

Mauricio Morales

Let's turn the city to ashes



a collection of writings by and for a fallen comrade

Mauricio Morales
*Let's turn the city to
ashes*

A collection of writings by and about
compañero Mauricio Morales

**Santiago, Chile
Septiembre Negro 2009**

see to it that anarchy lives

Editor's note

As the time approached for finally bringing the English translation of this book to light, almost imperceptible feelings of uneasiness started to make themselves felt. There was something delicate about transmitting the innermost reflections of an anarchist *compañero* from the heart of the struggle in the land known as Chile. Encountered for the first time with the news of the untimely explosion that ended his life, we had got to know Mauricio Morales through the prism of the choices he had matured and carried through to the ultimate conclusion, with the luxury of being spared the anguish of losing his physical presence in the particular reality of struggle that he was a part of. Who were we to spread his intimate thoughts for the consumption of the whole of the anarchist book reading public? Then a magical fleeting encounter led to the knowledge that Mauri had actually collaborated in this book, he had been preparing to publish some of his writings together with the *compañera* who had created the powerful illustrations. The floodgates opened, a surge of joy, complicity and the now urgent need to spread this sensitive theoretical, aesthetic, erotic and above all destructive contribution to the attack on the existent. This book is not just by Mauricio Morales, it is also by his comrades in life and struggle, to whom this English version is dedicated .

- Jean Weir



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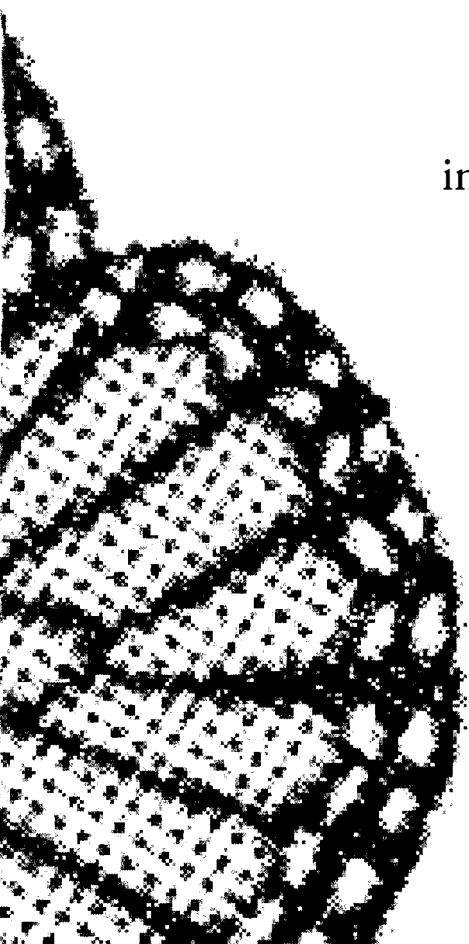
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With each drop of ink,
each breath taken,
we dedicate this work
with love
to all the persecuted.

We also dedicate
this work to Zoé
who lost her life in France,
as a result of the
accidental explosion
of a device
she was constructing
in the early hours of May 1st
2009...

**...our war
is also for you guys!**





Mauri's funeral.

Introduction

Since 2004 [in Chile], diverse groups of anarchists and anti-authoritarians have taken a concrete offensive against the structures of capital. Incendiary devices and arson have been used against banks, police stations, investigation headquarters, institutional buildings, newspaper offices, high voltage pylons, and churches. The objectives of these insurgents have known no limits.

The press has counted roughly one hundred bombings claimed by anti-authoritarian groups. The powerful felt the blow and responded without respite. They assigned three prosecutors with exclusive dedication, to investigate and identify the authors of these different attacks.

They put the word out that when they had one arrest they would apply to him or her the “full force of the law,” i.e. the Anti-Terrorist Law, with more aggravations than one could possibly invent.

The beast was thirsty for blood. Day by day, month by month, it suffered the humiliation of new attacks. The powerful would know how to make up for that embarrassment, when at last they had an arrestee squirming between their teeth. A name and a face on which to unload the whole arsenal.

Threat after threat, not the powerful, nor the prosecutors, nor the police, nor any of the intelligence organisms, had been able to identify or arrest anyone who had broken the [Anti-Terrorist] law. Facing this situation, the government, through its spokespersons, decreed a two month period in which to get concrete results. They rounded up the prosecutors, they demanded blood.

Facing this pressure, Chahuán (the head Prosecutor) could only mutter threats on television, while Jacir and Armendáiz (Prosecutors with exclusive dedication), chose to be silent; better to shut up than to keep looking ridiculous.

The year 2008 comes to an end with an apparently criminal occurrence (as portrayed by sensationalist media), creating a more profound impact than one could have imagined.

The self-described anarchist Gustavo Fuentes Aliaga (who was completing a reduced sentence for possessing molotov cocktails, and who on many occasions had been identified by the mainstream media due to his publicised

sentences for drug trafficking and confrontation with carabinieri), stabbed his partner and fled, believing her to be dead.

That act created the perfect excuse to have various squatted houses raided. In the supposed search for “El Grillo” [the Cricket], they went about breaking into houses that he frequented and also those that he spent little time in.

They weren’t really searching for him, as was later verified. Nothing was taken from the raided houses but bicycles, clothes, tools, gas cans, anarchist material, etc. What they intended was to verify their thesis that the squats and the bombings came together in an unmistakable equation.

They searched for the culprits within the squat scene, thus satiating their thirst for vengeance.

At last “El Grillo” is arrested (before they carry out various house raids), and after several months in prison, the powers that be make it known that the subject-in-question is in collaboration with the police. In his dementia he admits to several bombing attacks and indicates that his stabbed partner was responsible for other attacks. After learning that she had survived, he takes back everything, declaring himself innocent, undermining everything already stated.

The police reports later state that he didn’t participate in the actions. He was just delirious, imagine that!

How did he snitch? By handing over information about how this type of anarchist organisation works. Bringing light where there was darkness. Indicating bonds between people and motivations for the attacks. Contributing data that helps them form profiles and a global map of where to strike.

He SNITCHED, managing to get his sentence reduced from that of attempted murder to just domestic violence.

In spite of the threats and the raids, the bombings don’t stop, but at the end of the fateful May of 2009, the story takes a completely different course...

In the early hours of 22 of May, a bicycle moves through a cold Santiago night. A comrade carries in his rucksack an insurrectional dream. In his belt he has a revolver which he will use to stop any reaction from the cops.

He’s carrying a homemade bomb and his single objective becomes clearer with each pedal: attack the school of the Gendarmería.

Around 1:30 in the morning, he makes his last stop, only one block separates him from completing the action. He stops to check the timing system that's enclosed inside a fire extinguisher filled with gunpowder. But in an instant, an unexpected accident sets off the detonation.

A huge blast produces a deafening sound expanding into an echo through the dilapidated streets of the barrio Malta. The Bomb that should have gnashed in the face of the powerful, when activated threw the body of the *compañero* into the middle of the street. He died instantly.

The cold body belongs to Mauricio Morales Duarte, to the punk Mauri, to Crusty, Perro Loko, Kiltro, Uncle Panky, Mabri, dozens of names for just one brother.

The press and the police celebrate the death of an anarchist and they unleash new raids on squats and social centres. Now they are looking for a possible accomplice, looking for evidence to gain more data, more suspects. Mauri hung around squats, therefore, they search them to find supposed components for the fabrication of bombs.

But who was Mauri? Why are some people determined to remember him in more than just a personal way? Why, at any cost, do many people want him to not be forgotten?

In the war against power, in the historic struggle in which thousands of comrades have freed themselves from domination, in all periods of time and places of the world, many brothers and sisters have fallen in combat, a lot of blood has been shed. Hundreds of streets, jails, and cages have witnessed hearts stop beating in actions against authority.

This is how we understand the death of Mauri; as a possible consequence of becoming an opponent to all authority, but we won't analyse the subject of fallen comrades from the terrain of abstraction. Cancelling them out, by making them just another statistic.

Behind every comrade that has died in combat there is a complete life, a world of subjectivities, a deepening of analysis, a path traveled, thousands of reflections leading to determined decisions, and a road taken towards death. A road taken, not as a pastime, not in search of banal sensations, but rather for real convictions. Convictions that the way in which the world is being run must end, that passivity before daily exploitation turns you into an accomplice, and that the greatest threat for the established order is in our hands and dependent on our ingenuity.

War is not a game, no. It isn't joyful in its totality, apart from the satisfaction we get from the realisation of the attack. Who takes pleasure in always losing? To lose brothers and sisters to death, prison, fleeing, or the accommodation of a life to capital or even worse, the accommodation of the capitalist ideology to a life that *apparently* opposes it. An accommodation that only allows for ambiguous attitudes that have more to do with what side of bed you got up on rather than taking a position of war. A position where life is urgent, because combat is now, it was yesterday, and without doubt it will be tomorrow, in an infinite succession of terrain on which to fight.

Without glorifying our comrades that power has stolen from us, Mauri cannot be forgotten. Our decision is not to abandon him, but to never forget him. How can you forget someone you've had with you for the long haul? Whom you constantly miss?

Mauri was, is, an anarchist comrade. Actually, an anarchist apprentice as he jokingly liked to call himself. A brother who, through the length of his life went through many different stages, crossing tendencies and angles in the critique of capital, the State and authority.

An advocate of social organisation, of the organisation of the masses, over the years he ended up constructing and expanding approaches to affinity and to free association. In the last moments of his life he considered himself an antisocial individualist, embracing the nihilist idea.

Mauri was an avid reader of Ted Kaczynski and his idea of technological society, and of Élisée Reclus, Max Stirner, Emile Armand, Alfredo Maria Bonanno, and of course Severino De Giovanni. He was able to take from these distinct writings an experience all his own. Understanding perfectly that the best homage is that of a life dedicated to combat, and that there is no other poetry than action in and of itself.

We are not looking to glorify or create blind admiration for our friend by means of this text; on the contrary, we are adamant that Mauri does the speaking. His own words will do the describing.

Without a doubt he was complex, as are all of us who know that one cannot only attack capital with gunpowder. One attacks capital just as well by stamping out capitalist ideology, which has been forcefully implanted into each and every one of us for years.

The challenge then, is to strip away all of those imposed values and begin to forge our own, free of all authority. On this road sometimes we stumble, we contradict ourselves, searching for the path that takes us toward total freedom.

It's in this way that one really understands life, accepting the contradictions that some moments present, but with every step we are searching to improve that same path, without paralysing ourselves in regret, learning from our mistakes and standing tall again, instilling in ourselves the radical perspective necessary to become honorable warriors.

We hope that through the addition of this material we can give voice to Mauri, to cross the threshold of death. It will be through his writings and his actions that you will be able to determine if he is or is not your comrade.

The life that Mauri chose to lead was undeniably that of "propaganda by the deed." For him insurrection wasn't just an empty word, even with threats, persecution, and the full weight of the law.

And as his life became anarchist and antiauthoritarian propaganda, we hope, by means of this publication, to contribute to the action of other comrades. We are convinced that warriors on all sides will rise up to do what is possible.

Mauri's whole life will not be found in these pages. We are not condensing his whole experience and the times that our paths crossed into this work. No experience is summarised with a bit of ink and paper, much less the experience of someone who decides to challenge the powerful, in every possible way and place. There are no pages that can effectively explain someone who died fighting against power.

We sincerely desire that this won't be the last collection of his writings, but we are not the owners of his reflections, anecdotes or analysis. We hope that more material pertaining to him can see the light of day, not as a fetish, not as a date on the calendar, but rather as a memory felt, as a memory that yearns for the moment of materialisation.

Then there are those that have raised their voices in public, in private, or spinelessly, to criticize Mauri, his action and at the same time all direct action against power.

This topic is not new; historically there have existed those who, even waving the black flag of anarchy, only reduce themselves to becoming second-rate politicians whose ultimate end is not the destruction of power or authority. What are they after? To criticise to a greater or lesser extent the distribution of wealth, the amount of hours in the workday. They don't feel the urgency for the destruction of the organisation of the world as we know it.

For this reason they try to quash the despair that can be born in other comrades. And let us be clear once and for all that those who do not become

desperate facing the bitter reality of exploitation, those who don't feel the weight of the bars that separate us from hundreds of brothers and sisters from different backgrounds and countries, those who can live calmly while they produce the destruction of the earth, those who mock the war against authority because they believe it to be fictitious, those who live happily and proudly because anarchism stays in the classroom of a bourgeois institution, those who believe that the bomb that killed Mauri is just a toy, those people will live the rest of their lives watching the second hand of the clock, with a shadow looming behind them.

These people don't take a stand against authority. Quite the contrary, and ultimately they are looking to lift themselves up as an example that others should follow.

They are looking to silence, in others, the hate that they don't want. It is not part of their plan to have people become a threat to authority. They try at any cost to manicure anarchism, to accommodate it to the existing order, to live the life of the good Samaritan, that criticises the State but lives as the law says. Someone that wants to "change the world", with an ambiguity that can easily be understood in terms of a creation of a "Proletarian State", with all the social organisation that it entails.

These days silence has been broken with a unique level of stupidity like the critique of direct action made in some spaces. Imbecility sometimes has no limits. They have criticised Mauri and in doing so every insurrectionary heart. Then they consider him a vanguardist, an expression of the petit bourgeois that only wants to satiate a moment of adrenaline.

They analyse direct action as an expression of infantile madness that will calmly find its way to the still waters and quiet refuge of academic criticism. From the abstraction of time and geographic space one can wage war against authority, here and now, for ourselves, with the means that we have, in free association, and through sharpening affinity.

Whoever doesn't see the war, will succumb to it, sooner or later. The wasted breath they use to revile comrades who proudly know how to constantly attack power, won't come so easily.

To profess to dictate the patterns and forms of attack is a slap in the face of individual freedom, revitalizing two key concepts: autonomy and power. To try to raise oneself up above individual autonomy only demonstrates the desires of power. In doing so, one negates anarchy, the masks fall and the make-up no longer functions to hide the face of those who fear an intensification of conflict.

Those who imply that violence must remain a monopoly of the State (perhaps their group doesn't feel vulnerable to the State), or that it be for the sole use of the organised people, are clearly the police of dissidence.

Refusing the possibility of individual action or of an attack carried out by an affinity group, they become mouthpieces for the ideology of capital. But for different reasons, not because of the usual complaints of some capitalist, in defense of their interests and privileges, but, more pathetically, to condemn the individual action out of fear.

Fear of the consequences, fear of the unruliness that it could produce, fear of the uprising of others. Fear that now they can't be in control of the revolt.

Fear of the insurrection that recognises no leaders or acronyms, that clamors for the return to *la vida salvaje*, next to the campfire that destroys every vestige of authority, of the imposing society that outlines and regulates ways of life. Terror of free association, which in one fell swoop destroys the monolithic organisations that they desire to build up.

If every one of us could comprehend the value of action, if we could see in all its potential the effect it generates, in ourselves, in comrades and above all in the enemy, we would write fewer documents on the internet and take more steps forward towards our objective.

In this clarity of analysis one finds many comrades that fully comprehend, realising that for the contribution to destruction there are hundreds, thousands, of ways, as many as we are able to conceive in our heads. Others have already said it without fear, none more valuable than any other, that every contribution is another kick to the existing order.

Encouragement! No comrade that goes on the offensive will be alone. For whoever lives insurrection as a continuous practise of attack, there is a universe of gestures that awaits him or her. Solidarity is not a dead word, it isn't a metaphor, it is a concrete thing that many will have felt through the length and breadth of the Earth.

In this edition we are adding reflections from close friends and describing actions in solidarity by comrades from different parts of the world that demonstrate with a gesture that memory is not a personal matter, it is living propaganda of the insurrectional position.

Brother Mauri, this is for you....





Writings in School

I

On my back lying flat on the street, with the frozen concrete.
I see my fall coming closer and I see myself lying in this same place,
 Beyond myself, further and closer than ever.
With my heart beating quickly and the rain forcefully washing away
 The blood of my surroundings.

My death is close but I avert it with my blood and it doesn't touch me,
 I see myself jump again and I wait, I see myself bounce on the
Arid floor and I get on my feet, I jump, 100, 1,000, and 10,000 times
 And even so I get up but I don't know, if I jump again I want
To get up, I don't know and it's better that I sleep in this stained tomb
 With the pollen of my own flowers.

II

Inertia propels my fingers or that will be the custom.

It's no longer the same to lay down and go out through the window.
The cigarette doesn't extinguish my rage, only the desire to put my fingers
 down my throat and vomit.

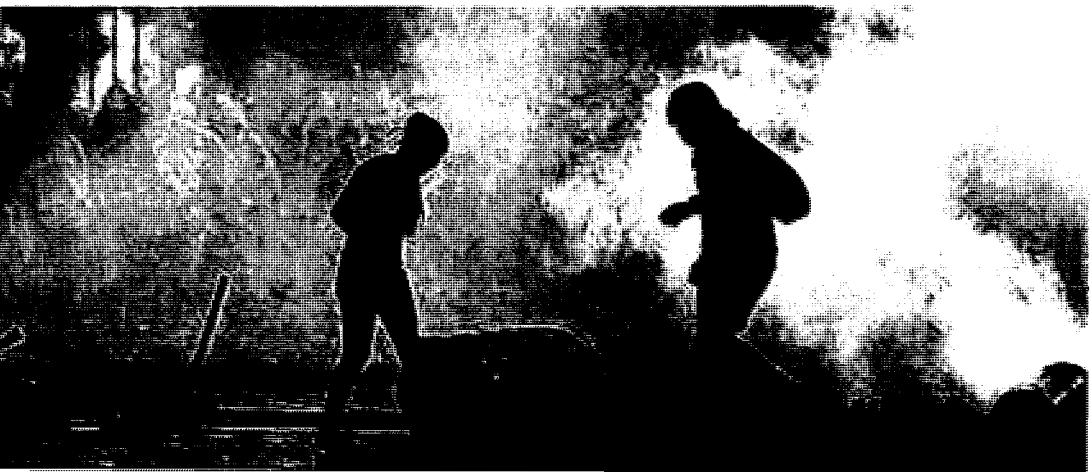
After being in Earth's hell, the Earth swallows me and spits me out
 making me realize that its light is as bright as it is empty.

