

SEPTEMBER
2018

FOR FREE



NR. 2

from everywhere and nowhere

Fantasma

CLANDESTINE ANARCHIST NEWSPAPER

BLAZE A TRAIL

EDITORIAL

The ongoing uncertainty resembles a blindfolded free fall. The time seems to pass at cyberspeed and simultaneous standstill. An feeling of grandiose freedom and deep fall at the same time. And before I knew it, suddenly I find myself in the middle of a jungle, sitting on the ground, surrounded by trees, scrubs and branches, which block my view, scratch my arms and legs and inflict here

and there deep wounds on me. However I am surrounded by life, by movement and little by little I fit in the rhythm. Deep inside of me I know though that I am still falling. So I am searching for hold and orientation on the outside. I grab a droopy liana to straighten myself up. It feels real, consistent, certain. I hoist myself up on it, hoping to see some other lianas, that can help me to blaze a trail.

In unsteady times, like we are experiencing now, the fantasma embodies this liana, real, consistent, certain. Through it we have created a possibility for us to get in touch with comrades from all-around to exchange notes on the specific issue of clandestinity. About all the different facets, angles of view, consternations and perspectives, which such a situation brings with it. And in the best case scenario this newspaper can

open up mental connections, can encourage comrades to deal more intensely with the possibility of going underground, can offer an anonymized platform for speaking about the unspeakable.

In the editorial of the first issue we wrote „[we] hope to be able to contribute with this paper to the anarchist project and to grow with it“. By reading through it again we stumbled upon this sentence, because it didn't really strike us as precise anymore. The decision to go unterground is not offensive by itself, just as this newspaper project is not subversiv by itself. Rather the questions are how one deals with it, what kind of decisions one makes in that situation and what kind of potential one finds out in particular and therefore is able to implement. Because the anarchist project, the social revolution, needs a relevant social dimension of conflictuality by strong-willed and brave individuals, who don't shy away from unambiguous words, followed by concrete acts of subversion.

We still nourish the strong need to stoke up the social conflictuality on every level. We still want to be more than wandering ghosts on the sidestage of a society, which is not ours. We still want to be offensive against all kind of authority and oppression in spite of our situation. But how can we intervene socially? To put ourselves offensively beside the oppressed and to voice our ideas

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.

fantasmamagazine@riseup.net
(use TOR-Browser for own security)

of freedom unambiguously, without handing ourselves to the enemy on a silver platter? It is these questions, which keep us, and we believe many others in similar situations, busy and we want to immerse deeper in the following issues.

Concluding we want to say, that we were very excited about the received articles and the very fast translation of the first issue to german. For security reasons we reserve the right for the following issues, to not specify received articles as such. Except of historical writings or publicly available publications, for example Incognito, which for the purpose of announcement on their part we gladly provide with an indication of source.

IN THIS NUMBER

Editorial
∞
Interview
∞
Escape and the search for myself
∞
Physical health in clandestinity
∞
Report of the discussion about going underground
∞
A few words about the decisions of Loïc

Please describe your situation, without too much information, just in order to understand your decision.

In the last couple of years, many arrests have been made related to political activities and social struggles in the country I live. The police tried to arrest me some time ago in two different occasions, in connection with two different investigations concerning direct action and rioting. More recently, an old court case against me and other comrades came also to an end, and I was sentenced to a short period in jail. I feel the need to point out very clearly that this is the situation of a person facing relatively small charges and a short time in prison. This talk shouldn't be taken as a reference for those who face more serious cases and long-term imprisonment.

When did you decide to hide and why?

As they tried to catch me the first time, they looked for me in the wrong places. That was not by chance, because I started to mess up on purpose all information concerning my home address many years ago, well knowing that sooner or later this would turn out to be useful. I never thought, along with my comrades, that the fight against repression is the most important one, but we still think that it has to be done. This means that we decided collectively that, in order to make the job of our enemies more difficult, we should always try to escape arrests when possible. So that morning as soon as I got news that they had looked for me in a couple of places, I left the building from a back entrance and went away.

Was it clear from the beginning that you would leave the country you live in? Did you plan a long time on the run?

