



The highly dubious machinations through which Christoph Blocher appropriated EMS-Chemie is well known. Now his daughter Magdalena Martullo-Blocher runs this company with an iron fist - contemptible billionaire **SVP rabble** of the first order!

Schweiz quo vadis?

Milo Rau on the customs deal (19.11.2025)

Swiss director and author, director of the Wiener Festwochen and member of the "Literature Club" of Swiss television.

<https://www.tagesanzeiger.ch/schweiz-trump-zolldeal-offenbart-fragwuerdige-neutralitaet-401663627516>

Switzerland as a sex worker. Venality as a national ideology

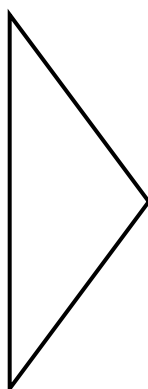
The customs deal has shown that Switzerland is willing to pay for the best possible deal with humiliation, says Swiss director Milo Rau. An essay with satirical surplus.

A long time ago, when I was still a child and living in St. Gallen, the artist Ben Vautier caused a stir at the World Exhibition in Seville with the phrase "La Suisse n'existe pas". Vautier had meant this flatteringly, as an allusion to the cultural diversity of our country: Switzerland exists, but always differently, in many local, moral and political variations.

The images that have reached us from the Oval Office in recent weeks are probably the most unpleasant, but at the same time the most honest variation of Switzerland: Swiss managers presenting President Trump with gold bars and luxury watches.

While Venezuelan President Nicolás Maduro in his short speech that went viral on social media a few weeks ago ("No war, yes peace!") addressed directly to his American counterpart, the Confederation leaves the political to the economy.

"Representatives of the government were not part of the party," as the FAZ laconically said about Switzerland's visit to Washington.



Switzerland has turned into a neo-colonial banana republic

The President of the Swiss Confederation, Karin Keller-Sutter from St. Gallen, had already thrown herself in the dust in front of Washington in winter and glorified Vice President Vance as Switzerland's soul mate after his speech at the Munich Security Conference. No one outside Switzerland was interested in this, and her famous short phone call with Trump in August then led to disaster: import duties on Swiss goods were increased to 39 percent.

So now a delegation that was not legitimized by the will of the voters, but all the more energetic in terms of realpolitik, had to travel to America. As one reads, the extortionate tariffs for the economy are now being reduced, but bought by the Swiss population with the – ironically duty-free - import of American chlorinated chicken and Cybertrucks.

"Trump is just another figure in a long line of rulers and dictators whose vicarious agents Switzerland has made itself in recent centuries," writes Milo Rau. Swiss business leaders visit Donald Trump in the Oval Office.

The incorporation of the Confederation into America's global economic war ("combating non-market policies of third countries") completes the transformation into a neocolonial banana republic. The deal, which the Federal Council presented to the public a few days ago in a strangely cheerful way, is almost satirical reminiscent of the gag treaties that England or France forced on their colonies.

Just like Switzerland today, proud countries such as India became ideologically aligned sales markets at that time. But while India had a Gandhi, Switzerland only has Karin Keller-Sutter – and historically speaking, Trump is just another figure in a long line of rulers and dictators whose vicarious agents (and local recreation areas) Switzerland has made itself in recent centuries.

The ideological hunting scheme of the Swiss economic elite has diversified

In the 19th century, young British politicians climbed the Jungfrau to recover from the subjugation of India and Africa – and financed the local watch industry at the same time. In the early 20th century, Switzerland placed itself at the disposal of the German Wilhelminian bankers and shortly afterwards the Nazis.

Depending on the case, my homeland, glorified by Friedrich Schiller as a haven of freedom, served as a place of settlement for dirty financial, raw material and political deals. Wherever you had just committed a major crime: The Alps were perfect for chilling! The fact that Switzerland produced ammunition for Hitler's wars of conquest and bought the Nazis' Holocaust-looted art at knockdown prices was another plus of our neo-colonial political model.

Whereas before 1945 there was still a certain preference for fascist dictatorships, the ideological hunting scheme of the Swiss economic elite has since diversified. The oil states, Syrian, Turkish, Russian, Middle Eastern, African and American oligarchs are welcome. Anti-Semitic Islamists can do their business in this country just as much as pan-Slavic imperialists.

As a projection adapted to the world situation, Switzerland pays homage to the only contemporary values: elitist narcissism and the deification of capital. Our ski slopes and hiking trails are overcrowded with tax evaders and white-collar criminals who invite each other to an aperitif. And those who have just fought each other in a bloody civil war find themselves peaceful neighbours in the villa districts on Lake Geneva and Lake Zurich or in the Engadine.

In short, anyone who believes that posthistoire is an academic concept does not know Switzerland. Beyond good and evil, that is our Nietzschean, at the same time strangely inconspicuous form of existence: the superman, disguised as a medium-sized entrepreneur. But as we know from the Réduit period, there is also another Switzerland, a kind of borderline country, whose state ideology is suicidal self-assertion. That's how you learn it in school: If the Nazis had actually marched in, our army would have interrupted all trade routes between Germany and Italy and retreated to the Alpine fortress.

