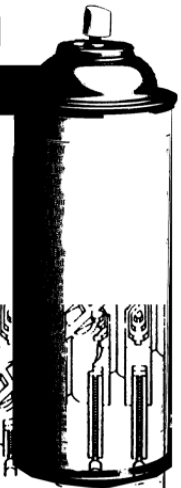
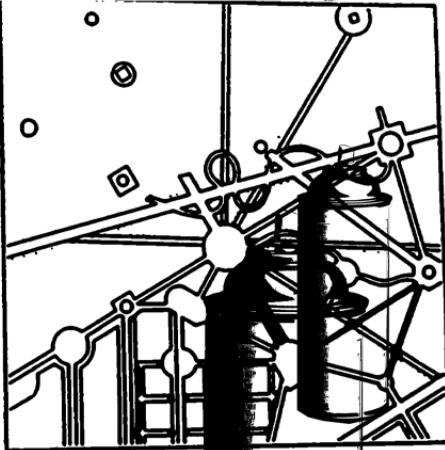
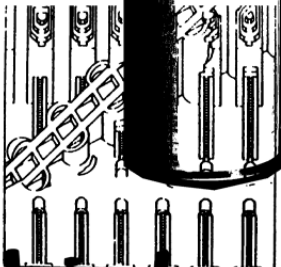
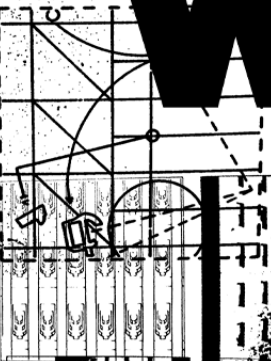


SPACE WARS



the anarchist
strike back



THE ROUTINE OF ROBBING BANKS IS NO REPLACEMENT FOR THE
CARNAVAL OF STORMING THEM EN MASSE. SOMETHING THAT HOLDS
TRUE FOR MANY SURVIVAL ACTS: BETTER TO LOOT THAN SURRENDER,
TO ANGRY THAN TO SURE, TO WALK OUT THAN TO FLY IN A
BOMB THREAT, TO STRIKE THAN TO CALL IN SICK, TO RIOT THAN
TO VANDALIZE... INCREASINGLY COLLECTIVE AND COORDINATED ACTS
AGAINST THIS WORLD OF COERCION AND ISOLATION AREN'T SOLELY
A MATTER OF EFFECTIVITY, BUT EQUALLY A MATTER OF
SOLIDARITY, COMMUNITY AND FUN

- WAR ON MISERY #5

that the police had gained entry. What we didn't know at that time was that they had nabbed the comrade who showed the group how to get out. We had brainstormed the scenario of police coming inside and it was considered a *shit hits the fan* situation.

We did not want to be cornered by the pigs inside, so the rest of us decided to leave all together. We quickly packed up our personal belongings and literature, and scouted our dispersal. By this time there were 6 cruisers and 2 paddy wagons outside the school, and the entire building was loosely surrounded by cops on foot. But we were 30 or more strong. We made a mad dash out a door to hop a fence into the alley and immediately pigs ran to grab people coming over the fence. The first six or so people over were grabbed and tackled by about four cops, some fighting back and screaming violently. They were forced against the fence. The others took different routes over the fence as the police were distracted. A comrade was grabbed and put under arrest, but was de-arrested after a brief scuffle. This crew came around to mob the police from the other side. The people against the fence were able to rush through the cops to the large group, and anybody who the cops attempted to grab was de-arrested. We headed down the street, yelling at the cops. A cruiser attempted to cut off our posse on the sidewalk, but missed and ran into a parking sign. It was fuckin' hilarious. The large group got away. At the time, we knew that one of our friends was being detained by police and he told us he was fine. Meanwhile the other kidnapped comrade was sitting in the back of a cruiser being questioned. Had we known, shit would have really hit the fan.

Everyone who wanted to meet soon after in a park to discuss what happened, including those who chose to disperse separately from the group and our friends who were detained. We soon found out that when the cops arrived they entered the building with guns drawn. Had we not left the building when we did, we would have been staring down the barrels of drawn handguns, tasers and the aggression of uniformed police. They really wanted to fuck us up. All that for "trespassing" in a building that was left abandoned until we chose to use it. In the discussion it was amazing to see how many people felt inspired and empowered by the experience and fell in love with the space. Some people who left with the first group expressed regret for not leaving with the unruly mob. Although our party was violently interrupted by the boys in blue, we knew that it wasn't over and fuck 'em, that school is ours! We dispersed, agreeing to get together for shit like this again soon.

That night, even more anti-police graffiti was scrawled across the city and two community policing centres had their windows smashed out. It's the first thing the pigs should expect when they fuck with our shit. Our collective rage became an inspiration to spread onwards and outwards. For us, taking space for ourselves also means destroying the spaces of our enemies.

A few days after this event, a letter was delivered to the houses in the neighbourhood to explain our intentions with the space and invite them to be involved with the project. We know that a neighbour called the cops on us, and probably thought we were dangerous. We want to encourage dialogue and involvement with our neighbours, and express how we see police and developers as threats to our lives. We think that having a space for genuine face-to-face interactions is positive for everyone. We do not want to remain isolated; we know that there are countless people who share these sentiments and are ready to explode.