I didn't make any specific plan about the length of my staying in hiding, but I knew it wouldn't have been too long. In fact what was important for me was that the choice about what would have happened was in my hands and not in theirs. At the same time, even when I got news about the warrant for the second investigation and about the warrant for the sentence to jail, I

INTERVIEW

A talk to a comrade from the European area, currently in hiding.

discussed with my comrades that a long-term run would be pointless. Basically it would have meant to let them neutralise one of us in a very cheap way, which

comrades everywhere and get news about what was going on around. There was also someone that I definitely wanted to meet out of personal reasons. After a



is not my intention at all. I want to continue my struggle in my city and in the country I live in, so I guess I'll come back at a given time, unless something relevant happens. As I said, it's a matter of my decision now, and I'll make the decision that I think would be more useful for our struggle, along with my comrades. As for the country, at the beginning I didn't want to leave it, for many reasons. One was that I had 5 euro in my pocket and I needed help. I took a train and get to a new city, where I met an old buddy. The day after I met comrades in a political place and they gave me the money to get to another city. I basically travelled this way for a month, and it was cool to meet

while, nevertheless, I couldn't rely any longer on the economical help of the existing structures, because, you know, I didn't want to be a burden. So I went back to my city and I worked a little bit, but it was funny and crazy at the same time, since the cops who were looking for me were often randomly around, sometimes one block away. I had to avoid certain places and certain streets and, apart from the hours I had to work, I just got out at night, and never went to bars or clubs that people like me would normally go to. Of course I should also avoid places where cops would hang out, so you need to know well your city's nightlife to do that, and I guess I do. It was

basically exiting to fuck the cops around like this. This lasted another month and it was pretty stressing in the end, so I was happy when someone, out of personal connections, hired me for a job abroad. I planned the trip in the details in order to pass the border safely (it was a quite easy border, I must say), and there I was. In the new country there were no political structures I could really rely on, but there were a couple of comrades that I knew, and I made them aware of the situation. I worked some months there, but then the job came to an end, so I decided to leave again, also because I didn't want to be a burden, again, for the comrades who were hosting me since then. So I started to travel a lot, and it has been a hell of fun. I met great people, I heard all possible stories and I learned a lot. Most of times, when I arrive in a new place, no one knows why I am there. They just think I am travelling. Then I see what people I can really trust, and I explain the situation. But most of people around me don't know who I am and why I'm there. No rumours are possible this way, and that's the only way it can really work.

In which way did you have to build your own structures? Were you able to use existing structures and experiences by other comrades?

In the country I live there were plenty of political structures that really would almost fight with each other in order to help me the most, which was nice because it wasn't anything personal, it was of course completely political, there is a huge solidarity. Most of the people I met had never found themselves in situations where someone on the run ought to be helped and hidden. I also was completely new to this experience. I heard by mouth stories about people that had been on the run, also in my town, since the age of high school, and later, but I didn't really know what it would have been like. On the other hand, I had talked often to my comrades about this possibility, because many of us had already been arrested or harassed by the cops in many ways during the years, so it was definitely something that has always been in our minds. I must say that all the *(continue page 3)*

people I met in the country I live were very serious in doing what they had to do, even if most of them are very young and not that much experienced; most of them are actually students and young workers, but they are used to think as criminals, because that's what we are in the representation of the state. So they did a great job and I think it was a useful experience for all of us. Abroad, of course, it is more difficult to the extent that you have fewer contacts and you know people less. But there are so many great comrades around, and they are helping me. I must also say that there are cities and neighbourhoods, in this continent, where the crime rate is so high that you feel quite supported by the habits of the people, which is basically not to talk about other people's shit or about anything that is not your own business. And also, there is – in certain places, but you will have to look for them carefully – a spontaneous feeling of sympathy for those who are in trouble with the law, it doesn't matter the reason. I never thought that a revolutionary perspective will mostly come out of this kind of environment, as far as most people involved are nothing but illegal workers dealing with illegal exploitation (or illegal capitalists), but when you are in hiding you are in a criminal situation anyway, so also these connections can be useful, although of course one must know what one is doing and with who. In addition, I can say that personal connections have been useful; I mean those that are not political, but that's also a complicated subject in some way.

How was this experience up till now and what were the main obstacles you have encountered?

I must say this experience is great, exactly as I expected. Of course I won't deny that it is hard, too: when you have no money, you can't live very well, and a comrade in hiding is not the kind of type that is going to have tons of money. Also, there is something that you have to think carefully about in such a situation, which is your health; imagine if you really need a doctor: it's not going to be very easy to need to register in an hospital or show your own

insurance (assumed you have one), without leaving traces about where you are. When I first run away one of my hands was broken, and it drove me nuts to get rid of all the shit I had on my arm, some weeks later. Another hard thing can be the relationship you are going to have with others. On one hand, you can't most of times say the truth, you have to play a character, and that's awkward more often than not. On the other hand, it can happen that people, who know what it is all about, start to build a representation of you as "the fugitive" and they unintentionally deal with you as you were kind of a movie character, which is also alienating. Finally, people you

left back in your city or country, especially those for whom you are the beloved one, are not really going to accept or understand everything in an easy way, especially when it gets to the necessary choice of cutting any possible contact for a while. The main obstacle for those who are on the run (assumed that they got rid of their gps, registered simcards, facebook and so on) are rumours about them, which unfortunately are likely to be spread by the same ones who help them and do their best for them. There are good reason to think that cops not only get information listening some phone talks or microphone registrations, but they also (presumably on specific occasions) send someone to listen what is said in squats, bars, and the like. We don't need any paranoia about that, we should be cool and never paranoid, or we'll just play their game. But when it comes to certain things – and hiding is one of these things – we must keep discreet. Most of people think that being discreet is not to tell something to those who are not trustworthy; others think that it means not to tell anyone but your closest friend or your partner. None of that is true:

