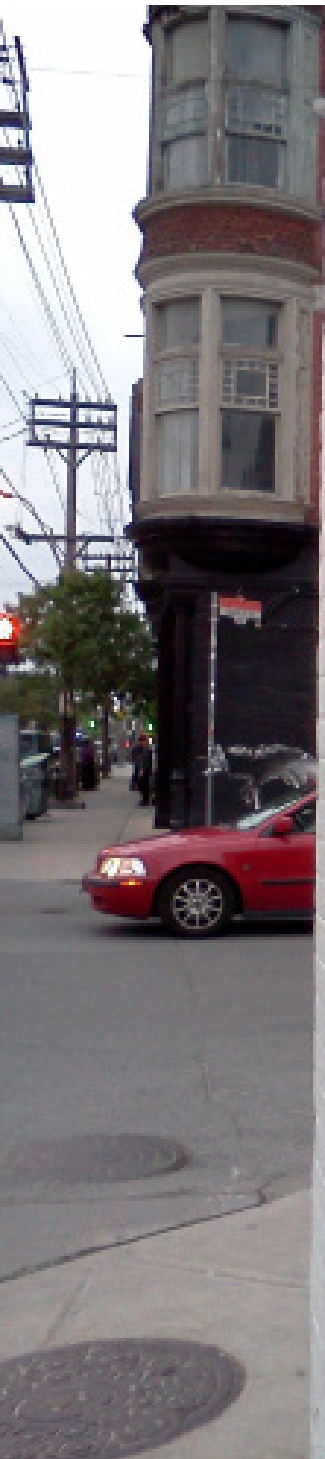


A photograph of a city street scene. In the foreground, there is a green metal structure, possibly a bus stop or a market stall, with a slatted roof. In the background, a tall, light-colored building is on fire, with bright orange flames visible at the top. A massive, thick plume of black smoke rises from the building, filling a large portion of the sky. To the right of the burning building, another tall, light-colored building stands. The sky is a clear blue. The text "CREATIVE DESTRUCTION" is overlaid in the upper right corner, and "#1" is overlaid below it.

CREATIVE DESTRUCTION

#1



Welp

BURN
THE
CONDO



730 SANKO TRADING CO. 416-703-4550

SANKO

DIZ YUPPIE @ SCUM



**“The passion for destruction
is a creative passion, too!”**

-Mikhail Bakunin

The condos, specialty boutiques, and silver spoon bohemians invading our neighborhoods aren't some neutral, benign process of inevitable "growth." Gentrification is driven by wealthy developers, investors, and professional politicians, in the interest of power and profit. For poor and working class people, this process means skyrocketing rents, abusive landlords, more cops, overpriced yuppie shops, cuts to services, and the displacement of long established working class residents and shops. These are the local manifestations of advanced capitalism. And these greedy fuckers don't speak the language of polite lobbying or moral persuasion.

Time to make the streets unsafe again! Not just for the sake of being an asshole, but because we refuse to be pushed out of our neighborhoods - forced to live in some distant periphery where the rents are affordable, but community and services are scarce. Gentrification is fucking violence, and some self defense is in order. Whether it's repeatedly smashing the windows of yuppie businesses we hate; class-hatred motivated muggings; burning down the construction site down the block; or smashing up luxury cars with their drivers still in them - we need to make our neighborhoods a liability for capital while maintaining a sense of community and solidarity amongst ourselves. Who are "we"?! - The fucked over, the poor, the racialized, the welfare recipients, the single mothers, the consumer survivors, the drug users, the undocumented, the disabled, the queer, and the angry. Let's find each other and take back what's rightfully ours!

"Patience has its limits.

