

enter, but precisely the reverse. Under various pretexts, they made him see the whole of the rooms as often as possible, having first removed everything which could excite suspicion. When these pretexts failed, others were invented. Being unable to find a plausible reason for him to enter the inner room, Madame Kriloff one day went and told him that there was a rat there which must be killed. The dvornik went, and certainly found nothing; but the trick was played; he had seen the whole of the rooms, and could bear testimony that there was absolutely nothing suspicious in them. Once a month they invariably had people in to clean the floors of all the rooms.

I was in no mood, however, to hear of these trifles or to smile at them.

I was assailed by profound melancholy, at the sight of all these people. Involuntarily, I compared their terrible life with my own, and felt overcome with shame. What was our activity in the broad light of day amid the excitement of a multitude of friends, and the stir of our daily life and struggles, compared with this continuous sacrifice of their whole existence, wasting away in this dungeon.

I left. I slowly descended the stairs and went out into the street, a prey to various emotions.

I thought of what I had just seen. I thought of the struggle for which they were offering up their lives. I thought of our party.

An idea suddenly flashed through my mind.

Are not these people, I thought, the real representatives of our party? Is not this the living picture which typifies in itself the character of our whole struggle? A feeling of enthusiasm fired my heart. We are invincible, I thought, while the source is unexhausted whence springs so much unknown heroism, the greatest of all heroism; we are invincible while the party has such adherents.



[Excerpt of Stepniak, *Underground Russia*, first published in 1885, reissued in 2019 by Tumult Editions under the same title.]

1. The organization Zemlya i Volya, or later on, Narodnaya Volya, did conceive of itself as a party, but in the sense of a "fighting party".



STORM WARNINGS



*Anarchist bulletin
for the social war*

53 – May 15 2022

| Silvaticus |

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

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

For if by forest, we mean immense natural expanses of trees left more or less to themselves to form an autonomous ecosystem that is both rich and complex, like a distant echo of the tales of our childhood, then what should we call these sad alignments of conifers, all of the same age and size, on a ground covered with needles where the song of the birds has fallen silent? And when we walk in the shade of majestic poplars, how can

7/4, Staplehurst, England. An arson attack on the fiber optics of *Openreach* (a subsidiary of *British Telecom*). Thousands of people and companies are deprived of internet and cell phone services.

16/4, Lesquin (France). In the North of France, six undocumented migrants locked up in the administrative detention center (CRA) manage to escape from this prison for migrants by forcing a door and then crossing the two surrounding fences with the help of knotted sheets. Five of them are unfortunately recaptured in the following days.

17/4, Salon-la-Tour (France). In Corrèze, one hectare of 700 trees of a monoculture of coniferous trees (cedars) are felled during the night.

19/4, Tours (France). In Indre-et-Loire, five *Enedis* cars go up in smoke in their parking lot around 2 am.

21/4, Guadeloupe (France). In this colony, in Pointe-à-Pitre, Gosier, Morne-à-L'eau and Goyave, eight La Poste cash dispensers are smashed, making it impossible to withdraw money during the Easter weekend.

21/4, Fecherwald (Germany). A drilling machine and an excavator of the construction company *Geomer*, as well as other "*devastation equipment*" are set on fire on a construction site right next to an occupied forest against the extension of the A66 freeway. Action claimed by a *small autonomous group*

we imagine that this tree had the misfortune in 2006 to be the first whose genome was entirely sequenced, so that popular plantations used for cellulose or biofuels have developed throughout the world, in the form of immense clone plantations? And since it is necessary to green the economy at all costs by feeding the market for carbon offsets (i.e. permits to pollute elsewhere), can we still call the recent industrial plantation of 40,000 hectares of fast-growing acacia trees imported from Australia by *Total* a forest... destroying the Gabonese savannah to build a state-of-the-art wood factory? Finally, if we move a little closer, for example to the radiant wooded area of the *Commissariat à l'énergie atomique* (CEA) located in Saint-Paul-lès-Durance, how can we not come across the nugget of the state exploiter of public forests? For it is right next to the Cadarache nuclear center where the *National Genetic Resources Center* and the ONF's *experimental tree farm* are located, where the state organization clones the DNA of trees it considers the most interesting in terms of resistance to global warming, in order to replant their copies just about everywhere. At the same time, the same witch doctors of the ONF are creating so-called "*islands of the future*" by introducing new exotic species into the old fir, oak and beech forests (especially in the Grand Est and in Burgundy-Franche-Comté), which range from Manchurian Ash to Arizona Cypress, under the pretext that these forests will not be able to adapt to climate change on their own. The air is burning, water is lacking, and moreover the bark beetle is proliferating in the huge single-species spruce forests planted in the plains by the ONF for the last 50 years? Easy, let's just change the forests in the same crazy race to artificialize all living things (including humans), rather than putting down the techno-industrial system that causes all this devastation! Flexibility and resilience are the mantras of the Newspeak of power, aren't they?