"[...]what was important for me was that the choice about what would have happened was in my hands and not in theirs."

being discreet means not to tell anyone, unless the person in question gives you the permission to tell.

Another obstacle that should be mentioned is stress. There are many stress factors in this situation. One is the possible sense of loneliness, and irrational thoughts about you being alone while other people just carry on with their own lives. Another stress factor is that you don't actually know what your enemies are doing of your case. Maybe they don't give a shit because they have something more important to take care of, and all of your efforts seem sometimes excessive or disproportioned. Or maybe you are now risking an

undervaluation of their efforts, and they will catch you in the most ridiculous way, out of the most obvious search path, when you just don't expect them at all, convinced that you are secure enough. Who knows? All these thoughts are simply useless and just add paranoia to your potential loneliness, so people in hiding, I think, should just avoid them. The solution is simple: we have to reason in terms of statistics. We should act following procedures of our choice, that statistically reduce the possibility of being caught to a minimum, with an extent of discipline that is for us psychologically acceptable. Nervous breakdown doesn't make you more secure. We shouldn't go mad because of the fucking cops, we shouldn't allow them to put us in a jail even when we escaped the jail. (Once I was getting too stressed, really too much, I hung out with a person that I barely knew, but who inspired me, and I just told this person everything. This is not something that I recommend to do, but in that case I needed to do that, it's just personal. What I mean is that, fuck it, no one is ever allowed to build around us a life of pain and sorrow. I guess

who is in hiding needs to do things his own way, sometimes: you are going to be the only one who knows what is going on not outside, but inside you. I think in any conflict, warfare or real political struggle very much is due to how contenders are able to relate with themselves, even more than with the counterpart. You are much stronger if you allow yourself to get some fun and distractions.)

What do you wish for perspectives and what would you like to add?

I think that we should build more structures in order to hide people who need it, and get always prepared. Our enemy is very organized, so we should be well organized to antagonise it well. But I also think that if we have to hide too much when we are in hiding, than it means we are not going very far – politically, historically. Where a strong resistance is in place, or where a revolution is on its way – and there's much going on right now around the world – people need to hide from the police, but not really from people. The way we develop social conflict is going to give us more or less chances to confront our enemy, also when it gets to clandestine life. One of these chances is to make our reasons the most possible understandable to the other oppressed, so that the largest number of them can be inclined to help us, maybe even joining our struggle. I got help in hiding by people you would never tell: that is because the charges I have are related to struggles that many people can understand. Sometimes people who helped me on my way didn't really agree with the means we use but believed in the cause, or didn't even believe in the cause but they found it respectful in some way, because they feel that something is wrong about the world we live in.

I must say that my situation is totally ok, I feel more mature after this experience and I can't wait getting involved in more troubles, if so I can say. I know more people now and I am also a bit less ignorant, as I read much more than before, let alone talking to comrades all around. Reading is very important when you face problems, (*continue page 4*)

ESCAPE AND THE SEARCH FOR MYSELF

Every person has its own (hi)story. A (hi)story which consist of many little stories, that happen to one during the life. But these many little storys are not equal in size, are not equal in weight. Most of them are not even really worth mentioning, compared with those few which grab the own life at its roots and change track completely. Over 65 million people in this world share one of this few stories, as different as they may be – the story of escape.

Escaping means to have to run away, to wanna get yourself (and others) to safety. Away from everything beloved and important, towards an supposedly better place. Escaping means pain, shock, trauma. And all those, who survive this from power and oppression produced tragedy, in return to this "luck" are condemned to suffer all of this. The beat of the pulse goes on, it continues. Hope? Maybe in the beginning. Still the hammer of the reality strikes again way too quickly. The heteronomy takes its course and forces the spirits, which this authoritarian society conjured, to wade through this daily quagmire of economical and social precariousness, in order to make the dream of a stable and secure ground more realistic. Hope? Hardly anymore. Sooner than later most people realize, that this unfortunately remains only a dream. In a world, based on exclusion, always focused on waging a intriguing war against the poor and excluded, with everything the repressive arsenal provides, there is no end to the escape for the fugitives. There is no security for the precarious, that could guarantee a life in dignity.

