ADMIST SOCIETY...

To appear here and there with the strong desire for intimacy, trust and complicity. Always in search of a life, that feels genuine. A life that does not have to censor in different shades. A life that through authenticity is ready to establish its own path to coherence joyfully. That wants to be more than an roaming shadow in the midst of society...

The newspaper project in hand Fantasmo is an expression of this search. It arises from the circumstance of involuntary but self-chosen clandestinity and is for that regard not bound by place.

We, the authors, foster the desire as made-invisibles to talk about this be-invisible. About lived experiences and considerations in this situation. From us, as from other comrades – and that would be extremely wonderful – that find themselves on such a journey right now or have once. And because the invisible can not exist without its counterpart, we encourage all the visible, that have been indirectly affected by a situation like this, to send in your self-written contributions. To put the reflections and initiatives, away from concrete, technical questions, up for a public debate and thus open up a space for discussions and exchange with all interested.

The desire to bring back to life the in all directions extending demystification of clandestine, from the illusion of the wild and spectacular rebel-life (a fiction of Hollywood with its usual cast, consisting of protagonists and spectators) to that illusion of the anxious-paranoid vagabond-lives. Definitely there moments full of wild enthusiasm and the urge for action. As well as full of doubts and desperation. But either of these sides only build the black/white frame which holds together the many different shades of grey that we are made of. To mistake this frame as the whole and let it be a fixed picture would only lead to a reduction of this complex life with all its tangles to the replicated spectacle with already prefabricated fixed pictures and roles.

The desire to highlight, through this instrument of communications, all of the hidden capabilities of the individual, their autonomy, their endless room to maneuver and to define it as a starting point for a revolutionary transformation of society. It does not matter in which specific situation one finds itself right now.

The state persecutor the finger showing, we hope to be able to contribute with this paper to the anarchist project and to grow with it. But to make this humble project known and spread it all over the place, we are dependent on the solidarity of the visibles. Unfortunately our situation does not allow to find you, get to know you, to talk from eye to eye, present our projects at an info/talk or else.

So we call on you to copy and spread this irregular appearing paper. To give it into the prisons and the last corners of this society, so that it can be part of a anti-authoritarian debate in view of a social revolution, across the borders of visibility and encourage to subversive action. Thanks a lot for all of your solidarity and support through words and actions.....

WE ARE HERE

After the spanish Anarchist Gabriel Ponobo da Silva was shortly released in the summer of 2016 after being in prison for over 30 years with the perspective, 45 days after his release, to find himself behind prison bars again, he and his comrade Elisa decided to go underground and not give back this new found freedom.

At the beginning of 2017 he published a letter in which it is described how the cops were alerted to these two and why they had to be released after 24 hours. Gabriel ended the letter with the following words "To those who continue to support me and show me their unconditional love I am here! To those who continue to want to assassinate me I am here!" The protagonists and their history is of small importance in this text. It is more about the decision to not dance to the rhythm of laws but to leave during this death dance, knowing the henchmen are right at your feet and to keep the possibility to fight outside of prison walls against their logic and existence. One could think this decision only comes after a intensive discussion with the people concerned about the eventualty of needing to go underground. But this is not necessarily the case. Life does not go in a straight-line or as planned and so coincidences and garbage intersect our plans. And mostly, exactly when we are not anticipating it. For 100 comrades on the run there is at least 100 good reasons at a 100 different points in time that made these comrades decide to go the way of clandestine. So to put yourself mentally in this state and trying vehemently to answer the question how one would act as person concerned, is a nice dry run, but not more than that at all. A interactive phenomenon of imagination and reality, that shatters at each others cliffs.

To assume that with adequate technical preparation beforehand, one will have certainty how oneself (as well as things around oneself) will change is an illusion. Certainty in the sense of concrete technical precautionary measures, for example a first on the run destination or reliable solidary contacts, that offer support, will without a doubt offer a huge advantage. But compared to the complex whole of the problem, this aspect of preparation stays a formality. One could compare it to rendering first-aid, which is and continues to stay unbelievably important, but it can not replace self-recovery.