The devil asks me not to leave him alone and he cries
 Asking me for clemency.

2002

Our desires ran out
Our revolutions died
With our desire to ejaculate on meadows and fertilize ideas
Empty brains
Our desires ran out
They died with commercials by 1990
And by the stupendouskeletons [*estupendoesqueleticos*]
Forms of collective imbecility
Our desires died
Writing in the sand, shouting to the wind
And we substitute it with email, chatting
To invisible eyes in the square box neither death nor happiness seem real
Only it
Amorphous, zombie dance of the polluted decadence of my contemporaries
Weeping and laughter reduce themselves to Coca Cola ads
Life is perfect and symbiotic
Interpersonal relationships are empty
And the structures are friendly and they are lacking in liberties
Everything is fabricated, bottled water
Food made of plastic, plastic tits
Men howling at the moon
Men made of plastic, moons of plastic
Lives made of cardboard, cardboard to earn a living
Made-up and frivolous the soap opera life
Men howling at the moon
But our desires do not die, no longer are we
killing ourselves for ideas or gods
Now, it's all about oil

And we spout phrases at each other from tabloid magazine clippings
Our shoes sink in the sludge
But flowers don't grow in cement or wither from tears
Life is a game but we don't want to lose it and we disguise the madness
With desires to live
When surviving is more important and necessary than laughing
But our desires do not die
We riddle them with bullets by buying
ideas from behind the display-window
And we don't cut down Newton's apple
We cut open the can that contains it
We no longer bleed on the inside today, we only spit blood from cuts
Wounds that make us conscious of really being alive
Today we kill our desires, no longer howling at the moon
Nor do we ejaculate ideas on fertile meadows
No longer are there more Maydays, today we get everything from surgeons
and if we are not satisfied
We get a friend that asks you for a clock and charges you by the hour
We disguise ourselves through pills, alcohol and drugs
And we laugh at the euphoria of life with a fanfare
To live with desire
When really desire
Is deader than ever.



I

I would like to squeeze my heart to make it stop bleeding,
To dry it in the sun, smack it, and tell it that everything is going to be fine.

Damned heart, pent-up in a box. Rotten heart,
Thrown on the floor. Not even with a needle and thread will you make
Yourself whole.

The angels abandoned you before the idea that you deserve some fresh air
for a while. Wounded heart I regret not being able to squeeze you.

Dear friend let your death not be in vain. I will try on the
Next occasion to get closer to your blood and listen
To your heartbeats and together we'll hope that your death
will give us time in order to prepare a colorful funeral
Like you deserve.

II

Fantasy of the roar of life, I choke back the screams
from my chest
Reflection of the day.

I think head to toe about a snake, nest of the past
up in a tree

I hit the ground running and I walk along the railroad ties,

I imagine the distant spaces that separate thoughts,

I bite the dust from my shoes and I refuse to be defeated.

Life is constant struggle, it's about bypassing monotony

And stasis,

It is to fight to the death.

I reflect on the day.

Waves to the seeds of calm.

Sharp sounds to the forest of dreams,

Smiling, I wait for a sharp death with my hard chest full

Of life.

III

Don't get angry old pencil for writing so much sorrow, it's just that
I simply met you one day without wanting to...

Excuse me old oak tree if I climb down your sobbing branches, it's just that
I don't feel very well, I've had an open heart for two moons now.

Excuse me dear pencil for forcing you to bitterness,
Take into account that maybe tomorrow
I'll write about life and its struggle.

And perhaps everything might be more dynamic and my desires
Might return, and you might speak of things as beautiful as the blue
Of the sky and the red of the flaming barricade.

IV

When there is no longer any water in the cup, it's time
To break routine's back and caress the mud
That the rain left.

They say that after the storm new colors illuminate the sky, it's better to
figure out it is raining, so that you can take advantage
of it to wash your face.

If rainbows do not appear, don't worry, the sky's drums
will call them and in light of that, rain and dance are the best excuse to
smile on the road to the sun.

V

From birth we are already condemned,
The first thing is to forcefully introduce language and to put a name
To everything, to assign names to things.

Later structures of thoughts and ways of understanding reality
Are going to mold you. From there religion, ideology.

Brochures and cultural examples reinforce
the chains.

Transcendentalist characters, Jesus, Buddha, Marx, and Che.

And everything that happens, every single thing that occurs
From birth, will be more important than yourself, god,
The state, freedom and also the selfsame anarchy will be above
You, you will be a servant and you will acquire by force
A denomination: student, priest, politician,
Revolutionary, etc.

You will be the object of a greater end, always superior to your
Instinct, you will be a slave, executioner of your feelings.
Your family, the state, comrades, your party will back up your sentence and
your morale will be reduced to fulfilling a role,
From beforehand it will be your prison...

Before this idea of submission I say the most important thing
In your life is you yourself, to hell with family, the state,
The party, and to hell with anarchy.

VI

I am the dead man walking, moving through deserted streets,
 Reflected in closed windows.
 Drinking in bars without odors, without sounds.
 I am the man with a stopped heart,
Between acute memory and the present that stains itself.
 I am the laugh without humor and parted lips,
 I am the dead man that breathes,
 Breathing delicate air, nauseating air.
 In my body there is no blood,
There is not even a drop of wine traveling through my arteries.
 In the heart of this corpse there is no blood, only heavy air,
 Lukewarm without feeling.
I am the dead man that looks at the sky searching for the moon
 With a desire for blood, a desire for life.
 In the battle of what's been lived,
 I am the dead man with the empty exhausted look
 Trying to overcome life, to defeat destiny.
I am the dead man that doesn't rest, that doesn't escape time,
 But succumbs before the ironic light of day,
I am the rotten heart, because the air hurts me, and oblivion
 Hurts me.



Padre

The father gets home and beats his son, curses his wife,
Prays before dinner and sleeps with a smile broken in pain;
He wakes up early another day as a policeman, worker,
Or exploiter.

The hours are interminable like an irrational machine that
Executes lamentable orders, they get tired without resting and
Facing exploitation and misery they magnify their daily impact,
Interminable days in treacherous nights without rest reproduce the
Scheme by a lot of years, 10 or 20, or better yet 40 thousand, I don't care,
It's all a life of blind obedience.

The father gets home and beats his wife, curses his son,
Prays before dinner and sleeps with a smile broken in pain.

Death

Death comes close to me, winks and invites me for a drink,
He speaks to me about collective hysteria, about the heaps of stupid people
That run the world, and about the closeness to life that he feels.
We sit down and fill up the glasses, we smoke some cigs and
We laugh.

Death comes close to me and cuts my skin, I fill my cup with
My blood, he drinks it and spits it out, he kisses me and I take
My blood from his mouth.

Death tells me he loves me, because he knows that I am alive
And that we, that have no master, are pure.

Death comes close to me, winks, opens his legs and begs me
To penetrate him, because he says that he loves my essence
Because I have no master, no gods, no country, and because death
Believes in anarchy, because I kissed him and he drank the blood from
my mouth.

Before Going to Sleep

Before going to sleep I reflect on modernity and I don't get used
to the artificial smell
Nor to the plastic that envelopes water, nor to machines nor to military
helmets,
Nor to ties and their suits.

My hands don't get used to the artificial connection in virtual universes

Connected lives in wireless networks, my eyes search for the eternal fire of
rebellion among the multitude of corpses and only in isolated gazes, the
conscious individual emerges with dagger eyes that resist dying in the
democratic cemetery.

Before going to sleep I embrace chaos as an idea that liberates my body and
my mind
Because after all, it makes me feel alive.

I do not want to search for the grail that will liberate future societies.
My fingers search for the bloody flight of the destruction of the chains of
the rhythmic fire, of the close fire of power and its masters.

Upon sleeping, my actions are designed so that tomorrow, after waking up,
I will
Break the routine, in a solitary action, with my chest like a swollen stone,
by the destruction of this and of any society.
Do me a favor: see to it that anarchy lives.

A Few Words

“Life is another reason to fucking love death”

“Chaos and more chaos upsets the balance, aged by years of stale milk.”

“While the masses leap, full of false happiness and chant catchy chorus lyrics, splash in shit with worms that shred intestines of fabricated hope by the egoism of years of damned profits...”

“Although my hand follows the form of vapor and smoke, the heat from my fingers cuts the humidity; all the heat isn't enough to thaw the ice in which I am stuck. There is no air less rancid than that which I breathe in the morning. My eyes get tired of looking at so much madness, green uniformed madness, madness of green destructors. Abysmal pits and black holes are the leaders of the rich and poor alike. Madness for the sane, sanity for the mad, hunger for all that is weak.”

“Few, are the people that are capable of making themselves understood.”

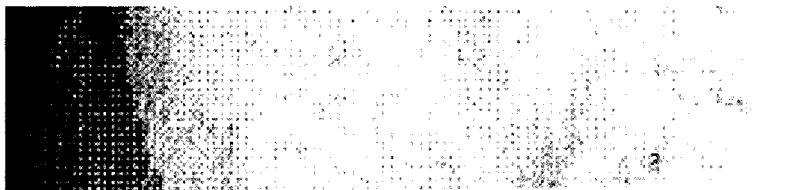
“Many, are those that mess it up!!”

“...then I diverge so that your eyes remain with intense radiation, then I go and close in on myself in order to spoil your sensations...”

“In the dark reality I remain ALIVE, dead is where my light and my disillusionment reside, you were not smiling in vain, I don't want to lose you!!”



**CORRESPONDENCE
WITH AXEL OSORIO**



To continue, we have transcribed part of the correspondence that Mauri maintained with Axel Osorio, a comrade kidnapped by the State since 26 December 2007, accused of acting in solidarity with some comrades that expropriated a Security bank and killed an agent of repression.

We transcribe here excerpts from the correspondence in chronological order.

Ted Kaczynsky, outstanding comrade from the USA, who, by means of letter bombs, sabotaged and attacked the techno-industrial system. He wrote such texts as: "Unabomber Manifesto", "Strike where it hurts", "The Ship of Fools", among others. He was captured by the FBI after his own brother turned him in. Due to the strict regimen maintained in prison, in Ted's writings he has been prohibited from openly supporting violence, is unable to speak about illegal acts as his sentence specifies. When Mauri speaks of, and cites Kaczynsky, he reflects said situation of non-communication. Evidently Mauri never had any problem with those actions, whether illegal or not, and he felt sympathy for Ted.

**tic tac !
tic tac !
tic tac !**

**tiemblan lxs carcelersx
...quedan muchas mochilas
como la del Mauri**



*"Tic tac! Tic tac!
Tic tac! The jailors
are trembling...
there are still
a lot of rucksacks
out there like
Mauri's.
Propaganda action
3 months after the
death of our
comrade."*

Letter I

“For ages I’ve been intending to write you, embarrassingly I have no clear excuse to offer you, and I understand that things don’t change, nor will they change, with intentions, but rather with actions...”

Things are a bit hot on the outside and I have attended forums and libertarian gatherings where discussions have defined and clarified stances; there are those that defend work, condemn revolutionary actions and from platformist, incrementalist, and syndicalist stances, criticize direct action and shamelessly call themselves anarchists...

I believe that the concept of class, and not just that of the proletariat, has fallen into disuse, and that within certain circles it’s fine to use it, but it’s more practical in terms of dissemination, to use the concept of the exploited and the exploiter understanding that “the exercise of power” separates one subject, or type of subject from another.

Shit, brother I would like to hug you and tell you that I love you a lot and to not get scared, because here on the outside I’m not gonna get scared either, no way !! And, what the fuck, I know that our path is fucked up but my feelings, even if I would like to freeze them in my head, burn in my chest stronger than a volcano, and my heart goes out to you, man. Sorry for the ass-kissing but at least this rant is coming from my guts and that’s how it’ll stay.”

Letter II

“I think that the submissive attitude of some people is not going to change at all, and that we (the conscious ones) are very far from the masses, and what’s more, we have nothing in common with them and although it sounds hard or sad, to the masses we likewise don’t matter, nor should we matter to them. I think that the “common people” (or those who are not politically active) feel so satisfied that they are capable of accepting the most degrading behaviour with the aim of maintaining their comfortable inactivity. For me it’s simple, I already lost faith in the revolution of the masses, I don’t believe that the people progress, they haven’t done it, why would they do it in the future? Slaves these days love their chains, the TV and the press tell us how the world should move. Fashion or stereotypes that they sell us set the guidelines of social behaviour.

I think that if anarchism wants to survive it must become antisocial, if not it will simply fall into leftist reforms, like all of the reformists; we (I'm referring to us *acratas* [anarchists]) we are not in a position to propose or convince the masses, and the mass is not disposed to let itself be convinced by those who are proposing the annihilation of the current system; it's simple, the comfort of modern slavery has turned humans into insensitive machines. The only worthwhile thing to do is enjoy oneself between producing and production; the workday regulates time and they steal our lives and we are all contaminated by the system. We buy pleasure in plastic containers.

Thus the vitality of anarchy (nowadays, it too is for sale) should stop being a palatable product and start becoming the opposite. That is to say, it should be a sharp and thoughtful stab to the system. It is likewise necessary to stop wasting time on unsustainable questions like the education of the masses, and to start spending time in purely antisocial activity, given that now in the social arena, one can do nothing."

Letter III

"The city continues being an aggressive and ugly space, where communication and touch are virtual, like the information networks that create them. Spring or whatever season is not perceptible in its fullness. It's as if we were all in a gigantic fishbowl and, well, you're inside a sand castle in the tank (pardon the analogy).

What I am saying is that we are getting farther and farther from wild nature. We have been domesticated, since we were little, by the idea of the clock and of civilisation; reading Kaczynsky, I found in him, or rather in his ideas, a certain similarity and coherence with my own impressions given that he thinks, "the current situation of the world, its historical development is promoted by technological development". Where, in his view, technological development is and will be directly responsible for the current and future situations. Thus, the system can renounce many things without itself becoming weak.

That is to say, struggles carried out, for example against fast food chains and against animal exploitation (obviously through legal avenues) don't necessarily debilitate the system. Even if we did away with animal exploitation, or logging the Amazon, or hunting whales, wolves, tigers, etc., making dams, etc, etc, the system would continue functioning perfectly because every single struggle carried out in one direction without understanding the

system as totality, is a posture reduced to failure, given that the resistance to the system is just that, that is to say democracy or democratic. I'll explain: the system functions based on reforms or if that fails, it retreats and compromises in order to lessen tension to a safe level. That is to say, its democratic structure functions like a pad, where if you hit it with a hammer it absorbs the impact, but the structure remains intact without damage.

The point is, perhaps due to the Judeo-Christian structure (an essential component of Western culture) all of the efforts and struggles focused on certain re-vindications, based on compassionate criteria, are easily assimilated (who knows?). So, feminism or topics of sexual orientation (homo-lesbian-hetero) do not cause any harm [to the system] because its basic ideology doesn't involve real confrontation with the system or its values. Given that the system provides illusions of victories, in order to maintain social peace (think in syndicalist terms for example), one cannot speak about, or act in congress with the values of the system. What's more, one has to act with opposite values, or better yet, not act in terms of the system itself.

For Kaczynsky, the issue happens mainly by a process against the techno-industrial system. When I refer to attacking the system, I am referring to doing it by legal means. Of course, I'm talking about pacifist protests and all other legal means. So, for example, the vitality of the system comes from the power industry, the communications industry, (PCs or computers) the propaganda industry (entertainment, schooling, journalism, advertising), that is to say, the seeds of docility and where the behaviour of the system is generated need to be attacked. Lastly, biotechnology (and for Kaczynsky this point is fundamental) is something that the system will defend to the death and can be attacked by values contrary to the system.

As a question of principle, Kaczynsky greatly emphasizes that it is necessary to persuade people with high-level education, special talent, and laboratory specialists, to be against genetically engineered experimentation. With respect to everything that I've written, of course I mean by legal methods."

Letter IV

"You know, I read something about the Mayans and time... The story about these "lunatics" is that they implemented the concept of zero, i.e. nothing. It is something that is interesting to me, given that I think the concept of nothing is highly positive, as much as reflection and the understanding of your environment permits you, beginning with your own individuality."

Letter V

“...I think that one’s dignity comes from, firstly, not faltering with respect to one’s ideas, staying firm. So if they try to overwhelm you with adversity, with insane violence (I think there is sane violence), with punishments, in the end with everything, if you conform and stay silent and falter and doubt, you are fucked. But ideas without action are worthless, it’s bullshit theory, therefore idea and action must be and are the same thing.”

Letter VI

“...You aren’t missing much here, the fucking election propaganda stopped, only to be replaced by consume-and-if-don’t-you’re-a-pie-of-shit propaganda; the *teletón* is the new fashion...and today I am writing to you in a metro carriage, at eight in the evening, with the slaves and their defeated faces, on their way home to regain strength. I try to stay strong because I have resorted to a horrible embarrassment, I am working, fuck, how awful!! I screwed up, but the humiliation that I subject myself to isn’t so terrible either way, all work stinks; I look through the window of the car of the underground train and all I see is dead energy.

You know, I would like to go far away, I don’t know, to walk. I think I have realized that I feel compelled to keep moving. Being sedentary overwhelms me, you must understand this better than me, after all, they violently force you to stay in your place...now I am travelling with deformed, imposed, and predetermined destinations. I detest them. Luckily when I travel I sleep. Nevertheless, I would like to stop dreaming and live for real. Right now I don’t even feel very dignified, I work, I sweat, and I feel ashamed...”

“...the things that stimulate me are small things, really: trying to destroy this shit, ha ha.”

“...for me chaos possesses a very rich and elegant aim; so that nature flows, destruction by direct action is an end in itself; to me Marxism lacks vitality. I think that because it is a structure that wants to substitute another structure, for me that sucks just as much. What interests me much more, is that things flow, but more than that, that they flow without acronyms, leaders or revolutionary programmes...so of course, the senseless attracts me more than the prewritten, pre-elaborated, or in other words, to hell with scientific materialism.”

