

EDITORIAL

So, 2020 was the year in which we got everything we did not want, and more. This third edition of RUMOER is somewhat later than planned cause of all this misery. But don't be sad: we're still here! There's unrest globally, even besides all the pandemic-hassle. In this edition you find news about all of that, from very far away to very nearby. There is space for the events following the police murder on George Floyd: an eyewitness report and a statement by a revolutionary abolitionist from Minneapolis. Also the fire in the camp on Lesbos is spoken about in a call out: Let the fire of the revolt burn their world of papers and borders. The pandemic didn't prevent court cases from happening, and you will find a report about the case in Brussels.

About this pandemic we could say many things... but all the people pretending to be able to make the right analysis and have the truth on their side can go fuck their selves. All these little stories and media-hypes just exist to take away the attention from the real problems around the world: the power-hungry, war making, money obsessed, and nature destroying humanity. It's only because of ourselves it could get this far... We have never been much for this primitivism thing, but maybe we should check it out in 2021. Because there is a fast and intense technologization going on, which made the general fear of this world accelerate and explode. The smart cameras, crowd-controlling drones, nano-listening devices, sick apps on your everywhere tracking phone are what are frightening us though. We don't need to hear wild conspiracies to feel this. The miserable virus didn't cause this.

The rhetoric of the state about the pandemic is about the war against a virus, but the real war was is the one against nature and the earth, against freedom and the not-knowing. We mean consuming everything till exhaustion, everything one can put their hands on, and then throw away what already wasn't necessary. We mean the pollution of the air, the water, the soil. We mean the limitless flying around the globe, like fools looking for something- not realizing that their actually running away from boredom and numbing from the world we live in. We inserted a text about the pandemic, but also one about catastrophism and the interest the established order has in crises.

But, as said, around the world it has shown that the measurements of control didn't stop people from taking the streets or doing naughty things at night to the representatives of power and the ones that profit from it. In many prisons around the world revolts broke out, starting in Italy in more than thirty prisons. Let us find the courage to have joy in sabotage, to find the power in a coincidental meeting on the street in which you can protect each other from controllers. A lockdown also provides opportunities: fewer people or cops on the street, more free time...

Throughout this issue you will find pictures of the graffiti-game, that is something to be enjoyed. Also there's a chapter from the book *Adios Prison*, with a cool escape-story and there is a small text about luxury cars in Amsterdam that went up in flames.

For freedom and joy, against oppression and misery,

XXX and see you soon on the streets,

RUMOER

P.S. We think it is really nice and important to spread this magazine for free, in social spaces, by mail and also on the street. This unfortunately does cost money... You can now contribute to this via:

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ON THE EVENTS IN MINNEAPOLIS	3
LESBOS: MAY THE FIRE OF REVOLT BURN THEIR WORLD OF PAPERS AND BORDERS	5
BRUSSEL: THE ONE SPECTACLE THAT CONTINUES DESPITE VIRUSES AND LOCKDOWNS	7
ATHENS: OUR DIGNITY IN QUARANTINE?	10
EIGHT CARS ON FIRE IN AMSTERDAM	12
BOOKREVIEW: WITH BLOOD AND WORDS	13
FROM FAR AND NEARBY	14
WORDS OF LOVE AND STRENGTH	22
CATASTROPHISM - XXII	23
A ROPE AND A MOTORBIKE FROM ADIOS PRISON	24

ON THE EVENTS IN MINNEAPOLIS

AN EYEWITNESS REPORT AND A REVOLUTIONARY ABOLITIONIST STATEMENT

THE BATTLE FOR THE 3RD PRECINCT: A PERSONAL ACCOUNT

Report from Minneapolis, copied from: <https://plagueandfire.noblogs.org/the-battle-for-the-3rd-precinct-a-personal-account/>

When I arrived in the afternoon at 3rd precinct the vibe was jovial as thousands of people chilled around a burning car campfire in the bombed out Target mini-mall. With the backdrop of a waterfall pouring out of the charred skeleton of a massive torched two-story housing development, people celebrated their success and how surreal the entire situation was. Packed vehicles with folks hanging out the windows weaved through the Target parking-lot yelling, "Fuck 12!" blaring Lil Boosie's "Fuck the police" – a song that's become default to Midwest riot culture.

As the sun went down the mood shifted towards rage as the 3rd precinct siege began in earnest. Eventually, the building was smashed and broken into. In a last ditch effort to hold their territory, the pigs huddled in cowardice towards the back of the police station and lobbed tear gas into the wrath-swollen crowds of combatants. Fed-up and in the mood for a fight, the free people of the north pelted the ill-equipped enemy with projectiles behind make shift plywood shield-walls as they slowly overwhelmed the pigs.

With munitions likely running low and no options left aside from a strategic yet pathetic retreat, nothing remained to contest the takeover. The precinct was taken.

As the flames from a 2-story building about a block away touched the heavens as it reached its apex, the 3rd precinct became a piñata. Its fences were torn down as the structure was smashed porous; and the front-portion was set ablaze as 20ft flames signaled flawless victory. At this point the rioters entered into what I can only describe as an ecstatic frenzy as a multi-decade blight was deleted and with it the pain its facade represented. As thousands sat and watched this bitch burn, I couldn't help but think about the generations of people tormented, tortured,

and/or murdered by the sub-humans that walked the halls of this precinct. The precision of this act of vigilante justice oozed with the vitriol and fury of ancestral vengeance.

At this point, rioters broke into the back portion of the precinct that wasn't ablaze – its a really long building – and began looting it for weapons, bulletproof vests, rounds, and other useful items. There were rumors going around that rioters were trying to set the back half of the building on fire, but I suspect a reason they didn't might've had something to do with all the goodies they were sacking from its innards.

Some folks did take it upon themselves to start a solid trash fire in the parking lot as people gazed in awe of the performance. Simultaneous to this, another building was set ablaze down the street, I can't confirm which one it was although I could see the flames in the distance.

The first gunshots of the night echoed in the air as some patriot appeared to be shooting semi-auto rounds into the sky while rattling on about all sorts of beta shit "blah blah 1776... blah blah we will not submit to the NWO...". Initially this shook people as live rounds tend to, but eventually it became evident these fools were mostly just looking for a cool sound-bite and temporal symbolic victory for a social media presence or some shit as one of the fuck-weasels seemed to be broadcasting his actions to his followers. After puffing out their chests for a few minutes, they left.

Around this time people started to report that the National Guard was being staged to retake the 3rd precinct. This had a tangible effect on the mood of 10% of the folks (especially with all the gunshots heard in the surrounding neighborhoods), but everyone else for the most part seemed unfazed. Some continued to build burning barricades, some looted Arby's (and eventually set it on fire), and others danced on top of and around cars blaring Meek Mill while energy-drink-pounding savages on crotch rockets did burnouts and badass tricks anywhere they could find space. If I had to put a vibe to that moment, I would say it landed somewhere between Fast and Furious (not counting that weak-ass Tokyo Drift shit) and the spirit of Ferguson.

While I can attest most accurately to the happenings around the 3rd precinct, the entire Twin Cities was being sacked. H&M in Uptown was reported to have been looted, people were rioting and looting in downtown Minneapolis, and after a day of mall destruction in Midway, rioters had turned their sites on other places in St. Paul. This isn't including the handfuls of accounts of small time looting and general spike in criminal activity going on all over both cities due to normies probably realizing that if the pigs can't protect a measly precinct without calling in the National Guard, they're clearly over stretched and simply can't be everywhere.

As I packed it in for the night, the destruction seemed to be pushing forward at a break-neck pace with rumored arsons across the entire Twin Cities and reports of people turning their focus onto the 1st and/or 4th precinct(s) as the 5th was rumored to be completely abandoned. It's difficult to encapsulate the energy of the battle for the 3rd precinct into pixels. I guess you had to be there. The current landscape around Lake St. was/is reminiscent of scenes from Escape from L.A., as 5-10 long Minneapolis blocks were either on fire or smashed-out with nearly no police presence or hope for reprieve from the insatiable war-dance. If the spirit of that night is any indication of what's to come, I seriously doubt the arrests of Floyd's killers or the National Guard is going to do much to subdue people's anger. This is about getting even in a time where there is much more to get even for.

The spiritual and strategic victory in compromising and sacking the 3rd precinct is incalculable and the symbolic power unleashed of what is possible in future revolts is nothing short of incredible.

Police stations CAN be overtaken.
The state CAN be bent to our will.
Long live anarchy and the free people of the north!



Burning cop station in the riots after George Floyd's death.

WHO IS THE ENEMY? POLICE AND LIBERAL COUNTERINSURGENCY

The following text was published by the Revolutionary Abolitionist Movement after the developments as described in the eyewitness report in the text before this one. It gives context to the previous text and discusses some important points. We took it from <https://www.revolutionaryabolition.org/>

"A truly abolitionist position includes not only the abolition of police, but also that of prisons, courts, military, and politicians--all of which are interconnected."

The anti-police uprising that began in Minneapolis and spread throughout the US provided a glimpse of the revolutionary potential that can be unleashed against the white supremacist foundation of American society.

In the weeks following the burning of the third precinct in Minneapolis, corporate media, educational institutions, liberal politicians, and non-profit activists have attempted to smother the revolutionary energy of the streets. In some way this is more efficient than police repression, due to its insidious deceptiveness.

After the media and politicians denounced militants as "outside agitators," liberal activists have been

promoted as the “true leaders” of the movement in the mainstream press. They preach non-violence, de-escalation and participation in the electoral system as a solution for police violence. Democratic Party politicians, who have draped themselves in kente cloths, are scrambling to appease protesters with compromises and reform. While the idea of police abolition has been popularized, it has been conflated with reform in the capitalist press, echoing calls to simply ‘defund’ the police.

They boost images of police and politicians taking a knee, while liberals cheer, in an attempt to conceal the black insurgency that caused police to flee the third precinct like rats from a sinking ship and Trump to hide, scared for his life, in a bunker under the White House.

The police do not exist in a vacuum. They are merely enforcers of a white supremacist system that devalues, degrades and ultimately destroys black lives. A truly abolitionist position includes not only the abolition of police, but also that of prisons, courts, military, and politicians—all of which are interconnected. For revolutionary abolitionists in the U.S., the enemy is not only the police, but also capitalism and the State

as a whole. Revolutionaries must also firmly oppose the liberal counter-revolutionaries of corporate media and non-profits, who do the job of the police for them while pretending to act in the interest of black people. These institutions, while appearing like allies in the struggle, are, in actuality, the predominant counterinsurgent institutions. When the bludgeon doesn’t work the NGO often does.