In this respect, it was better for the Wehrmacht not to invade at all, but to rely on the anticipatory obedience of the Swiss elites. While General Guisan fantasized about the final battle in the eternal ice, Switzerland behaved pleasantly tempered as Hitler's colony. And this is probably the true Swiss state ideology: imaginary self-assertion, coupled with real submission.

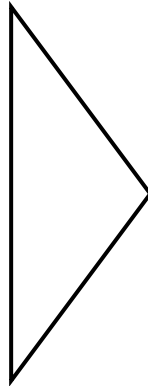
Do the autocrats and oligarchs know that Switzerland has a government?

Which brings us to a point that Lukas Bärfuss recently pointed out in an essay: colonialism only works thanks to collaboration. The Germans kept the dreaded so-called Askari companies in their African colonies, equipped with locals, which they bought from the local chiefs and equipped with chic folklore costumes. As we know since the Bergier report, Hitler had half of the Bundesrat in his pocket in addition to big industry.

As for today's autocrats and oligarchs, they probably don't even know that Switzerland has a government. Why should they?

Switzerland's political system, or even the "will of the voters", is about as relevant to the real politics of our country as the pouring of lead on New Year's Eve.

Our colonial masters therefore do not keep Askari companies, but have their own party. It is, appropriately, **the "People's Party": the SVP**, which has made collaboration with global finance capital and at the same time folkloric protest against its political content.



Of course, self-submission, even if it is schizophrenic, has something shameful, especially when it is performed as bluntly as by the visitors in the Oval Office. But the reason for all this is not fear, but an admirably value-free feeling for the best possible deals. Switzerland pays for this with loss of face or even total humiliation, but it has long since become accustomed to this. Since the famous visit of the Red Cross (at that time under the direction of the Swiss Carl Jacob Burckhardt) to Auschwitz, where the delegation did not notice anything incorrect, there has been an almost unlimited tolerance in this country with the working and living conditions in the respective partner countries – be it the Congo, the Middle East or Russia.

Those who have principles are punished with contempt

And even if Switzerland – i.e. the taxpayer – sometimes has to pay more, as in the liquidation of Swissair, Credit Suisse or the recent deal with Trump, the bottom line is a huge plus for the elite. The motto is: privatize profits, socialize costs. But those who have principles are punished with contempt. If the EU did not threaten with minimal regulations and structurally uphold Europe's welfare state ethos, it would have been welcome in Switzerland long ago. Because "freedom" in this country means: the freedom of capital, for which one must always be available. Anything else would be harmful to Switzerland as a business location, yes: ridiculous.

In terms of its self-image, Helvetia resembles a sex worker who has become indifferent over the centuries, who allows herself to be bought and is secretly proud of her callousness, according to the charming line of the band Gun Club: "We can fuck forever, but you will never get my soul." Which finally raises a metaphysical question: What is the Swiss soul? Is there, as some incorrigible patriots believe, a kind of inner Switzerland, an indestructible ember core of our country, a *rédut* that survives every ideological rape? A humane and rebellious Switzerland in which total historical forgetting, contempt for the democratic idea and complete political colorblindness have no chance simply because of stubbornness?

The other Switzerland, where it smells of meadows and manure and the morality of the *longue durée* prevails

I know it sounds provincial, but if you drive from the golden cul-de-sacs of Zurich, Geneva, St. Moritz and so on to the countryside, i.e. to where it smells of meadows and manure, where colourful workshops and empty chapels adorn the landscape, for example in the direction of St. Gallen, you will find that stubborn, frugal type of person who was already so sympathetic to Gottfried Keller. A population that doesn't want to know anything about Rolex watches, gold bars, Cybertrucks and all the Swissness in general – Seldwyla, in all local variants. Here, the submissive, available, folkloric Switzerland that sells itself to the whole world does not actually exist. In, say, Stein or Mörschwil, it is difficult to attract the attention of a waiter, if the restaurant in question is ever open at all.

Because in this Switzerland, the morality of the *longue durée* prevails: the famous slowness, the elephant memory of the provinces, in which whole armies of immigrants have been virtually inhaled by the grassroots democratic idea of Switzerland for centuries – just like my ancestors from Italy and Germany. When I was recently with my mother on one of the gently undulating hills of the St. Gallen Pre-alps, which tickles no American or Russian ambition, she asked the restaurant owner about her neighbor. Once, almost 60 years ago, she had worked there for a summer as (as they still say here) waitress. "Judith?" asked the old woman unmoved, "how is she?" And the current waitress's daughter, an Albanian by accent, said: "Judith? I've heard about her. Didn't she move to the city?"

It is unlikely that these people will ever instigate the uprising of the decent. It is more likely that they will simply sit out Switzerland's current behavior, as they did in past centuries. It is therefore to be hoped that Switzerland will reflect on its democratic freedoms. Whether on the Swiss Plateau or on the periphery, long-established or newly arrived: Power to the people! Because as for the collaborators with global finance capital, the Rolex and Trump fans, they will continue to do business. There is only one small problem: If you sell your ideals, you also sell your soul in the long run. And as far as our independence is concerned, it has long since been sold.