



As of the 24th of June, the UK has pledged to spend 5% of GDP on "national security". The relationship between the never-ending global wars and the never-ending economic growth is obvious. Transport and housing developments create more jobs. More jobs create more taxable income. More income creates greater spending. Greater spending creates more VAT. More tax creates a larger military budget. A larger military budget promotes more war. More war creates more defence contracts. More defence contracts create more jobs. In times of peace the economy funds new rail infrastructure, AI datacentres and space exploration institutions. In times of war the trains deliver munitions, AI identifies civilians to bomb, and the space institutions build self-guided missiles. Every video game console or new phone purchased allows tech companies more investment into drone targeting software. Each new nuclear power plant keeps uranium supply chains open for further nuclear bomb production. Every electric vehicle produced justifies military

intervention in mineral rich regions. Each and every online purchase, late night at work, AI chat prompt, doom scroll, and industry convention demand the continuance of the cycle of trade and terror. As long as an economy seeks growth, it will attempt to subjugate everything within reach for energy, land, labour and trade routes. As long as a nation anticipates warfare, it will demand the workforce, factories, schools and job fairs to produce weapons and soldiers. The purpose of war is to escalate the economy. The purpose of the economy is to escalate war. Today, there is no where on this planet where we can entirely escape the reach of war and commerce, the only way to escape the cycle of suffering is to end it completely. The situation is not hopeless, and points of weakness can be identified everywhere. In the energy and transport infrastructure, in the construction sites, in the shops and in your own place of work. If you desire to be free of the insane logic of the war-commerce cycle then there is no reason to despair, and every reason to attack.

UNEXPECTED ITEMS

anarchist paper of beautiful inconveniences

Up, Up and Away!

In this society, there are some certainties that are as constant as the drone of jet planes over our heads. One of these is that the economy - the sum of all the exploitation and blackmail in the world - requires continual growth and adaptation. Currently there are colossal investments in AI, and in additional sources of energy - governing a "transition" to a new kind of "smart", battery-augmented energy grid carrying vastly higher levels of electrical current.



Everybody knows about the torrents of water sacrificed to cool the servers that supply AI. Already data centres are said to use enough water for 500,000 people in the UK - an estimated figure that is set to sky-rocket (although one must factor in that personal water allowances will of course fall, as a 'nationally significant' drought has recently been declared).

However, that endless churning engine-roar from up above us is getting so loud - that it can be hard to hear and comprehend what is plainly spoken to us in a thousand ways: that constant growth and adaptation requires more and more sacrifice from us. Old forms of sacrifice are getting an update, and new ones are being generated.

This may be fairly obvious in the staggering price-rises, and novel inventions in the art of swindling, which characterise this "key transitional phase for the economy". It may be brazenly asserted in the use of war technologies like facial recognition against shoplifting and fare evasion. But it can be less visible in our day-to-day lives: for example in the countless thousands of new toxic "forever chemicals" which are endlessly being innovated, spewed out, and spread everywhere.

It just so happens that if we look for the source of some of the worst and most prolific chemicals, the trail leads us to... the air transport industry. In one airport, on the island of Jersey, levels of toxic 'PFAS' chemicals were found to be leaking into the drinking water in such a high concentration,

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EDITORIAL

Economy, progress, security. It is impossible to imagine the quality and quantity of human life which is sacrificed every moment to this bloodthirsty and meaningless triad. Financial and data-driven advancement for its own sake has achieved dictatorship over our world, not by reasoned persuasion or inspiration or enthusiasm, but by omni-resignation and perma-policing. The economy *must* grow, technological progress *must* extend, and both of these *must* be secured by means of militarised controls, from everyday surveillance to 'emergency laws' to the tonnes of explosive material dumped from planes and drones on the latest inconveniently-located population.

The need for a general desertion of norms and rules, an outbreak of heresy against the

market and its massacres has never been so clear. The protests which come and go answer nothing of this problem. They amount to a dutiful collection of raucous opinions. What we want to see, write about and spread is a more total refusal of what is on offer, expressed in big and small ways. An unceremonious spoiling of the party rather than nervous responses to each invitation to join. Abrupt endings to the social discipline which has been our collective lobotomy from our school days, an overturning of tables, a leap over the wall.