From an abolitionist position, no compromise with white supremacy is possible, and any reform only strengthens the position of the enemy. It is this system—the entire apparatus—we must abolish. Abolition is not a demand, but the result of collective action. The burning of precincts and police vehicles are abolitionist actions. People finding their power defending their communities is an act of abolition. Physically driving the police out is abolition.

We will not allow the liberal counterinsurgency to co-opt and distort the movement to abolish police and prisons!

Drive all police off the streets! No reform can abolish white supremacy!

Through revolutionary action, we will win!

LESBOS: MAY THE FIRE OF REVOLT BURN THEIR WORLD OF PAPERS AND BORDERS

October 6, from actforfree.nostate.org

Most states nowadays like to dress in pacifist clothes, which is of course only a facade. This social order is maintained through wars, the associated production of weapons and border security. Even if in most European realities, the consequences of all of this can easily be ignored, it is precisely there that the biggest arms producers and exporters are to be found. So even if the bombs do not detonate on our doorstep, we are surrounded by their developers, researchers and profiteers. Millions of people cross the borders every day, despite all the obstacles that this world puts in front of them like barbed wire, money, identity cards, military, surveillance and so on. It is becoming more and more difficult to move undetected and the authorities are developing new technologies to make clandestine movement impossible. The expansion of biometric facial recognition, for example, which identifies and tracks people through cameras linked to image databases.

New developments in technology also supports the fact that warfare and massacring people (because of territorial, religious and economic issues) becomes something abstract. Because pressing a few buttons or operating a joystick creates a greater distance between the killer and the killed and this provokes less ethical conflict.

Through the creation of supranational structures such as the EU, NATO, the European Border and Coast Guard (Frontex), etc., effective warfare and border security is achieved. Greece, for example, can portray itself as a martyr of the European border protection. So they can use any means (shots fired, tear gas, destroying boats of refugees etc.) while being supported by the other European countries, because it is after all their common external border.

But the facade of their disgusting game – in which an individual is worth nothing, is erased into a mass to be managed and becomes subject of power-political

questions – is crumbling. After 170 days of curfew, quarantine for all camp residents, many cases of tuberculosis and scabies, no food and medical care – Camp Moria on Lesbos (originally designed for 3,000 people, more than 13,000 people lived there) burns down almost completely on the night of September 9th. A few days later a fire also breaks out in the Camp Vathy on the island Samos, but is quickly put out. Since then, more than 12,000 people are sleeping on the streets of Lesbos – without shelter, sanitation and access to food, blocked and attacked by the cops and fascists.

long as there are laws and law enforcement officers, there will be legal and illegal. And as long as there are states and borders, there will be wars, exploitation and persecution.

We do not want to cooperate in any way with their disgusting logic and believe that it is possible everywhere to attack the structures of domination that form such a world.

Representatives from police, politics and military from all over the world will gather at November 24th till 26th in the Divani Caravel Hotel in Athens for the World-Borders-Security-Congress (www.world-border-congress.com) to strengthen their international relationships and exchange their experiences, new technologies and strategies. While the misery of the refugees on the islands reaches climax, those responsible for their situation will meet in Athens to discuss how to empower their border security and expand their defence politics. Our answer

can only be attack! Let us sabotage and attack this congress! And let us go beyond and destroy their prison-society, there are infinite points of attack! The responsible exist, they have names and addresses and we are surrounded by them. The parliament, the migration department, party offices, police stations, job centres, technology developers, weapons producers, construction companies of deportation camps and prisons and all others who contribute to the daily misery.



The Greek state quickly opened a new administrative prison, consisting of hundreds of white tents on a former military shooting range. However, the people there make it clear: “We would rather die here than to go to another camp”. The inmates of Moria are now no more homeless than before. Moria was not a home, it was a prison. We are not interested in making demands of the state for the issuing of papers, the opening of borders or the protection of so-called human rights. Because as long as there are papers, there will be included and excluded. As



Let the spark of the revolt of Moria be the start of a blazing fire against their world of borders, nations and imprisonment! Here and everywhere!

BRUSSELS: THE ONE SPECTACLE THAT CONTINUES DESPITE VIRUSES AND LOCKDOWNS

October 1, from *lalime.noblogs.org*

While the cultural sector is still debating social distancing restrictions with whatever politician appears to be in charge, one venue keeps on hosting its spectacles in spite of everyone. So we are disgusted to announce to you the upcoming theatrical performance taking place on the 8th and 9th of October 2020 in the Palais de Justice in Brussels (that Moloch built on top of the proletarian Marolles and adored by many authoritarians for its oppressive bombast).

Since it concerns an appeal case there will be no original content, alas! But be prepared for the rerun of unbelievable acts by the magician and prosecutor Malagnini.

Watch as he just needs to add one person to another to create the illusion of an organization, while putting one accusation he just came up with on the table to suddenly find yourself faced with a criminal organization. (His previous act where he would demonstrate the existence of a terrorist organization got cancelled after even the managers of the venue thought of it as too far fetched.)

Stand in amazement how fireworks in solidarity with locked-up immigrants gets twisted to fit the incredible story of an arson attack against those same people. Be blown off your feet by how the simple fact that there is no proof is, in fact, ... the proof. (Of course, since the *modus operandi* of the accused is that they remain unidentifiable. A proven hypothesis because we could not identify them. Aha!)

Wait with anguish for the appearance on stage of the magician's assistant and investigative magistrate Panou. See how she is able (is she though?) to explain that an investigation going out on a fishing expedition to find accusations against persons is not at all proactive (gathering intelligence in view of deeds that didn't happen yet or are unknown) but indeed reactive (starting from specific acts to identify their authors). (Yes, your honour, a proactive investigation would have been illegal under the circumstances. But! Somewhere, at some moment, something happened. So! It is a reactive investigation, in hindsight ...)

This is only a small and bitter taste of the infamous show that is already going on in Belgium since 2009 in the police departments and since 2016 in the juridical corridors. A show that distorts years of struggles and combative bounds against deportations, prisons, borders and other institutions of this oppressive society. We know that our individual lives and collective experiences will never fit their narrative, even if the collaborators in the rewriting of this clueless plot are eager to unveil their culprits to the audience.

So we invite you to do as you please on the 8th and 9th of October (the accused will do the same).

We'll speak,

Anarchists concerned (more or less) by current events in Brussels, but not exclusively.

P.S. A verdict will be expected in the month following the pitiful event.



THE CASE

End of 2008, in a period of spread hostilities released by the revolt in Greece after Alexis was murdered there by the cops, the federal prosecutor's office opened an exploratory investigation into anarchist in Belgium. In 2010, while the struggle against the construction of a new deportation center in Steenokkerzeel is opening up, investigative judge Panou is appointed. From then on the investigation was undertaken by the anti-terrorist department of the federal police. In May and September of 2013 a dozen house-searches took place, one of them in the anarchist library 'Acrata' in Brussels. This is the first time the ongoing investigation came to light. In 2014 the file was closed, 12 anarchist were put forth to the courts.

The main thread throughout the investigation, an investigation that produced no less than 32 boxes of paper, is the assumption from the federal prosecutor's office of the existence of a terrorist group that supposedly is active in Brussels and whose activities the accused either promoted or participated in. In the files a long list can be found of around 150 attacks (mostly arson) that took place in Brussels and the surrounding areas in the years 2008 to 2013. The attacks took place against structures of control: police stations, courts, banks, corporations that make money from detention, construction sites, cars of diplomats, NATO employees and eurocrats, cell towers etc. The file showed that not only the national police were involved in the investigation but also the domestic secret service, military intelligence and various anti-terrorist services from other European countries.

After the years-long investigation, the federal prosecutor's office came up with no less than 29 charges. Nine comrades are accused of membership in a terrorist organization for shorter or longer periods. Three among them are accused of being the leaders. Three other people detained on October 1, 2010, in the aftermath of an attack against a police station in the Brussels neighborhood of Marollen, are accused of being members of the terrorist organization for one day. This overarching theme is supplemented with more specific accusations like participating in an illegal protest for the closing of Centre 127b in Steenokkerzeel (re-framed as an attempted arson by the courts), preparation and participation in the attack against the police stations of the Marollen (classified by the prosecutor as 'a terrorist act'), inflicting bodily harm on police officers, blocking public roads, sabotages, shoplifting, arson against

cars of prisons guards on the parking lot of the Ittere prison, inciting terrorist crimes, etc. These specific charges target specific comrades every time, not everyone is accused of the same offenses.

After a session of the chamber of accusations, in trying to justify the extraordinary investigative methods (tailing people, phone-taps, placing of audio surveillance inside a house, secret house searches, attempts at infiltration, video surveillance inside and in front of a house) in October of 2015, the file was forwarded to the council chamber. On August 1, 2017, the court of Brussels ruled over the referral to the correctional courts and on the charges itself. The council chamber dismissed the enhancing circumstances of terrorism, on all the charges the federal prosecutors office had explicitly tried to add them. At the same time, the charge of a terrorist group is reclassified as "an organization formed with the purpose of harming people or property by disorderly conduct or committing of crimes". The council chamber also dismissed a series of charges for which they didn't see enough evidence in the file.

The process for the correctional courts took place on April 29 and 30, 2019. Two defendants were present in the courtroom but refused to answer questions from the public prosecutor. All 12 defendants are represented by lawyers. The verdict came on May 28, judge Keutgen acquitted nine defendants on the basis that "the applied investigation methods fell outside the strictly necessary and allowed means" and by doing so "caused irreparable damage to due process".

In relation to the attack on the police office in the Marollen, two defendants are acquitted and one is sentenced for resisting arrest but not given any punishment as the statute of limitations had passed. Some weeks later the lawyer appealed the court's decision (excluding the two defendants acquitted completely).

