

NOVEMBER
2020

FOR FREE



NR. 4

from everywhere and nowhere

Fantasma

CLANDESTINE ANARCHIST NEWSPAPER

LEAVING COVERED TRACKS BEHIND

EDITORIAL

Once a again darkness soaks a new day. I open my eyes and see the past years in fast motion: the the jungle with its trees, its undergrowths and its branches which scratched my legs. That one liana which dangled not far from me while I was lost, sitting on the ground. I remember like it was yesterday how I reached for it, straightened myself and found courage again. There were wide green, high rocks. dark caves and deep canyons after I blazed myself a trail out of the shadows. All of a sudden I stepped in front of a gigantic waterfall with its tempting song of deadly

maelstrom. Vainly it tried to lure me to the waterside to swallow me whole. I walked on. Today the sky is cloudless and it seems to become a good day. I rub the sleep out of my eyes, listen shortly to the busy stillness and then get up from my way too soft mattress. My feet are hurting, they got sore from the long marches through the mist. But it is a good pain because it tells me that I left tracks behind. For all of those, who's life will bring them on the same path. I arrived in the city now, a new phase of life begins.

Another year passed since the last issue of Fantasma got published. Another

year in clandestinity that held a lot of lessons. Exhausting lessons. Inside us there were two wolves fighting for dominance and the self-flagellation became permanent background music. "The next issue, come on, do the next issue!" was the booming dogma that got louder and louder in our ears. Up until the point we had been so fed up from ourself, that we were ready to pull the plug und give up the newspaper. Paradoxically this fatalism created a moment of stillness in which we could let go; in which we were able to resolve the compulsive feeling of publishing another issue, come hell or high water. We took our hands off the wheel and looked forward to the moment of impact. To our surprise no accident

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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happend but instead we found a whole new route. Emotionally more distanced we gained a new momentum for the fourth issue of Fantasma without expecting anymore that it will return us to the field of social struggle. We recognize and appreciate it as a small and one-side inscribed signpost on the way into the unknown. The same as the book Incognito was a signpost for us back then, when our adventure

commenced. We are also looking forward to the inscription of the other side of the signpost – from already left-behinds for (coming) left-behinds from people on the run. To talk about experiences and create some reference points what direction could be taken and what missteps could be avoided. There is still much to say and share about it.

Until the next issue!

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A whisper from nowhere

If it is true that time changes and shapes people like a file, then the experience of clandestinity is the grindstone which grinds down to the core of a human being. The subversive path I have been walking before the moment of going underground changed from one day onto the next into a trailrun where I would be confronted with many dead end streets and false hopes. Freedom was blocking my view of the coming difficulties. Head first I jumped into the water of a new phase in my life, without knowing how deep it would be. Now, many years later, similarly inexperienced and on the run I am still jumping – and I am glad that the fall turned into a spectacular flight.

Loss and hope

I think the beginning of going underground feels similar for everyone – it is hell. Questions, decisions, interactions, and staying on the move all happen in such rapid pace that although feeling like everything moves in slow motion the person affected still ends up out of breath, like you might just throw up. In my case there were some moments in the night spent hanging over the toilet. My stomach tried to get rid of the tension but numbness sealed my mouth. Over many months I was not able to truly comprehend on an emotional level how my life changed in the blink of an eye. Admittedly I reflected my situation, pondered it, located new possibilities but my non-existing experience allowed me to only see a tiny part of the map of clandestinity. Nevertheless I was claiming confidently that I would be aware of the consequences of going underground. Today I am conscious of the magnitude of this mostly still unknown map plus of two aspects of this consequence: loss and hope.

As the gloomy feeling of loss became my shadow, constantly running after me, hope in terms of time presented itself as the light at the end of the tunnel: If I keep up long enough my case will expire and I can return to my beloved ones without juridical consequences, those who I had to leave behind back

THE RIGHT DECISION

then, I told myself encouraging until quite recently. Loss and hope, shadow and light, past and future. With outstretched



arms I held on to this duality. I became the connecting piece which could tear apart any moment. And in doing so I totally forgot that between them the only life that I have is happening right now. Although I established bit by bit a new identity towards the outside and although with the help of own projects I could accomplish a daily routine, these two spheres were still determining my thoughts and feelings. How was it back in the days? How will it be in the future? For a long time I was a prisoner of my context, a situation built out of loss and hope.

