

Anarchist bimonthly Journal
VERSEUCHUNG
Verseuchung in German means Infestation, Contamination, Infection

TASTING

Issue 1 - October/November

THE LUST FOR ETERNITY

TSUNAMI

THE TYRANNY OF WEAKNESS

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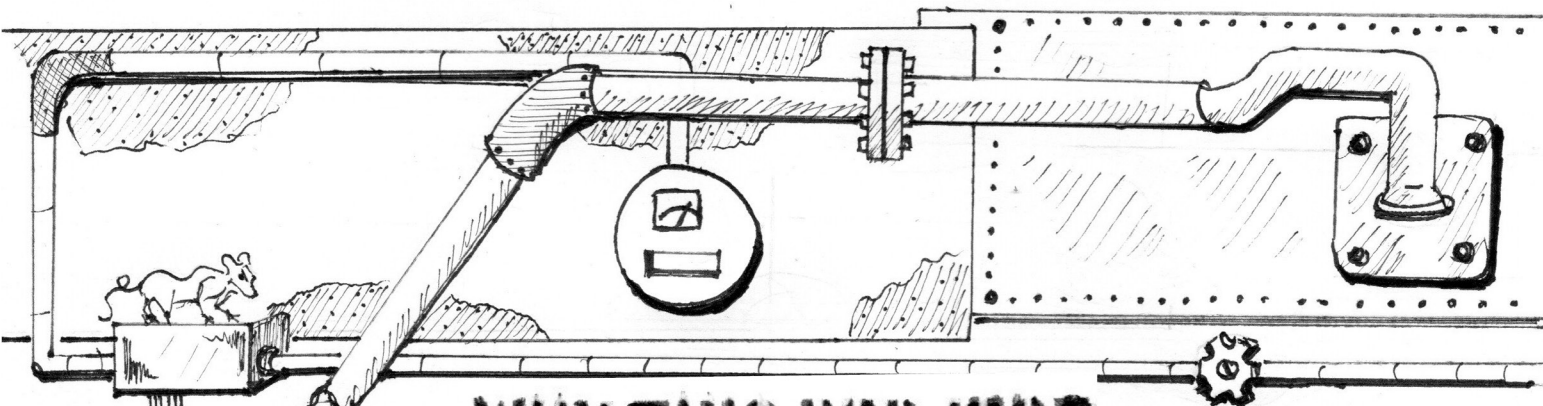
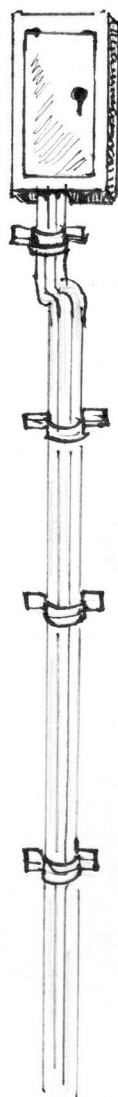
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HOW TO CONTRIBUTE

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 grope in the pyramids of power. Everywhere, around us, the signs of a world that wants to last forever, that wants to make of itself the emblem of the highest that has ever been created by human beings. No, it cannot be this sycophantic repetition of itself without any horizon of an end what we put at the base of a desire for radical and irreparable rupture. The biological world, from which we come from but that is more and more foreign to us, reminds us in every moment that it is rather the becoming what on which reality is founded upon. Exorcising of finitude and removal of death are just palliatives in front of the unknown. And the flight from doubts and uncertainty serves only those who want to fund religions and powers, to hand out answers, not those who want to embrace unpredictability taking on the risks of freedom.

To ensure one's own future, to make it certain and predictable. Sure, this is the world in which we live and the way we were taught. But, right because of it, shouldn't it be an alarm bell? We are certain of our survival by eschewing risk. As long as we secure our struggles in the inconsistency of their conflictuality, postponing it to an hypothetical future, or when we crystallize our spaces, that were born pulsating in the breaking of gates and regulations and the unpredictably iron limits of the law. To legalize and to reproduce. To ascertain one's own future, one's own persistence.

At the same time, the becoming cannot start being the favourite easy excuse for the flourishing of opinions. Coherence becomes an immobilizing moral string, that traps us in dogma and incapacity of imagining and putting in place forms of struggle. Its critique should not, anyhow, create confusion between the simplistic grayness of bar chatters and the blazing clarity of the Idea. Like ethics is something else, also the thought that becomes action – and viceversa – has nothing to do with what we tell ourself to ease our conscience before putting ourself to bed. It is always about, at the end, the distinction between quality and quantity.

Unfortunately it is not easy to accept the solitude and the incommunicability that certain choices, today like in the past, mean. We perceive every gap as incandescent against our skin. The Promethean one with the Technical System and its poisonous fruits; the organizational one with the Capital and its capacity to mould its defeats and its failures in occasions of perpetual relaunch; the one with the strength of the State and its servants. And yet it is not about, once more, putting ourselves on the same level. Symmetry kills fantasy. We need to start from the acceptance of our limits and of our fallibility to find a way to look our conscience in the eyes without feeling ashamed. We need to stop fooling ourselves and to start knowing ourselves as weak and fragile. Who did we become? Caricatures of guerrilla fighters overwhelmed by occidental well-being? But the toughness of life is elsewhere and elsewhere is to be looked for without concealing it with masks and pretensions, knowing that doubt can never abandon us. And it should never.

