



NR. 1

from everywhere and nowhere

# Fantasma

CLANDESTINE ANARCHIST NEWSPAPER

## ADMIST SOCIETY...

*To appear here and there with the strong desire for intimacy, trust and complicity. Always in search of a life, that feels genuine. A life that does not have to censor in different shades. A life that through authenticity is ready to establish its own path to coherence joyfully. That wants to be more than an roaming shadow in the midst of society...*

The newspaper project in hand *Fantasma* is an expression of this search. It arised from the circumstance of involuntary but self-chosen clandestinity and is for that regard not bound by place. We, the authors, foster the desire as made-invisibles to talk about this be-invisible. About lived experiences and considerations in this situation. From us, as from other comrades – and that would be extremely wonderful – that find themselves on such a journey right now or have once. And because the invisible can not exist without its counterpart, we encourage all the *visibles*, that have been indirectly affected by a situation like this, to send in your self-written contributions. To put the reflections and initiatives, away from concrete, technical questions, up for a public debate and thus open up a space for discussions and exchange with all interested.

The desire to bring back to life the in all directions extending demystification of clandestinity, from the illusion of the wild and spectacular rebel-life (a fiction of Hollywood with its usual cast, consisting of protagonists and spectators) to that illusion of the anxious-paranoid vagabond-lives. Definitely theres moments full of wild enthusiasm and the urge for action. As well as full of doubts and desperation. But either of these sides only build the black/white frame which holds together the many different shades of grey that we are made of. To mistake this frame as the whole and let it be a fixed picture would only lead to a reduction of this complex life with all its tangles to the replicated spectacle with already prefabricated fixed pictures and roles.

The desire to highlight, through this instrument of communications, all of the hidden capabilities of the individual, their autonomy, their endless room to maneuver and to define it as a starting point for a revolutionary transformation of society. It does not matter in which specific situation one finds itself right now.

The state persecutor the finger showing, we hope to be able to contribute with this paper to the anarchist project and to grow with it. But to make this humble project known and spread it all over the place, we are

dependent on the solidarity of the visibles. Unfortunately our situation does not allow to find you, get to know you, to talk from eye to eye, present our projects at an info/talk or else.

So we call on you to copy and spread this irregular appearing paper. To give it into the prisons and the last corners of this society, so that it can be part of a anti-authoritarian debate in view of a social revolution, across the borders of visibility and encourage to subversive action. Thanks a lot for all of your solidarity and support through words and actions....

***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)*

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After the spanish Anarchist Gabriel Pombo da Silva was shortly released in the summer of 2016 after being in prison for over 30 years with the perspective, 45 days after his release, to find himself behind prison bars again, he and his comrade Elisa decided to go underground and not give back this new found freedom. At the beginning of 2017 he published a letter in which it is described how the cops were alerted to these two and why they had to be released after 24 hours. Gabriel ended the letter with the following words *"To those who continue to support me and show me their unconditional love I am here! To those who continue to want to assassinate me I am here!"* The protagonists and

## WE ARE HERE

their history is of small importance in this text. It is more about the decision to not dance to the rhythm of laws but to leave during this death dance, knowing the henchmen are right at your feet and to keep the possibility to fight outside of prison walls against their logic and existence. One could think this decision only comes after a intensive discussion with the people concerned about the eventuality of needing to go underground. But this is not necessarily the case. Life does not go in a straight-line or as planned and so coincidences and garbage intersect our

plans. And mostly, exactly when we are not anticipating it. For 100 comrades on the run there is at least 100 good reasons at a 100 different points in time that made these comrades decide to go the way of clandestinity. So to put yourself mentally in this state and trying vehemently to answer the question how one would act as person concerned, is a nice dry run, but not more than that at all. A interactive phenomenon of imagination and reality, that shatters at each others cliffs. To assume that with adequate technical preparation beforehand, one will have

certainty how oneself (as well as things around oneself) will change is an illusion. Certainty in the sense of concrete technical precautionary measures, for example a first on the run destination or reliable solidary contacts, that offer support, will without a doubt offer a huge advantage. But compared to the complex whole of the problem, this aspect of preparation stays a formality. One could compare it to rendering first-aid, which is and continues to stay unbelievably important, but it can not replace self-recovery. This self-recovery, understood as your own life force, can not be replaced by anything or anyone, are your own ideas and beliefs. *(continue page 2)*

