

# Our ecology, your sabotage

Anonymous

December 30, 2017

On the night of December 21, we went along Seyssins up to the Pré Nouvel eco-district, a construction site begun several years ago, supposedly to become the latest urbanized area of this bourgeois enclave. There we struck in three places, accompanying our acts of sabotage with tags.

We will briefly give the reasons for our adventure before telling the tale of our wild skirmish. The eco-district is the archetype of the ghetto of the wealthy cleverly propagandists of sustainable development. Thanks to the magic wand of eco-marketing every element of the project becomes virtuous, high quality environmental concrete, wood cladding, bioclimatic orientations of buildings, winding alleys between the phyto-purification basins, lagoons cleverly thought for breeding of (domesticated) animals...

And we thank BNP Paribas estate agent, Vinci estate agent, Grenoble Habitat and other titans of the proliferation of cities. The League for Birds praises the knights of capitalist construction because they scatter nest-boxes for birds frustrated with their freedom and the Rhône Alpes Federation for the Protection of Nature, environmental guarantee, affixes its logo at the bottom of the page.

Ecologists are the moral sponsors of the urbanization disaster, there can be no more doubt, they are definitely our enemies.

We hate them as much as all these builders and merchants of the city.

As much as these bastards of the 95<sup>th</sup> regiment who will spend their family holiday in one of these eco-buildings specially designed for them.

As much as these innumerable engineers, architects, urban planners, works managers, all this heavy and thinking hierarchy of modern domestic confinement.

As much as this opulent scum buying havens of peace between the rock Comboire and the foothills of the Vercors.

All this mob are ransacking what had not yet been swallowed by the city and while the squaddie contemplates an urban landscape under control and all these actors fill their pockets, the wild animals that once lived there are dead or have been hunted away from their habitat.

We know very well that our night action will not hinder the expansionism of urban ugliness but why should that deprive us of making known our intentions or pleasurable, albeit benign, destruction?

You are escaping from the smog? Not from our rage!

We put these few words on a wall facing individual villas located down in the eco-district. Previously, we silently punctured the tyres of a dozen cars to show this ruling class that they are not untouchable. This elite that we hate is obviously responsible for urban development of which they are both beneficiary and sponsor.

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A little higher up, we painted a wall of freshly poured concrete, before messing up, we hope at least, the control box of the crane, menacing silhouette towering over us. You can pity these poor proletarians shivering in the cold at the discovery of this annoying sabotage, not us. They chose to work for outrageously harmful companies, may they freeze a little instead of operating BTP all day.

Walls and fences advance, the mountain recedes

We tag it next to a small mound of glass, promotional building of the Helios project, which has not yet begun. We look at each other, with a mixture of emotion and excitement, then we turn this advertising crap into food for our hammers. We fought for a moment to smash the facade before a guy shouts at us from his balcony, signal for departure. One of us has time to pierce through, lean inside and furiously strike at the project model. We then take a deep breath, our breasts swell with strength and life, we savour this ephemeral break with boredom and then split.

We are using this communique to greet the brave incendiaries currently running rampant in Grenoble. Their attacks inspire us and, if we opt for other means, it is that breakage intoxicates us. We thought that series of fires would stir the joy of the rebels of the city, but what we have heard in the streets rather dismayed us. Disapproving silence, half-said criticism or displayed contempt give the impression that nobody wants the subversion of the world any more when, finally, some apaches voluptuously take on power. Lovers of chaos, we stand in solidarity with incendiary practices and all sincere strident insubordination whatever the means to shake our mutilated existence.

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