

TASTING

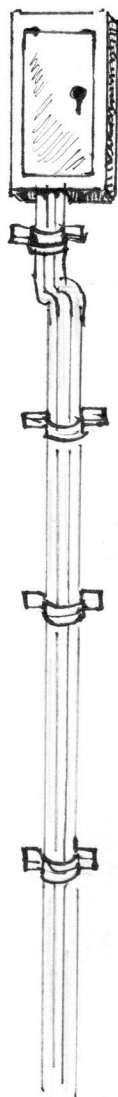
Issue 0 - August/September

EVERYONE HAS
THEIR WEAKNESS

THE STICK
& THE CARROT

NORTH-SOUTH-
EAST-WEST

TABLE OF CONTENT

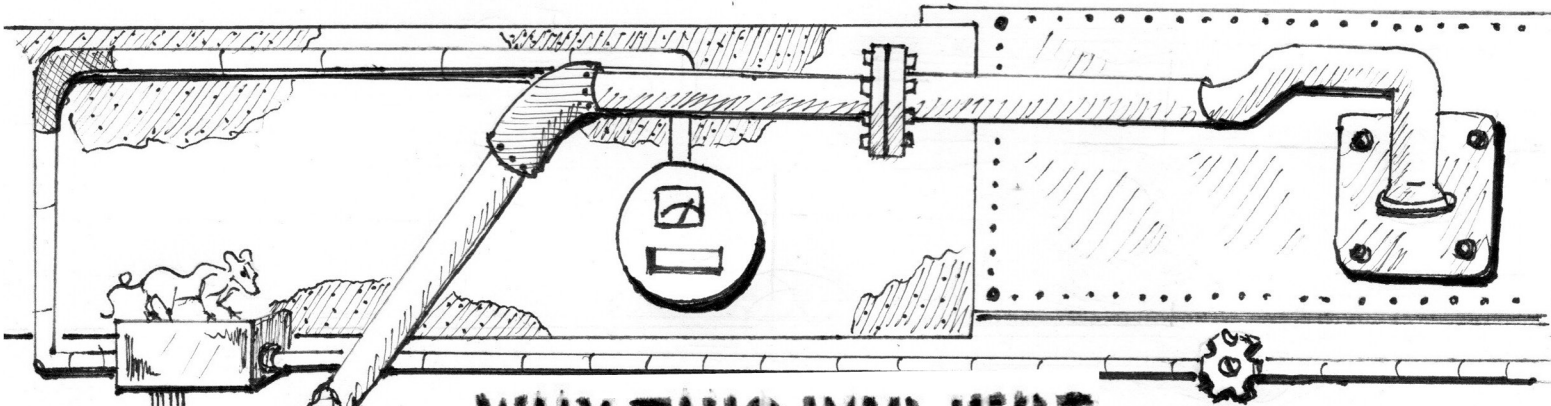


- Everyone has their Weakness
- The Stick & The Carrot
- Sylvaticus
- North-South-East-West

HOW TO CONTRIBUTE

Verseuchung is a bimonthly anarchist journal, without price and without authorship, distribution is up to whoever finds it worth to share this around, if you want the pdf version or some printed copies you can write an email to verseuchung@systemli.org (PGP available).

This journal is open to submissions, and if you want to answer to something that is written here, question it or put some critics on the table, feel free! What is a journal for, if not to stir debate and exchange? Not everything that is sent will be published, because this journal doesn't want to be one of the main cesspools of "the Movement", but an experiment in an era when journals are closed down, either by the State or by people's unwillingness to sit down and put their mind on a piece of paper. This journal wants to express a specific projectuality, some individual's Ideas and the burning desire for the destruction of this world's order, so we will choose the material that we feel the most indicated for the eruption of insurrection.



WHY THIS PROJECT

We want to contaminate this Society with our own Ideas and the virus of doubt in the totality and all-powerfulness of the megamachine and its world; and in order to do this, a journal is one of the many means that can be used and with which we want to provide ourselves! But to spread the infection of evil desires and barbaric urges, this journal will need individuals contributing to it, distributing it, questioning the analyses we put forward and criticizing what is written here. Writing is not a specialism, the ones who sit down to do it are not "the theorists", or clever people, or even people who actually enjoy writing! So if there is something you want to see discussed, or you have an idea you want to communicate to other people there is no excuse to not do it, also because none of the people up until now involved in this journal are English native speaker, which we hope will help in taking away the aura of specialization that normally surrounds projects that use the written word as a mean to attack this Existence.

Let the words floating on these pages corrupt the gears and wheels of this machine-like world!

EDITORIAL

We cannot save someone. No one can. Likewise we cannot really liberate others.

This forest (a living being) cannot be saved, it will either survive, even though profoundly changed or it will die, asphyxiated by the deadly vapours of this world.

For sure it cannot be saved by their legislations and their technology, but I suspect neither it can by us living here now. And it is not about saving it either. Not that I will not mourn if this forest dies. I will mourn the oak I've been living in, and this mourning will become anger added to the flames burning against this world, thirst added to my need for vengeance.

I don't want this forest to die. But I'm not here to save it. And I want even less that it becomes the crystallized, unmoving and unsurprising version of itself they are proposing. Their least bad options, their grey survival elevated to life in the "best world possible", their never-ending youth and refusal of death and life... this is no saving, this is a destiny maybe worse than Death itself.

A dead forest is a monument to human alienation, but a "preserved" one would be just one of their technological appendices, a jungle of statistics, assessments and authority rather than unearthed desires, sensibilities and joy. Not the warm refuge for those who fight against this existence, nor the thousand possibilities and discoveries, nor the precious moments of complicity, nor the dark living maze feared or exalted in the imagination of those who live nearby...

A plantation of trees is no forest, and to their preservation in this form of altered survival, I'd rather see this forest crashing into the reefs!