The case was handled in front of the court of appeal on October 8, 9, and 16, 2020. One of the defendants was present but refused to speak. Prosecutor Malagnini demanded sentencing of three to six years of effective jail time, higher demands than he made in the first instance. On November 12, judge Van Der Noot (who in court did not hide his antipathy toward the defendants) ruled. The accusation surrounding the demonstration at the closed center of Steenokkerzeel are not proven. The judge also found no evidence that an organization existed during the period of the investigation (but one did exist during the time the offenses were committed) and he recognized no leaders. Some facts the judge did find sufficiently proven "based on a totality of evidence" (history of the defendants, being in the

surrounding areas of the facts or leaving the house at “strange times” etc) but often without evidence that could identify specific individuals. That’s how (the suspicion of) being present on the location of the facts also became “partial responsibility for” the facts. This is how many accusations surrounding protests and “balades” (unannounced collective walks where posters are put up, flyers are distributed, slogans graffiti-ed, songs sung etc,) lead to sentences of damages, blockades, armed resistance, insulting eurocrats etc. A fight with two drivers and the damages to their limousines at the entrance of the “meeting surrounding the subversive book” in 2011 also resulted in convictions.

The above-mentioned facts, as well as some graffiti (“Eat the rich”, “Nique les proprios” (t/n “fuck the landlords”) and “Nique le fric” (t/n “fuck money”)) and the aggravating circumstance of “motivation by a hate for the rich” are seen as proven.

Several accusations reached the statute of limitations in the months leading up to the appeal, but the judge found a way to circumvent that by prolonging the allowed terms due to the lock down in spring (even though the process itself is not delayed by corona). Depending on the seriousness of the crime, aggravating circumstances like “assembly with the intent to” or “violations/ felonies” are added to the sentences. The five comrades that are sentenced solely for the first “lighter” category get three years of probation (if they commit any crime during that period the judge can punish then still for the preceding offenses). The comrades that also fall into the second category are sentenced to a probationary prison sentence, two get 10 months (probation lasting 5 years), one got 8 months (lasting 5 years), one got 6 months (lasting 3 years). The four comrades are also stripped of some civic rights during this period, employment in public services, being electable, voting). The comrade that was solely found guilty of “criminal organization” without specific felonies is acquitted. Next to that, fines are issued and more than half of the process and investigation costs have to be payed . The state will pay a little less than half, plus the costs for the wire tapping because these “provided no proof that led to conviction” (the costs of the telecom company amount to 92.000 euro).

In the mean time, another case was started by the correctional courts against seven anarchists. That case is the result of an investigation between 2012 and 2015 that was also led by the anti-terrorist department of the federal police, this time led by investigative judge ‘De Coster’. The initial accusations of belonging to a terrorist organization are not omitted by the lawyer. The final accusations are “inciting to committing felonies” (arson) and “disorderliness” (damages), both “without consequences” for six of

the accused and “possession of forbidden weapons” (pepper spray and a slingshot) for all seven. After being put in front of the chamber of accusations (to approve the investigation methods) and the chamber of counsel (that changed nothing on the charges), the first session took place in front of the correctional courts on May 29, 2020. The courts decided to put the case in front of the french language court instead of the dutch language court (in Brussels both exists in parallel).

Now we are waiting for a new date for the first session in front of the french correctional courts.



ATHENS: OUR DIGNITY IN QUARANTINE?

This flyer was distributed in different neighborhoods of Athens over the last two weeks. On public markets, on public transport and door by door. Published April 22 on actforfree.nostate.org

It all happened without anyone really realizing it. And now we find ourselves locked up in our houses, waiting for next day's news which we all know will contain more and more restrictions. Society is in crisis, they say, because of a virus spreading. The government is pressing that it is of most importance that we all do exactly what it says, and that by this we take our responsibility and act in solidarity. It stresses that the state of emergency is of course temporary, but necessary to win the war against what is seriously threatening our well being.

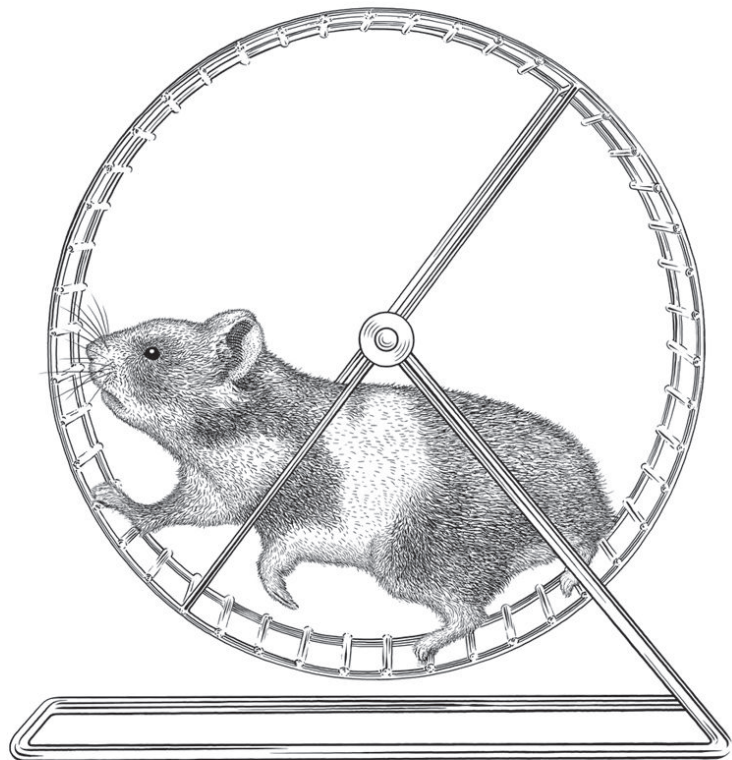
But wait a minute...Which virus?

Actually, we cannot know. All the information, numbers and statistics that are at the base of the imposed confinement are in the hands of the government and the specialists that work for them. It is not a matter of denying the actual existence of a virus going around, but to realize that the knowledge of its characteristics, how it spreads, how it can be tackled, but also the data concerning its impact, is in the hands of scientists around the globe, which often don't agree even among themselves about how to interpret them or which practical conclusions they would entail. The conclusion of the authorities on the other hand is simple; they know, we don't. And because of this we owe them complete obedience. The mass media is playing its classic role of servant of the system magnificently. Deciding what exists by only showing and endlessly repeating the story by the authorities, not giving a millimeter of space to deviant voices of any kind. Their job consists of fully preparing the grounds for the next even more totalitarian decisions. And isn't a virus the perfect enemy? Invisible and possibly everywhere, with everyone not complying to whatever rule is invented becoming an accomplice of that enemy. Justified to be oppressed with fines and prison sentences. A perfect context is created in which the state can shine as the ultimate savior.

Which responsibility?

And so we cannot open a newspaper or put on television without being told we should 'take our responsibility'. But what does this mean then?

They are asking us to blindly follow the orders of some politicians. But aren't they the same bureaucrats we were distrusting before? Didn't they proof so many times to be greedy and corrupt because they are driven much more by personal interest than by care for others? Didn't it show again and again that their hunger for power is bigger than any sense of justice or reason? And now again, maybe the thousands



of euros making sure helicopters are in the air controlling if we are staying in our houses could better be used in mmm... health care for example? These are the kind of people that are asking us to trust them, no questions asked, and call it 'taking our responsibility'. Would we not be doing the opposite then?

What we are really asked to do is to give up any conscience, critical thought, and autonomy, to welcome extreme government control in every aspect of our lives.

Which solidarity?

The misleading spectacle continues. We should obey the extreme measures being taken out of a sense of 'solidarity'. Isn't it cynical to hear these words from the mouths of the representatives of a system that is based on the exact opposite of solidarity? The whole year through we should run around like chicken without heads to keep up with the constant game of competition, to be exploited, to be hunted by cops for whatever reason they feel like that day, and be robbed by statesmen which made their profession out of it, and now they come to us and dare to speak about solidarity? They dare to act as if they care about our well-being? What about the millions of people living in poverty so people like those in the government can be rich? What about all the people dying at their crappy jobs feeding the relentless economical machine? What about those being tortured in the police stations by the uniformed executioners of the state? What about the thousands of migrants dying at the borders every year? Where is the government with its big speeches about solidarity then?

While they are trying to feed us their hypocrite tales about solidarity in reality we see that the lockdown is locking loads of people up in unbearable circumstances. Children in their homes under the uninterrupted rule of violent parents for example. Or partners, husbands and wives stuck in abusive relationships. Thousands of migrants being trapped in camps, in even worse conditions than usual. In prisons all visits stopped, as did all access of prisoners to material, food and clothes coming from the outside. Empty spaces in prisons are being used to isolate prisoners with symptoms of the corona-virus, these spaces being empty in most cases because they are in not fit to host prisoners. One can only imagine the effect this will have on the health of the prisoners being dumped there... In the prisons in Italy massive revolts broke out after general restrictions on all levels were introduced. Probably the only way for the prisoners to save their dignity seeing the conditions they are forced in. Also in Spain and France prisoners are standing up and fighting back, as other prisoners around the world.

The state doesn't know what solidarity means and has never been concerned about our well-being. As always, it will be up to us to take care of each other, and make sure that those that need it get support. When the government uses the word solidarity, it is only to give a feeling of guilt to those who don't obey their orders, and to push people to internalize its authority.

Which crisis?

So they tell us we are in crisis. Maybe somebody can tell us when the moment comes that we are not in

crisis? From the financial crisis to the climate crisis, through the migrant crisis to the corona crisis. It seems the system has a lot of different names for what always turn out to be periods which are used to restructure its power, to enlarge and intensify its oppression. In this case, especially in this case, it will not be different. The idea of a condition of crisis has always been used to contextualize a further totalitarian evolution of power. The rhythm on which this evolution is forced is not always the same of course. The bigger and more urgent they can make the crisis look like, the bigger and faster the change can be. It goes without saying that the current 'crisis' is giving the government (all the governments) the perfect context in which to take giant steps in the development of their mechanisms of control and oppression.

Which exceptional state of emergency?

It is always repeated that whatever steps that are taken are 'temporary', but this is a lie. Many occasions in the past showed us that at least a part of the measures from 'states of emergency' were kept afterward and were inbedded in laws never to be taken back. From big examples like 9/11 that changed forever the abilities of states to track, trace and record everyone, to more recent times in which terrorist attacks were used as a pretext to introduce many new ways to bring to court whoever disagrees with the state, to get the army (in a lot of places permanently) on the streets, to boost the general collection of data etc.

