

*There is a permanent conflict being carried out in the guts of this society. Open hostilities that we see when the mask slips, are only one side of the continual warfare. Behind the police murders, the ruined forests, the domestic battery, the workplace casualties, the factory farms, a mosaic of hidden violence is taking place. It's hidden in the conventions, the regulations and hierarchies. It's in the possibility of a bailiff at the door, the certainty of a preacher's moralistic hate, the inevitability of the fumes and carcinogens, and the predictability of venom for the rebels which is carried by reporters. Until you've trained your eye to see, also hidden are the many contrary relations; rebellious smiles that are exchanged, the moments of solidarity, the communities and individuals in struggle: behind the years of captivity, the corresponding seizures of freedom. The times when the hand of who wishes to domesticate us, gets bitten. To awake to the nature of the war pressing against you, is to glimpse something of what this world denies to us. It's only a step further to feel the presence of a wildness barely suppressed; coursing like lava beneath the factories, suburbs and prisons, waiting to sweep them away. From the foundations up, warming our friends and burning terror into the hearts of the enemy. Anarchy is the stance we freely choose to fight for the destabilisation of an existence unworthy of us.*