EVERYONE HAS THEIR WEAKNESS

Originally published in French in <https://sansattendre.noblogs.org/archives/13289#more-13289>

In a period of lockdown, many don't have all that much to chew on. This is due primarily to the closing of many food shops. To satisfy their ferocious appetite, our rodent friends, among the species that inhabit the planet endowed with a particularly developed sense of smell, have found a delicacy that is equally succulent and abundant.

Since the XVIIIth century, *Rattus Norvegicus* has progressively substituted at our latitudes *Rattus rattus*, more commonly called «black rat». Bigger, thicker and more gluttonous than its predecessor, it has a well developed taste and does not hesitate to choose its food to select those delicacies that it most favours. On the other hand, it is able to note the flavour of that which it eats and is actually able to understand if a food that it knows has been modified.

In Poitiers, in the Vienne, the night between the 11th and 12th of April, our refined gourmards indulged in a delicacy situated under the cement between the town hall and the multimedia library. But what could ever be few meters under our feet that these rodents appreciate so tastefully? Fiber optic cables of which the sheathes are rich with starch. These could thus become one of their favorite meals in the years to come, considering their dissemination across the land.

Their meal was not appreciated by the Dominion, having cut out various servers installed among the annexes of the town hall.

This small animal, which is very mobile and has a quick reproductive period has never been too popular throughout history, especially due to it being considered responsible for the propagation of the plague and a multitude of other diseases. But who cares about a poor reputation, this excessive scrumptiousness of the Poitou speaks directly to the heart of those who rejoiced for the recent sabotages against the net...

The Rat

*The rat is the concisest
tenant.*

*He pays no rent, -
Repudiates the obligation,
On schemes intent.*

*Balking our wit
To sound or circumvent,
Hate cannot harm
A foe so reticent.*

*Neither decree
Prohibits him,
Lawful as
Equilibrium.*

From this we see the paws of a ultra-Rattus movement that, in the midst of the lockdown, multiplied its meals rich in fiber and gnawed on the arteries of technological domination...

THE STICK & THE CARROT

Just to make it clear, the form "we" that is used here does not represent the forest, nor the whole of the humans living in this place. It is just some individuals who thought of putting their mind on a piece of paper. And in reality there is no such thing as "the forest", besides in the imagination of authorities that are incapable to understand a language which is not that of power. There are some humans and non-human animals, there are trees, mushrooms, plants... all of them quite different from each other but still intertwined, not a granitic position or a stagnating movement that can have a leader.

Like the old saying goes, if it is not the stick is the carrot. The mayor of Merzenich, Georg Gelhausen, and other politicians, this time around are trying to attack the forest with talks of legalization, deals and their "*vision for the future of this region*". That is, if it has a future.

Indeed first the mayor got involved in the buying of the house in which gardens the Hambi camp is staying, obstructing the transaction between the owner (the son of the the lady who let the camp settle there when the other place was taken down) and the association Vielzutun e.V. (mainly formed by people living in the camp) which wanted to buy the house. This didn't work out, since the best he could offer is for the municipality to buy the house and then the association could rent it for a duration of few years. In the meantime, the mayor contacted one person who does not live in the forest, but in the meadow in front of it, made appointments for visiting the forest with her and actually did enter, escorted by the same person and together with personnel from the university of Aachen. Afterwards he asked for appointments in the week of 22-28/7 and of 29/07-4/8, the first to visit the forest and the second with forestry personnel to "assess the forest". What exactly is this "assessment" for, is a good question, since this forest does not need their science or their badges to show how it is doing: it will get better when, or if, this sickening world gets destroyed. Up until then for sure the only "assessment" we can make is that this forest is better off without them, and that they are not

*The Toast of Despair
We have cried - and the
 gods are silent;
We have trusted - and
 been betrayed;
We have loved - and the
 fruit was ashes;
We have given - the gift
 was weighed.
We know that the heavens
 are empty,
That friendship and love
 are names;
That truth is an ashen
 cinder,
The end of life's burnt-
 out flames.
Vainly and long we have
 waited,
Through the night of the
 human roar,
For a single song on the
 harp of Hope,*

*Or a ray from a day-lit
shore.
Songs aye come floating,
marvelous sweet,
And bow-dyed flashes gleam;
But the sweets are Lies,
and the weary feet
Run after a marsh-light
beam.*

welcomed. Indeed, the mayor could not enter in the forest. Actually, two days before his first visit on Tuesday 23rd a post was published on Indymedia, featuring his personal address and an invitation to gather at 8:30 in front of his house and at 9 in the forest, and on Monday morning the mayor said he wouldn't come and asked - to whom, only he knows! - that his address is taken off the web. Poor mayor, maybe he's afraid someone starts playing the ring-bell game...

The mayor then was so nice to invite us to a round table, through an email written to the public forest email. Trying to get someone to speak to at the end is a common strategy for power. If they have no-one to speak to, or better, to speak at, then how could they make their precious deals? If they have no-one to speak to, then the only mean they have left is violence, and they really don't want to use violence, right? He asked us to nominate our delegates by the beginning of August and was left without an answer... seems like not everyone cares about your deadlines, mayor! This is not the first time a state tries to force legalization by offering to take deals with anyone who claims to speak for the whole of a project, we've seen how over and over in history as soon as power manages to find someone, an individual or a group, who takes up this role they will have one more weapon up their sleeve, the most infamous of the examples being the ZAD of Notre-Dames-Des-Landes.

*In the hour of our need the
song departs,
And the sea-moans of sorrow
swell;
The siren mocks with a
gurgling laugh
That is drowned in the deep
death-knell.*

The mayor of Merzenich is one of the most insignificant authorities in this play, but still he is trying to legalize this forest, to enter in conversation with the humans inhabiting it, to force the entrance of authorities and law inside of a occupied territory. No, thanks. "the forest" as a whole is for sure not interested in this, and - at least some of - the humans inhabiting it do not welcome legalization, with its ecological NGOs, its protected parks and university professors more than they welcome cops and

military. Legalization is an attack and to it a reaction follows.

