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FOR FREE

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from everywhere and nowhere



Fantasma

CLANDESTINE ANARCHIST NEWSPAPER

MAELSTROM OF THE WATERFALL

EDITORIAL

Many weeks have past. Many steps have blazed my way. There where no other liana guided me through the covert. Only my two feet. They carried me, showed me the vast green towards rocks, canyons and caves. Many would have climbed up full of daring, would have looked down with a sharpened sight, or would have run into the cavernous black with a childish curiosity. From the corner of my eye I

noticed the changing surrounding but I chose to ignore it. Daring, sharpened sight, childish curiosity, this wasn't the time for it. But now I am standing here, in front of a gigantic waterfall whose maelstrom is able to engulf everything and everyone in its depth. I pause, looking at the fascinating foam, listening to the sound of dropping water. It looks beautiful but it also brings death.

It feels good to see this newspaper project not being six feet under. Loneliness, turmoil and thousands of difficulties have let this liana almost

die and with it a connection between the visibles and the unvisibles. But this is not the way this project shall end. Not without unwanted external interferences!

On the tracks of our own intentions we recognized once again that we are not able to keep what we have promised. In the editorial of the second issue we wrote "But how can we intervene socially? To put ourselves offensively beside the oppressed and to voice our ideas of freedom unambiguously, without handing ourselves to the enemy on a silver platter? It is these questions, which keep us busy, and we believe many others in similar situations, and we want to immerse deeper in the following issues."

Exactly these questions still keep us busy. But external circumstances, inner

We hope to receive contributions, suggestions, as well as criticism on the e-mail below.

We are also appreciative of translations of every issue (which can also be send to the e-mail), so that this can be lay-outed and published.

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(use TOR-Browser for own security)*

conflicts and the interplay of those two factors forbade us in the last several months to carve out approaches or even answers concerning this matter. Nevertheless there is a lot to say, to tell and to share. In defiance of unfulfilled expectations, everything considered we deem it important to publish a third issue of the Fantasma. To strengthen the bonds of complicity once again, to seek the public discourse once again and to struggle with you shoulder to shoulder once again. Even

though in secrecy.

A little weak but unbowed we look back on a hard time which let us awaken to one thing: even though the earsplitting roar of falling water tries to seize our attention; even though the white vortex is so tempting; even though the allure of the maelstrom is able to attract us from the waterside – we will never ever splash with death.

Not as long as we feel life in us. Not as long as we are anarchists.

IN THIS NUMBER

Editorial

∞

From a pebble to a rockfall (Interview)

∞

Greetings from the underground

∞

My secret

∞

The others and I

∞

Experiences of banishment (Incognito)

∞

Comrade arrested after 7 years on the run

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FROM A PEBBLE TO A ROCKFALL

The following questions were sent to the Fantasma editors and were answered personally from an individual of the project.

Since a few years you are living in clandestinity. How do you feel about this decision now?

When I look back on the last few years I can say in good spirit that the decision of going underground was the right one. The life that I preserved outside the prison brought me a vast number of great experiences. If one imagines time as a straight line, one's own personal movement in such a situation crisscrosses this straight line like a children's drawing. There are times where one has the feeling of being able to touch their own freedom, their own richness of ideas and connect to their own possibilities of action.

The times where one feels in middle of life and is capable of taking an active part are the most precious sources of energy. Without these sources such an "existence on the side" would be impossible. Therefore it is essential to somehow conserve these sources because usually the sad days don't take long time to come. And when they are here one only wants to give up, get out of this new bondage. Wishing nothing else but to have around all the familiar and close people from the past. To be oneself finally. Still this is impossible (except if one takes the risk to return) it can happen to catch oneself secretly wishing to be just the same as all the others – just to be "normal" with all its needs. To integrate in the grey game of a standardized world of commodities with all its grey participants. Without the preserved sources of lust for life, the gravity of this grey madness possibly would have swamped me since long time and certain lines would have never began to exist.

