

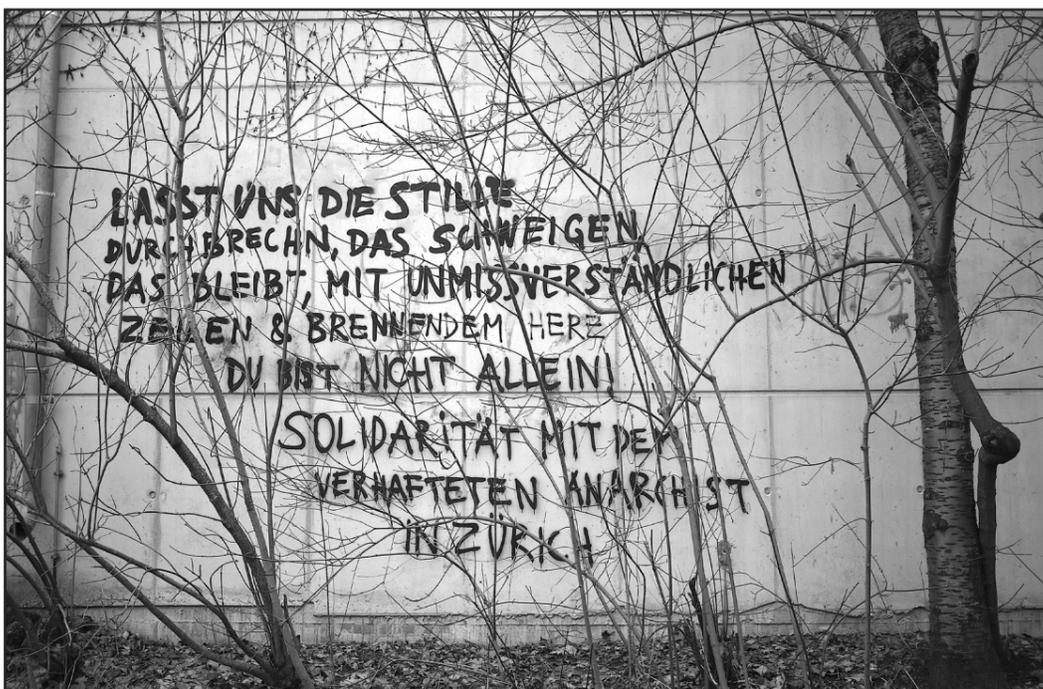


march 2019

At the end of January 2019 cops arrest a comrade in Zürich, search his house, take him to the anarchist library Fermento, where they also sniff and search through the space and confiscate a computer, among other things. After this they kidnap the comrade into the police prison. A few days later a judge releases a order for detention. At the moment the comrade is being held in the 'Bezirksgefängnis Zürich'. He is being accused of an arson that took place in September 2015, at which nine army vehicles were destroyed, and of the arson of an antenna of the police of Zürich in July 2016 and of putting up a poster in the window of anarchist library Fermento in November 2017 calling for for attacking the responsible ones for the construction of the PJZ (Police Justice Center Zürich) and the prison Bässlergut (Basel). Already then, after a mediatic witch hunt campaign the Fermento got searched, the poster and confiscated and his DNA taken. Since the fire at the antenna in 2016, another comrade is being searched internationally. At this point we wish this comrade in Nowhere only the best, and much courage. That the pigs never get a hold of him. For this we refer to the brochure „Radio Silence – A collection of texts about sabotage, repression and smoke signals from clandestinity“.

The following lines are a warning to the enemies of freedom: „Don't you dare touch our friends!“, but also a contribution to a discussion of a practical proposal: for a decentralised, self-organised, anonymous attack, to act against the infrastructures of exploitation, control and oppression, with the aim of sabotaging the social reproduction of power – that is also being kept in place through its infrastructures.

Solidarity with the arrested comrade and the one in hiding!



graffiti that appeared in recent weeks in München "Let us breakthrough the silence, the stillness that remains, with unmistakeable words and burning hearts. You are not alone! Solidarity with the arrested comrade in Zürich"

ATTACK!

The ringing of the alarm clock in the morning beats me from my sleep. First act: I turn on my cell phone. Through satellites, relay, antennas and so on my phone synchronizes with those of everyone else. At the same time we're living the same life. Connected with the internet, something invisible is swirling through me, my phone is sending and receiving permanently.

Another rhythm is ruling, when the nightly rhythm is ringed to death, when I have synchronized myself with the interconnected world. The staccato of live broadcast, of uninterrupted availability, of permanent disposability, of time tables and appointments, of schedules and deadlines. Second Act: I disconnect my cell phone from the electricity grid. Without it my phone would be nothing, just plastic and metal waste, with a few parts made of rare earth elements. Thanks to energy production, dependent on Nuclear power and coal, a global network, this critical infrastructure, which is guaranteeing our our daily life, each and every day, and which can only function protected by army and Police and specialists. After using diverse devices, which also assume a network – without which they would be completely useless – I set my foot on the streets.