Nowadays "vision" is the term of the year, if not of the epoque, and for sure our dear mayor and his bigger bros have had one well inoculated for this region. With the pop up university that took place in June, the Microsoft data centre as a work in progress, the lake that will take the place of the mine, and, on the background, a forest symbol of the struggle against carbon, this is the perfect place for the german, and green!, Silicon Valley.

The fact that this forest is not going to be their recuperated, nice little forest, as the associations Neuland Hambach and NRW have in mind, is just a little detail, one of the many things that could go wrong in their plans. What this forest definitively is not, is a specific struggle on carbon, or something that can be so easily recuperated by green capitalism. As much as we hate their mines we also hate their solar panel and their "green" ways to produce and high tech industries are not in any way preferable to open mines! What we struggle against is this Existence, with its technological domination and structures of which the Hambacher mine is a (almost outdated but still necessary) part.

Still, wondering why the mayor decided on this time and tactic - after quite some years of more or less silence from the authorities - we think it interesting to focus on what power "proposes" for the forest, since in the region as well a lot is moving, we think this attack is not random, but rather an attempt to pacify a possible point of resistance in a zone that is becoming of interest.

This is all yet in the unknown. We cannot say what this forest will be. We are also not interested in forecasts, the ones from the enemy about this territory are enough for us to decide

*The light we chased with
our stumbling feet
As the goals of happier
years,
Swings high and low and
vanishes -
The bow-dyes were of our
tears.
God is a lie, and Faith is
a lie,
And a tenfold lie is Love;
Life is a problem without a
why,
And never a thing to prove.
it adds, and subtracts, and
multiplies,
And divides without aim or
end;*

*Its answers all false,
though false-named true -
Wife, husband, lover,
friend.
We know it now, and we care
no more;
What matters life or death?
We tiny insects emerge from
earth,
Suffer, and yield our
breath.
Like ants we crawl on our
brief sand-hill,
Dreaming of "mighty things"
-
Lo, they crunch, like
shells in the ocean's
wrath,
In the rush of Time's awful
wings.
The sun smiles gold, and
the plants white,
And a billion stars smile,
still;
Yet, fierce as we, each
wheels toward earth,
And cannot stay his will.*

we don't want to stay by the side and look while they try to transform this devastated land in their eco-wet-dream of power. Firstly because trying to stall their "ecologically sound" plans, to steal those happy slaves a night or two of good sleep, to sting them with doubts about the survival they call life is fun. All the funnier because of the green capitalism and technologism they wear as their most sought-after ornaments. For now, it seems like old Hambi is sitting in the midst of "new developments" in the area, all of them leading to the high-tech eco-friendly monster, sorry, sector; some of the developments in the area are interesting and worth knowing. Obviously many of the "new developments" are not that "new" and for sure not unique to the region of NRW, since in so-called first world countries green capitalism seems to be almost as fashionable as fascism. We cannot say if this forest will become a point of active resistance against their plans, and generally against this World, but we can say what we know of their plans - and maybe also what we think of them - and then leave it to each imagination to find their own ways and desires, with no marked paths and no directions to follow.

Many things are popping up nearby, a little less welcomed than the tasty mushrooms: a pop-up University in Morsenich, a datacenter built by Microsoft, the association Neuland and NRW with their plans for the "future city of Morsenich", remodeled to be a green tourism hot-spot. RWE also joins in the green plans for this region: rumour has it the mine could close in 2030 instead of 2038, which is when RWE promised to "close" it (meaning cease to extract lignite) in 2019, after the - failed - attempt at evicting the forest. Obviously then, they will immediately start filling it with water, so that it will become a beautiful, and radioactive, lake, with

even its own beaches, that are being dug up in the nearest mine, just on the other side of the Hambacher Forest - you see the irony, right? The fact that the water contained in the Rhine would not be enough to fill the mine, or that such a lake would stay radioactive, thus dead, for no-one-knows how long, are just midwives' tales, muttered around by some individuals who are apparently really difficult to please.

In the midst of all of this, the forest is changing hands. Two associations, Neuland Hambacher and the NRW Association want to buy this forest from RWE, which still owns it.

The association Neuland wants to make the forest into an "experience" - another of such words like "vision": visitors will cruise along the Hambacher Loop, a bike trail that will go 'round the hole, passing right through the middle Hambacher Forest, that they want to "regenerate". Regenerate in what ways, is a question with an easy answer; through the means of technology and science, "*remodeling the forest to increase its resilience to climate change*"...

The plans of NRW Association are not that different but they are more old-school, an association of politicians from every party (AFD included), their main goal is to preserve NRW's propaganda, or how they say it: "*North Rhine-Westphalia is beautiful - and should remain so. This is what the NRW-Stiftung has been working towards since 1986. It looks after the triad of nature, motherland and culture*". For now, they are just looking at this forest to see if it "*fits into their model*", we hope they'll find it rather distasteful.

As much as we'd like to share some of their writings about the "great future" they have in mind for this region and mainly this forest, how they plan to preserve it and such nonsensical gibberish, they mainly talk about what a wonderful environment this will be and how they want to "*create an inspiring space for the*

*The build, ye fools, your
mighty things,
That time shall set at
naught;
Grow warm with the song the
sweet Lie sings,
And the false bow your
tears have wrought.
For us, a truce to Gods,
loves, and hopes,
And a pledge to fire and
wave;
A swifter whirl to the
dance of death,
And a loud huzza for the
Grave!*

Patiently the D.H.C. Patiently the D.H.C. explained. If the children were made to scream at the sight of a rose, that was on grounds of high economic policy. Not so very long ago (a century or thereabouts), Gammas, Deltas, even Epsilons, had been conditioned to like flowers - flowers in particular and wild nature in general. The idea was to make them want to be going out into the country at every available opportunity, and so compel them to consume transport. "And didn't they consume transport?" Asked the student.

future', even though they admit *"it is a matter of fact that a removal area of almost 8,600 hectares forms a barrier"*. Yes, a barrier that for us cannot be filled by your greedy sudden interest in preserving this forest.