Certainly, designating "nature" as a separate subject by civilized people so proud of their culture of domination is not new; a barbaric "nature" to be analyzed, classified, measured, exploited, rationalized and ordered, becoming – like the forest – even more mythical as its domestication and the eradication of old ways of relating with it progress. Until there remains only the creation of reserves, parks and other "natural spaces", recreational and arranged, to maintain its nostalgic memory for city-dwellers lacking greenery. So yes, there are increasingly fewer recalcitrant and abundant forests, and more *fields* of trees, whose final objective remains their forced industrial exploitation (when they are not simply razed for highway projects or the continuous extension of coal mines, as in Germany). The 2014 UN *World Climate Summit*, where many countries committed to reforesting no less than 350 million

The third compositor did not hand down his name to posterity. He had already been in the ranks for three years, and was liked and esteemed by all; but the member who introduced him into the Organisation being dead, nobody else knew his name. He was known by the nickname of 'Ptiza' (the bird), given to him on account of his voice, and was never called otherwise. He committed suicide when, after four hours of desperate resistance, the printing office of the 'Narodnaia Volia,' was compelled to yield to the military by which it was besieged.

He lived, thus, unknown, and unknown he descended into his grave.

His fate was cruel indeed; for, by way of greater precaution, he lived without his name being placed upon the registers of the population, well knowing that every passport presented, to the police was always a danger. He had, therefore, always to remain concealed, and for several months never left the house, so as to avoid being seen by the dvornik.

In general, all those who work in the printing offices break off almost all intimacy with the outer world and lead a monastic life; but the poor 'Bird' had to carry this caution to such an extent, that he was all but a complete prisoner, and was eternally shut up along with the type, in his dismal cage.

He was a young man of twenty-two or twenty-three, by long raven tall, spare, with a skinny face, shaded black hair, which heightened the effect of his cadaverous pallor, arising from continuous deprivation of fresh air and light, and from handling the type in this atmosphere full of poisonous exhalations. His eyes alone were full of life; very large and black, like those of the gazelle, bright, full of inexpressible kindness, and melancholy. He was consumptive, and knew it, but he would not abandon his post, for he was very skilful at the work, and there was no

one to take his place.

The fourth person was a girl who passed as the servant of Madame Kriloff. I never heard her name. She was a girl of about eighteen or nineteen, fair, with blue eyes, delicate and graceful, who would have appeared very beautiful but for the expression of constant nervous tension in her pale face, which produced a most painful impression. She was a living reflection of the continuous efforts which this life cost, maintained for months and months in this terrible place, exposed to the incessant prying of so many thousand police spies.

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After the first greetings I explained the object of my visit, that is to say, the desire to insert in the paper the amusing anecdote of the morning already mentioned. It need scarcely be added that this was received with the utmost delight. As, however, the paper was already set up, something had to be taken away to make room for the paragraph, though it was only a few lines.

I went over all the rooms in which the work was carried on. The mechanism was extremely simple. A few cases with various kinds of type; a little cylinder just cast, of a kind of gelatinous substance closely resembling carpenter's glue, and somewhat pleasant to smell; a large heavy cylinder covered with cloth, which served as the press; some blackened brushes and sponges in a pan; two jars of printing ink. Everything was arranged in such a manner that it could be hidden in a quarter of an hour, in a large clothes-press standing in a corner.

They explained to me the mechanism of the work, and smilingly told me of some little artifices which they employed to divert the suspicion of the dvornik, who came every day with water, wood, &c. The system adopted was not that of -not allowing him to

initiated into this secret by the representative of the office, and all communications had to be kept up by him.

I went there once only, under these circumstances. I was one of the editors of 'Land and Liberty,' the journal of the party before it was divided into two sections.

Communications were carried on at neutral points, the safest being always selected. I delivered the manuscripts, took the proofs, and fixed the place and the exact time for the next appointment. In case of any unforeseen need, or of the communications being interrupted, I sent a post-card, fixing a fresh meeting, in a manner agreed upon.

Once, however, as I have said, I went to the office. It was on November 30, the very day on which the first number of the journal was to appear. That same morning a friend came to me, and related that, having gone to the house of Troschiansky, where the police were lying hid, he was on the point of falling into their hands, but succeeded in escaping, thanks to his dexterity, and to his lucky idea of calling out 'Stop thief! Stop thief!' while the police were running after him.

I was very anxious to insert this piece of news in the number about to be issued, for the express purpose of ridiculing Zuroff, the head of the police, who declared everywhere that our printing office could not possibly be in the capitals because otherwise he would infallibly have discovered it.

I profited, therefore, by this occasion to go to the printing office, which deeply interested me, especially as I had a pressing invitation from the compositors to pay them a visit.

The office was in one of the central streets of the city.

After infinite precautions, I reached the door, and rang in the customary manner. The door was opened by Mari Kriloff. I en-

tered with the subdued feeling of a worshipper entering a church.

* *
*

There were four persons engaged in the office — two women and two men.

Maria Kriloff, who acted as mistress of the house, was a woman of about forty-five. She passed for one of the oldest and most deserving members of our party. She had been implicated in the conspiracies of the Karakosovzi. She was imprisoned and condemned to deportation to one of the northern provinces, but succeeded in escaping, and became one of the 'illegal.' She continued to work indefatigably for our cause in various ways, until she was arrested at her post, like a soldier, arms in hand, in the printing office of the 'Cerni Perediel' in 1880. Thus, for sixteen consecutive years she remained in the ranks of the conspirators, caring for nothing except to be of use to the cause, and occupying the most modest and dangerous positions.