For Autonomous Self-Organization and a World Without Cops

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TAKE THE HAMMER TO THE RICH

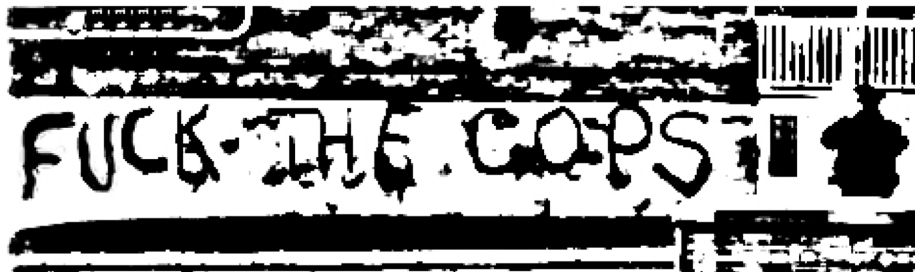
In recent weeks more than 6 graffiti artists have been arrested in a crackdown on street art by the Hamilton police. This is the early beginning of the police's plan to intensify the criminalization of graffiti throughout the new year. By the end of 2009 they hope to have ridden the streets of any expression that doesn't take the form of private advertisements for new developments and other commodities that only serve the rich.



endless pursuit of wealth.

Overcoming these obstacles to gentrification takes the form of police control over the lives that make up those so called "obstacles". Even Sergeant Mark Schulenberg knows that "graffiti makes it look like no one cares about an area and can attract other crimes." He's right; developers don't care about graffiti ridden spaces where police presence is scarce; an area where people find ways to work together to exist in a money driven world that's been designed by the rich to serve the rich... at our expense.

There's something more to this pigs statement. The crackdown on graffiti is just part of the strategic role of police that began with community policing. This policing strategy was developed in response to the police's inability to predict or control the urban uprisings of the 60s and 70s. "Friendly Face" policing serves to legitimize police presence by building bonds with the communities they control. This allows them better access to what's happening on the street by forcing their way into the community through neighbourhood watch, working with property owners, public forums, foot and bike patrols, volunteer opportunities, putting a focus on minor crimes and holding police sponsored community activities. This helps create the environment necessary to validate police presence and violence in our lives. It also helps pigs like Schulenberg turn our neighbors into the eyes and ears of police. "Police are getting more tips from the public about graffiti and those doing it" says Schulenberg about the snitching they've encouraged with their community policing strategy.



WHEN SHIT HITS THE FAN FUCK THE POLICE

Squatting openly in Kanada is usually only done by activist groups who are fighting for social housing. We despise the idea of human warehouses as a solution to a problem that goes much deeper. For us, reclaiming space is part of an ongoing and collective attack against this social order. Property, law, wage slavery and rent are weapons of capital to normalize exploitation and maintain a compliant population. All space surrounding us is commodified and controlled by our enemies and is useless to us until we take the opportunity to transform it into something that we can use. An abandoned building can come alive, a blank wall can become an expression of our scrawled artwork and ideas, a park can become a meeting place, a police car can become a target. In a world where we are constantly displaced and pushed around by the rich, we have no choice but to push back- to take our lives into our hands and use these wastelands of development (cities) as our playground. Squatting for us is not a single issue like lack of housing; it is an opportunity to experience collective revolt and self-organize space. In the story described below, we see an example of taking space for ourselves, and when we got busted by the pigs, an expression of our anger was taken into the streets.

This zine was released for a social gathering we threw at an abandoned school. Ironically, the building is being sold to a scumbag developer to build social housing. We fell in love with the 123 year old building, imagining the potential for reclaiming this space and expanding attack. We began using the space over a month before for living, socializing, playing games, and having discussions. We hadn't ever organized this type of event or heard of one happening around here so it was certainly an experiment. We invited friends from all around.

October 25 2008

A considerable amount of time was spent organizing the event and getting the space ready. Bathrooms were cleaned and equipped with water for flushing. Classrooms cluttered with old furniture and trash were cleaned up, reorganized, and decorated with ambient lighting and banners to become an inviting social atmosphere. A room was transformed into a library with shelving, and tables were filled with books and zines for anyone to take. Food and drinks were passed freely. Everyone was encouraged to bring what they could to share and give away.

As people arrived, they were mesmerized by the space; our interactions reflected the empowerment of meeting in a space that is unmediated by capitalist social relationships. Once everyone was inside (about 50 people), we gathered to explain the history of the building, the intentions of the event as well as our plan for (avoiding) police interactions/evacuation. Before we could even really start this discussion, someone who was looking out informed us that the police were already here, and they had one of our friends detained outside. This friend called somebody inside and relayed the message that we were ordered to leave in single file. Naturally, we were really pissed off.