"It is not the assets why  
you are alive,  
but the wishes, the ventures  
and the plays,  
why you are alive..."  
(B. Traven, the dead ship)

## WHEN EVERYTHING FALLS APART

No human being can live for long in permanent uncertainty. We need familiar things, places, other people, that we can refer to and orientate on. We need a certain stability and predictability in what way things around us are gonna change, as small as the perimeter may be. Our whole surrounding might change, but its existing stays pivotal. As well as the existence of being able to make own decisions and acting in places one knows and with people one loves.

I grew up in a society, in which these desires could not be defined by the individuals, but only from the state and its institutions. They present themselves as a guarantor for stability, security and protection of the social living together. Everything seems to work. Everything proceeds in the given and regulated lanes. Everybody finds their place in this, no matter how fucked up or hopeless it seems. For every opinion, criticism and oppositions there is room to unfold, as long as they are not leaving their lanes. As long as the wheels are turning, everybody and everything is taking care of in this colorful world of goods of democracy... As B. Traven once said - "people like nothing more than use well-trodden paths because there one feels simply safe."

But what happens to us when we are being suddenly confronted with uncontrollable

situations, that force us to leave these familiar lanes and paths? When suddenly not everything is working as smoothly like it was supposed to?

Once seeing the light of day heteronomy takes its course. We are given no time to wonder and explore this world, its adventures and secrets with our fresh children's eyes, to find answers to the upcoming questions... From when we are little we are being forced into an

rights, know the threats when disobeying the rules. We are softly and with full severity accustomed to subordinate our own desires for the good of a greater societal peace, we learn to exploit others and let ourselves be exploited.

To all the questions in the world, answers have already been found, that do not have to be challenged. For everything there are prefabricated models, that one can fall back on and



all-encompassing thought- and behavior framework. It shapes and teaches us how we have to live and think, teaches who we have to be, how to look and what is being expected of us. We know our freedoms and

more often than not are just being impressed on reality.

### Cracks on the whole....

All these norms burn deep in our subconsciousness and engrave into our notions,

behavior patterns and actions. The goal is to restrict the individual action and its unimaginable possibilities and convert it into social regulated sequences. This goes along with mutual social control, because everybody has to adapt and adhere to this code of conduct. The actions and reactions of the individuals is foreseeable, algorithmic and constricts their behavior to act through permanent replication. If this smoothly working society is being disrupted the concerned people are being confronted with many, maybe unprecedented questions. What we have before perceived as omnipresent, inviolable and unchallenged existing order catches cracks and is not working anymore. This situation calls us to look for possible answers, cause from the outside we are not getting any, so we have to try new paths, start to act self-determined and self-organized, because it can not be delegated anymore. These situations can include a vast number of possibilities for individual and collective liberation and advancements, as well as chasing individuals closer to the open arms of the state.

When everything falls apart one is forced to leave those lanes and might discover unknown byways, pushes new boundaries, gets to know them and can overcome some of them or make them ineffective. But cracks in normality are not always just liberating and beautiful. They are scary and can be painful and brutal, especially when they are coming suddenly and with full force, in addition to an maybe apparent unfavorable moment.

## WE ARE HERE (continuation)

They give life orientation and act as a compass. Even more so, when all familiar and well-known falls away and one finds itself permanently in new places with new faces.

In a situation, where one runs the risk of fading as a bare shadow in a grey society, this compass can help to use this role of the shadow in ones own favour. To get to know its advantages and appreciate them and to be able to attack the authority as an unknown element of social tension. Cause anti-authoritarians on the run also always mean to spread the conflict with any authority across all borders and all corners of the world. The in the above mentioned letter I am here stands for one individual. But for me it stands for every single one, whose beat of clandestinity asks them day after day to dance – we are here.

### As in little

I was being shaken by an unexpected and far-reaching event. I lost control, my life was gliding through my fingers. Nothing or very little was comprehensible in this moment for me. My own little world was seemingly falling apart with everything what I established until then and loved. Cause I had to/chose to vanish into thin air.