She had worked in the printing offices from the first, and although in very bad health, and half blind from increasing shortsightedness, she continued to work, and with so much zeal and self-devotion, that, notwithstanding her infirmity, she was, as a compositor, equal to the most skilled workman.

Basil Buch, the son of a general and the nephew of a senator, passed as the lodger of Madame Kriloff. He had a passport as an official in one of the Ministries, and went out accordingly every day, at a fixed hour, carrying in his portfolio the copies of the paper. He was a man of about twenty-six or twenty-seven, pale, aristocratically elegant, and so taciturn that, for days together, he never opened his mouth. It was he who acted as the medium of communication between the printing office and the outer world.

hectares by 2030, has notably translated in practice into mass rows of tree *plantations*, doused with pesticides, insecticides and fungicides, which will then be cut down to make kit wood or paper pulp, and obviously not to offer more space to freely evolving *forests*. As for the famous *France Relance* plan of autumn 2020, which followed the Great Containment, 200 million euros of which were intended to "*help forests adapt to climate change*" by planting "*50 million trees in two years*", it is nothing more than a state subsidy to the wood industry to finance their gigantic clear-cuts of forest species that are deemed non-productive, in order to replace them with good old Douglas fir monocultures.

In the infernal cycle of ecological disasters that have now reached the stage where they are almost irreversibly feeding back on each other, which no techno-literate magic wand will be able to stop, forests have today become, in spite of themselves, the symbol of the race towards the abyss. Reduced to a "*biodiversity reserve*" to be saved by some, to an "*imprisoned carbon stock*" to be grown or traded by others, and to a "*resource of wood cubes*" to be extracted by the latter, forests embody the loss of any relationship to an environment of which we would be an intrinsic part. Perhaps this is why when Mapuche people relentlessly and consistently destroy the machines and trucks of the loggers in the territory dominated by the Chilean state, it speaks to us? Maybe that's why the ransacking of industrial softwood plantations (Cedar and Douglas Fir) in Corrèze cheers us up? Perhaps it is also for this reason that the fires that have recently struck the felling machines and the carriers of forestry cooperatives and the ONF, from Nièvre to the Ile-de-France, make us happy? Because to wrest away from the world of industrial devastation a radically *different* relationship between individuals and their environment is of course to make ideas and acts align, but certainly also to give free rein to the wild forests of our imaginations...

•••

SARL: "*No to the construction of new highways. No to further ecological destruction.*"

21/4, Athens (Greece).
Anti-power saboteurs claim the destruction of the car of a cop of Ampelokipoi, realized with an incendiary-explosive device. The attack is claimed "*in solidarity with the anarchist prisoner Vangelis Stathopoulos, whose appeal trial begins on May 18.*" Stathopoulos was arrested after a robbery in 2019 and later accused of being part of the "*Revolutionary Self-Defense*" organization, which has claimed responsibility for several attacks.

21/4, Athens, Greece.
The Kids on the Block, who describe themselves as "anarchists and communists", claim the placement of an explosive device in front of the Chalandri court on the night of March 8. "*Always with the tactic of insurrection; with an eye on the revolutionary perspective, we will meet and divide until our actions and choices unite us, in the reality of the social war, for which we have never had difficulty choosing a side.*" The attack is dedicated "*to the memory of the dozens of workers who have died in recent times and to our captured comrades-in-arms; we never forget you, we hope to reunite in the burning streets.*"

21/4, Beauvais, France.
In Oise, a prison administration vehicle is set on fire shortly before 2 am in front of the prison entrance, after being doused with petrol by an unknown person who left as they came: discreetly.

23/4, Athens (Greece).

In the district of Exarchia, a car of the company *KONE*, a service provider mainly employed by the prison administrations, is set on fire by *anarchists*: "All the institutions and companies that promote incarceration, take advantage of it and profit from it must be in our line of fire. And to those who weave the thread of revolutionary memory and are incarcerated because of their choice, we must stand by them, in practice and at every moment, making it clear that they are an active part of the struggle itself!"

23/4, Paris (France).

Anarchists reduce an *Enedis* vehicle to ashes in the 12th district on the eve of the second round of the presidential elections. "Neither God nor Caesar nor tribune / May their democracy die! / May the best of all worlds burn!" concludes the communiqué.

24/4, Fleury-Mérogis (France).

In Essonne, a detainee being transferred managed to escape from the gendarmerie vehicle just before entering the alley leading to the prison. After being hit by a vehicle, he managed to get up and escape from the two gendarmes who were chasing him on foot by reaching a car parked nearby. He was not recaptured despite the helicopter and the patrols deployed in the whole area to find him.

25/4, Irvillac (France).

In Finistère, a fiber optic cable was sabotaged over a length of 200 meters, depriving several villages of connection.

25/4, La Roche-sur-Yon (France).

In Vendée, shortly after midnight, two personal cars belonging to cops from the police station in the parking lot of the town hall

| From a different optic |

"I wouldn't know what to do without a cell phone, I would feel lost. My whole world is in it." These words, spoken a few years ago by a young girl, have become those of entire generations, entire populations. They have their whole world in their hand, conveniently stored in a shiny electronic device connected 24 hours a day. All knowledge, memory, affects, appointments, leisure... at the touch of a keyboard. To remember your past, to know your present, to plan your future - click, click, click.