Because there cannot be a twinkling more inviting than our own self, otherwise we are just stuffing ourselves with our same lies built with the quantitative leftovers of Dominion. The will, the stubbornness, the renunciation, can be reinvented. Not the christian one, but that of the Ideal, of wanting to live at every cost – here and now – the joy of the uniqueness of our lives. That we need to accept as ephemeral and unpredictable. Enjoy. Every instant.

“As a liberator I am a disappointment. To be disappointed is myself. I conduct my anarchist idea of freedom along steep routes, where the urgency is other, not that of the straight way I had dreamt of. It is urgency of survival, of not letting yourself be submerged and suffocated, of not being slaughtered at the corner of a dark alley of a way in the desert, a whatever track obviously not lightened. Urgency of equipping oneself materially and psychologically to shoot faster and better than the others, of the enemy”

A.M.B. - The Unexpected Guest

LUST FOR ETERNITY

It's a well-known lust, one that drives such different human aspirations as rarely seen. It goes together with that of power. At the end of the day, every authority wants to be everlasting, every role wants to perpetuate itself and power always wants to extend itself, as much in space as in time.

Anarchists themselves are not immune to this desire, even if they'd like to think otherwise. So they change the way they call it, hoping that if the name changes that the meaning behind it will change too. Of course, it doesn't. From the relationships that don't want to end (couples, friends, comradeships, human relationships in general) even when it would be best for all involved to take separate ways, to projects and struggles that are not deserted when it is obvious they lack content, vivacity and the possibility to express oneself.

If one wants to be always "without country, without land, without people", then this desire for eternity, in all its forms, is nothing but a chain that adds weight to our moves, rendering them clumsy and imprecise. One can already imagine the vociferous critiques to this sentiment: "but it is a human feeling, if you don't want something to last it means you don't care, it means you just want to use the place/struggle/human for your own purposes!". Besides the fact that there is nothing inherently wrong in using something for one's own purposes, this is not even always true. Loving a place, being passionate about a struggle, sharing life with individuals, doesn't automatically entail wanting this situation to last forever. It means different things in different circumstances, for sure. You can forever be passionate for the first struggle in which cops beat you up, that doesn't mean that after years this will still be the struggle you mainly follow. Overall, it shouldn't

ON LIVING

*Living is no laughing
matter:
you must live with great
seriousness
like a squirrel, for
example-
I mean without looking for
something beyond and above
living,
I mean living must be your
whole occupation.
Living is no laughing
matter:
you must take it seriously,
so much so and to such a
degree
that, for example, your
hands tied behind your
back,
your back to the wall,
or else in a laboratory
in your white coat and
safety glasses,
you can die for people-
even for people whose faces
you've never seen,*

mean that it *needs* to be this way because otherwise it means you have *failed*. And here comes one of those over-arching concepts of which anarchists have still not rid themselves. Failures should be our daily bread, anarchists are not known to celebrate “victories” but rather deaths, tragedies and the sort of moments people would see as failures. This is not to claim it is not a failure to, for example, lose a space, because we don’t accept the meaning of failure, as it is normally intended. We assume that everything that doesn’t last forever, or at least as long as it possibly can (like Disney movies taught us to think about love), to be a failure. And if what we wanted from a place, a project, or another individual was not for it to last forever, but for it to burn the brightest? For it to be the most satisfactory and fun possible?

Here we will focus on the story of a place, a well-known story, one that we all have already heard. It can be about different places and different situations, the places change, the story itself changes little. When some people living in a place, in an occupied house, or a forest, or a wagon-platz, start saying that “they’ve worked so hard on this place” that “they don’t want to see it all gone”, then what we hear is the lust for eternity taking over. People become attached, the longing for something to last *as long as possible* - we’re adults, we know eternity doesn’t exist - takes priority over everything else. Obviously there are different levels of this, mixed with different political calculations, but *at its roots* it is always the same political game, the same putting quantity over quality.

We are not saying it is not hard, or that every kind of stability is to be banned from our lives. But it is different to try to turn what was always meant to be temporary, threading between disaster and joy, in a permanent solution for the misery of our lives. This is why there is a huge

even though you know living is the most real, the most beautiful thing.

I mean, you must take living so seriously that even at seventy, for example, you'll plant olive trees- and not for your children, either, but because although you fear death you don't believe it, because living, I mean, weighs heavier.

difference between projects that for some reason decide to be legal from the start from the ones that later legalize or step into the unknown of illegality only to then retreat into the embracing comfort of adhering to society's rules. Going back to the space that this story is about, without going into unnecessary specifics, the people who in the past celebrated how much they had worked on the place, are the same ones starting to talk about a future in which the place in question is in so much danger... one in which the place is so important for the community, for these people, for *the struggle*... which struggle though? It is never a well-mannered question, but if a guess can be advanced, it is never one against this Existence, but rather one to find one's own place in it, but this is just a guess, no one asked them, we were told it was bad manners...

Then, the usual point, that of dialogue with authorities. A necessity, a sad one, right? And the evil desires, the mocking laugh at authority? These are not canceled, they rush on to say; they have their clear red lines, they mocked the mayor at first with an impossible demand, they are not *really* speaking with power. When someone proposed to take the fight the harsh way around, to put the place on the line very well knowing it will be lost... since they have an army, they will always be able to take a space back if it becomes too dangerous for them. Knowing this, it comes to a different decision, not "can we keep this place or not", but "is this place worth the compromise". And if the latter is answered with a laughing no, then the place is lost. But the ideas, the experiences, the blowing wind of revolt that can spread everywhere, that is not lost. But when people speak their mind as such, they are accused of not caring, of wanting to throw away a place and all *its history*... And then, it is obvious that neither of the two questions

*Let's say you're seriously
ill, need surgery -
which is to say we might
not get
from the white table.
Even though it's impossible
not to feel sad
about going a little too
soon,
we'll still laugh at the
jokes being told,
we'll look out the window
to see it's raining,
or still wait anxiously
for the latest newscast ...*

*Let's say we're at the
front-
for something worth
fighting for, say.
There, in the first
offensive, on that very
day,
we might fall on our face,
dead.*

will be answered, but rather people will tuck under the fear of starting again anew, of losing something that should not have been that important from the start. Once you decide you want to crystallize a space, a struggle, even the so dear "fractures with the existence", a quality escapes from it that is then trapped in a politicant dynamic that leaves no space for the individual and their expression.