Where now the hole makes its presence felt with the noises, the hot and dry winds and the lack of water, it also used to be covered by this forest. 98% of it was swallowed by the hole.

Their changing hand of this forest will not change this fact, which should be obvious. Which is obvious for anyone who sees that hole and feels something. But when they look, everything they can see is the shadow of the only world they already know, the artificial reconstruction of a world, so they look at the hole, and see a lake, bringing tourism and soothing the engineers' minds, they look at what is left of this forest and see a tree-plantation where they could wander on sunny days, celebrating the victories of progress.

Talking about progress and its implementations, the pop up University has been a week, from the 17 to the 24 June 2023, of University professors giving lectures, official banquets and guided tours, around the region, with the climax being when RWE, which used to own the village of Morsenich, handed it over to the mayor of Merzenich - dear Georg, we meet you again!, the whole event made possible by REVIERa, the association of RWTH Aachen University, in cooperation with Neuland Hambach and the municipality of Merzenich! Side note for those who are not familiar with this territory, Morsenich is the nearly deserted village that RWE used to own and was supposed to be taken down with the expansion of the mine, Merzenich is the closest municipality.

This initiative gathered, besides the usual insignificant authorities, a number of university professors, mainly from the University of Aachen

and mainly active in computer sciences, biotechnology or the so called "social sciences", with a focus on "decarbonization". On an interesting side note, this University is one of the "elite Universities" of Germany, which means it receives more public and private funding, mainly because of its role in empowering the development of high tech and AI oriented start up in the region.

The main goal of this week-long event as stated by its website is "(to enable) students and researchers from universities and science to meet people from the Rhineland region on an equal footing and to exchange ideas, learn and shape together", then it was mostly used as a platform to inform about the development plans for Morsenich, that "as the place of the future, the village is now to become a focal point for sustainable transformation" and for the region, mainly driven by the recent Microsoft investments.

"Here's to good neighborliness!" - With these words, North Rhine-Westphalia's Minister President Hendrik Wüst heralded the age of artificial intelligence (AI) in the Rhineland region today at the site of the future Microsoft data centers. In Elsdorf (Rhine-Erft district), Wüst presented the plans for North Rhine-Westphalia (NRW) to become a leading AI region together with Dr. Marianne Janik, Head of Microsoft Germany. The data center region in the Rhineland mining district will increase cloud and AI capacity for the whole of Germany and open up new growth prospects for the coal-mining region during the structural change. To improve the availability of skilled workers, Microsoft is launching a major AI qualification offensive with local partners from industry, municipalities, schools and educational institutions in NRW.

*"Quite a lot," the D.H.C. replied. "But nothing else."
Primroses and landscapes, he pointed out, have one grave defect: they are gratuitous. A love of nature keeps no factories busy. It was decided to abolish the love of nature, at any rate among the lower classes; to abolish the love of nature, but not the tendency to consume transport. For of course it was essential that they should keep on going to the country, even though they hated it. The problem was to find an economically sounder reason for consuming transport than a mere affection for primroses and landscapes.*

This is how the article dated 18/03/2024 published by Microsoft's news outlet starts about the new infrastructure Microsoft is planning to build in the region. The "North Rhine-Westphalia's Minister President Hendrik Wüst" later explains his "vision" for the future of this region in really clear words: "*North Rhine-Westphalia is taking the path from coal to AI. Microsoft is sending out a strong signal with its decision to build hyper-scaler data centres in the Rhineland mining area(...)*" and for once this puppet is not really exaggerating, since this is a 3.2 billion euros investment for Microsoft, wanting to reach 1.2 million people in the whole of Germany... and we are so thrilled to know that an army of brainwashed computer lovers will flood the area! If nothing else, we hope that we can ruin some of their happy slavery, or at least their walk in the nice woods nearby. Yes, because they want to build it near to the Hambacher mine - the forest is obviously never mentioned, better not to stir the memory that we still exist, right Hendrik? -.Probably to make this "structure change", or "passage from coal to AI" all the clearer (pun intended). Or maybe because an already devastated environment is the best place to put a huge data centre, so all of its pollution can be swept under the floor - or better, lack thereof - of the biggest human made hole in Europe, who knows?

It was duly found.

"We condition the masses to hate the country,"

concluded the Director.

"But simultaneously we condition them to love all country sports. At the same time, we see to it that all country sports shall entail the use of elaborate apparatus. So that they consume manufactured articles as well as transport. Hence those electric shocks."

The article mainly goes on talking about the great good Microsoft will be for the region: "*The offers range from IT qualification programs for employees of local companies to career guidance and skills training for students, job seekers and career changers. Microsoft is calling on other companies, schools and educational institutions to take part in the AI qualification offensive and expand it even further (...)*". They said it, "qualification offensive", if their PR doesn't even worry any-more about not explicitly referring to war we really are in the age of

silliness by the people supposedly reading this and enthusiastically greeting the news that someone is launching an offensive against them. The Pop-Up University we talked about before, now, is put in its right context as part of this “*qualification offensive*” towards computer sciences. Once again, this is not peculiar to the region, even though here it might be more visible than in other parts of Germany or of Europe, this is a general direction that is being taken towards the increase of technicians, especially in regard to computer science. Nowadays, everything is done through a computer and this needs a certain category of humans to proceed smoothly, the people behind screens who keep this society running, day in and day out.

If anyone is wondering why the building of a hyper-scale data centre for a development in the AI sector, the data centre is the physical structure that will sustain the virtual AI as much as the computer science technicians are the still indispensable human factor necessary to keep this monster going. To explain it better, a data centre is the physical place where the servers on which all the websites, apps, AI and machine learning program, practically the whole internet, runs on are. Such places are normally built outside of main cities, either in industrial neighbourhood or in some already-devastated countryside. Better not to remind the happy slaves that even this new, seemingly wholly virtual world has its physicality and ultimately relies on the same physical infrastructure as this society.