This self-recovery, understood as your own life force, can not be replaced by anything or anyone, are your own ideas and beliefs.

(continue page 2)
WHEN EVERYTHING FALLS APART

No human being can live for long in permanent uncertainty. We need familiar things, places, other people, that we can refer to and orientate on. We need a certain stability and predictability in what we are going to change, as small as the perimeter may be. Our whole surrounding might change, but its existing stays pivotal. As well as the existence of being able to make our own decisions and acting in places we know and with people we know.

I grew up in a society, in which these desires could not be defined by the individuals, but only by the state and its institutions. They present themselves as a guarantor for stability, security and protection of the social living together. Everything seems to work. Everything proceeds in the given and regulated lanes. Everybody finds their place in this, no matter how bucked up or hopeless it seems. For every opinion, criticism and oppositions there is room to unfold, as long as they are not leaving their lanes. As long as the wheels are turning, everybody and everything is taking care of in this colorful world of goods of democracy...

As B. Traven once said - “people like nothing more than use well-trod paths because there one feels simply safe.”

But what happens to us when we are being suddenly confronted with uncontrollable all-encompassing thought- and behavior framework. It shapes and teaches us how we have to live and think, teaches who we have to be, how to look and what is being expected of us. We know our freedoms and more often than not are just being impressed on reality.

Cracks on the whole...

All these norms burn deep in our subconsciousness and engrave into our notions, behavior patterns and actions. The goal is to restrict the individual action and its unimaginable possibilities and convert it into social regulated sequences. This goes along with mutual social control, because everybody has to adapt and adhere to this code of conduct. The actions and reactions of the individuals is foreseeable, algorithmic and constrains their behavior to act through permanent replication. If this smoothly working society is being disrupted the concerned people are being confronted with many, maybe unprecedented questions. What we have before perceived as omnipresent, inviolable and unchallenged existing order catches cracks and is not working anymore. This situation calls us to look for possible answers, cause from the outside we are not getting any, so we have to try new paths, start to act self-determined and self-organized, because it cannot be delegated anymore. These situations can include a vast number of possibilities for individual and collective liberation and advancements, as well as chasing individuals closer to the open arms of the state.

When everything falls apart one is forced to leave those lanes and might discover unknown byways, pushes new boundaries, gets to know them and can overcome some of them or make them ineffective. But cracks in normality are not always just liberating and beautiful. They are scary and can be painful and brutal, especially when they are coming suddenly and with full force, in addition to an maybe apparent unfavorable moment.

HOME (LESS)?

A certain place. Familiar feelings and thoughts. Orientation. Memories. A thousand exciting, as well as boring stories and one entirely personal. All this means home to me. Where did it go, my home? Or did I lose ground?

When the eye of the beholder shuts, there is barely more than nothingness, that spreads across the cold floor of facts. We were physically separated, my home and me. But I ask myself in retrospective how long our lives where distancing ourselves already, when I was still there. What were these familiar feelings and thoughts again? And what made this place so special? Could I, apart from the mundane geography, really orientate myself? Every now and then I am still reeling my fingers to this old home on the horizon and wondering was it ever more than a fata morgana? I was never really made for it, much less for me. And still I threw myself into its local depths to learn to understand it, myself and our relationship better. More often than not it had other plans and left me back questioning. I hated and loved it at the same time. I wanted it, but different then it was and developed / fundamentally different! Is it possible, I ask myself, to talk at this point still about my home? I do not think so. It was not my leaving that marked our separation. It was its glaring clarity, its social absence, its control mania and its increasing (social) sterility, that detached us internally and finally also externally. Time heals the fewest wounds and so I am looking back today with distance in space and time on this home and I am disgusted and angry cause it is it which tries daily to displace and gag, what I call at home, namely my acquaintances, friendships, confidants and affiliations.

Why mourn this home, when it is so keen to turn into a monster? Maybe just because it was a known enemy to me and I knew to find out its weaknesses, analyse them and use them. To continue this work I have to pick up the exploration of this still unknown terrain of my new enemy. And who knows, I might stumble upon an extension of my familiar home...