From frame to canvas

Little by little the passing of time taught me to let go, to take the weight off my shoulders. At first only for a moment. Because I could not help but hold on to my past life or look forward to the salvation of the

future. But the more time passed the more clear my view became on what was actually happening on the canvas within the frame. Obviously there are moments where I fall back into old patterns of pain but generally speaking I can say that I am on the right way. This treasure of experience brings me to the following temporary conclusion: To focus on the

new daily reality is the only way to be able to reach for a freedom as a worthwhile goal. This without forgetting the own roots but instead to use them as a foundation to grow upon. To reach that point of honest inner analysis it needs time, like said before. And this beginning period is almost never nice or easy. But once one gets over the long stretch and starts to sweat off the past and the future, again and again, the map of the own life and adventure will extend many times over. And at that point, ironically, the passing of time which is playing into the hands of the person on the run, is neither here nor there. Just because of that vast learning process that clandestinity forced upon me, I still consider going underground as the right decision.

Is it not the adventure that holds up a mirror to show us, where we really stand?

CHECKLIST

An unsorted and incomplete checklist for people on the run:

- **Sleep:** Try to get enough sleep. If you suffer from sleep problems try breathing exercises or keep a diary to restrain the wild thoughts.
- **Dreaming:** Write down your dreams or tell them to close people. Being on the run is most often a traumatic experience and will have an impact at least on a subconscious level.
- **Eating:** Eat balanced so that you stay healthy. Having to see a doctor is a risk and will cost money.
- **Exercise:** Do some sports to get to know yourself better on a physical and a mental level. The released dopamine can help you get through hard times.
- **Self-analysis:** Take time to find out what strengths and weaknesses you have in social interaction. In clandestinity it is very important to enhance your social intelligence because you will rarely spend time with comrades (if at all). Also learn to be able to keep your mouth shut, even if it feels wrong to do so.
- **Communication:** If you have close people who know about your situation or even support you – tell them at those moments of meeting about your thoughts and concerns. These are the only moments where you can be truly yourself.
- **Identity:** How does your life story look like? Stay close to the truth so that you have certain points of reference to be able to incorporate into your new background. Remember to always stay unspectacular – the boring the better.
- **Consistency:** Do not tell different people different stories about yourself (about your new identity). It is always possible that people know each other incidentally and are talking about you. Keep up with one storyline!
- **Health:** Brush your teeth regularly! Toothaches are horrible.
- **Hobbies:** What hobbies did you do in the past? Is there any possibility to keep them up at your new place? If not – what else do you like to do? Leisure activities give your *(continue page 3)*

CHECKLIST (continuation)

new identity a concrete fundament and are good for your mental health.

- **Boozing:** Avoid to get drunk with strangers or half-strangers. The risk of blabbering is huge. The best is to not drink at all.
- **Appearance:** Change your appearance like your outfit or hairstyle. But make sure you still feel comfortable – authenticity is everything.
- **Telecommunication:** Advise against using social media. It is not very weird to say that you do not want to spend so much time in front of the screen. People can relate to that. Use Tails and Tor only when you go online.
- **Lying:** You have to learn that the constant lying to others is not out of ill will but out of self-preservation (especially in emotional or physical relations it is important to visualize that for yourself).
- **Self-reflection:** Take a break from time to time to reflect your situation. Those moments are important to keep conscious of who you really are and what ideas are rooted deep inside you.
- **Living place:** Get to know your new surroundings and stay vague about your living place towards other people.
- **Learning elements:** Try to recognize the learning elements for yourself in the new situation – new context, new realities of lives, new language, new relations, new self-confrontation, new possibilities, new inputs...
- **Positive:** Wake up with the thought that you are still enjoying freedom, this will help you start the day optimistic.

Because there is countless living conditions in clandestinity, all this points are meant as absolute as they are written down...

[The publication we sent this article to a while ago did not get published yet. We hope we can refer to it in the next issue.]

We as the editorial staff of Fantasma were happy about the request of contributing in this publication with an reflection article of our newspaper project. Even though there are initiatives everywhere who dedicate themselves to the topic of clandestinity the public discourse about the spectrum of these options are still rare. Publications like this one are an important part to ignite such a discourse among social revolutionaries and make it more present. We appreciate this effort very much! Before we are going to look back to draw an interim balance sheet of our newspaper project we want to present the basic information of the Fantasma for a general understanding. One can find in the editorials of the particular issues our intentions, snap-shots and wishes for the future. Because of that we will quote ourselves in this article, to reconcile former projections with the reality and to create new projections for the future. The anarchist newspaper Fantasma originally appears in the english language and first gets published on the internet because of the state persecution towards the editorial staff. The first issue was published in May 2018, the second in September 2018 and the third in October 2019. The fourth issue is in process but will need some more time.