Letter VII

“...the city is a disgusting succession of buildings, banks, barracks, people without blood in their veins, and and to tell the truth it smells like shit. I don't want to lead my life to the fixed rhythm of this stupid order, alien to my willpower. Therefore, I am planning to get far away from this city in the not too distant future. Nevertheless, there are still a lot of “things”, both small and large, to finish...I like the idea of being among thousand year old trees. Honestly, I would prefer to be surrounded by a dense forest than by so many stinky and filthy human beings, besides brothers and sisters like you and the rest. For me the human race should be annihilated, in reality us too, given that I think that the human being is the biggest enemy of nature. As a destructive agent it is the most harmful for the planet, and for that we deserve our own extinction.”

“Here on the outside it isn't much different, the majority of the people move because they are ordered to, there is no free will in their actions, we are all robots of flesh, so things haven't changed much. Mental prisons are growing stronger, and there are few who open up their habitual walls. The rest live, sleep, and die, nevertheless there are still some who dream and laugh...”



NUESTRO

KREAR

KOMBAT

MUSIC



*"Create and fight
in the present"*

Ya no hay motivos para sonreír

Band:

Amarillo Crepúsculo

(Yellow Twilight)

Song:

*Ya no hay motivos
para sonreír*

(There's no longer a
reason to smile)

*Donde esta el azul del cielo
Donde estan tus ojos serenos
Donde se ha metido la dignidad
De aquellos que en su vda viven sin
luchar*

Where is the blue of the sky
Where are your serene eyes
Where has their dignity gone
From those living their lives
without struggle

Dime que paso con la naturaleza

Tell me what happened with wild
nature

*No te das cuenta de que por dinero
Destruyen el mundo entero*

You don't realize that for money
They are destroying the entire
world

*Y en complicidad estamos nosotros en
medio*

And we're in the middle, complicit

*Donde esta el verde del bosque
Y el aullido de tu pecho indomable*

Where is the green of the forest
And the howl from your unruly
chest

*Se habra perdido tu rebeldía
En este oceano de porquería...
Ya no hay motivos para sonreír
Solo el deseo incontrolable de
destruir*

Your rebellion will have been lost
In this ocean of filth...
There's no longer a reason to smile
Only the uncontrollable desire to
destroy



Banda Bonnot *Bonnot Gang*

Mauri sang in, created, and enjoyed, the band *Banda Bonnot*. On the album "*Guerra a la Calle*" (War on the Street), his vocal contribution was present in every song...to continue, just a few verses from our *hermano*.

"Arm yourself, arm yourself, arm yourself and combat them...
We will take positions in the social war and as a moral stance
we cannot be indifferent before the fall
in combat of our brothers and sisters,
Like the situation that millions of prisoners live in,
kidnapped in this war and
Through the width and breadth of the world,
judges, gendarmes [national guard soldiers in Chile],
prosecutors, and police from now on are,
and always will be, our enemies and we will not rest until
we annihilate the last bastion of the prison society...
we are at war, prisoners at war on the street!!"



I

The truth, or thousand truths, are invented questions and likewise are fabricated and paradoxical laws.

If we pay attention to theses absurd scenes, they manipulate our minds like factories of pain.

Law and order, belief and progress, alienated work, a life of contempt is the life of the poor, and privilege for the rich.

The authority that they want to impose on us is the essential foundation of the system and their laws, with their laws they get rich and the poor get despressed and everybody protects private property.

While a few have everything, others die of disgust. The cops, or a priest, the *gendarmes* are a fiasco,
and in this sad story
if you become illuminated, you will also become incarcerated.

Their courts protect them, in their laws they find shelter, that's what their shirt and tie are for.

Their courts protect them, in their laws they find shelter, that's what their badges and batons are for.

But it is time for them to know that there is no law that we respect.
If we must fight we will attack their throats,
if we must confront them we will kill their dogs, if we must die they will die first.
And my song is not a cry, it is not a protest, this song that I sing is a song of struggle.

The song of the street is a song of struggle that one sings in this land.
My song is a song of war.

II

In my heart I have a flame that doesn't beat but that burns everything.

And it's just that I am trying to survive day to day although
I don't know the way.

Always going around, trying not to fall into the abyss, skipping the rules
believing in one's self, lighting the bonfire that burns here, in my soul.
It's just that I know that only destruction will make me calm again.

I don't want to fall into the monotony of work,
I also don't want to be seated all the time
looking from below, living on my knees,
not having blood in my veins and my
heart beats red hot, burning everything is worth it!!

Dancing to the crazy rhythm of chaos and anarchy,
spending the whole night dreaming
that the city is burning, destroying merchandise,
burning the police stations.
Breaking the cages that hold you captive, day by day.

By putting a lid on the abyss, remember that you yourself are your worst
enemy.

With a lot of heart and a bit of happiness living at 75% nitrate and,
write it down well, take your time. 12.5 is the number
you are looking for, add carbon mixed with inspiration, don't smoke and watch
out for static electricity. Don't make sparks, wait patiently,
I don't give a damn if this doesn't rhyme,
my heart no longer suffers.

Well then, if everything is now clear you just lack a number
and a composite of 12.5 of Sulphur.
Mix everything carefully, mix everything calmly
make yourself a fuse and let this city burn.



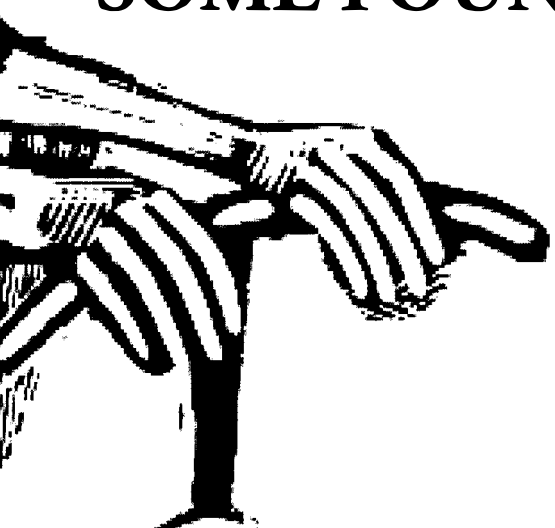
III

Locked up animals, in animal facilities
and extermination farms,
and some imbeciles with the idea
and the rationalisation to
believe themselves superior,
to sit above them,
believing themselves to be on top
of the evolutionary chain.
I look into your eyes and I don't believe you!!
We don't even hunt or produce any more.
Everything we consume is absorbed in packaging.
Bottled water, processed meat, merchandise,
has made a separation so large
between the animal that lives inside of us,
and the beast that shaves
himself every morning.
With ties and briefcases, or cars, buses,
trains, straight to the
machine to sell your time in an ordered way,
put down in work schedules
determined in a calendarised way, absorbed in
times of waiting.





SOME FOUND WRITINGS



“Known as the sad destiny of the rebel that attacks power, that shits on authority and that frontally attacks his enemies: the pigs, the system...etc.

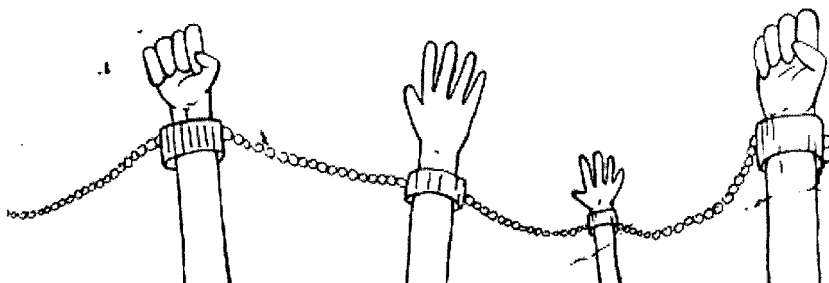
Because when your heart beats, it beats freedom, love, and anarchy : Anarchy doesn't die in the mouth, it prevails in active hands.”

“Arm yourself and be violent, beautifully violent, until everything bursts. Because, remember that any violent action against these promoters of inequality is plainly justified by the centuries of infinite violence they have subjected us to.

...Arm yourself and combat their terrorism, burn, conspire, sabotage, and be violent, beautifully violent, naturally violent, freely violent.”



A brief note about prisons...



Today, and always, prisons are weapons of punishment that Power utilises for anyone that attacks private property. The exploiters use these repressive tools.

They maintain law and order to perpetuate their privileges and to shelter their disgusting status quo.

To those who rebel, they apply exemplary methods, fomenting fear and wiping out those who desire to subvert order. They create for themselves, then, a prison outside the walls of the prisons, a prison inside their own consciences, where the bars and locks are the fears with which they feed us, daily.

We cannot ignore the walls that enclose our brothers and sisters today. Our own mental prisons cancel out a real daily and active solidarity. Our fears kill our desire to destroy power, exalt our wildness, and attack our enemies.

It's time to act, in our every day life with our relations, for the destruction of the prison society and any social attempt to reform this disgusting system of death.

Solidarity must never be just an empty slogan, but rather, everyday actions of confrontation.

With power and constant support for our kidnapped brothers and sisters in this war to the death.

Primera Vocal Press

(First Vowel Press, 2005)

In times where capitalism has a dominant character it invades every corner of our lives and we are nothing more than methods of capitalist production. The hegemonic character of this system sustains itself as much by the methods of repression and vigilance (the same for all types of governments, whether it be from the left, centre, or right), as by the control that the media, in the hands of the bourgeoisie, exercises over the things that we consume, our opinions, and in the end, our lives.

Likewise we cannot forget one of the fundamental pieces of this unequal and exploitative system. A piece that, for centuries, has been the method of evasion from social problems—religion. Religion has for a long time now appeared to be a critique against the unequal system, but has always kept itself on the side of the dominant classes. Other false critics are all of the reformist positions, the “yellow ones”, which do not aim for the destruction of social classes nor for the search for autonomy, but rather, on the contrary, they continue maintaining the cycle of exploitation, alienation and social inequality, by which only a minority has seen itself privileged.

Facing the argument above, the necessity to declare ourselves anarchists is born. Enemies of the state, the bourgeoisie, and all types of social control, we believe firmly that the libertarian utopia is something that we must construct day by day, and it must be the true solution to our social problems. Therefore, it is also necessary to find mechanisms with which to publish methods of attack against our enemies, and one of these is this bulletin. It isn't trying to be theoretical, nor critical of other publications, but very much on the contrary, we want it to be a practical publication whose content is directed towards everyone and not to one small group of idiots who believe themselves to be a vanguard. We aspire for this bulletin to be a practical guide to direct action (as much violent as non-violent) to show us as a real alternative to capitalism and State domination. We want to legitimize direct action, from a puppet show for kids to attacks on establishments. The purpose of these actions is to be the thorn in the side of those who benefit at our cost. This *fanzine*, therefore, will have a role as AGITATOR, SABOTEUR, PROPAGANDISER, and SELFMANAGER [*autogestionador*]. Agitation, creates a mechanism with which to destabilize hierarchical, alienating, and lucrative teaching practices that they give in

our primary schools, secondary schools, high schools, universities, work, the neighbourhood, etc. Making sabotage is a tactic with which we can cause losses, by the minute, to our enemies. Making propaganda is a way to get to know our methods of struggle and our ideal; and lastly, through selfmanagement [*autogestion*], we would create a way to make a break from the exploitation that the owners of the methods of the production of capital exercise. A break with the theft of our strength, and our time. A break with the dependence that we have on various kinds of merchandise, dependency created by advertising and subliminal messages.

The reason that we are deciding to rush out the second publication of the Primera Vocal Press, is to be able to agitate, sabotage, propagandise, and self-manage (*autogestionar*) in the month of September, which presents many opportunities. The first one being that of 11 September, though we didn't take part in the *coup d'état*, because we didn't live in that era, but rather our struggle is focused on the consequences of the *coup*; of the privatisation of a large number of corporations, of the torture, of the disappearance and death of the workers' movement in Chile, (The establishment of the neoliberal system). The regaining of lost ground by the large landowners, and the legacy that Pinochet left in our neighbourhoods, families, schools, universities: fear, conformism, apathy, etc.

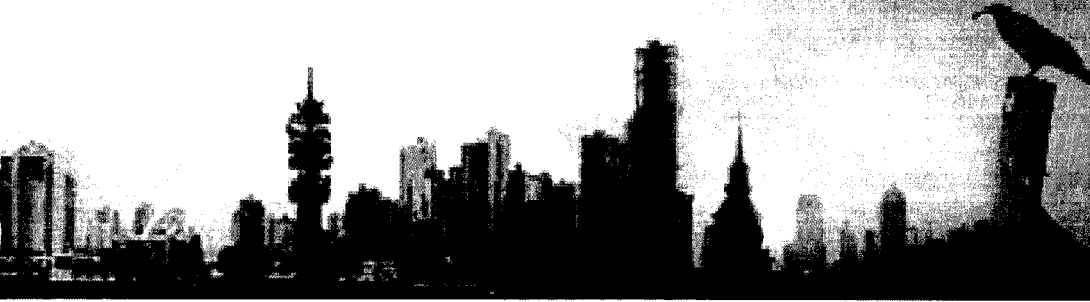
Another theme that is also important in the September issue, is that of the infamous animal liberation. We prefer not to specify animal liberation and to simply leave it as "liberation". For us, the term "exploitation of man" by man, the term "exploitation of animals" by man, and the term "exploitation of nature", by man, are all-inclusive. We can only find liberation in the anarchist idea.

Let's remember that September is a month stinking of patriotism created by the great proprietors that need cannon fodder to constantly defend their territories and methods of the production of capital. To this end, what better way than to invent a "feeling" that the poor are the owners of what they do not possess, or better said, of what has been robbed from them. That feeling leads to an army with strong fascist roots, in which there exists a rather large hierarchical pyramid. A structure, in which every one of its members feels superior to the people that live in other countries, to the civil population, to women, etc.

Primera Vocal Press is not responsible for acts committed by persons with whatever materials that they want to use. The editors are not responsible for the rage that the oppressed class feels. The responsibility for that rage falls on the shoulders of the bourgeoisie and the State.



CONVERSATIONS





Before Falling Asleep

...Something happens in the lives of all conscious individuals, a flame, a spirit which I consider to be freedom. One cannot have any kind of freedom if one recognises anything as superior, something outside of oneself, I don't know, call it the State, call it Democracy, call it a political party. For me acronyms and leaders are obsolete, worthless, in fact, unnecessary.

When I refer to freedom, I think of the "future society" that we are going to have, unlike now for example, now when one speaks of revolution, one looks at the clock, looks at the calendar. Freedom is not something that can be compromised now. Maybe it isn't important to mention it now, because we are speaking of pragmatic things like the elections. We are speaking of the "freedom to decide" for whom we are going to vote. That is the freedom that we have now. Freedom to decide what colour our clothes will be, what brand of shoes to wear. In other words, if you have a problem with buying shoes, stealing them is about the best you can do. And I believe that capitalism is completely contrary to individual freedom, and it is highly linked to submission, to alienation, and all the "tions" that can exist.

I believe that individual Freedom has a lot to do with a conscientious question that the individual asks of the world. I hope that one day we will be free to decide; how to transform raw materials, what to make them into, and what things to make. I hope that the pleasure of creating will not come from sacred revolutionary obligations or from the sacred capitalistic obligations that we are fighting against now.

I believe that individual Freedom has a lot to do with a question of consciousness, because one puts oneself first, with respect to others that are in the same boat. I hope to direct my own life, and live in accordance with my beliefs, until the day I die. Anyone who wants to control my life is no friend of mine.

So in this sense, when two parties combine forces, for example as happened to the PC, the combined forces end up inviting George Bush to sit with them at the treasury, what is that?

I want to live in freedom and I see my life in a conscious way I'm not going to compromise my freedom by making a pact with power. Power is the problem, to aspire to power, power over what? The power of my ideology, to rule over another person? To tell him or her how to live their life?

Sharpening ideas against prison

interview with comrade Mauricio

What is prison?

Prison is the system's tool to keep in line those who break the law. Sadly, or not so sadly, I imagine, the fundamental idea is that society is perfect and in seeing so many people in prison we understand that society isn't perfect. The system isn't perfect because it's based on inequality. It's based on inequality, the principals of vertical authority, forcefully induced, introduced through schools and/or types of education like religion or any kind of dogmatic way of understanding the world, lead us to understand that there are underlying interests. Since there is an interest in maintaining the status quo, you and I wake up every morning and work for a wage, we sacrifice ourselves for a wage, and then there are others who reap all the benefits of this system of production. The criminal, who breaks the law, the delinquent, who incarnates action against anything established, is reprimanded because of these interests.

We can understand prison as a punitive measure. That is to say, if you saw something and I saw you. I'm going to think twice before I do something that's going to get me put in jail. Because prison, for me, is like a cemetery where the bars are like crosses and the walls are like tombs. The person on the inside is basically immobilized in his capabilities to communicate and create with everyone else, and especially in his ability to live or survive as we do on the outside. Then there are other aspects, the prison guards with their machine guns, the prison walls, the bars, the fact that you don't have the "freedom" of movement we have on the outside and the "freedom" to do what you want to do when you want to do it.

The prisoner has a time he can go out, a time where he has to eat, a time where he has to be in his cell, in his unit, finally, he has a time where he can get visits, where he can share with others and those visits are restricted. In this sense, prison is a punitive institution. Prison's goal is to show the individual, the everyday citizen, how he/she must behave. Because if they don't behave correctly, they're gonna end up in this cemetery that I'm talking about, well, I don't know if I should call it a cemetery in this prison that seems a lot like a cemetery.



Relating to laws

What is legal, what is illegal? What's the bottom line? ..property. Inequality generated by property. Because if one lived, I don't want to say in opulence, but with all the necessary tools to do what he or she really wanted with their life, I'm sure there wouldn't be delinquency. I'm sure no one would steal, or at least it would be on a reduced scale. Because if everyone had, I don't know, food on the table, a warm bed, (I'm talking about really basic shit, I'm not talking about education, especially the type of education we receive nowadays) and integral health care (I'm not necessarily referring to health-care run by institutions) surely there wouldn't be any delinquency. If the kind of social inequalities we see now didn't exist, I'm sure delinquency wouldn't either. It's like, if you're not hungry, why are you gonna steal food? It would be a stupid thing to do, it would be completely illogical. And of course, everything has to be logical now-a-days, in the sense that everything is illogical. That is to say, society doesn't work, society is based on inequality and it's also based on exploitation.