**Take it too far,
and it's cowardice."**

-George Jackson





Obviously graffiti, property destruction, and intimidation alone aren't going to bring the forces of gentrification and capitalism to their knees. This zine intentionally focuses on one aspect of a much broader struggle. In addition to secret attacks and affinity group actions, some of us need to be organizing in our communities and workplaces, making connections, engaging in mass resistance, and building the society we hope to see once this shit starts to break. Some of us might be more inclined to organizing, while others might find the time to be an organizer, AND a masked saboteur. And some of us might be so mind numbingly furious with the current state of affairs that we can only express our politics through rage and destruction. And that's OK. Only the individual knows best what kind of action is right for them, based on their passions, aptitudes, and current life conditions. We need all kinds of fighters, and no one should be chastised for not being "hardcore" enough, or alternatively, for being too destructive, and not organizing more. Resistance is also a process of personal growth, and we change and expand as we experiment with new things. The organizer of today could be the "bomb thrower" of tomorrow, and vice versa. As long as we all play our part and stay open to criticism, we can do anything with hard work over time.

Hopefully this small contribution of anarchist graffiti and rantings can inspire some people to go bigger and nastier, and really hit the motherfuckers where it hurts - in the pocket books, and the sense of security. If nothing else, these small acts of inspired resistance put smiles on our faces, and helped keep us going through some fucked up times.

Creative Destruction Vol. 1, Summer 2013

Creative Destruction is a zine project put together by some very angry and dangerous motherfuckers based in Toronto, Canada.







DESTROY GENTRIFIED ART!

Some people might take issue with my painting over this mural which doubtlessly took lots of effort and planning to put up. Fuck those people. This is recuperation. This yuppie piece, which showcases the palatable, “artistic” side of graffiti with its neat shapes and bicycle riding lady is up in one of the most gentrified hoods in town. Right across from the Centre for Addiction and Mental Health, people can't even afford a fucking bagel in this area anymore. The owners of the wall, which is the side of a posh clothing store keep re-hiring the artist to fix the piece, but I (and other strangers) keep coming back to fuck it up. The yuppies think co-opting graffiti to gentrify their landscapes is going to be easy.. This is paint war.





“We consider violence a necessity and a duty for defense, but only for defense. And we mean not only for defense against direct, sudden, physical attack, but against all those institutions which use force to keep the people in a state of servitude..”

- Errico Malatesta and Revolutionary Violence - Alfredo Bonanno









Some thoughts...

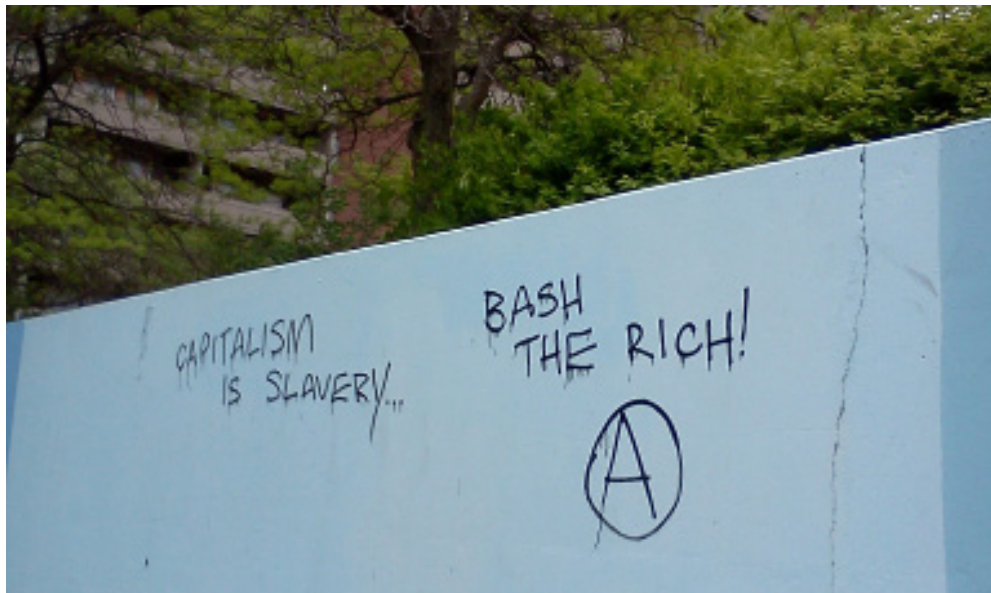
The reclamation of space, in whatever fashion can be an intense and empowering experience, or it can merely be an instrument to pass the time and stave off some of our hate for the world around us. When so much of what surrounds us has been sold off to the highest bidder, and when no matter which direction we face, a billboard for a designer label, or a new condo development is staring back at us, there is no option left but to try and reclaim space for ourselves.

