

MY LIFE

# ANTIFA





***100 NOTES FROM  
20 YEARS IN ANTIFA***

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PETER CRICKET



## *Disclaimer*

This book describes the real events experienced by the author.

This book contains scenes of extreme violence and should not have been read by young children. It describes scenes and situations that some readers may find disturbing.

This book does not endorse, support or validate any kind of criminal activity.

This book was written from memory and briefly describes more than 30 years of author's life – some conversations and minor details do not have to be accurate. Some names and identifying details have been changed to protect the privacy of individuals.

# ***Radical humanity***

I've known Peter since I was twenty. He was a bit younger, but we quickly became friends. And for the next ten years, we've spent quite a lot of time together. At parties, on demos, in cars or behind the bushes waiting for the naziscum to appear, at the police stations, attending concerts (both as spectators or as "bodyguards"), political meetings, lectures, camps, training. Then, for a while, our paths split. After ten years, I slowly backed out of the antifa activism. Not because of any change in my worldview, it was still the same, but I decided to pursue some other things in my life. Working career. Relationships. Hobbies. I felt it wasn't necessary anymore to invest so much of my free time to fight the enemy I considered more or less dead. The street life changed dramatically, the city felt safe now, and all the debts to nazis, all the punches and humiliations I suffered as a teenager were paid over a thousand times. But Peter didn't quit.

And when our paths crossed again and I partially came back to Antifa, I realized, how comfortable I feel among them. Compared to my other friends

and acquaintances, they changed only a little bit. Sure, they have families to feed now, so they aren't running around the city with iron bars in their hands or putting up posters or attending all DIY concerts every night. But that what we did together, what we lived through together in the radical and violent fight against nazis, that connected us forever.

Only after reading this book, I realized how much we have in common with Peter. How we were formed by opposition to injustice and oppression, and how this disgust led us from talking to a real antifascist work, which (after many mistakes, of course) led to some meaningful results.

I borrowed the title for this foreword (without their permission) from our friends from Slovak band *Rozpor*. They might have gone through a few changes, both musical and personal, but their message still stands and they never changed that, not for a bit, "Against the nazis, till the day I die." Peter's confession may be too radical, too violent, too hateful or too hard-to-believe for some readers. But if at least some of them find any inspiration in it, it justifies its own existence.

*¡No pasarán!*

# *Foreword*

There are other people, true heroes and heroines for me, who should write a book similar to this one. They would do a better job than me in this respect – free of my ridiculous ego–trips and macho stories – but for a simple reason that I understand, these people are never going to write a book. They simply live their lives and are doing – or possibly were doing – what they thought was right. They don't feel the need to record their story, blabber about it or just write how it was and they don't feel like dissecting their emotions. I know a few of these people and I appreciate them for who they are, and after all, I also appreciate the possibility to stand by their side when facing various situations. And thanks to this, I experienced what I am going to write about. Moreover, I believe that this has also made me a better person. Well, at least that's what I think, right? With the benefit of the hindsight and after all those years while I was dedicated to anti-fascist activism, I simply believe that this is a thing that will simply turn you into a better person inside.

I lived a life that is pretty far from what could be described as 'standard'. Still, I believe that nothing of this was a mistake, I have no regrets and I stand firmly by everything I've done. Even after 20 years. Twenty years. That's exactly the time since I first put a wooden baton in my backpack and rode 400 km by train to attend my first antifascist demonstration knowing that Nazis would be there and being aware that I would stand up to face them – apart from most other people attending the demo. Not peacefully. I will not hold a banner in my hand, but I will be holding a stick. And this was basically what I was doing for the next 20 years.

I met many people from Russia, Poland, Germany, Ireland, England, the Netherlands, Ukraine, Belarus or Italy. Basically, we are all pretty much the same. For every person that I've met at a demo, antifascist conference, for whom I worked as a bodyguard at a gig or with whom I stood side by side when fighting Nazis, for all of them, I would be willing to sacrifice my life at a certain moment.