And here, didn't the new government launch a general state of emergency in the capital aimed at the total repression of the unwanted (homeless, anarchists, drug users, squatters etc.) since last year? We all know they are working non-stop on creating an image of 'crisis' (in this case some kind of 'security crisis') to justify its absolute thirst for power, implying that its fascist behavior and totalitarian policies would be of 'necessary but temporary' nature... And now, what is massively happening? People turn toward the internet for their needs, for all their needs.

From communicating to consuming, from working to relaxing. In the blink of an eye a big part of life has deliberately been transferred to cyberspace. By this it becomes even more easy for the state to follow, register and surveil the daily activity of whoever. But especially, it is our own will and creativity to 'solve' a lot of the problems being caused by our mass imprisonment, that help normalizing it and finally push its acceptance. The managing of the current situation will bring forth an unimaginable set of experiences, tools and know-how that can and will continue to be used whenever estimated necessary by those in power.

Which war?

But all objections or criticisms are undesirable or even dangerous, because after all 'we are at war'. At war against a biological event, against nature actually. Isn't this indicative for these modern times? We forget more and more how to live with or in nature, but multiply and intensify our wars against it. Our whole way of living is built on the exploitation of nature and, if this reality is not overthrown soon, its total destruction. Maybe it is the western arrogance culturally believing we are above all things, and so always extending our ways to control them. Always looking at nature in terms of its practical value to 'civilized' society. And when we are confronted with something that causes discomfort everything will be put in place to tame it, to manipulate or eradicate it. So a constant war is being waged, against nature, against life and against death. It became an unimaginable thought that we would not own nature

but be a part of it, and by this can be subjected to some of its conditions...

Of course nobody wants to die, or see its loved ones die or suffer. We want to live! But is merely surviving at a certain point the same as living? Is it possible to live in a cage, or can we at best survive in one? Are we ready to take away all risk of living to have a better chance of survival? One could say these are philosophical questions, good to pass the time but nothing to do with real life. Well, at this very moment all life is being taken away from us because we are told that this is the only way to survive.

Every day in isolation is an attack on our autonomy, on our ability to think and act for ourselves, to live, love and fight.

The quarantine has to be refused, because our dignity cannot survive in it!

The lockdown has to be broken, because our desire for freedom will not!

EIGHT CARS ON FIRE IN AMSTERDAM

In early September, eight cars were set on fire at the Keizersgracht in the center of Amsterdam. According to the owner of a fully burned down Porsche Cayenne, only luxury cars were targets: "Besides my Porsche, a Range Rover and expensive BMW were torched. This seems remarkable since not all torched cars were standing next to each other."

This rebellious act therefore seems to be a clear and direct anti-rich, anti-yuppie and anti-grachtengordel action. We are, likely along with this individual, done



with with getting pushed away by shiny fat cars owned by people with ridiculous amounts of money, and we are done with the fact that the city only exists for these rich. We have written about it before: slowly (as far as this has not already happened) everything becomes clean, decent, and above all unaffordable.

To us, breaking things seems to be a good way to express our dissatisfaction and claim back some space. In the capitalist world that turns around money and therefore property, it works really well to also act against money and property. This is the language that they speak and understand. An expensive car, whose cost is of great importance, set on fire is a clear signal to both the owner and the neighborhood. We don't want you, nor your system of rich bosses and owners. We happily make your (or actually: our!!) space much more uncomfortable, dirty, and less slick. When the streets are no longer safe for Porsche Cayennes, maybe the owners will also start to stay away.

Of course these eight cars will be replaced by new expensive yuppie cars. For the full struggle it might be easy to see such an attack as a just a pinprick. But this isn't necessarily the case. Destroying something, a physical attack, has a direct and tangible effect. It breaks with the normal life and sabotages the normal course of events. Starting a revolution is quite hard and is not managed that often. A small attack on the other hand is very feasible. As written elsewhere: "Each action is a small spark that shines in the night and looks for a powder keg." These eight burning cars were quite some sparks, and will hopefully find reactions. Since destroying something, a physical attack, does not only communicate with the owners,

but also with as yet unknown comrades, it can possibly inspire or strengthen them. All over the world cars are set on fire and all over the world the status quo is attacked.

Certainly, these actions are not always claimed with a political story, let alone an anarchist one. But every time, they are rebellious acts that attack normal life in the capitalist world. Let's therefore answer them with solidarity and future complicity. Who knows, that

single pinprick might result in multiple new ones. And besides that, the attacked Porsche Cayennes, shop windows, yuppie cargo bikes and/or car tires will be replaced with an uncomfortable gut feeling, since the owners know that these can possibly be attacked again, and that discontent with them and their property will be expressed.

Fuck off with your fat bank account and status obsession.

BOOKREVIEW: WITH BLOOD AND WORDS - EVEGENIIA IAROSLAVSKAIA-MARKON

*"So, that is my life—
the life of a schoolgirl-revolutionary,
a student-dreamer,
a friend and lover of the great man
and poet Aleksandr Iaroslavskii,
an eternal wanderer,
an itinerant anti-religious lecturer,
a writer for Rul,
a street newspaper vendor,
a thief with a long criminal record,
and a travelling fortune-teller."*

(from My Autobiography, E. Iaroslavskaia-Markon)

What a nice little book we got, printed in the summer of 2020 in Marseille. While reading, I often imagined Evgeniia being one of my lovely friends. For example when she tells how much she loves stealing, or the living on the streets with all the crooks, children, sex workers and alcoholics she could find. It is amazing when she describes how her partner wants to go back to Russia, while she got some other plans in mind: *"Wouldn't it be great to get in touch with Makhno, who was also in Paris, we could have embarked on some merry adventure in Ukraine, a reckless adventure, a radical adventure, a bold adventure... Truly revolutionary and outlaw!"*

In her autobiography, Evgeniia talks about herself, her life, her comrade and companion Aleksandr Iaroslavskii and their commitment in fighting 'till



their last breath against the tyranny of the Bolshevik power. The story ends miserable in February, 1931, when the author is executed at the age of twenty-nine. The manuscript she wrote was discovered in 1996 in the archives of the FSB and breathes anti-authoritarian strength. Its full of fragments that appeal to the imagination, from the raw reality of an vagabond against the state. In the end of the book are reports from her court cases and execution. Evgeniia resisted untill the end: she was guilty of frequent incitement of fellow prisoners and kicked a guard on her way out with her prostheses.

The book is in english, you can get it in the better bookstores or trough compass_editions@riseup.net <https://compasseditions.noblogs.org/>



NEWS AND CLAIMS FROM FAR AND NEARBY

April - Saudi Arabia, United Emirates and Bahrain

This information was taken from several websites and friends, among them: <https://www.migrant-rights.org/>

In Saudi Arabia, United Emirates, and Bahrain, there are many migrants working who are for the biggest part being repatriated by force because of the covid-19 madness. Even though both on the road as in their home countries, there are no safe spaces to quarantine their selves. The conditions in which they work already were terrible, modern slavery as cleaners or construction workers, but without any rights. Deaths are not unusual due to bad working conditions and their passports are being taken by their bosses. Women are living with their bosses, don't have their own lives and are being abused both verbally and physically. The little wage they receive is sent home to maintain their families, which is currently not possible because of the measures.

In the first ten days of April, Saudi Arabia already deported 3000 people to Ethiopia. This is possible because of an exploiting system called 'kafala', a system of modern slavery in which Gulf countries already for years have the possibility to deport large numbers of people in times of economic adversity. In practice this system means super low wages, no social securities, overcrowded living conditions and unsafe work places. At the end of May in Bahrain, more than a hundred migrant workers made a protest at a construction company in Nuwaidrat, near their camp, because of the non-payment. The company owes them more than eight months of wage and severance pay. The protest was scattered by the police.

Palestine – April: Occupied Palestine: Two days of riots erupt in Jaffa after 16-year-old youth defies coronavirus curfew.

From <https://plagueandfire.noblogs.org/>

The enraged people of Jaffa rioted last Wednesday, burning tires and dumpsters, in protest of a series of violent arrests carried out by occupying forces. Cops were on a patrol in the city's predominately Arab Ajami neighbourhood, when they saw a 16-year-old standing with another person. The cops then requested identification in order to find out if he was further than 100 meters from his house. The youth refused their order, resulting in the cops attacking and violently arresting him, all the while more residents surrounded the cops to help him escape. A further 4 people where violently arrested, leading to the local neighbourhood attacking any reinforcements that arrived.

A resident of Jaffa who saw what happened, said: "The feelings are very tense, the situation in Jaffa is out of control. It has been a month since the situation tension between police officers and young people has been so severe. It's not cops, they're criminals. They don't talk. They hit first. This morning there was a riot between police and residents after a 16-year-old refused to identify himself. When a woman came to disperse the mess, she too was beaten. All of Jaffa is furious. We can't stand such a thing that the cops behave in such a way."

States are doing everything possible to suppress rising anti-social tensions against the curfews imposed worldwide, the occupying forces have unleashed their propaganda trying to discredit the unrest by saying the 16-year-old had coronavirus when all he did was resist totalitarian violence.

The Uncivilized

China - April: Enraged people of Hubei province attack cops and riot after being prevented from leaving

From <https://plagueandfire.noblogs.org/>

A massive riot has broken out on the border between the Hubei province (its capital city is Wuhan, the supposed source of the outbreak of the Coronavirus) and neighbouring Jiangxi province, on the Yangtze River bridge that connects the two provinces. Thousands of angry people who have been on lockdown for months swept out from the Hubei province in protest to try to cross the bridge, they were met by the riot cops of the neighbouring province who prevented the protest from passing, despite the Chinese state saying restrictions have been lifted. Rioters turned over and smashed cops' vehicles, assaulted the cop lines with rocks and even stole a riot shield from one van, attacking the cops with their own weapons. We hear that no one is really believing the Communist Party's lies that the virus outbreak is under control and that the people have had enough of the repression.

It is only expected to see more anti-social rage like this break out around the world as governments and states show their true authoritarian nature in the face of Coronavirus and the mass fear that it is creating, which is a disease of its own.

We will be back soon with a report about the influx of technologies that are being rapidly deployed to repress us all even further, in the name of the war against Covid-19!