So let’s put it near the giant hole, such an idea!

And since we are at it, let’s unite what is socially useful with what is technologically efficient, as Microsoft boasts in the article that “*A feasibility study by the NRW Ministry of Economic Affairs, Industry, Climate Protection and Energy (MWIKE) shows that the Rhineland*

*The machine turns, turns
and must keep on turning-
for ever. It is death if it
stands still. A thousand
millions scabbled the
crust of the earth. The
wheels began to turn. In a
hundred and fifty years
there were two thousand
millions. Stop all the
wheels. In a hundred and
fifty weeks there are once
more only a thousand
millions; a thousand
thousand thousand men and
women have starved to
death. Wheels must turn
steadily, but cannot turn
untended.*

*There must be men to tend
them, men as steady as the
wheels upon their axles,
sane men, obedient men,
stable in contentment.
Crying: My baby, my mother,
my only, only love
groaning: My sin, my
terrible God; screaming
with pain, muttering with
fever, bemoaning old age
and poverty-how can they
tend the wheels? And if
they cannot tend the
wheels...*

region is ideally suited for the establishment of data centers. It is located at the intersection of the most important European data lines between the major Internet hubs of Amsterdam, Frankfurt, Stockholm and Paris, as well as close to the regional Internet hub of Düsseldorf.”

Mona Neubaur, Minister for Economic Affairs, Industry, Climate Protection and Energy and Deputy Minister-President of North Rhine-Westphalia, whose title occupies two lines and is of bitter irony, says that *“With the Microsoft infrastructure that is now being created, we have a great opportunity to successfully lead the Rhineland mining area from the fossil fuel era into the high-tech era. (...) and making the Rhineland region the leading high-tech location in Europe.”*

A silicon valley right here, where the hole will be transformed into a wonderful lake, so that everyone can witness the great “structural change” from the devastation of the Earth to the... devastation of everything that is living for the advancement of this Existence and its technology. The cherry on top of this irony cake is that *“Microsoft has many major cloud customers (in NRW, ndr) such as Bayer, RWE, Metro and Bertelsmann”*. Who would have guessed, even RWE comes back in the picture!

But then, mines today need the highest technology to work, so that they can better (i.e. more efficiently) provide the enormous quantity of electricity these data centres need.

What can be said besides expressing the hope for clear nights?

We are not writing this to say that the State wants to attack us because it is scared of us. We are not (yet) a threat for the plans we see in action. Though, “the forest” for now is something they can’t predict, or better, is something they are not sure they can predict. They are testing

it now, how much and what of this place they can put in their cages, under their scientific and peaceful labels. How much of it can be recuperated by the green capitalism and its technological hydra. This is not the plantation of trees they want, the animals living here are not as domesticated as they'd like, it is still too unpredictable for their all-seeing technical society. So the state tries to see which is the best way to get rid of it. This is not a surprise, obviously. The change from a coal mine to the university, data centre and green energy could be something that instead of pacifying and recuperating this place shows that we know it's always the same domination behind the veils and that there are still some people that just want to see this world destroyed, here and now. We don't know whether this will happen or not, this region might or might not end up being the umpteenth hotspot of green capitalism, we are not the only factor in this. For sure nothing they can do will make us happy, the only thing that could give us a smile (and this forest some breath) is seeing all their centres, their coal mines as much as their University, their industry, their high-tech bullshit go up in smoke. And this, I guess, they cannot offer, we'll have to take it for ourselves.

*The corpses of a thousand
thousand thousand men and
women would be hard to bury
or burn.*

*"Which brings us at last,"
continued Mr. Foster, "out
of the realm of mere
slavish imitation of nature
into the much more
interesting world of human
invention."*

*"Which brings us at last,"
continued Mr. Foster, "out
of the realm of mere
slavish imitation of nature
into the much more
interesting world of human
invention."*

*All the quotes are translations from articles on news.microsoft.com,
neuland-hambach.de and NRWstiftung.de, the articles are only in
German.*

SYLVATICUS

Retrieved online from http://https://avisbabel.noblogs.org/files/2022/06/stormwarnings53_read_a5.cleaned.pdf

Originally published in French in *Avis De Tempete*

'I hate purity, I hate goodness! I don't want any virtue to exist anywhere. I want everyone to be corrupt to the bones.'

'Well then, I ought to suit you, dear. I'm corrupt to the bones.'

'You like doing this? I don't mean simply me: I mean the thing in itself?'

'I adore it.' That was above all what he wanted to hear. Not merely the love of one person but the animal instinct, the simple undifferentiated desire: that was the force that would tear the Party to pieces.

Thanks to the steamroller of industrial civilization and progress, one of the last sensuous worlds populated by terrifying imaginations and enchanted fantasies is disappearing before our eyes: that of the forests. Those which could have been the domain of the lords where the convicted were hung, and the refuge for fleeing persecution. Those which could have been the darkness where one could abandon starving offspring, and the bushy haven from which to launch an assault on the existent. Those which may have been the home of mysteries inhabited by dryads and lycanthropes, and the place where warship builders and other blacksmiths came to plunder them en masse. Those which have seen daring bandits robbing the rich in Sherwood, soot faced maidens setting fire to and pillaging castles in Ariege, revolutionaries continuing to strike their ferocious blows against the tsarist tyranny in Courland, but also witnessing in the Alps or in Poland the freezing to death of migrants hunted down by the European border guards.

In fact, forests are ambiguous even in their very etymology, since foresta first meant the outside spaces not used by the villagers - so much so that the word savage itself comes from silvaticus, i.e. sylvan - before designating the vast wooded areas as reserved for nobility and monasteries and protected from peasant use. By a strange reversal of meaning the word foresta, the dangerous unknown that Roman civilization did not manage to subdue, came to qualify the territory par excellence of religious and feudal domination after a few centuries, before finally becoming a generic and rather vague name.