I'm sitting on a small hill right now, looking out into the distance that lies ahead. I didn't have to cross any deserts. Didn't endure any physical abuse. I didn't have to do any real slave labour to get any further. Didn't have to sell anyone of my family to a ruthless

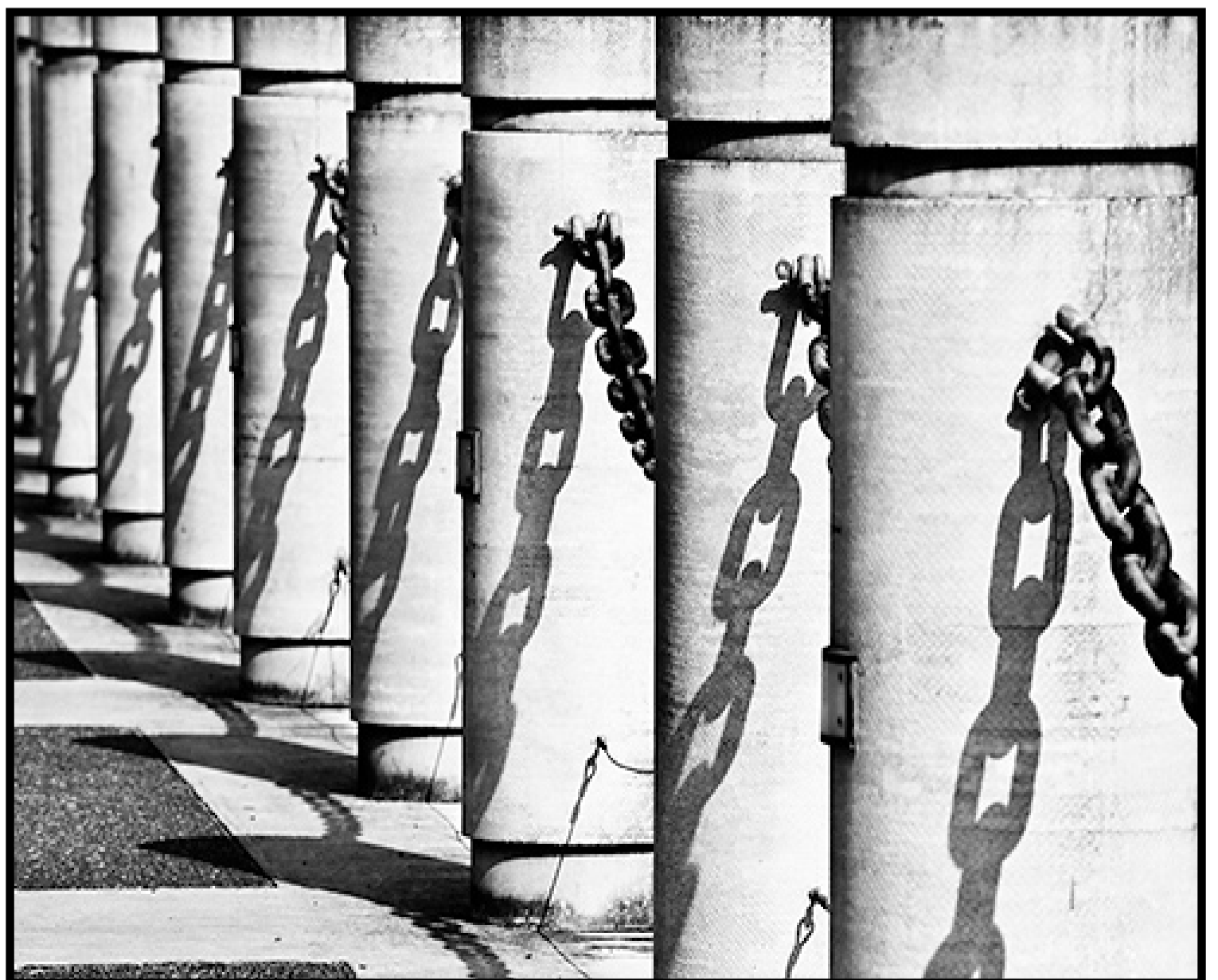
poverty profiteer. I wasn't kept and spat on like cattle. There was no NATO barbed wire fence or Mediterranean Sea between me and my destination. But I'm on the run, too. Had to run away, bring myself to safety, had to leave everything beloved and important behind me. Shocked, full of pain, probably traumatized. Just a little different...