The porcelain icons (economy, progress, security) demanding reverence and obedience in this society conduct everyone - friends, family, the community at large - to walk a dreary dead-end pilgrimage. Stepping away requires the daring for blasphemy: it means toppling these sacred objects, smashing them to pieces, proudly going in

the other direction to the stream of the frenzied worshipers of efficiency.

This publication wants to hold up courageous ideas and acts that leave no place for the shattered icons. Ideas and acts which reveal the possibility of returning the personal damage caused by alienation and poison back to the senders. Muzzled thought and repressed activity can turn inside-out in a flash, breaking out into a storm of sabotage and fire. In these pages we want to hear the thunder. And let the din of machines, the buzz of notifications, the chatter of fake sociality, the bark of command, fall into silence.

To those who might wish to shut them up for good: we hope this will be a fruitful unexpected encounter. To those who prefer the sentiments of the national anthem (See it, Say it, Sorted): we make no apology for any inconvenience caused.

We'd like to say 'if you can read this message you are the resistance'. But spreading this paper as far and wide as we can - knowing that questions of human freedom and dignity are considered threatening by all responsible citizens and the forces of order - we acknowledge with a sigh that this isn't necessarily true.

But the risks of snitches notwithstanding, we prefer the chance encounter to moaning into the echo-chamber, and frankly, we're not going to cheapen the thirst for freedom by treating it as if it were a dirty secret!

So whether motivated by love or hate (but hopefully not indifference!) the editors can be contacted via:

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We have increased and developed our technical ability to a degree which appears almost fantastic, and yet man has not become richer thereby; on the contrary he has become poorer. Our whole industry is in a state of constant insecurity. And while billions of wealth are criminally destroyed in order to maintain prices, in every country millions of men live in the most frightful poverty or perish miserably in a world of abundance and so-called "over-production." The machine, which was to have made work easier for men, has made it harder and has gradually changed its inventor himself into a machine who must adjust himself to every motion of the steel gears and levers. And just as they calculate the capacity of the marvelous mechanism to the tiniest fraction, they also calculate the muscle and nerve force of the living producers by definite scientific methods and will not realize that thereby they rob him of his soul and most deeply defile his humanity. We have come more and more under the dominance of mechanics and sacrificed living humanity to the dead rhythm of the machine without most of us even being conscious of the monstrosity of the procedure. Hence we frequently deal with such matters with indifference and in cold blood as if we handled dead things and not the destinies of men.

To maintain this state of things we make all our achievements in science and technology serve organized mass murder; we educate our youth into uniformed killers, deliver the people to the soulless tyranny of a bureaucracy, put men from the cradle to the grave under police supervision, erect everywhere jails and penitentiaries, and fill every land with whole armies of informers and spies. Should not such "order," from

whose infected womb are born eternally brutal power, injustice, lies, crime and moral rottenness—like poisonous germs of destructive plagues—gradually convince even conservative minds that it is order too dearly bought?

The growth of technology at the expense of human personality, and especially the fatalistic submission with which the great majority surrender to this condition, is the reason why the desire for freedom is less alive among men today and has with many of them given place completely to a desire for economic security. This phenomenon need not appear so strange, for our whole evolution has reached a stage where nearly every man is either ruler or ruled; sometimes he is both. By this the attitude of dependence has been greatly strengthened, for a truly free man does not like to play the part of either the ruler or the ruled. He is, above all, concerned with making his inner values and personal powers effective in a way as to permit him to use his own judgment in all affairs and to be independent in action. Constant tutelage of our acting and thinking has made us weak and irresponsible; hence, the continued cry for the strong man who is to put an end to our distress. This call for a dictator is not a sign of strength, but a proof of inner lack of assurance and of weakness, even though those who utter it earnestly try to give themselves the appearance of resolution. What man most lacks he most desires. When one feels himself weak he seeks salvation from another's strength; when one is cowardly or too timid to move one's own hands for the forging of one's fate, one entrusts it to another.

— Rudolf Rocker, *Nationalism and Culture* (1933)



called 'critical infrastructure' with permanent war, contains the following weaknesses. Not only do the human tributes condemned here have increasingly little to lose, but the connection points between the different sides to our capture, a lot of them immediately accessible, are increasingly difficult to disguise.

That is why although the 'disasters' of the future are already accounted for, and should come as no surprise, in the same way, let these wise accountants not be surprised at the revolt of free spirits who make the choice to arm themselves against the death machine. Each damned individual has the capacity to make *other kinds* of repayment to the nuclear cult and its cronies.



"as if we handled dead things and not the destinies of men."

