

The Anarchist Library (Mirror)

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## A Whisper from Nowhere

Anonymous

Autumn 2020

Dear friends and comrades,

I've had the idea of contacting you again for a very long time. No matter where I was, no matter what was going on, no matter what adversity or beautiful experiences I encountered outside of physical prison - I always felt the urge to let you be part of it. You are an indispensable part of my life that has taken roots deep in my heart.

But every time I sat down in front of the blank sheet of paper, my ability slipped away to write. To tell. Each time I fell silent and felt sad. How can words really convey what I feel? My mind tormented me with this question whenever I sat at my desk and stared at the empty white in front of me. And while I was struggling for letters, the world at once spun faster and then suddenly stopped. If someone had seriously tried to convince me at the beginning of February of this year that the virus in Wuhan, China, would put half the world under a glass dome within a few weeks, I would have laughed and shook my head. But here we are, in the midst of an authoritarian process of radically reshaping the status quo.

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*Back to the old normal!*, complain the reactionary nostalgics. Always interested in saving their own ass and then locking the door again as quickly as possible.

*Forward to the new normal!*, preach the liberal cybernetics. Bright helpers of the state, always driven by good intentions ...

And what do the rulers do? They are at odds, united, hesitant, determined, totalitarian, reasonable, scientific, religious ... the range is endless and yet always describes only the same thing - they act according to the maxim of maintaining power. Always and exclusively.

The question “old” or “new”, or in other words; the question of how we want to be managed and kept in check is not the question that should interest individuals seeking self-determination. How we oppose the dictates of laws and morals, sabotage it with thoughts and dynamite and thus open a space for new things - this is music to the ears that are looking for the earth beneath the asphalt.

I have been on the run for almost 4 years now, which prevents me from discussing these explosive questions with you, setting up theses with you and rejecting them again, working out approaches with you and testing them with my whole heart. Of course that saddens me. Because such a shared discussion would mean that I can see, hear, smell and feel you. And you can't imagine how much I miss this immediacy - how much I miss you all!

But hey, I'm not with you, but next to you – moving quietly on a path nowhere, from which I wave to you and whisper the warmest words of greeting. Let's not allow the passing time to force itself between us and to gradually fade out our shared experiences and adventures.

I am glad that, thanks to you, I have found my beloved words and the joy of storytelling again, you are wonderful.

We'll talk again.

In solidarity and freedom-loving affinity,

*Your friend and comrade from nowhere*