announced our intentions to the police on a loudspeaker:

"Security forces, we are here to protest peacefully. We are exercising our right to assembly and freedom of expression. We plan to take webs and banners, woven by women all over the world, and attach them to the security fence. We have no intention of violence."

There was a tense moment, as we strained our



of protesters armed with rocks, concrete, plywood and molotov cocktails. We had a clear space full of people being treated for various injuries, just trying to recuperate, yet we were getting hit with dozens of canisters.

We had to furtively watch the sky, hoping the canisters wouldn't hit us in the head or land on those being treated. We had to continually stand in the center of the action, screaming at people to "walk, walk, walk" to avoid being trampled by a mob. It's so hard to stand still or walk slowly when tear-gas canisters, at a temperature of hundreds of degrees Celsius, are being shot straight at you.

Emotion ran so high and I broke down so many times. I worried I was either going to die or be incapacitated or arrested. Later a row of riot cops formed at one intersection, and lobbed gas canisters to block off the end of the block. There was no escape route for my partner and I and the dozen or so protesters still there. Again I began to choke and almost panic, but we ducked into a driveway. When I saw the pain of others, the adrenaline kicked in, and I began to treat them. I didn't think about my state. I didn't feel the gas once I saw injured people that needed my help. We managed to escape through backyards onto another block.

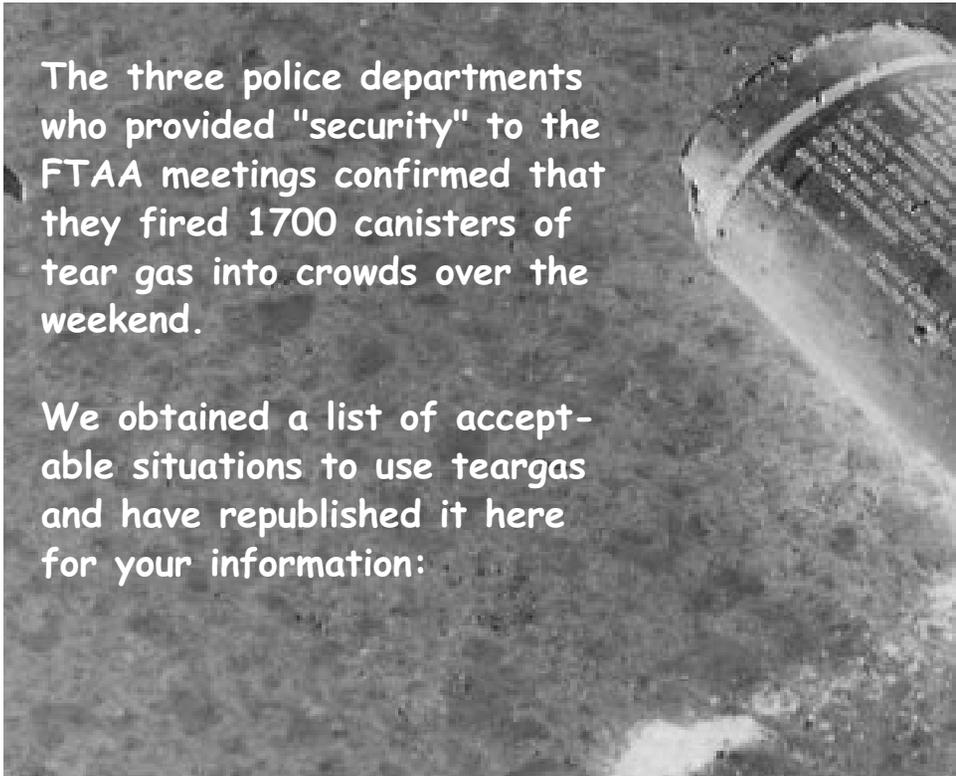
This weekend was a war zone. I felt like I was in the middle of urban civil war. I saw third degree burns. I treated so many burned hands, from people who wore thick gloves to throw tear gas canisters back at the cops or away from the crowd, yet got their hands burned anyway. I flushed hundreds of eyes with water and antacids. I treated so many injuries from people hit by tear gas canisters and also those hit by rubber or plastic bullets. I saw back injuries, head injuries, broken fingers, leg wounds, and so much more.

On Friday night we ended up under siege in our medical clinic as the cops advanced down Cote D'Abraham, firing rounds and rounds of tear gas. The air was so contaminated that we had to breathe through our vinegar-soaked bandannas inside the clinic. We had all the lights out and were speaking in whispers. It was so scary: I was sure we were going to be arrested, but we managed to evacuate down the stairs outside, and escape.



necks to see any reaction from the lines of riot police behind the fence. Tentatively, the first small group went forward to hang their art on the web. When they returned without incident, we cheered and, group by group, we approached the fence to hang up our art, which symbolised the negative consequences of globalisation for women around the world. After the webs and banners were hung, we wove another web by dancing through spokes of crepe paper and attached it to the fence as well. I touched the fence for the first time. I climbed up and tied our web to the fence and looked back at the women who were cheering in support. I will always cherish this moment of solidarity.