So, then there are people who, for questions of principle or mildness of character or temperament, refuse the idea that someone can just come up to them and impose whatever on them. So, in this sense, the conscious revolutionary, he who incarnates action, doesn't want anything or anyone above him, except of course, himself and those who he decides to look up to. The common delinquent does the same thing, because the common delinquent also looks down on work as we understand it today. Because work, today, is death. In this sense, it's obvious he's going to denounce it.

So yeah, there can be two types of people and, for me, it's one or the other. If not, they have varying grades of consciousness ... I'm not sure if I've explained myself.

Anti-prison

I am anti-prison. It's a question of logic. I'm anti-capitalist and being so, I try to break with the logic of the capitalist system. The logic of the capitalist system nowadays is to lock up whoever breaks with the system's logic.

My individual prison experiences are few. I haven't been in jail more than a month and considering that there are lots of people that have been in for way more time, it was a short time. I was locked up for small offenses, assault on some caribñeros. They had me locked up for almost a week and a half, it was a painful situation, but, I don't have any prolonged experience with jail.

What I can talk about is the closeness I have with comrades, (I say comrades because they have taken the revolutionary decision to break laws) and the closeness I feel on a personal level. I am in solidarity with struggling comrades.

Comrades who, for their actions and their inner coherence, are locked up right now, will be locked up tomorrow, were locked up yesterday, and will continue to be incarcerated. Yeah, I don't know, I mean I can't foresee the future but it's possible that one day it will be my turn to write from the inside and show solidarity with those on the outside.

On a practical note, there are very few people that are really there for you, there are very few people who actually act in solidarity with struggling prison comrades. In this sense, there isn't a lot we can do, not qualitatively but quantitatively. Quantitatively, it's hard to increase numbers when you're proposing the destruction of an institution as disgusting as prison, when you propose to attack the capitalist system. In this sense, anti-prison struggles that someone can participate in are diffusion of material by imprisoned comrades, like communiques, and spreading information on their situation in prison.

In all honesty, I don't have much in common with our Mapuche comrades, except for their autonomous discourse, but I still go to Mapuche activities. I act in solidarity with them to the best of my abilities, that is to say I send them clothing and food so that they will always have them. It's like what our ALF comrades say, if you don't do it, who will? And if not now, when? That's to say, how we support causes we think are just is in our hands. Anti-prison struggle is, in my opinion, a just cause.

So, Alex being in jail and all, fills my heart with sadness. Knowing him personally affects me and to top it off he has a discourse similar to ours. He's an anti-capitalist, he has a respectable past in respect to various struggles and if we consider the situation, he's one of our own, he's not just some guy that was mixed up in some drug shit. What he did, he did with consciousness.

I don't want to delegitimize social prisoners. I don't want to say they're not worth it. It's quite the opposite, for me they deserve more solidarity. They are prisoners that put their shit on the line and because at the end of the day they are on the inside for combating something that bothered them, authority, the principle of authority, the principle of power and finally, society in and of itself. Society is what's gone wrong in this case. I don't have much experience of being in jail, and I hope I won't get anymore (laughing...) The experience I have with jail is that of solidarity, solidarity we have established between myself and other comrades in the anti-prison struggle and with individuals both known and unknown to me. I don't even know Flora Pavez, I haven't ever been around but, I'll help her out. I imagine it's the same for you guys, it's logical, our struggle is solidarity and solidarity can't be undertood as just a word it's daily action.

Sometimes people don't appreciate what others are doing. Take this space for example. You guys are putting your shit on the line, you're the visible face of the social war. The shit can hit the fan at any moment and they can accuse you of whatever bullshit and that's the end of the story. In this sense, you have to be up for it, it's all about the morale you have. Like with the social prisoners, it's a different type of morale, a revolutionary morale... that's the type of morale that separates us. There's one type of revolutionary morale and then there's another that separates one from another.

In this sense, I prefer to focus my anti-prison struggle toward those that have this morale but, showing preference for others, because I don't want to be part of a society that's based on fear. Actually, I don't want to be part of a society, I want community. Society and community are distinct because society is shit that's been imposed on us and community is something that someone wants.

So, in this sense, the communities I see, the ones I imagine in the future, don't have anything to do with schools, mental asylums, or prisons. They have to do with a desire to be with people you want to be around and do things with people you want to do things with. In this sense, my proposal is the complete destruction of this bullshit, nothing can be reformed.



STORIES



The Black Widow

Night slowly takes hold of the city, newspapers talk of toxic waste, the waste of popular consumption, bombardments just because they can, and the political rhetoric of violence. But the sun goes down and the temperature declines to the dew point, a dew that makes the cold August night cry. On this strange Friday, the spirit's shadows build slowly and the man with the blue jacket rubs his hands together, searching for warmth. On one side of the street the cars pass by frenetically, moving swiftly in their insane race to nowhere. Illuminated at split-second intervals by the passing car's headlights; as if in a slow-motion film, is the silhouette of a man smoking a cigarette. As he smokes, he doesn't think about lung cancer. He, as he lifts his head to the sky. He's tired after a long journey. In a dark alley smelling of wet cement the man with the blue jacket enters a bar.

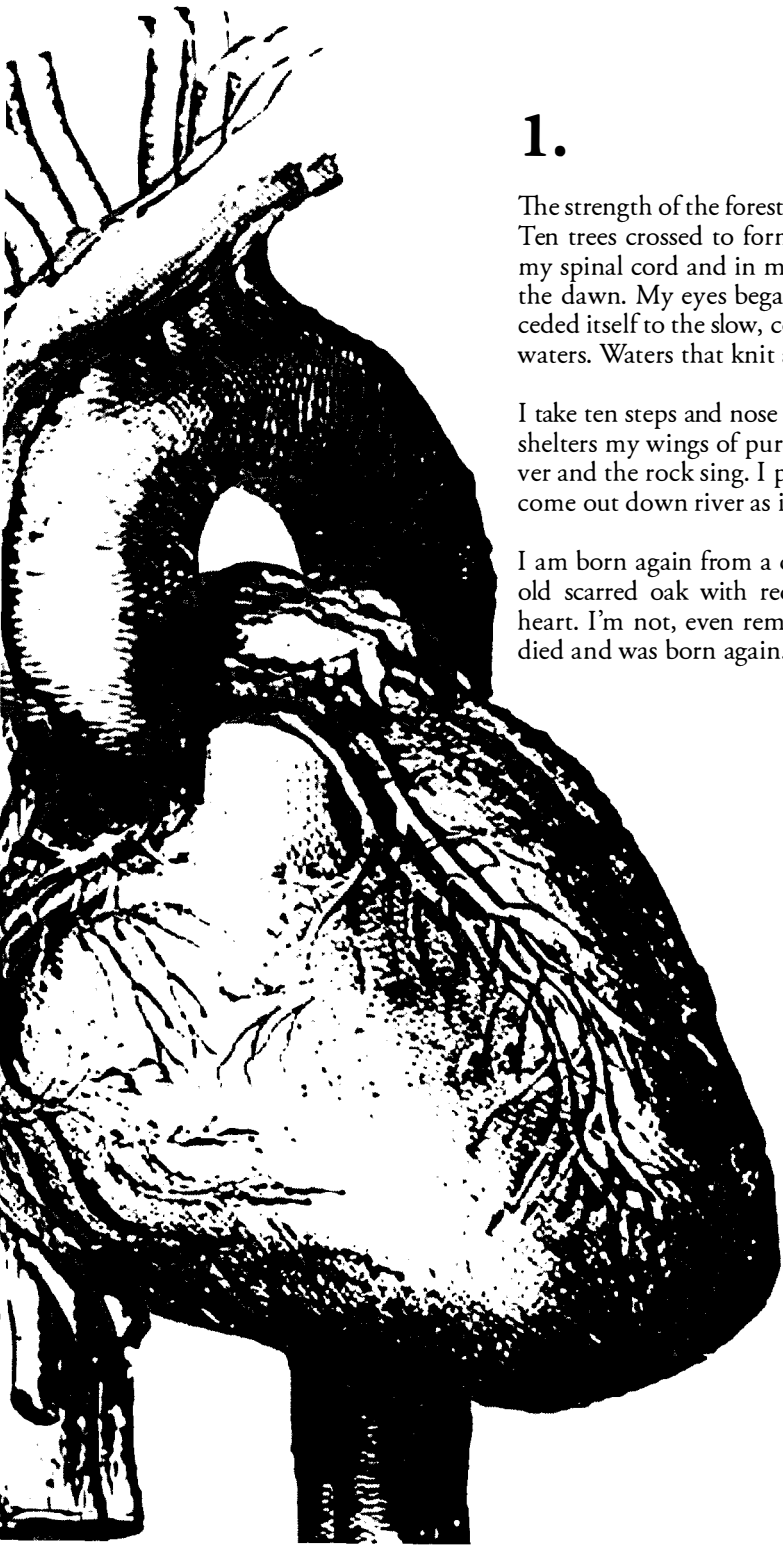
The shrill music of a chaotic symphony screams at him that everything is a stupid game.... the man with the blue jacket sits down and asks for a drink. He pays attention to no one, he doesn't look at anyone. He drinks as if it is his moment with god. The man feels a breeze that tells him to turn around. He turns away from the breeze, his eyes fixed on the glass. He finishes what's left in the glass and asks for another. Only after lighting a cigarette does the man become aware that there are people around. The breeze continues and the rhythm of the music sucks him out of his solitude, a plethora of ideas spring forth from nothingness..... in the end, it is the contour of that figure which brings him back to reality..... her skin is illuminated in such a way that he cannot stop looking at it. She dances as if she were being bitten by fire ants but at the same time the combination is so coordinated and subtle that the man with the blue jacket can't think about or pay attention to anything else. In the lifeless vacuum of the bar, the girl in the grey dress embodies that which has no name, or cannot be named.

He drinks another glass of wine and she dances without anyone else delighting in her movements. Only the breeze and the man with the blue jacket savor the softness with which this dreamlike woman's body cuts through space in perfect symmetry with an imaginary voice. The imaginary voice is a voice that screams that other imaginary voices exist. Outside the rain rings louder. Her lips look like half a heart. Her intense black eyes are not empty but hotter than the hardest spirits the man could drink tonight. She dances, she moves her body to the beat of her heart. She pays no attention to the rest of the world. She's special and she knows it. Even if, with every movement, a bit of pain leaks out of her soul, her hypnotic steps are evermore accurate and perfumed. She is hotter than one hundred May bonfires.

The music stops and she relaxes, alone in a corner, resting her head against the wall. Her gaze is lost in the tiles that cover the floor. The tiles remind her of an internal pain that never ceases. She holds back a cry, and instead, issues a smile amidst the clinking of glasses by the other human beings that surround her, beings that don't share her sadness.... the record player starts emitting notes and voices again, it emits beats that speak of a man/boy that doesn't cry.... she looks towards where the music is coming from. The eyes of the man with the blue jacket are like two spears. Her eyes are like two candies. She feels like ants are eating her body and she resumes her dance among the flames that flow from the eyes of her secret admirer. They share the same gaze and apparently have the same thing in mind. Wordlessly, they dance to the same beat, the beat of loneliness and desire.

.... his tongue takes control of her mouth. He turns frenetically and he is set adrift into the nothingness of a pool of pleasures. The man with the blue jacket's loins are aflame. His member is as hard as a hammer, but his gestures are delicate as he is still not sure if he is dreaming. He sweetly caresses her nipples with the tip of his tongue. He draws circles around the nipples of a bosom that resembles two bullets. He sucks energetically on her vanilla flavored petals. Within her loins the humidity of a celestial body awaits the invasion of a bullfighter with his sword of blood and flesh. She unbuttons her secret admirer's shirt so that she can, with one hand, imprison the inflamed cock of her dance partner, and with the other tenderly scratch his chest. She whispers in his ear for him to penetrate her, but slowly. The rhythm and symmetry of the two bodies is perfect. The panting of the girl in the grey dress begins to sound like sobbing, but the man with the blue jacket doesn't notice as he has plunged into the surreal pleasure that this cavern of sweet and savage juices provides him. He feels a need to explode, ejaculate like he never has in his life. Her panting also anticipates the end of the song.

... blood cascades downward to form a pool. The pool of blood resembles an overripe apple. The slit of his throat is deep and blood pours out of it like water gushing out of the tap in springtime. The bed is dyed red. The body is dyed red. The man with the blue jacket dyes himself red. Laid out in the room, he looks to the sky one last time as he breathes his last breath. A small hand mirror reflects another's gaze, the girl in the grey dress puts the knife away and pulls out an eyeliner pencil to redefine the contours of her beautiful black eyes. Sourly, she paints a black tear drop on her left cheek, she remembers an inner pain that never ceases, she holds back a cry and instead says these words out loud: this is the third teardrop I've painted on me this week.



1.

The strength of the forest planted itself in my chest. Ten trees crossed to form my back. Moss became my spinal cord and in my mind a flower bloomed the dawn. My eyes began at the hard rock which ceded itself to the slow, continuous passing of calm waters. Waters that knit a path to immensity.

I take ten steps and nose dive into infinity. The sun shelters my wings of pure green foliage and the river and the rock sing. I plunge into the sound and come out down river as if waking up from hell.

I am born again from a dead heart. I rise up as an old scarred oak with red cambium like an open heart. I'm not, even remotely, different. I, simply, died and was born again.

2.

In the mountain you discover that you are not the only one swinging on the swing of the universe. There are hundreds of stars whose hearts are beating at the speed of light.

Paths to far away universes appear and disappear. The light is stronger when our friendship is stronger. Loneliness can be a slap in the face that the wind exacerbates if we don't find shelter in warm embrace.

Free Tree

How many fingers does your hand have? Five? Three? You don't have hands or fingers?

Insects surround me in the forest. The forest is so old that it dates back to before there were names for things.

Even though it's raining, a leaf dances in the wind and I break into a gallop.

The suns glare, one thousand winters and springs that run through the foliage, and the tranquility of the lunar cycle.

The old one was seated watching the valley, contemplating, from a great height, death's advance which had eliminated hundreds of tribes. They close in, accelerating with each step, blocking the arteries of the earth, sweeping through like zig-zagging serpents before the eyes of the suffering old one.

His tribe is scared. Not long ago the younger ones, being less robust and smaller, yielded before the stainless steel teeth of their enemy. Death is in the air and it impregnates everything. There is a great emptiness in the area, the warriors exist no more.

A messenger and dear friend of the old one comes down from the heavens to tell him that the enemy has killed off all the great families, planting deserts and distress....

"Fly away dear friend, our destiny is already written, we have lived good times."

But it's too late for salvation. Death has arrived. I am reminded of your grandfather when he spoke to me about what his great great grandfather had told him—about malevolent animals that hunted, that didn't eat what they dug up,

that killed entire families and cut them up with teeth like moons.

“Old friend I can’t fly without you, all the times you took me in, all the times, in my youth, that you taught me, and now, as death rears its head, I can’t help you.”

I never thought they’d get as far as this mountain. I’ve been watching them for years. Bit by bit they expand and create nests of metal. They don’t kill like animals. These ones aren’t animals, they are strange enemies.

For many nights now, we’ve seen these lights come out of nowhere. The lights came from them, our enemies, spreading death amongst themselves and everything around them. I curse them, for their selfishness and because they’ve killed their own hearts.

“Suffer no more brother, go far away from this place while you still can. I’ll stay and be strong as we have always done.”

A death rattle, the blond one begins to lose his feathers. Death has come with his armed demons, to take the old one.

All the old one sees is pain, discontent and distress. Half his family is dead and their mutilated bodies buried in the ground—their smiles turned to ash and their hearts destroyed. The demons’ numbers rise into the hundreds, their teeth are bared awaiting death’s command.

The attack against the old one begins at his legs, they scar and cut at him. With its teeth in his trunk the chainsaw roars. The old oak tree spits blood, sap.

Tears flood the cuts in the old oak tree. Disconcerted, the bird flies away. The tree slowly falls to the ground. He takes one last look at what was once a vital, beautiful forest. Today it’s a desert, full of enemies, death, fire and a foreign tree. A rude tree that contaminates, dries up the land and doesn’t share with others. A tree that can’t stand the presence of other animals or insects, not even with the younger brothers of the same tree, flowers or enchanted herbs. The old one feels death’s embrace and laments his end.

He suffers, the men laugh, the bird flies off in a daze, eyes clouded. The oak falls to the ground and lets out a thousand-year old scream. The Arucaria lies next to him and the Maño cries, heartbroken. Men smile as death dances in the flames of the dead forest. The bird nosedives ten times in a frenetic attack on the steam roller before falling dead at its feet.

Rayén y el espíritu del río



*Rayén and the river spirit

When your warrior's heart stopped beating
only to start beating in all of us with
sweet and anarchic strength.
Let's remember that life is struggle
and death is part of life.
Even if it hurts us deep down in our souls.
We will continue.
With all our love, rage and rebelliousness.

“..... in times like these pain sets into our souls, but,
it’s important to keep spirits up, to not become
lethargic because of the loss of a brother.”

We won’t forget that he died with his eyes fixed
on his objective and this should console us.
It should help us to open our eyes.
We are at war, there will be many strikes in many
different forms but wars are like that.
Wars are like that when one doesn’t stop.
When one doesn’t give up, when one lives one’s
life without stopping, and, among other things,
when one lives one’s life overcoming obstacles.
The rawness of death hits us
and its vortex is such that at times it’s
difficult to believe what is happening.
Death or prison isn’t just a catch phrase.
“Today for us” is a phrase imprinted
upon us with blood and fire.