When going underground, what was the most painful thing at the beginning?

One could think that the most painful thing in such a situation

surely has to be the deprivation of everything loved and appreciated. In my case it was not the conscious pain of this deprivation but the unconscious layer that got activated. Every night I had wild nightmares which always act from the assumption of the context that I am on the run and therefore in a weak position. I remember that I dreamed once that the police stopped me in a supermarket

“To have to leave places and people who on-again-off-again became familiar is part of the game.”

and forced me to choose: either I hand myself over to them or they will imprison a good comrade of mine for a long time because he shoplifted there before. On the conscious layer for a long time I wasn't really able to realize what is actually gonna happen and how my life was about to convert from a skipping pebble to a falling rock. At this time my unconscious layer was already a few steps ahead and it stressed me very much to go to bed in the evenings, knowing, that I had to give up the control over how much I want to grapple with my situation.

What was emotionally charging in the phase before the decision?

At the beginning of my escape everything moved in slow-motion despite constantly changing of locations, people and conversations. The time was dripping and for example a three day stay in one place felt to me like ages. It may sound paradoxical but the situation of living day to day, at the time

made that I couldn't and wouldn't agonize over my future. I just appreciated every conversation, every sunbeam and every good coffee in freedom. My mechanism of suppression was completely activated and now when I think back I hardly could bring myself to the point of making a concrete decision. This meant at the time that it wasn't a conscious decision of mine to

go underground, rather effectively vanishing into thin air. The decision to implement that systematic and future-oriented method developed over time and with a consistent examination of the topic. Probably one of the main indicators to really make this step was the preservation of my personal freedom. My situation allowed me to leave all possibilities open and to find out if a life in clandestinity would be livable for me. On the contrary the "prison option" leaves less space open and is much more definitive.

Were there emotional aspects that only came to the forefront after some time because they might not have had a place in the first and perhaps hectic phase?

Clandestinity means changing – inside as outside. Especially in the beginning this change touches everything. One is at the mercy of this change. I learned little by little to handle change as a constant aspect of my life. But there are also calm periods. And in these moments I

had and have the capacity to reflect, to be clear and to understand better my emotional self. But like I mentioned before, my situation isn't solid, doesn't stabilize, even though it feels like this occasionally. To have to leave places and people who on-again-off-again became familiar is part of the game. And like this consistently emotional issues are piling up, which I need to find a way to deal with – and also in the future. I think in such a situation if one doesn't make the step to leave the first big deprivations behind it will not take long to break with those which are waiting in clandestinity. Not to forget the work of permanently keeping secret one's own ego and the exhausting work of establishing a new and plausible profile which has to be carried out in a convincing manner.

In the second issue of your newspaper you speak about physical health in clandestinity. What is missing regarding emotional support?

There is thousand ways to live in clandestinity and just as many possibilities and experiences to receive or give support. Thus emotional support depends on where and how the affected person lives, what needs this person has and if there are other people who committed themselves to fulfilling those needs.

Personally I do not have real experiences with the question how difficult it is to get emotional support through official channels like therapy or such. A possibility to avoid emotional rehabilitation through words (if one isn't willing to take the risk of surrender oneself through told things) is to open up to the wide field of a body self-examination like yoga, tai chi or any martial arts. Also body focused therapies like osteopathy, cranio sacral and so on can have a positive impact on one's psyche (there *(continue page 3)*)

FROM A PEBBLE TO A ROCKFALL (continuation)

still remains the the question of how to avoid official channels because bureaucracy and clandestinity are quite contradicting). I think if someone in such a situation wants to have their emotional balance under control for a longer time it is indispensable sooner or later to face these issues and to find a proper solution .

Is it possible to rebuild deep relationships in your current situation? To find emotional support in people (in comparable ways to your life before)?

