

WOM★BLES

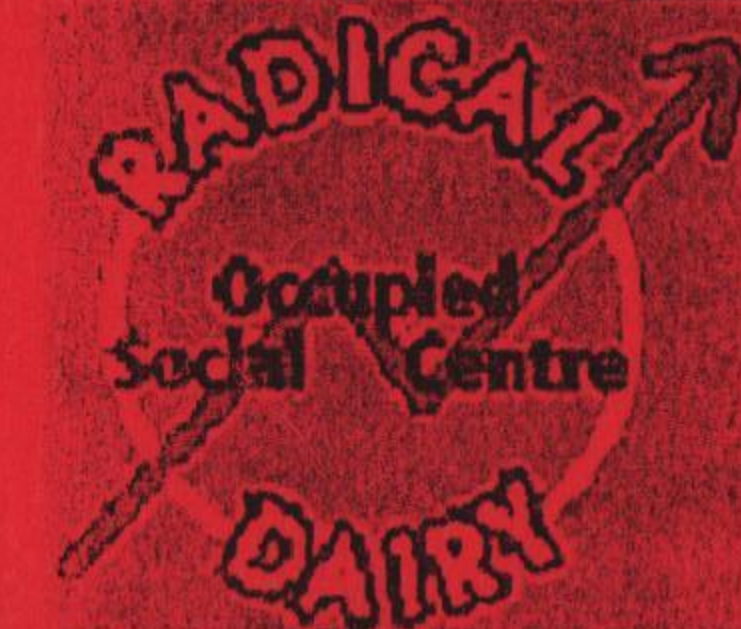
winter 2002 - autumn 2003

THE DAY WILL COME WHEN OUR SILENCE WILL BE MORE
POWERFUL THAN THE VOICES YOU ARE THROTTLED TO TODAY.

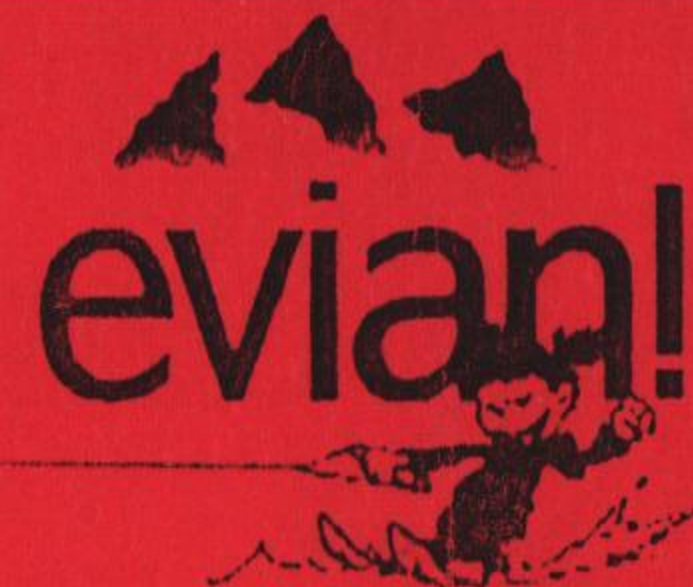
*Memorial of the Haymarket Martyrs and the strike for
an 8-hour day - the origins of International Workers day.*

IT STARTS WHEN YOU CARE TO ACT, WHEN YOU
DO IT AGAIN AFTER THEY SAY NO, WHEN YOU
SAY "WE" AND KNOW WHO YOU MEAN, AND
EACH DAY YOU MEAN ONE MORE.

www.wombles.org.uk



LOVE & RAGE **.1**
In the dying days of capitalism



WOMBLES

Communiques, news, emotions on a year [and some] of activity by WOMBLES.

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Is it because we is Black & Red? - State Repression, Spooks and Journos

The WOMBLES was born because of state repression, so it came as no surprise to find ourselves as the target of the states ongoing plan to repress and criminalise dissent. The state took a shine to us because we represented a foreign idea, mainly that of the white overalls movement in Italy, which they did not want to see repeated here. Therefore the WOMBLES was sensational brought into the mainstream by the raid on the Button Factory Social Centre in Brixton. A place were we used to meet and also to construct some padding for Mayday 2001. The centre was already evicted before the police with the media organised a mock raid on the place with over 200 riot police and a bulldozer. The next day, April fools day, an expose of the WOMBLES was featured in the Torygraph newspaper with a picture of a riot cop kicking down an unlocked door! After that we had over hundred articles mentioning us in papers from all around the world. The WOMBLES were now being associated with terrorists from europe and even the Real IRA! This was one of many raids made by the cops over the past few years. Before the DSEI arms fair in the docklands, 2001, two similar places were raided in a pre-emptive strike against our plans. The Dentist Factory in Borough and the Tooley street

squat at London Bridge were simultaneously raided by scores of tooled up pig-fash. We suspected that they had sent in an agent to survey the two squats prior to the raid. The Tooley Street squat used to be a photography office, with dozens of huge containers of process fluid within them. The pigs must have thought that we were producing chemical weapons or something, as during the raid two fire engines, ambulances and a whole ward at Guys hospital were on stand by! Needless to say there weren't any chemical weapons.

This repression manifested itself in other ways as well. From excessive surveillance of individuals ranging from been followed on demonstrations and actions by the forward intelligence teams [FIT] to surveillance operations by special branch. Several people associated with wombles have been approached by 'handlers' wanting information in exchange for money. New Scotland yard press office, also known as the Evening Standard newspaper was one tool were the police could reach much further than there usual tactics. By giving surveillance information to there asset Nigel Rosser, information later placed in stories [for that is what they were] with the intent of making those individuals feel a

sense of siege and isolation amongst the wider movement. Though this failed on a large extent other young journalists saw the wombles as there break into the media world. There was also our virgin journo 'infiltrater' in the form of Tom Harding [pictured]. An ex-army man who now is a staff writer for the Daily Torygraph. He still thinks he done us a favour for not publishing our names or anything malicious, but this is always at the heart of any journo who 'infiltrates'. It is more a guilty consciousness than doing us a favour.



And so it continues, the people in the WOMBLES have had many false arrests, malicious prosecutions and harassments but we expect no less from a system based on violence and exploitation. The more the state throws at us the more we develop new ways of combating it and the more we learn how the police, state and media work as one institution of control that is as guilty of the repression of free expression as any dictator.

You've been framed



These two 'special' branch agents were hanging round the home of a WOMBLE in September 2002. Their usual "we just want a talk" line was met with our usual "Fuck off and die!" line.

Two agents from 'Special' Branch

Forward Intelligence Teams

Role: Fuck knows. They were introduced for intelligence gathering roles for hooligans but swiftly moved on to do animal rights and now anti-capitalist movement

Number	Name	Station
CO 906	Ben Wilcock	Yard
DM 900	Paul Kemp	Marylebone
LX 365	Ian Skivens	Islington
-	Paul Wakeford	TSG



FIT or Thick?

So what can we do about 'em?

Well, unless murder becomes decriminalised, not much. But one weakness of there's is mob attacks. During the kids anti-war riot some of the FIT got a battering at the hands of some bengali yoof who didn't like their pictures being taken. Another tactic is public ridicule. Knowing that you have a FIT officer behind you all day during a march or demonstration you can script certain

scenes involving the intrusive pig. One example is running, the FIT have to run after you but are not aloud to touch you. They're not that fit either, run up and down the road, around the same block 10 times, around in circles and watch them make fools of themselves. All in public places, let people know who they are and what they're about. Any more other ideas please let us know!