I am walking under the streetlights – in the city darkness doesn't exist anymore, no places that dodge visibility – along the distribution boxes for energy and telephone, the electric advertising panels, the shops with securing devices – out of blatancy a thought appears: electricity serves the existing property relations – more than a thousand kilometers of glass fiber- and copper cables, just half a meter under my feet. I am passing also the gully covers which give access to shafts, in which the veins of the modern world are running.

Taking the train, also the covering concrete slabs along the rails attract attention, under which again cables are wiggling and after every few meters the set of signals: without that nothing will go on anymore and the human capital and the dead goods will no longer arrive where they shall be consumed or produce surplus value. Giving up the ant's view, I take a look to the top and see the antennas for radio, Internet, telephone, radio's on the roofs... Police Radio.

The maintenance of daily misery is based on certain channels – if these collapse, people have to change their daily routine. The communication of those, who are defending the property relations on the streets – Cops and military – runs through antennas, under which we are walking from morning until night. If a radio mast breaks down, if a cable harness burns, if an accurate cut is made through the glass fiber cable or through the copper one of the streetlights, suddenly a space of darkness opens up, a moment of confusion for some, who didn't learn to act and think autonomously and didn't want to, who always wait for instructions and orders and obey them and a possibility for others to do something, which often seems impossible.

When our world is becoming more and more a huge machine, when the veins of domination are getting more filigree, covering the whole territory with a net, then – if we want to attack – we have to be able to detach our glances from the most obvious and to try to include our analysis of the ongoing developments into the possibilities which we want to give ourselves. The more complex the world, the more vulnerable it is for disorders. These hubs and the connections between them, that we are finding nearly everywhere exposed, are the raw points to be capped. In a moment when even the air is burning it doesn't make sense to set a fire there, where the flames are dancing already and where all eyes are focussed on. The radio silence, the breakdown of communication, the interrupting of command chains, these – and even much more – are the possibility which we can find, if we are searching for aims to attack with a creative and analytical look.

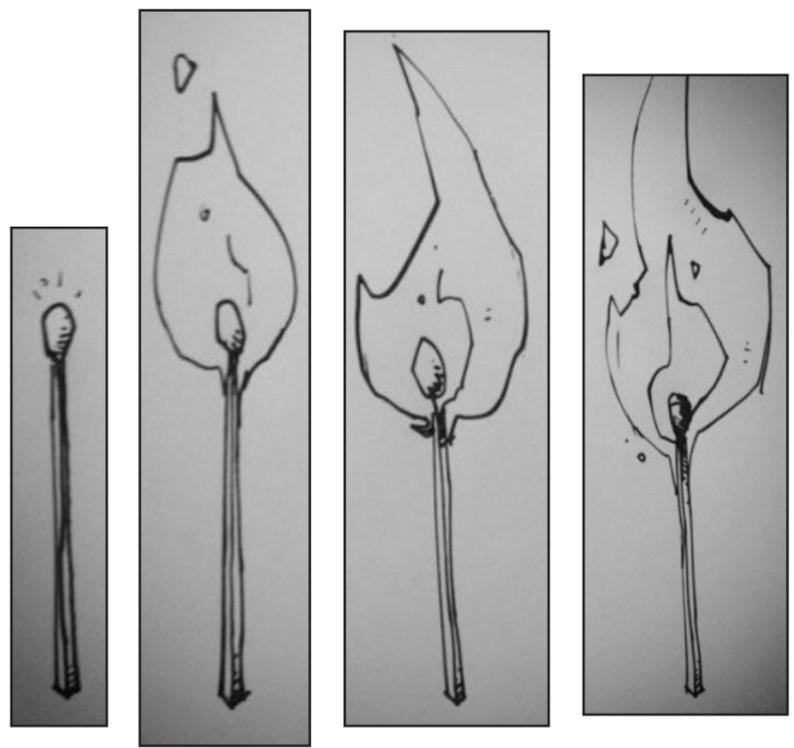
THOUSAND PINPRICKS

About the arson of a antenna in Zürich and individual action

Of course the world, how it is today, is shit, but what should I as a single person do against it?“, a popular exclamation, especially from people, that afterwards let themselves fall back on the couch, or – flicking away their cigarette – go back in to the bar to order the next beer.

This argument builds on the idea that innumerable amounts of people are necessary to change something, that we (whoever that is) must first become the majority to be able to do something. That is the illusion of politics, that is the pretense many people use to justify their passivity. It is about recognizing that everything that is in our power, are our individual acts. We can only influence that which we do ourselves. What the others are up to, what the masses do, is not our concern. That, what one person can do, can seem like very little, but at the same time it is all we have and in it exists the biggest possible potential of our existence. Each of our acts has an impact on our social surrounding (the not-acting is also an act and favors the not-acting of others). The individual action, about which i will speak in a bit, may perhaps sound like something drastic, but it is not about saying that some actions are more important than others, only because they cause more damage. Of course it is true that there are differences, some acts concern thousands of people, others maybe only a few, but that doesn't make the one better than the other, it are just different acts with different effects that in that situation can be exactly the right decision – at least the one of acting, instead of not acting.