Okupied Social Center and Library Sacco y Vanzetti
22 of May 2009. Santiago, Chile
(fragment of the communique)

Rayén was hot



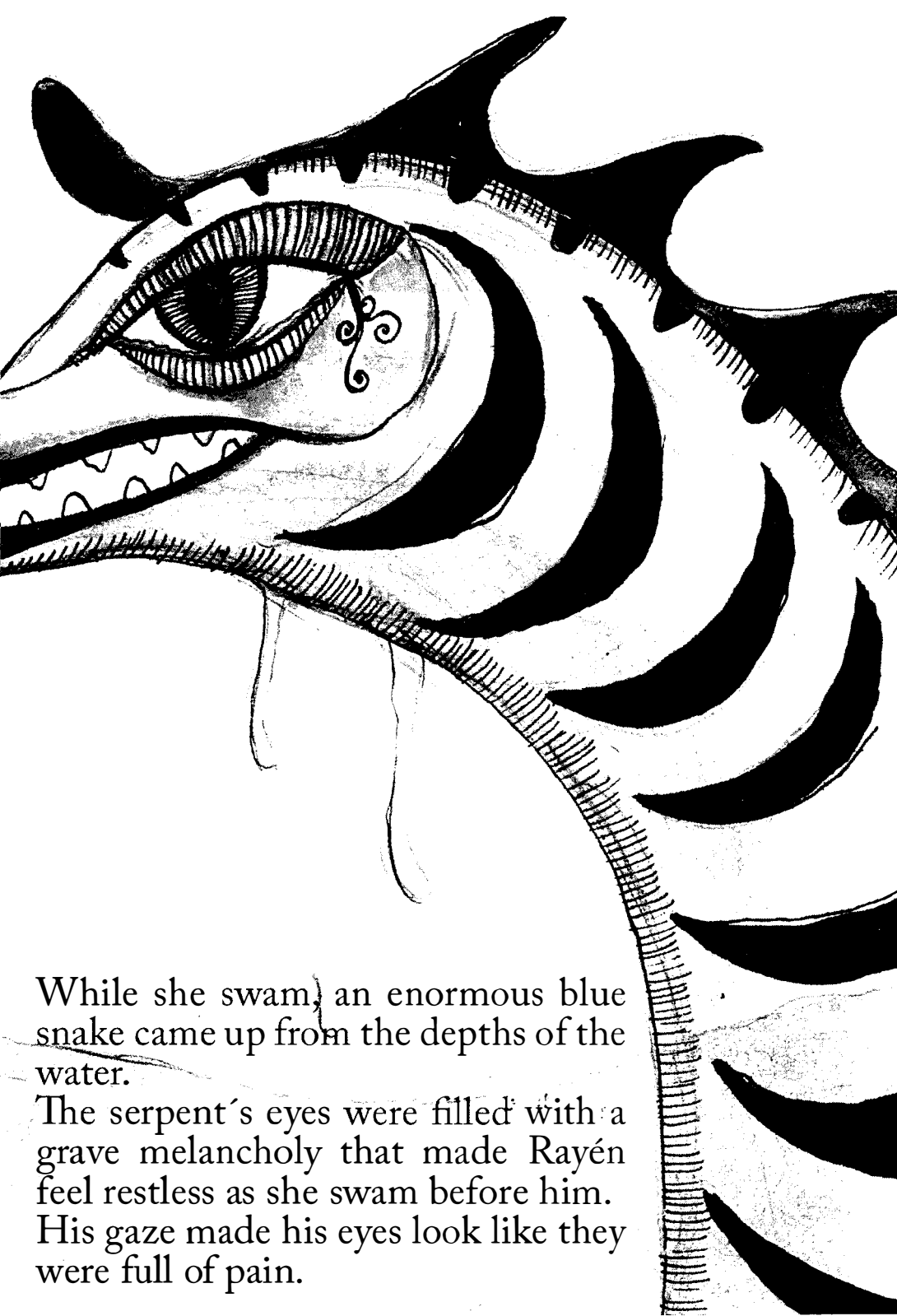
so she went down to the river



The little girl climbed
down the narrow woodland
path through
Copihues and *Huelles*,
Lenga, *Mañío*
and hazelnut trees,
Pehuenes and *Pellines*.

She took her clothes off and
submerged her fragile body
in the crystalline waters of this river of life.





While she swam, an enormous blue snake came up from the depths of the water.

The serpent's eyes were filled with a grave melancholy that made Rayén feel restless as she swam before him. His gaze made his eyes look like they were full of pain.

“Who are you?” Asked the girl,
“I am *Kalfuvilu* the spirit of this river
“why are you crying?” Rayen asked.
“It’s a sad story but if you want I can tell it to
you”

“Yes, please tell me the story”
said the little one who,
sitting down on a warm rock,
reclined her body toward the sun.







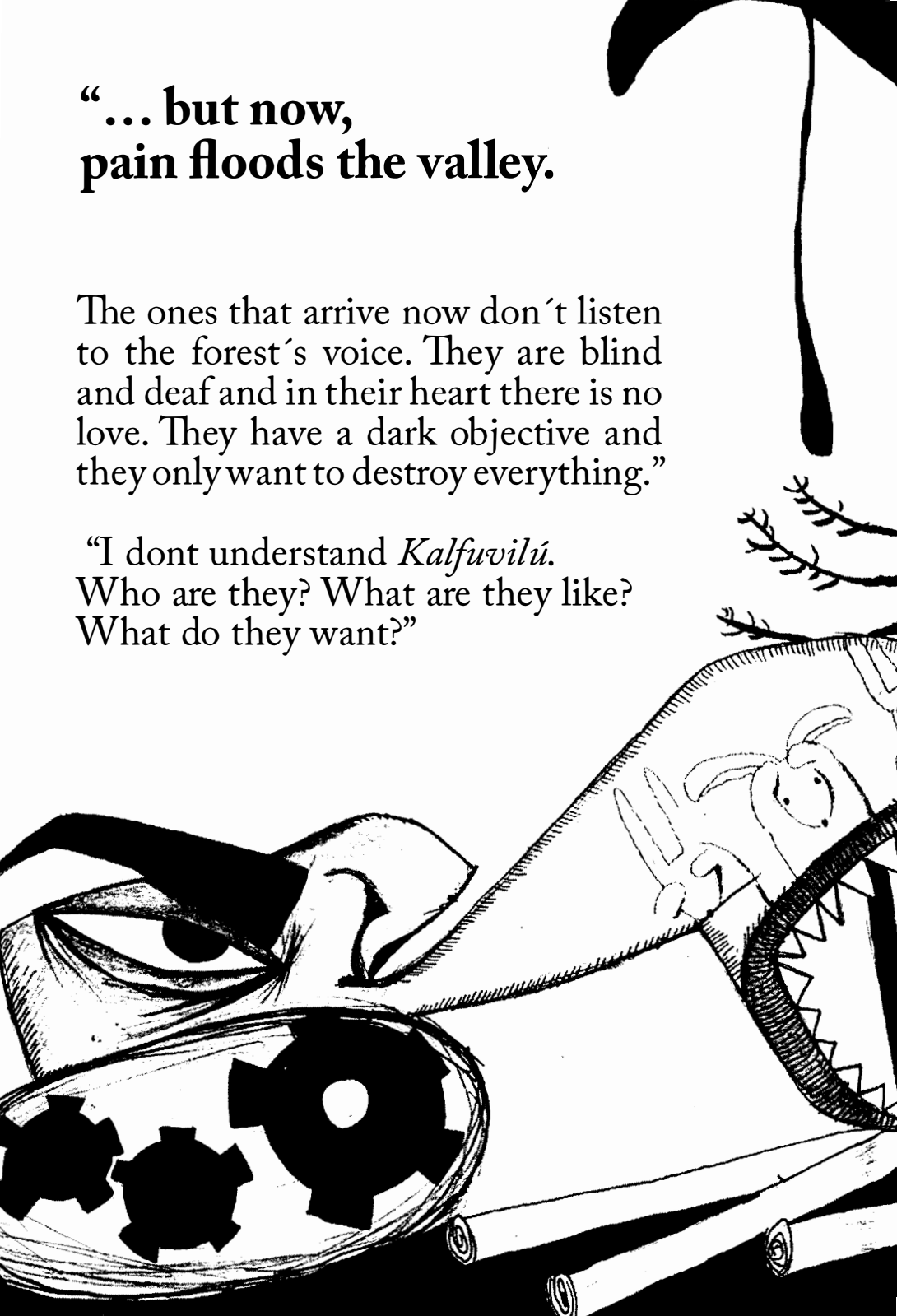
“I’ve been here for more than a million moons, exclaimed Kalfuvilu. I saw you before you were born. You, your great great grandfathers, and all the ones who live up and down the river to this waterfall... a long time ago my heart wasn’t filled with pain, everything was happiness. The first ones to arrive here knew how to listen to the voice of the forest in their hearts, the echo of the volcano and the laughter of the birds. Love beat in their chests and, harmoniously, they mutually led each other...”



**“... but now,
pain floods the valley.**

The ones that arrive now don't listen to the forest's voice. They are blind and deaf and in their heart there is no love. They have a dark objective and they only want to destroy everything.”

“I dont understand *Kalfuvilú*.
Who are they? What are they like?
What do they want?”











Rayén felt disheartened in the face of the imminent truth.

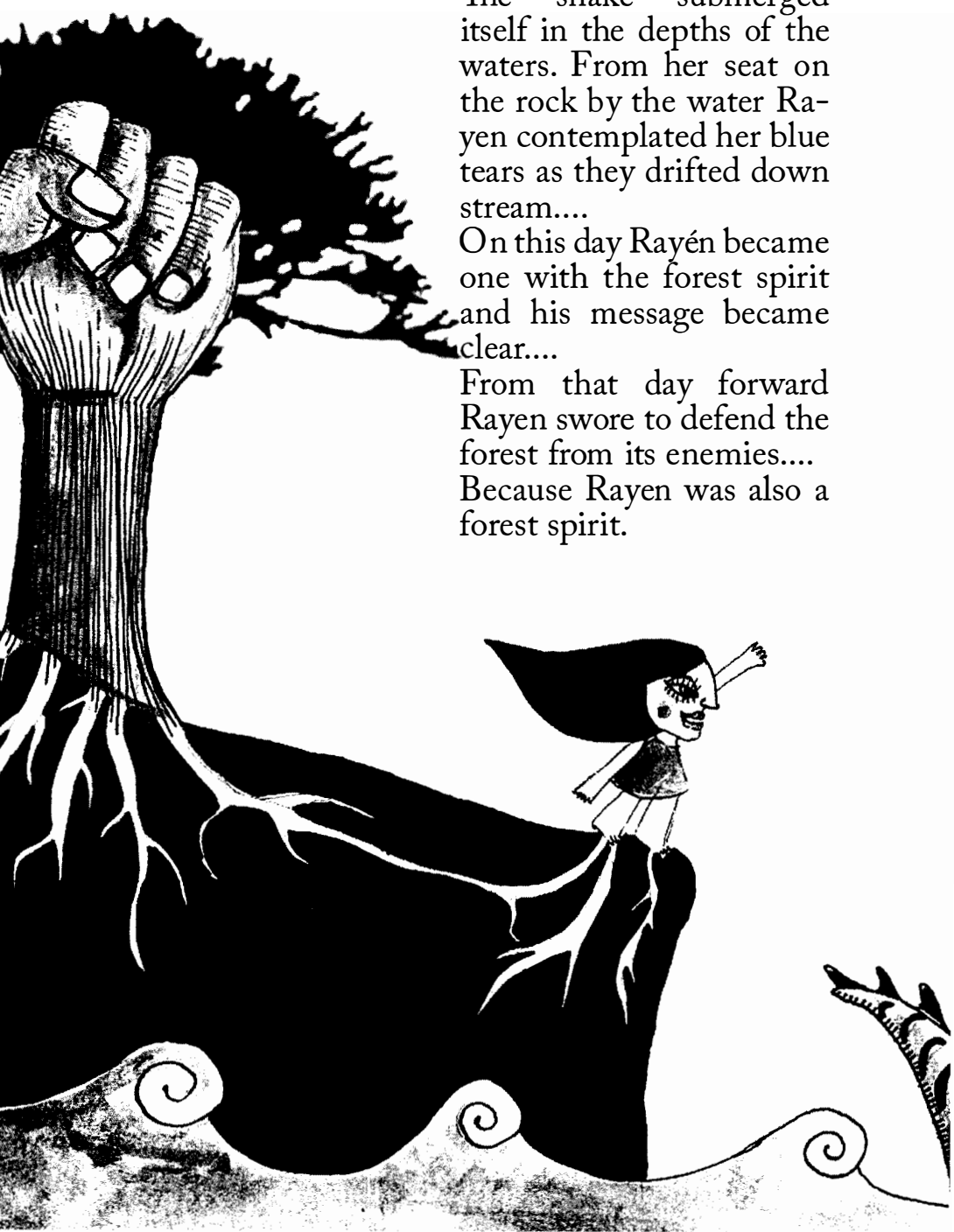
It was true: down river the current disappeared inside a large metal pipe and reappeared 100 meters later, weak and inert.

A different river, the brother of this one, had weird fish in its entrails that later met up with the sea. Life disappeared from the river and the place where the small invaders came from began to stink.

Up the hill from the forest the woods had been destroyed by unscrupulous people that, in the name of work and progress, killed the thousand year old trees.

Rayén knew that the snake was right and that his pain was also hers....

On this day, Rayén heard the voice of the forest and understood its pain.



The snake submerged itself in the depths of the waters. From her seat on the rock by the water Rayen contemplated her blue tears as they drifted down stream....

On this day Rayén became one with the forest spirit and his message became clear....

From that day forward Rayen swore to defend the forest from its enemies....

Because Rayen was also a forest spirit.

Del Mapudungún....
....Rayen - Flor
Kalifuvilu - Serpiente Azul

**LOVE, KAOS AND
ANARCHY**



“Seated, I waited for the street-wise sun to set before my eyes. Tonight, I didn’t see the moon and I missed it last night, as well. What’s up with the moon, I asked myself. I guess she’s on the other side of the planet, on the side that I’m not on. I wonder if she remembers her blind admirer. Does she remember last night when I kissed her and told her goodbye.... will she come back tonight and grace me with her presence or will I have to wait for another sunset to fill my eyes with light.... where are you my little princess. Are you so far away that I can’t feel your warm body, your light embrace, your fresh breath or your haven. Where are you, what is the distance between you and our bed..... Where are you.... as I relax I wait for my fragile friend, my strong friend, my only friend.... I love you for who you are and how you are wherever you are... here and now....”

- Anonymous



A letter from the 21st and 22nd of May

My dear comrade,

Today more than ever I find it difficult to write these lines. I wanted to fill this page with beautiful phrases but, perturbed by reality, I contain myself. I remain, living from one day to another with a clear head. I wanted to let you know how much I love you without it being embarrassing.

So, for this reason, I'm not going to fill these pages with pompous phrases regarding love. I won't bother you with impossible excuses either, much less with empty tears.

I can't write you poems today because, to tell you the truth, you are the only poem I know and without you there is no melody.

I won't say there are no days or nights that I cry because you are not around. Broken. I know, however, that in our journeys my heart and your heart beat with the same strength and courage, united by a rebellious symphony.

My sister, your rebellious heart is a fountain of energy for me. You know very well that in the darkest hour your eyes illuminate me and I thank you a thousand times for that.

Woman, under your skin lies a flame that illuminates everything and puts my body and mind on fire. A flame that burns like the sun inside me, it's a burning that I don't want to end.

Pardon me if I tell you that I love you. I'm not lying, but if I apologize it's because what I say is true.

Until we recover the present day I will long for your sweet mouth like the dew that drenches the field.... beloved woman.

My loving partner, today sadness makes me weak, useless and stupid. I haven't been very decent and the thought that this has pushed you away mortifies me... I didn't want that.

I will try to recover that lost spirit, that human spirit, that warrior's coherence.

I will look for the best, for authentic freedom that permits my own realization if it costs me my life, I just hope that you will be at my side, like I wrote to you once before; not in front and not behind but shoulder to shoulder. I hope to break those fucking mental walls that hole up my best sentiments and make them bloom, hopefully, at your side.

I hope to kill the demon inside me and liberate the sleeping falcon so that the serpent can fly with its loved one next to her. So that the serpent and the falcon can be one and roll around in pleasure once again.

I will calmly stand guard, waiting to break down the walls of cowardice and lies, until the serpent has shed her skin. It will be enough just to watch you and when you're ready we will continue the battle once again.

My heart is yours and when I scream freedom I think about your eyes when they look at me the way only you can do.

Waiting for the rain in the flower in the garden.

Unconditionally yours.



**WORDS OF YOUR
BROTHERS**

From somewhat lit shadows I dedicate these words to you

*There are people that you love and don't know why,
it's possible that you have loved them from the moment you met,
or have loved them gradually as time past,
or you thought you didn't love them and only discover
you did when the other person is no longer around
because of the emptiness that is left in their place.*
(Eva Forest)

One of us is gone, one of the few who takes steps towards making his daily life an insurrection. One of the few who transforms his ideas into actions and whose life and death are an act of revolt. The eternal emptiness that you've left us won't extinguish our insurrectionary will to destroy the existent. Instead, it encourages us to extend this will, so it can spread like wildfire wherever we are and with those of us who remain.

An unfinished conversation:

Your early departure hit me in the heart, there is a before and a now. I miss your smiles, your acidic criticisms of this putrid spectacle of reality of which we are also participants, your scream, your strong embrace, your sincere and warm company whenever I came to visit you, the accomplice in a fleeting moment of a shared ironic smile (1), the shared hate, deceit and the gratefulness for life in this world of shit.

Your heart squeezed in on itself when you thought of yourself as being integrated in this system of shit, without saying so, your expression and small everyday gestures said it all. You knew that the insurrection isn't just the concrete and material attack, however it's expressed, of institutions but bringing the insurrection into all aspects of existence. This is the most difficult part of the insurrection and your words expressed this. You knew that the greatest enemy we have to face is ourselves, including our most intimate relationships, to break with what ties us down in our everyday life and makes us accomplice to the fact that the machine keeps functioning. Your heart suffered and dilated with all the love it had inside and all the compressed hate, wan-

ting to explode. This is how you felt the weeks leading up to your departure into chaos, that's how you wanted to live your everyday life.

You owe me a dance and I owe you an ice cream.

The intimacy between those who share the same path.