"Occupied in January 2002, the Radical Dairy Social Centre was an attempt to create home for anti-capitalism. Where better than Stoke Newington!"

Radical Dairy

A review of a social centre, what is community and the need for space.

A brief history

Radical Dairy Social Centre was evicted on Friday 21st February at 9am after losing its court case on Monday 10th February. The Radical Dairy was occupied by a group of people mostly involved in WOMBLES in Stoke Newington, January 2002. It was opened to the public within 30 hours and offered free political, cultural and social events to the local community. Events like film nights, Yoga, Aroma Therapy, Spanish, French and English Lessons, Cafe, DJ workshop for kids, Discussion groups, Art workshops. It also hosted the Women Speak Out conference, Community Activism Workshops, London Social Centres meetings, Reclaim the Future meetings, No Borders film nights, Birthday Parties, Alternative Healthcare workshops, Indymedia film screenings, Zapatista film nights and many more. As well as it being a meeting point for dodgy anarchists and other malcontents, it was happily know all over Europe as a friendly stop over place for anyone who needed a place to stay. The Radical Dairy was raided by police in April 2002, as a pre-emptive strike against last years Mayday which saw computers and files seized. The community around the Radical Dairy which built a trust with it came out in support and against the



police, something the people involved had never seen happen before at a squatted space. Unfortunately the cops also cut the electricity off from the street, which meant that the Dairy was doomed to failure after cancelling its biggest crowd puller, the DJ workshops for kids. After that it was always gonna be hard attracting new people. But it continued, a generator was donated and the building re-wired which allowed the film nights and some one-off parties to continue.

On January 18th, 2003 a One year Birthday party was held which was an excellent finale to a successful, yet under developed, year. There is already talk of a new social centre by those which were part of the Radical Dairy plus new people who want to get involved.

And what will the Radical Dairy space become after being evicted? Apparently by all accounts, it is destined to become a fast food outlet.

Was it all worth it?

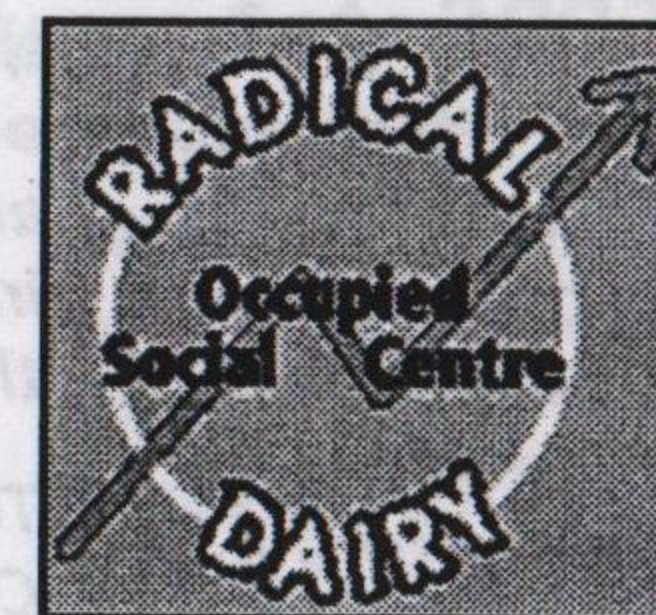
That is a question that people involved in this project have asked time again. Depends who you ask, personally it aloud us to create our own history from start

until finish. We never thought it would last 14 months, considering that previous ventures didn't go beyond 14 days. One of the most inspiring things is the realisation of how human nature can be constructed to benefit an undefineable whole. We use to get maybe 10 to 12 'strangers' come into the building a day, curiously wanting to know who we are and what we do, and even what we think. There was always offers for help, be it helping organise an event, a project, putting on a class or helping maintain the building. To us, though insignificant to most people, it was a powerful statement on how people can respond to opportunities - even revolutionary ones. Which at the end of the day it was, and no one can take that away from it. Capitalism creates these huge monolithic structures costing hundreds and hundreds of millions of pounds as monuments to their regimes whilst a small bunch of anarchists and anti-capitalists take over a small shop fronted house to create something much more powerful than they can ever achieve. Ultimately this is our strength. Our space, whether physical or conceptual is were we produce and reproduce our alternatives. Size in this case does not matter.

What is community?

This was another question we asked ourselves. The reaction from some sections of the anarchist/anti-capitalist movement to the huge international mobilisations in Europe was localism. "We must build community groups!" and other cliches. The coined dog-shit politics of the community activists. Some of us thought that sounded a bit wank really. Most of us got involved in radical politics from being dispossessed from a community. There is no real community under capitalism. We need to seek to make our own self-definable community and not be imposed on one just by a geography. What we realised at the Radical Dairy was that there are many communities with fluctuating networks, not physically confined by borders or regions. This sterile idea of community which presupposes an organic solidarity from people just because of their geographical area is ridiculous and does not offer any inspiration for revolutionary ideas. So was the Radical Dairy trying to connect with the "local community" or did it transcend such imposed barriers and create its own. There was a definite relationship struck between the space and the locals that lived around it. We also gained much

affinity with people who travelled from all over Europe, we still get request by email from Poland, Russia, Hungary,



Germany, Spain, America for a place to stay. We have no idea how these peo-

ple have known from us but it does give you a bit of a boost when the anti-capitalist movement with the use of the internet has created this nexus of communication.

In the 14 months of the Radical Dairy we may have found more questions than answers but ones which are maturing our thinking on what is exactly needed to create a realistic method of communicating and involving working class people in creating a better world.

What are social centres?

Social centres organise to create new worlds, new possibilities, real leisure and social alternatives to wage labour and centralised power. Although more established in countries like Italy and Spain, the concept of social centres as a political strategy is tak-

ing off here in the UK with new centres in Manchester, Nottingham, Brighton, Leeds and London.

Social centres can be either occupied [squatted], or financed through loans and other community funding organisations. They are usually funded day-to-day by donations given by the users, and they will often raise funds through benefit nights such as gigs or cafes.

The popularity of social centres stems from a need for space, both political and social, outside the domination of capital. The construction of a new 'political space', an extra-institutional public sphere within which can emerge a common action, interest and identity amongst people, in all their differences. The creation of an autonomous and public political space is the fundamental condition for any revolutionary movement to recognise itself, in a strong project of transforming the city, territory, life.

As more and more of our time becomes capitalised with the commodification of everyday life in the new "social factory" it becomes vital to create places

where people aren't judged by their ability to consume or to produce,

where real human discussion and action can take place.

As the idea of social centres spread we can begin posing serious alternatives to capitalism and wage-labour and start creating a new world in the shell of the old.