The pieces we attached varied from webs woven of braided rags to banners with beautiful gems and photos of women and children glued to them. Someone taped up a Hustler magazine. We wove balls of yarns through the chain links. We had made our point, we had done so peacefully, and afterwards we danced.



The three police departments who provided "security" to the FTAA meetings confirmed that they fired 1700 canisters of tear gas into crowds over the weekend.

We obtained a list of acceptable situations to use teargas and have republished it here for your information:

- The trying to retreat but you shot too much gas behind them teargas.
- The I guess it's O.K. to shoot an unarmed and peaceful person from several yards away teargas
- If you throw this canister back at me I'll shoot you with a plastic bullet teargas
- The sitting on a curb, exhausted, eating trail mix, far away from anything, when oops, clearly nothing is sacred teargas.
- The two canister per one peaceful protestor ratio teargas
- The teargas not used as teargas but as a bullet teargas.
- The not doing anything but standing here but happen to be upwind of the action so shoot them anyway teargas.
- The If you cant dance its not a revolution so I'll shoot you because you're dancing teargas.
- The so many canisters at once it's like grade-three-gym class dodgeball teargas.
- The shooting so many canisters at once it provides cover to throw rocks back at you teargas.
- The oops I shot through the window of a CBC van teargas.
- The next time don't bring your seven month old baby to a peaceful protest because I just shot a canister at you tear-gas
- The sudden volley sounding like a popcorn maker teargas.
- The, perhaps you should have worn a mask under that giant pink elephant costume teargas.
- The we need a budget increase so we'll just fire into that empty field teargas.
- The O.K. look: they're running away, coughing, choking, vomiting, and weren't doing anything wrong in the first place so lets shoot them again teargas.

This weekend I treated hundreds of injured people, was tear-gassed, felt the effects of pepper spray, and felt the kind of turmoil that a member of a peaceful society ought not to experience, ever.

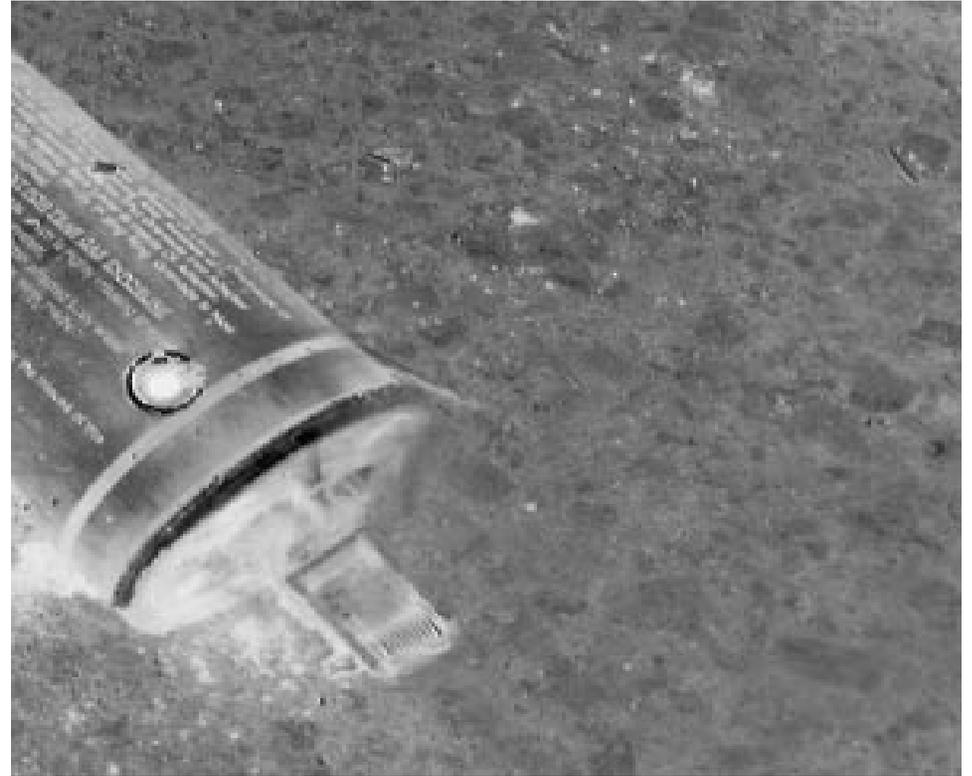
Throughout the event medics were targeted by the police: Wherever my partner and I would be treating people, tear-gas canisters would land beside us. Some medics were hit by rubber bullets.