WE ARE HERE (continuation)

They give life orientation and act as a compass. Even more so, when all familiar and well-known falls away and one finds itself permanently in new places with new faces.

In a situation, where one runs the risk of fading as a bare shadow in a grey society, this compass can help to use this role of the shadow in ones own favour. To get to know its advantages and appreciate them and to be able to attack the authority as an unknown element of social tension. Cause anti-authoritarians on the run also always mean to spread the conflict with any authority across all borders and all corners of the world. The in the above mentioned letter I am here stands for one individual. But for me it stands for every single one, whose beat of clandestinity asks them day after day to dance – we are here.

As in little

I was being shaken by an unexpected and far-reaching event. I lost control, my life was gliding through my fingers. Nothing or very little was comprehensible in this moment for me. My own little world was seemingly falling apart with everything what I established until then and loved. Cause I had to choose to vanish into thin air.

In the past I only sporadically look into the topic of clandestinity. I knew that situations like that are possible when one... (continue page 3)
Today, in the year of 2018, in a
time of globalized networks, in
which everything and nothing
seems equally possible at the
same time, the line between
seemingly antithetic terms and
definitions seems to shrink
constantly. This line is tending
to become more and more
flexible, to elapse and slowly
but ultimately evaporate. Language as a tool of
communication with all its
nuances, differences and
contradictions is threatened to
corrode in the swamps of
nonsense and arbitrariness,
confronted with a commodity

AGAINST THE
INTERCONNECTED
LONELINESS

do is putting a subversive thesis
on the table, taking the current
technological changes in
consideration that are aiming at
an overall interconnected
society - this based upon the
philosophical study and re-
evaluation of a linguistic
dichotomy. I am aiming at the
dichotomy between being alone
and being together. This might
sound quite mundane in the
first place. But if we take a
closer look at these
complementing terms in the age
of digitalized society it
becomes clear that it is indeed
quite complex to actually
define the specific
characteristics of these two
notions. Does the phenomenon
of being alone still exist in a
world of global networks? And
if not, what does the permanent
state of being together mean for
the individuals? What does this
tell about the quality of the
social relations? Or, for putting
it like this: if a large part of
society experiences moments of
being alone and being together
(understood as an interactive,
directly experienced social
relation) less and less, which
adjunct could describe their
"social condition"? I decided for
defining this state that
neither less the individuals be
alone nor together as
interlinked. Being interlinked in
this context means to be in
(potential) contact with other
individuals via algorithmic
codes without entering a social
bonding connected with certain
responsibilities. Additionally it
means to not actually have a
choice whether you want to be
interconnected or not, if you do
not want to risk being socially
and (economically) excluded. Summarized one
could say that

WHEN EVERYTHING...
(continuation)

chooses a rebellious life, but to
be honest I anti-pated more to
get imprisoned before being able
to go on the run. Accordingly it was a hard blow
in the face and at the same time a
every schizophrenic situation,
cause like this I could keep my
beloved freedom. My thoughts
were being clouded by a heavy
tog, the ground under my feet
seemed to volatile and I could
not hold onto anything, I was
about to fall deep.
Everything seemed uncertain.
I was being robbed of all loved
and familiar. Time heals
wounds, but it makes thoughts
clearer again (with it came back
the awareness to not be totally
committed to this situation, that
it is up to me what I make of
this, how I decide and act).
What helps the healing of the
wounds is the attack. The attack
on this world, which inflicts
those wounds upon me and
forces me to live heteronomous.
The attack on all the visible and
invisible boundaries, that thwart
in my way. But also to tackle
myself with all the anxiety
and doubts that come up. With all
the turning visible conditioned
norms, that accompany me.