And if this device stopped working? What if, unexpectedly, perhaps on a warm spring night, we no longer knew what our days on this earth consisted of? What if we no longer had an external technical appendage to turn to, like an oracle, to know what to say, do, look at, think, embrace, and we were left alone with ourselves? Would we die of boredom when we realize the emptiness of our being once deprived of its appearance? Or would we finally experience what really burns in our hearts and minds? Would we die gasping for breath like fish out of water, or would we be reborn suffering as if at the end of a detox?

It is not a quantitative political program from which to gather a consensus; it does not need parties, assemblies, militants. It is a vital qualitative wager with which to launch a challenge; it needs individuals, affinities, determination.

A few days ago, on the evening of Sunday, April 24, the long-awaited result of the presidential elections in France was made public. For the second consecutive time, it is Emmanuel Macron who will sit in the Elysée Palace. The blindler (nickname he earned on the battlefield) certainly did not collect a triumph, but it was nevertheless a crushing victory over his eternal opponent, the more or less proud daughter of her father. The result was predictable, because it's well known that to trigger in the voter that conditioned reflex to plug one's nose and vote for the opposite candidate, all you have to do is wave the bogeyman of the arrival of the extreme right to power. A real nightmare ballot, between the Plague and Cholera, so much so that in the weeks preceding the first round of the election, even some anarcho-cretins had mobilized to avoid it, by campaigning for the *lesser evil*. A pathetic tactic that, as usual, did not work.

not as being merely difficult, but impossible; it was only an idle dream, a waste of money, and a useless and senseless sacrifice of men.

Earnest men did not speak about it, and did not care to hear it spoken of.

There was however, a 'dreamer' who would not accept the universally received opinion. He maintained, in the teeth of everyone, that a secret printing office could be established in St. Petersburg itself, and that he would establish it, if supplied with the necessary means.

This dreamer, named Aaron Zundelevic, was a native of Wilna (Lithuania) and the son of a little Jewish shopkeeper.

In the Organisation to which he belonged (which afterwards adopted the motto, always old and always new, '*Land and Liberty*') everyone laughed at first at the fancies of Zundelevic; but he overcame this mistrust. About 4001. was allotted to him; he went abroad, brought everything necessary to St. Petersburg, and having mastered the compositor's art, he taught it to four other persons, and established with them in 1877 'the free printing office' in St. Petersburg, the first deserving that name, as it could be kept going regularly, and print works of some size.

The plan upon which he established his undertaking was so well conceived and arranged, that for four consecutive years the police, notwithstanding the most obstinate search, discovered nothing, until treachery and a mere accident came to their aid.

The ice was, however, already broken. One press destroyed others were established upon the same plan which kept on, and worked without interruption.

And from time to time, from secret hiding places, a mighty voice arises amid the whisperers of so many hypocrites and flatterers,

which drowns their feeble clamour, and, resounding from the Frozen Sea to the Black Sea, makes Despotism tremble beneath its bloodstained purple; for it proclaims aloud that there is a greater power than Despotism, the power of Freethought, which has its abiding place in generous hearts, and its instruments in zealous arms.

Freethought called fire and sword to its aid, and with these terrible arms engaged in a desperate conflict, which will only end with the destruction of Despotism. In this conflict, its glorious banner, around which raged the thickest of the fight, and upon which the anxious looks of the combatants were turned, was the Secret Press. While this banner waved, while all the efforts of the enemy failed to wrest it from the hands of its defenders, there was no reason to despair of the fate of the party and the Organisation, even after the most terrible partial defeats.

How are we to explain, therefore, the marvellous fact of the existence, under the very eyes of the police, in a country like Russia, of a permanent secret printing press?

This fact, which gives, in my opinion, a better idea of the strength of the party than would be given by many dashing enterprises, is explained in a very simple manner. It was the result of the devotion of those who worked in the printing office, and of the care with which they carried out the minutest precautions, in order to keep it in operation.

Nobody went there; nobody, except those who were compelled, knew where it was or anything about it.

To give an idea of the caution upon this point, it need only be said that 'not only the members of the organisation by which the office was maintained, but even the editors and contributors of the journal printed there, did not know where it was. One person only in the management - was usually

| The Secret Press |

With his book La Russie souterraine [Underground Russia], Sergueï Kravtchinski, also known as Stepniak, wanted to paint a picture of the Russian revolutionary movement that fought to the death against despotism. Translated into several languages, the book was first published in French in 1885. Here we revisit one of these sketches, one that recounts the adventures of clandestine print spaces under tsarism.

To establish a secret printing office, to give that powerful weapon to the Free-thought which struggles against Despotism, had always been the ardent, imperious desire of all the organisations, directly they felt themselves in a position to undertake anything of importance.

As far back as the year 1860, when the first Secret Societies were formed for the purpose of effecting the Agrarian Revolution, such as the Societies named 'Land and Liberty' and 'Young Russia,' we see the first rudimentary attempts to establish something like a printing press in embryo, which, however, lasted only a few weeks.

It was evident, henceforth, that the free press already existing, abroad, although it had a writer like Herzen at its head, no longer sufficed for the wants of the militant party¹.

