

Issue 2 - Winter '24/'25

DUAL RESEARCH,  
UNICUM DESTRUCTION

TOWARDS ANARCHIST  
ANTIMILITARISM

IN SEARCH OF THE  
POWDER KEG



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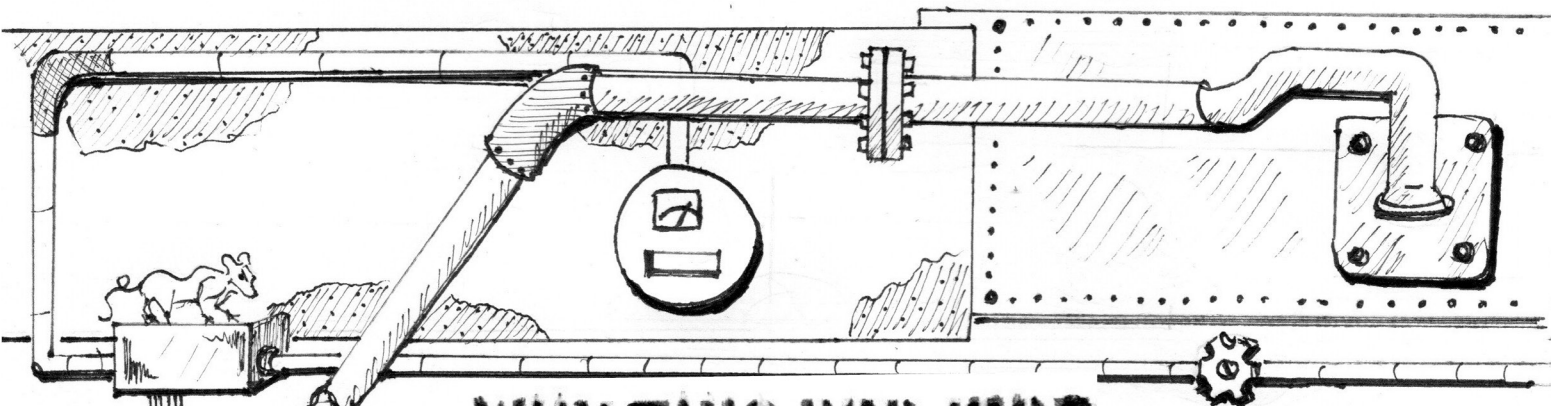
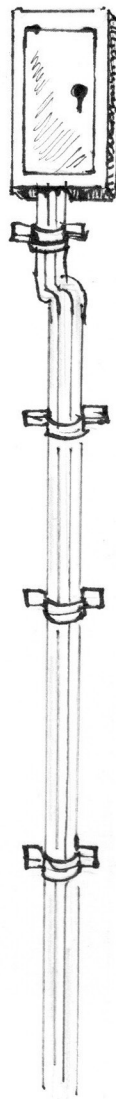
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# HOW TO CONTRIBUTE

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*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? Next issue will be about specific projects and their meaning and anarchy as a game, any question is welcomed. Not everything that is sent will be published, because 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

On the one hand, the belief that in some form or another a war could erupt from the present circumstances is only symptomatic of accurate perception.

On the other hand, it seems like this narrative of impending war does nothing but immobilize us. A feeling of impending doom can be sensed everytime our conversation turns to war. The wars that are present even though far from where we live, the wars that could come to where we live. "We are not ready", is all what one can hear in the idle chatter.

All this seems to be obvious. We are standing by, watching the Earth get eaten up by a technological monster willing to transform into gears and wheels everything that does not fit in, incorporating all this into its dead body. We are not ready for a war where we live, like we were not ready for Covid, for repression, for the changes in the social structure...

It seems like the only way to oppose war is through an antagonistic version of militancy, one that can "be ready" once it performs enough drills. If there was a recipe, a clear cut line that one just needs to follow towards anarchism, then it would be possible to determine how ready we are. But there are none. We can study what has been done in the past under similar circumstances, but never assume that an answer could be found there. And if there are no "paths to follow" towards anarchism, then there is no being ready or not. Spreading optimism would be unjustified, since the needles of this Leviathan are penetrating inside the skin and the mind of individuals, even the smallest amber of revolt seems to have burnt away and the only winds that are blowing are the toxic fumes released by the greener and greener power plants. But if we really believe that all that matters is "to be ready" then we are no better than those who declare that a "counter-power" is the only way to oppose the State.

The answer is always the same, whether confronted with a moment of rupture or of social peace: attack. The means and methods used vary in relation to the specific situation, but individuals' projectualities should be elastic enough to adjust to new conditions. Henceforth how "ready" or not we are for this specific situation or another should not matter as much as how able we are to transform these into one of the radical moments of rupture with this Existent that so much aggravate anarchist papers and pamphlets. If we are able to do that, and maybe even turn them into an open insurrection, it is not a question that can be discussed in advance, it is a bet that one chooses to make, against all odds.

But if this question cannot be discussed, one can still wonder how to make the most of the situation they are faced with, what will make an open insurrection the likeliest. So if one's analyses leads them to believe that a war is coming even inside fortress Europe, then it might be a good idea to start discussing what can we do to turn this into another opportunity to spark the amber of insurrection.

What can be done here and now.

How to start this conversations? With whom, in which format? As a million other questions, this is for every individual to decide. To think that one can get ready for a specific events, that there are instructions to follow, is easier than to go blindly looking for one's own answers and projects. But the latter is also the only way to remain alive, the only way to struggle for something that is radically different and not just another version of the same nightmare. Even in the face of war, the "state of emergency" par excellence, there is the need to believe that joy can still be found in attacking this system of death. Or if not joy, at least a grinning smile. Still, something better than this state of chronic disease that is the current state of survival.

*"Certainly, capitalism contains deep contradictions which push it towards processes of adjustment and evolution aimed at avoiding the periodic crises that afflict it; but we cannot cradle ourselves in waiting for these crises. When they happen they will be welcomed if they respond to the requirements for accelerating the elements of the insurrectional process. In the meantime, for our part, we are preparing ourselves and the exploited masses for insurrection."*

A.M.B. "Insurrection", 1982, issue 0 p. 1

## DUAL RESEARCH, UNICUM DESTRUCTION

Lately, in those times of war, there has been quite some talking about a yet another Newspeak term: “*dual research*”. And as for many other Newspeak terms, to pin down its meaning is not as straightforward as it may seem. First of all, let’s start from its history: in 2003, the National Research Council coined a term, “*dual use research*” to describe the problem of preventing harmful uses of biotechnology research. Though, in common language as much as industry jargon, “*dual use research*” applies to any research or project that has civilian use but can later be transformed, with little or no change or additional research, into results or technology that are of use to the military.

By now, this term doesn't only apply to biotechnology, but to all sciences and humanities, with courses such as various masters in "*peacekeeping and security studies*" in universities around the globe founded and funded by some of the biggest names in weaponry industries. Indeed, even though this term originally described the problem of preventing military use of civilian technologies, by now dual research seems to be something sought after rather than prevented, for example by businesses like Leonardo SPA boasting in excess of 90 active cooperations with universities and founding research about all kinds of topics.