Text taken from the Social Centres Network leaflet:

Social Centres Network

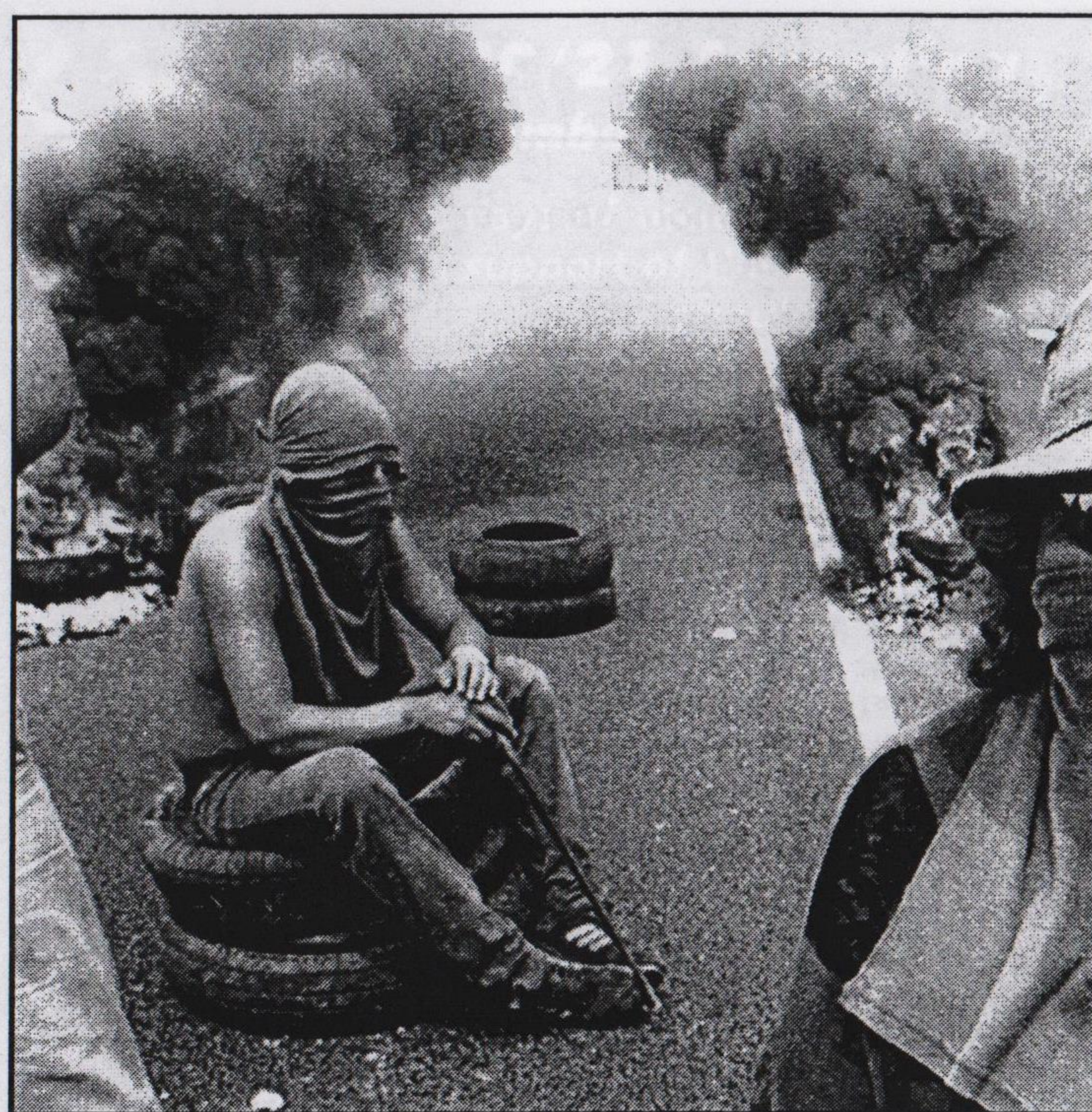
56a Infoshop
56 Crampton Street
Elephant & Castle
London SE17

**Eton Mission
Social Club**
91 Eastway
Hackney Wick
London E9

**Freedom Anarchist Bookshop
+ Social Centre**
84b Whitechapel High St
Whitechapel
London E1

L.A.R.C.
62 Fieldgate Street
Whitechapel
London E1

Use Yer Loaf Social Centre
227 Deptford High Street,
London SE8



"Anarchism is the revolutionary idea that no one is more qualified than you are to decide what your life will be."

LOVE & RAGE IN THE DYING DAYS OF CAPITALISM



Resistance to the war!

Reports from USAF Fairford, Old Street Blockade, Kids running Riot, Autonomous Space and dozens of boring lefty marches marches!

USAF FAIRFORD: JAN. 26TH, 2003

Fairford military base is one of the biggest bomber bases in Europe, its one of three airbases outside America that can be used by B2's. On Sunday 26th of January around 1000 people from peaceniks to militant activists began the slow march through the quiet country lanes from Fairford village in the heart of Gloucestershire to the base a couple of miles out.. The March ended at the main gates of the base to shouts of 'let us in'!. Some of us decided we'd rather let ourselves in ..than appeal to their good nature! After all this is not a democracy we're living in...After an anti-war 'ramble' down a country lane and through a side gate with our 'weapons inspectors' at the helm we assessed our mission. The fences are at least 12-15 ft high. Attempts were made to scale the barbed and electrified fences and with gritted determination people began to climb over. First one or two gained entry, then holes were cut in the fence and a flood of about 40-50 people scat-

tered in all directions. Some occupied rooftops, some headed towards the hangars...Generally people were escorted off the base without arrest. The MOD police did not expect our assault on this prime base and they definitely did not expect our reaction to one of our number being nicked and manhandled..One protester was beaten up while another went to her aid. The cops waded in batons flying, our reaction was to surround the police who now found themselves on the other side of the fence, so to speak. This sent a very clear message that our intent was serious and our anger true. The cops eventually retreated having arrested three people, but not without a fight. 5 people in all were arrested , one charged with common assault, one bailed to reappear., no news on the other charges as yet.. Mobilisations such as the 400,000 strong march in London last year, while important in its message, does not demonstrate our real strength...our ability to directly confront the war

machine and the system that creates it...Consciously object, sabotage and turn fear into anger

AUTONOMOUS SPACE: FEB. 15TH

We knew that February 15th's anti-war march was going to be big. The press had to finally admit the anti-war movement wasn't just made up of the tired old left but encompassed large sections of society, from all walks of life. Some of us were already involved we the Disobedience network and from funds raised at



the Reclaim the Future 2 event [see page...] we decided to use the day to communicate our message about the latest conflict in the gulf and the need to go beyond state sanctioned marches. We also wanted a space in Hyde Park where we could distribute the free newsheet "Disobedience against war". Additionally we got some friends to bring down their wheel-burrow sound system to liven up the day, knowing that the left would try and dominate the day with their rantings and

hysterical recruiting techniques. We soon had the system on and banging out tunes from dub/reggae to some drum 'N bass & Techno. We soon had hundreds, of mainly black, white, asian teenagers, dancing away, some MCing antiwar rants over the music, whilst others were reading the free newsheet. When it became dark there was a march from the autonomous space by the samba band with several hundred people towards the US embassy. Valiant attempts were made in getting as near as possible to the heavily policed embassy, including a lone WOMBLE's dash and run which ended in said WOMBLE being nabbed by the old bill.

USAF FAIRFORD: FEB. 23RD

Despite a smaller turnout than the January 26th demonstration, almost 500 people again marched on the US military base at Fairford, Gloucestershire. A large anarchist block was present with friends from all over the south and of course WOMBLES. After the march set off, a different route than the previous demo, we unfurled a huge DISOBEDIENCE AGAINST WAR banner. The police presence was small compared with the size of the march with unmarked police cars parked every half a mile along the route of the



march.