Political vandalism is especially necessary when we consider the notion that if every act is political, then every advertisement and billboard must be political too. And this is true. Although a designer clothing advertisement might not appear to be overtly political, the acceptance of that ad forcing its way into our public space ultimately ties us – the observers – into the glorification of the capitalist model and its inbuilt notions of patriarchy and other oppressive hierarchies. Every second a billboard with a scantily clad woman posing to advertise a product remains untarnished, the objectification of women is perpetuated. Being aware of the economically exclusionary nature of advertisements, with both the product being sold on the advertisement, as well as the cost of access to the public through renting billboard space, only gives more reasons why these are a perfect target for either destroying, or subverting the message.

When defacing or vandalizing gentrifying businesses, developments, and condos, we are striking these targets in the only language they understand; the language of economics; of expenditure versus profit. We hope inflicting damage on new developments may make investors wary of losing money coming into an area. We also hope that this can transform into a method of intimidation, showing these people that they are not welcome in our areas. Individualized, focused attacks on businesses, whether by property damage or information campaigns on business owners can work very well in changing public opinion. Due to the nature of the young, professional clientele supporting the new oyster bars, steak houses, and \$14 cocktail establishments in low income communities, reputation can mean a lot.

If disruptive actions against particular businesses or owners can be made to be focused and succinct, maybe we can make the establishments lose ground, public support, customers, and profit. Facts about the landlord/developer/business which can link them to tangible things the community can understand and be angry about – such as how many homes that development displaced, how many people in the community can actually afford to eat or drink at certain establishments, developer links to larger conglomerates or developments that have damaged communities in the past.

Political actions and graffiti throughout a city can also be a visual clue to other individuals that there exists a culture of resistance within a city, and that there is more anti-state/anti-capitalist tension than they may have first thought or expected. Entering into activities like these can help in fostering a further disregard for private property and the bourgeois notions of state imposed 'legality' and 'justice'. For anarchists, this can only be a healthy progression, hopefully leading to other activities which further undermine these notions, such as squatting, creating autonomous spaces, or refusing to leave the streets.



The Obey clothing line provides the apolitical hipster consumer with rebel imagery that they can rock on the street. The garments usually follow a theme of either military neo-punk, or proletariat roughneck, along side an assortment of t-shirts donning Fairey's monotonous poster art. Sadly though, much of the merchandise is made in China in non-union shops - which Fairey justifies in a statement on his website citing the low profit margin in the garment industry, and claiming that he's saving the consumer money by outsourcing to China - Tell that to the caricature of a militant Chinese peasant on one of his shirts! Obey also delved into the loathsome world of cultural appropriation/genocide of indigenous peoples by mass producing Navajo themed garments. The Navajo Nation has recently taken legal action against Urban Outfitters for appropriation of their culture, and many other First Nations and indigenous people have strongly condemned similar cultural thefts by fashion, art, sports, etc - Obey hats and dresses with the Navajo print continue to fly off the shelves, normalizing the theft and sale of indigenous culture, and making Fairey a fortune.

Fairey's famous poster endorsing Barack Obama and his endorsement of electoralism with his contribution to the Rock the Vote campaign are especially abhorrent given his pilferage of revolutionary imagery, and the undeniable and total bankruptcy of the American political system. Fairey again leads young people further away from actual radical politics by suggesting that electing a less tyrannical leader will potentially create real change. And surprise! After several years of Obama, racism is still rampant in the United States and bombs are still dropping on the middle east in the name of freedom. There is nothing radical about electing rulers. Instead of rocking the vote, we should be voting by throwing rocks. The Obey brand has a consistent theme of taking seemingly radical imagery and using it to generate profit, and to peddle some ambiguous liberal illusion of political engagement and dissent. But what more can we expect from a label who's website carries the telling subheading "Manufacturing quality dissent since 1989?" The liberal merchants and consumers of rebel chic should be beaten up and robbed at every opportunity.