During the last ten or fifteen years, when the movement had acquired a force and an extent previously unknown, the insufficiency of the free printing offices at work in Switzerland and in London, became more and more manifest, and the need of a local press ready to respond to the questions of the moment, became more and more urgent.

Hence, all the organisations which afterwards dwindled down and disappeared one after the other in the prisons, and the fortresses, and the mines of Siberia, attempted to establish their printing offices in Russia itself.

A fatality seemed, however, to weigh upon the undertakings of this kind; all proved short lived, and lasted only for a moment. They were sure to be discovered, directly they were established.

The Circle of the Karakosovzi had its printing office, which lasted only a few months.

The Circle of Neciaevzi had its own, but it had to be kept hidden all the time, until it was discovered together with the Organisation. The Dolguscini also had theirs, which was discovered directly it had printed two proclamations. The Circle of the Ciackovzi made several attempts to establish one, and had the type and an excellent machine ready, but was not been lucky enough to set it up, and for five years the machine and the type remained hidden away in some hole and corner, the Organisation being unable to make any use of them.

The difficulty, in fact, of setting up a printing office in a country where everything is watched, seemed insurmountable, because inherent in the undertaking. Books, papers, men, may be bidden; but how is a printing office to be bidden, which by its very nature betrays itself; which, in addition to its complicated and noisy operations, often requiring many people in combination, demands the continuous use of paper in large quantities, afterwards to be sent out as printed matter?

After the innumerable attempts which had been made and had failed, the establishment of a Secret Press was universally recognised,

The re-election of the blinder immediately triggered the ire of those who have not forgotten the mutilated bodies of demonstrators left on the sidewalk in recent years by the forces of order. In Paris, Rennes, Toulouse, Marseille, Lyon... many people took to the streets on Sunday evening to invite, in a more or less wild way, Macron to leave. A symbolic invitation, a reaffirmation in the street of the non-consensus already expressed by the desertion of the polling stations, a testimony of dissension.

However, the elections have ended. On Monday 25, the media reported that the expert in punctured eyes had won 58.55% of the votes, against 41.45% for the heir-ess of the Etripeur. A virtual result, without taking into account abstention, which would have reached 28%. Apparently, this is the highest rate since the elections of June 1969, the first after the famous May insurrection.

Who knows how many of these abstentionists had gone to see a film that was released in theaters at the time and that had been quite successful, a film completed in April 1968 by the *enfant-terrible* of French cinema and starring a famous comedian. This film narrated the trials of a high school teacher who, very upset by the growing disinterest of his students after discovering that television was the cause of young peoples' apathy, went up on the roofs of Paris to sabotage the antennas. What childish nonsense...

Now that we are no longer going to storm the heavens, we are wallowing in the mud. The most terrifying practical demonstration of which we have seen in the last two years, when billions of people have not hesitated to exchange their lives for their survival, the feeling of freedom for that of security. Faced with the denunciations against those who walked in the open air, with the permanent demands for a health pass, with the social exclusion of those who refused to be inoculated with an experimental pharmaceutical concoction, with the gullibility towards the crudest lies of the scientist propaganda - aberrations reproduced identically in the urgency of the present war - how can we still dream of a meeting between feelings and minds? Which feelings, which minds? How can we not recognize, once and for all, that it is really the "happy servants who are the fiercest enemies of freedom"? A terrible observation, which shakes the mental universe in which we grew up and to which we are accustomed. And which, when it does not plunge us into a morose discouragement, can only push us on earthly paths to be invented, rather than stub-

deliberately go up in smoke.

26/4, Pouzin (France).
In Ardèche, around 3 am, the 20,000 volt cables that pass under the bridge over the Rhone river catch fire. Electricity was cut off in several surrounding villages for several hours, and road traffic was prevented until the afternoon.

27/4, Ile-de-France/Meuse (France)
"Half a dozen" long-distance fiber optic cables providing the Paris-Lille, Paris-Lyon and Paris-Strasbourg links are sabotaged in a coordinated manner between 3 and 5 am in several places in the territory. *SFR* loses 2/3 of its traffic, and *Free* a portion, while several private operators of cables for companies or international (*Sparkle, Alphaslink, euNetworks, Colt, F5, Zayo or Netalis*) are also affected." One operator will also specify that "The overloads have led to additional crashes" after rerouting national Internet traffic via the remaining cables. Finally, since they also feed the relay antennas, some cell phone networks are also slowed down.

28/4, Leipzig (Germany).
A relay antenna operated by *Deutsche Bahn* (German Railways) on a stretch of railway "used for arms deliveries" is arsoned. *Deutsche Bahn* is regularly targeted in Germany, particularly for the logistical services it provides to the German army and NATO forces. "Attack militarism! For anarchy!", concludes the claim, while expressing solidarity with the anarchists affected by a wave of raids in Munich.

29/4, Villenauxe-la-Grande (France).
In Aube, a prisoner who had obtained permission to visit the Camille-Claudel museum in Nogent-sur-Seine, fooled the guards just before the visit, before escaping by car thanks to an accomplice on the scene.

29/4, Nancy (France).
In Meurthe-et-Moselle, a prisoner who had received permission to come and recite one of his poems at the Opera in front of a group of VIPs, manages to escape by running away at the end of the reception that followed the performance.