In the past I only sporadically look into the topic of clandestinity. I knew that situations like that are possible when one (continue page 3)

A certain place. Familiar feelings and thoughts. Orientation. Memories. A thousand exciting, as well as boring stories and one entirely personal. All this means home to me. Where did it go, my home? Or did I lose ground?

When the eye of the beholder shuts, there is barely more than nothingness, that spreads across the cold floor of facts. We were physically separated, my home and me. But I ask myself in retrospect how long our lives where distancing ourselves already, when I was still there. What were these familiar feelings and thoughts again? And what made this place so special? Could I, apart from the mundane geography, really orientate myself? Every now and then I am still reeling my fingers to this old home

## HOME (LESS)?

there on the horizon and wondering was it ever more than a fata morgana? I was never really made for it, much less it for me. And still I threw myself into its local depths to learn to understand it, myself and our relationship better. More often than not it had other plans and left me back questioning. I hated and loved it at the same time. I wanted it, but different then it was and developed / fundamentally different! Is it possible, I ask myself, to talk at this point still about my home? I do not think so. It was not my leaving that marked our separation. It was its glaring clarity, its social absence, its control mania and its increasing

(social) sterility, that detached us internally and finally also externally. Time heals the fewest wounds and so I am looking back today with distance in space and time on this home and I am disgusted and angry cause it is it which tries daily to displace and gag, what I call *at home*, namely my acquaintances, friendships, confidants and affinities.

Why mourn this home, when it is so keen to turn into a monster? Maybe just because it was a known enemy to me and I knew to find out its weaknesses, analyse them and use them. To continue this work I have to pick up the exploration of this still unknown terrain of my new enemy. And who knows, I might stumble upon an extension of my familiar home...

Today, in the year of 2018, in a time of globalized networks, in which everything and nothing seems equally possible at the same time, the line between seemingly antithetic terms and definitions seems to shrink constantly. This line is tending to become more and more flexible, to elapse and slowly but ultimately evaporate. Language as a tool of communication with all its nuances, differences and contradictions is threatened to corrode in the swamps of nonsense and arbitrariness, confronted with a commodity

## AGAINST THE INTERCONNECTED LONELINESS

society whose common denominator is reduced to the creation of trend words and symbolism. But this is not at all about revelling in nostalgia, lamenting about the decay of language and communication. This I will leave to the professors. What I am trying to

do is putting a subversive thesis on the table, taking the current technological changes in consideration that are aiming at an overall interconnected society – this based upon the philosophical study and re-evaluation of a linguistic dichotomy. I am aiming at the

dichotomy between *being alone* and *being together*. This might sound quite mundane in the first place. But if we take a closer look at these complementing terms in the age of digitalized society it becomes clear that it is indeed quite complex to actually define the specific characteristics of these two notions. Does the phenomenon of being alone still exist in a world of global networks? And if not, what does the permanent state of being together mean for the individuals? What does this tell about the quality of the social relations? Or, for putting it like this: if a large part of society experiences moments of being alone and being together (understood as a interactive, directly experienced social relation) less and less, which adjunct could describe their „social condition“? I decided for defining this state that neither lets the individuals be alone nor together as *interlinked*. Being interlinked in this context means to be in (potential) contact with other individuals via algorithmic codes without entering a social bonding connected with certain responsibilities. Additionally it means to not actually have a choice whether you want to be interconnected or not, if you do not want to risk being socially (and economically) excluded. Summarized one could say that *(continue page 4)*

## WHEN EVERYTHING... (continuation)

chooses a rebellious life, but to be honest I anticipated more to get imprisoned before being able to go on the run. Accordingly it was a hard blow in the face and at the same time a very schizophrenic situation, cause like this I could keep my beloved freedom. My thoughts were being clouded by a heavy fog, the ground under my feet seemed to volatilize and I could not hold onto anything, I was about to fall deep. Everything seemed uncertain, I was being robbed of all loved and familiar. Time heals no wounds, but it makes thoughts clearer again (with it came back the awareness to not be totally committed to this situation, that it is up to me what I make of this, how I decide and act). What helps the healing of the wounds is the attack. The attack on this world, which inflicts those wounds upon me and forces me to live heteronomous. The attack on all the visible and invisible boundaries, that thwart in my way. But also to tackle myself with all the anxiety and doubts that come up. With all the turning visible conditioned norms, that accompany me.