A group in Toronto called **The Toronto Solidarity Cell** has been doing some damage lately. Here are a couple of their recent communiques:

1.

In the early hours of the morning [Saturday, January 19th, 2013] we struck another small blow against the mechanisms of capital. The street level of one of the many new condo developments under construction in the city, containing building supplies as well as the architectural plans for the building, was smashed and then set ablaze as a small gesture of our rage. Our anger is directed both towards the continuing, and celebrated, gentrification within the city, and the ongoing imprisonment of anarchist comrades around the world.

Gentrification is the celebrated death of community in slow motion. The encroachment of high priced individualized living spaces into a community; forcing out people to whom boutique living is unfordable, splitting up life long friendships and personal relations. With this come the chain store vultures picking apart the carcasses of local, independent stores as well as the inevitable “cleansing” of the area, removing any unwanted signs of life or suffering. The aspirational advertisements which accompany these developments hide the secret that instead of a lifestyle change or upgrade, what is being sold is an isolative and vacuous box with the trappings and veneer of luxury, as well as one’s very own role in the destruction of a pre-existing community...



On gentrified “graffiti” and commodified aesthetic radicalism:

Of the many shameless peddlers of rebel chic who profit from the co-optation of militant imagery, one of the most prominent may be street artist turned celebrity dickhead Shepard Fairey; founder the Obey brand. Fairey earned a rep as a street artist with his quasi-political poster art which often resembles historical propaganda but includes only vague and ambiguous messaging. To be fair, Fairey took some high risks with some of his postering, and one can agree or disagree about the artistic merit of putting up fake “propaganda,” but it’s his forays into fashion and mainstream media that are most concerning.

The appropriation of revolutionary imagery and specific icons not only trivializes the struggles and sacrifices of radical movements, but in much of Fairey’s work, it creates an equivocal effect that divorces the imagery from any real politics or meaning. The imagery can then be purchased by consumers who seek an attachment to the aesthetics of rebellion without ever having to face off with a fascist or throw a brick at riot cops. This can also have an effect on the potential to engage people in radical struggles, since some already feel engaged, having already bought the aesthetic, whether it be a keffiyeh, an army jacket, a or a shit donning the image of a gun toting hijabi. Fairey also offers portions of the proceeds of some of his prints to various charities, perpetuating the absurd notion that we can help save the world by simply buying more of his shit, and promoting the paternalistic, self perpetuating, and often counterproductive charity model as opposed to real solidarity and action.



Quick tips for those newer to graffiti vandalism:

Ink Mops: Basically a beautifully nasty, drippy marker. Buy a loaded one at your local graffiti shop, or any online graff supply website if you're not in a major city. Alternatively, you can steal a Kiwi shoe polish container (the kind with the big circular nib), take the top off, dump the shoe polish, and fill it with paint or permanent ink. Once your mop is filled, put a couple small metal nibs or pebbles in with the mix, cap it up, shake it, and go destroy. Kiwi mops work best on smooth surfaces, as grittier surfaces will tear the felt tip.

Etching: There are many ways to permanently scratch shit into the glass windows of your most hated condo storefront, or upscale hipster restaurant. **Acid Etch:** Corrosive on glass. Etch bath can be put into a plastic mop and used like ink. It can be hard to find, but check industrial supply, and signage wholesalers. The cream is thicker and can be found in some art stores. It's much less corrosive but can still leave a good mark if used properly. Be extremely fucking careful! This shit will burn your skin and is highly illegal. Wear gloves and don't hold above your neck.

Low grit sandpaper: can scratch shit into glass. Cut a long narrow strip, fold it several times, and use your index finger and thumb to write with it.

Spark Plugs: Rub the porcelain part on glass surfaces for a good scratch. Press hard. If you don't like what you wrote, throw that shit at the window for a clean, relatively quiet break. Glass hates porcelain. Straight up.

Fire Extinguishers: Make a fucking paint hose. You can only do this with the large silver kind of fire extinguisher that's generally filled with water and has an air intake valve above the threading. Steal one from a condo building or school, or buy one online. Mix some paint like half-half with water. Fill the extinguisher like three quarters full, then take it to the gas station and charge it with compressed air. Then go destroy. Experiment with different combinations of water, to paint, to air for different sizes and velocities of spray.