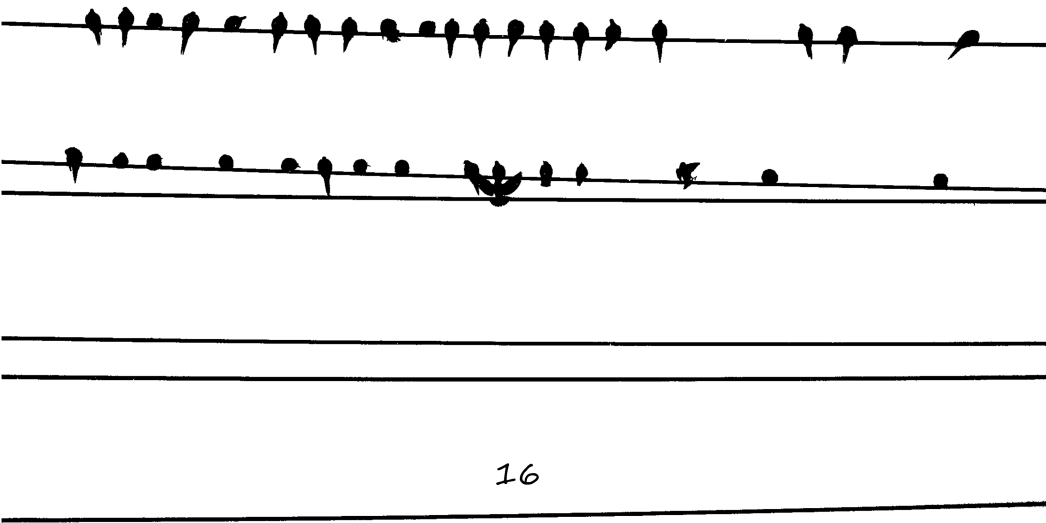
It was important to us to only have people inside who wanted to be. There were people in the space who were not comfortable confronting the police and possibly facing arrest. We showed them to a door that was not next to the police. That's when we found out

It is a process that is ongoing and has no end but is completely necessary, in order to understand and experiment and build social relations we want and how to try achieve them on a larger scale than just an affinity group....

So some people say that space should be used and seen as a tool of attack towards everything that is useless. I see this as completely true, however i would like to define attack. For me its not something that can only be done with a brik in your hand. My own personal growth into unlearning the fucked up brainwashing of how the system expects me to exist becomes the ultimate force behind that brik. So it is important to be constantly on the offensive towards that disgusting outside world, but fiercely protective towards our inner world and our spaces because that is the place that attack grows and ferments, the place we find the reasons we are stuggling and a glimpse as to how this world would be if all the forces of control, capital and class would burn in the fires of hell.

Squatted buildings and reclaimed land are definitively some of the most prescious places I have ever interacted with and in. I highly reccomend. Squatting is great, it sucks sometimes, but its fuckin fun.

fuck the law
squat the
world.



Community policing doesn't limit itself to violations of the law, rather it spreads police's role into determining "public order" and "quality of life." This means that they see rundown property, juvenile loitering, graffiti, homeless encampments and noise as a gateway to larger social disturbances. The underlying belief is that any amount of lawbreaking, from jaywalking to the kids hanging out on the corners writing graffiti, contributes to more lawbreaking... and so the vice-grip tightens.

This is a war on how we go about our lives. Making the sterile walls of a city that doesn't belong to us into an expression of who we are, using the streets as a meeting place or training gym outside of the offered services of corporations, and learning to interact without police mediation are attempts to take the city back into the hands of those who built it: us!!

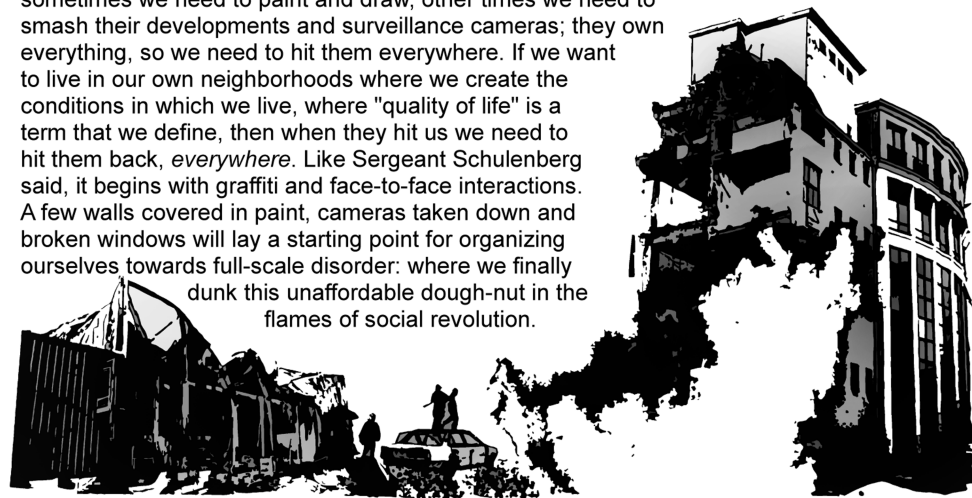


The criminalization of the way we express ourselves and live our lives is an act of social war, waged on behalf of those who would rather see the streets as lifeless as the neatly manicured walls of their next business opportunity. They want us out because we won't have our home transformed by another development that is designed to accommodate the rich.