After marching about 40 minutes we arrived at the main gate. Some of us who wanted to get in the base and fuck some shit up thought it a good time to make an attempt on the main, heavily fortified gate. People started shaking the gate, first symbolicaly, then realising it moved, more forcibly until there were 20 or so people shaking the gate. The police at first looked quite calm, thinking that the gate could never be pulled out, but when the side gate flew open due to the rocking motions of the big gate the cops got more and more tense.

Anonymous comrades then brought out the rope with s-hooks which were immediately attached to the main gate. Three ropes were attached with the crowd pulling on the gate and some still shaking the gate. After a few minutes the gates ripped open. People then steamed in, but the police had already formed quite a tight cordon and were two deep, plus the crowd wasn't big enough. What we would have done for some plexi-glass shields and helmets! A few did manage to break through but were immediately grabbed by cops with dogs though a few people

managed to occupy one of the roofs of a building which turned out to be the local police station! Doh!

At this point there was still alot of chaos, an extra whole was cut in the fence to the left of the gate and two protesters entered but again were quickly detained by cops with dogs. At the main gate the riot police came out and were forming ever bigger lines, they eventually managed to pull the gate back closed again but not before a group of 9-10 year olds who, in the scuffle with police, had chipped pieces of concrete off the pavement and hurled them at the police! Crumps!

We decided to continue and moved as a block around the base ending up at the newly opened peace camp. On route the police were really heavy handed, pushing people onto the righthand side of the road and generally being coked-up dickheads like they are. At one point some people were threatened with arrest if they didn't take there masks off. We finally reached another stretch of fencing, this time wooden. A group of people with masks ran to the fences and pulled it down with ease, some getting in and giving the cops a run around

the runway. More cop reinforcements with riot gear were called in, some with dogs, and again it kicked off. They tried to form a kettle by forming lines, holding hands!! People easily pushed passed and legged it down the road with a few more scuffles breaking out.

We finally arrived at the peace camp. After regrouping and finding out who had been nicked we headed off to a nice friendly local pub.

KIDS RUNNING RIOT: MARCH 20TH

World-wide spontaneous protests marked the news that war had finally started. The day was largely dominated by the wonderfully up-4-it school kids who walked out of classes and made their way down to city centres after a series of local protests.

In London, 2 gatherings in Mile End and Whitechapel, came together after some scuffles with cops, and made their way through the City of London down to Parliament Square. Fighting broke out in the City, after racist remarks by car drivers towards a group of Bengali kids. Car and office windows were smashed, and mayhem gloriously reigned for a good half an hour before City police turned up, adding their own obscene brand of

racism - calling 12 year-old kids "paki bastards", punching them and arresting two.

About 6000 people made it down to Parliament square, with even more arriving after work. The scene was chaotic and inspiring, as teenagers took no shit from the cops, even using "reasonable self defence" against a Met Forward Intelligence team [including the notorious wanker CO906 - Ben Wilcock] who were photographing them, assaulting them and pushing them around. There were clashes between riot cops and Asian youth after a boy was arrested.

A huge samba band was present, numbering over 100, and at about 6pm they made their way out of Parliament square, followed by a crowd of hundreds, to block Westminster bridge. Parliament Square later chilled out, despite being almost completely surrounded by agitated police, sound systems played and a bonfire was lit.

At around 7.30pm a group of about 100 young peaceniks made their way up Whitehall towards Trafalgar Square, periodically sitting down to block roads. As a convoy of riot vans, followed by riot cops on horseback steamed threateningly down Whitehall, the



peace kids got up and made a dash in the other direction, reaching Trafalgar Square and finding it blissfully police free, they sat down again, blocking the Whitehall entrance to the square, while a group of dodgy anarchists made good use of the debris of roadworks to block the other roads.

OLD STREET BLOCKADE: MARCH 21st:

The roundabout at Old Street was seized and blocked by over 200 protesters on Friday 21 March. Critical Mass made the critical move of taking the road, to be followed by pedestrians leaping over the railings to stop the traffic. The cops were initially slow to respond, but then they were City police (as opposed to Met) so we shouldn't expect wonders from them.

With traffic chaos spreading across the area as cars backed up along the approach roads, we helped the situation by smuggling in a small sound system with a generator. The cops then got really upset and started attacking women trying to defend it.

They were initially held back, but after we had played the first couple of tunes the pigs came back with vigour and started throwing people

off of the raised roundabout into the road. They tried to steal the equipment but we managed to retrieve most of it - they did nick one deck tho (bastards).

One WOMBLE was arrested and suffered a cut to his head which required two stitches. Another woman had minor head injuries after being dropped on her face.

The crowd was eventually surrounded and people were allowed to leave in ones and twos. Despite the police violence, we had managed to bring the city to gridlock for over three hours.

USAF FAIRFORD: MARCH 22ND

The day started well, a bright March sunshine warmed us as we got onto the coaches at Euston. There were about 200 of us, including IndyMedia reporters and an independent film maker.

Making good time, we received news as we approached the Fairford area that the cops were stopping and searching coaches. It was too late to change our route so we had to drive into their trap. Gloucester cops swarmed by the road side, under the supervision of London Forward Intelligence Team (FIT). We were searched one by one under Section 60 (for drugs,

offensive weapons and items which might conceal our identities). Almost all our white overalls were seized as the hoods on them - according to the pigs - concealed our identities. They then seized most of our helmets, shields and padding (which were designed to fend off attacks by guard dogs and batons). In an Orwellian 1984-style inversion of the truth, these obviously defensive items were classified by the cops as "offensive weapons".

We were then informed by the chief pig that because they had found certain items (the shields and helmets etc) they believed we intended to cause a breach of the peace at the air base, and that we would be escorted back to the motorway. By now, the time was nearing 3.30pm, so we had no chance of making the demo anyway. Some people had left the search area and walked to the demo: we understand that most of them made it to the demonstration and got lifts home.

We stuck up posters in the windows of the coaches saying that we were illegally detained and tried to attract the attention of passing motorists. Instead of being only escorted to the motorway, the cops escorted us all the way back into central London,