For if by forest, we mean immense natural expanses of trees left more or less to themselves to form an autonomous ecosystem that is both rich

and complex, like a distant echo of the tales of our childhood, then what should we call these sad alignments of conifers, all of the same age and size, on a ground covered with needles where the song of the birds has fallen silent? And when we walk in the shade of majestic poplars, how can we imagine that this tree had the misfortune in 2006 to be the first whose genome was entirely sequenced, so that poplar plantations used for cellulose or biofuels have developed throughout the world, in the form of immense clone plantations? And since it is necessary to green the economy at all costs by feeding the market for carbon offsets (i.e. permits to pollute elsewhere), can we still call the recent industrial plantation of 40,000 hectares of fast-growing acacia trees imported from Australia by Total a forest... destroying the Gabonese savannah to build a state-of-the-art wood factory? Finally, if we move a little closer, for example to the radiant wooded area of the Commissariat à l'énergie atomique (CEA) located in Saint-Paul-lès-Durance, how can we not come across the nugget of the state exploiter of public forests? For it is right next to the Cadarache nuclear center where the National Genetic Resources Center and the ONF's experimental tree farm are located, where the state organization clones the DNA of trees it considers the most interesting in terms of resistance to global warming, in order to replant their copies just about everywhere. At the same time, the same witch doctors of the ONF are creating so-called "islands of the future" by introducing new exotic species into the old fir, oak and beech forests (especially in the Grand Est and in Burgundy-Franche-Comté), which range from Manchurian Ash to Arizona Cypress, under the pretext that these forests will not be able to adapt to climate change on their own. The air is burning, water is lacking, and moreover the bark beetle is proliferating in the huge single-

*We are not like that.
We know that no one ever
seizes power with the
intention of relinquishing
it. Power is not a means,
it is an end. One does not
establish a dictatorship in
order to safeguard a
revolution; one makes the
revolution in order to
establish the dictatorship.
The object of persecution
is persecution. The object
of torture is torture. The
object of power is power.
Now do you begin to
understand me?*

You are here because you have failed in humility, in self discipline. You would not make the act of submission which is the price of sanity. You preferred to be a lunatic, a minority of one. Only the disciplined mind can see reality, Winston.

Whatever the Party holds to be the truth, is truth. It is impossible to see reality except by looking through the eyes of the Party. That is the fact that you have got to relearn, Winston. It needs an act of selfdestruction, an effort of the will. You must humble yourself before you can become sane.

species spruce forests planted in the plains by the ONF for the last 50 years? Easy, let's just change the forests in the same crazy race to artificialize all living things (including humans), rather than putting down the techno-industrial system that causes all this devastation! Flexibility and resilience are the mantras of the Newspeak of power, aren't they? Certainly, designating 'nature' as a separate subject by civilized people so proud of their culture of domination is not new; a barbaric 'nature' to be analyzed, classified, measured, exploited, rationalized and ordered, becoming - like the forest - even more mythical as its domestication and the eradication of old ways of relating with it progress. Until there remains only the creation of reserves, parks and other 'natural spaces', recreational and arranged, to maintain its nostalgic memory for city-dwellers lacking greenery. So yes, there are increasingly fewer recalcitrant and abundant forests, and more fields of trees, whose final objective remains their forced industrial exploitation (when they are not simply razed for highway projects or the continuous extension of coal mines, as in Germany). The 2014 UN World Climate Summit, where many countries committed to reforesting no less than 350 million hectares by 2030, has notably translated in practice into mass rows of tree plantations, doused with pesticides, insecticides and fungicides, which will then be cut down to make kit wood or paper pulp, and obviously not to offer more space to freely evolving forests. As for the famous France Relance plan of autumn 2020, which followed the Great Containment, 200 million euros of which were intended to 'help forests adapt to climate change' by planting '50 million trees in two years', it is nothing more than a state subsidy to the wood industry to finance their gigantic clear-cuts of forest species that are deemed non-productive, in order to replace them with good old Douglas fir

monocultures. In the infernal cycle of ecological disasters that have now reached the stage where they are almost irreversibly feeding back on each other, which no techno-literate magic wand will be able to stop, forests have today become, in spite of themselves, the symbol of the race towards the abyss. Reduced to a "biodiversity reserve" to be saved by some, to an "imprisoned carbon stock" to be grown or traded by others, and to a "resource of wood cubes" to be extracted by the latter, forests embody the loss of any relationship to an environment of which we would be an intrinsic part.

Perhaps this is why when Mapuche people relentlessly and consistently destroy the machines and trucks of the loggers in the territory dominated by the Chilean state, it speaks to us? Maybe that's why the ransacking of industrial softwood plantations (Cedar and Douglas Fir) in Corrèze cheers us up? Perhaps it is also for this reason that the fires that have recently struck the felling machines and the carriers of forestry cooperatives and the ONF, from Nièvre to the Ile-de-France, make us happy? Because to wrest away from the world of industrial devastation a radically different relationship between individuals and their environment is of course to make ideas and acts align, but certainly also to give free rein to the wild forests of our imaginations...

*They want you to be
bursting with energy all
the time.
All this marching up and
down and cheering and
waving flags is simply sex
gone sour. If you're happy
inside yourself, why should
you get excited about Big
Brother and the Three Year
Plans and the Two Minutes
Hate and all the rest of
their bloody rot?*

NORTH-SOUTH-EAST-WEST
Originally published in Italian in Ab Irato

*And if ever, by some
unlucky chance, anything
unpleasant should somehow
happen, why, there's always
soma to give you a holiday
from the facts. And there's
always soma to calm your
anger, to reconcile you to
your enemies, to make you
patient and long-suffering.*

On the evening of the past 25th of July, in Paris, excitement was at its peak. (Almost) all the eyes were on the Ville Lumière: tomorrow would be the great day, that of the official inauguration of the XXXIII edition of the Olympic Games. The organizers had preannounced an inauguration that lived up to French grandeur - an "audacious, original, unique" parade on the Seine. The unpleasant memory of the last Japanese edition, postponed for one year due to the *minor morbo* and then held in front of empty stands, had to be erased. This time nothing and no-one could have obstructed the lavish return of the Games in the homeland of their original creator, Baron De Coubertin. Neither an eco-system devastated by centuries of industrialism, nor a local conflict, potential spark of a global nuclear war, nor an ongoing genocide.