It's everywhere that people like us get displaced because of rent hikes and the increase of property values. If we let this shit continue we'll actually end up with less than we already have. Look at what's happening in East Vancouver, Strathcona, Kitsilano and the Downtown East-side. It's the same thing that's happening in the north end of Halifax, east Montreal, Westboro in Ottawa, the south end of Guelph, Leslieville in Toronto. This process is systematic, when the rich want your hood, they're going to try whatever they can to get it, even if that means ripping it away from us with police crackdowns, increased surveillance, court orders and prison time.

We can learn a lot from the recent graffiti push back, as minor as it may seem. The people putting up "Off the Pigs" in the streets, "Fuck the Law" on the courthouse and "Burn Prisons" near the Barton jail know that the crackdown isn't just in the hands of the police. It's the courts as well as the prisons; but it still needs to go further. It's the rich and their expectations for our city (yuppie developments and what have you), it's Progress itself that is guiding this crackdown.

Just like the graffiti push back is going beyond the police themselves, it needs to go beyond paint and markers. Our whole neighborhood needs to show the pigs and the dough-holders they serve that they are not welcome, *anywhere*. What this means is that sometimes we need to paint and draw, other times we need to smash their developments and surveillance cameras; they own everything, so we need to hit them everywhere. If we want to live in our own neighborhoods where we create the conditions in which we live, where "quality of life" is a term that we define, then when they hit us we need to hit them back, *everywhere*. Like Sergeant Schulenberg said, it begins with graffiti and face-to-face interactions. A few walls covered in paint, cameras taken down and broken windows will lay a starting point for organizing ourselves towards full-scale disorder: where we finally dunk this unaffordable dough-nut in the flames of social revolution.



There's Something About the Wood Squat in Guelph

Many diverse people have lived at the Guelph Wood Squat. The following story is told from the perspective of a few of the squatters and does not represent the ideas of everyone who has been involved. *

The Speed and Eramosa Rivers run through the area in south-central Ontario now known as Wellington County. Its story of human use can be traced back to the Indigenous Huron nations Attiwandaronk, known as the Neutral Nations. They lived in over 40 villages in the Grand River Valley. They have been described as living relaxed and peaceful lives, full of celebration and play. Jesuit missionaries marvelled at how little work their lifestyle required. In the 1600s, the Iroquois conquered the Neutrals, and they were either killed or assimilated into the Iroquois. Nomadic Algonkians occupied the area until the late 1700s when the British purchased the land for colonial occupation.

The piece of land on the Eramosa River to the southeast of the city of Guelph now known as the wood squat is land in recovery and is on the brink of being swallowed by ever spreading development. The first Kanadian use of the land was for the Ontario Reformatory, which existed from 1910 to 2003. Three deep quarries were dug out by prisoners who clearly understood their role as slaves to the system. These rebel prisoners waged war against their captors, igniting two of the largest prison riots in Kanadian history.

Progress ensues, and hideous industries like a recycling depot ("the dump") and the Better Beef slaughterhouse/meat packing factory become neighbours to this land. After the prison is shut down, the land is sold to the city as a park. Most of this land goes unused and for decades regenerates into a wild space.

The wood squat story begins in summer 2007 with some people who have a passion for the woods, the river, living outside and dumpster diving. These feral outlaws discovered the dump and began missions to reclaim bikes and other treasures. They soon realized that security is tight and it was necessary to find a back way in. Their search brought them into the abandoned quarries, up to the field, and to the back fence of the dump. They knew that the space they found was not only a path to the dump... there was something special, mysterious, an immediate connection that could not be explained. Friends were brought, shelters were built, and the Guelph Wood Squat was born.

The dump provided building materials, bikes, countless tools and treasures. Some travelers chose this space as a winter home, living in a cabin roofed with a tarp and heated with a woodstove. By the springtime, lots of people living in Guelph and elsewhere had visited the squat, inspired by the potential of living rent-free and experiencing a connection with the land that cannot be explained in words. So as some left for travels, more anarchists, gardeners, and feral outlaws moved onto the land.

I would just like to really emphasize how much even though a brief connection with this land, this has been one of the most empowering experiences in my life. Fighting the system is something that will never stop as long as there is a system, and i will not hide in the woods with the intention to forget it and be forgotten, but developing and learning skills of self reliance and survival make this system even more useless to me, only makes me realize more how much I dont need or want all of that useless bullshit and become more fearless towards bringing on its destruction.

Ok so lastly I will talk about the squatting hot topic of the last years of my life: squatted social centres. My experience in this context is mostly straight outa Europe, but i think those situations to be informing our current project of defining what is and what we want out of a social space.