Sometimes I wonder what it would be like to be back in the places I miss so much. Hearing all the sounds, smelling the familiar scents and looking those well-known faces into the eyes again. To meet all those people again whose histories crossed mine at some point and from then on, in different ways, continued together. Memories. But with each passing day they pass away too, even though I'm trying to hold onto them. They escape like sand, which one wraps firmly in its fist and tries to transport it from one place to another, striving to lose as few grain of

sand as possible, so as not to end up with a handful of emptiness. What was it like again, the feeling to be me? And who am I now? Shampoo commercials would say: „Be yourself“. Bearded men with capes in temples would say: „You've never been anyone else“. And philosophers look at this question with concluding words and thoughtful expressions, as extremely interesting. People who have to build a new life in a new place, including a story, big and small stories and an identity, that more or less allows them to exist, without having to face repressive consequences, who therefore live in clandestinity, ask themselves these questions a little bit more. Who was I? Who I am now? It is the search for identity in form of self-knowledge. A self-knowledge, which, on the run, runs the risk of disappearing in the gap between past and present, between clandestinity and authenticity. And also in my case this gap gets a little bit bigger every day that my *(continue page 5)*

INTERVIEW...
(continuation)

as people in jail perfectly know. It is useful to read about people who confronted the existing institutions before us, or in other contexts, also dealing with consequences that sometimes were so immensely worse. That doesn't mean we should get narcissistic and think that just because we face repression or we are in hiding we are like Che Guevara or Jacques Mesrine or anything like that. In fact I think that, in Europe, we don't really know the complete face of repression, I mean hardcore repression. If I was in hiding in Egypt, in Turkey or in Tunisia right now, probably this wouldn't be so easy. I don't mean anything like "look at the third world..." or ridiculous shit like that, I just mean, those people began something huge, they are really getting rid of a lot over there, and that is why the whole situation is tougher. We are in this kind of still calm continent, for now. But I hope things are going to change soon. We need to get rid of a lot here as well, don't we?



PHYSICAL HEALTH IN CLANDESTINITY

Health is a state of complete physical, mental and social well-being and not merely the absence of disease or infirmity.
(World Health Organization)

At first sight the definition of the WHO seems totally absurd, admitting at second sight, that there cannot be any individual, in this misery-producing society, who is really healthy according to its own parameters. But because we are forced to live in a bizarre and absurd reality, the definition is significant. I'm not claiming for myself in this short text to live up to the complex issue of health/ sickness, with all its ramifications and to clarify concepts of a society, which is based on authority and exploitation for centuries. I reduce this text on questions of physical health, which I was confronted with on my escape from the law and consider therefore as important.

Initial need

Although my health was important to me for many years, the aspect of physical health during my escape became more and more important. The countless projects and social relationships, the organizing, the conspiring and the direct actions – all these activities, that involved movement and energized me, ended in smoke from one day to the other, the day of my escape. So I had to conceive something in this new situation, which was in the beginning more or less limited to reading, writing or thinking, that brings me closer again to the active life, to a feel-myself. So I started to do sports regularly. Not because of perspective thoughts regarding my physical health, but simply for my need of vitality and movement.

Reconquest

This mundane need grew more and more to a constant keeper in permanently changing situations, which I was exposed to. It became a constant, which I acquired myself and nobody but me could cancel it again. This

small reconquest of my self-determination, my willpower and my self-discipline showed me, that I was not helplessly committed to the circumstances I was in from now on. So the improvement and maintainance of my physical health was certainly a gateway, considering that I mentally better came to terms with the situation and was able to develop a certain stability. Without a doubt the happening of escape left deep scars in me, which cannot be cured with the aid of sports. Anybody who believes this, negates the necessity to, sooner or later, deal with this happening, the own psyche and to confront oneself with the newly-formed (or consequential) wounds. But in most of the cases clandestinity blocks such far reaching examination, because of the situation itself. For example "professional" talking therapies or other forms of therapies, with not involved persons, holds the risk of highlighting something and bringing it to the surface. But because of safety-related reasons in clandestinity all of this must not leave the own safe of secrets. Besides the classic "professional" therapy of course exist other possibilities, for example the self-therapy (which is a huge topic of itself) or those with the aid of already involved persons. In my situation neither the one nor the other was possible to realize. I was forced to find other ways to channel and handle the weight on my shoulders. And these ways guided me to sports. An outlet, if you want to.

The bigger the time frame becomes in clandestinity, the more questions come up regarding the own physical health. So far so good, so far so good, so far... It goes without saying, that there is no individual, who has full control over the own physical (and mental) integrity. Like there is no individual, which is not carrying a chronical vice around with oneself. Whatever it is and how distinctive it may be. Raised in a still thoroughly venomded society, which (continue page 6)

ESCAPE AND THE SEARCH OF... (continuation)

pursuers return to police stations empty-handed. So the satisfaction remains manageable.

