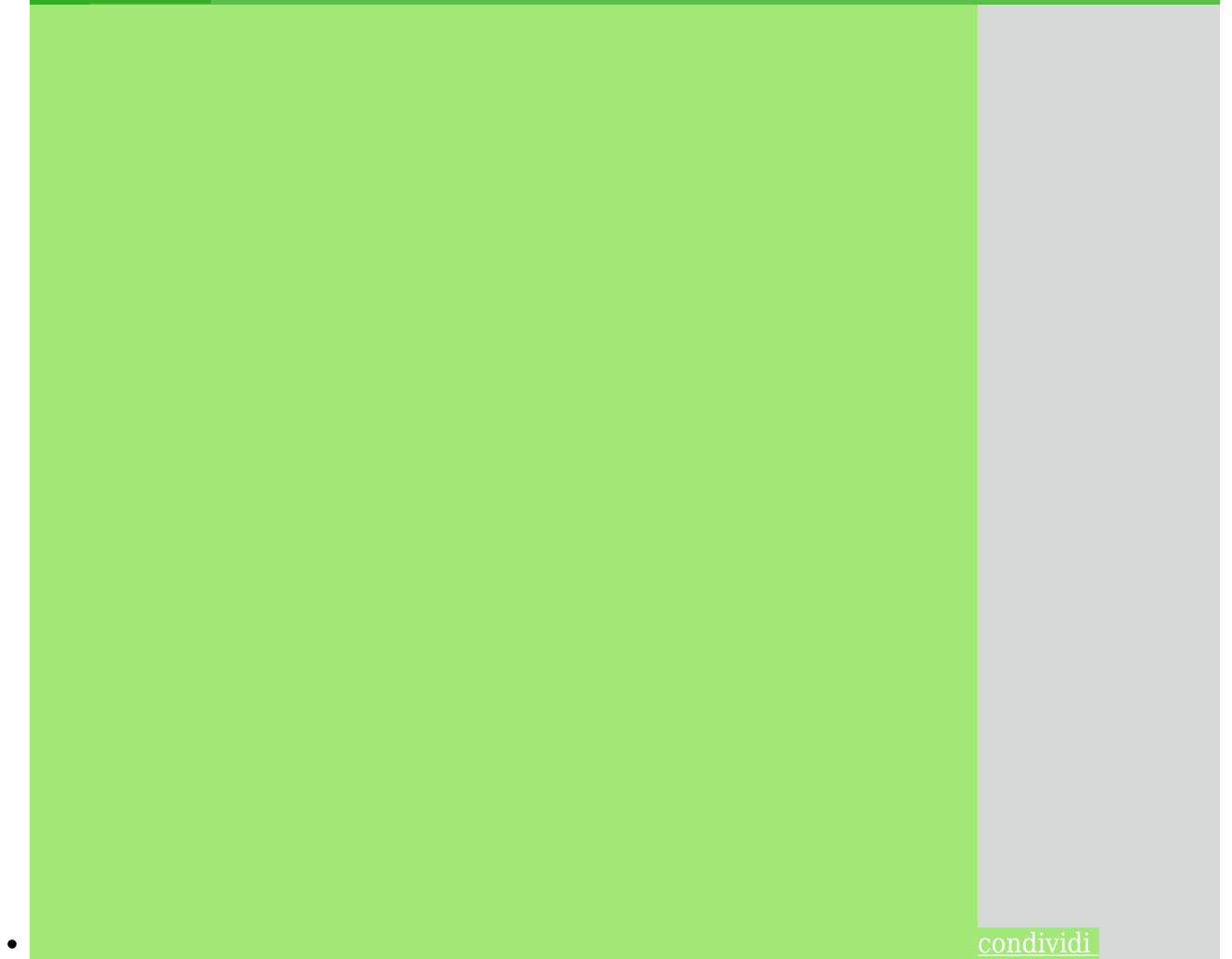




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Milan: Casa Brankaleone is still resisting the eviction!

Day three: and we are still here!

Since the morning of Tuesday, January 21, the inhabitants of “Casa Brankaleone” resist the eviction. Despite failed attempts by the so-called law enforcement forces to bend resistance on the roof, the comrades are well organized and determined to stay where they are. In this city of building speculators and money-grubbers, a breeze of freedom is breathed: two companions on the roof, a permanent sit-in below the house and a full agenda of appointments: aperitifs, audio interventions, projections, leaflets and music accompany the anger of all present. In other cities too, other comrades have shown their solidarity by taking to the streets.

The fake-“social peace” that Milan’s major, Beppe Sala, would like to stage in its showcase city, fashion and design capital city, gentrification will never be completely possible as long as there are people who are

unwilling to accept the social compromise.

The compas are phisically and mentally well and the spirit in the sit-in is still so high that we are determined to stay here as much as possible with a series of appointments in the next two days :

Thursday 23 H.11.30 walk in the neighborhood, bring pots and lids
H.18.00 vegan aperitif "bella vita"(everyone brings something) with audio contributions, reflections and analysis on the special surveillance (a preventive-repression measure which has been lately given to some comrades) ,

And then we'll open the dances!

Friday 24 late breakfast at 11.00 (bring what you would like to find, possibly warm) and then in the afternoon anarchist karaoke!!!

Yesterday as today, always above the roofs, always against state's power, against capitalists and exploiters.

We resist!

Some people who are below

Here is a text from the resistance

We are the barbarians descended to plunder the showcase-city and carouse on its ruins. We are the wild that infests the cracks of this civilization. We do not understand the ethic of "Work" and we do not care to understand it. We are living, and we're not mechanical gears of production and reproduction of this society. We are not interested in your golden cages. Which, if seen closer, they are not exactly golden. We constantly hear the talk of "retraining", "fighting against degradation", "security and legality".

Instead, what we actually see is building speculation which aims to increase the value of real estate, and as a consequence rent prices are exponentially higher and higher. We see expulsion of poor people, destruction of lives and social bonds and consumption of the land that nature has laboriously regained to civilization.

Your fight against degradation is the fight against the poor, the deviant, the excluded. It fights against everything that disturbs the righteous' eye and that, with its deviance, risks lowering the income prospects of speculation.

Security ideology looks like a joke. You do not want your freedom's safety: you want tyranny, the watchful control that hits with violence the different, the marginalized and anyone else who reminds you of the iniquity, the exploitation, the pain and the death on which your civilization is founded. Your supposed well-being, and those pretences you call lives constantly invoke the law that actually represent those same chains that your masters use to keep you tied up to the void of your lives. We give you bad news, the horde of gold is coming. The horde is not a house, a building, an organization, a collective or a political project. The horde is the uncontrollable intoxication, it is the bonds that unite us, it is the armed joy of our bodies. You can also demolish the buildings in which we winter, hoping to hit us and we will irrevocably laugh at your idiocy.

We are nomads by instinct, we will simply occupy a new ruin.

Hide your treasures: the fire in Milan looms over the horizon.

Cordially, the carriers of ruin