As I experienced it isn't really possible to rebuild as deep relationships as one had them in the past. On the one hand this is because one doesn't share a common past, with all its ups and downs, all its adventures and dramas which still compose the crucial zest in a consistent relationship. On the other hand it is also due to oneself, like how big one's own personal social skills are and how good one connects them with the permanent acting to which one is obliged to. And this is one of the biggest challenges for being socially "successful". One has to somehow shake off the disgust which comes with this acting and establish a positive reference to it. Not until one starts believing their own told stories does it appears authentic. And authenticity is the key for catching up socially. I don't want to say that it is impossible to rebuild equally deep relationships like in the past but it needs a lot of time and patience. A lot!

Is it possible to rebuild emotional relationships? What are the difficulties, what are the methods to deal with them?

If by emotional relationships you mean romantic attachments or anything that goes in this direction, then it is like everything else in life: it is complicated. To be sure to not bring oneself into hot water it is advisable to guard one's own subversive ideas and everything

which is connected to them as a secret. However this behaviour has far-reaching consequences. Because it is a wedge between oneself and the other person and this produces distance no matter how hard one tries to avoid it. In most cases it isn't the fact that the other person was born yesterday and therefore it is a balancing act, a cocktail of trueness and lie which one has to serve for self-protection. I am aware that this must sound repulsive and obnoxious. For sure there are revolutionaries on the run who



meet people they trust, also on a layer of affinity. And therefore it becomes possible to share more with them. But such a decision shouldn't be made rashly because it could have far-reaching consequences. If one isn't ready (yet) to make this step there is nothing else to do but to deal as intensively as possible with the new I. Then one can start to actively living it: what do I like? What hobbies do I have? What "exciting" things happened in my past? What do I hate (sadly censored!)? The logical consequence of such a situation is to start slowly to forget who one really is and what background one has. So it needs times in which one should take a break from their internal reordering and to feel that the real identity is still a revolutionary individual that aspire to the (continue page 4)

GREETINGS FROM THE UNDERGROUND

date: someday

Greetings to all the stone throwers, molly-chefs, riot tourists, nazi blockaders, bombers and theorists. As you are fighters for another world, you could be faced with the same situation that I am in and you may have to go underground.

everyday, but are rather the big locked door of my hideout which prevents the uniformed torturers from entering. Each time I leave there is the risk of getting caught and being imprisoned. To exist in the underground means being chained by chains that are not yet there. This sounds shit. And it is. But stay strong and don't let this get you down. It is up to you to allow this type of repression to work. You can use the dark nights to leave the walls and doors of your hideout behind you to burn their fortresses of imprisonment, to blow holes through their walls, to take revenge on the executors of repression and to liberate human and non-human beings. They have the money and the power, but we have the night and bravery. It may be that the time for demonstrations and the public expression of your opinion is over once you have gone underground, but this enables a new period of your revolutionary struggle to begin. No more pickets and manifests, let's start an era of direct action from the underground! But don't be ashamed if you don't feel able to go down this road and if you instead choose a new identity of anonymity, hidden behind a liberal facade. If you become a fighter of words or if your destiny goes into a complete different direction. Solidarity with all people broken by repression!

Find your way to handle it, look around for help and you will find it. But above all: don't get caught!

*A hiding, angry anarchist
someday, from some kind
of hideout*

PS: don't forget: cops are bastards and vulnerable. And this is how you can show solidarity with me. Act in solidarity with me and other suppressed and attack the whole system of repression. Let them feel your disapproval of them and the predominant way of life – show it through broken windows, a storm of stones at the next demo, paint bags, fire attacks or by any other type of action you prefer.

FROM A PEBBLE TO A ROCKFALL (continuation)

subversion of the existent.

Is there positive emotional aspects that have emerged by going underground?

What for me has distinctly changed since then is the enlargement of my social capacity towards myself and for others. Not to say that I would go now from bar to bar, getting to know new people. But I have a lot more to do with people which I wouldn't normally encounter within a social struggle or a in an area of conflict but through other aspects of life. And because they will never get to know me as an anarchist (at least not in an outspoken way) it needs practice to always reference other layers which could possibly create meaningful associations. This brought me to discover new activities for myself which could more easily build bridges to others.

