

still the norm in many parts of the world, advanced democracies such as Britain prefer to rule using the soft weapon of consensus. This involves the eager collaboration of their subjects under the banner of free speech and participation.

Indispensable to this project are the media in all their forms: newspapers, television, 'social' media, etc. Through these, the structures and values that we are expected to adhere and contribute to (and kill and die for when ordered) are reinforced. These include patriotism, monarchy, democracy, progress, work (not just to survive but as a value in itself), belief in and obedience to the law, belief in and obedience to supernatural beings. And fear. Fear of the 'terrorist'. Fear of the stranger. Fear of the young. Fear of retribution. Fear of those who say No!

So seemingly contradictory, all of the above have one thing in common - **THEY ALL CONTINUE TO EXIST BECAUSE WE BELIEVE IN THEM**, because we do not question them in our minds or in the way we act...

The prison city of London is not a theatre of open war waged by riot cops, armoured vehicles and commandos flaunting automatic rifles (always at the ready in the wings). It is an ordered territory that works to perfection, all of us going through the green lights, stopping at the red. It is a mediaeval castle in cybernetic form, whose self-controlled inhabitants move around their designated routes. As long as they adopt one of the identities available in the supermarket of alienation. As long as they are adequately supplied with the passe-partout - cash or credit - that opens all doors. As long as they carry the key to their cell in their pocket, apprehensively turning it each night before putting their head on the pillow and falling asleep. Leaving the rich to slumber in peace. Leaving the gold to remain in the vaults. Leaving the prisoners to suffer in their cages.

Unless.... Unless....

It's time to wake up! It's time to act!

It's time for our dreams to become their nightmares!

A few anarchists



A message in a bottle

Like the concrete ghettos that have already been demolished and built over leaving no trace of pain or joy, what is left of this area and its self-created infrastructure is doggedly being replaced in a project of ethnic cleansing by a State that can boast centuries-old world-wide expertise. Already the new colonisers are circulating in the streets, integrating themselves with the arrogance of entitlement, summoning in the multinational corporations and real estate.

Alongside the faceless city workers who have found a new dormitory, an army of hipsters and 'artists' are voraciously invading the territory and emptying it of all content, substituting suppliers of basic needs with the streets into a soulless tourists. Those who ended up were humiliated, segregated, when their sons and daughters their pride and self-respect, the right number as to present necessary illusion of rest are being ghosted away vendors of trendy trash, turning playground for weekend urban on these shores many years ago, terrorised by racist cops and rebelled and rioted reconquered are now being distilled into just no threat and supply the multicultural social peace. The to the dustbins of capital, lost without trace. Thousands of young people who moved into the area from the 70s onwards and squatted semi-derelict buildings, lived life on the edge have been got rid of with legal adjustments to property laws enforced by the ever ready cops and bailiffs.



All is not yet lost, but what to do?

We would not be so impertinent as to try to persuade anyone to not vote, knowing that most of those who have inhabited this area for decades have more faith in a scratch card than a political party. But neither is this a call to form a monolithic body of resistance, to sign petitions or lobby the mafias in power. These are all worthy democratic procedures, but also belong to the logic of a little at a time, the logic of waiting, of humiliation and resignation. The kind of half measures that feed the Moloch.

AND IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE TO RECLAIM WHAT NEVER BELONGED TO US IN THE FIRST PLACE!

One thing we can reclaim, that they want to take from us to turn us into maleable slaves grovelling on our knees, is our dignity. That can only be gained by moving from passive resistance to attack, sabotage and individual rebellion, in the direction of mass insurrection.

This is starting to happen around us but to see it we must break with the only community that is left, that of authority and commodities.

We need to conquer freedom, make a break with the present society and its promises, glean the ripples of revolt for an indication, instigation, a message in a bottle.

And act.