This is all very unsurprising, indeed. More interesting could be taking a look at these universities, with their courses, with their never-shaken faith in progress which will save the whole of humanity. Because, besides the different uses of this dual use, one think we can say for sure: universities are the factories of progress. Which means, they are also the factories of the new weapons, of the new destruction and domination systems. And if science is the fairy tale that doesn't believe

*Dover Beach*

*The sea is calm tonight.  
The tide is full, the moon  
                lies fair  
Upon the straits; on the  
French coast, the light  
Gleams and is gone; the  
cliffs of England stand,  
Glimmering and vast, out in  
the tranquil bay.  
Come to the window, sweet  
is the night-air!  
Only, from the long line of  
                spray  
Where the sea meets the  
moon-blanch'd land.*

Listen! you hear the  
grating roar  
Of pebbles which the waves  
draw back, and fling,  
At their return, up the  
high strand,  
Begin, and cease, and then  
again begin,  
With tremulous cadence  
slow, and bring  
The eternal note of sadness in.



*Sophocles long ago  
Heard it on the Aegean, and  
it brought  
Into his mind the turbid  
ebb and flow  
Of human misery; we  
Find also in the sound a  
thought,  
Hearing it by this distant  
northern sea.*

*The Sea of Faith  
Was once, too, at the full,  
and round earth's shore  
Lay like the folds of a  
bright girdle furled.  
But now I only hear  
Its melancholy, long,  
withdrawing roar,  
Retreating, to the breath  
Of the night-wind, down the  
vast edges drear  
And naked shingles of the  
world.*

*Ah, love, let us be true  
To one another! for the  
world, which seems  
To lie before us like a  
land of dreams,  
So various, so beautiful,  
so new,  
Hath really neither joy,  
nor love, nor light,  
Nor certitude, nor peace,  
nor help for pain;  
And we are here as on a  
darkling plain  
Swept with confused alarms  
of struggle and flight,  
Where ignorant armies clash  
by night.*

itself to be that, and technology is part of an excrescence of some human communities wrecking the Biosphere, then research, in this Existent, cannot be but in the name of power and the domestication of anything that lives.

If the fact that science for industry is all for profit is greeted by silence is because it's so obvious as to be a banality, the silence over the status of of science and research themselves has another cause. We are so used to see science as neutral, above all the petty problems of this world, as absolute, that we cannot draw the line between that and Capital or between science as we know it and the accumulation of Power, between its pretenses of neutrality and the fact that, at the end, "*science is the fairy tale that does not believe itself to be so*". This fairy tale is the infinite accumulation of specific knowledge in a specific corpus that can be expanded ad libitum and how this quantitative accumulation is what allows the body of this cadaver to multiply itself to infinity and to strengthen the grip of Domesticatio on everyone's life. Thus we will try to not be speaking just of the evil of weaponry industry, a rather well-know topic, but of research in and of itself, since there is no separation between military research and civilian research, no progress is a nice research unfortunately used for something evil, but a research that cannot be anything else that what its means makes it to be, which should be obvious.

Then, since naming names is a long-standing practice of journals like this one, and that there is all so much fuss around for this "dual-use research", let's see what some of the research project that are the result of the cooperation between the defence sector and universitie, where are they being made and how do they play right into this supposed neutrality of science and of the places holding it up.

For example, the project EECONE where the stated goal is to "Ensure the eco-sustainability of electronic components and systems technologies, so that they can easily be reused, disposed of, and integrated into various future-generation avionics structures, on the basis of the principles of the circular economy. The project also aims to develop a European value chain centring around this technology, reducing its environmental impact in line with the goals of the European Green Deal. Leonardo's activity focuses specifically on the creation of electronic sensors, designed to be embedded in aeronautical structures so as to monitor their state of wear." Coordinated by Infineon Technologies AG, Germany's largest semiconductor manufacturer, this project is under the label of sustainability, figuring in Leonardo's partnership with universities. How should this research be labelled? Dual-use, since a defence contractor is heavily investing in it? Dual-use because these technologies are essentials for the production of more and more sophisticated weapons? Dual-use but still acceptable because done in the great pursuit of the *Green Revolution*? Where does sustainability end and war begin if both are to be determined in the same laboratory? Then it's easy to see how this dual use is in and of itself a non-sense because it's all in the race of progress, more and more progress, never-ending progress... there is no dual use because for this word to make sense there should be a distinction between one and the other.

Or, putting Leonardo aside for a minute, what should be said of the cooperation between Torino's University and Frontex? The department of Geography was drawing the maps that Frontex used in its vile mission of keeping everyone inside the prescribed borders. Since Frontex to do its job in the most efficient way needs high-precision map, who better than the department of a university to draw these maps? Is Frontex less

*The Second Coming*  
*Turning and turning in the*  
*widening gyre*  
*The falcon cannot hear the*  
*falconer;*  
*Things fall apart; the*  
*centre cannot hold;*  
*Mere anarchy is loosed upon*  
*the world,*  
*The blood-dimmed tide is*  
*loosed, and everywhere*  
*The ceremony of innocence*  
*is drowned;*  
*The best lack all*  
*conviction, while the worst*  
*Are full of passionate intensity.*

policing because it only targets those who have no state recognition? Is Frontex less war? The research of the geography department, how should that be classified?

To give one last example with our dear Leonardo, their project FaRADAI - Frugal and Robust AI for Defence Advanced Intelligence aims at the "Development of autonomous and "frugal" learning technologies for artificial intelligence, which allow systems to adapt and learn from their environment at a sustainable cost, without the intervention of expert developers. The project focuses on the technological challenge of applying artificial intelligence to the world of Defence, taking advantage of relevant experiences emerging from civil research with the aim of improvement and broader application of overall performance." The coordinator of the project is the Centre for Research & Technology Hellas (CERTH) a greek non-profit that claims to have one mission: "The promotion of innovative research for the benefit of society."

Though, at the end of the day, all of these examples, are worth nothing in front of the easy, child-like understanding that whether we are talking about war or not, the universities are in and of themselves the factories of progress, technologies and this fictitious knowledge that claims to be the only possible and correct one. And this understanding alone is enough to realize that anything and everything that produces such infamous vapors as proof of its existence cannot be anything but *Leviathanic*. As long as technologies and sciences of whichever type exist they will be used for power, they will be used for war and for control, because technology in and of itself is not some neutral mean that can be used for whichever end. On this countless books and pamphlet have been written, and everytime some so-called anarchist utter the word 'dual use', these written pages should be taken out from the dusty libraries they've been left in and re-discussed.

*Surely some revelation is  
at hand;  
Surely the Second Coming is  
at hand.  
The Second Coming! Hardly  
are those words out  
When a vast image out of  
Spiritus Mundi  
Troubles my sight: somewhere  
in sands of the desert  
A shape with lion body and  
the head of a man,  
A gaze blank and pitiless  
as the sun,  
Is moving its slow thighs,  
while all about it  
Reel shadows of the  
indignant desert birds.*

Dual use research is all research, and not just for the military, but for the deepening of the system of control that already imprisons us. If the science of this world is one of control, domination and domestication of everything that lives, then how is it possible to differentiate between research that can be used for harm and research that cannot?

Then all universities are where this world is made possible, where the progress comes into existence and where not just the means for this world, so also its war, are created, but also where the ideological justifications for it are fabricated.

Then, for the radical elimination of wars, there is just one way: to attack what makes this Existent possible, in all of its forms.