Another point which strikes me as important, but which is very ambivalent at the same time, is how to handle loss. Because I recognize the longer this situation of clandestinity continues, the more hardened I become in this issue. I already had to forfeit or leave behind so much in my life that also in this issue emerged a certain level of "routine". I know that this doesn't suggest necessarily a healthy way of handling with it. Still I am glad that I don't fall each time again in a deep black hole when I have to leave again place and people behind me.

What is the role of your left behind companions, friends and family in your current life and what do you feel when you think of them?

Until now I spoke almost only about me and I did that very consciously. Because when I think of my comrades, my friends and my parents I become very sad. Although they are all a part of me and will be forever they aren't physically present in my life anymore and I am not in theirs. And the thought that a lot of them are saddened by my

absence or even more are deeply shocked by it, makes the whole issue way more heavy to bear. For me, as the person in this situation, clandestinity is probably less exhausting and sad than for all those great people who miss me and are worried about me. Because the imagination likes to play tricks on one's mind and paints pictures of loneliness, sorrow and helplessness into the frame of clandestinity. And even I can paint such a picture when I read once again that a revolutionary had to go underground. Then one recognizes the failure of trying to imagine this situation and this fosters feelings like fear, sorrow and heartache. I also want to say that there have also developed positive things over the last years: I have the impression that people speak and write more about the issue of clandestinity. Again and again comrades on the run get greetings from all over the world and references are made to their actions and contributions – be it in articles, communiques, radio broadcasts and so on. For sure all this is also the fruitful work of those comrades who got hit by repression whereby one or several of their comrades had to vanish into thin air.

What kind of support would you like to receive from those left behind or how could emotional support from those left behind look like to you?

Clandestinity means changing and that also means burning one's bridges behind one. It means that the person in clandestinity has to learn to keep everything back or express it in very different ways than those that at one point meant the world to them. The person has to become invisible in this regard. And this process is very painful because only to think of all those left behind is too little. However the comrades who can maintain a certain visibility have the possibility to "keep alive" the people on the run, by including them into the ongoing struggles, debates and experiences and therefore build up a mental connection of solidarity. Of course this doesn't always have to be the case, there can be some circumstances where it can be preferable when one is not an outspoken part of certain

MY SECRET

It is enthrone over all. It forms the basis of everything. It is the incompatible agreement, unwillingly signed and certified by one's own conscience. It pops up everywhere and at any time. It protects me. It helps me. It provides time to me. It opens up a whole palette of possibilities. It guarantees my freedom of movement. When I look at this huge catalog of pros I ask myself why I am not able to learn to appreciate *my secret* and the consequential lie. Why does it feel wrong, despite the existence of security reasons, to dish up a fairy tale to all those honest and open-minded people I meet? Probably it isn't due to the lie but rather the concealment of my own person, the constant filtering of my own thoughts and the simulated adaption of my own ethical compass to the one of the majority society. To leave behind a maxim like honesty, openness or trust has a strong impact on new social relationships. I feel a line in me which tells me "until here but not further". So I stay, despite new

social relationships, alone after all.

Over the years I realized that the feeling of loneliness, the inner being-alone, is the most difficult challenge in clandestinity. Because it isn't a concrete problem that I can fix with a little bit of effort or smart ideas. As long as I keep *my secret* and therefore am forced to lie to all those honest and open-minded people, these feeling will continue to persist. And the more these feelings are cemented the less connection I am able to create, because I have already drawn the line. I think everyone who lived in clandestinity for a certain time chased these feeling of loneliness sooner or later at a crossroad: either sink it and return with all consequences; or to go on the tracks of this emptiness inside oneself and therefore maybe finding ways to preserve the external freedom of movement through internal independence. Both branch-offs are painful and anything but easy. For which one do I decide tomorrow? Also this stays a secret.



struggles. But for me the discussion about such questions is already an act of solidarity. As far as I am concerned, I don't have any open wishes that affect the issue of "keeping me alive". There was a public information about the local repression wave and it originated articles and brochures which referenced what happened. Soon after that the situation started being discussed a bit everywhere and the greetings and encouragement through direct actions doesn't fade away. These demonstrations

of solidarity give me strength and the feeling of being connected with people I never have seen and probably never will meet. Another concrete point is the constant support of family members through comrades. Because mostly they are quite alone with that shitty situation which doesn't become easier to handle, given the pressure they receive from the cops."