The Uncivilized



Italia, Rovereto May: Sabotage of telephone and internet lines

Via actforfee.nostate.net

We learn that in the night between Thursday 14th and Friday 15th, May 2020, five booths for the exchange of telephone line and internet were sabotaged and put out of use. One consequence was a «blackout» of a part of the city (about 2000

users without connection). The following sentences were written and found in the site: «Let's get rid of the technological cages», «Solidarity to the comrades of Bologna» (the seven anarchists arrested on May 13th for the «Ritrovo» repressive operation) and «Freedom for the prisoners».

Mexico – May: The murder on a man without a facemask by police

This information is gathered from the media.

After the death of Giovanni Lopez, a construction worker murdered by beatings and kicks after he was arrested for not wearing a facemask, people responded furiously against the cops and the state. People gathered at the Jalisco State Government Palace in Guadalajara, the second city of the country. Police cars were set on fire and graffiti was sprayed around. People even broke into the building. One person threw a burnable liquid on a motor cop and set him on fire. Police responded with batons and teargas.

Curaçao - June: Cop Car Burned in Anti-Austerity Riots in Curaçao.

From <https://www.amwenglish.com/>

Hundreds of people protested against austerity measures and for the resignation of the Curaçao government in the city centre of Willemstad, Curaçao on June 25. Militants set at least one police vehicle on fire, and capitalist shops were looted.

Curaçao has been colonized since the 15th century, when Spaniards arrived and enslaved the indigenous Arawak people. Today, the island remains a colony of the Netherlands, which is now imposing austerity measures. Curaçao is also used as a base for the US's imperialist intervention in the region. The US recently deployed air force planes to Curaçao for a so-called anti-narcotics operation; in reality, the deployment is likely related to the US's long-planned attempt to install a far-right wing regime in Venezuela, which is 40 miles from Curaçao.

After trash collectors went on strike and took to the streets against Dutch-imposed budget cuts, protesters clashed with the police and stormed a government building as they demand the prime minister resign. Protesters blocked traffic on the famous Juliana Bridge. Militants also barricaded streets with burning car tires.

Shops have been looted in the Otrobanda district. The demonstrators also included many Selikor employees. These were told today that their salaries will be cut. According to the management of the waste company, this is because the government has not paid for a long time. As a result, the company has

a debt of tens of millions. The money is now used up, which is why management cannot help but cut staff costs and activities.

People in Curaçao are rising up against a government that is allowing Dutch colonizers to impose harsh austerity measures. The anti-austerity protest in Curaçao is part of a growing rise of revolutionary uprisings around the world against the police and capitalism.

Senegal – June.

Information gathered from the media.

In the first week of June in Dakar tires were set on fire and stones were thrown at the security-forces during protests against a national curfew which is already lasting for three months because of the pandemic. The unrest in the capital of Senegal follow after similar events a night prior, when a group of people set fire to an ambulance, threw stones and plundered office buildings.

A woman tells her story to a big news channel: “the coronavirus is a contagious disease, but president Macky Sall should know that most people in Senegal are poor. We are poor. Three months is too much. “The army and the police were deployed to stop the unrest. Also in the region of Kaolack in the south there were protest. The growing unrest is just a small signal of the problems existing in the sub-Sahara countries in Africa, where ‘protecting the health of the inhabitants’ creates huge misery in the daily lives of the people.

Canada - June: Montreal: Fire at a luxury car rental company.

Via <https://sansattendre.noblogs.org/> translated by actforfee.nostate.net

On the night of June 15-16, a luxury car rental company was target of an arson attack in Montreal. Three cars parked on the edge of the premises of ‘Location Paramount Leasing’, located in Duncan Road in Mont-Royal, were destroyed by fire late Monday. The voluntary origin of the fire is proven and the arson section of the Montreal police has taken up the investigation. “This is not the first time that a luxury car rental company

has been targeted by arsonists.

A similar business, Location Prime Leasing, located two kilometres away, was targeted by arsonists three times in just one month, at the end of summer 2017.

Utrecht, Den Haag, and a couple of other cities-August

This summer a couple of neighbourhoods in the Netherlands had several nights of unrest. In the Schilderswijk in The Hague for example, but also Kanaleneiland in Utrecht, there were confrontations between police and groups of youth. In the Hague apparently, it had started as people opened the water points for the fire brigade on the streets to cool down a bit. They mobilize themselves in app-groups and then go out to mess around the police with stones and fireworks. Because of such an app-group riots in Amsterdam were prevented, the major of control and suppression could intervene at an early stage when wild plans were being made. Throughout the country dozens of youth were arrested, most of them had their faces covered though during the small riots, this fortunately made their charges way less heavy.

Lebanon – august

A short update from Lebanon, about which we also wrote in our last issues. Besides the bizarre explosion in Beirut, in the last months there have been several collisions between the people and the security-forces in Lebanon. The local money is worth nothing, while there are very few foods available in the stores for way too much money. Youth demolished banks and set an army truck on fire. After the explosions people took the streets en masse once again, the state answered with teargas, bullets and beating up the people.





police meters away from his home in the city's Eldorado Park suburb. The murder occurred after residents in the neighbourhood took to the streets to protest the lack of housing in the area.

In recent months, the South African police have repeatedly justified instances of brutality with the enforcement of coronavirus restrictions.

Nathaniel Julius was shot in the chest when he was unable to answer questions from the police. Julius was holding a biscuit in his hand when police began questioning him, but he was not

Also in Lebanon the covid-19 misery causes economic crises, if the economy was not already at its worst, it's absolutely destroyed now. It hasn't been as bad since the 1975-1990 civilian war. In Tripoli (North Lebanon) most people are in big poverty. Anti-government protests keep rising, also with the corona-measures. Highways are blockaded with burning barricades. "We want to live in dignity... we will continue and no one will get us of the streets." A woman tells she can only afford two cartons of milk with her current salary. Both in the north as the south of Lebanon several banks were attacked, some with firework-bombs.

Barcelona – august: Claim for an Incendiary Attack Against Mobile Phone Antenna

Via 325.nostate.net

Technological domination is a giant with feet of clay. All it takes is a little bit of determination and caution to make it wobble. On the night of August 31st, we set fire to a mobile phone antenna in El Prat de Llobregat (Barcelona).

Solidarity and complicity with all those who walk with their heads held high, both inside and outside the prisons. And long live anarchy!

South Africa – August: Uprising in Johannesburg, South Africa After Police Murder of Nathaniel Julius.

Via <https://www.amwenglish.com/articles/uprising-in-johannesburg-south-africa-after-police-murder-of-nathaniel-julius/>

Following the murder of Nathaniel Julius, a teenager with Down's syndrome, by police, militants burned tires, erected barricades, threw stones at police and damaged a police station in Johannesburg, South Africa.

Nathaniel Julius died in a hospital in Johannesburg on Wednesday night, hours after he was shot by the

able to answer properly due to his condition. 'Justice for Nathaniel'

During the protest on the day of Julius' death, militants hurled rocks at the police, who fired rubber bullets and stun grenades.

On Friday, Police Minister Bheki Cele was confronted by an angry crowd chanting "Police are corrupt!" and "Justice for Nathaniel!" as he visited Julius's parents in Eldorado Park.

According to the boy's family, the police are trying to "cover up" the "cold-blooded" killing.

The shooting is reminiscent of other instances of recent police brutality in South Africa during the coronavirus lockdown that started on March 27, including the murder of Tyrone Moeng, 19, who was fatally shot by the police on April 13.

Belarus - September: Атрад Сьупраціў (The Resistance group) claims responsibility for the attack on police car.

Via actforfee.nostate.net

We, Атрад Сьупраціў (The Resistance group), declare war on the existing fascist government! We don't see another option apart from inflicting physical and material damage on all power structures – from district administrations and police stations to direct individual confrontation with Lukashenko's followers. We have nothing more to say about the current regime, it's all obvious to everyone. The only possible sentence it deserves – death! This night we tried to be with you. We visited some fascist police stations and have made our best to reduce the number of police vehicles that could get to the peaceful demonstrators. We call upon the people of Belarus to use partisan tactics, that their ancestors are famous for! Only self-organization, mutual support and direct action together with our resolute will can destroy this fascist infestation and break the yoke of Lukashism. Together we will win!

United Kingdom – September: Bath, UK: Solidarity Burn for the Six 5G Orange Arsonists, France.

Via actforfee.nostate.net

We torched an Orange mast in the South West; a few miles outside of Bath (UK), to show that we too despise the dodgy technology that promises to enhance our futures, while imprisoning our minds. Solidarity with the six comrades who were arrested for an arson attack on an Orange relay 5-SFR antenna that was burnt in the industrial zone of Douai-Dorignies, France.

Act locally, give solidarity globally....

.... especially solidarity with those on the streets across the world who have resisted lock-downs, and pushed beyond the mediated options of social media, to physically attack the racist police, and all the structures that support them.

See you on the streets. Stay safe, stay rowdy.

United States - September: Portland: Starbucks & multiple Whole Foods attacked for night 100

via actforfee.nostate.net

Last night, while our comrades battled the police in the street, some anarchists targeted multiple Whole Food stores as well as Starbucks in a synchronized attack, just as the clock struck midnight. The cops have made public statements addressing how they are not responding to 911 calls due to their focus on brutally attacking and arresting protesters. Using this to our advantage, we spread out around the city with the intention of sending two messages: First, to our comrades: The past 100 days with you have been inspiring, wild, traumatic, and everything in between. Our collective strength in the streets has surpassed everything we ever expected to come out of this city. For 100 nights we have fought the police – but the police are not (and should not) be our only target. Capitalism feeds the police state. The police developed out of slave patrols; slavery is the backbone of capitalism. We smashed Whole Foods because we are against capitalism in all its forms, and because we want you all to know that autonomous actions are not only possible, but they are happening and they are an integral part of how we remain uncontrollable. As the police response to the demonstrations becomes more organized and more brutal, autonomous actions become ever more important. Sometimes, it feels like we cannot act unless there are a hundred, two hundred people.

Don't underestimate your own abilities! It takes only one person to act; two to make an affinity group; three or four to get the job done faster. The more of us who act independently, the smaller actions spread across the city, the less the police know how to respond; the less they can contain us; the less they understand us. Get your friends together, make a plan, carry it out. We've got your back.

