

# "WHILE THEY CALL FOR PEACE

# WE CALL FOR FUCK EVERYTHING!"

Poisoned air, soil and water. Horizonless servitude under inaccessible privilege. Dignity mortgaged to the humility of crisis rations. This miserable excuse for a life at the mercy of anyone with the wealth or truncheon to dominate us doesn't last forever. Sooner or later things tip over the edge. The risk of facing death in the streets of fire won't ensure resignation to a life not worth the trouble of living.

In many parts of the world this is exactly what happened this past year. Nowhere more than in Indonesia: a society of petroleum and mineral extraction whose 'progress' across the archipelago has developed over the corpses of the indigenous people. In the cities the youth, unemployed 'surplus' to the global economy, are condemned in slums, lives on hold according to the caprice of paid killers of the ruling class. Nonetheless as evidenced by the self-organised peasant's resistance, the West Papuan's guerilla, the urban rebel's molotov cocktails, the state has never managed to completely accomplish its task - to exterminate memory, spirit, and solidarity in its population.

So it is not so surprising when in August 2025 the society explodes. When the political cartel decide to write themselves an umpteenth payrise in the face of general suffering, and an armoured vehicle hunting a mass protest crushes the body of a local motorcycle delivery driver - enough

becomes truly enough. The streets fill with riotous abandon, burning and destroying every arrogant vestige of the world which has fulfilled none of its promises but only widened an abyss of horrors.

How is it possible to go back to normal after this? In Nepal, in Madagascar, Morocco, Iran and beyond, that is where the surge for freedom comes up against a barbed wire fence. It is not only the blood-spattered work of the police and paramilitaries, nor is it only the forked tongue of the reformists. It is, above all else, the lack of any other idea of what life *is* and *could become*. As long as no other world exists than the one of shopping and working, extraction and waste, rulers and ruled, then fires alone cannot bring down all the enclosures of the existent.

Some inside the rebellion that engulfed Indonesia fought neither for reforms nor regime change of that plundered archipelago. In the place of these dreamless desperations, many continued and others discovered an entirely different adventure: stealing back personal vitality, embarking on an insurgent conquest of land and life. The moment an uprising's self-organised confidence and joyous destruction is lost to hesitation - this is when the poisoned seed is planted from which the reign of new tyrants and butchers always grows again. There is nothing to preserve in the rotten social relations around us - the masks, the lies,

the myths and narcotics of the state. Against limp demands and politician doublethink a stark conclusion resounded: "We call for fuck everything!"

Today judges, torturers, journalists, politicians are filling up the Indonesian dungeons with those they accuse of arousing their own consciousness and those around them with this vision of the struggle. Although the passion for freedom of some anarchists in Indonesia has been plain to see for decades, the excrement in power are wrong about where the danger lies. There, as everywhere, the danger is that their gluttony for riches and control cannot help but sow a yearning for revenge in the hearts of despoiled people. And if the fires of anger ever touch the propane of liberated imagination, which cannot be confined and pours out now from behind prison bars and into the social atmosphere, quite simply, these esteemed leaders and their whole society are toast.

If we feel a passionate solidarity with the rebellion, and especially with its most ardent protagonists, it is not the suffering of this concrete planet with its plastic inhabitants which moves us but the vital struggle to break out of it without looking back.

*sworn enemies of every state (A)*

## THE STRUGGLE OF THE INDONESIAN ANARCHISTS BREAKS THROUGH BORDERS AND PRISON WALLS.

### MAY EVERY REVOLT GO ALL THE WAY. INSURRECTION EVERYWHERE!