My otherwise outwardly focus
shifted inside me, when
everything familiar became
absent. Long-forgotten came to
the surface and I was being
forced to explore my upcoming
memories and past pain.
Unbelievably what is inside of
you... But at the same time an
indescribable energy was being
discharged, which pierced
through my body and soul. I felt
and feel a internal determination
and love for freedom, like I
rarely felt before. A will to live
and the childish joy to be able to
experiment. Knowing that
meanders and risks will
accompany me, that a thousand
monsters will stand in my way.
Knowing that the ground, that I
am starting to build on again, is
shaky and could collapse any
moment. Despite these
circumstances I continue my
daily search, always in the
direction of the horizon, my
dreams and desires. Cause it is
not the assets why you are alive,
but the wishes, the ventures and
the plays why you are alive...

The following imprinted excerpts of the article "Keeping oneself out the way" we extract from the book „Incoignito – Experiences that defy identification" which first edition was released in the year 2003 in Italian (meanwhile translated in French and English). We think the selected passages illustrates very well the overcharging and always „unfavourable” situation to stand suddenly in front of needing to go underground and raising important issues worth to be
discussed. The highly recommendable book consist of different

INCognito
"KEEPING ONESELF OUT THE WAY"

I’ve never had any strong feelings of belonging to one specific
country, with its traditions and culture. I’ve never felt any roots
grow inside me to such an extent that that could keep me in one
place. I think that this helped when I decided ‘to go to earth’ and
hide from bureaucracy and the law. The first time my house was
searched a cop asked me if I had been expecting it. My answer
was yes. I was an anarchist and known to them as such, so
I wasn’t surprised. Nor was I surprised when I realized that it
would be better ‘to have a change’. Choices like that are a
question of responsibility. When you are fighting an enemy you
will also certainly want to escape from it and its repressive grip,
even if you have to pay quite a high price and keep away from the

ICPolls
(continue page 4)

places and people you love. This was something that I had taken
into account, something I knew might happen to me. So I wasn’t
surprised when it became real and urgent. But I was pretty
confused, both because reality is always different to what you
imagine and because I found myself in a situation I had never
expected: becoming clandestine, not on my own or with my
partner, but with my child. […]
At first it was very difficult. Even if, as I said, I had pictured that
moment so many times, I was not ready either at a practical or
psychological level. For example, I had nowhere to go and it
wasn’t easy to find a suitable place. My comrades were all well
known to the cops and that period was not at all

(continue page 4)
AGAINT THE INTER...  
(continuation)

nobody is alone, nobody is  
together, but everybody is  
interconnected. Or, differently  
put: all are alone, all are  
together, no one is related. For  
evaluating the quality of these  
social circumstances it is  
important to take the context  
of the society in consideration.  
The fast development of  
techninformatics and with this  
the modern digital sphere took  
only three decades to transform  
to a totality that makes it hard  
to imagine the current social  
reality without it. Despite the  
fact that seemingly no one has  
to be alone anymore – because  
social relationships now can be  
replaced by “social networks”  
of any kind – we are  
experiencing a time in which  
the separation of the more and  
more densely packed individuals  
increases and increases. If it is true, that most  
individuals feel lonely and  
weak, even though they are „in  
company“ at any time, be it  
virtually or not (being in  
company is still being classified  
as the norm, and this  
demonstrates power through its  
excluding, yet fascist  
characteristic), we have to face  
the question of the social  
relationships, those with  
ourselves and those with others,  
for putting a subversive thesis of  
individual and collective  
liberation against this social  
misery.

The potential of being alone  
Individuals that prefer to be or  
act on their own are often  
perceived and stigmatized as  
mavericks, egoist or socially  
incompetent – always based  
upon the perception that the  
human being is in its core  
social and for that not  
supposed to do its own stuff,  
without constant awareness of  
those around. The will of  
being alone is, following this  
argumentation, something  
inherently antisocial, because  
it excludes the community.  
Welcome to the mad world!  
Being able to be alone, to be  
just by yourself, feeling in  
connection with yourself and  
other, but sovereign from  
these others, is this anti-  
social...? The situation of  
being without others and being  
confronted with yourself, and  
just yourself, bears an unforeseen  
potential for self-development, on a lot  
of levels: nothing but the  
absence of everything that  
promises safety, that irritates,  
fusses or judges puts the  
individual into a situation in  
which it can learn to perceive  
a situation which society  
demonizes as emptiness (the  
lack of sending and receiving,  
in every sense) as an  
opportunity of freedom.

