

APPENDIX 33

Account of Ingrid Schubert about the attack of 8.8.77

The overt brutality of the attack this morning is the signal that the Security Service, the Ministry of Justice - Baden-Wurttemberg and Bender, are set on the "Endlosung" - Final Solution - in Stammheim within the next few days. The direct physical attack (on Gudrun, Andreas and Jan in the sixth year of their confinement) is certainly not the culmination of the offensive - systematically escalating in Stammheim during the last week: simultaneously with an escalation on all levels:

- the campaign against the lawyers' office here in Stuttgart
 - the falsifications
 - the attempts to connect Croissant (the lawyer) with the death of Ponto
 - the fascist image of us as enemies, as "terror-spooks" -
- all this is intended not only to escalate the manhunt outside, but also to prepare the public for the planned liquidation of the prisoners.

It is the pattern of psychological warfare, i.e. of a design that uses military, psychological and economic means to liquidate an opposition movement.

The background story which lends urgency to the matter is the high probability that the KSZE conference in Belgrade - following the rejection of the revision - the Commission for Human Rights in Strasbourg and the UN will be concerned with the direction of the "show-trial" in Stammheim, for which Rebmann, in the meantime the most senior prosecutor in the FRG - was responsible in his capacity as the chief ministerial director in the Justice Ministry, Baden-Wurttemberg - this is not to mention the bugs in the defendants' cells and the deaths of Ulrike and Siegfried in Stammheim.

It is clear, that this rogue, who in the most literal sense has furthered his career "walking over corpses" - i.e. the corpses of prisoners and that of his predecessor now wants to rid himself of the trouble caused him, by a combination of

witchhunts and murder. Now after Ponto's demise he is making the fact evident, in a new dimension - that we are hostages of the Federal Prosecutor's Office though this was already clear after Buback's death.

The individual phases of the escalation:

After the "binding promise" from Rebmann - still as the person responsible in the Justice Ministry - we broke off the hunger-strike. But for seven weeks nothing happened at all. They are constructing here a perfect machine, which can register and control our every move - an architecture, which is a bastard crossbreed between a bulletproof bank-counter window, behind which the screws can observe us every single minute, and a carnivore house in which we are sitting, supposedly composing our 12,000th secret message - and brooding on new sensational crimes - the lawyers and politicians never lie. The place is crammed with electronic surveillance and alarm systems in such a way that the screws themselves often can't find a way through, they press the wrong buttons and set off the alarm bells. At night 2 TV cameras observe with an electronic sophistication that reacts to every fly or fluttering bit of paper and sets off alarm bells.

The construction work has now extended for seven weeks. After this 3 prisoners will be moved here from Hamburg and we will then be 8 instead of the six previously. Ratte (Verona Becker), despite a six-week hungerstrike and Nusser's recorded promise, is not coming onto our wing. Gunther is being transferred from Stammheim into the total isolation wing in the mental institute Weissenau and from there into the infamous prison psychiatric unit, the Hohenasperg.

Nusser and Schreitmuller have made it quite clear, that the Ministry of Justice in co-ordination with the Federal Prosecutor's Office is pursuing a delaying tactic. The Federal States suddenly no longer know anything about agreements and they refuse to transfer prisoners. Since the middle of July it becomes ever clearer that their promises aren't going to be kept.

The Federal Prosecutor's Office formulates an absurd allegation of attempted murder against Newerla and Muller (lawyers)

In the ISC-Report from NATO, this method of giving an outlet to the old megaphones of the protest movement in order to turn them around and to use them for their own ends, is called co-optation - i.e. 'drowning the revolution in its mother's milk'. But further, the shamelessness with which this is going on here shows what we have always said: that with the first armed action the phase of protest is over - that we are no longer revolutionaries but we have become enemies of the system - that the harmonious relationship of man with imperialism as Andreas has already said - is war.

It is not our hatred that contorts the face because our hatred is human, but it is rather ignorance, contemptuousness and cretinism in which the enmity of the system between those who are excluded must reproduce itself, as long as they come to terms with the ghetto instead of fighting in the dialectic.

Scarcely one day had he been on Buback's throne before Rebmann began a propaganda offensive against the prisoners and their lawyers, in particular against the Stuttgart lawyers' office. At the end of July Der Spiegel magazine published an article by the State Security Department (TE) - which represents a new type of state security journalism and was a fabrication from the first to the last word as it included almost all the lies the Constitution Protection Agency had contrived against the lawyers from the last nine months of the year.