What are the little things in your everyday life (continue page 5)

FROM A PEBBLE TO A ROCKFALL (continuation)

that support you emotionally and what gives you long-term support?

It was always important for me to develop my own projects and to give them my full attention. After my situation's radical change certainly all the former projects ended up in smoke for me and have left a gap behind. And it took me heaps of time to refill that gap again. It may sound banal but I needed to really learn the meaning of the saying 'never say never' and try out new things which I would have never dreamed of doing before. Through this advancement of my self I discovered new passions and possibilities to act for myself and still do it. So it came that my daily life now forms by itself and I hardly find the time to accomplish everything I want to do. I think getting on with my life and developing my own lifeblood-projects is my daily dose of motivation as small and modest as they might be. Though if I zoom out the daily life a little bit and ask myself more fundamental questions, such as what supports me and gives me strength than the answer is clear: it is all the wonderful the people at home who mentally support me as well as all those who I have met on my journey and who showed me their unconditional solidarity.

Did you have the opportunity to keep on fighting against issues you already fought against before going underground?

There are always possibilities to fight whatever the situation is. The question therefore is if, when and how one is realizing them. In my situation I have to deal additionally with the questions, if and how far I am willing to take the risk to give up my invisibility through concrete acts against power. And this examination is not a yes/no question but a process which tends in both directions.

Are there other/new fights you can carry on actively in clandestinity?

Because of safety-related reasons

I can't give concrete answers to this. But I am in solidarity with a lot of initiatives and interventions and I hope that those will turn into insurrectional moments in the near future to gain new experiences and knowledge. Because I think that only through the interplay of insurrectional theory and practice it is possible to develop an antiauthoritarian perspective.



How did your connection develop to the former fights and local issues you were participating in, after you went underground? Did you still feel connected to them and how did you cope with that?

In the beginning I felt the strong need to still help shape and push all the projects and initiatives which I was an active part of back then. So I was still strongly engaged in my old context and considered new possibilities of intervention. But as time went by I realized I was looking at the local developments as a foreign person with a much more sober view, the direction they were taking would have quite upset me if I had still been present. I can't say if this implied stability or numbness. Possibly something

THE OTHERS AND I

"Hell is other people" or "No Exit" is the name of a famous play from Jean-Paul Sartre which had its premiere in 1944. Three persons find themselves in hell where they prepare for the worst. But the expected torture and physical anguishes

them. They cannot stay away from each other nor escape each other. They are not even able to kill each other. And so it is meant forever: "Hell is other people".

The play wants to talk about when social relationships towards others are wrong-headed or skewed, it's only logical that others become hell. Sartre points this out with the symbolism of "being dead". As long as we are "dead", according to Sartre, letting our lives become encrusted through habits, uses and opinions about ourselves, we stay unable to change our situation. We choose the bondage which defines itself through the opinion of others about ourselves. After this play Sartre got blamed for claiming that our social relations with others would be completely in dependency and therefore always poisoned.