Here, at this point of being  
alone, fantasy begins, and  
with this, totally new terrain  
opens up for the sole  
individual: the one of the  
spiritual extension of the  
horizon, or the potential  
overcoming of fears through  
the confrontation with one  
self, loneliness, for example.  
Of course, there are no  
guarantees for nothing. Not  
for the joy; the strengthening  
of the self through the  
overcoming of individual  
fears or the developing desire  
for subversion, just because of  
a change of the circumstances.  
But, in opposition to the  
situation of being interconnected,  
being alone serves the potential for all of  
this. A potential opportunity  
to leave the cage and, as a  
generic causality (mental  
pain equals mental strengthening)  
but as a processual tendency that  
one can observe in the mental  
interiority of individuals again  
and again.

...and their subversive  
strength

If we try to perceive the  
interlinked society not as a  
concluded process, but as a  
constant social reproduction of  
the individualized masses and  
as a technological development  
of those in power for  
preserving the social order - in  
2018 there is not much more to  
propose to our potential allies  
than what our comrades  
proposed already a hundred  
years ago: the emerging of  
individuals of self-initiative;  
capable of confronting the  
conditioned fears and doubts;  
capable to feel, maintain, share  
and live the deep desire for  
subversion; capable of forming  
relations of responsibility and  
mutual solidarity by having  
social relationships free from  
mediation; capable to refuse the  
submission that is spreading  
lke cancer and the „social  
circumstance“ of interconnected  
loneliness which is connected to it and to attack  
here and now. This old proposal  
is maybe even more urgent than  
ever if we don’t want to lose  
the ground and basis for a  
social revolution, which seems  
far, far away.

"KEEPING ONESELF OUT THE WAY"  
(continuation)

calm or favourable. I think that many people were really worried and solidarity,  
practical and effective solidarity, was not easy to practise and therefore to find.  
I was really sorry about that, and I am still absolutely convinced that this is  
something that comrades should discuss carefully in the future. I mean we should  
try to create the minimal conditions so that comrades are not left alone with their  
problems and excluded from all their relationships. Coming back to my time in  
hiding, I felt the need to take all the things that made me feel ‘at home’ with  
me wherever we went: certain books, tapes and objects (maybe I’m a bit fetishist)  
that kept me in touch with my previous life. In general, we succeeded in not  
being noticed wherever we went: I introduced myself to others as a mum taking  
her baby on holiday to healthy resorts. It was summer and certain places would  
be healthy for anyone! I played my part very well; I was very careful about what I  
told anyone about us and tried to be coherent in my role. I also made my attention  
more acute by focussing it on even the most insignificant details. It must be borne  
in mind that people (not to mention landlords) are very curious about a new  
member of their community, and that you cannot always answer the questions  
(too many questions) they ask evasively, otherwise you would seem strange. You  
have to be careful because in a ‘normal’ situation questions like ‘where do you live’, ‘what do you study’ and ‘what’s your job’ or even an invitation to dinner  
that you would rather refuse, could be annoying; and an unfriendly and  
unanswerable answer could cause trouble. When you are in hiding it might be  
dangerous either to make relationships or to be too reserved. It is quite a delicate  
situation. As I said, I tried to tell people the same story about myself but I also  
tried not to give a picture that was too different from what I actually was. I mean  
that in the long run (I’ve been in hiding for 6 years) it is impossible to be  
completely different to what you are. […] I also understood that living beyond the  
rules and normality, with no name, surname, address, and a false number on one’s ID card stimulates creativity, imagination, and dignity, and makes you take back what’s yours. Time is yours,  
choosing and overcoming difficulties is yours, the decision to play the cat or the  
mouse is yours, the moment when you decide to say ‘Stop!’ is yours. […]