What follows is a little extract of anarchist analysis concerning what led to the carnage of war and fascism in the 1930s in Europe.

Its uncompromising conclusion is that the desire for order is a stale byproduct of domination of the 'human personality' by machines. Today the red-white-and-blue of the flag look brightest to eyes which have been rotted out by the glare of online shopping, social media, netflix and pornography. Memes calling to 'send them back' or 'bomb the boats' can only satisfy a brain addled by the constant search for that elusive dopamine high. This is the universal prescription dished out to rulers and ruled alike - on the one hand managers and landlords bored out of their minds, and on the other hand those who find themselves on the wrong side of the march of 'progress', aggressively targetted with rising prices and ever-harsher conditions of survival.

Let us heed the warning: it is useless to argue with symptoms and ignore the disease. To attack the authoritarian longing and racist delirium which are the very spirit of our age we must countenance the destruction of the mechanised order which is mass-producing them every second of its reign over land and life.

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that residents of the island were told to resort to blood-letting in the hope that this would lessen the effects on their bodies.

Let's stay at the airport, since this is where the roaring noise is at its highest, and the stench of human sacrifice is almost as palpable as the kerosene fumes we are forced to breathe. After all, it is right around the airport that we can hear the most transparent hectoring crap about economic necessity. And if it wasn't so loud and noxious, we could learn a lot about the places where the deathly economy gets its vital growth.

Every single London commercial airport has current expansion plans. The biggest, and the most recent to be approved, is Heathrow: a "key piece of the UK's growth puzzle". The UK's largest import/export port and world's most connected airport must have a third runway and a sixth terminal, or it risks being out-competed. The noise is all-consuming here. How many nights of sleep has it disrupted? How many children have lived their whole lives with this intermittent accompaniment?

And yet, in March 2025, just a few weeks after Heathrow expansion got government approval, residents around Heathrow got an unexpected moment of peace and quiet. A single transformer, full of highly flammable coolant oil, combusted, knocking out a substation that left the whole airport running only on emergency power. There were more than 1,400 cancelled flights.

In a planned world where technology knows where everything and everyone is supposed to be, an event like this naturally sets off a domino effect cascading across the whole planet. In this case air industry experts spoke of a worldwide "logistical nightmare". (Of course, for the slaves that keep it running, the real "logistical nightmare" is the one we are living in 364 days in a year, not the one day in which airline shareholders took a hundred-million-pound hit.)

Well-paid experts rushed to explain the "colossal failure", warning that vast

interconnected systems can never be fully immune to an "unexpected event". While the learned experts polish their explanations and cash in their pay-cheques, we don't need any more chatter from them or their media scribes to understand what they are talking about. Collosuses can fail. A towering giant can be brought down with a single slingshot.

A resident of Harmondsworth told a journalist, "Days like today are blissful [...] You could even hear yourself think." And if we dwell on this moment of unexpected silence, maybe we can apply ourselves to some thought-provoking revelations from the same event.

It turns out that it was simply not profitable for Heathrow to equip itself with a more resilient power supply. Like so much else in this society, every working part is made by the lowest bidder.

Another telling point, very bad news for the managers of the new digital, AI-augmented, and electrified economy: it seems at Heathrow that engineers couldn't work without IT systems, and IT technicians couldn't work without infrastructure engineers, and in a blackout both were fucked.

So let's take heart. Maybe the constants in this society don't need to be so constant after all. And if we can win ourselves the time and space to think, free from the compulsory droaning roar, who knows what thoughts we could hear ourselves having, even for the first time in our lives.



Nuclear Paradise, Nuclear Damnation

The fantasy of an afterlife has always been promised to human slaves as reward for their misery on earth. But today, to 'live forever' is a promise sincerely kept by our masters - not to human souls (who have stayed with their misery, video media and anti-depressants

providing the modern palliatives instead) but to the toxic substances which underlie all production and consumption.

As an example, after a maximum of twenty years or so, wind turbines become unusable for capitalists. They have to be taken down by contracted construction firms, and their giant fibreglass blades are piled up, in their thousands, into landfills in Scotland, where their artificial carcasses will remain for millennia. Another case is the fashion industry's manufactured needs and planned obsolescence which piles up discarded clothes from the UK in quantities big enough to make their own mountain ranges. These new geographical marvels are then welcomed, via post-colonial trade agreements, to rest in peace in open-air dumps on the 'protected' Densu Delta Wetlands in Ghana.