The irony of life brought me, once again, to walk those streets that had seen me submerged in sadness and rage, possibly because they are the outskirts of this disgusting city. (2) Everything mixes together without any sort of explanation that I can understand. It's a conjunction of almost metaphysical feats, Colon Avenue, police station 14, the cemetery, its history, the cops lying in wait, my origins, your origins, the university, the street clashes, the Lokademia, Claudia (3), the prisoners, friends, my errors, traditions, my pain. I thought about all of these things that 24th of May, the day you accompanied us and we accompanied you with our faces masked up, as the situation called for, to bring your inert body to rest. An entire life before my eyes, wanting to break free from that horrible Christian ritual that I'm sure you hated and that I hate so much.

The footpaths that united our paths, of course they're not here, or in some way they are, it seems like the stellar conjunctions that make life a great irony got caught up, just like your singsong smile in the insurrectionary hymn. The complicity of your smile and your gaze, a gaze that passed no judgment, that knew that this road is a road traveled until one's last breathe without half-assed attempts, without reformations, whatever it takes.

"How much can you really know about yourself if you've never been in a fight" (Fight Club)

History, our history, one which we forge through making ourselves stronger through error, pain, repression, accusations, death and also happiness in the small battles we win in our daily lives. We make ourselves stronger, enjoying seeing that even though we are racked with constant invitations to let ourselves be dragged into the logic of the market and capital, we continue trying, thinking everyday how to make ourselves into warriors, doing things, thinking about how, where, when and with what to attack Power. We denounce the reformist discourse of waiting, we abandon discourses that would bring the ignorant and simple masses to consciousness, and get everyday authoritarian practices out of our heads and hearts. The ones that can speak

of love are the ones that have walked with fear in their backpack, the ones that have been on the front line of a barricade with their face masked up, the ones that, for at least a second of their lives, have dared to be free and make the best of themselves.

*“I look for peace in my head and conflict in society,
true rebellion isn’t a question of age,
for me it’s about the jump from words to actions,
from sentences to acts...” (4)*

We can spend our entire lives speaking and writing about revolution, revolt, social war, confrontations, and not even understand what we have been talking about. Here and now isn’t a poetic phrase, it’s a constant invitation to bring into practise each and every one of these words discussed, written, sung or read. The here and now is what we take in and what we don’t take in, it’s how we dress or don’t dress, it’s how we relate with our comrades, friends, children and partners. It’s what we decide to consume or not consume. It’s the windows we think of breaking and break. It’s the police we think about attacking and attack. It’s the car we think about burning and burn. It’s the institutions of power that we think about attacking and attack. The here and now is a never-ending string of situations and things that we bring into practice because we’re neither soldiers of revolt, nor theoreticians of social war, nor are we artists looking for the applause of the spectators, because we think and feel that we should bring the insurrection to each and every gesture, smile, touch, word and action.

“because I prefer chaos to this kitsch reality...” (5)

(1) marijuana lovers “light one up....”

(2) San Bernardo

(3) Referring, for those who don’t know, to Claudia Lopez, assassinated by the police on the 11th of Sept. 1998 in Pincoya, a student at the Lokademia *(translator’s note) just like Mauri, she was from San Bernardo just like Mauri, her body lays inert in the same disgusting cemetery as Mauri, but what unites them the most is that they are both anarchists.

(4) Part of a song by the hip hop group from Madrid, Fois a Trois.

(5) A small part of a song dedicated to Claudio Paredes (El Diablo) a young militant of the FPMR who was killed when the bomb he was handling exploded in his hands in Villa Portales, Santiago, January 1988.

The warrior sets off on his journey

The news took me by surprise. I leapt from my bed pleading for it to be an error, a mistake, or in the worst case scenario, confusion.

My insides knotted as the first few minutes passed. I can't even explain what those first few minutes were like, brother, nothing could console me. Your picture flashed on the screen of all the channels of the idiot box and all types of judgement were made irresponsibly. This society is an expert at criticizing from the point of view of abstraction, from the easiest viewpoint, that of a spectator who sees life passing before their eyes—from the point of view of obvious cowardice.

In that instant emotions that I had never experienced in their fullness ripped through me. They were new experiences that I can only describe as traumatic. To say that nothing will be the same again is an understatement, there's no turning back after a warrior has fallen in combat. Mauri, you and I both know we chose a hard life.

Even so, it doesn't console me. Even so, I can't resign myself to your departure.

What a long day it was, the 22nd of May, my brother. So long, in fact, that it still isn't over. The ferocity of your action infected us all, all of us who have declared war and put that declaration into practice. That night we showed our enemy our claws, we couldn't leave our comrades behind. I'm sure that you would have been there, had we been lamenting the loss of another brother, because you made solidarity a weapon, showing that between anarchists and antiauthoritarians solidarity isn't just a written word.

I'm sure that you already know that opportunists wanted to desecrate your life and your action. They didn't know, or better yet, kept it quiet that you were an individualist, anti-social anarchist. They resorted to opportunist tactics, propagandizing their own social agendas, agendas that you wouldn't have supported. But, don't worry, we will make sure they don't accomplish their mission.

Now, you've faded into the force of thunder, and the fury of the sea. You're in communion with mother earth, and with ancestors who negated servitude and struggled against the invaders who sowed the seeds of terror in our lands and continue to do so...

Now you'll probably multiply into thousands and spread yourself over all the land. You'll watch over us in combat, and light our paths. We'll do the rest. Because the same flame that was inside you is the flame that lives inside all of us. Because even though they try to extinguish it, it will be born again and again.... till it has destroyed the last outpost of this prison society.

See you soon—at the end of the path.

Mauri... fused with attack

Days go by, one after another and I continue seeing the world through bullet proof glass.... I was left with so many things to say, to explain, to reclaim, and a thousand things to give you.

Everyday I ask myself... how does one accept death? How to do it if you're alive? I see you everywhere, in every gesture of those who refuse to conform, your strength continues to be alive; full of a desire to eradicate any vestige of power and authority.

Your autopsy showed that one of the screws you used to build the device embedded itself in your chest with the force of the explosion. It ended up there, fused with you... in the end you became one with the weapon, you became the weapon.

It seems impossible for me not to reflect on the fact that we don't end up constructing the transcendent, the cylinder that compresses, the match that ignites, the clock that doesn't stop. What is dangerous for power isn't the object itself. The threat doesn't stop there, not by itself.

What is really dangerous is the will to materialize a desire for destruction, to end this reality that forces us to buy and consume daily. This desire, this strength is what pushes us toward attack, trying out thousands of different ways (more or less accurate). Don't ever conform to what you're able to achieve.

Any device can be deactivated, unlike our willpower. The wires that activate our hate, our action, our love for freedom—those conductors can never be cut. There is no reform or correction for our contempt for power.

What's powerful and dangerous isn't the device in and of itself, but the idea that begot its creation. They could surround us and build a thousand barriers, they can heighten risks and make things even more difficult than they are now, but we will return to the charge... time and time again.

In the genesis of war there are pacts that are signed for all of eternity. They are drawn up inside each and every one of us. The moral pact of our position as warriors includes that of not accepting a retreat in the current succession of battles, taking advantage of every moment to conspire, and longing for the moment when the conspiracy is realized.

... I'm at a loss for words, it's difficult to put feelings into words on pieces of paper.... you were a block away, only a few minutes...., I think about the cold of that night. Your half-naked body in the middle of the street. Frozen hours. Minutes of snow. Nobody even had the decency to cover you. Your skin began to freeze. You were exposed to the gaze and the photos of our eternal enemies.

I don't want them to touch you Mauri, I don't want them to examine you or take your clothes or take your body, I want to get you out of there. I want to free you from those who are examining you today.

That night remains clear and lustrous in my memory. I remember even the smallest of details, I can reconstruct that night with my eyes closed. I reconstruct it in an attempt to hold on, to make sure it doesn't go anywhere, so that they don't take you away, so you don't go any farther away from me, from us, because, without you, we are more alone than before.

At 1:24 that morning.... you weren't the only one to leave, out there, there are others who also blew up with you that night... I imagine you would hate to read these lines full of pain and desperation, I still haven't learned to be hard like a piece of a fire extinguisher* (translators note), with love and hate intertwined feeding off each gulp of air....

I am reminded of past attacks, a long time ago, of that car that exploded at the worst possible moment, when the heat and the tension deformed our faces. At times it seemed like a game.... a game in which, evidently, we would hold the worst hand.... and you were always so badly dressed, if they caught us, they wouldn't just kick our ass but they would humiliate us no end for your horrendous combinations of clothes.

We knew the risks, but, even so, we couldn't sleep peacefully as the electoral circus unfurled in all its majesty and glory. We had to contribute a grain of sand to the insurrectionary forces. We did what we could, however

modest, but we were able to contribute a bit of heat. This one car almost changed history for us.

What possibilities were there? Dismount and walk? Alone in the rich neighborhood? Unthinkable. But you thought about doing just that. Your idea was to run and see what happens.... you almost convinced us... Mauri, now, when I think about that night, I laugh, I see your white teeth and I can almost hear you laughing. How could you try and convince us to do something like that?.

The answer is: for an urgency to attack.... the stage isn't always ideal, it never really is, and all the planning in the world can't prevent certain things from happening—someone passing by, something fails, something doesn't work right. The important thing is knowing how to surpass these obstacles, knowing how not to get worked up, and how not to let your nerves take over. To reflect. To think calmly but quickly, to be able to decide and surpass that which would foil our plan and our energy.

Many times one may think what one's doing is crazy, but, if you think about it, it's always going to seem crazy. If you think rationally you'll always try to save your ass, this path will always lead to tragic ends, that is an inherent part of combat.

Other times, strength is in one's ability to postpone or suspend an action, because one should never ever relativize arguments over security. While it's true that no plan will ever cover the moment of attack one hundred percent, one shouldn't take that to mean things should be done at random putting one's life or ability to move freely on the line.

We, who have decided to attack without leaders or directives, we, who listen respectfully but as equals to those who have more years of experience. We, who don't want to listen silently to a commander telling us where, how, and with what to attack, we, who share ideas and lift our comrades' morale with a smile, will always have a more difficult road to travel, and the final decision for an action will always be in our hands and that's a tough thing to handle.

It's a tougher thing to handle than the heaviest of the backpacks when everything points toward stopping, not out of cowardice, but for security, because something has gone wrong, something has come apart or there's a factor that wasn't considered—when one has to stop in order to be able to continue. This is a contradiction that I have never read in any book, no one told me about it, I had to learn for myself. My tears of frustration and impotence dried up as I began concentrating on how to attack better each time.

Stopping in order to be able to continue. Never giving up or giving in. One has to take care of oneself because we, the worthy, destroy the existing order both materially and subjectively.

Today you're staring at me from your position on the wall. You never blink because it's not you that is staring at me, it's just a horrible photo of your face. I want to see you, to know that you're breathing and smiling somewhere, I can't stop wishing that you'll appear and that you'll prove to me that that May night was no more than a tactic and that you're here and that there is so much to do.

I remember thousands of words, thousands of conversations, many of which were left unfinished. Thousands of compromises, I remember a conversation we had about death.... you would go and get me out of whatever cemetery, you wouldn't allow them to bury me there, and cement to cover me. We would perform our own ritual for saying goodbye. *Kostrá*, who will do that for me now?

That night we managed to make the car start, amidst nervousness and smiles, we did what we had planned to do but were left with a bitter taste in our mouths that we could have done more.

For me, time is blurred now, it comes and goes at any second. You come to me without arriving, and you're here without appearing. In your own way, you always apologized in an untimely fashion. Today I apologize for all the things I robbed you of when I had the slightest opportunity to do so, you always backed down first. Sometimes you gave me things out of obligation and other times you gave me things of your own free will.

It was a pleasure to bump into you, we had our fights and conflicts but that formed part of our shared path. I miss you. I miss you so much. But I continue, without being weakened.



A few words for a brother that didn't just die in combat... ...but lived in combat

The sun burned, the same way it always does these days, the streets were full of people. A morning stroll, comfortable and happy smiles, lots of signs and leaders, hundreds of posters, colors and paper products accompanied this routine spectacle: a *carnival* and procession at the same time. The two combined in perfect percentages to stagnate and rot whatever possible attack could possibly be produced against the existent.

And there we met, you and I, at this time your face hadn't appeared on any news bulletin. At this time you still smiled and enjoyed the small things in life. We still talked about the beauty of revolt and how disgusting and horrible our little world and the world in general are.

Another year had passed and they were celebrating the anniversary of the death of the people's government again. Ha! Those were two words that made you nauseated, but here we were, the black stain on that circus paying homage to a past decade. Here we were without a little sister who was lost in anterior barricades that are, now, almost forgotten.*

We were there to do our thing, it was in our hands to make sure this fucking yearly "procession" (as they like to call it) didn't continue. It was nothing new. In fact, it was the same as always... probably too little for what you would have liked, for what we all would have liked. Even so, we weren't going to give them the pleasure of calm streets. We were going to take advantage of any opportunity to face off with the guardians of order, to laugh in the face of the destruction of their world, even if it was just for a couple of blocks.

We continued onward, we joined up, we had our balaclavas under our clothes. You always had such bad taste dressing yourself and even worse when you had to "dress for the occasion." I have to admit, I often laughed when I saw you in these contexts. I miss these smiles almost as much as I miss you in moments like these.

The march/procession had started to move forward, the crybaby-leftists heading towards the impossible—to seem more and more like a victim, even more humble. They wanted to show everyone that they were the defeated, desires for martyrdom and lovers of defeat. Do they think they're gonna

win followers through pity? Who knows.. Over there, we have the communists with their power struggles to reform the system.... saving their own skin (should I really get into how much you hated the communists?)

We took care of each other in those moments, we took care of each other as only a brother can in combat. Knowing that you have a comrade by your side. A comrade that would give his/her life to destroy what enslaves us. It's that closeness, that affection in the middle of the destruction which keeps me alive or better said keeps me from dying altogether.

The masks hid our faces, but the defiant smiles in the face of imposed order could be seen through our bandanas or t-shirts. I don't remember exactly what you used to mask up, it was enough to know that you were there.

Each one watched out the other, looking after one another and doing whatever had to be done in moments like these to show that some of us haven't been defeated, that we won't be found on our backs, that we face combat with dignity and have the necessary morale to break, burn and throw rocks at a couple of pigs.... we really did have each other's backs.

Now we had arrived at the last act of the procession. The scene: the entrance to the cemetery, insipid chanting in the background and the cops standing in wait. The actors: a dozen hooded figures of the most strange and distinct tendencies covering the entrance, "waiting for the pigs".

Some bottles and a drum of gasoline appeared, you improvised a couple of molotovs; the type that alarm the press, and that citizens consider to be lethal weapons.

While you prepared those homemade but effective weapons, the pigs layed in wait, waiting for an order. I had your back, I watched out for you so that they couldn't sneak up on you while you completed your laborious task. The rest maintained a presence at the barricade which was more symbolic than anything else.

"Revolutionary spontaneity" plastic bags served as gloves, the wick was made by ripping up a rag and the bottles were scavenged from the ground. To be frank, we hadn't prepared more for this day than our desire to combat the passivity and repression that we had in front of us. Simply, we wanted deviation, we wanted to be deviant.

What we had was a small and pathetic arsenal to combat the armored vehicles and professional personnel 100% dead-set on repression. The most important thing in these seconds is to assume the significance of showing and

demonstrating attack, to not lift ones arms up slowly and passively. From our gestures we made it clear that there were those among us who would not accept orders passively, that it's possible to attack and that we don't have to give up the streets to disgusting organizations who desire control over society's future.

The bottle, the gasoline, the wick, the plastic bags.... everything was in place now, we were just waiting. All of a sudden the entire ranks of the repressive contingent began to move forward. The head pig commanded the little pigs as they foamed at the mouth with a desire to beat and arrest any agitator or better yet any "innocent bystander" who would later argue that he/she was just "passing by".

People began to flee in all directions. Everyone ran away, terrified. The hooded figures who, seconds earlier, had all the pretenses of combating the repression, didn't even throw one stone. They only saw fit to pose for the cameras and then run away. Of course, the stage isn't the most amiable, but how many faces did we see that day that were really comrades at war?

It's crazy how people get so shaken up in moments like these!

I saw you, little brother, you lit the wick and closed in on them, it was just a few seconds, the adrenaline pumping, the fire in your hands, the smell of gas, your eyes fixed on the cop van that in seconds would light up in flames...., symbolic or not, in these few seconds there are few people who are looking at the pigs, the majority have their backs to them. All of a sudden one of these stupid alternative press types, these "protester-with-camera" types, clumsily falls into the crossfire as he's running, trying to save his ass. While this happens, all the others are being nuisances in the middle of a battle ground that will only last a few minutes... if that.

His camera, his credentials, and his unmasked face contrast with all the other hooded figures, the black clothes and that bottle sitting impatiently in your hand.

The protester-with-camera bumps into you, he pushes you, he clumsily trips over you. At that moment the wick was starting to burn your hand, your seconds were running out, the cop van was within meters and the only thing we had left to do was run so as to not be run over and later arrested. Meanwhile, the incendiary device was burning itself out in your hand.

The alternative journalist must have had to run to look for the best possible shot, to attack capital with his photos of others attacking capital. For our part we ran, your hand marked by a red burn mixed with the leftovers of burnt plastic bags and frustration. The repressive forces didn't receive any of

the small phoenixes we had in our hands, ferociously waiting to fly toward the authorities.

Random technical problems or just bad luck, they made it so everything else would just simmer down, but they weren't so successful because they gave rise to you.

That day wasn't the best combat session. It wasn't the worst, it wasn't the best. It wasn't the most known, and it won't be one that people will remember in a few years' time. It was just another combat session, and that, my friend, is exactly why it will be remembered. It was just another in the chain of battles you lived through.

And as the combat ended, you went away grumbling as you always did, complaining about the cowardice and passivity of the others, and the uselessness of these processions of marxists that want to administrate society's future.

Your hand was hurt for days, burns were an occupational hazard. But even so, we continued laughing about "revolutionary spontaneity". That session left us with quite a few good laughs for the following weeks.

You treated the wound with natural medicines, that was your style.

In the next big demo, our general plan continued to consist of two game plans: to break with the procession's nature and to break the social passivity. That time, it went even worse. (Ha ha, it can always get worse. Life doesn't stop reminding you of that.)