At the end of July - two days before the Dresdener Bank suffered the loss of the "fellow-worker" who had made it into the most aggressive monopoly bank in Western Europe - Rebmann declares openly that he, as Federal Prosecutor General will not keep the promise that he gave as 'ministerial advisor' to the Ministry of Justice Baden-Wurttemberg and that the group (in Stammheim) will not be enlarged.

Finally one hour after the assassination the most massive propaganda campaign yet escalates and is increasingly directed during the course of the week against Gudrun and Andreas.

because they are unable to stop Verena (Becker) and Sabine's (Schmitz) hungerstrike - and in order to eliminate the last two lawyers who still visit the prisoners here - for Heldmann and Schily have long since crawled away into the woodwork, and thus to eliminate every outside control.

As a matter of course, outside now, the ideological whirlwind is being whipped up. The child stars of the student movement grown fat and false and the old hands from the time of the easter march now meet at the "anti-terror" front of the SPD. Here they have suddenly, a genuine class hatred against the have-nots, illegals, the prisoners, of a kind which would not have occurred to them to develop against the power of the state - which means nothing other than the power of property. After Carter intervened, for Cohn-Bendit, with the state department, Cohn-Bendit is now being used for Carter: he launches the idiotic State Security propaganda campaign by Kleinz in Der Spiegel, and draws up a list for the authorities of the last Frankfurt militants as though these weren't already completely known. Gollwitzer, who found no receptiveness in Stammheim for his social democracy which he had championed broadly and without shame, is now taking lessons in establishment journalism. At the same time he publishes the multiple rags of the left: 'ed', 'id', 'links', a dirtily contrived pamphlet against the RAF in which he attacks the self-reproduction of opposition elements possibly because they, more plebian than he even in his better times, could make themselves independent of church rates, and the state budget. Last but not least Albertz appeared on TV with the particular variety of humanity which caused him to resign in 1968. They have the job of neutralising the reflexes of the left wherever they may still exist, to the planned murders of the prisoners.

Nobody knows whether that will work, but it reflects the way in which they are being used in the 'intellectual confrontation' - which is not only the totally centrally structured and viciously executed censorship of our arguments, but also of all facts which explain us - this forms a new dimension in psychological warfare.

On Sunday it is the turn of the Stuttgart lawyers' office. Zeiss, who adopts the role of the Skorzeny of the Federal Prosecutor's Office, undertook a raid on the Stuttgart lawyers' office, armed to the teeth. He has subsequently advanced the infamous lie that during the search of the offices, the original of the declaration of the Commando Ulrike Meinhof had been found, and that Gudrun had been identified as the author. In the lists of the articles found in the raid one can read, '1 envelope with a letter claiming responsibility' and naturally this is the thing that sent the Commando in all directions.

As usual the matter reached a head in Stammheim. As always, when they are preparing something, the officers on duty were changed. Grossman, the bastard who had opened Ulrike's cell on the morning of her death, is there again despite his leave. The greens (screws) become provocatively aggressive, there is a prevailing atmosphere on all levels, which indicates that we have got to reckon with some sort of attack.

Friday evening, whilst Gudrun is still with her lawyer, Andreas went into Gudrun's cell to fetch something, whilst the food was being distributed. A procedure that is followed a couple of times every day. Practically all the greens must have seen this. Shortly afterwards Gudrun returns to her cell and some time later Gabi (Moller) arrives and enters the cell having been in the cell where the fruit is - and - the unthinkable must be imagined here - Andreas is in a cell with two 'ice-cool, calculating, sharply drilled murderesses' (as they were described by leaderwriter Zehm). The screws who saw what happened abruptly lock the door in front of me. Compared with the usual fuss they create when two of us are out of sight, we found that rather funny. I was standing directly in front of the door and it was completely obvious that they knew where Andreas was. It occurred to me that they were all nervous and were whispering together in front of the glass box. The three in the cell were obviously surprised as well, because immediately afterwards the alarm system lights flashed and the cell door was opened. Gabi came out, went into her cell to fetch something. Munzing, the senior administrator, who has only been posted here since last week, went past me into the cell, walked across to the windows and knocked at the bars of both windows. then turned around and