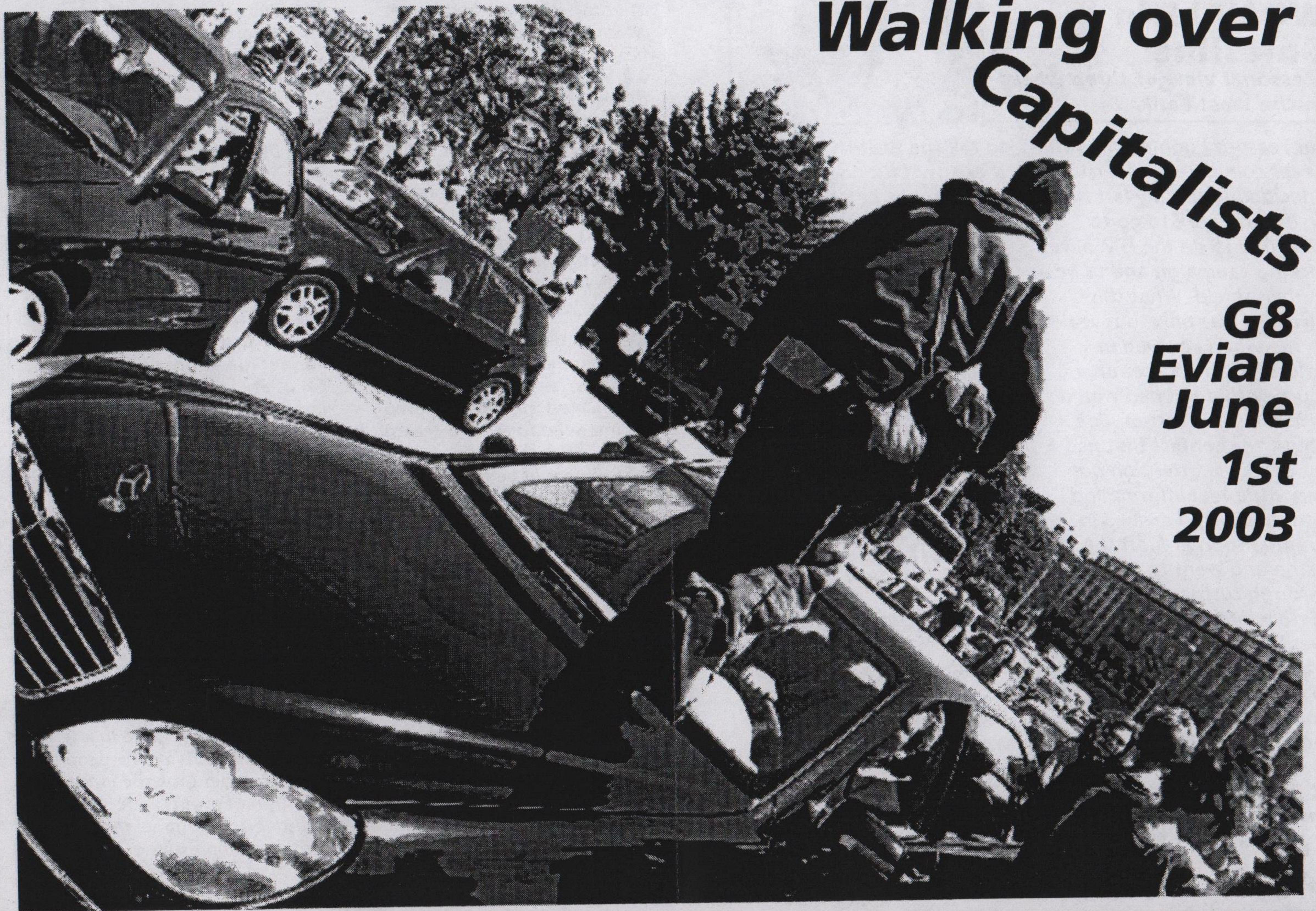
blocking all possible exits from the motorway and refusing to let us stop at service stations for toilet breaks. Several people had to use whatever containers they could find to relieve themselves. It all got a bit crazy at several points where the drivers were being persuaded by us to slow down and stop somewhere, but the cops kept on getting on the hard shoulder to block any such attempt.

Then we heard from contacts in London that there were at least 10 vans full of riot police waiting for us at Euston, so it became imperative that we escape. Finally, as we got to the Shepherds Bush area of west London, a lucky pause at some traffic lights allowed the vast majority of those on board the three coaches to jump off and make a run for it. One group of about 40 people escaped together and started blocking roads on the route towards Hyde Park.

Personally, I'm not going to whine about civil liberties being infringed because I don't believe they have any relevance in a terror state like Britain. The people on the coaches took the unfortunate turn of events with fortitude and outrage: the solidarity was impressive.

Walking over Capitalists

**G8
Evian
June
1st
2003**



WOMBLE in Palestine

-Personal view of three weeks in the West Bank



For reasons I don't think I will never completely understand I decided to use my last three weeks off work to go to Palestine to do the ISM olive picking campaign and to be a human shield. What this involved was only to revealed to me when I arrived in Palestine. So off I set on a journey that I hoped would give me some sort of idea about the conflict that had a lot of media attention but very little real information and no clarity. I arrived in Israel as soon as I left the plane and went to go through customs. I was immediately interrogated. Where was I going? Who was I? Why was I here? What was I doing in customs? Where was I going after? Who was I seeing in Israel? That was said all in one breath. And this was at 5.30am so I wasn't totally with it or prepared for this barrage of questions. My first thought was

to tell the security to mind there own fucking business but thought better of it and replied that I was a christian on a pilgrimage to visit holy sites. The security replied which ones? At that point my brain was over tired and decided to close down and go blank! I just reeled of words -

"I replied that I was a christian on a pilgrimage to visit holy sites."

Jesus, Galilee, Bethnal green, Jerulsalem, the cross, Mary. I just babbled!

Then more questions and more i felt saying " fuck you, fuck your questions!"

Eventually they let me pass. I went out to get a taxi and told the driver to take me to Old Jerusalem, which is the Arab quarter. He didn't want to take me and told me that my life was in danger. I

replied "I'd rather be in a place were my life was in danger than in a place were I had to answer lots of questions!". Eventually I ended up at the Faisal Hotel in Old Jerusalem. I phoned ISM to arrange training which was to happen in a days time in Bethlahem. So I had a day to spare and walked around Old Jerusalem. Went to the wailing wall were I met a singing Rabbi who walked with me singing songs. When I looked at the wailing wall with a Mosque at the top you couldn't help but think someone at that time had a strange sense of humour. All of a sudden I heard an explosion which seemed so near. After the explosion some F16 Fighter planes flew over. It seemed all of a sudden to feel like a trap , like ants looking for cover but there was none .

I wonder about the wisdom of coming to such a place. The next day I decided to go

for a coffee in the Jewish quarter at 2pm. As I am making the short walk two men who are armed jumped on me , frisked me and checked my ID. They instructed me not to look at them, I did not know if they were police, paramilitary or whoever only that they were armed. After they finished they threw me to the ground and disappeared as fast as they had arrived. I didn't realise that going out for a coffee in Jerulsalem was so stressful .

"I met a singing Rabbi who walked with me singing songs"

At last it was time to do my ISM trainings. It involved a lot of role playing then split into affinity groups. Again I was having regrets as I was beginning to realise that this was a full on conflict and that my life could be at times at risk from harm. I had to trust these people who I did not like and who probably did not like me! I started trying to figure out how to stay unharmed and what exactly was my escape plan!! Where were my



escape routes!!

After lots of role playing we set off towards the West Bank to a place called Jeyous where we encountered the Israeli army at a checkpoint. The soldiers were laughing and joking all of a sudden one screamed at me to get out of the bus. I looked at him incredulously and again he shouted at me to get out of the bus. So I did. I was reassured when he made the rest of the bus get off as well, I thought, at least I won't be getting shot alone! What I didn't realise was that it was a power thing, something which I would get used to over the coming weeks.