One of the most sacred burial grounds within the British State's borders, guarded in absolute discretion like a clerical secret, is the Sellafield nuclear disposal site in Cumbria. Here the radioactive tonnes from all the decommissioned nuclear facilities in the UK are brought - with more shipped in from abroad (although there are no protests to stop those boats) - to be funneled into open-air 'reservoirs' and cracking concrete



warehouses, leaking everything slowly but unstoppably, into the groundwater, sea, air, and soil. This toxic process is considered a question of 'national security', meaning we know only the bits and pieces which get out, or which are strategically revealed to indefinitely postpone understanding of the real scale of things. Suffice to say that the poisoning and ruin will never be officially recorded, but will be experienced

directly in the bodies of all of us organic beings, for as long as we accompany this nuclear waste. This period itself is destined just to constitute an opening chapter of its duration on the planet.

But the difficulties in establishing and protecting this afterlife for toxic components of the nuclear industry could never conclude the ambitions of the government and capitalists. Progress must always continue, and progress means expansion. So now a whole other 'generation' of nuclear plants must be built, preparing new hazardous material for the hereafter.

The media reported in October 2025 that energy bills for the obedient citizens in the UK will be subject to a 'nuclear levy', to 'pay back' the energy multinationals EDF and Centrica (the parent company of British Gas), the Canadian investment fund La Caisse, and the London-headquartered investment manager Amber Infrastructure, who all invested in the construction of the Sizewell C nuclear reactor in Suffolk to the tune of billions. As war-mongering, financial speculation and climate disasters provide the excuse to force up the cost of survival, why would even further increases on energy bills for us dependents be kept off the table?

A levy to be paid by one and all... except not entirely. You see some animals are more equal than others. Because, we are told, 'energy intensive' industries will be spared this price for their insatiable thirst for power. Exceptions will include cement and glass manufacture, the core ingredients of the urban prisons evacuated of life which have conquered the land. Similarly, the data centers of the likes of Amazon and Google which on their own already consume 3% of the entirety of the UK's electricity - an amount only set to increase with scheduled waves of construction in the name of 'growth' - won't foot this bill.

We will pay for it. In the desperate search for non-existent hours in pointless jobs, in the "emergencies", evacuations, disasters, lockdowns mandated and facilitated periodically by this infrastructure of 'national importance', in the tumors growing silently in our bodies and those of our loved ones - whose incidences increase by hundreds of thousands every year.

Some would have it that praying to the gods of industry for relief or mercy is the way to salvation from our present fate. But not everyone is so deluded not to realise that we have already been forsaken, not everyone fails to open their eyes to see that we are already in hell. And if kneeling and begging won't cut it for these latter, there are always curses and fire.

One splendid morning, on 7th May 2012, a black motorbike carrying two cruised around suburban Genoa. The bike came to a stop outside of the residence of Roberto Adinolfi, the CEO of Ansaldo Nucleare, the nuclear energy arm of the aerospace and defence giant Finmeccanica (who that year had signed \$850 million in weapons contracts with the Israeli State).

This CEO however, principally oversaw the construction of nuclear plants in Eastern Europe and China. But this wasn't just a normal day at work, because that morning, the two riders on this motorbike left him with three gunshot wounds in the leg. One of the riders, the anarchist Alfredo Cospito, would later say in a trial, "I took action and in those few hours I fully enjoyed life. For once I left fear and self-blame behind and challenged the unknown. In a Europe dotted with nuclear power plants, one of the main culprits of the nuclear disaster to come has fallen at my feet."

In the middle of the night of 11th March 2023 (the anniversary of the Fukushima nuclear disaster) in the sleepy rural department of Joinville in Northeastern France, anonymous hands judiciously placed three incendiary devices on high-voltage cables, destroying most of the power supply to an industrial parts manufacturer (including drills and other mining equipment) who supplies one of the main contractors for the construction of the nuclear waste disposal site, which has been fought with bravery and creativity for years, nearby in Bure.

The truth is that everything and everyone responsible for the current catastrophe are more within reach than their toxic pretensions to immortality would have us believe. We have been corralled into an artificial environment where nothing works, nothing moves, save for the miracle of machines which



thrive only on human sacrifice. But this encirclement, this blending of every electricity meter payment with the nuclear carcinogens, of innocuous transmission lines with the buzzing din of data centers, of so-