walked out again, past Andreas who had obviously been searching through the folders in the bookshelf, was eating an apple and watching him, thus he wasn't hiding at all. He passed me again as he left the cell. I was discussing briefly with Gabi, that I would go R (Verena Becker) for the night. She is isolated from us in another part of the floor/wing, but we can see her at lunchtime and at night. Then I went out to the table in the middle of the corridor, and Munzing immediately, and without saying anything, closed the door behind me. Whilst this "comedy of manners" was unfolding, at least five screws were standing about in the tract. Later we established that at this point none of us knew that the whole thing had a purpose. I am not in the mood to explain, why, after 6 years of isolation, we still feel the need to be together - this even under the power of violence which is intended to make very feeling, every thought and every movement unreal or turn it into the real kind of pain we call torture. Because it is planned, because it is done consciously, scientifically and on purpose.

We were amazed, but also found it quite funny, because it is not our business to carry out this dirty spying designed to persecute us and register every movement we make. In actual fact: in the 1 1/2 years we have been together here the system is such that the warder who has to watch us continuously and who is relieved every 20 minutes - at first there were 3 warders sitting next to each other on stools staring at us - if 2 of us, not of the same sex can't be seen, even for a second, the warder makes a noise to attract the 3 other warders who sit on standby behind the curtain. They come into the wing immediately to intervene. Besides this they all have a checklist on which they make notes - if even one person can't be seen and which of the two open cells he may be in. It is an infamous and perfect system of total control, which leaves no chance for any unobserved expression of being alive.

The meaning of the actions became clear to the others an hour later when they fetched Andreas out of the cell, and, then further on the following morning, Saturday. The provocations and aggression shown by them since Ponto's death, are now accompanied by a grisly humour, and they are now exacerbating the

situation further. They announce that "on Monday the others are coming". Both the cell doors, which up to now had been open, remained closed - what I mean is that the greens stand there, on the wing, until they are closed with the result that during the whole of the weekend (rec-time there are 3 and sometimes 4 officers threateningly standing around during the time that the cell doors are open). That is apart from him sitting in his bulletproof cockpit. When asked why they wanted to cause trouble and why they had created the situation on Friday, they react with aggressive threats "we'll soon see", "something's going to change here", as Emil said.

It becomes clear that they believe they can afford to persecute us with their obscenities and deceit riding on the wave of chauvinism which the psychological warfare has unleashed. They brag, not only about it being within their rights to behave like bastards, but most particularly because they are males. Although it must be quite clear even to the densest warder, during the 1½ years that they have been watching us, that the intimacy in the relationships within the group (and certainly in prison), function on a level where sexuality, apart from tenderness or perhaps sensuousness, has practically no role at all. The three who found themselves in one cell on Friday evening, certainly had other problems - and that became completely clear in the situation at around 4 and 5 o'clock when Andreas was taken out of the cell.

Since then they only talk - if they talk at all - about fucking. Grossman eventually said - word for word - "I never thought it of you, that you got up to that - fucking", in such a way that Andreas's blood boiled, and he said to him "If you don't stop that, then I'll shut you up". This was the only threat that was uttered at all and it is quite clear from the wording that the rubbish spoken by Grossman is pure invention and recognisable as such by its style.

Monday morning, everything is destined for a total confrontation: from 9.30 a.m. onwards the greens are standing on the wing watching every movement. During the ½ hour long confrontation

when we requested they leave, Nusser, Schreitmuller, Haug, Bubeck etc. stood behind the curtain listening, amongst them was the little one with the pock-marked face and weasel features who had often boasted openly in the canteen, that he'd go up and finish Andreas off in his cell.