But this is old story, many more wrote about it before us, which is why we all know this story. It has variations on the same theme, at most, but the story of the legalization of occupied or non-legal spaces, we all know, is a more than 30 year old one.

Which is also why we cannot say we don't know how it ends. When you start licking the ass of power, the stink can be felt from quite a distance. Not like us whores and depraved, when we lick each other our words don't stink afterwards.

*We'll know this with a
curious anger,
but we'll still worry
ourselves to death
about the outcome of the
war, which could last
years.
Let's say we're in prison
and close to fifty,
and we have eighteen more
years, say,
before the iron doors will
open.
We'll still live with the
outside,
with its people and
animals, struggle and wind-
I mean with the outside
beyond the walls.
I mean, however and
wherever we are,
we must live as if we will
never die.*

Their words stink of death, or better, of survival elevated to an art. A place where to live in the constant recovery from the ugliness of this world. And with this, there are no inherent problems. It's not a matter of individual choices, of what one feels like doing or not, it is about not taking a space that is meant for attack to transform it into a nursing home to heal from our many traumas. If someone want to try to live a life the least possibly tainted by this megamachine eating up the world, not trying to destroy this world in the here and now but rather finding ways to *escape* from it, there are a lot of spaces where one could go. But there are people who seek to contrast the devastation of this world not by looking for a life that is tainted the least possible by it, but by diving in its ugliness and gears, by putting their hand right in the mountain of shit standing in front of us, not caring for *coherence*, nor for perfection, nor for

rightfullness. Already history should have taught us that coherence in this world is impossible, and to suggest that there could be something like anarchist coherence while we live in this world is dangerous at best and counter-revolutionary at its worst.

One of the biggest and best conceived lies of this society is this form of survival passed as Life. There is a difference in life, every second of it counts. It is inexplicable with words, so there is no point in trying to define it here. But this dragging the chains around is not Life, is a condition of survival in a disaster. Yes, comrades, this disaster is very much here, in the all-encompassing devastation closing down on us every minute a little bit more, and it will get no better if we let it run its course. Or better, we don't know it, but wouldn't it be so much more fun to get it over with by ourselves?

So, to answer to the often posed question of "and what do we do know?" there are two ways, one is to attack, everyone with their means and choices, the other is this suspended death, the choice is an annous one, and when the majority of the people choose survival for the few left there are not much choices left but to take up and leave... But at the end, from the words of someone who can expresses himself a lot better than this piece can "The important moments in life are those in which I begin to doubt that I am dead and that I am surrounded by dead people, and I despair, and try to go further, involving myself, putting myself at risk of eliminating that miserable life in which I thrash about. And these moments have nothing to do with coherence or dignity, they are beyond good and evil, they are no longer a barrier and a support, but leave one free to face pain and vicissitudes, and also joys and absolute inability to understand." In the place this story is about, I started feeling like I was dead, and surrounded by dead people...

*This earth will grow cold,
a star among stars
and one of the smallest,
a gilded mote on blue
velvet-
I mean this, our great
earth.
This earth will grow cold
one day,
not like a block of ice
or a dead cloud even
but like an empty walnut it
will roll along
in pitch-black space ...
You must grieve for this
right now
-you have to feel this
sorrow now-
for the world must be loved
this much
if you're going to say
"I lived" ...*

SHARING THE MISERY OF SURVIVAL

"You talk as if a god had made the Machine," cried the other. "I believe that you pray to it when you are unhappy. Men made it, do not forget that. Great men, but men.

The Machine is much, but it is not everything. I see something like you in this plate, but I do not see you. I hear something like you through this telephone, but I do not hear you. That is why I want you to come. Pay me a visit, so that we can meet face to face, and talk about the hopes that are in my mind."

The Machine did not transmit nuances of expression. It only gave a general idea of people - an idea that was good enough for all practical purposes, Vashti thought. The imponderable bloom, declared by a discredited philosophy to be the actual essence of intercourse, was rightly ignored by the Machine, just as the imponderable bloom of the grape was ignored by the manufacturers of artificial fruit.

Something "good enough" had long since been accepted by our race.

By now it is clear that concepts such as "activism", "militancy" or "propaganda" mean a strong separation between one's ideas and one's everyday life.

In an age in which the refusal of ideologies is amounting ever more to a most tyrannical ideology in itself, we cannot be surprised by the fact that those who call themselves "activists" or "militants" or who talk openly about propaganda are not welcomed in so-called anarchist circles. This refusal however doesn't imply the conjunction between one's life and one's ideas. Sometimes it even amounts to the exact opposite. Sometimes the critique of "activism", "militancy" or "propaganda" gives way to the renouncement of the danger of direct experience and action, the refusal of revolt and spontaneity. When an initiative or a project takes too much work - maybe even a kind of work one doesn't necessarily like doing - when the results are not immediate or cannot be seen at first, when the stakes are too high... then it's better to retreat back to our safe spaces, to our ever-gray survival, to our relationships, to that pernicious renunciation that it ain't true that everything needs to be destroyed...