The cops detained us before we even got there. We got pushed around a bit and "treated poorly" (can they even treat you "well"?). After that I had to live with your bad mood for nearly a day in that gutter they called a cell. But, that said, we did have a few good laughs in those sublime spots that power has constructed for people like you and me. I listened to you sing, exercise, do yoga, and tell one or two jokes.... nowadays your voice sounds far away.

While we were inside and after we got out we concluded that this life is shit if being locked up makes one desire a life of shit in "freedom". I said to you, "this is a personal matter now."

To this you responded, in your typical individualist fashion that I hated so much, "This shit has always been personal. Ha."

21 days later you got to your last stop. 21 days later your compressed dreams advanced to their detonation. 21 days later the cold night air mixed with the burnt gunpowder in a stronghold that kept you from arriving at your destination. 21 days later the hammer didn't drop on the Smith and Wesson .32, its bullet remaining in the chamber. 21 days later life began to seem lifeless as death reared its evocative head. 21 days later.... part of me died with you, while my soul contains bits of shrapnel which will never heal.

Today I'm not with the dead, today I'm not with the fugitives, today I'm not with the incarcerated. Today, my face isn't on a wanted poster, and my name is not on the little black board in a mugshot. Today my hands aren't cuffed. Today the police aren't raiding houses looking for me..... today I feel like I'm neither alive or dead. Today one of the only things that keeps me alive is not giving them the honor of exterminating the insurrectional idea, practice or connection.

Today I want to be the coward that goes home, today I want to be that asshole who forgets about his prisoners—he who doesn't recognize his comrades in clandestinity, he who mourns fallen comrades in private..... today it seems so difficult for me to get my head around the fact that you're no longer here. Today, passivity and indifference are daggers in my back.

How to forget you? How to remember you? ... are some of the questions that accost me and turn each day into a prison sentence. Today, I want to finish the conversation we didn't finish. I want you to listen to me I want to listen to you, but, more than anything, I want to hear you. With the passing of each day, I convince myself that that is never going to happen.

Mauri, you're a friend and a brother to me, I'll keep you alive in my heart. Memories of you will always be with me and won't let me be alone. I'll see you in conspiracies, and in the new publications. I'll see you when the hood-covered faces of antiauthoritarians dance with fire or in each determined step of someone who is going to deposit a little dream somewhere. I'll see you in each smile, joyful in revolt. I'll see you in each song and in each phoenix flying toward the forces of repression. I'll see you in each day our comrades in clandestinity pass outside their cells. But most importantly I'll see you in each courageous person that doesn't trust the powers that be.

Nieman, Severino di Giovanni, Nechaev, Andres del Guetto, Fanya Kaplan's lover and the spiders.... we'll see you all soon! (You and Tyler of course).

Hugs, a sincere, honest and eternal embrace from me to you until we meet again. Now I can finally return what you lent me, since, now, I'll always be armed with your memory.



Social Center and Library "Sacco y Vanzetti"

Of lichen and meteor showers

A vine of red flowers, on that day you were a knight, a man of anarchy, dressed in black, silent like sabotage and huge like freedom. Against the light, lurking in the shadows you illuminated the darkness. You filled that cold cylinder with all the real hate, sadness and humiliation of the exploited. You were going to blow up all these miseries in their faces. You were going to break the complacent silence. Now that you're dead we can still hear your footsteps. Your name is our name and the bomb that blew up, blew us all up.

You walked along with the cold piece of iron in your hands and smiled at the beast. They were desperately looking for the author, and now they have a name, they have your body but you spread like light, they can't catch you. Beasts: they should arrest all of us, because the author lives inside us all. We are all him! Listen beasts, we are the ones who directed our violence toward you. We are the ones that, on the day in question, left a body and illuminated the night. We are here, not on that street in Santiago, this isn't the 22nd of May, we're not in the cemetery, if you didn't know, we are born from death.

That's what anarchy is: like the flower that pollinates others, anarchy is created by forming affinity and true relationships. Anarchy isn't formed through fake social impositions. It's painful and we can't quantify the death of a comrade as collateral damage in the social war or just a possible outcome of taking action. No! It's the death of a brother. One who lovingly decided to take part in our lives through all the smiles and the tears. In affinity, we decided to walk the same sacrificial path together. It's too bad that living in anarchy has brought about more misery than anything else. But, it's the ideas that endure, not our bodies. Dead leaves enrich the earth, and your life enriches the wealth of humanity's sacrifices in its attempt to find freedom. Now, we are widows and widowers in your absence. We will defend your name with our claws and teeth. A name that is now water, wind and fire. I want you to know that we won't stop. We are like a river that, in the face of obstacles, transforms, moves, and unites but never stops. That's what anarchy is like, it grows like lichen in the desert to give us, with its morning dew, the only source of life.

A meteor shower in May, the slow cawing of a meteorite in flames. We can see you at dawn screaming "an eye for an eye, a death for a death!" preparing the powerful, bloody circuit, pushing metal up against time, sealing up

patches of light in watery steel. Now, at night, we walk 32 paces, gauge direct action, two in the chamber, the darkness hides our bodies as we prepare a feline roar. But then, the light got so big that it didn't leave space for time, nor did it leave time for goodbyes or conversations. It completely absorbed the darkness. In the same way as these pages, freedom imploded on us, prematurely and without warning.

Some time ago, these men that come on painful nights, take in the vengeful and heal the wounded, walked through the forests. They came upon lagoons the color of the sky, stretched out their bodies in the rivers, they climbed to certain heights and threw themselves calmly into the air knowing that the rocks below were carpeted with crystal clear water. They climbed trees, ate fruits and berries, and played like children. They slept and shared the fraternal closeness of brothers. I knew you were with me and that I had a comrade protecting my every step—sometimes harshly and in a bad mood and other times brotherly and sweet but always in your characteristic way. I know that you're no longer here and that I won't find you at dinners or in the street.... only in my dreams. I will only find you in unique and intimate spaces that transform the desert into forest, the night into day and death into life.

I would love to hug you and tell you: nothing happened, calm down, let's go home, we'll continue looking for the path that will take us to our dreams. I would love to stop you on the way back and thank you for showing me that we aren't made of words but action. I would love to thank you for getting me started on a more in depth analysis and more profound reflections in understanding anarchy. It was you who expressed closeness as a daily practice in solidarity. I would like to have had you talk to me about tactics and strategy on the way back. I would love to stop time and tell you how much I loved you, how much you taught me and how much I admire you. But, tonight I go back alone. Quickly and fearfully, I take the splinter out of my chest. The wound will never heal, it's a fatal wound, it has condemned me with your absence. We have to continue to express our distaste for society but also our great, indestructible and powerful love of freedom.

One giant kiss for my brother and comrade Mauri.

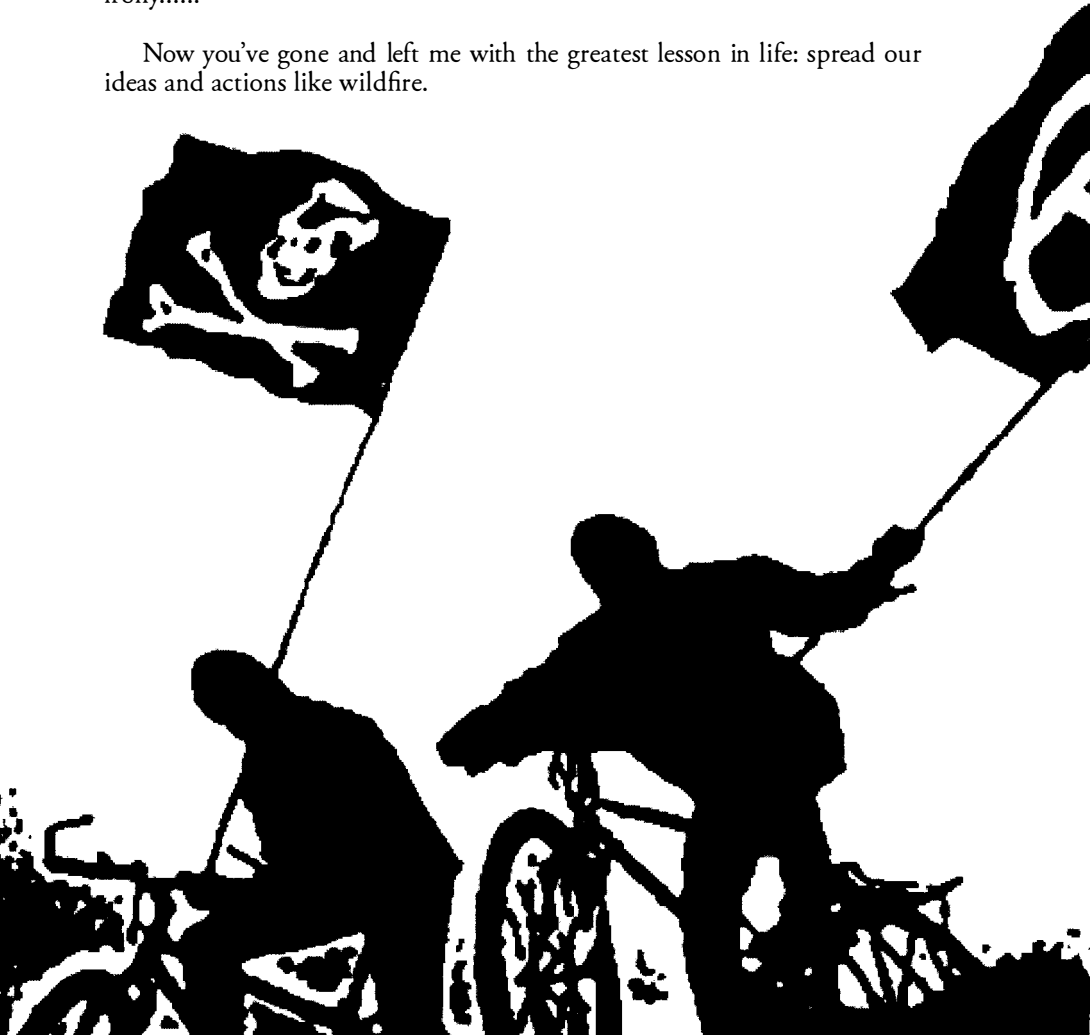
Always with the rebels!

They will continue to unite us

Little bits of complicity will continue to unite us; the flavor of the exquisite, the smell of vindictive gun powder, and the risks you knew all too well. You knew the risks but they didn't bother you, that's why you grabbed that backpack full of illusions and decided to take your life in your hands one last time.

We spoke about how much we were bored by everything around us, everyday mediocrity, the fingers that point at you when you trip up, and how ironic life is. Our conversations were ironic as well, full of laughs and irony.....

Now you've gone and left me with the greatest lesson in life: spread our ideas and actions like wildfire.



The anarchist's path

Brothers through thick and thin, we had similar interests and traveled a similar path, a path unknown to us. We had vague indications that helped us along but basically we followed our instincts. We would take shortcuts and detours that lead to a destiny we never found. Holding back the fury, we would end up having to backtrack, to read the maps more closely and to sharpen our sense of smell. We would learn from our experiences and let them guide us toward the annihilation of reality. We continued down rocky paths until we came to insurrectionism. Each of us, with his own understanding of anarchy and the small embellishments that differentiate individual politics, came to the point we're at now. You died in combat and I'm writing about you, for myself and for a reader that might see his or herself reflected in the text.

You showed up quite a few years ago, bright eyed and bushy tailed. You rang the doorbell of a house that had thousands of bars on the windows in a normal neighborhood in Santiago. You proposed starting a collective, organizing ourselves in our territory, and you told me about poetry workshops you were doing with a group of neighbors. I criticized you and you said that one should take advantage of the system. You applied for grants with the excuse that you could attack the State with its own money, money that it would give you. I remember listening to a person that existed, once upon a time, telling me about how the State only answered a few of those who applied. How funny it is to remember that. How lovely our journey was and how far away it seems.

At this time we thought everything social was transcendental to the revolution. "The social revolution like in Spain in '36" was something that continually popped up in our discussions. We saw a possible allie in every poor, exploited person. It was important for us to show what was going on in every possible type of media from pamphlets, posters, murals, counterculture get-togethers, to conversations with the neighbor to conversations about the Idea. Pompously, you would say that we were social service wor-

kers parallel to the council. After a while we realized we were only acting as accomplices to the system, “false critics” as some people would say.

Our hate for authority was never just empty words. Barricades and direct confrontations with the police occurred sporadically during our existence. The only thing was, they occurred glued to the calendar, on specific days, acting with other groups who didn't just resist, but attacked authority. We always had our sights set on conspiracy. That's why we lit up the September nights with riots. We were always few, we even combined with groups that had hierarchical leadership and others that belonged to antique almost extinct subversive cells just so we could get some more “comrades-in-combat”- a vital contradiction to our current ideas.

Our discourse was a mix of anarchisms impregnated by old strategies of the left. Combine, create platforms, indoctrinate the population..... as time passed we sharpened our thoughts. Some of the texts that helped form our discourse were *At Daggers Drawn*, which helped us to rethink the way we understood organization, and *Armed Joy* by Bonanno, which brought us to put ourselves in constant conflict with Power. From there, there was no turning back. Our thoughts pointed directly toward conflict.

After the self-dissolution of an antifascist collective that you were part of, you organized a fleeting insurrectionary group. They were your first steps in understanding affinity, analysing your everyday behavior and putting forth new ways of more aggressive behavior in street battles. At this time, we started understanding how important constant, permanent criticism is in every aspect of our lives. At this time you created an ephemeral distro, full of love and few resources. You photocopied a few old texts from old austere writers that you would give to anyone you thought might be interested. Your distro was called “*El Solidario Acrata*” (Anarchist Solidarity). It was impossible for you to give up on the social aspect of things, now you were trying to sprinkle a bit of insurrection on the masses that you used to believe in.

Active in the successive street battles of those years, the group of hooded figures you formed a part of would play an important role in the anarchist block, destroying any vestige of capital they found in their way, and trying to bring an insurrectionary discourse to the minority position of the anarchist discourse in libertarian circles. Yesterday as well as today, some continue to call us gun powder hedonists and ultra violent. None of that bothers me, they are the ones that took their masks off and who are now desperately trying to be part of anti-authoritarian movements.

You were always looking to those who had more experience in action and sabotage for them to relay knowledge to you for your next attacks. You

became quite open in your intentions. You would scream out loud about the importance of attack. You were often criticized at your university for acting enlightened. But it was impossible not to be noticed in such a small space if you looked at the reformists with hate in your eyes.

Many of our projects worked out, the great majority of them failed but, like we said many times, the experience inherent in failure and our dynamics during actions were invaluable. Soon, you were living in the center of the city and believing in things like community. You went so far as to say, on various occasions, that you wanted to live hand in hand with nature. Inspired by texts from the Unabomber, in your mind, you created a bizarre cocktail of Kaczynski's manifesto and Reclus's geography. We both knew you weren't going to leave the city. You were addicted to gunpowder. You were disappointed by the communities after having spent some time in one, it was a hard lesson to learn but, bored, you said your goodbyes. You grabbed hold of Naturalism and after 10 years of being a vegetarian you went vegan. Then, you came across Armand and his work, as well as "The Ego and its Own" by Stirner. You began to devour individualist anarchist theory and in doing so you came across Russian nihilism which you thought was great. You began calling yourself an antisocial. We laughed at you and made fun of you every time you said it.

In an urgency and a desperation to attack we didn't just confront Power. We confronted a more transcendental and invisible enemy. We confronted our own fears. We were still brutally fighting against our tendency toward asphyxiating capitalist ideologies when I saw your death in combat through the eyes of a sister.

Someone that didn't know you, has only heard about you, or your tv-idealized action will probably read this text. I want to make it clear that both your thought processes and the radicalization of your everyday practices grew slowly. I don't want them to turn you into an anarcho-hero. You weren't. None of the *guerreros* are.

That's how I believe you were, Punky Mauri, and here I'll stop trying to figure out how someone can possibly type a description of a complex human being that had a countless number of contradictions. You tirelessly tried to break down the walls of your cells, longing to bend the bars of a morality imposed by society, bars that are so hard to destroy.

I lost a brother, a friend, a comrade and an accomplice that 22nd of May... but, today I see your fire in the eyes of every new warrior. You illuminated a bunch of hearts. I hope this hate is powerful enough to make you blind me with your huge white smile.

Itchy fingertips...the itch you can't scratch

Itchy fingertips, clay feet,
useless pens, microphones and internet
the state of my mouth
all the devices that helped me calm the pain
the half-light, the asthma of my shortened time, colorless
I have no desires left, not even for the streets
I've been disinherited by your body
all I have left are rebellious sensations that can only agree on hatred for the
fact that I can't see your tender body
you left me full of flammable screams, the kind that burn wings, the kind
you promised as you slept, while you were sleeping
I'm not saying you should be on your way
or that you should close your suitcase
I just want to lessen the excuses of a never-ending May

A May ripped from my desires to hug you in combat, in victory
I don't measure routine anymore in your eyes
if I was to do so, I'd just get frustrated
to see that your fucking death
broke the routine

The reasons for your death will continue to be the reasons we will
dynamite, among other things
the spectacle that they sell to us
and the snakes and leaves
will become as primitive as the brown of your eyes
the ruggedness of your lips
the vengence of the idea

impche poyeyu negrito



Mauri masked up during a street fight against the UAF.



THE FIRE SPREADS

Greetings of freedom to Mauricio Morales

Santiago, 23 May 2009

“The night moves forward. It’s not cold enough for all the clothes that obscure our image, but it does not matter, the wind cools us in our quick advance. We are on time. So far, everything is fine. We are alone, alone like always and forever. We surround the cop shop in the shadowy and run-down streets. We get closer. The next stop is getting closer. In my mind I go over the plan.

(It’s not easy to be here. At this point, any discussion beyond inert and immobile discourse is in vain, so say some of our comrades. It’s not easy to be here. It is the consequence of not accepting this slave world, the result of long, clandestine conversations and taking our time to plan...It’s not as easy as some would believe.)

I am happy and anxious. We carry on our backs the enraged dream made



reality: to disrupt the aggressive well-being of the lackeys of the State corporate order; let them hear the voices of men and women who resist being slaves. The voices of those who don't want agreements that legitimise their murderous order. Voices that know of an idea of freedom that will not die.