*The world's stable now.
People are happy; they get
what they want, and they
never want what they can't
get. They're well off;
they're safe; ... they're so
conditioned that they
practically can't help
behaving as they ought to
behave. And if anything
should go wrong, there's
soma.*

In order to guarantee the smooth happening of the sporting event, i.e. the planetary assumption of the sportive soma, French authorities had taken exceptional security measures: 45,000 officers scattered throughout the city, 18,000 military personnel, 200 leatherheads (half of which in the role of snipers on the rooftops of the French capital), a hundred divers. And then a deployment of drones and maritime barriers designed to prevent the illegal transit of small boats through the Channel, the deployment of surface-to-air missile units for the air security, the closure of airspace over the capital, surveilled only by military helicopters. And then the cooperation with the intelligence services of 80 countries, the presence of police agents coming from dozens of countries, as well as 2,000 private security agents. And then the monitoring of wastewater for viruses, the installation of underwater sonars, a video surveillance system based on AI algorithms. This

gives an idea of the importance of the event, just to make it clear how indispensable it was that, starting from that July 26 in Paris, *it didn't, it mustn't and it will not happen anything.*

Yet... *merdre!* - on the morning of the 26th the weather was already ruined. And for sure not by the downpour already predicted in the evening. No, the problem is another: is (if?) Paris is the fulcrus of France, France does not consist of the sole capital. Every center, by definition, has its own periphery. Fencing, garrisoning, surveilling every square meter of a center is an ambition suitable for every arrogance. But it cannot be pretended that the same can be done with a periphery that, in this case, extends to the borders. A territory that, for convenience, can be divided according to the four cardinal points.

Well, on the night between the 25th and the 26th of July, within hours of the start of the modern circenses, in Paris itself and in the four cardinal point of the hexagon, something happened. Something small, but with an enormous impact. Small sabotages of the High-Speed rail line - successful in the centre, north, west and east, failed in the south - blocked traffic to the capital for long hours.

Incredible, isn't it? A few incendiary bottles, some sharp blades and a passionate night walk among complicit individuals was all it took to break the spell, indeed, the very witchcraft that makes the abherring human condition acceptable.

They don't understand anything. How is it possible that someone tried to prevent 800.000 potential spectators from being *present and happy* that weekend, seated in the stadiums waving their nation's flags, so eager to sing its anthem? How can it come to someone's mind to ruin the vacation of so many good people, so many honest workers

"I don't understand anything," she said with decision, determined to preserve her incomprehension intact. "Nothing. Least of all," she continued in another tone "why you don't take soma when you have these dreadful ideas of yours.

You'd forget all about them. And instead of feeling miserable, you'd be jolly. So jolly,"

"Too awful," she kept repeating, and all Bernard's consolations were in vain. "Too awful! That blood!" She shuddered. "Oh, I wish I had my soma."

"But do you like being slaves?" the Savage was saying as they entered the Hospital. His face was flushed, his eyes bright with ardour and indignation. "Do you like being babies? Yes, babies. Mewling and puking," he added, exasperated by their bestial stupidity into throwing insults at those he had come to save. The insults bounced off their carapace of thick stupidity; they stared at him with a blank expression of dull and sullen resentment in their eyes. "Yes, puking!" he fairly shouted. Grief and remorse, compassion and duty-all were forgotten now and, as it were, absorbed into an intense overpowering hatred of these less than human monsters.

who day in day out keep this infamous society going? Big and small entertainers of the Spectacle do not capacitate themselves. Therefore, from the protagonists to the extras, they are all outraged.

The French transport minister, for example, defined the sabotage of the high speed lines "a scandalous criminal action", while for his colleague the sport minister it was a direct attack against the athletes and one's own homeland: "these Games are for the athletes who have been dreaming about them for years and who fight for the holy grail of standing on the podium and someone is sabotaging them. Playing against the games is playing against France, is playing against your team, is playing against your Country". That the charge of high treason is configurable is claimed as well by the young leader of the far-right party, who also agrees with an expert on railroad yards who speaks of "an attack against the freedom to leave on vacation." The same concept was reiterated among others by the CEO of the SNCF (the French railways) himself, according to whom "it is the French who are being attacked."

But by whom? Well, in according to him by ... by ... by a «band of enlightened, irresponsible people!» A sect of madmen, indeed. While for the French interior minister, the cutting and arson of optic cables that line the tracks are "a traditional method of action of the ultra-left". But there is also those who evoked foreign interference, such as the Israeli foreign minister whose tongue is beating a sore tooth: according to him, the sabotage "has been planned and executed under the influence of evil axis of Iran and radical Islam". Really? But one must understand the delusion of Von Ribbentrop's Israeli peer. He is well aware that last July 26, 2024 was the 294th day of the genocide of the Palestinians...

When it comes to the Olympics, the chorus is unanimous: a great sport celebration, friendship and brotherhood among peoples, olympic truce, cult of dedication and effort... Such an ingrained conformity of opinions makes it unbelievable that there could be anyone who not only refuses to think that *the important thing is to participate* (in the competition, in the search for success, in the cult of mere physical strength, in the apology of nationalism...), but who has the audacity to interrupt this zealous chorus with the consciousness that *the important thing is to prevent participation*. Participation in the social reproduction.

And here it is that from the night of desire spring the shadows of those who do not show up at elections, who do not go to television shows, who do not launch or manage social movements or political parties, who do not bestow any complacent smiles. Because they deprecate/despise any public, because they want to put an end to every representation. And for that they don't hesitate to put their feet on the plate. Against all reason, against all political calculation.