Yeah, it is true that some of the loudest voices calling for the need to destroy this world never talked about changing one's life and relations, but could it be that this critique - indeed a good one - is becoming the pass of a resignation masquerading as radicality? How is it possible to subvert one's life and relations without *at the same time* experimenting the demolition of this world?

Those who claim to be changing their life, those who loudly proclaim the radicality of their day-to-day choices are often the worst propagators of a loose common sense and reformism. And if you listen to their words long enough, they'll let

the word coherence slip out, praising the coherence of their own choices, of their life. Poor Rimbaud...

One often hears that anarchists don't want to convince other people, or that anarchists are not interested in accumulating followers... but is it actually the case? Or, even if in a different way, is there still the search for consensus? Coherence for example, what is it if not a way to "gain credibility"? This is not to say there is no possible diffusion of anarchist ideas and practices. What is important is that what gets spread is the tension towards freedom, the determination to think with one's own brain and to act consequentially and not the diffuser. Still, oftentimes we are scared of the latter part, of the importance to act on one's ideas out and not just proclaim them, and try to live with them *as coherently as possible*... then, when this is declared as radicality, maybe then there is a problem with the meaning we give to the words we use, if one is inclined to think nicely of those self-proclaimed anarchists. Possibly, it may be a refusal of action, and its dangers, way worse than any possible "incoherence" if one wants to stop the wishful thinking. If the union between thought and action is finalized towards adhesion, credibility, perceived radicality in one's life or coherence, it is still alienated. Ideas and individuals cannot be separated, but their being one thing can not become exemplarity.

People are used to consider anarchist ideas as one of the many proposals to which one can agree or not. To consider them as opinions at the end of the day. Opinions however, are not dangerous darts flung against delegation, authority and consensus, but just that: opinions that the democratic power, to show how democratic it is, can allow us to express. As long as they remain just opinions, as long as the subversion is

By these days it was a demerit to be muscular. Each infant was examined at birth, and all who promised undue strength were destroyed. Humanitarians may protest, but it would have been no true kindness to let an athlete live; he would never have been happy in that state of life to which the Machine had called him; he would have yearned for trees to climb, rivers to bathe in, meadows and hills against which he might measure his body.

Man must be adapted to his surroundings, must he not? In the dawn of the world our weakly must be exposed on Mount Taygetus, in its twilight our strong will suffer euthanasia, that the Machine may progress, that the Machine may progress, that the Machine may progress eternally.

Cannot you see, cannot all you lecturers see, that it is we that are dying, and that down here the only thing that really lives is the Machine? We created the Machine, to do our will, but we cannot make it do our will now. It has robbed us of the sense of space and of the sense of touch, it has blurred every human relation and narrowed down love to a carnal act, it has paralysed our bodies and our wills, and now it compels us to worship it. The Machine develops - but not on our lines. The Machine proceeds - but not to our goal. We only exist as the blood corpuscles that course through its arteries, and if it could work without us, it would let us die.

circumscribed to one's life, to personal, coherent choices, as long as anarchism is just one of the many opinions, its tendencies are indistinguishable from any other lifestyle.

Normally those who hate every consensus, every form of democratic exchange, who call themselves anarchists, renounce every form of expression of their ideas, or reduce themselves to isolating oneself in a bubble where it is already known that everyone is more or less on the same page. But this is anyways a search for validation and tribe-like relationships. It is way more dangerous to stubbornly keep on expressing oneself and *at the same time* reject the adhesion to any group or role.

To keep on expressing one's ideas and the necessity to act on them in an unmediated way is essential, only together with other individuals we can destroy this Existence, they say. Right. But this "together" cannot mean anything else than everyone for themselves. What is needed is accomplices not gregarious congregations. Otherwise, we have nothing left to share than the misery of our survival.

TSUNAMI

*Retrieved online from <http://abirato.net/tsunami-2/>
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Sometimes it is enough to know how to look.
Sometimes the signs are all there.
Sometimes it is enough to not remain dazzled by
the glitter of the shells on the bottom.

The tsunami is a strange phenomenon. It is
perhaps the most predictable in the world. An
earthquake moves thousands of tons of water. A
wall of energy slowly moves toward the coast. The
sea level drops by several meters.

It would be so easy to notice and take refuge in
the mountains, in the shelter, to understand how
to resist the impact of the wave. Yet the
disappearing water attracts the curious. Everyone
has her own profit to seek in the sands of the
bottom. Everyone has a pearl that dazzles him.
Until the water arrives and sweeps everything away.

Here, we cannot ignore that the water will
arrive. A wall of water. The signs are clear.
Around us, the sea has dried up, withdrawn, run
away - like the rats of Hamelin - behind the
pipers of television and consumption. Only relics
of the past emerge, ghosts from other eras for
which to make sad apologies. What are the
treasures that keep us from taking shelter, that
won't let us question ourselves deeply about how
to resist the tsunami, that draw us toward drowning?
The self-referential procession? The site that
reassembles the different spirits and ideas of an
opposition to this world - which in reality has
no possible synthesis on the irresolvable issue
of refusal or acceptance of authority? The
necessity induced by survival? Passion for our
favorite surrogate activity? We care too much for
our skin to really stake our lives on it. And, so
doing, we find that our hands are too cold to
truly caress joy.