When we arrived at our destination it seemed like everyone in the village came out to greet us. They were happy that people had come to witness what the Israeli settlers were doing to them. The family I stayed with were very nice, one night I suggested to one of the sons that we went for a beer. He didn't need much persuading! He said tomorrow there

was an illegal party in one of the townships on the West Bank where we could take speed and cocaine. I was well astounded to see even under the restraints of religion there were people up for partying. It was the end of Ramadan and we would be celebrating it as only munters can, munted! But alas in their infinite, spiteful wisdom ISM decided they needed me somewhere else and moved me out to another village the day of the party!

This is where I saw the beginning of the 'wall'. Wall is not what it is, it's huge! This is apartheid on a massive scale. Everywhere Israelis have shut off the water supplies to thousands of homes and farms. Its slow strangulation of the Palestinian people. All the orange orchards dying. The

"Every where the Israelis have shut off the water supplies to thousands of homes and farms"

french put irrigation systems in place, now totally useless. Thousands of acres of fertile land turning to rock-like-desert. I chatted to the people who I stay with and to the farmers and get shown around what was fertile land that would feed thousands. I was very touched by the people I met, they are just happy that someone is there to witness what the Israeli government is doing to them. Olive picking is a simple concept. What could possibly happen. Well thank fuck nothing did! This is where I was a human shield along with others. It was so unbelievably tense waiting for someone, somewhere to commit acts of violence against me or others where I could not defend myself. Constantly waiting for something to happen, thankfully it did not. Which was fortunate for my group. Unfortunately for another group they were attacked very badly by some settlers. People had their ribs and arms broken, age not being an issue. The people being in their sixties, beaten with the butts of rifles. But it

did make the press and it stopped the violence for a while at least to the other affinity groups.

When I went back to the family I was staying with, the army pulls up and a girl about eight years old throws a stone at the armoured truck. It was just a little stone but the soldier gets out and points his gun at the child. He gets back in the truck and is gone. I'm astounded, the girl's family screams at her as they fear for her life. They scream with that guttural grief that comes from the deep within, their soul a mixture of anger, pain and suffering but not fear. For there's nothing that the Israeli army hasn't done to them.

I am convinced there is a conspiracy within ISM to keep me away from beer as they keep moving me around. In the next village I approach a dodgy looking man and asked if he had any beer. He replied indignantly "I am a muslim. How dare you ask me!"



I decided in my infinite wisdom to go on a demonstration before I came home. It was to protest at the building of the famous 'wall', to try and stop it from being built, at least temporarily. What I didn't realise was protesting in Palestine was different and a lot more dangerous. The army uses real bullets but fortunately on this occasion we won. I am not quite sure what sort of victory was achieved as unlike Palestinians I will go home when they did their victory march through the streets. I couldn't help thinking whether it was better that westerners had not come on this day. The army retreated but they had made a note of every Palestinian on the demonstration. But one thing I am sure of is the courage of Palestinians and fearlessness. I am privileged to have had the experience which is short in many peoples eyes but the memories lasts. There is still an extreme shortage of beer in the West Bank!

**THE
FUTURE
IS
STILL
UNWRITTEN**



D20/21 Argentina December 20/21, 2002

**Two days of social disobedience
in support of the argentinean
popular uprisings**

DISOBEDIENT *adj:*
**Contrary, defiant, disorderly,
unruly, insubordinate, mischievous,
naughty, wayward, willful**

As Argentina tumbles further into the uncharted waters of its financial crisis, an inspiring popular rebellion has been spreading across the country. An ongoing movement has developed that has become a living laboratory of struggle, a space where the popular politics of the future are being re-invented.

The rebellion exploded on December 20th 2001 when over a million people took to the streets banging their pots and pans and ousting the government. This year on 20th December people in Argentina and across the globe are calling for a Global Day of Action to demonstrate that those who are building alternatives to the dictators are not alone.



London:

As part of the Global Day of Disobedience, we wanted to bring some of the most progressive elements of the rebellion in Argentina to people's daily lives. One was the smashing of banks, namely HSBC who airlifted out \$26 billion of people's savings out of the country and the other idea revolved around consuming.

Dec. 20th - Nights of Rage

An idea of a de-centralised, and autonomous riot, during the night at different locations around London. Of course none of the WOMBLES are that hard to actually do what we want to see happen but we did receive pictures, posted by black clad messengers showing graffitied HSBC banks and reports of smashed windows, somewhere in London. Apparently.

Dec. 21st - Day of Disobedience

To challenge capitalists consumption with non-capitalist consump-

tion - the freeshop. Unlike an ordinary capitalist shop, the free shop is a participatory way of consuming. With no money exchanged or items traded. People come to the freeshop and take what they want, some give what they don't want. The 'consumer' develops a consciousness about who she or he is affecting. "Do I take that item knowing that others might need it more?" Is a usual dilemma experienced through freeshopping.

The experience of free shopping was highlighted by its location, on Oxford Street on the busiest shopping day of the year. The cops were out in full force, expecting an orgy of looting and property destruction. What they got were a few hundred free shoppers interacting with our event, whilst information and news of the inspiration of the rebellion were exchanged and spread.

For more information on the Argentina crisis see argentina.indymedia.org



Reclaim the Future - Conscious munting?

February 1st, 2003

Saturday, 1st February 2003 saw the second of the Reclaim The Future parties, this time held in an old TV/video rental store on the Old Kent Road in South London. Like the previous event, the aim of the event was to raise money for anti-capitalist and anti-war actions in London. Overall, the party was a huge success, with close to 2 thousand people coming to enjoy the music, dance, cinema, food, workshops and more!

The largest of the three main rooms not only contained the main stage and a bar, but also had an information area with anti-war and anti-capitalist literature, as well as two large puppets wearing shirts which proclaimed, "WAR: what is it good for?" On the other side of the infoshop, there was a freeshop - following on from the successful WOMBLES action in solidarity with the international day of solidarity with Argentina last December - which was underneath the stairs leading up to a mezzanine floor where people

were able to sit down and chill out while still being able to appreciate the live music beneath them.

Next door to the largest room, the WOMBLES room was consistently packed out with people dancing away, whilst others tried to push their way through to the third main space, the Global Beats Room and Vegan Cannibals/London Kitchen Cafe which was situated behind... Off to the side of the corridor was a smaller Kidz Space and at the other end of the venue was the Indymedia Cinema.

Perhaps the best way to appreciate what was thought of the event overall is to listen to what people were saying afterwards:

"Like a mini-festival in January! ... We arrived about 6:30pm so the talks and workshops etc. were mostly over with, but they were just cranking up for the party side of it best sounds for me were in the area where they sold



food, but a lot of cool live band shit going on also."

"... And an impressive bonfire out in the yard... I left when it began to get seriously crowded after 3 ... there were fifty people waiting to get in, hanging out in the street ... and more approaching the venue down the Old Kent Road."

"Big respect to all the folks who worked so hard setting the space up. I was particularly impressed by the decoration generally and by all the excellent banners : no compromise in your politics!"

"huge thanks to the leagues of people [sic] who organised it. put on a tremendous event in a tremendous space... it was like a mini festy."

"we managed to get in a bit of everything; poetry, workshop, indymedia, live music, dub, techno, substances, chitchat."

"Gertrude were great.., socialist magician guy was gr8 & sdly underappreciated, rhythms of resistance were thumping as always (look out for their part of the crowd on 15th it will be the liveliest)"



"only sour point was

when those idiots invaded stage to punch cyderwotsit.. proof of a sense of humour failure.. some people take themselves far too seriously. honour and respect to compare [sic] for way he handled it and all the rest of his eight hours holding the main stage together.. he wasn't alone, a lot of people put a lot of effort into letting the rest of us have a good, good time.. thanks you've made a happy man very old!"