30/4, Pamiers (France).
In Ariège, the 508 Peugeot, the cops' latest model, deliberately goes up in smoke right in front of the cop shop at around 2 am.

End of April, Paris (France).
A fraudster sets fire to an RATP service car in the 20 district. "The wheels of this morbid normalcy are downstairs from you! Let's put some roadblocks in the wheels of daily routine!" the claim concluded.

End of April, Picardy (France).
In the forest of Holnon, located at the west of Saint-Quentin (Aisne), the trailer of a forest exploiter is voluntarily burned, with damages estimated at 300,000 euros. That same month in the Halatte forest (Oise), another forestry trailer had already suffered the same fate.

MAY 2022

2/5, Moscow (Russia).
On the square of the Revolution near the monument to Karl Marx, a molotov is thrown at OMON riot vehicles (special forces of the Russian Ministry of the Interior) which are usually parked there. The flames managed to eat away at one of them for several minutes before being extinguished. The anti-war protester was arrested.

3/5, Toulouse (France).
In Haute-Garonne, a communiqué announced the destruction of the window of a real estate agency the previous month: "Down with private

bornly pounding the paved roads.

Let us say it brutally: it is useless to want to exalt in the eyes of blissful philistines this freedom which, when it is not totally alienated, is perceived by them with fear as a threat, or with contempt as a "liberal conception" or a "bourgeois invention". So there is only one thing left to do: to send the happiness of their servitude into ruins.

On Tuesday night, April 27, between 3:00 and 5:00 a.m., several hands armed with pliers sliced through several fiber optic cables that allow electronic data to circulate, preventing Internet access for several hours, if not days, in the regions of Auvergne-Rhône-Alpes, Bourgogne-Franche-Comté, Grand-Est and Île-de-France. A series of "coordinated malicious actions of unprecedented magnitude" - according to the French Federation of Telecommunications - which occurred almost simultaneously in several points of the French territory, disrupting digital connectivity on the axes Paris-Lyon, Paris-Strasbourg and Paris-Lille. "In twenty years of Internet, this is the first time I've seen a physical attack of this magnitude," an anonymous expert told *Le Monde*. The cut fibers are special interregional and long-distance fiber optic cables, also used by local and international operators and connected to different data centers, which are not located in street cabinets, but in specific underground manholes. Some of these cables contain hundreds of the thinnest optical fibers. Since these manholes were located in isolated areas, the anonymous saboteurs had plenty of time to not only cut through but also amputate sections of the cables, making their repair more time-consuming and labor intensive.

The trimming of these cables has had a domino effect on interconnection. And while telephone company executives try to downplay the impact of such "vandalism," reassuring that the network is substantially invulnerable, so extensive that it could absorb the cutting of any one node, it stands to reason that in such circumstances, any alternate route where data is channeled is likely to quickly become congested, and so malfunction. As one repair manager had to admit, "the overloads have led to additional crashes, which is difficult to manage". This would become impossible if these interruptions were to multiply, overlap and extend, both in time and space.

It is easy to understand why the Paris public prosecutor's office quickly opened an investigation to find out who had

who physically attack the structures and people of domination out of action. While these two dimensions always go together and are not as separate as some would like to believe, bringing in a 40-ton truck to seize a guillotine and a lead type printing press is rather reminiscent of measures common in other regimes. And in this age of openly pluralistic but profoundly totalitarian industrial and technological acceleration, a practice that seemed obsolete might well surprise us again - especially since the best way to defuse any possible danger from the dissemination of anarchist writings is of course its ongoing virtualization, its technological de-realization. But nothing disappears forever and everything remains potentially present.

The generalization of wage labor has not definitively abolished servitude, the establishment of nuclear power plants has not made coal mines disappear, the rationalization of production has not sent artisanal mines to the dustbin of history. Today, this myth of progress seems to suffer the setbacks to reality which arrive to tear off the veil of de-realization. Many things that this myth had relegated to a past that would never return are today taking their place in a reality from which they had, ultimately, never entirely disappeared. War is again erupting on the European continent, shortages are becoming visible even on the supermarket shelves, the threat of nuclear annihilation is adding to the genocidal practices that accompany conflicts, climate change is raising the spectre of famine and extermination for more and more inhabitants of this dying planet. In such a scenario, the seizure of an anarchist print space should not surprise us. The time when it was necessary to hide printing spaces, to build up discreet stocks of paper, to organize an underground and capillary diffusion of news of the struggle and of the deepening of reflection, has not disappeared definitively from the scene of history. The conditions for such scenarios, even in the

shadow of tolerant Western democracies, are becoming more and more present and will become increasingly pronounced as social pressures rise and imbalances spread.

That is why the seizure of an anarchist printing space in Munich concerns all of us.



so easy to do. The anarchist and anti-authoritarian “movement” of today is not capable of bringing thousands of people into the streets when one of its printing presses is seized (although it has been at specific times in history), and is it not able to measure up when its public initiatives are stifled by police doubling down on repression. And this is not only to do with a quantitative reduction – a very significant one – of the anarchist ranks, but also with the profound transformation of social relations in the last decades. The technological restructuring of capitalist exploitation, the inclusion of almost all areas of life in state management and the capitalist sphere, the eradication of any community that is not the one (multiple, in fact) produced by the technological hydra, without even mentioning the appalling assault on language, its terrible impoverishment and its replacement by images conveyed on the omnipresent screens, or the abyss of thoughtlessness and stupor into which a good part of humanity is throwing itself (or being pushed, ultimately it doesn’t matter): all this is not without consequences for action and the diffusion of anarchist ideas. In the same vein, anarchists do not remain unscathed either: they too are affected, even absorbed, by the avalanche of new technologies, of instantaneous mediated communication, by the difficulty of projecting themselves further than tomorrow, or by the inability to distinguish between what would be important to publish and diffuse today and what is only a sad testimony of the existential emptiness that is taking hold of them as well as of their contemporaries.