*No one confessed the
Machine was out of hand.
Year by year it was served
with increased efficiency
and decreased intelligence.
The better a man knew his
own duties upon it, the
less he understood the
duties of his neighbour,
and in all the world there
was not one who understood
the monster as a whole.*

*They wept for humanity,
those two, not for
themselves. They could not
bear that this should be
the end. Beautiful naked
man was dying, strangled in
the garments that he had
woven. Century after
century had he toiled, and
here was his reward. Truly
the garment had seemed
heavenly at first, shot
with colours of culture,
sewn with the threads of
self-denial. And heavenly
it had been so long as it
was a garment and no more,
man could shed it at will
and live by the essence
that is his soul, and the
essence, equally divine,
that is his body.*

*She had never known
silence, and the coming of
it nearly killed her - it
did kill many thousands of
people outright. Ever since
her birth she had been
surrounded by the steady
hum. It was to the ear what
artificial air was to the
lungs, and agonizing pains
shot across her head.*

*To-day they are the
Homeless - to-morrow-"
"Oh, to-morrow - some fool
will start the Machine
again, to-morrow."*

We're losing time. We are playing in the mud of the soft bottom. Feral silence will be the thing that accompanies us into eternity.

Or else. The flight to the heights of thought and action. This is what could save our Life. This is what could lie in ambush for the death they offer us. We live in a disturbing era, but we are not touched by it. We are still indeed submerged in the flow of news that drags our sensibilities far from shore, away from us.

When the water is at its lowest, the wave will hit us. Nuclear war, material domination, ecological disaster. And this on a global level. In Italy, the civil war between nationalist neo-fascism (today one would say sovereignist) and the eco-fascism of digitization and widespread social control. And the spaces for an autonomous intervention?

Yes, of course. Theoretically, they are there. But we have to understand that we can no longer fool ourselves about what we have. What we hold in our hands, what we care about, are bottle bottoms smoothed by the sea that re-emerge in the sunlight as the water falls. We get used to misery and mediocrity, we've given way to self-pity. But if those flashes were truly fragments of other thought, how long would we wait to abandon ourselves to quality?

SAUDAGE

Saudage is a Brazilian word, untranslatable, best explained as the feeling of being homesick without knowing where your home is or what the way back is, a deep-running sadness that doesn't leave you even in your happiest moments.

There are some moments in which one can think anarchy means just tears, being afraid, sweating over projects that always feel too big to carry them on alone, incomprehension between even your closest friends, never being able to tell someone everything you want to tell them, a too long list of failures...

Freedom is too big, too huge an Idea. It's too difficult. Anarchy means being hurt and finding yourself alone, because, paraphrasing someone-else's words "anarchy and anarchists are two very different things, with the first you can fall in love for a lifetime, with the latter rarely the love lasts more than some instants". Then, you find yourself having fell and having to rebuild everything anew, everything different. And you look left and right and see no one, just the human misery that this Existence made the only possible option, so much so that one sees it not just when looking around, but also when looking inside. Inside oneself, inside the few people one still call friends.

It is not interesting anymore to say that anarchy is not just that, if one doesn't want to talk about the joys (if there is still any left). Already too many words have been poured about this. Maybe it'd be more interesting to actually speak aloud about the dejection that runs deeply, which is not just a moment, it is a constant, and one that has to be celebrated. How to do it eschewing the asphyxiation of martyrdom and sacrifice? Difficult question, as is the balance to strike between the fetish for weakness and that for strength. A balance difficult to find. If you, who might be reading those words, are luckier drop an email.

*But all the time I watched
the trees fall and saw the
world cut open and left to
rot. We were all very
frightened and very angry,
and had no way to let our
fear and anger free. So at
last after long talking,
and long dreaming, and the
making of a plan, we went
in daylight, and killed the
yemens of Kelme Deva with
arrows and hunting- lances,
and burned their city and
their engines. We left
nothing. But that one had
gone away. He came back
alone. I sang over him, and
let him go.*

*They have left their roots
behind them, perhaps, in
this other forest from
which they came, this
forest with no trees. So
they take poison to let
loose the dreams in them,
but it only makes them
drunk or sick. No one can
say certainly whether
they're men or not men,
whether they're sane or
insane, but that does not
matter. They must be made
to leave the forest,
because they are dangerous.*

*Davidson had located the
creechie town some weeks
ago, and had saved up the
treat for his men. He could
have done it singlehanded,
but it was better this way.
You got the sense of
comradeship, of a real bond
among men. They just walked
into the place in broad
open daylight, and coated
all the creechies caught
above-ground with firejelly
and burned them, then
poured kerosene over the
warren-roofs and roasted
the rest.*

Going back to our difficult question, what is meant by it is maybe best summarized by the words of a friend "if anarchists wouldn't be sad, it'd either means they made the revolution, or that something is terribly wrong, in either cases it'd mean there are no more anarchists". This feeling that for lack of better words I'll call *saudage* is not just disillusionment, anger that builds up to the point of becoming pain and dejection, is something more profound. It is the feeling that one needs to act, and that not even the most thought-through action, nor the best developed project, nor the most profound affinity will shield one from this world. It is the constant push to act more, to act more effectively. It is overwhelming, it is often too much for someone to carry, it can become a burden, it can be more immobilizing than the worst repression. The feeling that anything you do, it will always be too little, it will never be enough, it will never matter. Anarchy is also that. Forgetting it means giving way to this dejection, eschewing from the reality into a fantasy world where we can be happy, if we shut our eyes enough to not see the authority winning over, if we shut our ears enough to not hear the screams of the ones who decided not to shield themselves from this crushing pain. And it can be crushing, there is no PTSD course, no psychologist, no science to help out here, there is just a choice, one that needs to be made every-time one feels this - so more or less every day - to push forward, changing path, re-thinking one's individual projectuality because the last one failed, again and again, recovering energies to strike more passionately next time... or give up, decide that the total freedom anarchists used to dream about is just a crazy dream that can never be reality.