*The darkness drops again;  
but now I know  
That twenty centuries of  
stony sleep  
Were vexed to nightmare by  
a rocking cradle,  
And what rough beast, its  
hour come round at last,  
Slouches towards Bethlehem  
to be born?*



# TRIPPING AS NOT TO CRAWL

Originally published in Italian in *Ab Irato*  
Retrieved online from <http://abirato.net/tripping-so-as-not-to-crawl/>

*«We should go forth on the shortest walk, perchance in the  
spirit of undying adventure, never to return - sending back  
our embalmed hearts only as relics to our desolate kingdoms»*

*Henry David Thoreau*

*And now, lying in the  
shelter of the trench, I  
was wet with sweat, hungry  
and thirsty and hollow  
inside from the now-  
finished danger of the  
attack.*

*"You are sure you are not  
Russians?" asked a soldier.  
"There are Russians here  
today."*

*"Yes. But we are not  
Russians."*

*"You have the face of a  
Russian."*

*"No," I said. "You are  
wrong, comrade. I have  
quite a funny face but it  
is not the face of a  
Russian."*

*"He has the face of a  
Russian," pointing at the  
other one of us who was  
working on a camera.*

*"Perhaps. But still he is  
not Russian. Where you  
from?"*

*"Extremadura," he said  
proudly.*

*"Are there any Russians in  
Extremadura?" I asked.*

*"No," he told me, even more  
proudly. "There are no  
Russians in Extremadura,  
and there are no*

*Extremadurans in Russia."*

*"What are your politics?"*

*"I hate all foreigners," he said.*

Stubborn is the one who keeps sticking his head into the infinite darkness of the world. Full of wounds, he is very often not able to bear the desolation of life, the suffering that surrounds us, the pain that digs deeper and deeper into us. Not at all easy to turn on a small light in the world where there are few eyes able to catch sight of it. Sometimes when walking in broad daylight, everything goes dark. It's not easy to retrace the same roads, like red Indians, who follow the same paths trying to stop time.

When some stubborn person tries to lose herself completely, even in the night, she often doesn't notice the changed brightness of the travelled and well-trod road. It is difficult to walk alone in the darkness, difficult to disappear with all the artificial reflectors that nestle in the streets, which are reminders of certain movie scenes in which a prisoner who has escaped from a cage is sought out and dazzled by a spotlight activated from a watchtower.

The world seen at night, if you didn't remain barricaded in front of an aseptic screen - if you were only able to get away from the usual binaries and give yourself over to the enchantment of another universe - has something seductive and captivating about it. Then you stop, rethink, reformulate what you are trying to embody and ask yourself why are you still trying to get beyond boundaries through the needle's eye of poetry? What use is it? People are a thing, they are the *function of a thing*. And so, why go on considering it right to destroy the simulacra of the world?

People seem to have given up, seeking to navigate their dead life. They don't look each in the face, they just look for their place in this gigantic world, so realistic and wretched. When you ask for more, the malleable individuals think that it's just bedtime stories or faded dreams.

People need to be numb, so their finger swipes endlessly across a small screen. People need to be there so as not to be totally other. Words are only infinitesimal qualities that jolt desperately through the ways of darkness. Every drop of joy engulfs you in a sea of torment. And the space is getting smaller and smaller...

Why live in such a world? Why?

What happens when a human biped wanders? It happens that he remains with one foot on the ground and another in the air, that he continually goes out of balance with the risk of tripping. It happens that she must correct a stumble with another stumble, as if in order for her not to fall, she has to put herself in a position to stumble again. But it could also happen that he might reinvent a continual fall into a move to another place. Not going from one point to another on a single horizontal segment of road, not going around in circles waiting for the disastrous fall, where the start can only coincide with the end, but launching oneself into a move previously unthinkable, a swerve, a leap of levels. Inventing yourself so as to bring out the world that is generated from within and to break with existences imprisoned in a mournful disturbance.

Only those who have the nightmares of one who dreams can be enraptured by this temptation.

*"That's a broad political program."*

*"I hate the Moors, the English, the French, the Italians, the Germans, the North Americans and the Russians."*

*"You hate them in that order?"*

*"Yes. But perhaps I hate the Russians the most."*

*"Man, you have very interesting ideas," I said.*

*"Are you a fascist?"*

*"No. I am an Extremaduran and I hate foreigners."*

*The two flat-faced men in the leather coats stood by us on the ridge to let the tank pass.*

*"Did you find the comrade you were looking for?" I asked the taller one of them in French.*

*"Yes, comrade. Thank you," he said and looked me over very carefully.*

*"What does he say?" the Extremaduran asked.*

*"He says they found the comrade they were looking for," I told him. The Extremaduran said nothing.*

# TOWARDS ANARCHIST ANTIMILITARISM

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(December 1982)

Retrieved online from <https://www.elephanteditions.net/library/alfredo-m-bonanno-towards-anarchist-antimilitarism>

*We had been all that  
morning in the place the  
middle-aged Frenchman had  
walked out of. We had been  
there in the dust, the  
smoke, the noise, the  
receiving of wounds, the  
death, the fear of death,  
the bravery, the cowardice,  
the insanity and failure of  
an unsuccessful attack.  
We had been there on that  
plowed field men could not  
cross and live. You dropped  
and lay flat; making a  
mound to shield your head;  
working your chin into the  
dirt; waiting for the order  
to go up that slope no man  
could go up and live. We  
had been with those who lay  
there waiting for the tanks  
that did not come; waiting  
under the intrushing shriek  
and roaring crash of the  
shelling; the metal and the  
earth thrown like clods  
from a dirt fountain; and  
overhead the cracking,  
whispering fire like a  
curtain. We knew how those  
felt, waiting. They were as  
far forward as they could  
get. And men could not move  
further and live, when the  
order came to move ahead.*

The theme of war has been present in almost every kind of publication in recent months, including anarchist ones. War is approaching, it is about to break out, the two great international blocks are moving towards war: we must do everything we can to prevent the world from being completely annihilated through a mad impulse of those who govern us.

But as often happens when a problem sets off a complex reaction of sentiment and fear in our intimate beings, we have not been capable - or so it seems to me - of going into it deeply enough.

In fact, when we prepare to fight an enemy that is threatening us we must ask ourselves what that enemy intends to do so that a maximum amount of information allows us to retaliate, defend ourselves and go to the counter-attack. So, it seems to me, we have not asked ourselves the fundamental question: "what is war?" We have not done so because we all believe, one way or another, that we know perfectly well what war is, so we are quite capable of doing whatever is necessary to fight those intending to bring it about.

In actual fact our ideas are not all that clear. That even the bourgeois press does not have clear ideas on the subject matters little because it is certainly not from there that we will find what we need to produce the minimum analysis required to make our actions coherent and meaningful.

Reading most anarchist publications is like reading revised and corrected editions of the progressive bourgeois press, when not some international law review with a few alterations in the language and a little more naivety in outlook.



The vagueness of bourgeois ideas is quite understandable: for the managers of dominion war is the means of guaranteeing its continuation, at least within certain limits. But for those who oppose it, what does war mean?

For the bosses war is nothing other than the accentuated use of the means they have always used. Armies exist, there are bombs, weapons too. Wars have continually been in course and are still breaking out here and there according to a geography and logic that in some way corresponds to the rules of the development and survival of capitalism. For the bosses there is no great problem to be solved. They "cannot begin to wage war for the simple reason that they have never stopped waging it." On the other hand, for those who intend to fight against it things are different in that their struggle is spread through a series of interventions and actions that are valid in relation to their understanding of the phenomenon of war.

This in turn is determined by their own class interests, their limited knowledge of social and political phenomena, ideological interpretations of reality and so on and this in a situation such as the present where one is speaking of the possibility (we do not know how near or how far) of a nuclear war that is capable of destroying everything and everyone in the space of a few seconds.