The Reclaim The Future 2 event was organised to mobilise for the European and world-wide day of action against war & the demonstration to be held in London on February 15th. The event was brought to you by Reclaim The Streets (London), UK Independent Media Centre and the WOMBLES. in conjunction with Disobedience - a network of diverse collectives and individuals formed to resist the global war - as well as the Social Centres Network and a random selection of London anarchists

RTF 3 sometime in October, 2003. To be involved check www.wombles.org.uk nearer the time.



Mayday 03

Weapons of Mass Constructions

This years Mayday again saw thousands of people descend onto the streets of London for the annual celebration of international workers day. The theme revolved around the link between oil, war and capitalism. A map with over 75 targets was produced detailing oil, arms and governmental institutions. With the war over in many peoples minds and already suffering the effects of a leninist and pacifist led anti-war movement, the numbers at this years Mayday was

lower than lasts years. Saying that, numbers aren't everything but will always be at the centre of any criticism - both by the media and other parts of the 'movement'. On the whole what the day lacked was militancy which was few and far between.

The plan for the day was composed of two colour coded blocks, which would split at the main meet point of Lockheed Martin [the world's biggest arms company] on High Holborn at 2.00pm. As there was no WOMBLES called action, most of us were split between the Green group and the Black group which also were meant to compose of two samba bands. Arriving at High Holborn with some 30 people who were to make up the black group, I was initially astounded by the fact that the traffic was still moving. Why weren't people taking the road? Was my initial thought. the crowd was no more than 300 people, if that. Slowly the police started cordoning people in from a few sides. The Green groups Samba band had finally arrived, joined with the Black samba band which we hadn't had chance to connect with when we first arrived. People then started, finally, to take the street. But by this time the noose had tightened on the majority of



those who were to make up the Black group. As the combined samba bands moved past the cordoned people, an attempt was made to bust out, which eventually led to a few dozen breaking through. Unfortunately, the Green group didn't manage to reverse up to where people were breaking out and could have sandwiched the cops on both sides, which would have meant the cops withdrawing.

From there on the people cordoned would have a frustrating day being shepherded around central London by the cops. Though there were several other attempts of breaking out which led to people liberating themselves.

The Green group continued in a snake-like procession around Covent Garden and finally onto the Strand. By this point most people associated with WOMBLES had at least six cops following them which basically took us out for the day.

We arrived at SHELL oil company on the Strand at 3.30pm - 30 minutes earlier than what we had publicised. At this point we were about 600 people with

a Critical Mass of about 100 on the periphery of our now cordoned bloc.

We had planned to bring in a Sound System in a large van for this 'grand' finale. When we finally had the van in place in Trafalgar Square, the remnants of the people on the Strand had been surrounded, though later reports were heard that the cops were letting people leave in ones and twos.

We decided to abort the plan, and keep the sound system in one piece for another day.

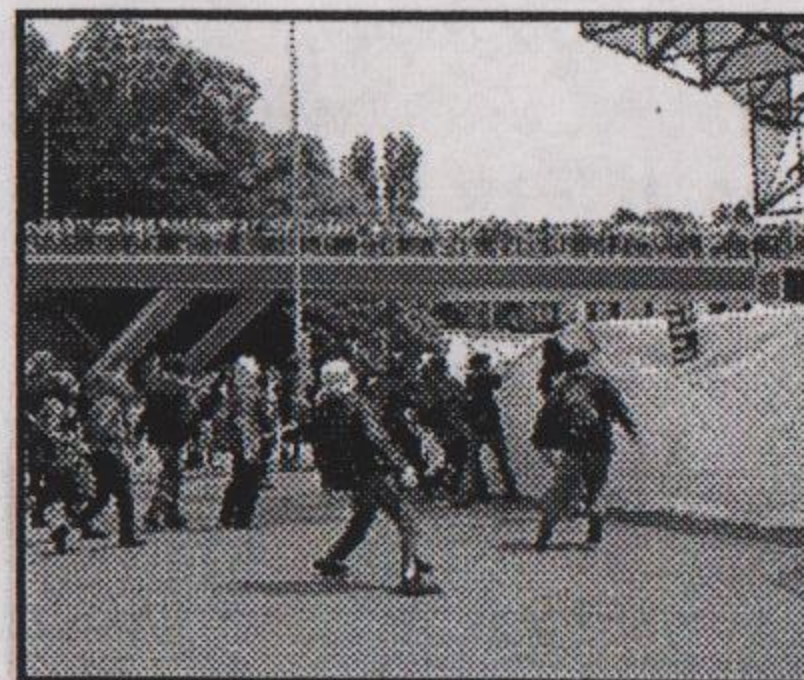
The day ended like it had started, with people being cordoned in Trafalgar Square until the night, riot police brutally charging people with many injuries. One guy was hit to the floor and had his head split open. He was taken to hospital where he decided to escape after his treatment! So was Mayday a disappointment, well yes. Though we still cost the 'system' £6 million on lost of earnings and it was good that many of the companies felt threatened and scared, even though it was just only for one day. Though hopefully not the last.

G8 Evian: **JUNE 1st - 3rd, 2003** **Lausanne Solidarity** **Declaration & a Black Block** **response**



A response to press misinformation

The iron fist of police brutality is still preventing us from piecing together the entire puzzle of events surrounding the Sunday blockades of the G8. And yet, the usual suspects are at it again. In the past 36 hours, some sections of the entertainment industry (also known as the corporate media) have happily jumped into their usual role: a campaign of disinformation, criminalisation and intimidation. This is happening in direct support of the state terrorism being exercised, as we speak, against thousands of people in Lausanne, Geneva and Annemasse. We are again confronted with a fine fabric of half truths and more-than-half lies, posing as the 'neutral' and 'objective' account of the G8 blockades.



Sheer urgency precludes a response to all the details of this nebula of falsehood. We have prisoners to defend, lungs to decontaminate and good stories to tell. However, one illusion that needs to be dispelled right now is the ritual separation between 'good' and 'bad' protesters, manufactured yet again by the corporate media in all its sensationalist glory. *Le Matin*, celebrating its greatest achievement to date in the art of rabid inflammation, tells us in a blood-red headline that 'the black blocks destroyed the dream of the pacifists' in Lausanne. Have they ever considered the possibility that the two share the very same dream? *24 Heures* rushes to quote the rehearsed and predictable denunciations by the self-appointed 'leaders' of the 'altermondialistes', that ridiculous cadre of middle-aged, middle-class, white, male opportunists, most of whom might as well be picking the scraps from under the banquet table in Evian. As if to enforce this image, pictures of masked 'casseurs' are faced, on