On Friday, my friend Sean was on his knees treating a patient in a tear gas cloud on the front lines, when a canister fell right under his face and exploded. He gasped, gulping the gas, and tried to stumble to his feet, only to narrowly duck a canister aimed at his head. Another canister hit the wall behind him, bounced, and hit him in the back, knocking him flat. A final canister rolled by his face again and exploded. He was rescued by another medic team and spent the next two days recuperating in the medic clinic on Cote D'Abraham.

On the front lines we began treating people as the gassing began, Friday. We had to retreat again and again to avoid the clouds of gas. At one point a canister exploded right next to me. I can't begin to explain the agony of being hit head-on with tear-gas. First of all it suffocated me. I began to walk very quickly, barely restraining the panic, as I coughed and choked. I thought I would die, and worried that any minute my asthma would kick in.

Everywhere we turned we saw more riot cops, more gas, and no safe space to calm down and decompress. I can't explain the fear that set in after my first gassing - I was scared to go anywhere near the cops; but I was in Quebec to do a service and treat injured people who were in pain. Now that I knew what that pain was like, I also knew I had to go back. As we returned to the chaos, we found a girl who had been hit by a canister of gas, which exploded all over her body. Medics were treating her by stripping off her clothing and pouring liquids all over her. The poor girl was crying and screaming, in so much pain. Around us were clouds of gas, and cops advancing on all sides. They began shooting canisters high into the air, into the back of the crowd, into the crowds of peaceful protesters far from the perimeter fence and not involved in the small group

A Medic's Tale



- The point-blank shooting of a medic team and then pulling off their gas masks teargas
- The sudden and unexpected shift of the Food not Bombs table to the Bombs not Food table teargas.
- The Quebec's a hilly city and this is going to follow their blind stumble for nine blocks teargas.
- The they have snot running down their face but cant wipe it off because their hands and sleeves are covered in tear-gas teargas.
- The you take my picture I shoot you with toxic gas teargas.
- The man's best friend subjecting your police dogs to massive doses of teargas teargas.
- The let's use military grade teargas because the stuff they use in jails and

police sieges just isn't strong enough for these chanting college kids teargas.

- The I'm just a reserve cop from Chicoutemi, how does this thing "oops" work teargas.

- The it warns right on the canister that shooting directly at a person can cause injury or death so I'm going to aim it at you teargas.

- The your bongo drumming is giving me a headache so I'm going to shoot you teargas.

- The we've got you corralled ready for arrest but are going to teargas you anyways teargas

- The oops I just shot through a store window, we'll just blame it on the anarchists teargas.

Plastic Bullet Democracy

It's a bit shorter than a pop can, two inches wide and when you bang it on a table it makes the sounds of a hammer. Like most 'crowd-control' weapons, it has the power to cause excruciating pain, but unlike pepper spray it can also kill. And Friday, in Quebec City, it was fired at demonstrators. The cold cops' eyes held no promise that they realized, before they pulled the trigger, what they were doing could erase a human's life.

The rubber bullet I am holding now still smells of gunpowder. It is heavy enough to hurt if you threw it at someone. I can't imagine what would happen if it was fired point blank into your chest. The breath pounded from your lungs. The crackling of your ribcage as it shatters. Someone had that happen to them on Friday. More on Saturday.

This bullet was given to me from someone who had it skip off the sidewalk and slam into his leg. He escaped with a welt. Some would say that's a relief. I find it frightening. The non-aerodynamic shape of these plastic bullets makes it easy for them to fly off course. It's horrible to be shot with one of these when you are charging a police line. It's sick to have it come out of nowhere and hit you in the leg — if you are lucky — or, if you're not, the temple of your head.

After seeing images of demonstrators hurling chunks of the



from where she lived, and died.

Thérèse, Adèle, Marianne, Brigitte.

I don't know her name. I do know she lived in Le Faubourg JOS Villeneuve, where avenue Turnbull and rue Lockwell intersect, where she lived as someone's neighbour, as someone's daughter, likely as someone's sister, and as someone's mother. She broke a barrier of my own: that none of this was done in a bubble. The battle in the streets was in someone's community, or lack thereof. Horror stopped her heart, and still the violence continued.

Granted, there's a lot of unknowns. Her death and Quebec

City's clash of people and police could be entirely unrelated. However, this mattered little to the woman across the street screaming at anyone walking by, "Voilà, ce que vous faites! C'est toute ta faute!" Over, and over.

With few tools to make sense of this, I'm left with questions. Would the black cloud of angry hands have sprayed slogans on her home had they passed by? Would she have died if she knew what people were fighting for? Would she have wanted to have been there with them? Would she have ever had a choice? I don't know, but would sure appreciate some answers.