In theory everyone should be against war, especially the kind that is possible today as we would all be exposed to the prospect of annihilation. How then can it be explained that this is not so? How can it be explained that governments find supporters and executors of their so-called madness? It can be explained through the very simple and fundamental fact of class in the same way. Clearly many of those who are near the levers of power and closest to the exploitation of the bosses, if not bosses or holders of power themselves, overcome the fear of war through the prospect of increasing their own privileges.

*We had been there all morning in the place the middle-aged Frenchman had come walking away from.*

*I understood how a man might suddenly, seeing clearly the stupidity of dying in an unsuccessful attack; or suddenly seeing it clearly, as you can see clearly and justly before you die; seeing its hopelessness, seeing its idiocy, seeing how it really was, simply get back and walk away from it as the Frenchman had done. He could walk out of it not from cowardice, but simply from seeing too clearly; knowing suddenly that he had to leave it; knowing there was no other thing to do. The Frenchman had come walking out of the attack with great dignity and I understood him as a man. But, as a soldier, these other men who policed the battle had hunted him down, and the death he had walked away from had found him when he was just over the ridge, clear of the bullets and the shelling, and walking toward the river.*

*"And that," the Extremaduran said to me, nodding toward the battle police.*

*"Is war," I said. "In war, it is necessary to have discipline."*

*"And to live under that sort of discipline we should die?"*

*"Without discipline everyone will die anyway." "There is one kind of discipline and another kind of discipline," the Extremaduran said. "Listen to me. In February we were here where we are now and the fascists attacked. They drove us from the hills that you Internationals tried to take today and that you could not take. We fell back to here; to this ridge. Internationals came up and took the line ahead of us."*

*"I know that," I said. "But you do not know this," he went on angrily. "There was a boy from my province who became frightened during the bombardment, and he shot himself in the hand so that he could leave the line because he was afraid."*

Hence the excogitations that these people are producing in their newspapers and programmes that all reflect the desire to see war as something immediate. I am not saying that this is not possible but rather that we should not accept this conclusion ourselves but through our analyses demystify the swindles supplied by the organs of power.

So we come back to the fundamental question: what is war? The publications currently on the market on the subject, including our own papers, often turn out to be mere hangers on or amplifiers of the propaganda of the regime when they say that war is near. Then it is stated that, given that war is imminent, we must do everything we can to prevent it because anarchists have always been against war and because war is a great calamity that strikes everybody, it does not have victors but only victims, and constitutes a great crime against humanity.

Beautiful and profoundly humanitarian arguments with only one defect: they do not move the State's programmes of genocide an inch and say nothing new to anybody. Let us make an hypothesis that corresponds to what has happened in the past and which once infected some of the anarchists of the best intellectual tradition (i.e. Kropotkin and the Manifesto of the Sixteen). As we have said we are all against war (in words!). Even the most convinced supporters of the virtues of armed solutions to State conflicts "never" have the courage to say so openly, apart from a few delirious maniacs, immediately rebuffed by their more cautious and shrewd collaborators. Those preparing for war are always the most impassioned propagandists of peace. Moreover, they base their peace propaganda on the fact that it is necessary at all costs to do everything possible to save the values of civilization, values which systematically come to be threatened by what is happening in the field of the adversary. (The adversary, in turn, acts and operates in the same

way.) We must do everything to prevent war and often people end up convinced that doing everything can even mean going to war in order to avoid a greater catastrophe. At the outbreak of the first "world" war, Kropotkin, Grave, Malato and other illustrious anarchists reached the conclusion that it was necessary to participate in the war in order to defend democracy (in the first place French) under the threat of the central empires (Germany in the first place). This tragic error was possible and always will be so, because the same mistake as that which is being made today was made: they did not develop an anarchist analysis, but had faith in an anarchist re-elaboration of the analysis supplied by the intellectuals and divulggers in the service of the bosses. From that it was easy for them to reach the conclusion that, although war was still an immense and terrible tragedy, it was preferable to the more serious damage that might result from the victory of Teutonic militarism. Certainly not all anarchists were blind to the serious deviations of Kropotkin and comrades; Malatesta reacted violently, writing from London, but the damage done caused not inconsiderable consequences in the anarchist movement all over the world.

Today, in the same way, many anarchist comrades do not stop at the unpardonable superficialities that can be read in some of our papers and reviews. But let us for a moment go back to the generalizations that abound in our analysis. It is certainly not enough to appeal to universal brotherhood, humanity, peace, the values of civilization, in order to mobilize the forces that are really prepared to fight the State. Otherwise why, when dealing with problems relative to the social and economic clash in a specific sense (unemployment, housing, schools, hospitals, etc.) do we avoid resorting to such banalities? Now that we are concerning ourselves with war we are suddenly authorized perhaps to

*The other soldiers were all listening now. Several nodded.*

*"Such people have their wounds dressed and are returned at once to the line," the Extremaduran went on. "It is just." "Yes," I said. "That is as it should be."*

*"That is as it should be," said the Extremaduran. "But this boy shot himself so badly that the bone was all smashed and there surged up an infection and his hand was amputated."*

*Several soldiers nodded. "Go on, tell him the rest," said one.*

*"It might be better not to speak of it," said the cropped-headed, bristly-faced man who said he was in command.*



let ourselves fall to the level of the generalizations of the radical humanists?

The fact is that we resort to these commonplaces with fear as the common denominator because we do not know what to do or say, nor what in reality - in the present situation of power in Italy, Europe or the world - the phenomenon of war really is.

*"It is my duty to speak," the Extremaduran said. The one in command shrugged his shoulders. "I did not like it either," he said. "Go on, then. But I do not like to hear it spoken of either." "This boy remained in the hospital in the valley since February," the Extremaduran said. "Some of us have seen him in the hospital. All say he was well liked in the hospital and made himself as useful as a man with one hand can be useful. Never was he under arrest. Never was there anything to prepare him." The man in command handed me the cup of wine again without saying anything. They were all listening; as men who cannot read or write listen to a story.*

Panic-stricken by our incapacity, profoundly aware that neither our glorious anti-militarist tradition (with the above exception), or the whole just as glorious baggage of anarchist ideas, can save us, we have recourse to the analytical laboratories of power. And so we transform ourselves into dilettante scholars of international problems. Our journals fill their pages with reflections, comical to say the least, on the relationship between the US and the USSR, between the NATO and the Warsaw pact, between the Middle Eastern countries and Europe; economic problems intersect with military strategies; technical data relative to the A, H, N, bombs find their way into our pages (and heads, having the effect of psychological propaganda). Great confusion results, giving the true measure of how far we are from the reality of the struggle and how much each of our attempts to get closer takes us away from the target. So we become ostentatious. We insist on constructing our analysis with more and more data borrowed from the State-produced manuals and we explain to the people with fear as the central point of the argument. We do not realize that in so doing we are becoming functional to that part of the bosses' alignment that plays precisely on fear to obtain two fundamental results: to divert the exploited masses from the increasingly heavy exploitation that awaits them and prepare them, why not, for war. Let us not forget that the best way to push the masses towards acceptance of war is through spreading the fear of war. Tomorrow, with a few adjustments in the regime's

propaganda, this fear of war will easily transform itself into the will and desire to accept a circumscribed war in order to prevent total war, and who knows whether a new Kropotkin will appear (from among the many neo-Kropotkinians who infest our pages) and support the need for the small war in the face of the total one. (After all "small is beautiful").

Of course, we anarchists are against all wars, big or small as they might be, but once we limit ourselves to basing our argument exclusively or fundamentally on fear we place ourselves at the extreme left of capital, supplying it with the opening it needs to attenuate the dissent that is automatically produced within the mass of exploited.