Secondly, to the police: You are powerless in suppressing small cell autonomous actions, and as the inspiration and experience of our accomplices grows, you will learn that. You cannot patrol the entire city. We will find the places you are not, and we will attack them. We will move while your eyes are closed. Being the descendants of slave masters, your complete destruction is what we seek, and we will settle for nothing less. Whole Foods represents everything we despise about this world. Owned by the richest man in the world, and selling products made by the slave labour of prisoners. Every cop is a target. Every capitalist is a target. Every bank, every precinct, every courthouse, every condo, every yuppie haven. It is our hope that others take advantage of the windowless and door less Whole Foods around the city to feed themselves, their families, their friends and their communities. We should not have to pay for food to survive, and yet you beat, tase, arrest and sometimes murder those who take food for free. You protect the capitalists at the expense of our lives. One day, hopefully soon, we will dance amongst the soft glow of a burning empire, while you both drown in the stagnant pond of your pathetic, miserable lives. Good fucking riddance. See you at the barricades, friends.

For Black liberation & against property, love, some anarchists



France – September: Paris, a spark

From actforfee.nostate.net, via attaque.noblogs.org

In the night between 21st and 22nd September

we set fire to a diplomat's car in rue Roger Bacon, Paris. The reasons for this action seem clear to us: the path to freedom passes through the struggle against States and their servants. This little fire won't change the world, some might say. That is true, but each action is a small spark that shines in the night and looks for a powder keg. Even more importantly, the decision to return the blows and fight the world and its horrors changes our lives here and now. This decision gives us moments of a life lived fully. The wealthy neighbourhoods in Paris are full of cars belonging to foreign diplomats (even if it seems their owners have been more careful for a while now in Ternes [a wealthy neighbourhood in the seventeenth arrondissement in Paris, near the Arc de Triomphe!]). Cities are full of all kinds of targets. It is up to each of us to make our decisions. It is up to each of us to go to the attack. A thought in solidarity with our comrades in jail (or under investigation) following operation Scripta Manent in Italy.

Anarchists.

Nigeria – October

Information from international media.

In October in several places in the country there were protests against the Anti-Robbery Squad (SARS). This police-unit is known for extorting and murdering people. Several police stations were set on fire, just like offices of the national television and other media companies which are connected to the ruling power. Materials that were seized by the courthouses were stolen back. Also banks were attacked.

Already for weeks there are gatherings in Nigeria to resist police violence and for justice for the victims of this, in the biggest movement of young people on the streets on the continent. The Nigerian government says that the protests became political and are infiltrated by anarchists, because the property of politicians was demolished. A feminist group is labelled as a terrorist organisation.

After at least 12 people were murdered by the police and the army during demonstrations, revenge was taken. Several cops did not survive. There were big prison escapes, more than 50 people successfully got away. It worked because of the help from people outside. Later more than 2000 people escaped from a prison in the south of the country.

Germany, October: Another fire in a dark period – Amazon vans burned

From actforfee.nostate.net

No matter which colour a government has and which territory it controls, they began to clear the

few spaces in the cities which grew in the hope of another life. Squats and non-commercial areas, which tried to exist against state violence and the racist mood in society, came under pressure. By supporting the international call of Terra Incognita – who got recently evicted in Thessaloniki, Greece – for an action-month in October and the decision to choose ourselves when to act in order to defend Liebig34 and not to wait until the state's agenda decides when to evict one of our ventures, on the morning of 06.10. we set on fire two vans of Amazon in Berlin-Neukölln as a message of solidarity with Liebig34, Terra Incognita and other collectives who support their calls. Amazon is a winner of Corona because they deliver more when people stay at home. They deliver with inhuman conditions to their workers. They collect every kind of data to sell it to other capitalist institutions, they share this data with police and establish more surveillance. Amazon is changing cities, in Berlin-Friedrichshain, where Liebig34 has to leave, they built a huge tower. More offices, more expansive flats for their employees, more upgrading of the neighbourhood. That's why Amazon received already many blows, in Berlin and also in US.

We stand in solidarity with the comrades of Terra Incognita and support their decision to keep the collective and continue fighting against the state, the capital and our oppressors. Every eviction has its price and these continuous state's attacks of this coordinated repression-operations all over the world, on our ventures and on the people of the struggle, will not remain silent. They may take our houses but the nights belong to small groups and their will to sabotage the power. Destroy the city of the rich and attack the state's infrastructures before and after every Day Defend Liebig34 and Terra Incognita! Support the international call on the 30.10-01.11

Some anarchists

Amsterdam, October

Police station Burgwallen had quite some tires to change, after the tires of four vehicles and three motorcycles were punctured in the centre of Amsterdam. It's not clear whether one or more persons are responsible for the sabotage. The police didn't manage to find the one(s) responsible for this.



Amsterdam, November: Thales barriers vandalised at Metro stations throughout Amsterdam

In the night of 12 November several metro stations throughout Amsterdam were targeted and vandalised with paint. The messages read "Borders Kill" and "Fuck Thales" referring to Thales the arms company that also makes the barriers for the NS and the GVB stations and is lobbying for - and leading the further militarisation of EU borders.

Borders Kill, Thales Kills. Thales is a French arms and technology company. It is the fourth largest arms producer of Europe and the tenth largest in the world (2016). Products include radar, fire control systems, cyber security and biometrics. The Thales Group in general produces a broad range of arms, including drones, small arms and armoured vehicles. It is also involved in nuclear weapons production and maintenance. The company sells arms all over the world, including to countries in conflict, authoritarian regimes and human rights violators.

Call Out for Autonomous Organising.

Thales specializes in attacking people's freedom of movement and practising social control. The barriers Thales builds in our cities are a microcosm of those Thales builds at Europe's borders, they serve the same function – to control who gets to have access to certain spaces. Anyone can decide to take action against the infrastructure that kills and excludes. Architecture of control and confinement is everywhere around us. Bring some close friends, some creative anger and destroy what wants to destroy you. Fuck all borders and barriers.

Cover your face and smash the state!



Amsterdam, December: Arrests and police repression on picket at Immigration and Naturalisation Office Amsterdam in solidarity with Abtin.

Fom www.agamsterdam.org

On Tuesday the 8th of December at 14:00 we gathered outside the IND office on the Pieter Callandlaan 1 in Amsterdam. We were there with pamphlets, banners and protest signs and some black/red flags. At that

moment we were there with more than 10 people. After several minutes two bastard cops arrive on bikes, 1 of them is the neighbourhood cop from police station Postjesweg and he immediately makes it clear that the protest was not registered and that it is illegal and that everyone will get a 250 euro fine. We managed to gain some time by stating that we would discuss amongst ourselves what we would do. The cop left but stayed in the area. We used this moment to continue handing out pamphlets and by continuing the protest. It was discussed that the Bastard cop probably meant what he said and that problems would be very likely.

After 15 minutes the cop returned and we told him that we would break up the protest and that everyone would be on their way. The bastard seemed to have a different opinion, a security guard from the IND building spoke to the cop and was pointing out some people from our group, it was not clear what it was about. People were getting ready to leave but then the cops started harassing people in the group. It was not clear why. In the meantime more people arrived and we were with about 20 people. The harassment of comrades was of course not appreciated and there was some pulling and pushing back and forth with the cops. After this ended and more people were leaving the cop jumped on his bike and together with a cop on a motorbike they sped away. Because we didn't trust it we followed them, and around the corner, 150 meters away the bastards have thrown two people to the ground and are in the process of arresting them. Quickly more cops arrive and also several neighbours start intervening and criticize the heavy handed arrests. Also now scuffles break out and things get pretty out of hand, a third person is arrested. At this point there are 8 cops and more are on their way, it is unclear if a call for assistance has been made. The remaining group gets pushed out of the street and decides to disperse.

Around 7 o'clock the first arrestee is released and the hours following the other two also get released. The arrestees did not receive a fine or a summons on their release. It was stated (not in writing) that the charge was for insulting a police officer. All 3 were identified, the last one was kept in foreign detention for a short while but they managed to find out her identity anyway and released her shortly after.

We, the Anarchist Group Amsterdam, purposely decided not to notify the municipality of Amsterdam of this protest. We assumed we would never have been given permission to have a demo outside of the IND office anyway. We also strongly disagree with registering protests, demonstrations etc, and with this to ask permission from the state if we can protest or not and how we are supposed to do it. We also did not expect this many people to show up, because on a weekday at 2 o'clock people often have other things to do (work/study) and we predicted that we

would be able to get away with it in a small group. Unfortunately not. Something we did consider (are considering) is that there is a lot of police in Amsterdam and there is quite some overcapacity because the bastards don't have much to do in times of Covid and are mostly busy giving out fines to young people throwing house parties. This while during this pandemic the shopping streets, shops, companies and distribution centers are overcrowded. Because of the large numbers of cops in Amsterdam they can act quickly and aggressively. In a very short time a large number of cops can be brought together and they can act outside of the law.

We have written before about organizing protests during the Covid pandemic and finding out what the possibilities are is a process of trial and error and through collective action we need to eventually find a new praxis.

Because of the events that took place on Tuesday December the 8th we are even more convinced of the necessity and importance of taking direct action. In solidarity with those that resist the state and Capital, everywhere and always!

Anarchistische Groep Amsterdam / Vrije Bond

The Hague, december: NS ticket machines sabotaged

From indymedia.nl

In the night of December 16th we sabotaged all 3 of the ticket vending machines at the Laan van NOI train station in The Hague. We placed flammable material in the ticket vending slots en set them alight. The flames climbed up to the screens of the machines, we hope the fire did the rest.

The reason the ticket machines were targeted is the heavy involvement of the company Thales in the public transportation system in The Netherlands (and elsewhere). The company specializes itself in cyber-security, surveillance and transportation. It controls the logistics, fare collection and infrastructure of the OV chip-card system and rail infrastructure in The Netherlands.

Thales also provides radar-systems and other war machines to the EU and military dictatorships for "border security". Thales' work doesn't only keep Fortress Europe afloat but also pushes it into a mass-surveillance dystopia. Recently Thales was granted a contract worth 117 million euro's to install radar systems in a warship that will be delivered to Egypt. Egypt's military dictatorship receives EU funding, training and support to combat migration over the Mediterranean sea. This kind of policy, working together with military dictatorships (previously the regime of Gaddafi in Libya) also has its origins at

Thales, which sits in lobby groups who push-on the EU concerning migration and border control. The bombs falling in Yemen, Syria, Kurdistan and Libya, the thousands of people drowning at sea or locked up in detention centers mean one thing for Thales: profit.