Those moments though, are the ones in which one can fall in love more and more deeply with anarchy. This *saudage*, this refusal of being

pleased by anything is what can be held dearest, that which makes going back a little bit more difficult every-time one chooses to persevere, even though it seems a paradox.

And no, there are no grand finales, no words can make this better. Freedom is not the only choice. Also accepting slavery is a choice, one that is made by most people, even. A majority of us can always choose, either to fight, for as desperate as the fight is, it is possible, or to accept contentment-slavery and being controlled. So this article will not close by saying freedom is the only way, anarchy is the only choice to be alive. It is, but there is also the choice of surviving and catching the glimpses of contentment this existence allows for, a lover, a long-lasting relationship or friendship, a hug, a smile. Too little? Maybe. Then, the other option is life, and life and freedom are the two most difficult things...

Anarchism means failing every-time, means unknowns, means loosing everyone you care about because no one is enough, first of all yourself. Total freedom is too much in such a time of human misery, better to content ourselves with the smaller, readily achievable reformist options, and obtain a piece of freedom here and there. And we've got freedom for women, we've got animal respect, and maybe we can dream of making the puzzle complete, one day, amongst this half struggles that shield you from the crushing nature of totality. The other choice is to just flip the table and the puzzle pieces with it. You've got to choose, everyday, which one you want your path to be, knowing that if you choose anarchy there are no paths to follow and you are alone, constantly exposed to the hard blowing winds and the crushing waves.

Those that tried to get out got jellied; that was the artistic part, waiting at the rat-holes for the little rats to come out, letting them think they'd made it, and then just frying them from the feet up so they made torches. That green fur sizzled like crazy. It actually wasn't much more exciting than hunting real rats, which were about the only wild animals left on Mother Earth, but there was more thrill to it; the creechies were a lot bigger than rats, and you knew they could fight back, though this time they didn't. In fact some of them even lay down instead of running away, just lay there on their backs with their eyes shut. It was sickening. The other fellows thought so too, and one of them actually got sick and vomited after he'd burned up one of the lying-down ones. Hard up as the men were, they didn't leave even one of the females alive to rape. They had all agreed with Davidson beforehand that it was too damn near perversity.

*Initiative got punished.
What Ding Dong liked was
submission, like most
officers. The danger with
that is that it can make
the officer get submissive
himself.*

Is sardonyx a better choice than happiness, safety and contentment? It is impossible to know, it is each one's choice to make, and to make every time it feels like nothing one can do and be will ever be enough, every time that something fails, every time you want to give more but there is nothing left in you, so you just sit and look at the world around you crumble apart.

THE TYRANNY OF WEAKNESS

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We came up against weakness everywhere today. We are weak, or act as though we are for fear of seeming different.

It is no longer fashionable to be self-assured or to have knowledge of oneself or others or things. It seems old fashioned, almost bad taste. We no longer make any effort to do things well, and by that I mean the things we have chosen to do, that we believe we would do at any cost. Against logic itself, we do them badly, superficially, without paying any attention to detail. We do not exactly boast about this weakness of course, but use it as a kind of screen to hide behind.

So we have become slaves to this new, rapidly-spreading myth. What we want to do here is not talk about 'strength'-which has never been anything but a disguised form of weakness-but rather try to bring this situation to light. It is a question of a flattening of values and a distortion of the instruments we need to acquire in order to live and to attack our enemies. The prevailing model at the present time is that of the loser, renunciation, abandoning the struggle or simply slowing down. The power structure has every interest in seeing that this disposition continues. We hardly think at all and reason inadequately, passively submitting to the messages that are put out by the various information channels. We do not react.

We are building a personality that is halfway between the idiot and the stamp collector. We understand little, yet know a lot: a multitude of useless dispersive things, pocket encyclopedia knowledge. We are convinced that we have a right to be stupid and ignorant, to be losers.

He had been careful to keep on the right side of HQ, objecting only to extreme cases of brutality against the natives, using persuasion not defiance, and conserving what shred of power and influence he had. He could not prevent the exploitation of the Athsheans. It was much worse than his training had led him to expect, but he could do little about it here and now. His reports to the Administration and to the Committee on Rights might have some effect...

*We're both gods, you and I.
You're an insane one, and
I'm not sure whether I'm
sane or not. But we are
gods. There will never be
another meeting in the
forest like this meeting
now between us. We bring
each other such gifts as
gods bring. You gave me a
gift, the killing of one's
kind, murder. Now, as well
as I can, I give you my
people's gift, which is not
killing. I think we each
find each other's gift
heavy to carry.*

*He need not have known him
in the dark. He started to
go after his group. Then he
turned back; straining,
lifted the beam off
Lyubov's back; knelt down,
slipping one hand under the
heavy head so that Lyubov
seemed to lie easier, his
face clear of the earth;
and so knelt there,
motionless. Kneeling there
in the mud among the dead
he thought, This is the
dream now, the evil dream.
I thought to drive it, but
it drives me.*

We have sent efficiency back to the adversary, considering it a model that belongs to the logic of power. And that was right, indispensable once. When it was a question of damaging the class enemy it was right to be absenteeists and against work. But now we have introjected this attitude and it is our adversary who is winning the return game. We have given up, even as regards ourselves and the things we really want to do.