"[...] if my relations are bad I befall myself in total dependency from others. And then I am effectively in hell. There is quite a number of people in the world who lives in hell because they depend too much on the opinions of others. But by no means that says that one cannot have different relations with others. It only marks the crucial significance of all the others for us", so Sartre.

don't arrive. Locked up in one room they become clear on the issue that through their particular desires like love, sex or appreciation they intentionally become their own torturer. The solidarity disappears out of fear and mutual hate because no one wants to admit their own falseness is respectively their self-delusion. Each one is doomed to constantly torture the others and be tortured by

Since a while, I live a life on a side road of the societal highway. Nevertheless I rush with all the other participants towards sundown or apocalypse, depending on how one wants to look at it. I rubberneck but I recognize no one. They are aliens to me, the others. I listen to them but I don't understand their words even though I speak their language. They are (continue page 6)

in the middle. Anyway I am happy to say now that this process of alienation didn't get worse over the years – and this is doubtless due to the strong solidarity which I feel from everywhere.

Therefore I am very thankful still being able to say with all my heart that I am an active part of an anti-authoritarian debate with a perspective on a social revolution.

THE OTHERS AND I (continuation)

aliens to me, the others. And still I am not free, not independent from their opinion about me, quite the contrary. There are days I live a dead life. The others leave me out in the rain, let me down, don't reply to my desires, look past me. Saddened, inside of me I blame and condemn them because of their opinion about me. Bad relations, total dependence. But what do I expect from them? I am just a visitor on their highway after all, bobbed up all of a sudden without the necessary outfit to keep up to speed. On such days I sit far above the clouds and the hell that is other people.

On other days I am able to feel the ground under my feet and the idea of heaven and hell vanish into thin air. I can see clearly again. Here I am, there are the others and we interact. Once active, once passive but it is lively, even on and beside a barren highway. But don't worry, after all the time of my of my "absence" I didn't forget that the highway has to disappear. That it's only possible through a rupture the discovering of a space for the reciprocal experiment of free relations by free individuals. Try, fail, learn, grow, forget, remember and try again. This is the struggle for freedom for freedom itself.

I will end with another quote by the (same) philosopher who realized in his writing "Existentialism is a Humanism" from 1946, what, amongst others, the anarchist Erich Mühsam propagated already 14 years before: "We want freedom for the freedom itself and through every particular circumstance. And as we want freedom we discover, that it depends well and truly on the freedom of the others. Of course by definition freedom of a person doesn't depend on others, but as soon as there exists a commit-onself I am liable to want freedom for myself and for the others simultaneously. So I cannot aim my freedom if I don't aim it for the others at the same time."

INCOGNITO

"EXPERIENCES OF BANISHMENT"

The following imprinted excerpts of the article "Experiences of banishment" we extract from the book "Incognito – Experiences that defy identification" which first edition was released in the year 2003 in Italian (meanwhile translated in French, English and German). The highly recommendable book consist of different articles from mostly anarchist which looking back on earlier lived experiences. They are personal experience reports, suggestions, as well as practical and theoretical considerations which take the reader along into different adventures – painfully as well as empowering – and allows teeny impressions in the living conditions of those which had to become "inexistent" because of legal persecution.

The two selected and short passages of the very detailed original article describe the experience of an extreme situation for the concerned person which was at the time on the run. These passages were explicitly chosen, because this experience was a key moment of a deeper understanding for the person and exemplarily for their entire time in clandestinity.

I had got lost in a wood. While looking for a way out, I fell down a cliff. Luckily my rucksack prevented me from breaking my back, but I was in such pain that I remained motionless on the bed of a dry river for a night and a day. I soon finished my food and water. I spent days trying to climb and find a spot from where to orientate myself, and one ***night in the rain. The fourth day passed and besides being hungry and very tired I started to feel a strange interior dizziness. At a certain point, the different aspects of my character started arguing with one 51 another as though they were different people. Their

discourses were so realistic that every time I woke up after falling asleep with my legs wrapped around a trunk to avoid falling down, I couldn't say if I had really met someone

when I slid on a sloping rock dozens of metres up that I really felt as if I was a 'docile fibre in the universe'. Out of the blue I realized that freedom is often no more than a question of . . . balance. So many desires, projects, and discussions on the power of the individual transforming his life: a few centimetres further and everything was finished. I regretted pathetically that I wouldn't be able to write anything to the world on whose



or if I had just been dreaming. Two voices were the most frequent: the pessimistic one and the optimistic one. The former attacked the awkward ingenuity of the latter with arguments that I will never forget.