It often seems as if you have to start all over again in clandestinity. Getting to know yourself all over again. Like a child, who has to explore its environment, in order to be able to orientate. Who has to find out how does it/he/she affect others; who has to find out where to meet people, who seem likeable and could open up emotionally,

trying to figure out my possibilities, this internal flickering screen turns black for a second and shows me in easy letters two simple and related questions: Who was I? Who am I now? What I learned during the last weeks is that I don't want to be the underage and disoriented child, nor can I be the impetuous and perhaps a little naive globe-striker. Too much self-respect to put me in such a victim role, not enough courage to go on a more risky journey of discovery. So I have to find new ways to get to know myself (again). Meanwhile the world keeps turning and old sources of fire create new deaths. New sources of fire create forgotten atrocities and I'm overcome by the feeling, that the world stops turning. And where there is still life, fires of all kinds of authority destroy the vibrancy, the freedom of individuals.



without asking the same. Just to describe the tip of the iceberg. The chances, that such a new start offers, can at least compensate the already done damage a little bit. As long as you stay true to your new story, you can be whoever you want. And the motives for why you're in this very place right now, can also spring from a highly creative spirit. In the suffering of being a child again, there is also the possibility to invade the world as such. At least theoretically...

Because always right here in this place of thought juggling and

Sometimes I think to myself why worry about my somewhat uncomfortable situation. And then, immediately, my inner revolutionary chases the creeping altruist inside me away. And so I'm sitting here on my little hill, looking out into the distance, misconceiving and arguing with myself. Knowing that I have made no really progress on these two important questions.

Well, I guess the moral of the story is turning out to be a little levelheaded. But maybe there is more. Maybe I'm missing the point. Maybe...

REPORT OF THE DISCUSSION ABOUT GOING UNDERGROUND

This text doesn't want to be a thorough report of the discussion, but an useful draft for who wants to deal with this issue, by himself/herself or with his/her comrades. Some comrades who where invited couldn't take part to the discussion for different reasons, so we held as important that the talk we had will have a continuation in other places.

The need arose among a few comrades some time ago, after Juan (a spanish comrade who used to live in Italy – mainly in Trento – since the first 2000s TN) decided to go underground to avoid his prison convictions. At first we experiences a sort of taboo about his choice, but then we decided to break it, also because he had openly announced his choice, after few months he was on the run. On the other hand, the reason is that in the movement there is a constant talking about the future of those comrades who will be facing the same situation in a few years, when they'll be sentenced to prison after years of fights. Therefore this issue is growing more and more current and essential.

As a comrade said, differently than in the 90s, nowadays comrades go in jail for minor offences as demos, oppositions to evictions and various public initiatives that once used to have less serious consequences. Even more, today we face a more pervasive bureaucratic and

technological control. ID cards, papers to rent a house, a room in a hotel, health insurance cards and so on, make it even more problematic. Many places, even outside the city, have more and more

to behave as if they were police informers is spreading (for instance some time ago some junior high school students of Val di Fiemme [a valley near Trento TN] reported to

arrest or jail. The authority tries to impede the possibility of a road towards freedom, that of being "in incognito". But is precisely the fact that in Europe there are some comrades who are



security cameras, adding to those owned by private citizens. Thanks to detectors, drones, helicopters, satellites, "counter-underground" units in several places in Italy, etc., the police can widely monitor our lives. Furthermore, the bad habit of "honest" citizens

the police some facts that led to the capture of a guy from Genova who was on the run). The "suspicion" over the other, the different, the foreigner is constantly spreading. Therefore, the difficulties of the context could push someone to choose unwanted paths: house

underground, some for a long time now, that encourages us to think that we don't have to necessarily set aside this choice, despite the articulate control context. They are free, so if someone want to thinks he wants to take this path, the possibility is still real.

The letters these comrades wrote us during the last few months support this belief. We can't know what's inside their hearts, but their words are strong and serene or even defying, and they surely talk to many of us. As we well know, besides them, there are thousands of people that are in an even more complicated situation, as the asylum-seekers all around Europe, hunted for their skin, their isolation, their lack of papers. Yet borders are passed, human and technological control and surveillance systems are fooled, pierced eluded. Despite its gigantic efforts, the State will be eluded it'll never be able to control everything. History teaches that the oppressed, the rebels, the comrades have answered to each advancement with a new trick, a new mask, a new sleight of hand. This will happens till all this efforts won't be necessary anymore.