Friday, April 20th, in the afternoon around five o'clock, I walked into the pre-foyer of the foyer of an old age home with a woman from Victoria named Mary.

She was soaked, at least her top was, from all the eye baths I'd been giving her in the streets of Quebec City, trying to free her of the acrid hot scratch of police

tear gas. An un-fitting phrase if there was one, "tear" gas. Try gas to attack, gas to burn, gas to blind. Think of cinders coming from the camp-fire, cinders invisible but aflame, a sewing needle to pierce the eye.

A female security guard with her hair in a bun refused Mary entry to the main foyer and hence entry to any room in which she might subtly change her drenched shirt. "C'est un meuble privé," said security. So instead, Mary opted to switch tops in the glass aquarium of the entry area. On the other side of the glass to the left, a grey-haired woman in a lavender suit spoke with her blue eyes to a turquoise budgie in a boxed cage. As Mary changed, the paramedics that we had seen enter the building earlier happened to exit, gurney in tow.

Mary and I looked at each other once they were gone, stood inside

the aquarium and realized aloud the medics weren't there for the protesters outside who had been assaulted by tear gas, the bleed-with-tears gas, all afternoon long.

The security guard, now a man with whiter than grey hair, chatted with us

through the glass doors of the main foyer, asked us where we were from. Then, he asked if we saw that woman that was brought

out.

"Elle était morte," I replied, an answer uncertain.

The guard then talked in a kind of dreamy soliloquy of how this was an old age home, full of old people, who could see everything happening from inside. They could see the masked militancy and the ebb and flow of restrained pandemonium unleashed after a long march towards the summit wall. The woman, like everyone else, was scared witless. And, she had an attack. So out the door her body went, draped in shadows and a baby blue sack, a casualty certain not to make the late night news roster of police bruises and resisters' arrests, of spraypainted convenience stores and a torn-down chain-link fence. She watched the clash of youth in black and police in green fatigues, she watched it

What started like summer camp name exchanges sleeping bags signing up for buses became a blue body bag a covered head, a frail form, hidden under the shadow folds pulled by three paramedics indifferent to the near-silent sound of death



sidewalk at police some might say it was warranted. The police were defending themselves. But I saw the rock throwers — a few hundred in a crowd of 20,000. Those rocks bounced off the cops' body-armor; their shields; their helmets. These bullets slam into you like a linebacker's helmet. And they don't bounce. You drop.

They had batons that could have easily taken care of the 'trouble-makers.' Instead, they used these instruments of death. They used them because they had them. They shouldn't have them. Not because they have other instruments — worthy as that point is — but because they can fly off course and because they can kill.

Tear-gas hurts like hell. Pepper spray is worse but at least its not chemical. Water cannons are one of the most ominous things I've ever seen. But none of them are very likely to kill. That they have these plastic bullets and are allowed to use them at their discretion, means only one thing: protesting is now an act that carries with it the risk of not just injury, but death.

Exercising your legal rights is now something that can kill you.

Next time someone tells you that these trade agreements will not crush our democracy, remind them about the plastic bullet: Because if public assembly and expression at these summits carries with it the risk of death we can't really be moving anywhere close to a democracy.

5 hands as fists
hit a steel drum
lying in the dirt
beside a trumpet glistenin'
gold, brap beating
seeking the ring of
the iron skeleton observatory
under the overpass

no one needs company
when the world is
the people's native dance

one sits in a acrylic orange
no moments
no movements
still life
eyes closed, with circled
thumb and finger on her lotus
jean knees

she stretches, arrived
thru eternity, arms to the fore,
up to become a mime
from a grass knoll in the middle
and outside the universe,
under the overpass
of a highway in Quebec City

this is where everyone belongs

ignorant of the ivory glowing
Jesus and the Royal Bank logo
watching from above,
everyone's hands clashing with
only the air between
the cobblestone bricks
and the grey-metal guard rail
of the off-ramp

thousands in a dirt-floor refuge
under the overpass
dustsmoke rising from
a 20-foot phoenix of burning fence flame

to competition in the sky, helicopters
swatting thick night,
irrelevant

this is where every one belongs

rhythm clap and echo to the above
granite wall, on the edge of a cliff,
on boulevard René Levesque
where the glint of government gas masks
stand in black
not moving as they did
to kick the last man

fleeing from them and growing clouds of eye-grating
gas,
bombs,
the last one sealed with a leather-tooth boot and club
this is where everyone belongs
under the overpass at night
with the embrace of each other,
touching and not
touching, and dancing a-fly
loose hopping rave
tambourine metal dance
non-stop drum of
street signs

this is where everyone belongs
as one