Autonomous spaces dont exist. A space outside capitalism cannot happen if capitalism and its social control still exist. A space publicly open is never free of power structures. It is impossible to liberate the space of even the smallest subtleties of the oppression of indoctrinated sexism, racism, classisms, etc. Most individuals that actively run a social space end up working to be only maintaining the space and never progressing and redefining its purpose, always staying more attached to keeping the space rather than uncompromisingly using it as a weapon of attack. Therefore there is hardly ever any room for growth or non suicidal risks. The spaces, if in any way publicly radical will usually be criminalized and targeted by authorities. Socializing can be reduced to superficial drunken chat, or ego stroking intellectual bullshit. Yet, there is quite an attachment to these spaces that seem to be in spite of their own paradoxes. I mean it probably can also be linked to how poeple usually tend to have to have a practical icon to remind them why they struggle. This said, I am not dismissing the purpose of a social centre. These spaces can be a very key point in the organization and mobilization of movements. In all my experience in participation in social centres, there is a deep attachment to the space that goes beyond these practical and thoeretic flaws that i just listed above. Although only a work in progress, I have felt that in these spaces the closest i have ever come to truly attempting to work with a group of people on a focused, longterm practical project. The main priority being the process with which our standards and methods of interaction and decision making are constantly challenged. Deciding that there is no cops allowed in the building is an easy thing to agree on. Finding which tactics are used to prevent this, is the decision making process that has made this social experience interesting to me. Although I will refrian from illuding myself that these spaces can ever be truly 'autonomous-anarchist-free social space'...it is interesting to be part of a self goverened space, and attempt to achieve practically and collectively what I can envision theoretically as socializing with respect, solidarity and affinity. A process, which finish lines will never be crossed, but just the fact that we are engaged in something that is progressing in the direction and with the people that is positive and empowering in life, we should not unappreciate the joy of this part of our lives. But working and collaborating with others is hard, when there is no hierarchy or rules.

I think about squatting as a means of attacking the system on all levels, i cant help but think how much we are compromising by engaging in any discussion with the system for the defence of one single space (trying to find legal loopholes, alliances with assholes, asking permission, or even saying "please can we keep the space we promise we'll be good"...). When we extend our struggle to all spaces, public and private, we have more choice and the element of surprise and control when the moment is right for direct (ferocious) confrontation. The use of a space, learning, pleasure and excitement are always more intense when there are no compromises with authorities and trying to avoid contact as much as possible, unless it is intentional and on our terms. (which means the only fulfilling interaction that would be with a pig would be by smashing them in the face....over and over and over...)

Sure some might say that this means bowing your head and not defending your space, but fuck it...my war is on their spaces and their control and in my reclaimed spaces there is (ideally) a complete disregard of the authoritarian capitalist system controlling my use of the space. And if that means that entering a building must be done in secrecy, words on a wall at painted at night, drinking a beer hidden in a paper bag..... I see the legalities and law enforcers, a system for sheep who need to be told what and where to do it, as a obstacle that with enough practice can be easily undermined. And in other words, if you need it take it, if you want to- do it, but dont feel the pressure to have to keep it or justify it.

land squatting has been a new experience for me. From some superficial past experiences i thought of it as something for antisocial hippies. Bury themselves far away and forget about everything else. Oh yeah and they probably didnt like fun becasue they didnt have any electricity for a sound system. (ok i was a prejudiced, ignorant asshole). The more i was involved in such a project, the more I ever felt connected to a space as a tool for a completely new, uncontaminated learning experience. This is because the way that I was living on the land was through learning and respecting the space and not by thinking of it as my temporary home, to be destroyed in case of eviction in comptempt with the authorities that were enforcing my displacement. Squatting land for me became so much more intense when i realized that land cannot be squatted. Land can only be illegitimately claimed by colonizers, who through their self proclaimed sovereignty and privatization over anything that cant speak their language or fight back, declare a land their own. Land "squatting" is an act that challenges all nasionalist rights, capitalist ownership and its disrespect for anything that is not economically useful to capitalist humans.

I started really thinking about how much useless things there are in our prepackaged city lives and for the first time was inspired by a life that was completely outside of the system, without having sold out my freedom and choices for its comfort and service. This inspiration came from the confidence of being able to survive, with a small community, in all ways redefining and challenging our conditioned existence within the system. (for the full story please read.....). Anyways, all good things come to an end, and the authorities, once realizing the extent and seriousness of the wood squat, evicted the place with legal intimidation, a swat team appearance and constant surveillance.

We planted a huge garden and built temporary shelters. The lies we have been fed our entire lives became even clearer as we began building a relationship with each other and the land based on respect, mutual aid and autonomy. We cultivate knowledge of the plants and animals living with us as we undo the social conditions that tell us this life isn't possible. Friends came to visit and many never left. The land is healing from the destruction razed by the prison; living on the land, we too began healing ourselves from this prison-world that is seemingly inescapable. We gather wild food and medicine, collect drinking water from a nearby spring, eat animals who have been brutally murdered by cars, swim naked in the river, and have musical bonfires overcome with joy. We made this space into an opportunity to build friendships and learn skills that have changed our lives.



We never expected this space to be given to us. We took the space for ourselves. The existence of this reclaimed space as a garden, home, social center, and learning place is inevitably in conflict with the city, the police, and the entirety of this system. We have no interest in asking for permission; if we did so we would be acknowledging the legitimacy of the colonial government, imposing rule over Native land. We have refused a lifetime of wage slavery to pay rent to a rich landlord, and we have dreamed beyond the "success" necessary to buy a house or own property. We have been entirely unfulfilled and completely disempowered by this vicious cycle tying us brutally to capitalist social relationships. We have worked jobs to pay rent and bills. We have been fired from shit jobs for not being productive enough pawns or even for our political ideas. We have been evicted for being unable to pay rent or for having too many friends. Landlords charging us exorbitant rent prices, breathing down our necks and imposing rules on how we can live is no home. For many of us, the wood squat is the first home we have ever had.