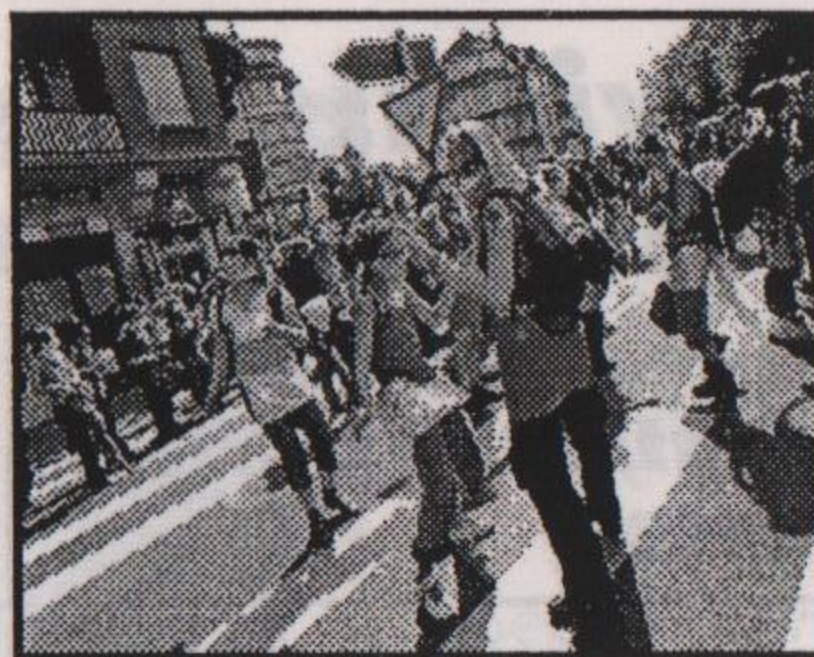
the opposite page, by the smiling faces of their holier-than-thou categeurs. And *Le Temps*, in the most shameless show of superficiality, characterises the 'casseurs' as anarchists and fascists at the same time, as if two such diametrically opposed ideologies could coexist in any space of political expression. And so on and so on, as it has always been, lies without end, amen.

Enough of this farce.

This declaration of solidarity is written by friends who participated in the non-confrontational parts of Sunday's blockades in Lausanne. We are speaking in our name only, not in the name of the Aqua or Pink and Silver blocs, which have disbanded. Still, as far as the stupid divisions created by the corporate media go, we would definitely be perceived as the kind of 'good' protesters that they so like to cuddle.

We want to say the following, loud and clear:

For us, the only division worth talking about is that between the people of the world and the masters of death and exploitation. The only 'ring-leaders' that need to be exposed, isolated, and removed from their position of menace to society are George Bush, Vladimir Putin, Tony Blair, Silvio



Berlusconi, Jacques Chirac, Gerhard Schröder, Jean Chretien and Junichiro Koizumi. Our determination to disrupt their yearly feasts of power is matched only by our contempt for that other handful of losers in suits who, instead of fighting for the starving millions of the global South, came to Evian in order to kiss the hands of the torturers.

The blockades were undertaken by a very large number of people, with different expectations and sensibilities. But it was abundantly clear, at least to us, that everybody was agreeing to operate in full solidarity. This was made clear not only by the written declarations of the different blocs, but also from the abundant will to coordinate our fluid actions on the ground. The fact that some of us chose not to engage in highly confrontational tactics (whether for reasons of principle or of prudence) does not mean that we automatically refuse to cooperate, and defend, those who did choose higher levels of confrontation. We are con-

stantly looking for ways to live with our differences, so as to continue acting together for a world of freedom, justice and peace.

We challenge the corporate media to reproduce a single quote or sound-bite from Sunday in which someone who actually participated in the Lausanne blockades denounces another participant.

There is talk of fascist infiltration of the various black blocs. Since Genoa these claims have become certain people's knee-jerk reaction to high levels of confrontation, but we are prepared to look at the facts. Indeed, from what we saw on Sunday in Lausanne, there was an enormous presence of fascists on the streets. They were all wearing police uniforms. These thugs almost killed one activist, directly beat and tortured hundreds, and left thousands more injured: bruised by rubber bullets, traumatised by concussion grenades and poisoned by highly potent chemical weapons. The corporate media

subsumes, under the single category of 'violence', (a) the occasional erection of a barricade and its defense with a few bottles and sticks, and (b) the continuous assault on unarmed masses of people with tear gas, flash-balls and icy gushes of water laced with pepper spray. This is an insult to human intelligence, even if the latter is as low as that of corporate journalists, Leninist and cops.

All the blockade actions that took place in Lausanne had the clear objective of obstructing the arrival of G8 delegates. The difference was only in tactics. A clear dimension that they all had in common, however, was the reclamation of our urban spaces. Whether this is done through a sit-in, a street party, or symbolic assaults on corporate property, we have the common goal of cleansing our living space from contamination by capitalism and the state. We want our streets back, but we are tired of asking politely: we just take them.

Finally, we find it absolutely pre-



posterous that the media is willing to play this divisive game after seeing the amazing levels of solidarity that were present during the police repression of activists in the Bourdonnette camp on Sunday afternoon. For long hours in the blazing sun, surrounded by fully armed police, protesters who earlier in the day had oriented themselves to vastly differing levels of confrontation all maintained a non-violent, collective resistance to the police's attempts to intimidate and isolate us. We were constantly making decisions together by consensus, chanting slogans in each other's languages, freely sharing among us the precious little food, water and cigarettes that we had, and protecting people that we had never met before from arrest and brutalisation as if they were our own family members. We simply cannot believe that the journalists who saw this happen were not blown away by our level of cohesiveness and strength. We know that we were.

To sum up: you can talk all you want, but for us the G8 blockades were a master-class in revolutionary solidarity. They were the creation of a movement more united than we have ever seen it in our lives. We have discovered, together, that the colours of resistance can combine in a beauti-

ful rainbow if we just try. Let the sounds of samba and breaking glass harmonise, because this movement has something stronger than guns. It has a memory.

In support of the solidarity messages from the blockaders in Lausanne because solidarity is our strength, and my thoughts about choosing to run with the Black Blockade on Sunday.

I participated in the Black Blockade in Lausanne on Sunday and in the non-violent resistance to the invasion of the Bourdenette camp. I have just read the messages of Solidarity posted by members of Pink and Silver (P&S) Blockade on Indymedia UK and was moved to tears. Solidarity is our strength. In the face of the massive repression going on now in Geneve, you make me feel strong again. I wanted to express my support for your views and to explain some of my personal reasons for choosing to run with the Black Blockade on Sunday.

I have, in my lifetime, participated in many different kinds of action. My experience has shown police repression and state violence is not a response to violent demonstrations, but to effective ones. We have the right to ineffective protest, outside the "yel-

Disarm DSEi, Sept. 6th - 12th, 2003 - Making it happen this time round

In September 2003, hundreds of business men, military, government officials and police will gather to conduct an orgy of buying and selling the latest weaponry. The Excel conference centre in Canning Town, Docklands will host the event at the expense of our taxes. The arms trade is one of the main beneficiaries in any conflict or war. Indeed most arms companies will back any side with the latest military hardware. The politics are simply, they kill us. Therefore they have to be stopped by any means necessary. The WOMBLES are part of many groups who will be mobilising for this event, hopefully from all over Europe, from the friends we have made over the past few years and those who see the struggle for life, real life as part of the struggle against all forms of militarisation. As part of DSEi Direct Action Network, we want to form creative actions to blockade [and hopefully shut!] the excel conference centre whilst DSEi is on. The only thing we need is your ideas and your time and effort.

The time is now to make your desires count.

**LOVE & RAGE
W.O.M.B.L.E.S.**