»It [the newspaper Fantasma] 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 to-be-invisible. About lived experiences and considerations in this situation. From us, as

INTENTION AND INTERIM BALANCE SHEET



well as from other comrades – and that would be extremely wonderful – that find themselves on such a journey right now or in the past. 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 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.» (Editorial 1st issue)

We did manage in the second issue to make a written interview with a person on the run and in the third issue we published a received letter from a comrade who went underground. It seems that the made-invisibles notice the newspaper as an opportunity to express themselves and share experiences. From the visible side we received a report from a

public discussion about the topic of going underground which we published in the second issue. Despite the enriching summary of this discussion our project did not feel like a real exchange. Do not get us wrong, we got a lot of solidarity which gave us strength and which supported the project with language translations to make it more accessible for a broader audience (all three issues got translated to german, italian and since recently the third issue has been translated to french). Though we hoped for more letters from visibles respectively from "left-behinds" who react on our articles or describe their own thoughts and feelings from the position they are in. Moreover we realized that with the aid of the forwarded summary of the discussion that there is plenty of open questions from the surroundings of the left-behinds which are necessary to get deeper into. We will not let the future of our project depend on such letters but we would be happy to receive more of them.

»The decision to go underground is not offensive by itself, just as this newspaper project is not subversive by itself. The question seems more about 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.« (Editorial 2nd issue)

At the beginning we were hoping through our newspaper to create an active connection with ongoing visible struggles (which get influenced by subversive anarchist). Quite soon we realized that this is pretty naive. Of course, we could have shown our solidarity with this and that and maybe would have gotten letters in return which show solidarity with us. We discussed and asked ourselves what would be the additional value of revolutionary solidarity. So we decided to focus our project exclusively on the theme-complex of clandestinity and only publish an issue when we really have something to say. We are proud that our newspaper can intensify the shimmer which shines from the texts that are written in the hidden darkness, to be another compass for all of those who in the future have to go into this burdensome and at the same time light as a feather journey into the unknown.

Hello

After 536 days on the run I was arrested on July 26th near St. Etienne. I experienced my arrest as the first enactment of a performance played a thousand times in my head, or better, 536 times... Everything happened in slow motion: the cops in balaclavas pointing their rifles at me, throwing

me to the ground and asking me the name that I have so often kept silent in recent times and that made me

536 DAYS ON THE RUN

feel strange to pronounce. After that, the SDAT (anti-terrorist department of the French police, *translator's note*) took me to Paris: four hours of journey with handcuffs behind my back in their balaklavas' company. A few kilometers before arriving at their headquarters in Levallois-Perret they blindfolded me. Again, two days after my arrest, (*continue page 4*)

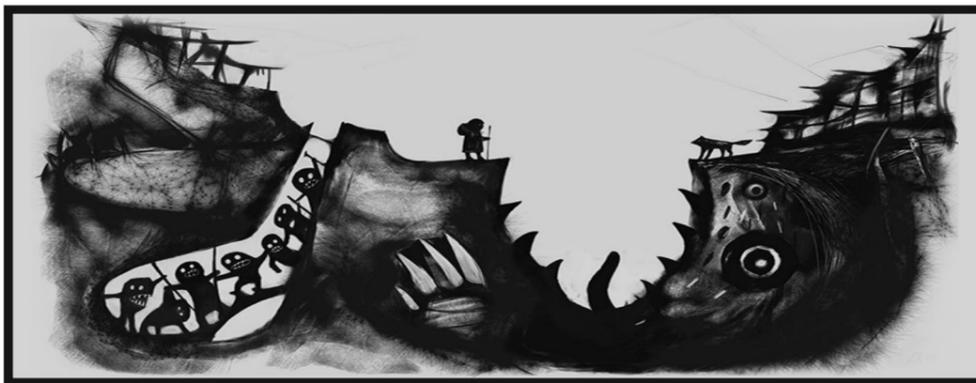
536 DAYS ON THE RUN (continuation)

they brought me first to court and then to Fresnes prison. During the hearing that validated my arrest, I accepted my extradition with no hesitation. I had followed carefully what had happened to Vincenzo Vecchi (I take this opportunity to salute him) who had preferred to refuse the extradition giving himself a chance to remain free in France. As far as my case is concerned, this would have meant awaiting trial in France instead of in Italy where the other people charged in Operation Scintilla are at the moment all free, except for Silvia, who is still subject to a residence ban from the municipality of Turin. In recent times, it seems that the execution of a European arrest warrant and the ensuing extradition constitute simple bureaucratic formalities for European justice. We have seen it recently in Italy on several occasions, but also at the time of the repression that followed the uprisings in Hamburg or in Greece and Spain. The European police are refining their weapons and their cooperation seems to be increasingly close, with exchanges of information and favors. In light of these recent events, I think it is up to us to take an interest in the matter and study its mechanisms. I discover prison at the time of the