Mid July 2016 the cables at the feet of an antenna belonging to Zürich police got torched. The cables burned down and besides some hundred thousands Francs of damage the antenna was for some days out of service. This antenna was an emergency antenna of the city police. [...] The antenna that was set ablaze was part of the critical infrastructure of the police and shows how vulnerable and attackable these seemingly omnipotent institutions like the police are. Or, like anarchist comrades from Zürich express: „the numerical superiority, like those in terms of weapons, doesn't count as much against the intelligence and practical ability of people.

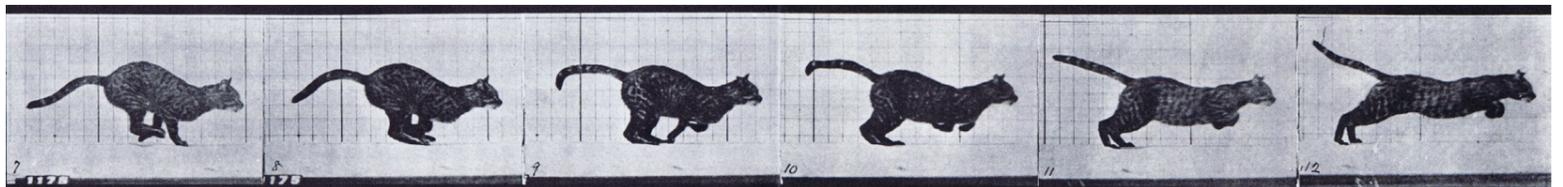


A few cables, which at the right place and in the right moment can be torched from a single person, have the potential to bring a entire army into chaos“. This shows how much a individual action can accomplish when it is thoughtfully prepared and planned. But it is not about doing only such – in relation to other actions – elaborate actions. But exactly the combination of different acts from different persons, which are active against dominion and oppression in their daily lives, is what is interesting. Thousands of smaller and bigger pinpricks – whether it is tearing down election posters or burning down antennas of the police - , that is what really hurts dominion. I want to close with a few words from the anarchist comrade in clandestinity: „Obviously it is important to put grains of sand in this machine, but the questions of when, where, how, with whom and which effect is desired are equally pertinent.“

With this in mind, all the strength in the world to the comrade on the run, wherever he might be!

article found in anarchist street newspaper 'Fernweh' from Munich, edition 26, June 2017

ESCAPE INTO CONFLICT



We think of solidarity as a way of being accomplices, of taking reciprocal pleasure and in no way consider it a duty, a sacrifice for the “good and sacred cause”, because it is our own cause, i.e. ourselves.”

In such a moment, when repression strikes, I am left with a sense of lostness, hurt and incapability, a feeling that makes me look for the close comrades around, a feeling that torments me when i lay my head down to rest that night, thinking of the friend and comrade that is locked up and in uncertainty about his future. Those moments, staring at the ceiling, I imagine taking down the walls of the building where the comrade is caged in. I imagine *revenge* when I think of the humiliation that the justice system now will try to impose on him, that he has to endure during the boring court session, being forced to listen to a language that is infinitely far away from mine, that speaks with the logic of guilt and innocence. A language that I am not able to speak, because if I did, I would end up participating in their game. It can never be my language since I don't follow any moral imposed by dominion, because I refuse this world and the way it functions. Desiring revenge, not in a way of settling a score, not to get even, because this is hardly possible in this social system and because obviously I refuse any juridical or the religious ‘eye for an eye, tooth for a tooth’ logic. But revenge to win back my dignity and capability to act, to carry on the proposal of attack.

“Instead, if to solicit me to revenge was my offended dignity, it is only to that that I am responsible, and with it, therefore with the offended part of myself, with my conscience, I must come to terms. And with myself there are no half measures, I with myself constitute an indissoluble totality, I am the world, the

totality of the world, and who causes offense to my dignity cancels the world, destroys me like the conscience of the world through my self, and deserves to be taken from the world.”

Revenge, to not lose oneself in the role of being a mere ‘helper’ in the situation, to not get lost in keeping yourself busy with the (juridical) technicalities of such a case, but to keep close to myself, my ideas and to live out these emotions. In these moments where one feels paralyzed between powerlessness and rage, only when one finds again the spark of creativity that also perhaps has the potential of finding an echo with comrades close and far away, you can surpass this feeling, which in the best of cases can turn into a strengthening moment for everyone considering themselves affected. Regardless of our situation, during times of more or less repression, the will and capability to act always needs to be present, because it is precisely *always* that rebellion is necessary. To not fall into another trap of reaction, because it is not necessary to wait for every moment the state decides to intervene in our lives. There are always a thousand reasons to act and a universe of possibilities from which to take off from that exceed the unchosen framework created by a moment of repression, it is up to us to make that moment of tension part of our ongoing struggles.

To not just find oneself and each other in the hardest of times but to find oneself and each other in the permanent conflict against authority.