TO THE UNDESIRABLES

Undesirables in this world of cash and power
There are more and more undesirables in this world. Whether it's the millions of refugees who roam the planet, or the millions herded into slums and poor neighbourhoods around the world. Whether it's those sacrificed by wars and industrial devastation or the poor in European countries thrown overboard in the name of the economy. Whether it is the brave insurgents who have risen up with cries of freedom and dignity in many countries in recent years or those daring to fight here in the heart of the metropoli, against a world that suffocates them. More and more of us are considered superfluous, unnecessary, dangerous, unproductive and harmful by the masters of this world, who will stop at nothing to protect their system and save their power. They have turned the Mediterranean into a huge mass grave. They have set up hundreds of concentration camps for undocumented migrants. They have developed advanced technologies to better identify, monitor and control us. They brandish the threat of expulsion, imprisonment or the most abject poverty to make us accept the role of slaves that they have reserved for us. They stir up racial hatred and sectarian strife to divide us. In short, they are making war on the undesirables here and elsewhere.
Nowhere to run except ...
Capitalism, the State, authority... have now occupied the whole territory, every centimetre of this world transformed into industrial dustbin, open-air prison, bloodbath and labour camp. Everywhere we see the same logic at work: exploit, control, manipulate, oppress, massacre. And this logic has also penetrated our brains and our hearts: we can no longer even imagine how to do otherwise, without masters and exploiters; we venerate goods and consumption; we allow them to trample our dignity; we no longer dare to fight for freedom, our dreams, the end of poverty. We have nowhere to run to. There is only one country, one space, one territory, where we can go, run to, now, with all our strength, even if we succumb in the attempt. It is REVOLT, the insurrection of whoever rises up against what suffocates and enslaves them. Our community can only be that of rebels, of the men and women, from everywhere and nowhere, of every colour

and full of dreams, who are ready to struggle for freedom, ready to put themselves into play, fight with all means against the power that is crushing us.
The mosaic of our battles
It is the passion for freedom that is capable of building bridges between different struggles. Between those who find themselves undocumented and fighting against the State that wants them bound to gratitude otherwise expelled and those who are declared criminals and confront the laws made to protect the rich and powerful. Between those fighting against the construction of new prisons, new tools of repression, even more deadly borders and those struggling headlong against the transformation of the neighbourhoods in this city into corridors of a huge open-air prison to please the rich, the Eurocrats and loaded middle classes. Between those who attack the bosses and capitalists and those who sabotage the daily grind that is slowly killing us.
This is a mosaic of struggles that could emerge. But this can only arise if the struggles remain ours, that we do not entrust them to politicians, political parties, formal organizations, but we continue to self-organize to confront power. And if we dare to give the struggle the weapons to go on the offensive: the weapons of sabotage and direct action in all its forms. Because "injustice has names and addresses". It is always time to go and knock on its doors. The door of the bureaucrat who signs the orders to deport the undocumented, like that of the entrepreneur who makes money by building a new prison. The doors of the institutions and companies collaborating in roundups, as those of the defenders of order. And we are not going there to talk to someone who never listens anyway. We won't go to negotiate with someone who only speaks the language of power, statistics and money. We won't empty-handed, but armed with the consciousness of conducting a determined offensive combat. Let's go and smash down their doors.
Let fear change sides
Let's be dangerous for those who want to exploit and govern us
Fire to the detention centres, fire to the borders, fire to the prisons

THE PRISON CITY

Our experience of the city is limited and subjective. Each day we cover the same paths, heads down, almost without seeing a thing. Somewhere in the back of our minds we carry a vague image of where we are in space and time: massive anonymous buildings, cultural containers, churches, palaces, shopping centres. Linked by reassuring tube maps, symbolized in picture postcards, they combine in creating - with courts, prisons, cop stations, army barracks lurking in the background - a sense of stability and permanence.

Over time we can even feel attached to this - imaginary - place because it is here that we have passed years of our existence, almost without noticing, illuding ourselves that we are alive and happy or at least convincing others through our public face. Just as the prisoner can muster a few fond memories of their time behind bars - because it was years of their life, the only one they have - we can end up loving and needing our incessant processing through the ruthless metropolitan meat grinder. Everybody, even the homeless staking out a few inches for a night in the doorway of one of the temples of consumerism - forbidden territory in hours of daylight - has a role to play.

But the London of our illusions, be they dreams or nightmares, does not exist. What we see and experience is only an infinitesimal part of what is really a militarised territory within which masses of people remain corralled inside their designated places. With all its specificities this territory is no different to any other square inch of the planet, ruled by a system based on domination and exploitation that leaves not a single blade of grass uncontaminated and free.

The forms that this domination takes are constantly adapting, developing and inventing new ways to better exploit the earth and control its inhabitants for goals of profit and power. While terror and despotism are