Moreover, once we fully develop our critique of total atomic war and show - thus becoming the mouthpieces of the extreme left of capital - how terrible the effects of every kind and level of atomic bomb are, and once we add, as a simple corollary, that we are not only against atomic war but against every kind of war between States because all war is genocide, an abominable misdeed, a crime against humanity, and so on, with similar commonplaces we become extremely contradictory and damaging. In fact, we supply well-founded, scientific and concrete elements against atomic war (because these are supplied by capital itself), but limit ourselves to the usual humanitarian commonplaces as far as non-atomic war is concerned, involuntarily pushing the people (who are rightly repelled by humanitarian commonplaces) to predisposing themselves towards a refusal of atomic war and a probable acceptance of the "small war". And who knows whether it is not precisely this that capital wants of us.

However, because our good faith certainly cannot be doubted, it only remains to go more deeply into the argument and ask ourselves whether we should not develop our anti-war propaganda better.

*"Yesterday, at the close of day, before we knew there was to be an attack.*

*Yesterday, before the sun set, when we thought today was to be as any other day,*

*they brought him up the trail in the gap there from the flat. We were cooking the evening meal and they brought him up. There were only four of them. Him, the*

*boy Paco, those two you have just seen in the leather coats and the caps,*

*and an officer from the brigade. We saw the four of them climbing together up the gap, and we saw Pace's hands were not tied, nor was he bound in any way.*

*When we saw him we all crowded around and said, 'Hello, Paco. How are you, Paco? How is everything, Paco, old boy, old Paco?'*

*"Then he said, 'Everything's all right. Everything is good except this'- and showed us the stump. Paco said, 'That was*

*a cowardly and foolish thing. I am sorry that I did that thing. But I try to be useful with one hand. I will do what I can with one hand for the Cause.'"*

*"Yes," interrupted a soldier. "He said that. I heard him say that." "We spoke with him," the Extremaduran said. "And he spoke with us."*

*When such people with the leather coats and the pistols come it is always a bad omen in a war, as is the arrival of people with map cases and field glasses. Still we thought they had brought him for a visit, and all of us who had not been to the hospital were happy to see him, and as I say, it was the hour of the evening meal and the evening was clear and warm."*

*"This wind only rose during the night," a soldier said. "Then," the Extremaduran went on somberly, "one of them said to the officer in Spanish, 'Where is the place?' Where is the place this Paco was wounded?" asked the officer."*

*"I answered him," said the man in command. "I showed the place. It is a little further down than where you are."*

*"Here is the place," said a soldier. He pointed, and I could see it was the place. It showed clearly that it was the place."*

And here we come back to the initial problem: we do not really know what war is. Because at the moment in which we start to go into the problem we realize that war constitutes but one particular moment in the overall strategy of exploitation that is put into act by capital.

Let us explain better. For States there exist formal aspects that scan the difference between "state of war" and "state of peace" at the level of international law. It is obvious that this type of differentiation cannot be of any interest to anarchists, who to understand a "real state of war" must certainly not wait for State A, through its diplomacy, to consign a declaration of war to State B. The task of anarchists is principally that of breaking up, as far as possible and for as long as possible, the formal curtain that States pull over the eyes of the people in order to exploit them and lead them to the slaughter. To do that, therefore, we cannot wait for the formalities of international law to be worked out, we must be ahead of the times and denounce the "real situation of war" in act even when no officially declared state of war exists.

To tell the truth, the suspicion that it is not possible to establish a net frontier between war and peace exists among the theoreticians of oppression themselves. In his time even Clausewitz felt obliged to develop an analysis of war as the "continuation of politics with other means." In the same way, contemporary scholars (Bouthoul, Aron, Sereni, Fornari, etc.) have become aware of the problem and have tried to put together the elements that allow an even minimal differentiation between state of war and state of peace. After the examination of the elements characterised by armed conflict, the mass phenomena and the tension used by public opinion - elements not specific to a state of war - these scholars have had to conclude that what characterizes war is its judicial character and



that this judicial character comes to be atypical compared to the judicial structure that normally regulates belligerent States in "times of peace". In other words war comes to be characterized by the legitimization of murder by a judiciary which in times of 'peace' permits neither murder nor massacre. From this we can clearly see that the criteria that distinguish war from peace are not ones which can be considered valid by anarchists. We are not willing to accept that the state of war formally declared by State power is indispensable in order to distinguish, denounce and attack a real situation of war. And, on its side, the State well knows that the formal aspect of the "declaration" of war only supplies a simple judicial alibi for a widening of the death process which it normally carries out by the specific character of its mere existence.

The State is an instrument of exploitation and death; therefore it is an instrument of war. To say State is to say war. There is no such thing as States at war and States at peace. States that want war and States that want peace do not exist. All States, by the simple fact of their existence, are instruments of war. To convince ourselves of this and to overcome the objection of whoever accuses us of maximalism or wants to see a difference at all costs where there is nothing but uniformity, it is enough to remember the obvious fact that it will certainly not be the number of deaths, the means used, the field of combat, or the warriors' aims to mark a difference between state of war and state of peace. To systematically kill a dozen workers each day at the workplace is a phenomenon of war which as far as we are concerned differs only numerically from the deaths that amass in thousands on the battlefield. Behind this profile it is not possible to single out a real situation of peace under the capitalist regime, but only the fictitious state of peace which in practice is equal to a real situation of war.

*"Then one of them led Paco by the arm to the place and held him there by the arm while the other spoke in Spanish. He spoke in Spanish, making many mistakes in the language.*

*At first we wanted to laugh, and Paco started to smile. I could not understand all the speech, but it was that Paco must be punished as an example, in order that there would be no more self-inflicted wounds, and that all others would be punished in the same way. Then, while the one held Paco by the arm; Paco, looking very ashamed to be spoken of this way when he was already ashamed and sorry; the other took his pistol out and shot Paco in the back of the head without any word to Paco. Nor any word more."*

*The soldiers all nodded.  
 "It was thus," said one.  
 "You can see the place. He  
 fell with his mouth there.  
 You can see it."  
 I had seen the place clearly  
 enough from where I lay.  
 "He had no warning and no  
 chance to prepare himself,"  
 the one in command said.  
 "It was very brutal."  
 "It is for this that I now  
 hate Russians as well as  
 all other foreigners," said  
 the Extremaduran.  
 "We can give ourselves no  
 illusions about foreigners.  
 If you are a foreigner, I  
 am sorry. But for myself,  
 now, I can make no  
 exceptions. You have eaten  
 bread and drunk wine with  
 us. Now I think you should go."*

We therefore establish that war is a State activity which does not characterize a transitory and circumscribed period of its action but has been the very essence of its structure for as long as we know during the whole course of exploitation. So the social-democratic illusions of unilateral disarmament, respectable pacifism and bourgeois nonviolence collapse. Whoever supports pacifist theories and uses them to prevent the State from waging war is substantially a warrior himself, a reactionary who supports the State's continual state of war, preferring it to another state of war which is considered different but which is substantially the same, being in practice no more than an extension of the conflict already in act.

This explains how the parties in government and those who have betrayed the workers' ideals or who nurture the humanitarian whims of the radical bourgeoisie can, with great impudence or through stupid ignorance of reality, make great speeches against war. In practice, theirs are the speeches that guarantee the constitution of real war, preparing the masses for the acceptance of a future (always possible) extension of the small war in order to avoid a larger one which is postponed to infinity while the objective state of conflict is maintained and developed.