Every gate at the train station, every camera, ticket machine and check-in scanner is a presence of both Thales and Europe's deadly border policy in our daily lives. This presence is spread over thousands of locations, vulnerable and can be targeted in numerous ways. Every blow to this infrastructure is a blow against Thales and Fortress Europe.

Even though we are hundreds of kilometers away from Europe's deadliest borders, Fortress Europe starts here. So let's break it down here!



WORDS OF LOVE AND STRENGTH

Running through the bushes, the cops are chasing us. A friend screams courageous words. To say goodbye still seems impossible in every way. To respect your choice as well. But i need to release some words from my heavy heart. You were young, and i enjoyed so much looking at your inquisitive face. Your last struggle you did alone, even though your brave, sweet friends were so nearby.

First i imagined you went up in to thousands of small stars, which would enlighten the dark skies above us every night - but now i suspect you went down into the earth. I want to find back your strength and warmth there. The uncompromising amazed look in your eyes, which make small jokes to precious moments. The absolute incapacity to accept force and authority.



I doubt that you have known how much you are missed, how appreciated you are. The conversations in the last months were also about breaking the taboos on desperation and the deep misery which can be inside of us - in a world in which a real way out does not seem near, except with your head bowed, timidly enduring the compromises. You did not want that. If only we had more time to look for other paths, something screams and pounds in me.

Fuck this world and fuck the bastards that make it so disgusting.

Send us your courage, carry on living within us to indomitable fight the dark powers within ourselves, but even more the institutions and systems of misery who believe they should control live on this earth. I hear your voice and your laugh, i see your posture and know you want us to fight. And live. We know that everything continues. The art is not to start, but to continue.

Know that i embrace you with everything i have inside of me, i embrace all powerful and vulnerable sides of you that i love. My words, painting, stones, fires and beatings will be in joyful memory of you.

CATASTROPHISM XXII

The bureaucracy of experts that emerged with the development of planning, manufactures for all the managers of domination a common language and the representations thanks to which the latter understand and justify their own activity. With its diagnoses and forecasts, formulated in the neo-language of rational calculation, it cultivates the illusion of a technoscientific control of “problems”. Defending the program of an integrally managed survival is its job. It is this bureaucracy that regularly issues alerts and warnings, counting on the emergency it proclaims to enable it to be more directly associated in the management of domination. In its campaign for the establishment of a state of emergency, it has never lacked the support of all the left wing statists and other citizenists, and will henceforth hardly encounter any resistance from the managers of the economy, since most of them view the perspective of an endless disaster as a permanent resurgence of production through the quest for “ecocompatibility”. One thing that is now certain is that when the time comes for the application of the old Keynesian recipe of public works programs, summarized in the formula “digging holes in order to fill them up again”, there will be enough “holes” already dug, devastation to repair, wastes to recycle, pollution to clean up, etc. (“We will have to repair what has never been repaired, manage what no one has ever before had to manage”, *ibid.*).

The training of this new “labor corps” is already on a war footing. Just as the New Deal obtained the support of practically all the leftist intellectuals and militants in the United States, the new ecological course of bureaucratic capitalism is mobilizing on a world scale all the “kind-hearted apparatchiks” of environmental and humanitarian just causes. The latter are young, specialists, enthusiastic, competent and ambitious: trained in battle, in the NGOs and other associations, in leadership and organization, they feel capable of “driving things forward”. Convinced that they embody the higher interests of humanity, and of having history on their side, they are equipped with an absolutely clear conscience and, as if that were not enough, the knowledge that the laws are on their side: the laws that are already on the books and all those which they hope to promulgate. For they want more laws and regulations, and this is where they agree with the rest of the progressives, “anti-liberals” and militants of the State party, for whom “social critique” consists, in the sty-

le of Bourdieu, in calling upon the “ruled” to “defend the State” against its “neoliberal dismantling”.

Nothing is more indicative of the way the catastrophism of the experts is something different from a “becoming conscious” of the real disaster of alienated life than the way it strives to make every aspect of life and each detail of personal behavior into an object of



state control, subject to rules, regulations and prohibitions. Every expert converted to catastrophism knows he is a depository of a fragment of the true faith, of the impersonal rationality that is the essential ideal of the State. When he directs his accusations and recommendations at political leaders, the expert is aware of the fact that he represents the higher interests of collective management, the imperatives of the survival of the mass society. (He will speak of the “political will” that is required when referring to this aspect of the issue.) The management of the experts is Statist not only because of its habits, because only a reinforced State can apply its solutions: it is structurally Statist, in all its methods, its intellectual categories and its “membership criteria”. These “Jesuits of the State” have their idealism (their “spiritualism”, as Marx called it), the conviction that they are working for the salvation of the planet; but this idealism often reverts in everyday practice to a vulgar mate-

rialism, in the eyes of which there is not one single spontaneous manifestation of life that cannot be reduced to the status of a passive object susceptible to being administered: in order to impose the program of bureaucratic management ("producing nature") it is necessary to combat and eliminate everything that exists independently, without the aid of technology, and which therefore must be irrational (as were, until just yesterday, the critiques of industrial society that proclaimed its foreseeable disaster).

The cult of impersonal scientific objectivity, of knowledge without a subject, is the religion of the bureaucracy. And among its favorite devotions is, for obvious reasons, statistics, the State science par excellence, which effectively attained this status in the militarist and absolutist Prussia of the 18th century, which was also the first society, as Mumford observed, to apply on a grand scale to education the uniformity and impersonalism of the modern public school

system. Just as at Los Alamos the laboratory was transformed into a prison, what the world-laboratory is now announcing, as the experts represent it, is a barracks ecology. The fetishism of data and the puerile respect for anything that can be presented in the form of an equation has nothing to do with the fear of error, but rather with the fear of the truth, which the non-expert can formulate without any need for numbers. This is why the non-expert must be educated and informed so that he can submit in advance to the ecological-scientific authority that will dictate to him the new rules, which are so necessary for the smooth functioning of the social machine. In the voices of those who passionately repeat the statistics that are disseminated by catastrophist propaganda, it is not revolt that resounds, but submission in advance to the states of emergency, the acceptance of the disciplinary regimes to come, and support for the bureaucratic power that pretends, through the use of coercive measures, to assure collective survival.

A ROPE AND A MOTORBIKE FROM ADIOS PRISON BY JUAN JOSE GARFIA

And now, to enjoy while the rainy clouds seem endless: A chapter from Adios Prison, a book about great prison escapes, written in a Spanish jail in 1991.

Written by Juan José Garfia, published in English by Elephant Editions.

I think we should go in chronological order, don't you?—said number six—So, Pedro, you start, your story happened first. And try to give as many details as possible.

So number twelve started talking.

There's not much to say about my last escape, which was from a hospital: I just ran off as soon as I was taken there. The one before that, which was long ago, was also from a hospital and is much more interesting. It was in 1981 at Basurto hospital in Bilbao. I had been on remand for bank robbery since February and in July the judge still hadn't decided about my case. So I decided to escape. I talked to my girlfriend, Romi, and asked her to get in touch with Cristobal and Popeye for help, a couple of friends I'd done some robberies with. My plan was that I would find the way to be taken to hospital and

my friends would come over and get me out of there, holding the two or three escort guards at gunpoint. My friends agreed and we studied a plan. I started a hunger strike and fifteen days later the prison doctor ordered that I be taken to hospital to be examined. I called Romi as soon as I arrived and she came to visit me right away. She told me everything was all right and that my friends would be coming to get me.

Next morning a nurse tried to brainwash me and insisted that if I didn't want to eat, at least I had to have some water with glucose. 'All right,' I said 'but that's all.'

After a while I saw my mate Cristobal go past, he was very pale. The door of my room was open all day and I could see everything and, of course, everybody could see me. In the afternoon my girlfriend came back and said that my friends had been there in the morning determined to get me out, but they got cold feet at the last minute. I was flaming mad. When I calmed down I told her to tell my friends to try again and not be scared. But next day Romi let me know that they were too scared to go into action.

They kept me in hospital for five days then dischar-

ged me. I obstinately carried on my hunger strike and was taken back to the same hospital, to a different ward. I complained about my kidney and they started doing tests and x-rays.

The toilet was outside the room and when I went I had to be escorted by two policemen. I noticed that the toilet window was nailed shut. Also, I had to leave the toilet door half open so they could see at least one of my legs. When I was in the room I had one wrist handcuffed to the bed and if the cop on duty was a real bastard he would handcuff both, like a crucifix. This is the level of control they had over me. I tried to behave like a good boy. Visits were the same as for the other patients, and the cops didn't give too much trouble. My parents and my girlfriend visited me every day from half past four till half seven. My girlfriend already knew what was going on. I told her about the window so that she could tell José, a friend of mine—who was shot dead with a shotgun some time later—so that he would come with her. I wanted him to hide in the middle toilet (there were three), take the screws out of the window frame and cut them with pincers. That way I would be able to shut the window again without actually locking it, making it look as if it was locked by putting the screws back in the holes. My chick understood it perfectly and the next day they did as planned. They also left a ten-metre long cord on the outside window sill. José was to wait at home for my call, ready to come over with his motocross bike.

Some cops were more trusting than others. One day there was a cop who did something amazing. He had been on watch the day before and liked my parents and the story between my girlfriend and me. Suddenly he said, 'How long since is it since you made love to your girlfriend?'

'I haven't a clue, at least six months. They don't leave us alone in the room.'

'If you want to have a go with her on the bed that's no problem,' he said. 'My colleague and I will go into the corridor and close the door and that's it. Just call us when you're done.'

I called my girlfriend and explained the situation. She was really shy and didn't want to. I finally convinced her and you bet we did it. Well, to be honest I did everything. She was very tense and just wanted to get it over with. So everything was over in five minutes, like the rabbits. Heh, heh, heh. I knocked on the door and the two apes¹ came in. When Romi went away

the cop who did me the favour, a guy with a moustache, about forty, remarked, 'Well, you're a fast one, aren't you? You only took a couple of minutes.'

I told him that it was because the girl was shy. The guy laughed. While I was alone with my girl I had checked the room window: it looked on to the hospital courtyard, but it was too high up to do it without a rope. As I'd already planned to escape from the toilet I just concentrated on fucking.