coronavirus: the regulatory quarantine to all new arrivals, masks for every movement and for the full duration of rec time, the suspension of every activity and closed cell 22 hours on 24. At the end of my quarantine and on the eve of my scheduled date of extradition, I and all the other inmates in the new arrivals section were placed for the second time in solitary confinement under the pretext that we had shared air time with a new inmate who was found to be covid positive. The tests we underwent after this confirmed case, which we were told at the beginning were not possible for all inmates, are now routine for all new arrivals. It is not surprising to see how the prison administration arrives perpetually late. The measures taken by the prison

administration in response to the spread of Covid19 last spring caused riots and strong solidarity in prisons. Unfortunately, at least here, it seems that cohabiting with the virus has become the norm, and to the fear of a new prisoner being positive and contagious is added the fear of the suspension of visits, as happened to us this past week. The meager palliatives granted in spring by the prison administration in the form of telephone credits are now a thing of the past and a small group of new prisoners cannot measure up to the massive mobilizations of last March. I am awaiting extradition from one moment to the next and I know that very probably when I arrive in Italy I will face a third period of medical isolation. For the moment I am enjoying all the demonstrations of

solidarity after so much silence. In spite of the publications on the subject, which are certainly valuable, absconding is still considered all too often as a romantic adventure and we usually think of our comrades as free. In this year and a half I have never lacked solidarity or warm support, I have never lacked anything, but you are not free when you are deprived of your life. I would have liked to be in the streets with my comrades during the demonstrations in response to the evacuation of the Asilo, I accompanied with my thoughts the hunger strike conducted by Silvia, Anna and Natascia, I thought every day about my comrades arrested in the following rounds. I would have liked to have been by my family's side when they experienced some difficult moments and to have news from them during the lock-down. Today I am ready and determined to face the coming months, but my thoughts go out to those who are still out there, often away from their loved ones. I hope they can stay at large as long as they want to and that the encounters they make will give them the warmth and strength to continue to fight.



A WHISPER FROM NOWHERE

Dear friends and comrades

I have had the idea of contacting you again for a very long time. No matter where I was, no matter what was going on, no matter what adversities or beautiful experiences I encountered outside of physical prison – I always felt the urge to let you be part of it. You are an indispensable part of my life that has taken roots deep in my heart. But every time I sat down in front of the blank sheet of paper, my ability slipped away to write. To tell. Each time I fell silent and felt sad. How can words really convey what I feel? My mind tormented me with this question whenever I sat at my desk and stared at the empty white in front of me. And while I was struggling for letters, the world at once spun faster and then suddenly stopped. If someone had seriously tried to convince me

at the beginning of February of this year that the virus in Wuhan, China, would put the world under a glass dome within a few weeks, I would have laughed and shook my head. But here we are, in the midst of an authoritarian process of radically reshaping the status quo.

Back to the old normal!, complain the reactionary nostalgics. Always interested in saving their own ass and then locking the door again as quickly as possible.

Forward to the new normal!, preach the liberal cybernetics. Bright helpers of the state, always driven by good intentions... And what do the rulers do? They are at odds, united, hesitant, determined, totalitarian, reasonable, scientific, religious... the range is endless and yet always describes only the same thing – they act according to the maxim of

maintaining power. Always and exclusively. The questions "old" or "new", or in other words; the question of how we want to be managed and kept in check is not the question that should interest individuals seeking self-determination. How we oppose the dictates of laws and morals, sabotage it with thoughts and dynamite and thus open a space for new things – this is music to the ears that are looking for the earth beneath the asphalt.

I have been on the run for almost 4 years now, which prevents me from discussing these explosive questions with you, setting up theses with you and rejecting them again, working out approaches with you and testing them with my whole heart. Of course that saddens me. Because such a shared discussion would mean that I can see, hear, smell and feel you. And

Carla
Fresnes, 19 August 2020

[Meanwhile Carla has been transferred to the prison of Vigevano, Italy. To write her: *Carla Tubeuf/ Via Gravelona 240/ 27029 Vigevano (PV)/ Italy*]

you cannot imagine how much I miss this immediacy – how much I miss you all! But hey, I am not with you, but next to you – moving quietly on a path nowhere, from which I wave to you and whisper the warmest words of greeting. Let us not allow the passing time to force itself between us and to gradually fade out our shared experiences and adventures. I am glad that, thanks to you, I have found my beloved words and the joy of storytelling again, you are wonderful.

We will talk again.

In solidarity and
freedom-loving affinity,
Your friend and comrade
from nowhere
Mid-May 2020