These concepts should be - and basically they are - more or less accepted by all anarchists. But, as it seems from many articles published over the past few months in our press, it is too easy when on the subject of war to slip into a dimension that sees it as something that can be avoided or which alone can be considered a form of struggle capable of coalizing the revolutionary forces.

It has been said that suddenly, out of the blue, we have come to find ourselves faced with the danger of world conflict far greater than could have been imagined in the past. It has been said that we must do something right away to prevent the world war that is approaching, against the

increase in atomic weapons by both the US and the USSR. It has been said that there are moments in the life of a people or a continent where social, economic and political problems come to second to far more pressing and superior needs, referring to absolute categories such as survival, frontist opposition and raving homicidal hegemony, etc...

It is all very well to fight against war, militarism, bombs, armies, generals, missile bases. But if the reason is that it is the only level of intervention that the anarchist movement possesses, and that all other interventions are impossible, we must ask ourselves what is happening. It is not enough to throw oneself headlong into the only activity that remains open to us because we have difficulty in other sectors. We should ask ourselves whether the acceptance of the theme of war and the inability to place this theme within the specific logic of the State is not perhaps a consequence of our incapacity to address ourselves towards the real struggles in act? And whether in burying our heads in the sands of our weakness and facing the problem of the struggle against war without a minimum of militant structure, we are not running the risk of becoming the fanciful carriers of a maximalist ideology that ends up being convenient to the State?

These questions may not be shared by many comrades, but they remain before us as so many points that require going into and discussing. It is not enough to deny them, shrug our shoulders and carry on.

In our opinion it is necessary to go into the general conditions of the class conflict today and re-examine the function that anarchists can develop within the conflict itself, either as a specific movement or as an organizational force capable of expressing itself within the general movement of the exploited. It is urgent that we single out our weaknesses immediately and without

*"Do not speak in that way," the man in command said to the Extremaduran. "It is necessary to be formal." "I think we had better go," I said.*

*"You are not angry?" the man in command said. "You can stay in this shelter as long as you wish. Are you thirsty? Do you wish more wine?" "Thank you very much," I said. "I think we had better go." "You understand my hatred?" asked the Extremaduran. "I understand your hatred" I said.*

*"Good," he said and put out his hand. "I do not refuse to shake hands. And that you, personally, have much luck." "Equally to you," I said. "Personally, and as a Spaniard."*



*The nearest any man was to victory that day was probably the Frenchman who came, with his head held high, walking out of the battle. But his victory only lasted until he had walked halfway down the ridge. We saw him lying stretched out there on the slope of the ridge, still wearing his blanket, as we came walking down the cut to get into the staff car that would take us to Madrid.*

half measures, without the persistence of our old paranoia, the stagnant ideologizing that pollutes many sectors of our movement, the social democratic infiltration, respectability, hesitation in the face of action, the craze for "a priori" judgements and ecclesiastical closure, the aristocratic residual that made us consider ourselves the monotonous carriers of truth.

To analyze to the extreme consequences our effective possibility of struggle does not at all mean to take a distance from the problem of war, and we shall be able to give a far more precise and meaningful response, a far more detailed indication and project of intervention, than what is happening at the present time, which sees us only as suppliers of rehashed theories of the bourgeoisie and vulgar distributors of a humanitarian maximalism which can be shared by all and precisely for this reason no one is disposed to support.

Moreover, in addressing our efforts towards the reorganization of the movement and the realization of what is necessary to overcome this reflux, we will avoid limiting our discourse simply to that of fear of war, which by its vagueness and generality constantly runs the risk of falling into interclassism.

We should not forget that our evaluations of a problem - and war is no exception - often depend on the objective conditions in which we find ourselves personally and of those of the movement in general.

A. M. B.

# IN SEARCH OF THE POWDER KEG

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*"Does lived experience only tell you where the slave  
reclines and resigns himself to the yoke, are the master's  
arrogance and greed beyond all restraint?"*

How long has this been going on? We have almost lost memory of it, overwhelmed as it is by nausea and disgust.

They have caused a pandemic, indirectly or directly. They have worsened its deadliness with completely senseless political-sanitary measures. They have left those affected and worn out to die deprived of the affection of their loved ones. They have banned autopsies that could have contributed to clarifying reality. They have lied about the causes and effects of what's been happening. They've intentionally sowed fear and terror with both hands for the purpose of paralyzing us. They have forced us to stay closed up at home. They've put a gag on our mouth to prevent us from breathing and speaking. They've forbidden us from moving about, meeting, touching. They've killed the outcasts of society who were the first to protest. They created and spread a mass psychosis, putting us against each other. They have made the heart willing to be suspicious, the tongue willing to snitch, the arm willing to lynch. They have made millions of people lose their source of livelihood, throwing them into desperation. They have insulted, humiliated, slandered, sometimes arrested, those who criticized them. They have unleashed a hunt for plague-spreaders against those who have not respected their prohibitions. They have used the Constitution they swore on as toilet paper, still demanding that we respect it on command. They've elected a notorious loan shark as head of the government, hailing him as the supreme savior. They have blackmailed first one category, and

*Group Portait with Lady  
Well, later on it all came  
out [ 'What? ' ] that she  
was Jewish and that the  
Order hadn't even  
registered her, simply  
acted as if she'd  
disappeared during a  
transfer, they hid her, but  
they didn't give her much  
to eat. Because, you see,  
she didn't have any ration  
cards, yet they had that  
orchard, and the pigs they  
fattened. No, my nerves  
couldn't take it. Like a  
little shrivelled-up old  
mouse she was, cooped up in  
there - and the only reason  
they let Leni see her was  
that she was so determined,  
and because they knew how  
naive she was.*

*She just thought the nun  
was being disciplined.  
Right to the end, Leni  
never bothered to  
distinguish between Jews  
and non-Jews anyway. And  
even if she had known, and  
had known how dangerous it  
was, she would've said :  
"So what? " and would have  
gone on visiting her, I  
swear it. Leni had courage  
- she still has. It was  
terrible to hear the nun  
say : "The Lord is nigh,  
the Lord is nigh," and to  
see her look toward the  
door as if He were just  
coming in, that very  
instant - that scared me,  
but not Leni - she would  
look toward the door,  
expectantly - as if it  
wouldn't surprise her to  
see the Lord come walking  
in. But by that time it was  
early 1941*

then all workers, so that they were made unsuspecting guinea pigs of a vaccine. They have praised the virtue of the resilience that adapts, denigrating the vice of resistance that opposes. They have dramatically increased the price of raw materials now essential to survival. They have allowed those nostalgic for the Duce to attack a union's headquarters so that they can now accuse of fascism anyone who shows opposition to their policies. They now demand that healthy people who go to work demonstrate daily, at their own expense, that they are healthy in order to go to work. Now reduced to being free only to obey, we even have to pay to be exploited...

In short, in less than two years they have trampled down every freedom, humiliated any intelligence, raped any dignity. They disguised their political urgency as a health emergency to achieve a total control of bodies and the territory. And they have done it with attentive candor, without encountering any major difficulties, brazenly, between the tremulous consent of the majority and the well-mannered dissent of the minority. Decades of social peace - occasionally annoyed by some citizenist agitation - has allowed this. Human blood, increasingly artificial, no longer flows with exciting passions, but rather with powerful anesthetics that inhibit action. And where "political responsibility", "civic sense" or "respect for legality" are not the things crushing the human spirit, there come to be "assembly decisions", "strategic considerations" or "respect for collective dynamics".