Many people who have experienced an intense connection with the wood squat decided that they don't want to return to the city for the winter to work and pay rent. So the building of a straw-bale house to live in permanently began. Before the concrete foundations were completed, the city and police came to post eviction notices on trees in the quarry stating that all personal property and structures must be removed by August 25 or they would be removed by force. It took the threat of permanence for the authorities to realize that we're not just transient squatters, we are serious. The threat of eviction was probably the best thing that has happened at the wood squat. It was an exciting time! Inspiring and stimulating discussions permeated these moments. What will we do? Who supports us? Do we really have the commitment to continue building? How can we defend it? Our struggle to have space for

ourselves in this fucked up world was launched. We decided to have a party the night before the notified eviction date. We invited friends from all around, some who had spent time living in the space and some who had never seen it. We had an intense and joyous night discussing possible reactions to the threat and spending time with new and old friends and lovers. We laughed and cried under the stars and the moonlight; the possibilities were seemingly endless. We realized a desire to build a social struggle beyond the wood squat, one extending towards a complete rejection of this capitalist society.

Our response to this threat of eviction was to evict city hall and the police, because it would be the last eviction the city will ever see! We were not going to wait for them to come destroy our home or kick us out and arrest us. We wanted to take the fight to their homes. The existence of the rich and powerful constantly crush our spaces; it is time to make them feel unsafe in their fortresses of capital. The next afternoon (on the day of our eviction threat) we walked along the river all the way to downtown and covered the police station and city hall with eviction notices. We made it clear that all personal property and structures must be removed by September 6th or they would be removed by force.

Our spirits were heightened even further when we heard of two solidarity actions. In Guelph, on August 24th, a McDonalds was attacked by cementing shut the toilet pipes. The communiqué states "The concrete foundation was the beginning of a straw bale home for the winter. Either construction continues or the cement gets used in other ways." (<http://confrontation.wordpress.com/2008/08/27/guelph-ontario-mcdonalds-attacked/>). On the same day in Santa Cruz CA, comrades smashed four windows and a glass door of the sales office of a condo development with a hammer in solidarity with the people living at the wood squat in Guelph. (<http://www.indybay.org/newsitems/2008/08/25/18529708.php>).

September 6th rolled around and our attempts at organizing a collective action fell through. The challenges of organizing with such a diverse group of people became clear. There was definitely a lack of cohesion when brainstorming for an action that would contribute to our goal of evicting the city and pigs. Despite our collective disarray, in the early morning on September 6th a police van was destroyed by arson outside the police headquarters. (news.guelphmercury.com/printArticle/379461). This act was never claimed and there is no proof that it was done by somebody from the wood squat. Even beginning to consider how many people hate the police presents unlimited possibilities as to who would express their anger in such a way. The police immediately blamed the squatters for this act of revolt although they have no evidence or suspects to support this claim (other than the wood squat posters that say they will kick off the eviction of the city and the pigs on this day). The cops certainly have taken the opportunity to slander the public opinion of the squatters through the media. It has been easy for them to point blame at us because many of us are anarchists, hate the police and refuse to denounce this act. Regardless whether the arson is tied to the wood squat, most of us understand this act to be one of solidarity.

The police repression on people involved in the wood squat has increased dramatically. The police have been doing regular "routine checks" during the daytime at the squat with investigators and the SWAT team to profile and intimidate us from

DO WHAT YOU WANT

!!!!!!warning!!!!!! the piece of writing ahead may not be in the most perfect english. And you know what, its been edited for content for sure, but let me just say that my intention is to not to perfect my english to these academic institution standards. Sure it may not be as smooth as a master writer or as grammatically perfect as a native english speaker, but these completely narrow views of language are only based on bullshit academic standards that actually are more restrictive than forgiving in the sense of language being a tool of communication. There are many reasons why someones language may be not up to these standards (education level, learning disorders, esl...), but if y'all dont have the patience to prioritize the content over the grammar and spelling, it only makes for the exclusion of people that dont maybe feel that they can validly express themselves because of you linguist fascist standards. So take your red marker, shove it and go be an english teacher.

I would like to take this chance to share some experiences of the past few months in the context of squatting in Kanada. I will start talking about squatting for a temporary, specific and intentional use, then about squatting land, and lastly about the ambitious project of opening a social centre. These observations and analysis are subjective and limited in the possible extent of experience given different social and environmental contexts.



Transient and subversive use of a space is something that occurs quite often in our daily lives. But how intentional is this? How much analysis do we have about the use of the spaces we move through? And even so how much can we really consider walking down the streets as a subversive act? (by subversive i mean disregarding how the law says you should use or move in any space) ok...I'm not really having the answers to these somewhat rhetorical questions. However within intention of making our lives into an ongoing attack and our spaces weapons of this attack, we should consider the intent of subversion as a tactic.