In short, the fact that the state regularly and with ever more reckless nonchalance attacks the few anarchist spaces that remain visible is not a testament to our *strength*, but to our *weakness*. Honestly, everything else seems to just be verbiage that does not advance necessary reflection, rhetorical exaggeration to avoid having to confront the question that becomes inescapable with

each seizure of a newspaper, with each prosecution of anarchists with the poor pretext of illicit organization (with the choice of “criminal”, “terrorist”, “subversive”, “illegal”...): *how to continue to act* in this era of technological gloom where consciences are waning and our mental forests are being razed? With what methodology, with what forms of organization, with what attempts to make the same mistakes? If we can only share the proud assertion that we will refuse to adapt our ideas to the very end, that we will resist their flattening, even if it means a hopeless last stand to defend the idea of *total freedom*, we believe that we must *understand* the conditions in which we act and not ignore them.

Such a blatantly totalitarian operation as the seizure of printing machines (remember that in the days of systematic censorship applied to anarchist publications, the state mostly limited itself to blacking out passages deemed too close to “incitement to crime”, too virulent or beyond the scope of “freedom of expression”, and even in the most extreme cases to the seizure of the printed matter – and not of the printing tools) is something that concerns all anarchists, no matter which activities they dedicate themselves to or which paths they have chosen to follow. Not because it will provide proof that the anarchist word is always a threat to the stability of the state, or because it will update the old belief that imagines the advent of revolution as the result of awakening sleeping consciences thanks to the tireless efforts of sleepless anarchist propagandists. No, it concerns us all because it is indicative of the state of the world, of the state of social relations and of the near future in which we will be led to act – or to renounce. Without joining the chorus of legalist indignation, it can be said that the seizure of printers, the closure of public spaces, the dissolution of relatively open groups, bring us into another dimension than the ultimately “normal” or “logical” repression, which aims to put those

wanted to “*harm the fundamental interests of the nation*”. Among the fine journalists, there are those who suspect the intervention of Russian spies, assuming that Putin wanted to issue a warning for Macron’s re-election, and those who devote themselves to scrutinizing the publications of the pseudo-ultra-left – which includes a little bit of everything – taking particular interest in an anarchist blog (sansnom.noblogs.org) that has written a headline that, according to them, if it “*is not a claim, denotes at least a certain jubilation*”.

This is not the first time that sabotage against the Internet network has occurred in France: similar moments had already taken place in May 2020, in the middle of a lockdown. But this is the classic submerged part of the iceberg, because countless attacks are now taking place almost daily throughout France against the technical infrastructure of alienation.

Keeping the economy going is only one of the fundamental interests of the nation (i.e. of those who govern it). But striking the Internet not only prevents many businesses from doing their despicable work, it especially hinders the permanent supply of what Aldous Huxley called soma, and which we know today as Facebook, Netflix, YouTube, Instagram, Twitter... digital drugs that (almost) no one seems to be able to live without, since from now on thanks to them “you’re so conditioned that you can’t help doing what you ought to do. And what you ought to do is on the whole so pleasant, so many of the natural impulses are allowed free play, that there really aren’t any temptations to resist. And if ever, by some unlucky chance, anything unpleasant should somehow happen, why, there’s always soma to give you a holiday from the facts. And there’s always soma to calm your anger, to reconcile you to your enemies, to make you patient and long-suffering.”

Reconciled with our enemies, patient and tolerant, we lock ourselves up at home, we wear a mask that is only useful to prevent us from breathing, we pay to show off our license to be exploited, we have a chemical mixture inoculated into us that gives us no immunity and may even prove harmful. Reconciled with our enemies, patient and tolerant, we act as spectators of a war by taking sides with one or the other head of state. Reconciled with our enemies, patient and tolerant, every day we let ourselves be ordered, controlled, put in files, measured, subject to protocols, humiliated.

Sabotaging the Internet does not only mean disrupting the

property and gentrification, down with the elections, down with the state, down with this world’ it said.

3/5, Nizhnevartovsk (Russia). In Western Siberia, unknown people throw two molotovs against the entrance of the military registration and enlistment office at about 3:30 am.

5/5, Athens (Greece). *Anarchists and companions* attack the riot police in front of the offices of the socialist party PASOK by throwing molotovs at them.

6/5, Athens (Greece). *Queers and anarchists* attack a platoon of riot police following the acquittal of the jeweler who killed the queer anarchist Zacky.

8/5, Douardenez (France). In Finistère, the local *Socialist Party* office loses its large front window at around 4:30 am.

8/5, Paris (France). A prisoner incarcerated at the Nanterre prison manages to escape during an appointment at the Pompidou hospital in Paris. While handcuffed, he left the toilet and escaped through an open door to the hospital’s emergency parking lot.