The quarrel was mainly about the relation between man and nature. The optimistic one interpreted the shapes in the wood (branches of trees, paths between the bushes, etc.) as signs of a way out and cheered up. The pessimistic one sneered at this reassuring anthropomorphism as he claimed that a wood didn't give any signs, it just was. But the optimistic one didn't give up; on the contrary he created deities for himself as companions of travel. It was

fragile borders I was still advancing hesitantly. I become strongly convinced that words are medicines (the Greeks intended them as both medicine and poison) that keep us apart from the absolutely other that Nature is.

Wild nature is not as it is depicted in primitivist-illustrated magazines; on the contrary it is a terrifying place because it is 'mute'— a place of total communion and at the same time of absolute loneliness. Extreme solitude is a medicine too because it is a relation in which others participate in the form of absence. As I was lying on the rocks of that dry river, I found myself thinking of what my comrades would have said about that (continue page 7)

EXPERIENCES OF... (continuation)

circumstance, and I laughed heartily. My comrades...

Words as medicine. I experienced my most intense relation with theory the night that I had to light a fire using a book of Hegel. I can't describe my hesitation when I tore out the pages nor can I describe my thoughts around the fire or the light that Hegel's dialectics assumed in the unusual way it was being used. I realized that, not by chance, Heraclitus the obscure used to see in the flames of fire the sensitive expression of things becoming reality. [...]

Upon those bare rocks where eagles build their nest, I guessed how strong the thought of committing suicide could be. The idea that you can say goodbye to the world at any time makes life wonderful. 'Go ahead, dare further, no one can compel you to live!': through the obstinate voice of that demon we can face any enemy. In fact, all blackmail collapses on the sharp point of this kind of awareness. On the edge of an attractive cliff, in the absolute emptiness where fiction disappears and only what counts really counts, I met unreserved love.

In other words, the optimist prevailed with reasons that reason doesn't know. When one

night in the rain a kind of cosmic voice (my personal Mephistopheles) proposed a pact to me, I felt an irrepressible euphoria: 'If you renounce your ideas I will take you out of this wood'. I said euphoria, which is what I felt when I refused the offer. Still rhetorical even when he is delirious, some will say. After

all, even our hallucinations reveal who we are. It might seem strange, but my experience as someone in clandestinity is all there, in the experience I've just told you about.

The rest is a series of details. We only really remember what shocks us.

COMRADE ARRESTED AFTER 7 YEARS ON THE RUN

At the 8th of august 2019 the anarchist Vincenzo Vecchi got arrested in France. He was a fugitive and wanted since 2012, following a final sentence of 11 years and 6 months in prison that was imposed for the accusations (specifically, the crime of "devastation and pillage") inherent in the days of revolt against the summit of the G8 which took place in Genoa in July 2001.

We send him all the strength, courage and solidarity beyond the walls of the prison, we publish here a statement read by Vincenzo in court in 2007 during the trial in which about twenty people were accused of the revolt against the G8. This statement was given 12 years ago but it predicts the development of state repression (if one looks at the G20 trials in Hamburg and the subsequent, on-going police actions), this analysis could not be more current. After the statement he read in court we also want to publish a personal letter from him which came out recently.

Declaration at the hearing on 7th of December 2007 in the first instance trial against 25 defendants for the revolt against the 2001 G8 in Genoa:

First of all I would like to make a brief introduction: as an anarchist I consider the bourgeois concepts of guilt or innocence totally meaningless.

The decision to want to debate in a process of "criminal actions" that are meant to impute to me and to other people, and above all to express here the ideas that characterize my way of being and to perceive things, could be object of wrong evaluations: it is therefore necessary to specify on my part that the spirit with which I release this declaration, after years of media spectacle of the facts debated here, is that in which even the voice of some defendant makes itself heard.