My otherwise outwardly focus shifted inside me, when everything familiar became absent. Long-forgotten came to the surface and I was being forced to explore my upcoming memories and pain. Unbelievably what is inside of you... But at the same time an indescribable energy was being discharged, which pierced through my body and soul. I felt and feel a internal determination and love for freedom, like I rarely felt before. A will to live and the childish joy to be able to experiment. Knowing that meanders and risks will accompany me, that a thousand monsters will stand in my way. Knowing that the ground, that I am starting to build on again, is shaky and could collapse any moment. Despite these circumstances I continue my daily search, always in the direction of the horizon, my dreams and desires. Cause it is not the assets why you are alive, but the wishes, the ventures and the plays why you are alive...



The following imprinted excerpts of the article "Keeping oneself out the way" 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 and English). We think the selected passages illustrates very well the overcharging and always „unfavourable“ situation to stand suddenly in front of needing to go underground and raising important issues worth to be discussed. The highly recommendable book consist of different

## INCOGNITO "KEEPING ONESELF OUT THE WAY"

articles from mostly anarchist comrades, which living in clandestinity at that time or 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.

I've never had any strong feelings of belonging to one specific country, with its traditions and culture. I've never felt any roots grow inside me to such an extent that that could keep me in one place. I think that this helped when I decided 'to go to earth' and hide from bureaucracy and the law. The first time my house was searched a cop asked me if I had been expecting it. My answer was yes. I was an anarchist and known to them as such, so I wasn't surprised. Nor was I surprised when I realized that it would be better 'to have a change'. Choices like that are a question of responsibility. When you are fighting an enemy you will also certainly want to escape from it and its repressive grip, even if you have to pay quite a high price and keep away from the

places and people you love. This was something that I had taken into account, something I knew might happen to me. So I wasn't surprised when it became real and urgent. But I was pretty confused, both because reality is always different to what you imagine and because I found myself in a situation I had never expected: becoming clandestine, not on my own or with my partner, but with my child. [...]  
At first it was very difficult. Even if, as I said, I had pictured that moment so many times, I was not ready either at a practical or psychological level. For example, I had nowhere to go and it wasn't easy to find a suitable place. My comrades were all well known to the cops and that period was not at all *(continue page 4)*

## AGAINST THE INTER... (continuation)

nobody is alone, nobody is together, but everybody is interconnected. Or, differently put: all are alone, all are together, no one is related. For evaluating the quality of these social circumstances it is important to take the context of the society in consideration. The fast development of teleinformatics and with this the modern digital sphere took only three decades to transform into a totality that makes it hard to imagine the current social reality without it. Despite the fact that seemingly no one has to be alone anymore – because social relationships now can be replaced by „social networks“ of any kind – we are experiencing a time in which the separation of the more and more densely packed individuals increases and increases. If it is true, that most individuals feel lonely and weak, even though they are „in company“ at any time, be it virtually or not (being in company is still being classified as the norm, and this demonstrates power through its excluding, yet fascist characteristic), we have to face the question of the social relationships, those with ourselves and those with others, for putting a subversive thesis of individual and collective liberation against this social misery.

### **The potential of being alone**

Individuals that prefer to be or act on their own are often perceived and stigmatized as

mavericks, egoist or socially incompetent – always based upon the perception that the human being is in its core social and for that not supposed to do its own stuff, without constant awareness of those around. The will of being alone is, following this argumentation, something inherently antisocial, because it excludes the community. Welcome to the mad world!

Being able to be alone, to be just by yourself, feeling in connection with yourself and others, but sovereign from these others, is this anti-social..? The situation of being without others and being confronted with yourself, and just yourself, bears an unforeseen potential for self-development, on a lot of levels: nothing but the absence of everything that promises safety, that irritates, confuses or judges puts the individual into a situation in which it can learn to perceive a situation which society demonizes as emptiness (the lack of sending and receiving, in every sense) as an opportunity of freedom.