One night both of the cops on duty were drinkers. I usually kept some whisky or gin by my bed so I offered them some and they got completely pissed. I had started eating again, or rather drinking. The only reason I was being kept in hospital was to have my kidney checked. One of the drunkards, a lieutenant's son, asked me if I could find him some hashish.

'Sure, there's plenty of it in my neighbourhood,' I said.

'Come on, get dressed, and we'll go and get some,' he insisted, completely drunk.

I hesitated; I said I didn't want to, because although the other cop was calm you could see he was too straight for me to get away with just saying 'let's go'. It was two in the morning and my girlfriend was keeping me company. She had been there since five in the afternoon thanks to some nurses that she knew from when she used to work at the hospital; she laughed at the cops' proposal. The guard in charge said that if the captain came and saw the empty bed he'd go beserk. But the one with the moustache one was determined. 'Look, the girl can lie in the bed under the covers, so if the Capirulo (that's how they called the captain) comes round he won't notice anything strange.'

They discussed it for a while then the lieutenant's son said again, 'Come on get dressed, let's go.' He showed me a 7.65mm pistol, which must have been his own as the regulation one was a .38.

'Come on and don't do anything silly because I'll have a gun on you all the time,' the guy said.

The guard in charge was against it and eventually the one with the moustache got pissed off and taunted him: 'You're a coward. This wouldn't happen if I was with my own division. You're a wimp...' and he fell asleep in a drunken stupor.

The guard in charge took advantage of the situation to get into conversation with my girlfriend and me.

1 Common derogatory term for cops in uni-form.

‘He’s just a trendy guy who’s only in the police because of his father, but he’s not really a cop or anything else. He doesn’t care because he can work whenever and wherever he likes. But not me. I joined the police as a volunteer after finishing military service so that I could get a regular wage of over one hundred thousand pesetas. Because I have a family to feed. He doesn’t.’

The next day two new guards arrived. When Romi came to see me, one of them handcuffed my hands to the sides of the bed like Jesus Christ. I was fucking furious.

‘I’m gonna kill you, faggot,’ I shouted at him.

My girlfriend started to cry. The bastard went out, taking the handle that served to raise and lower the bed with him. The other cop, who was from Seville, took off the handcuffs.

‘Calm down girl,’ he said to Romi cheerfully, ‘we’re not all the same. You can find bastards anywhere.’

And to me he said, ‘Let’s see if this sucker will say something to me.’

The twisted guard came back after a while but didn’t dare say anything, clearly seeing that he’d fuck up if he got involved. Another guard came over in the afternoon and we started drinking beer. When my dad came to visit me he saw we were drunk and caused a scene. Especially with the cops.

‘You should be ashamed of yourselves, getting a sick man to drink! And you’re on duty!’ he shouted. They stopped drinking immediately.

‘Coca-cola from now on,’ one of them said.

But as soon as my old man left they got out the beer cans and we carried on drinking.

—Listen Pedro, do you want to tell us about your escape or the story of your life in chapters?—number eight interrupted.

Okay. I’ll carry on. What I was trying to do was to gain the screws’ trust and I was sounding them out. The same cop, the one with the beer, came back the next night. He started telling me about his life, that he was from a suburb of Barcelona, that he liked spliffs and stuff like that. I got up and went into the bathroom so as not to disturb an old patient who was in the room with me. The ape and I started chatting and drinking and around two in the morning I took the plunge and asked him if I could make a call from the telephone

box outside in the street ‘so as not to disturb the old man’. He agreed but took his machine gun and joked, ‘Watch it or I’ll kill you.’

I walked along the stairs and corridors ahead of him and the guy kept aiming at me. So I just had to call my girlfriend and wish her goodnight. The cop didn’t trust me one iota. He liked to joke but didn’t want to take any risks.

In the morning the doctor came to see me.

‘You’re fine. The only thing is that your kidney has been damaged a little by the hunger strike. Just drink lots of water and it will be all right.’

‘So?’ I asked.

‘So, nothing. I’m discharging you now,’ he said.

I quickly told him that I didn’t have any clothes with me and that it would be better if I went in the afternoon so that I could get my family to bring me some. He raised no objection.

It must have been about eleven in the morning. From that moment on I had to do everything in a rush as this was my last chance. I called Romi and told her that they had discharged me and to be at home at three in the afternoon, in contact with José, because I’d be calling back.

They changed shifts at around two o’clock. This time it was two cops that I’d never seen before. The one in charge said good afternoon etc. in a serious voice. I was thinking, ‘Shit, this is going to be a right mess.’ They changed into their uniforms and sat opposite me.

‘They told me you’re a good lad, but I don’t believe what my colleagues say. I need to see things for myself; why were you arrested?’ one of them asked.

I answered evasively, ‘No, boss. I’m on remand, I’m expecting to get out any minute,’ I assured him. Which was true in a sense, hehehe!

At that point we started getting on better, which I hadn’t expected from my first impressions, and he started chatting. The cop said that he had just come from Rota. I told him I knew a lot of people there and mentioned a few names: do you know what’s his name? Yes, and him? And this other one? Yes!! At one point he pulled out a carton of Winston’s and gave me three or four packets. Later, without letting his colleague—whose name was Canario—hear him, he asked me if I knew Timoli, a prisoner who’d

been on hunger strike before me. He happened to be a friend of mine and I told the cop about Timoli's wife, the shop she ran in the old part of the town, and other stuff. It was then that he came out with it: 'Do you have any hash?'

I didn't smoke hashish, so didn't normally have any on me. But, I assured him, I could easily get hold of some, only I'd have to make a phone call. He said okay and I did it immediately. It was about four o'clock.

I had to pay attention to Canario, who was a snitch according to his colleague. I called Romi and whispered, 'Get in touch with José and bring me five thousand pesetas of hash, a half of coke and another half of brown.' Then I turned to the cop, 'Fine, now we're going to get really hammered. Do you prefer coke or brown?'

'I like everything,' he answered, 'I didn't bring anything from Rota because I didn't have time to wind something up that I had on the go.'

An hour later my girlfriend and José came over and came up to my bed.

'Hey, did you bring everything I asked for?'

José nodded and I made a sign to the ape to send Canario off on some errand. He went to the café to buy I don't know what. I told José to take everything out but my friend got cold feet. He pulled some strange faces looking at the cop out of the corner of his eye.

'Don't worry, we can trust him,' I said loudly.

José gave me a piece of hash and the two little bags. I threw the hash at the ape.

'Here, that's for you.' It must have been about 25 grams and the cop blushed.

'No, come on, a piece of it is enough,' he made as if to refuse it.

'Come on buddy, I don't even smoke, this is for you,' I said.

I opened the little bags and using a small knife took some coke and some brown and put it on a piece of cardboard.

'Do you do smack?' I asked.

'Yes, yes!'

'Go on then,' I said, knowing perfectly well that he didn't.

'Well, not now, it's for when I want to take some girl out and get her into bed.'

I gave him the card.

'Look, when your friend Canario comes back I won't be able to speak openly. That's why I want you to know I inject smack otherwise it does nothing to me,' I said, showing him a syringe. 'I'll give you a signal later that I want to go to the toilet to shoot up, all right?'

Well, everything was ready, the rope in place, the window unscrewed, José ready with his motorbike and the cop willing to take me to the toilet alone with him. I told my girlfriend I was about to do it, and to stay in the room because the apes would go to her house later and bother her family and the neighbours would know everything. I also asked her to tell José that as soon as I sent him to buy some cakes he was to be ready with his Butalco motocross at the entrance. And that's how it went.

'José, why don't you do something useful and go and buy some cakes?' This was the signal. 'Bring us a dozen and a half and some fruit juice and plastic tumblers.'

As soon as he went and I said to Romi, 'Oh! I forgot to ask him to buy some dark tobacco. Can you go and tell him?'

She rushed out and gave him the message in the corridor. Five minutes later I asked the guard to take me to the toilet. I squeezed his knee meaningfully as I got out of bed. He stood up and so did Canario, but as he was about to go out the cop from Rota stopped him, 'Stay here with the girl, I'll take him.'

He took up his automatic machine gun and, pointing it at my back and said in a serious voice, 'Let's go, and go straight to the toilet.'

When we got to the toilet I told him that I was going to shoot up, and I'd close the door so that I wouldn't get a fright if someone turned up.

'What's up my friend? I can't believe it, you don't need to give any explanations,' he surprised me, 'But, be careful.'

I closed the door, climbed on to the toilet, opened the window and put out my hand to feel for the rope. I touched it and felt like laughing. I started to feel so-

something strange going from my stomach straight to my brain. It was pure adrenaline. I grabbed the rope and tied it to the radiator that was solidly attached to the wall. Already outside, I clung to the sill and, supporting myself with the rope, made to go down. But my hands were slipping. The rope was very thin. I thought of tying some knots in it but there was no time, even though nobody could see me from where I was hanging because it looked on to a back garden and was hidden by the wall of the hospital. I rolled the rope around my right hand and let myself fall, holding tight with my left. I slipped and burned both hands. I gripped tightly to break my fall. I slackened

my hold again and slid down to the window of the first floor. I stopped for a moment and, as my hands were grazed to the flesh, almost to the bone, I decided to jump down into the garden five or six metres below. I fell to the ground without hurting myself and ran to the main door just as I was, in slippers and py-jamas. I walked close to the wall because I thought the cop might be at the window to get some air, as it was very hot. When I got to the door I was furious because there was no sign of the motorbike, or José, or anything else. Also, I was exhausted by the whole escapade because I was still weak from the hunger strike. I was fazed at first, but thought he would be starting the bike. I went out to the street and saw him about forty metres away pushing the bike and trying to start the engine. I reached him and pushed him away from the bike, which was giving off a terrible stink of petrol. It was completely flooded. Luckily I know about motorbikes and managed to fix the problem.

‘Push,’ I screamed to José as he stopped the petrol.

We both pushed the bike as fast as we could, then when it gathered speed I pressed down the clutch, put it into second and threw myself on to the seat as I let the clutch up. The bike started to roar, burning the petrol in the cylinder, until it roared loudly and the engine started.

‘Jump on!’ I screamed to him.

At that moment I felt as though my heart was pumping joy through my whole body.

‘They won’t catch us now, my friend’ I said sure and happy.

We shot off. I took the Txurdinaga address and went to a friend’s house.

That’s the story. Now it’s someone else’s turn.