8/5, Cherepovets (Russia). In Vologda Oblast, two unidentified people threw several molotovs at the windows of the military registration and enlistment office. The fire damaged two window frames and blackened the facade of the building.

9/5, Thessaloniki, Greece. *Night owls of the flame* claim responsibility for the fire at dawn on 27/3 that engulfed mayor Demourtzidis’ car, parked behind the town hall of Stavroupolis. “*This attack is a small contribution to the*

spread of direct actions in the dead silence of the city'.

13/5, Omsk (Russia). In Siberia, unknown people threw several molotovs through the windows of the military registration and enlistment office. Two windows were broken, and one of the 30 m² offices went up in smoke, along with many archives.

13/5, Berlin (Germany). In the district of Moabit, a car belonging to the son of Christopher Gröner, billionaire and owner of the real estate company *CG-Gruppe*, goes up in smoke. "Let's confront the real estate speculators openly and drive them out of this city", concludes the communiqué.

course of business, the administrative bureaucracy, the military-police apparatus. It also means to sabotage without any scruples or consideration the happiness of the servants, even if it was partly our happiness, knowing that even in the *New Digital World* "the soma habit was not a private vice, it was a political institution, it was the very essence of life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness guaranteed by the Bill of Rights. But this most precious of the subjects' inalienable privileges was at the same time one of the most powerful instruments of rule in the dictator's armory... The daily soma ration was an insurance against personal maladjustment, social unrest and the spread of subversive ideas."

Nothing will ever be the same again! cannot be a simple slogan to display before participating in an umpteenth rally, an umpteenth assembly, an umpteenth demonstration. The experiences of the past remain instructive, provided that they are not transformed into consoling canticles to be repeated without consequences. To put it bluntly, the past or the present provide no model, no point of reference, no support - only some suggestions. There is no people to send to the rescue, there is no proletariat or social movement to organize, there is no dangerous class living outside and against the bourgeoisie. We are in hostile territory, at every moment. Often obliged to hide in order to survive, but not deprived of the possibility of ambushing an enemy that is more and more colossal, and therefore more and more clay-footed.

The wonders of the night will only open up to those who know how to walk under the moon in solitude, with clear ideas, some knowledge, some tools and a lot of fury. Without mirrors in which to reflect or to consult.

Translated from Italian,
Finimondo, April 30 2022

| This concerns everyone |

At the first light of dawn, a 40-ton truck sets off in the light rain. It is not one of the thousands of trucks that transport goods by road, however, and its mission is far less trivial. With its headlights on, the truck is driving through the suburbs of the Bavarian capital, Munich. In its wake is the gloomy silhouette of a crane that seems ready to plunge its mechanized claws into some prey. It is a real convoy: the truck is indeed escorted by police cars, sirens off. When they arrive at their destination, police officers jump out of their vehicles, break down a door, then rush into the rooms. The operation is not about finding something, *they are there to seize*. Contrary to what one might imagine, they do not get their hands on any suspects. Nor on hermetically sealed canisters of explosive precursors or well-hidden weapons, the absence of which is certainly not proof of an undesirable innocence in this deadly world. There is not even a single jerry can of gasoline lying around. And for good reason—this was not what the police were looking for in any case. They had come to get their hands on a completely different weapon, one that sharpens the mind and strengthens reflection. In Munich on April 22, 2022, the cops came to seize... a print space dedicated to anarchist writings.

As companions from there later recounted, the cops got their hands on the entire print space: "the risograph (a printing machine) with its associated drums, the cutting machine, the sorting machine, the gluing machine, and even a historic letterpress and dozens of drawers of lead letters, which has all ended up in the cops' evidence rooms." Tens of thousands of sheets of blank paper, liters of ink and other printing consumables were also taken, along with thousands of books, brochures and newspapers. A considerable booty, which explains the presence of the

truck and the crane in this detestable morning convoy.

Elsewhere in the city, other police teams coordinated by the State Security (Section K43, "Politically Motivated Crime") broke down the doors of four apartments, searched several basements and the anarchist library *Frevel*. The judicial pretext for the whole operation is not very original: it is the controversial §129, the article of the German penal code which aims at "the creation of a criminal organization". Anarchists, *outlaws* par excellence - at least in their ideas (for their ranks have not been spared the disease of legalism and the paralyzing or calculated fear of any transgression of the law), have always been persecuted by states using such articles of the penal code. To this day, we can see States bring out these legal instruments to repress anarchist groups, to attack organizational informality and affinity constellations that flee from the rigid schemes of an Organization with a capital letter, to limit the ever precarious margin of public initiatives and spaces of encounter and diffusion, to discourage those who write and disseminate anarchist writings such as the anarchist weekly *Zundlumpen*, which is in the sights of the Bavarian police and which seems to be one of the racks on which they intend to hang other elements of their investigation.

Contrary to some rhetoric, we don't think that the state is attacking our spaces, publications and printing infrastructure because it is *afraid* of anarchist speech, or because it feels *threatened* by our distribution of books and newspapers, though this idea is unfortunately still in vogue among companions, and seems to be more a matter of self-consolation therapy. It's just that for the state, *it's one of those things that has become*