Here, at this point of being alone, fantasy begins, and with this, totally new terrain opens up for the sole individual: the one of the spiritual extension of the horizon, or the potential overcoming of fears through the confrontation with one self, loneliness, for example. Of course, there are no guarantees for nothing. Not for the joy, the strengthening of the self through the overcoming of individual fears or the developing desire

for subversion, just because of a change of the circumstances. But, in opposition to the situation of being interconnected, being alone serves the potential for all of this. A potential opportunity to leave the cage and, as a

as a generic causality (mental pain equals mental strengthening) but as a processual tendency that one can observe in the mental interiority of individuals again and again.



responsible relationships without mediation that contain all facets of human deficiencies opens up the possibility of recognising oneself in words and deeds of others and, by doing this, the possibility for solidarity. But for recognising yourself in the words and deeds of others one needs a process of self-recognition, which can only be carried on by the individual itself. And with this, the individual is always alone.

### **...and their subversive strength**

If we try to perceive the interlinked society not as a concluded process, but as a constant social reproduction of the individualized masses and as a technological development of those in power for preserving the social order - in 2018 there is not much more to propose to our potential allies than what our comrades proposed already a hundred years ago: the emerging of individuals of self-initiative; capable of confronting the conditioned fears and doubts; capable to feel, maintain, share and live the deep desire for subversion; capable of forming relations of responsibility and mutual solidarity by having social relationships free from mediation; capable to refuse the submission that is spreading like cancer and the „social circumstance“ of interconnected loneliness which is connected to it and to attack here and now. This old proposal is maybe even more urgent than ever if we don't want to lose the ground and basis for a social revolution, which seems far, far away.

### **...of being together, of solidarity**

Linguistic dichotomies require each other for becoming existent. The being alone needs the being together (and the other way around) for defining itself. If we understand the subversive potential of the both of these social circumstances and their mutual intertwining we understand that they contain each other, despite their linguistic contradiction. Because who is willing to form relations with others, to enter

hurricane of possibilities, put into practice which seemed impossible until this moment. As an experiment, which will be followed by a lot of others. Of course these experiences are riddled with moments of loneliness and disorientation. But - comparable to a stressed muscle, that puts cracks into the mental interior of the individual, which, after some time, serve their positive reversal – mental strengthening – these moments won't last long. This can't be taken

## "KEEPING ONESELF OUT THE WAY" (continuation)

calm or favourable. I think that many people were really worried and solidarity, practical and effective solidarity, was not easy to practise and therefore to find. I was really sorry about that, and I am still absolutely convinced that this is something that comrades should discuss carefully in the future. I mean we should try to create the minimal conditions so that comrades are not left alone with their problems and excluded from all their relationships. Coming back to my time in hiding, I felt the need to take all the things that made me feel 'at home' with me wherever we went: certain books, tapes and objects (maybe I'm a bit fetishist) that kept me in touch with my previous life. In general, we succeeded in not being noticed wherever we went: I introduced myself to others as a mum taking her baby on holiday to healthy resorts. It was summer and certain places would be healthy for anyone! I played my part very well; I was very careful about what I told anyone about us and tried to be coherent in my role. I also made my attention

more acute by focussing it on even the most insignificant details. It must be borne in mind that people (not to mention landlords) are very curious about a new member of their community, and that you cannot always answer the questions (too many questions) they ask evasively, otherwise you would seem strange. You have to be careful because in a 'normal' situation questions like 'where do you live', 'what do you study' and 'what's your job' or even an invitation to dinner that you would rather refuse, could be annoying; and an unfriendly and unsociable answer could cause trouble. When you are in hiding it might be dangerous either to make relationships or to be too reserved. It is quite a delicate situation. As I said, I tried to tell people the same story about myself but I also tried not to give a picture that was too different from what I actually was. I mean that in the long run (I've been in hiding for 6 years) it is impossible to be completely different to what you are. [...]

I also understood that living beyond the rules and normality, with no name, surname, address, and a false number on one's ID card stimulates creativity, imagination, and dignity, and makes you take back what's yours. Time is yours, choosing and overcoming difficulties is yours, the decision to play the cat or the mouse is yours, the moment when you decide to say 'Stop!' is yours. [...]