My concerns in this matter stem from the fact that I think squatting is mostly seen (or glorified) as an act of expropriation of a space only having this as an end. What is expected in this situation is to keep the space in all ways possible and necessary, putting all other projects and priorities in life on hold. Occupying, barricading and defending a space are pretty much your whole life if you decide to fully engage in this strategy.

Anyways my view of space has always been transient. It is impossible for me to exist only being dedicated to one specific geographical location, and assume that if we were able to ever reach our personal freedom within this space, we could forget about the oppression and exploitation in the rest of the world. Our war is constant and everywhere. Therefore everywhere becomes our battlefield, our playground, our canvass, our social space... When we only focus on defending a space we are limiting our identity, location and struggle to this specific location. It is impossible to forget that the system wants and tries its hardest to control, legislate, define all space and movement. So when

control of their rage and self-organized their hatred toward a world that had robbed them of already so much. These experiences became nullified, tamed and recuperated by the very activism that was complicit in organizing the revolt. Instead of broadening the struggle across the social terrain they pushed it into the cage of the single issues activist campaign, striving only for one limited goal.

This struggle did open up cracks in the facade of capitalist consensus where members of the excluded met face to face, finally with a real reason to communicate and a real reason to act! However, the prevalence of the activist mentality in the movement to save Ungdumshuset meant that each brick hurled through a bank window with a genuine disgust and aimed at uprooting the whole rotten system, transformed mid flight into a ballot in the box for complicity with negotiations with the state, furthering its (the states/capitals) project of consensus and dialogue.

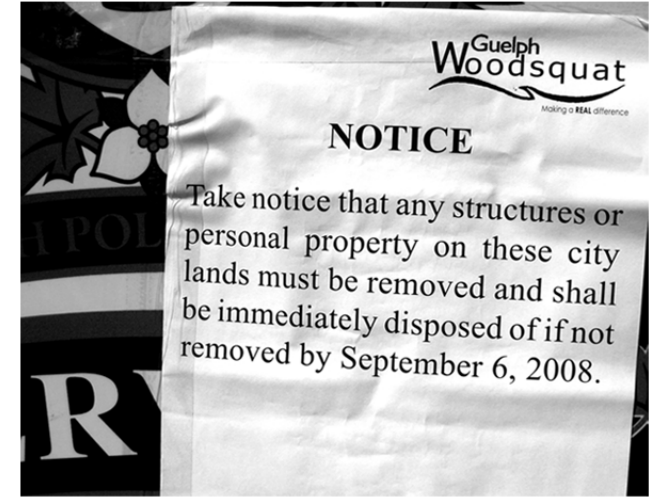
We seem to only be able to say what a liberated space is not. How can we go from the mere negation of a thing into the lived experience of what we desire? This is a fundamental question which there is seemingly no answer to, only process and experimentation. A tension between the existent and our wildest dreams. But we can not just stop with this truism. We feel the pressing need to realize our dreams here and now. In order for this to happen discussion, communication and finding affinity with others are of the utmost importance.

How can we conceive of a liberated space in a world that is dogged by the absolute of the economy? Or, how could one talk of freedom when one is not free? Perhaps we could only perceive the expansion of liberated space when we actually begin to liberate space. This seems obvious but it is a fleeting idea that can be obscured by the trivial demands of running an autonomous space. Creating liberated space is not a surgical operation whereby we cut one part of reality (that part being space) from the totality of everyday existence and doctor it accordingly. Our creation maybe relies on our understanding of this totality: that it reproduces itself in every aspect of our lives.. So, our Liberated space could be crafted from a recognition of the totality and the need to attack it. And the creation would be an attack in itself. Our means and ends become inseparable as does our theory and our practice.

The social centre, squatted or not continues to provide a quarter where we can passionately debate and discuss our next move. Sometimes they afford us a momentary glance at the possibility of a life self-determined and of full enjoyment. Mostly they are racked by informal hierarchy and insipid ideology. In our experience, when we begin to liberate space or when we embrace the possibility of unlimited revolt, the social centre regains its potential and its subversive qualities.

using the space at all. Houses where squatters stay are under surveillance and we are constantly harassed and followed. Despite the police efforts to scare us away, our space cannot be policed. We still spend time together at the squat to gather food and medicine, collect spring water, learn and socialize. The repression has caused some people to distance themselves from the project, while it has made others more pissed off and more determined to make space for ourselves.

Solidarity actions in Guelph and elsewhere expresses a desire to link our local struggles against state and capital, and have demonstrated a potential to explode ferociously. On September 2, comrades erected a flaming barricade during morning rush hour on the highway 6 and the railroad overpass in Guelph with a banner that said: "Repression in Six Nations, Repression at Home, Solidarity."



(<http://friendsofgrassynarrows.com/item.php?846F>). It was the day after Six Nations Warriors were arrested for blockading a development in Brantford. On September 26, comrades in Tacoma WA attacked a condo development and expressed solidarity with the people fighting for their home in Guelph. (<http://seattle.indymedia.org/en/2008/09/269148.shtml>). In the early morning of October 20, banners were dropped again on the highway 6 in Guelph that said: "Police in Guelph, 6 Nations, Tyendinaga, Oppression Everywhere!" (<http://friendsofgrassynarrows.com>). These and all acts of revolt are inspiration to continue extending the struggle for this space towards liberation of all spaces and the total destruction of this system!