And so we have turned to the butterfly-catching of oriental philosophy, alternative products and ways of thinking, models that are of little use and which lack incisiveness. Instead of waiting for our teeth to fall out, we are pulling them out one by one. Now we are happy and toothless.

The laboratories of power are programming a new model of renunciation for us. Only for us, of course. For the winning minority, the 'included', the model is still aggressivity and conquest. We are no longer the sanguinary, violent barbarians that once let loose in insurrections and uncontrollable revolts. We have become philosophers of nothing, sceptical about action, blase and dandy. We have not even noticed that they are shrinking our language and our brains. We are hardly able to write any more, something that is important in order to communicate with others. We are hardly able to talk any longer. We express ourselves in a stunted jargon made up of banalities from television and sport, a barrack-style journalism that apparently facilitates communication, whereas in reality it debases and castrates it.

But worse still, we are hardly able to make an effort to do anything any longer. We do not commit ourselves. Few deadlines, a few things to be done, not much reading. A meeting, an action here and there and we are prostrated, done in. On the other hand we spend hours listening to

(without understanding) music that is devoid of content, songs in languages we do not understand, noises that imitate the factory, racing cars or motorbikes. Even when we lose ourselves in the contemplation of nature (what little remains of it) we do not really go for a walk, it is the walk that enters us. We accept the banality, the ecological and naturalist models that capitalism (in its new alternative version, of course, even worse than what went before it) is coming out with. But we have no experience of any real relationship with nature, one that requires engagement and strength, aggression and struggle, not mere contemplation.

And don't talk to me about the aggressive behaviour of the capitalists in contrast to which we should be developing tolerant behaviour. I know perfectly well what the aggressivity of capital means, or that of the participants in the Paris-Dakar race. That is not what I am talking about. In fact I do not mean aggressivity at all. Words can be deceiving. What I mean is that it is necessary to act instead of idling one's time away while the boat goes up in flames.

Either we are convinced that far-reaching changes are taking place or we are not. Capitalism and power are undergoing a transformation that will upset the present state of our lives for goodness knows how many decades. If we are not profoundly convinced of this then we might as well carry on chasing the butterflies of our dreams, the myths of buddhism, homeopathic medicine, Zen philosophy, escapist literature, sport or whatever else we fancy, including an agreeable distancing ourselves from grammar and language.

But if we are convinced of the first hypothesis, if we are convinced there is a project in course that is bent on reducing us to slaves, principally to a cultural slavery that is

*"Sometimes a god comes,"
Selver said. "He brings a
new way to do a thing, or a
new thing to be done. A new
kind of singing, or a new
kind of death. He brings
this across the bridge
between the dream-time and
the world-time. When he has
done this, it is done. You
cannot take things that
exist in the world and try
to drive them back into the
dream, to hold them inside
the dream with walls and
pretenses. That is
insanity. What is, is.
There is no use pretending,
now, that we do not know
how to kill one another."*

*Get enough humans here,
build machines and robots,
make farms and cities, and
nobody would need the
creechies any more. And a
good thing too. For this
world, New Tahiti, was
literally made for men.
Cleaned up and cleaned out,
the dark forests cut down
for open fields of grain,
the primeval murk and
savagery and ignorance
wiped out, it would be a
paradise, a real Eden. A
better world than worn-out
Earth.*

depriving us of even the possibility of seeing our chains, then we can no longer put up with tolerance or the tendency to give up or abandon the struggle. And it should not be thought that what we are saying here is only valid for comrades who have already put revolutionary engagement behind them and are now quite tranquilly grazing among the greens, the oranges, the Buddhists or other such herds. We are also referring to those who maintain they are still revolutionaries but are living the tragedy of progressive physical and mental pollution day by day.

This is not a simple call to action. The cemeteries are full of such calls. We are talking about a project that has been studied in the laboratories of capital and is now being applied to perfection. It is aimed at gradually and painlessly turning us away from our capacity to struggle. This project is moving hand in hand with the profound restructuring of capital. Ours is not a call to voluntarism, or if you like, a cry in the wilderness. We hope it will be, even if limited and approximate, a small contribution to an understanding of the profound changes that are taking place in the world around us.

A.M.B.

INOPPORTUNE NEWS AND INOPPORTUNE COMMENTS

EMBRACING CHAOS

There are situations presented as dilemmas between two ideas of the world: elections, invasions, referendums, socio-economical choices, methods of disease containment or of managing “natural catastrophes”. A certain kind of anarchism always had a clear mind about how to interpret these facts. However, nowadays, in an age in which someone who was an anarchist stands as a candidate and is elected in the European parliament, covered by the silence, if not the complicity, of other anarchists who try to have a “non ideological” attitude, maybe it makes more sense to use every opportunity to reiterate what has lately, at this point mistakenly, been taken ‘for granted’. And in the future this existence will more and more often put us in front of some *aut-aut* between two paths.

Reality is an occasion for attack.

An attack that is not just physical, destructive, aimed at bringing down this social system undermining it in its material, organizational and human fundamentals, but is also an attack of ideas, continuously refuting every solution proposed from the power in the perspective of feeding the dream that one can do without power, that one must do without power in order to have the possibility of living. These crossroads apparently without choices are needed to involve in the responsibility: frontism and gradualism are what appears when the irreconcilability of attack is abandoned in favor of the realism of the objective historical condition.

One can only oppose an outright refusal to the requests of participation and involvement, a radical refusal oriented towards attack, to a thought and an action that are conducive to action.