Stunned and speechless, we find no more words. We don't even want to find them, the words. Least of all some new social subject willing to repeat them in chorus. There's something else we need to search for. With stubbornness, with fury, with impatience, with ferocity.

# INOPPORTUNE NEWS AND COMMENTS

## WHEN DISSENT GETS TURNED INTO A SPECTACLE

For the umpteenth time dissent against war was turned into a spectacle, with the “youngsters from the social centers and other antagonistic realities” being its main character, as the media, in '90ies fashion, have been calling them. Those “youngsters” and the riot cops have animated the tourists’ afternoon with stones and beer bottles from one side, smoke bomb and baton from the other. This to protest against the G7, held in Naples that very same day. So the tourists that were crowding the square got the possibility to see the Naples which protests, which declares itself against the extermination of Palestinians and against war in general, and obviously they didn’t hesitate to film the whole of it with the powerful cameras of their smartphones. And "go on with the spectacle!", in this society where every small thing is recorded by the thousands of surveillance devices in the pockets of almost every person, even before the electronic eyes preordained for this.

But if this was obvious, why be there? Why the lending of one’s rage, one’s body and one’s passion to this spectacle? Of that square crammed with people, how many saw in those clashes a spark of life and rebellion and how many saw just another touristic attraction? In the province that hosts the center for the production and logistical support of radars and microelectronic boards currently produced and integrated by Leonardo SPA - listed in 2020 as the 12th largest defence contractor -, why choosing to be right where cops and tourists are gathered, if not to be seen, to lend themselves to the spectacle? The spectacle of an antagonism that by now only feeds itself with social media and empty claims. Indeed the declaration released by this-time's-leader goes right into this direction, focusing on the *quantity* of people that “violated the security operation put in place by the Questura to clearly say that the G7 of war is not welcomed” and ending with the usual victorious doublethink that is by now so common it is comical.

Going back to the production centers mentioned above, these are the facilities where Leonardo SPA increases and improves the production of those same radar systems that Israel uses so much both in their defensive capabilities as in their attacks. One of these facilities is located in Giugliano, where radar's components and microelectronics are produced; the other facility is in Bacoli, and it is where they develop and produce 2D, 3D and AESA radar for military and air traffic control applications. The radars Leonardo builds are mounted on all the IDF's tanks...



It might be, but that “*claiming to be against*” the genocide that Israel is committing, right next to where some of its necessary means are built seems even smokier than the smoke bombs the cops used to give some colours to these otherwise too plain clashes.

## A GOOD MONTH FOR PRISONERS

We tend to deem what we don't see as invisible, what we don't know anything about as inexistent. It shouldn't even be necessary to say that it doesn't exactly work like this. As we don't hear about certain acts but from the press, it seems like there cannot be a discussion about them, neither can they warm our hearts or give some food for thought. Obviously, this is not to say that a discussion can be had based on what the traditional media report about some events, for the journalists are the lackeys of this Existent, with its State, its Capitalism, its technological hydra and its authority. Still, sometimes one can read in between the lines, have a jolt of interest and warmth, or even a grin reading some news from far away.

Indeed on Christmas Eve's night some people made themselves the best of gifts: they took their freedom back and escaped from a high security prison, news which we can't help but greet with a smile, hoping that the individuals who got a taste of freedom will keep holding on to it. It happened in Mozambique, where at least 6000 people broke out of the Maputo Central Prison during a demonstration expressing people's anger at the election result. During the riots public infrastructure was set on fire, together with police cars and building, and in the prison a group of prisoners got hold of some weapons and freed the others, destroying a wall of the prison since they were at it.

We wish a long-lasting freedom to the escapee and to the protesters as well, to remain as free as they were when attacking this system of death. Then, maybe, no political power will be able to capture their rage to turn it into its own political advantage.

## NOT ALL DECISIONS ARE FOR THE POWERFUL TO MAKE

To wait for Brian Thompson in Midtown Manhattan was revenge.

But let's not jump ahead of our time.

The CEO of UnitedHealthcare, a health care insurance in the USA, was killed at the exit of a hotel. Police already have someone to accuse, so they made the table ready for the vultures of the Press. But let's say we are not interested in their trials, allegations and campaigns. The documents allegedly written by the person accused of this act of freedom can be interesting, who this person is and their reason, though, will be of no interest for what we want to discuss.

As someone, seemingly an era ago, wrote: "revenge is about dignity". Revenge is not rational, doesn't follow an analyses, often enough is left out of anarchist discourse, probably for the better. Indeed the need for vengeance, alone, cannot be the basis for much, even if, with some trouble, we manage to split the concept of revenge from that of justice, right and wrong, or of a commensurate response, and this alone is already a difficult feat. At the same time rationality alone cannot be the answer to everything. We cannot do away with logic and rationality by themselves, but it's not like we have anything else; spirituality is a dangerous terrain, full of self-contented modern priests and easy paths to a happiness that has nothing to do with the joy of destroying this world, instincts have been rendered unintelligible when not wiped out by domestication, irrationality in this society is seen as something to be ashamed of, and indeed it is an impairment to a most normal life inside of this society. If everything follows a trail, you cannot wander about, indeed, so we try to do our best with logic and rationality, in majority of cases. Still, when faced with some events, even the well-constructed walls of rationality and common sense tremble a little bit. Because even if there is nothing rational about it, we all grinned when we first read about Brian Thompson's death.

The part of us that felt the warmth of joy in reading the news of the death of the lurid CEO was fueled by repulsion towards people like him and the world that makes them not only possible forms of "life", but the prototype of the "successful man". For that half a second, that breath of fresh hair in discovering that ***someone, you, me, someone with a grudge against this system of death***, killed the CEO of one of the biggest health insurance company, what we felt went beyond rationality. it doesn't matter who pulled the trigger or the reasons for which they did; one more scumbag is dead. And we know it will not change anything. No industry would stop in front of one of its replaceable pieces being killed in the line of duty, let alone the highly profitable one of modern poisoning. The powerful men will not be scared enough to stop devastating this world. This is no "victory", this is no "awakening of the masses".

But one more scumbag is dead, and for a few instants we can read in the eyes of the people around us a sentiment of some kind of revenge against the existence of someone

like him. Revenge is irrational, is excess, is the feeling that this existent is not just wrong, but hurtled you in your individuality, and faced with this intrusion, with this devastation not just of your freedom, but of your own world, then destroying this world is also an act of revenge, not only a necessity for freedom. And here we go right back to where we started:

*"revenge is about dignity. (...) Instead, if to solicit me to revenge was my offended dignity, it is only to that that I am responsible, and with it, therefore with the offended part of myself, with my conscience, I must come to terms. And with myself there are no half measures, I with myself constitute an indissoluble totality, I am the world, the totality of the world, and who causes offence to my dignity cancels the world, destroys me like the conscience of the world through my self, and deserves to be taken from the world.*

*Of course, those to grasp the deep sense of their own dignity are few."*

*A.B. "I know who killed superintendent chief Calabresi", Introduction.*

What happened as the executive walked toward the hotel hosting UnitedHealthcare's annual investor conference in Midtown Manhattan on December 4, and the reasons of our crooked grins reading it on the news went beyond rationality, but it could be a reminder: these feelings are still there, still existent, even if mostly buried under the grayness of this survival, together with the possibilities of going *beyond* rationality that they offer; and, at the end of the day, it's not always the powerful who decide when the war starts...

## RIVIERAS AND MINERALS

It would seem like old-style, undisguised land grabbing by the West has had a comeback in the last few weeks. Let's leave the longstanding job of describing the hows and whys of this geopolitical fuckup to the bourgeois press. Let them try to veil the naked emperor parading through the city. Up to us is to be the kids screaming the reality they see.