The right, beyond blatant hypocrisies, cares nothing about freedom; it merely intends to establish order. But the left, especially the radical left, when it is not intent in wiping away tears and sweat exorting resilience, is pleased from time to time to pose as the paladin of freedom. It is enough that this freedom is rigorously conjugated in the plural, as a collective strategic work of conquering greater rights. Well, this left, truncated with electoral success and hungry for military might, how did it react to the sabotages? In the palaces, reactions range from socialist indignation ("This is destabilization, it is sabotage, it is calling into question the image of France") to the indomitable senility ("we denounce these malicious acts and send all of our support to the

"Don't you want to be free and men? Don't you even understand what manhood and freedom are?" Rage was making him fluent; the words came easily, in a rush. "Don't you?" he repeated, but got no answer to his question. "Very well then," he went on grimly. "I'll teach you; I'll make you be free whether you want to or not."

"Soma distribution!" shouted a loud voice. "In good order, please. Hurry up there."

Suddenly, from out of the Synthetic Music Box a Voice began to speak. The Voice of Reason, the Voice of Good Feeling. The soundtrack roll was unwinding itself in Synthetic Anti-Riot Speech Number Two (Medium Strength). Straight from the depths of a non-existent heart, "My friends, my friends!" said the Voice so pathetically, with a note of such infinitely tender reproach that, behind their gas masks, even the policemen's eyes were momentarily dimmed with tears, "what is the meaning of this? Why aren't you all being happy and good together? Happy and good," the Voice repeated. "At peace, at peace."

railway workers mobilized on the ground and who will work day and night to ensure the fastest return to normality possible'). In the squares, aside from embarrassed silences, the only ones that stand out are the interested and nauseous winks of those who rush to point out that the sabotage is "in service of a better world" (as taught by Mao and learnt by the modern movement leaders).

After the acts of sabotage, the Minister of Transport insured that "considerable" means have been deployed to "reinforce" the surveillance of the 28,000 km through which the French rail network unravels: "a thousand SNCF maintenance officers," assisted by "250 railway police officers," with the support of 50 drones and Gendarmerie helicopters, will supervise the return to normalcy "until further notice".

Ah, the return to normalcy, obsession of all politicians: that everything would flow as before, the waking up in the early morning and toil in the evening, the exploitation of work and life, the idiotic chatters among friends and colleagues, the devastation of ecosystems and imaginations, the queues at the street lights and supermarket's checkouts, the repression of protests and desires, the televised and digital entertainment, the massacre of populations and dreams, the rent to pay and the bills to settle?, the total surveillance of spaces and thoughts, the choice of which cinema or club to go to, the taming of every enthusiasm and every singularity, the goods to sell or to buy, the respect and obedience for institutions.

This is the normality to repair. And those who dare to challenge it are threatened with possible sentences of up to 20 years in prison!

No, chatters are silenced. Normality, already definitively ended with the voluntary servitude pandemic, will for sure not be resurrected in the

midst of bloodshed. This ruthless civilization of slaughterers and influencers will know no piety. After they pointed the knife at everyone's throat and started with slaughtering the wretched of the earth, the Masters and their valet (servants?) are even demanding to be treated with courtesy and good manners? The normality of authority and money, that, they can forget forever.

And indeed, already on the night between the 28th and the 29th of July a new wave of sabotage hit France. This time it was the digital fiber optic highways to be cut in at least ten departments, in the north and in the south of the country, thus cracking an Internet backbone: namely a backbone network, in this case that of the infrastructure operator SFR, used to connect at high transmission speeds many networks within a larger one. For this reason these last sabotages had consequences also for many other telecommunication operators.

For the Secretary of State in charge of Digital Affairs they were "vile and irresponsible actions", while the French Telecommunications Federation "firmly condemns this case of vandalism that hit the lives of the French people, right in the moment when the whole world has its eyes on the Olympic and Paralympic Games".

If "the happy slaves are the fiercest enemies of freedom" the reason for which this happiness of theirs has to be ruined is all too clear. If the technical infrastructures scattered across the whole territory are the necessary means to spread the voice of command and the algorithm of obedience, the urgency of their demolition is all too explicit. This has nothing to do with politics, it is true, but let's leave it to the ones asking for constitutional rights to beat the institutional streets. All of this does not need any popular consent, it is true, what is enough is some determination and the concurrence of the stars.

And what is left, is that not beautiful?

It trembled, sank into a whisper and momentarily expired. "Oh, I do want you to be happy," it began, with a yearning earnestness. "I do so want you to be good! Please, please be good and ..." Two minutes later the Voice and the soma vapour had produced their effect.

"In brave new world, the use of the soma was not a personal vice; it was a political institution; it was the very essence of Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness, guaranteed by the Bill of Rights. But this most precious of subjects' inalienable privileges was at the same time one of the most powerful weapons in the dictator's arsenal. The systematic drugging of individuals for the good of the state (and also, of course, for the pleasure of individuals) was a fundamental platform of the policy of the Controllers of the World".

CLOSING WORDS

The words on the margin of the pages are the poem "The Rat" by Emily Dickinson, the poem "The Toast of Despair" by Voltairine de Cleyre, quotes from "Brave New World", by Aldous Leonard Huxley and from "1984" by George Orwell. Imagination is a weapon against the gears and wheels of this machine, let it run wild, let us explore new, unknown paths, reject all given trajectories and directions, let us meet, debate, strengthen links and break chains.

This project started off as a journal based in a place, as a mean to speak with the world outside those trees and find accomplices, like-minded people or combat the isolation we had started feeling in there. it then developed to a journal trying to link what is happening in the world around us, what we read in the news, and our own ideas. how is anarchy still not just possible, but something to live for. the layout of the journal will not change, the content will be slightly different. From next issue on, with every issue of Verseuchung there will be attachment. This journal has no price, but since the attachments are books or longer pamphlets, the prices will be disclosed in this section in the following issues. If you want to receive one or multiple copies please send an email to verseuchung@systemli.org, expedition costs are on us.