The wood squat is used to build projects, relationships of affinity, solidarity and ultimately a social struggle to attack all systems of domination. We have taken the opportunity to experiment with these possibilities. Many of us have caught a glimpse of living empowered and healthy lives together. Our desires cannot exist in this system that never ceases to push every bloody fucking person further and further from creating joyful and healthy lives for ourselves. If we thought we could attain our desires within this system, we would have driven 15 hours north and hidden in the woods where noone would ever find us. Our projects depend on projecting outwards, interacting with our world in a multitude of ways. Our experiences together and our connection with the wood squat can never be erased. We will find ourselves in new spaces and experimenting with its potential will continue. We have felt the rupture, and are evermore convinced of the possibilities in collective struggle against the capitalist social order.

From Autonomous Space Towards Liberated Space

some points for discussion and debate

“All of the models and structures in which we've taken refuge must be fiercely examined and critically dismantled, and we must learn to depend on ourselves. If we do not wish to find ourselves in a world where no one really lives, where no one really knows anyone else, where everyone has become a mere cog in a machine meshing with other cogs but remaining truly alone, then we must have the strength to attack alienation in every way we can. Otherwise, we may just find there is no place left where we can meet face to face”

The gathering of people from across Europe around “Autonomous” Space has encouraged us to commit our experiences and ideas to paper. We have decided to present our common thoughts with the hope of sparking debate and finding affinity. These are not static words conceived of in the dry desert of opinion or in the hope of furthering an ideology, but rather they are forged through our shared experiences and projects as comrades and our desire for unlimited revolt.

Our lives in and around spaces considered autonomous have given us many things: friendship, escape, small glimpses of the world to be built and not least the critique that is written here. Our desire is not to abandon the project of social centres, communes and squats per se, but rather to go beyond them in order to further our projects of experimentation and revolt that we have seen hints of in “Autonomous” spaces. We ask ourselves; can an “Autonomous” space be created within the domains of capital? What does it mean to be autonomous? Liberated?

We should begin with our proposal to move from “Autonomous” Spaces towards Liberated Space. We conceive the “Autonomous” Space as a potential that has lost significance, direction and power as a weapon for destruction of the existent and as a tool of things yet to come. “Autonomous” spaces still have the potential for genuine face to face interaction between people, experimentation of relationships, music, art, rebellion etc. but are frequently limited to ritualized relationships and codified behaviour.

It is important for us to acknowledge that there are no “Autonomous” Spaces within Capital. We cannot simply step over the border of Capital into Autonomy regardless of how comforting that sounds. Capital seems to us a social relationship as well as a material force. It enforces its domination over all terrain

be it the streets of Moscow, the plains of Africa or the wilderness of Antarctica. Every space is a commodity to be consumed or capitalised upon.

We believe for a space to be truly autonomous it must first be liberated. Liberated in our sense doesn't just mean taking something out of the hands of capitalists (the mere re appropriation of a building) but rather taking space and finding ways to use it as a weapon against the state and capital themselves.

Put simply, liberated space would not look like taking over a building and filling it full of barricades that block out any light that the outside world potentially has to offer, but beginning to reconceptualise space and see the subversive qualities in the architecture and space that surrounds us. A market becomes a point of interaction, a park becomes a training space, a car becomes a torch of solidarity, a field becomes a hideout, a roof a lookout, a prison a target.

We don't mean to imply that in order for a space to be truly liberated its participants need to be “militant”, far from it. We only suggest it needs to be based on the logic of attacking the arteries and veins of domination, from social relationships (including capitalism) to military barracks, power lines, banks, etc. For us an increase in militancy would be completely useless and would mean an increase in specialization, sacrifice and alienation. The aim of the militant is to pressure the state and its institutions into granting his/her “demands”. The idea of constant attack is significantly different to this logic. Constant attack requires a refusal of the existent, its roles (including that of the militant) and its willfull destruction with the aims and means of unlimited freedom.

Others when questioned on the possibility of liberated space have spoken eloquently on the necessity of attack. We also suggest that any space that is *given* to us is a poisoned apple given by the hand of our enemies with the hope of distracting and neutralizing our energies. Every thing that is given –even through struggle– is always a double edged sword. Space which is taken and times which is stolen, turn the enemy's gifts into mere absurdities. The take, is of course, a bone of contention and is the realm where the stale breath of ideologues is ever present. Taking for us is a methodology which is opposed to any ideology be it that of the activist or the reactionary. We can only say that the act of taking is limitless and would serve to open up further possibilities.

A recent example which highlights the differences in the mentality between attack and militancy and the unlimited taking of the revolutionary vs the acceptance of concessions is the case of the struggle for Ungdomshuset. We do not mean for this example to spark and endless debate around these events, but rather to try and draw out the differences between these conceptualizations of space and struggle.

The riots for Ungdomshuset, which, for a brief moment of time turned normalcy on its head, succeeded in creating small liberated zones where commodities value was subverted from useless junk in a store to burning barricades. People took