We arrive at our stop. We come to a halt. The air is silent. One more moment, an instant. A wall, a floor, my hands, the bicycle, my comrade, the hard, rocky street, the polluted city, the prison order, the night, the silence...Everything explodes.”

There is no discussion possible, everything is agreed upon. For those of us who have freedom in our blood and not on a t-shirt, the experience of the endless theoretical discussion with the State and its henchmen, stopped a long time ago. Thanks to them, they have written the most incandescent stories: stories of the struggle for freedom and the creation of worlds without exploitation. Everything else has been shit.

Today, the State, the police, the economic and intellectual management of this country make a great show of their ineptness by attacking houses and making unclear statements, repeating the images of barefaced persecution. Political, democratic, or dictatorial persecution, are all the same.

These last few days, they are letting their overwhelming fear fall on to the lifeless body of our comrade, on to his insurrectional life, and onto the lives of his comrades: the hunt has been unveiled, the moment asks for so much absolute cohesion and conviction, silence and voice!

Once again, as has been said so many times, it is time for commitment, it is time to start acting on our convictions and all of our support should be a clear demand!

A salute to Mauricio, to his work and to the coherence of his rebellion. Few people do the same but many criticise. A salute to those close to him, to those who value what he has done. To everyone else, nothing!

Insurrectional Resistance, Direct Action, Always!

Autonomous and Destructive Forces Leon Czolgosz
(Fuerzas Autónomas y Destructivas Leon Czolgosz)
Armed and Merciless Columns Jean Marc Rouillan
(Columnas Armadas y Desalmadas Jean Marc Rouillan)
Antipatriot Gang Severino Di Giovanni
(Banda Antipatriota Severino Di Giovanni)

Facing Mauri's Death in Combat

Brothers and Sisters:

What a relief and a pleasure to learn that, for now, you all are okay. I was extremely worried, imagining the worst, I suppose. From where I am at, I am very sad. It's been shit, these days, being forced to see horrible images of the death of a brother. It's impossible to describe what has happened in these circumstances. Within these forced confines, words are not enough to express everything and when I try to write, it is so difficult that I just end up producing tears and snot in my overwhelmed anxiety and sadness.

Nevertheless, I can't stop wondering if things could have been worse.

History has always shown us how cruel it can be. Its harshness is evident in many ways, most of all in war. If we ponder the temperature provoked by these cold, uneasy days, we will recognize that if we are lucky we are at about 3 or 4 on a scale from 1 to 10. That's how it is. For those of us who have lived in the midst of death (in their daily exploits, death is with them like a friend), it is nothing more than an aspect of daily life. For us novices to these ways of life, death represents a referent. However the way we decide to confront death is how we appraise ourselves. And if we act with dignity, without questions, arrogance and pride understood together as positive values when confronting the enemy, are with us with every step we take.

When one takes on the social war, one also accepts the tragic fate that comes with it. Death is inevitable and the war transforms death in its urgent necessity. For us, the death of the enemy is one of these necessities. The death of its State, of its capital, of its relationships, of its money and property. However, we must be able to comprehend these inexplicable and indescribable deaths, in the way that is best for us. Unnecessary and terrible deaths, which, like the worst of demons, produce huge cracks that split apart our soul and fill us up with pain. But for all the merit that death has, it also shows us that in this path we've chosen to be something like real human beings, separated from the flock we are our master's killers, with all the inexperience that the experts have thrown at us, we realise that we have truly lived.

In these deaths we find the transcendence of our brothers and sisters: their solidarity and action brought to collectivity.

Death is rooted in our project, it is inferred in what is to occur in the future. Although we love life, the choice to struggle brings us closer to death. Sadly, prison and death are the only certitudes of the Idea and action. It would be obscene to fall into the passivity of the masses after the death of our brothers and sisters. It would be obscene to fall into decent citizenry, the normality of the permitted, conditioned, adapted, and assimilated. To one

day see ourselves walking around with a supermarket shopping cart watching others fight a war that we are terrified to continue.

But would it not be nice to minimise the risks, and postpone society's punishment?

The answer is inside of all us, in our army's actions, in the struggle against the justice system, in action that inspires theory and in the ways in which we begin again, after the deaths of our comrades.

I hope that, when we look back, the happiness from our advances will make us throw our alarm clocks into oblivion and we will find Mauri smiling at the beginning of the path that we have created.

*Axel Osorio
Maximum Security Section-High Security Prison
Santiago, Chile
27 May 2009*



An insurrectional greeting from México

Today, this morning, we have lifted ourselves up, seeing in our minds and stating in our practices, the image and action of our comrade Mauricio. Not with scorn or mockery, like so many people will say that those engaged in social struggle do, but on the contrary, with all the rage that we can feel inside our hearts. The news shook us. Without knowing him and never having seen him face to face, some of us still had eyes full of tears from the sadness that fills our hearts after learning of his death. He died in combat, fighting against the established order, rupturing social peace, not from the armchair, or throwing out critiques of rage against those of us that make of our everyday lives an insurrection against oppression. We will remember our comrade and he will be remembered as he surely would have liked, at war with exploiters and oppressors.

We feel an affinity with Mauricio's words and thoughts that we heard in a talk recorded on a video, but there was one thing that really hit home and caused us to reflect: to do things for the pleasure of it and not by sense of obligation. The pleasure of doing whatever we want, to act in consequence, and search for happiness and individual and collective freedom through our actions.

We well understood our comrade Mauri's message. Without a single word from him and without him carrying out his objective, we immediately understood: All out war against any kind of exploitation!

From somewhere in this militarised country called Mexico, we send a strong embrace and positive greetings of solidarity to his family and friends.

The social war is inevitable!

With rage and anarchy: some insurrectionists
from the east region.

Mauricio, the next one will be for you!!!

Posthumous letter to Mauri

Aachen 27 May 2009

“For if the last shall be first, this will only come to pass after a murderous and decisive struggle between the two protagonists. That affirmed intention to place the last at the head of things, and to make them climb at a pace (too quickly, some say) the well-known steps which characterize an organized society, can only triumph if we use all means to turn the scale, including, of course, that of violence.”

Frantz Fanon
(The Wretched of the Earth)

Dear Mauri,

A friend we have in common told me the news today, told me of your death... to know that you are no longer with us is something that struck me profoundly...

Quite possibly, my grievances are not “identical” to those of your family (to them I send hugs and condolences). In the end, what our families want for us is that we survive, hang on, and produce a family.... these kinds of things. A mother’s love doesn’t take political conditions into consideration. But, life is more than survival, hanging on, “reproduction,” and that kind of thing. Right?

It’s not your death that inspires us to act but what your life incarnated: a rebellious existence, international and anarchist solidarity, comrade of comrades imprisoned and/or “free”.

Your death was an “accident” ... this type of thing happens in all “professions”; in all jobs, everywhere... It was also unfortunate.

Your bomb wasn’t directed toward the people, against the good people; against the poor and “innocent.”

Your homemade device was directed toward a symbol/dominant structure and toward the repressive forces. Domination and repression affect us all equally, although some of us decide to strike those who oppress us with something more than bland “academic anarchist” discourse.

Complicity isn’t born out of “sentimental drool” but through the recognition we feel for those who, like ourselves, struggle for the end of party domination, capitalism, social control and abominable political resignation...

To find accomplices who combat (and understand in terms of theory)

the entire spectrum of domination (not just single issues... although they are important too) with all means necessary is a difficult thing to do in times of alienation, conformism, and isolation.... But they're there...they're around, and you are an example of this.

It doesn't surprise me that the assholes in the media (it also doesn't strike me as coincidence), when describing your death, spoke about your "scattered remains" and your "destroyed body" in their cover stories. Your death "should" strike fear in the hearts of "the others," to "devalue" the idea, to negate any action against a reaction.... Your death "should" be politically profited upon and reduced to a mere "that's what happens" As if the capitalist dictatorship and oppression shouldn't be questioned.... Only our deaths/tortures/imprisonments are things that "happen" because we are excluded from the condition of subject because we are nobody and nothing.... Is it really like that?

Each one of us: the nobodies, the nothings, the radicals, we who aren't even worth the price of a bullet, are conscious of this, of everything and the role that mass media plays along with all the institutions of the State and capital....

And no.... life or death with dignity doesn't frighten us because this is precisely what fundamentally differentiates us from all the TV-colonized, zombies, vegetables, mercenaries, sell-outs, etc. Etc...

We won't cry for you (even as we lament your loss) but we will try to emulate you: to follow your path, to push forward our solidarity and mutual aid, to organize ourselves informally and spread the idea.

It goes without saying, comrade Mauri, that we will be out there where "public opinion" is fabricated; out there where they traffic/speculate on the public to make it private; out there where they commercialize/regulate/administrate our existence; out there where they lock up and torture our brothers and sisters; out there where they experiment with atoms and nanotechnology etc. etc., carrying with us the same idea/intention as you did in your life....

You will always be with us!

*Gabriel
Aachen, Germany*

Gabriel Pombo Da Silva
Centro Penitenciario Alicante II,
Ctra. N-330, km. 66,
03400 Villena (Alicante)
Spain (updated address as of May 2013)

From this land called Italy

Mauri, your rage burns in our veins.

You will always be in the streets together with those who struggle against this society based on exploitation.

You lived your life struggling for freedom, in first-person, and putting the struggle into practice with a sincerity and coherence that filled your heart.

Even though your life was short, you lived! None of those who live in the shadows of resignation and indifference can taste the intensity of a life fully-lived.

If there is something greater than the pain we feel at this time, it is the strength of knowing that there are still people ready to put their life on the line to destroy this unjust system.

We are in solidarity with all the repressed comrades that will be facing off against the Chilean State and its pigs in these days to come.

Turn your pain into rage and become accomplices in solidarity.

...basta la anarkia

From the other side of the ocean...

The bitter news of our fallen comrade Mauri came from the other side of the ocean. It struck, like a whip, our hearts and stomachs. Our brother died in combat, overcoming fear and comfort, confronting his enemies. Today, it was him, in this way, tomorrow it could be anyone of us through torture, beatings, incarceration, who knows what. .

Our path shouldn't end here and now, but should be illuminated more than ever by the flames of destruction. They steal our lives with each passing day, they humiliate us with their lies, with their false freedoms, they force us to enslave ourselves in workplaces, to use their dirty money for basic necessities, they negate our creativity and spontaneity in being mischievous, wild children, and they would have us domesticated, shut up and turned off. Our comrade Mauri screamed *BASTA* (enough) and we want to scream that we have had enough, that we don't want to live in a world like this and that this shit has got to end.

We rip off our protection, we feel the need to destroy, the pain that comes from living in this world, the desire to creatively destroy we will be delin-

quents, wicked, thieves, chaotic, and crazy anarchists that want everything and want it now. We point an accusatory finger and attack those who torture us daily and those who force us to scrape together an existence. We won't fall into the trap of waiting for the moment... THE MOMENT IS NOW.

We want the few things we have to help us realize that we don't want to lose anything, nothing belongs to us, they want us to become bourgeois with the scraps they throw to us, but we need to take into account that the struggle is out there, in the streets, not holed up in our squats. We never said that the struggle would be easy and at times the results are scant. We don't always achieve the objective we set out for, and at times our enemies get the better of us. But our struggle has also shown us and continues to show us that the enemy is vulnerable and that despite the fears they wish to bestow on us with their society of control, video-cameras, guard-dogs, hi-tech microphones, and wire taps, we have been able to and will be able to reach them. There are many actions that have been silenced, many animals liberated and many struggling prisoners.

We want students burning their universities, workers on strike bashing the heads of their bosses and destroying their workplace, immigrants with pockets full of stones, squatters struggling in resistance, and angry women machine-gunning their aggressors. We are who we are and we're going after them, numbers aren't important, what's important is the rage that guides us. We will avenge our comrades, defend our spaces, overcome impotence, and awaken our sleeping and crippled bodies. No more resignation, just hate transformed into action. We won't digress; not proportionately or while we absurdly wait for a miracle that will never arrive. Our sterile lives are over; we are going to give meaning to the word live.

We are in solidarity with those arrested comrades in the raids on squats, those that stood in front of the door of the CSO y biblioteca Sacco y Vanzetti, those that confronted the police and the press with barricades, stones and molotovs, and those who resisted from the inside, not letting them in.

We are with you and from over here we send you strength and complicity.

And you too Mauri, we send you a minute of silence and a life of combat.

We won't forget.

Mauri, you are within each and every one of us

We didn't know you but your death touched our lives. Not swallowing the fucking farce implies action, that is, of course, if you don't want to be all bark and no bite. He who wants to wait, let him wait for whatever subjective or objective condition or moment that won't ever arrive. They're just hiding cowardice behind a mask of pseudo-theory. But, there are always those who don't want to wait, those who have itchy fingers for the destruction of this disgusting system of death. Now. Because now is when they are fucking us over, and now is when they are stealing our lives.

Reality stands before us, right in front of our faces and visible to those of us that wish to see it. After that there is nothing more to do than act. We send a loving embrace and all our complicity, from the bottom of our hearts to you, Mauri, who didn't want to wait; to your comrade, who also didn't want to wait and who we hope is all right and far from the reaches of Power, headed down paths that we can only imagine; and to all those who can't wait. For ourselves and for you we will continue the struggle, unhurriedly, but with urgency and without stopping, because we are not prepared to continue suffering in pathetic agony. We will continue the struggle with all the means we have at our disposal, be it with words, rocks... whatever it takes. We aren't at a loss for reasons, strength, willpower, or rage. You are within us and we will continue the war.



After three months, nothing and no one is forgotten. Mauri, comrade.... You're here with us!

“Three months have passed since that night when the device you carried with you exploded. At just a block from the objective, on that cold night, the explosion went off just a little too early and its glimmer of light mixed with your departure from this world.

Here, at this last stop, at that tree, at that roll up door, on this street, on this sidewalk your last seconds aligned with stealthy movements to bring down the prison order.

Your body, your bike, your gun, all went sky high that night. Today, three months later we return, with you in our memories and actions, to tattoo on all the walls your persistent memory.

Today, the often photographed corner, where your body lay cold and inert while the police meticulously picked you over, is full of insurrectionary vigour. Today we re-appropriate this space in our own way. Today, an action of propaganda, in your memory, to make it clear that in this space a warrior died. Passivity and order, with their frenetic rhythms, won't consume the last stop in a combatant's life.

Within meters of the stupid prison guards and with the incapacities of the police on our side your memory will be recognized in various ways. Memory transformed into whatever type of action is the only thing that makes any sense in the insurrection.

This, brother, is the only way to make memory active. Taking it into insurrectionary practice, in the many forms it may take. This isn't the only way or the most protagonistic way to make it active, it's just one way, we are aware of this.... Three months of your absence, the sadness won't overcome us.”

*Speech by: “some antiauthoritarian comrades against the idea that memory falls into oblivion”.
Saturday the 22 of August 2009*

Some pamphlets given out in the area:

Before dying in the sludge of the street we will imitate Mauricio Morales!

“Love yourself and be violent, beautifully violent, until everything is destroyed. Remember that whatever violent action against those who promote equality is completely justified for the infinite amount of violence they submit us to.

... Love yourself and combat terrorism, burn, conspire and sabotage and be violent, beautifully violent, naturally violent, freely violent.”
-Mauri

Comrade Mauri

You are with us!

Our brother, Mauricio Morales, a fallen warrior who died in combat on the 22 of May in an attack on the repulsive institution of the Gendarmeria, in days of demonstrations where everyone hid behind their unions, and in days where all false critics stood beside the same people who are responsible for the locking up and annihilation of our imprisoned comrades.

Mauri decided to bring the ideas he defended to fruition. Ideas like constantly being at war with society in all aspects of one's life, making one's everyday life an act of propaganda, and converting one's life into propaganda by the deed. Today we lament the loss of his body because we can't embrace him but, we are aware that he wasn't just a body. He was his ideas and his hate for this and all society and for this reason we will always remember him. He will be present in all acts of revolt, he will always be there to lend a helping hand, he is with Diego Rios in his insurrectionary clandestinity, he embraces Axel Osorio each day that Axel remains in jail and he is with us, here, laughing in the face of security and social peace. Aiding, conspiring and smiling as we refine our weapons to destroy society.

For the destruction of society.

For the proliferation of attacks against power.

Social war.





Prologue

After Mauri's death, innumerable attacks, in distinct forms, were seen throughout the world. The attacks revindicated his memory in the best possible way: that of attack!

Spain: incendiary attacks, explosives and barricades. Mexico: a string of attacks of varying intensity against various symbols of authority. Greece: incendiary attacks and explosives. Italy: a series of graffiti and attacks against private property. Argentina: explosive attacks, demos and rallies. And in Chile: barricades, street combat in the universities, burnt luxury cars, sound bombs, detonations against police stations and banks, and incendiary attacks among many other things.

Apart from these and other similar actions, and in a completely complementary way, many texts and booklets were compiled. There has also been a lot of propaganda and many things written so that Mauri and the struggle will not be cast into oblivion as those in power are want to do.

Mauri, you're present in every attack in the social war, in every attempt to destroy this society and in every beautiful act of prisoner solidarity....
We won't and don't want to forget you.

Your memory pertains to incandescent revolt and to us who hold fire in our hearts and hands.



*Our collective memory will
bury those who condemn
the move to attack
all authority*

Mauricio Morales
1982 - 2009



In the early hours of 22 of May 2009, a bicycle moves through a cold Santiago night. A comrade carries in his rucksack an insurrectional dream. He's carrying a homemade bomb and his single objective becomes clearer with each pedal: attack the school of the Gendarmeria. Around 1:30 in the morning, he makes his last stop, only one block separates him from completing the action. But in an instant, an unexpected accident sets off the detonation. The Bomb that should have gnashed in the face of the powerful, when activated threw the body of the compañero Mauricio Morales Duarte to the middle of the street. Mauri was, is, an anarchist comrade. Actually, an anarchist apprentice as he jokingly liked to call himself. We are not looking to glorify or create blind admiration for our friend by means of this text; on the contrary, we are adamant that Mauri does the speaking. His own words will do the describing. Brother Mauri, this is for you....