The reality is grim, it is the most televised genocide, supported by the international community. It is a new wave of colonialism by the Western power, it is devastation of the Earth for the minerals needed to support the "green revolution", it is wars, it is ecological disasters. Still, the Dominion seems stronger than ever, constantly repairing itself while it crumbles.

But it is also true that power is stripped of all its veils, the democratic dream didn't last long and the illusion of "soft power" that controls us in the West no longer holds true even for the most willful of believers. The whole population is stripped even of its right to claim a plausible deniability. Everyone knows what is happening, everyone sees it. But rather than filling the streets with riots and acts of sabotage, trying to destroy what is destroying them, they fill the shops, the recruitment agencies, their dutiful places of work, making sure the war can continue, the massacre will not end, not yet, not even this time.

Let us remember that the *means* that make all of the perpetuation of this reality and of the power structures possible are right here in front of our noses, not far from where we

live in most cases. The *materiality* of the net, the *infrastructure* necessary for all the little pieces to work properly together is mainly not where these war are being fought. For Gaza to become the Rivera of the Middle East the necessary means will need to be thought of and planned for here in Europe, as here are built the majority of the weapons being used for the current ethnic cleansing. For Trump to enjoy the minerals he wants to get out of Ukraine the factories that build batteries, as much as the ones dabbling in AI and data centers need to be working. Otherwise the minerals are just a bunch of non-attractive rocks. The processes for which this world can keep on working are difficult and confusing, and there is no center to hit once and be done with forever, but these are not reasons to avoid looking at the materiality of this world, studying the means for which gears and wheels can keep on rotating.

The universities that study what will be the weapons of the future, the laboratories building and testing the new means of war, all of it under disguised names as research for this and that medical condition, technological applications and similar excuses. All of these are right in front of us. Domination is not subsiding, it might even be getting stronger and stronger, harder and harder to destroy radically; yet this Existence still needs the *materiality of control*, even though it tries to hide it as best it can. Knowing its mechanism and weak spots let us decide where to hit to cause the damage we want to cause. So, instead of focusing on far away wars we exert no control over, why don't we start looking at our own frontsteps and ask ourselves: "*Where would some sand hurt the most?*".



## AFTERTHOUGHT

Verseuchung has become a project carried out just by one person, and in the last few months I have thought about whether it still had a reason for existing. Why would what I think matter enough to take the energy and time and resources to print it out in the form of a journal. There is no lack of anarchist journals, websites, words in general are definitively all but lacking. Verseuchung is not part of any struggle, so does not have a territory to speak about, besides that of Ideas and imagination. But there is the one thing I found lacking in the social environment we persevere on calling Movement, even though Stagnation might be a more appropriate expression. How come people don't seem able to imagine a different world, a radically different one. People are not capable to imagine a different life for themselves, desires and strikes are minimized to survival, greater emotions are left for rhetorical words which sprung up some tears and easy sentimentalism. Everyone is ill, everyone is crying how the world is unfair to them because of this or that things that happened, because of a trait of who they are (or, how their identity is oppressed, if you'd like to use some NewSpeak), because life is shit, basically. And they are right, life in this world is shit. Depending on where and how you are born can be more or less shit, more or less smelly, but it still is just excrement. This does not mean embracing the view of the tough militant who fights for the cause relentlessly, leaving one's life behind. If we believe anarchy to be closer to a game than to a war, and I do, this just makes no sense. But already the fact that we are only able to take into consideration only these two possibilities, as if there is no other option to either victimization or stoic and stupid militarism, points in the direction of what is a much bigger problem; in the process of domestication individuals loose their capability to imagine a radically different reaction to those that are accepted by the system they are domesticated into. Both victimization and martyrdom benefit the society we live in, both make us more dependent on it, because on the one side, even though it is important to recognize the differences in how people are treated based on how they are perceived, reducing oneself to a life of self-pity, however right it might be, is simply sad. Animals are not made for this, and it will not bring to the destruction of this world, just of each other. How many depressed friend can one person take and still have the will to wake up and dedicate himself to joy, to adventure, to the projects she has? I know the answer for myself, and I know the number is way lower than the depressed friends I have, and from what I hear and see around me, I would say that is a pretty generalized situation. On the other side, when we decide every form of care is wrong, is weak, and weakness is bad, because somehow now we are "at war" with each other and with humanity in general, even unconsciously, something gets lost in the way. Both the cynical elderly "you'd better loose all your hope because if we didn't make the revolution you will for sure not either, since we were better" who tries to strike down every ounce of self-esteem still somehow lingering inside you, or the younger version who believes that sacrificing all of his life for the fight, the struggle, the project, however she calls it, is how her life has meaning, represents just another version of the same victimhood described above. This is either martyrdom, or the belief of being necessary for some parts of a bigger struggle, or an

even cheaper version of militarism. And it seems like there are no option, we are either all powerless victims relying on the fixes of this System thus not willing to destroy it in its totality, or there is no caring for each other, no weakness and fragility allowed. Imagining something different, something where we can love each other healthily, where we can help each other out when we fall and walk together, seems something outside our capabilities. And it is for sure not in the possibilities that this System offers us, it wants us unpossibilitated to desire something else, something that does not belong to this world. Because if it doesn't belong to this rotting cadaver we call society but we can still imagine it, then what we fight for is not just a phantom, mere words we used to believe in and we kept on repeating till they lost all of their original meaning. If we are still able to think something else can exist, then we might realize the problem is not in us, in how bad our behaviors are, how poor we are, how much we are oppressed or how much we are oppressors, in what we did wrong, or what wrong was done to us, but in this world, in this Existent that poisons everything we might love and everything that might speak of freedom.

I guess I am just trying to say that experiencing Anarchy in the present should be more than mere words, should be how we live, not just how we struggle, if even. Life itself should be the searching for total freedom and joy, which means also freedom from how this world wants us to be, poisoned, victimizing oneself or others all the time instead of ready to erupt and take every opportunity we can find for destruction.

And how did I get from the question of whether it makes any sense for Verseuchung to keep on being published or not, to speaking about living anarchy in each and every moment? I tried to give the long answer, to state my reasons without speaking of the journal itself and its merits, because I think it does not depend solely on this, but rather on how important I believe imagination to be – imagination, not imaginary, as a friend of mine used to say, words are important – and how I think this journal could help keep it alive. At least mine.

It also needs to be said that it will change structure, it will stop being a periodical, since it was already failing at it, and that it will not focus again on Hambacher Forst, just to make it clear, the journal has nothing to do anymore with it. There will not be any attachments, but with every journal there will be a side publication with the compilation of the poems and novels I use on the margins of the pages.

Also, the journal cannot survive long without people sending contributions, so everyone is welcomed to send articles. It can be anything but claims of responsibility and it can be any length you like. And if you'd like to take part in the creation of the journal, write to [verseuchung@sistemly.org](mailto:verseuchung@sistemly.org) and we'll set up to meet each other.

Have a good reading,

Verseuchung

# CLOSING WORDS

*The words on the margin of the pages are the poems "Dover Beach" by Matthew Arnold, and "Second Coming", by William Butler Yeats; quotes from "Under the Ridge", by Ernest Hemingway and from "Group Portrait with Lady" by Heinrich Böll. 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.*

*The attachmet will be the collection of the texts in the margin, "War Collection". 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](mailto:VERSEUCHUNG@SYSTEMLI.ORG) .*