Let war in Europe begin, let the climatic disaster come, let progressist or conservative win, let atrocities be carried on by power or let it govern in a sweet manner while surreptitiously elsewhere massacres and exploitation proceed. In the worst of cases we will go extinct. Biological life will continue.

To reason on these facts doesn't entail exultation or contrition, but simply to question how reality flows, on what direction of rupture the cracks of this world take, in order to understand where how and when to attack.

The insurrection, the rupture of time and space, the interruption of global fluxes of goods (products, energy, data), still remains a radically more frightening and painful scenario than any rambling utterance by a politician under the spotlight. Or do we maybe believe

in an uncreant transition towards a better society? Or that it is just a problem of wealth redistribution like the marxists think? The cautery of a radical rupture with Dominion will burn our live flesh beyond all imagination. But this is the path on which human being put itself thanks to the social organization it choose (and that to many has been imposed in millennia and millennia of colonization).

And every choice has its consequences.

“LEADERLESS, TRIBELESS, PARTYLESS, FEARLESS” REVOLT IN KENYA, NIGERIA AND BEYOND

The article is from the London-based journal "Our Passion for Freedom", Issue 5

Looking around this planet where submission to government, authority, and money smothers the whole globe like set concrete - the first signs of cracks are precious things. We have to allow them to puncture our hearts, to try to deepen them everywhere, so that they can grow to a full and free assault on that dreamless world. This summer a wave of revolt has erupted across a few sub-Saharan African countries. It started in Kenya, where a wild social rebellion has erupted against the regime led by William Ruto. The facts of this rebellion and possibilities they inspire have resonated with people in Uganda, Nigeria and Ghana - enough to make their respective regimes tremble.

Despite the many differences in the struggles, a common dynamic can be identified: a social movement against the festering corruption of all politics touches the seething injustice, the unspeakable injustice, which has chained the fate of masses to the bank balances of the financial system. What keeps these two things forced together - otherwise sworn enemies by their nature - are regimes made up of equal parts democratic swindle and wanton military repression, with recourse to kidnap, torture and murder.

In Kenya, in late June, the germinating uprising produced a moment to remember, when rebels broke the security cordon around the parhament. The politicians inside (some of the highest paid in the world) had just finished passing the IMF's 'finance bill' when they were forced to evacuate through an emergency tunnel to escape the outpouring of fury and derision. That hideous building was burned on the rebels' way out. Attempts to extend the wave of revolt to Uganda under slogans such as "Leaderless, Tribeless, Partyless, Fearless" were smothered in advance in late July by heavily-armed repression, with full military occupation of parts of the capital city, and many arrests.

In the territory dominated by the Nigerian State, "10 Days of Rage" were organised online to begin at the start of August. Unlike in Kenya where the revolt does not yet appear to have spread far beyond the capital of Nairobi, in this case the revolt spread quickly into several regions. The regime attempted to "confine" protests to designated areas, far from both popular districts and commercial and political centers but the rebels routinely broke through these, blocking roads with barricades and battling the security

forces, who by all accounts responded with a deluge of violence, with live ammunition, across the country. Many have been killed but the combative youth and unemployed who came out into the streets consistently defied the forces of order. Many symbols of the regime succumbed to the revolt's fire, including many political residences and offices.

In the background to the force-feeding of the IMF's economic 'medicine' to Kenya, to the inflation let rip in Nigeria and the brute repression in Uganda, is the NATO-and-Russia-organised massacre in the Ukraine. This bloodletting of forced conscripts is also threatening starvation on the poor of the countries who have been made reliant on the import of wheat. As far as the State is concerned, this means another opportunity to squeeze populations even harder. Also underlying these disgraces is the desecration of the living world by global industry. This is more profitable than ever, even as manufactured disasters play havoc with prices. Increasingly this system beset by shortages and crises is guaranteed by a general militarisation across the world, but especially in the sub-Saharan countries. Those in power like William Ruto know very well that to maintain privilege in this situation means a permanent war. Kenya is currently one of the main countries sending soldiers to 'restore order' to Haiti (for the umpteenth time) on NATO's behalf.

This condition, to be subjected to these forms of power, to slavishly prop them up in our (lack of) thought and (lack of) action, is the fate of all of us - broken only by that human creativity which is aroused in revolts and which can spread uncontrollably. Politicians can only experiment with new forms of corruption, industry with new forms of pollution, media with new ways of lying, banks with new forms of debt-servitude. Only individuals in rebellion - self-organising without permission or waiting, to destroy these institutions which have turned the whole planet into a great theme park I concentration camp - can tear through all this and create another life, one really worthy of that name.

For our part, let not only all representatives of the Kenyan, Nigerian and Ugandan state or business interests become figures of infamy everywhere they go (or run to!), but let's return the favour we've been given in our own way, giving a bad example back to people who made these courageous rebellions this last summer: let's make subversive greetings from London, erupting back from this unbeating heart of plunder and privilege!

CLOSING WORDS

The words on the margin of the pages are the poem "On Living" by Nazim Hikmet, quotes from "The Word for World is Forest", by Ursula K. Le Guin and from "The Machine Stops" by E. M. Foster. 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.

From now on, with every issue of Verseuchung there will be attachment. This time, it is the book "Safety, Freedom, Technology" by Edizioni Cirtide (English version). This journal has no price, but since the attachments are books, they are 5 euros a copy (printing costs). If you want to receive one or multiple copies please send an email to VERSEUCHUNG@SYSTEMLI.ORG, expedition costs are on us.