With one change of our clothes we disappeared into the night undetected. This is not an attempt at a gloat or a glorification, but an attempt to show how easily these acts can be replicated elsewhere. Let's make their lives as difficult as they try to make ours. This is an escalation in regards to our tactics, but we realize these acts are still of small scale in relation to actions of comrades across the world. With this, we also recognize the need to intensify our attacks against the state and capital in North America in relation to the intensity of repression and attacks against the anarchist and anti-authoritarian community. With every wave of repression must follow a targeted, critiqued, and increasingly militaristic response.

This is an act of solidarity with the people of the Villa Amalias and Lelas Karagianni 37 squats in Athens who have had their homes raided by the brutal, fascist Greek police. We chose to target new housing developments, catering to the bourgeois of the city, as they lie in direct contrast to the vibrance, community and solidarity seen in squats across the world. Another stark difference is the economically exclusionary nature of private property. We are not fighting for "affordable housing" or "income-based housing", we are fighting for housing for every human being, regardless of economic status.

We also send an embrace warmed with love and rage to Panagiotis Argirou. Strength, comrade, so you may continue this fight.

For the negation of every oppression this society is complicit in. Until the last prison walls crumble,

-The Toronto Solidarity Cell



2.

Overnight, another blow was struck against the ongoing social war against the poor in the city of Toronto. The presentation center of another new boutique loft development in the heart of downtown had its windows smashed and front, signage and designer display kitchen paintbombed as another small gesture of our rage. We again disappeared with no trace into the night, leaving only the falling shards and a few stunned onlookers in our wake. Hopefully these witnesses will leave with a sense that there is growing resistance to, and anger towards, the ongoing commodification of every available piece of land. Land, which, we believe, belongs to everyone, regardless of the societally imposed barriers of race, gender, ability, deemed economic worth, or any other construct used to divide and oppress within today's patriarchal society.

This act was in solidarity with a homeless individual who froze to death on the streets of Toronto this week, who was also deemed too unimportant to be named by the media or police. This happened while life saving shelter, like this, stood empty, as a glimmer of a lifestyle and the individual, stylized and sanitized, living environment we are all meant to aspire to and work hard to earn our way towards. It also stands as a mocking kick in the face to every cold and shelterless individual walking past it this winter. This man was a silent victim of the war declared upon all of us, the war of capitalism, profit and greed.

This act was also in solidarity with our anarchist and anti-authoritarian comrades defending reclaimed spaces across the world, facing hostility, oppression and the loss of their freedom, whether by cage or bullet, by whichever tyrannical and fascist state is deemed in charge of that geographical territory. For the reclamation of space everywhere and until all are free.

-The Toronto Solidarity Cell



“After one concedes that racism is stamped unalterably into the present nature of Amerikan socio-political and economic life in general (the definition of fascism is: a police state wherein the political ascendancy is tied into and protects the interests of the upper class — characterized by militarism, racism, and imperialism), and concedes further that criminals and crime arise from material, economic, socio-political causes, we can then burn all of the criminology and penology libraries and direct our attention where it will do some good.”

-George Jackson



“Give us what belongs to us in peace, and if you don’t give it to us in peace, we will take it by force.”

-Emma Goldman





“Anarchism is not a concept that can be locked up in a word like a gravestone. It is not a political theory. It is a way of conceiving life, and life, young or old as we may be, old people or children, is not something definitive: it is a stake we must play day after day: When we wake up in the morning and put our feet on the ground we must have a good reason for getting up, if we don’t it makes no difference whether we are anarchists or not. We might as well stay in bed and sleep. And to have a good reason we must know what we want to do because for anarchism, for the anarchist, there is no difference between what we do and what we think, but there is a continual reversing of theory into action and action into theory. That is what makes the anarchist unlike anyone who has another concept of life and crystallizes this concept in a political practice, in political theory.”

-Alfredo M. Bonanno, *The Anarchist Tension*, 1998