Around 10.00 a.m. in stormed the riot squad. I reckon there were between 40-50 screws in all, at the head the trumpeting Nusser, and just behind him Schreitmuller fat and grinning, and of course Haug as broad as he is tall, he is the most hated screws in the whole prison. Just the 'commanders' of this army alone must have weighed 600 pounds. Most of them we had never seen before. The screws who normally work here like Meisterfeld for example, are not there - as is usual when they are planning something. The whole troop came at us from the rear and approached the open doors, and Nusser, without even listening to our attempts to reason, ordered "Shut the doors. No discussion". Andreas answered quite calmly saying that he is creating this overt escalation. We positioned ourselves in the doorway of Andreas's cell whereupon Haug immediately attacked Eagle (Wolfgang Beer). Jan screamed at Haug that he should let Eagle go and first explain what they want. A fat screw stinking of beer, who was standing just behind Nusser, started to hit Leo (Helmut Pohl) with his fists. Andreas, who until then had stood there with a coffee cup in his hand, threw it against the bars. Schreitmuller later reported that it had been "aimed at his head" (you only have to remember that as early as 1974 he falsified some proclamations by the prisoners in Stammheim in an attempt to smear the RAF - the fraud was revealed because the real authors contacted the press after he had published his falsifications). The cup smashed 1 to 1½ metres away from one of the greens and Andreas was only 2 metres away. Schreitmuller himself a former Public Prosecutor before he wormed his way into the penal service, was the responsible prison officer when Ulrike (Meinhof) and Siegfried (Hausner) died here - is blatantly lying and of course he is doing it with the certainty that his contribution to internal state security - the incitement of 50 brutalised bastards against the prisoners - will win the support and the understanding of all institutions of the law.

Then it began:

6 screws grabbed hold of Werner (Hoppe), who had only shouted that they should let go of Eagle and started beating him. At the same time 6 screws jumped on Andreas and both were thrown indiscriminately into a cell. Then it was Leo and Eagle's turn and in such a way that their heads and backs were banged against tables and shelves. They started to beat Jan up right in front of Andreas's cell. I screamed at them and Haug pushed me away. Next to me, by the radiator, I saw Gudrun lying on the floor - and I got the impression that the whole beastiality culminated on her. One of the bastards had her whole face in his hands pressing down on it, two were pulling at her arms behind her back, on the left side of her body, and was pulling them together, at the same time trying to knee her violently in the side with all his strength. The whole thing had the appearance of murder. I tried to get to her, but at that moment I was grabbed by 6 screws. I can still just see Gabi, who had been thrown onto the floor, then I was thrown this way and that for a while then to the floor so that I banged my head. When I tried to defend myself against the kicks into my sides and kidneys, Haug, with all his weight and strength dropped his knees down onto my head pressing it hard into the floor, then he lifted my head and banged it 5 or 6 times on the floor. It lasted some time, a good five minutes, until they dragged me the 30 metres to the other end of the wing where they then threw me, on all fours, into Eagle's cell so that I again banged the back of my head and my back. I can only remember waking up - still lying on the floor - I don't know if I was out for seconds or minutes. Then I vomitted and I felt completely exhausted.

Around 2 o'clock came the second wave. They fetched us out of the cells into which they had kicked us in order to put us into other cells. 10 screws, led by Haug, Grossman and the drunk. After the failed attempt to fetch Andreas out, who they couldn't get hold of, they fetched Eagle out of my cell and pushed him into an empty hole - I can still hear the sound of the punches. Passing by in front of my cell, Haug threatens me, "You'll have your turn soon, you bitch".

When they finally opened the door and came in, I immediately rushed out into the corridor and called for Jan and Andreas and hadn't even tried to go to Andreas's cell, when the drunken screw grabbed me from behind by my hair and twisted it by the scalp pulling out handfuls of hair. The other screws grab hold of me as well and starting hitting me from behind, precisely and sadistically in the nape of my neck and in my back and sides swearing at me, "You're getting what you deserve now you dirty bitch", "We'll show you". They dragged me away from my cell and then Haug kicked me brutally in the small of my back which sent me flying right through the cell against the exterior wall. Then he roared, "Disappear you bitch".

Apart from bruises over my whole body, kidneys pains and pulled tendons, above all I have a painful swelling on the right side of my head behind my ear as well as a swollen ear. About 2 hours later severe headaches develop, pressure on my eyes, shivering, sickness, circulatory weakness. The whole thing happened 48 hours ago now, and I still have the severe headaches despite the strongest analgesics they have here.

Since the beating we've been completely isolated, we can't see or speak to each other, our free hour has been stopped and every step on the corridor takes place only in the presence of 3 screws. We have communicated by shouting to each other through the slits in the doors. We have begun a hungerstrike and have declared that we will begin a thirststrike as well, unless within a few hours the old regime isn't reinstated without one single restriction.

I am certain that the brutalities and humiliations of the type practised here and for which in the meantime Stammheim has become internationally renowned, must either stop - or they will carry us out of here dead, one after another.

"We can only be suppressed if we stop thinking and stop fighting. People who refuse to stop the fight cannot be suppressed - they either win and die instead of losing and dying, so said Ulrike"