There wasn't established outline for this discussion, so we followed tellings, personal considerations, answers. Many accounts took the cue from the book *In incognito/Esperienze che sfidano l'identificazione* [a book published in 2014 that collects several reports by italian comrades about going underground TN]. Therefore the analysis was more personal, emotional and related to experiences than political or militant. It sort of followed the nuances of the book. Probably collective (continue page 7)

PHYSICAL HEALTH IN CLANDESTINITY (continuation)

infects everyone of us sooner or later either way. Conscious of all this, I still rule that it is

important, especially in clandestinity, to leave no stone unturned to at least stay as physical healthy as possible. And although these words could come, just as well, out of the mouth of some obnoxious progressive health minister – although these words perfectly join in a social value system of

self-improvement, body modification, pressure to perform and competition, that is being produced and enlarged by different sectors of industry day by day. But for all that in a context of clandestinity these words don't become less important. I would like to finish with Nietzsche who once have

said: „Health is the one degree on illness who allows me yet to follow up my own essential activities.“ And if these essential activities are supposed to be the unrelenting efforts regarding a social revolution I wish for myself and all the freedom-loving individuals exactly that degree of illness!

REPORT OF THE DISCUSSION... (continuation)

needs were more oriented to that approach. Also two writings sent by comrades who couldn't be there followed this form. The considerations were about individuals, their personal choice, their strength and rebellion. But, as it emerged, this choice can be eased by the nearest comrades and by the fact that the movement, in general, supports it. For instance, for a comrade who was long time

ready and in good shape. To be curious, to deepen, to search, to develop techniques, places, acquaintanceships, friendships, relationships with closest comrades. All of which will also be useful for who has to suddenly find a secure place where to sleep and a way to survive. A constant exercise of practical knowledges and expedients, a never ending preparation, that always gives new inspirations. All this fizzles out if laziness, a not attentive eye, a mind stuck in repetitive schemes become part of everyday life, as it is how this society wants us: lazy

our limits, make it easier to avoid entrusting hospital or private doctors: to have a trustworthy general practitioner is a different matter. To keep ourselves fit, to be able to listen to our body and have some basics about problems we know we'll be facing, will be helpful. In the same way, mind has to be trained, as being in a totally different situation could put us under pressure, and we could need some useful steps to feel good. The mind perspective is probably the most important one. Who is extroverted or who isn't used to stay by himself/herself should

are in collective imagination.

Another important point came out when a comrade said that when he had to leave he realized he was devoid of a method to contribute to the struggles. Indeed, his project was tied to a specific neighbourhood, where he was fighting with other exploited and comrades, with a way of opposing to the authority that took place mainly in the streets. Therefore his choice brought him facing new situations and questions. He was staggered and he hadn't a plan for the new context, so he made broader, even new reasonings. Bearing in mind the possibility that comrades could go underground could lead to discussions that could be useful to sketch different ways to contribute to a struggle. If it had happened before he left he'd have felt less alone and it'd have been easier for him to answer to the question: "what do I do now?". We think that we should organize our struggles so as to ease the comrades who want to keep fighting despite the situations that the repression or the mutations of State and Capital could force them to face. This is something as important as the struggles in the streets and anywhere else, that should combine with them. The specific point should be developed as broadly as possible among different groups of comrades and in the movement in general. We also rough out an historical analysis of how, during the last century, the revolutionary movement had partially overlooked this possibility. At the beginning of the 20th century the relationships among European States allowed reaching some countries – especially UK, Switzerland and France – where one could find a lively

movement and a strong network which was able to support clandestine comrades. This allowed the antifascist movement to have thousands of people totally underground during the WWII. By that time, there had been handovers for decades, as it was a long time that anarchists, socialists, communists and all rebels had to go abroad to stay free. The partisan struggle surely influenced the following decades of struggles thanks to thousands of living experiences all around Italy and Europe. It was the same for the handbooks written by the South American and African guerrilla groups. All of which gave real possibilities to the revolutionary movement of the 70s and the 80s, when a new wave of young people had to face the choice between going to jail or going underground.

The political choice of clandestinity as a method of struggle is a different thing, that would need an even more in-depth debate. We need to recreate this handover. Certainly, as to not give elements to the counterpart, some reasonings and steps should happen away from indiscreet ears (public discussion as this one is anyway worth, even only for giving a general idea of the matter). Younger comrades who have some questions can find the answer in the proximity and in the experience of the older comrades. Over the years these answers have to be contextualized, recalled or reinvented.