With this brief intervention, however, I look for neither loopholes nor justifications: for me it would also be absurd that



the court decides that it is legitimate to revolt, it is not up to it.

Rereading facts that happened under a certain point of view, with a certain type of language (those of the bureaucracy of the courts, for instance) doesn't mean only considering them partially, but it means distorting their scope, their historical, social and political collocation, means completely distorting them from the whole context in which they occurred.

What is being challenged in this process, the crime of devastation and pillaging, according to the language of the penal code implies that "a plurality of people indiscriminately take possession of a considerable

quantity of objects to bring devastation": for this type of crime they demand very high sentences, and this despite the fact that they are not particularly odious actions or heinous crimes.

I have always assumed full responsibility and the possible consequences of my actions, including my presence on the day of mobilization against the G8 of 20 July 2001, indeed I am honored to have participated as a free man in a collective radical action, without any hegemon structure above me. And I was not alone, with me there were hundreds of thousands of people, each one with its own poor means, one worked to oppose a world order based on the capitalist economy, which (continue page 8)

COMRADE ARRESTED AFTER 7 YEARS... (continuation)

today is called neoliberal... the infamous globalization economic, which stands on the hunger of billions of people, poisons the planet, pushes the masses into exile and then deport and incarcerate them, invents wars, massacres entire populations: this is what I call devastation and pillage.

With that enormous open-air experiment done on Genoa (in the previous months and on the days when that event of planetary devastators and pillagers was held) that some latecomer still insists on calling management of the square, a temporal watershed was placed: from Genoa onwards nothing would have been as before, neither in the squares nor in the trials following possible disorders.

With sentences of this kind it paves the way to a modus operandi that will become a natural practice in similar cases, that is to say to strike in the pile of protesters to intimidate anyone who dares to participate in marches, marches, demonstrations... I don't think it's out of place to talk about measures preventive of psychological terrorism.

Instead I am not going to argue here about the concept of violence, about who perpetrates it and about who must defend itself from and so on: this is not to assume ambiguous attitudes regarding the use or not of certain means in the class struggle, but because I consider this location is not suitable for facing a debate that is part of the antagonistic movement to which I belong. [...]

Ciao, this is an open letter...

My name is Vincenzo Vecchi, I have been wanted in Italy on two European arrest warrants since 2012 because of sentences of the courts of Genoa and Milan, one in 2006 and the other in 2001. I was arrested by the police of the flying squad and it was their captain who told me that he was very satisfied with this operation between the police forces of two European countries. A structure, said the captain, whose collaboration is obviously working better and better.

"It is financed by Interpol..." he told me in a confidential tone... captain I don't think there is anything new in this... I know well about collaboration in "police operations" and that is precisely why I don't want to be sent back [ndr. to Italy]. "France is better than Italy?"... just to make it clear, I am not interested in expressing a preference between the prisons of one country or another, indeed I have already expressed my point of view on more or less democratic prisons (and on the

countries that are their mirror, as someone rightly said), in broad terms that is the reason I have already done time in prison. They cooperate among themselves on topics such as "regulation", reception, the movement of individuals on European soil (a subject that concerns me in first person),

are able to give birth to monstrous agreements like "Frontex"... they give directives which as a result add to the already macabre figures of boats sunk with their "load of poor" every day. If you want to keep your feet on the ground, aren't the operations at the borders of Libya or Tunisia where those poor people are repelled home, militarily, (concentrating them in camps on the way) the result of this cooperation? I call this war.

So that is why I don't want to be dispatched, that is why I don't want to find myself being the result of a good police (co)operation carried out by two allied States in times of war ... even if I still have a chance, since I have still dry feet ... I wanted to tell the captain all this, I wanted to tell him that I am against this war ... but he was too busy taking selfie upon selfie with his colleagues from the flying squad ... and the prison door opened in front of us ...

30. August 2019