Some reflexions were about the return. When the storm of the police chase calms down, what to do? Going to the municipal office asking for the real documents of the real identity? Or keeping on with the new life, surely difficult, but also free (continue page 8)



underground it was really important that the comrades took care of his family, as this relieved him. Another fundamental side is the approach to the current situation. If he/her is attentive to the surrounding world, even before going underground could develop smatterings that will be useful once he/her'll leave. Then, when it'll happen, senses will sharpen and strengthen. For this reason, it's useful to keep an everyday "fitness" to get there

and inattentive. Probably the most important thing is to imagine another geography, to find different or at least various means of transport, as it helps in advance in avoiding the feeling that the State and its control apparatus are total. Everything depends on the individual, if the tendencies go in certain directions, the evaluations about whether or not going underground will be eased. Also knowing how to cure ourselves in an "alternative" way, knowing our bodies and

work a lot in this delicate side, very intimate, that could give him/her serious problems when someone will ask him/her about his/her new identity. He/She will have to handle the role play, to be plausible and legal, without hesitation and incoherence in the story. It's essential to identify himself/herself with this "new me", without necessarily erasing all the characteristics, the history and the personality, just omitting or adding those parts who one could expect to hear and that

REPORT OF THE DISCUSSION... (continuation)

from the boundaries of the real identity? A comrade said that when she found out she wasn't wanted anymore, it took her a month of big discussions with her closest comrades to delicate to go back home after years underground, as by that time her life had its balance. Also this is a delicate and intimate subject. These difficulties arise as the choice isn't only personal but also existential, since it isn't ordered by a rigid, hierarchic political structure, but it springs from free agreement among involved comrades. It's really

difficult to explain this point, as there isn't a right answer, a "that's how it's ought to be done". Another comrade, narrating the debates he had in another country with his comrades, realized the difference in dealing with this subject, as it wasn't only militant or political, but also extential, an inside conflict. It's important to share anonymous, intimate, humble reasonings, to describe these experiences for what they are, deeply human and deeply rebel. To show fears and dreams, delights and desasters, brings to change approach with other people. It often happens that the harsh criticism toward "common people" toned down: it was a common experience that there

were precisely "non-comrades" who often helped in protecting safety or in hosting for the night. The approach to the struggles, once back to "normal" life, was therefore influenced by these experiences. This conditioned a lot the comrades who went underground during the 90s.

Finally, we tried to answer to the question „with whom is better to leave?“. What to do if one has a life companion? It depends on the affinity and the sharing of projects among the two, of course. There are different opinions: according to one it's anyway possible to find a safe balance, while others said or together or nothing. Only one comrade claimed the first

stance, while the others agreed on the second position. It's anyway certain that the nearest person to the one who go underground will be especially monitored by the enemy, in a more cunning and constant way. The debate among the two lovers, if it can take place, should forerun the choice, even when unexpected. This could help in finding a solution or in making the choice of leaving alone not too painful. Sometimes who goes in clandestinity reasons in a sort of "selfish" way and this could be due to the individual dimension of this choice, demanding a strict solitude. Finding a solution by discussing together could be helpful both for who leaves and for who stays, and also for the nearest group of

comrades. It's essential to find a formula to be organized with the comrades and the nearest persons since the best way to make the clandestine comrades part of the struggles is not to leave them alone, as it's written in the book. These reasonings are just an incitement collected in few sentences for who deals with these problems, but considerations and tools will become real and safe only away from indiscrete eyes and ears. Therefore let's talk about it far from the pigs. Have a good debate...

[we took it upon ourselves to add the feminin spelling in this article]

A FEW WORDS ABOUT THE DECISIONS OF LOÏC

On 29th of may 2018, nearly a year after the G20 riots in Hamburg, a police action coordinated by Germany took place in different countries in Europe. Houses, flats and social centers got searched in which several persons got detained by an international arrest warrant for alleged particiapation at this riots.

On the list of the pigs in uniform was also a certain Loïc from France they searched without avail at his parents' house. So he

could go underground. Shortly after a communique of this Loïc was circulating on the Internet in which he made his going-underground public. In addition he formulated political demands in this writing. Namely the closing of various ongoing proceedings against him by a parliamentary amnesty in exchange for his „voluntary“ extradition to the police for the G20 arrest warrant.

This produced in me a mixture of two emotions: on the one hand a big confusion as he made it clear in his letter that he is an anarchist and a declared enemy of the state and any form of opression which diametrically opposed a formulated offer to negotiate with the French state. On the other hand I had to smile a little bit about

this offering because of stating his demand more precisely that he wouldn't accept a signed amnesty by Macron. If he was really serious about it or just wanted to confront his difficult situation with a little bit of humor sadly stays hidden for me but which plays just an underpart here. I determine it more important to highlight his decision of absconding himself as a start from the pull of the repression authorities and to express my solidarity with it. All the more I sorrow that on the 18th of august 2018 the pigs in uniforms caught him at the effort of visiting his relatives.

I send him a lot of strength behind the bricks and I hope that this lines reach him somehow.