



DARK NIGHTS

Issue #39

- GLOBAL NEWS FROM THE FRONTLINE
- LETTERS FROM PRISONERS OF WAR
 - ANALYSIS FROM COMBATANTS
- FOR TOTAL LIBERATION & ANARCHY



For Mutual Aid
& Solidarity

20 Jan 2014

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Long live the new Anarchy!

Dark Nights is an international publication of anarchist insurgence being carried out on this prison-world. This publication is specifically intended to be copied and distributed, as it is intended to be a zine of struggle for the circulation of current info offline. Prisoner addresses are all subject to change, check online for present addresses before writing. And check out a good guide to writing to prisoners first if you have not already done so, like the excellent one produced by the comrades of ABC Leeds*. We're proud to have as our first article, the personal overview of recent months by anarchist fighter Gabriel Pombo da Silva. All the reports, letters and texts that you can find in these pages come from the websites of what is known as the informal international network of counter-information and translation. You can find their websites at the indexed at the back like usual, check them out, it's all their hard work. This issue contains many important contributions to the struggle against State, Capital, Hierarchy & the Techno-Industrial System.

There is a new asymmetric struggle going on around the planet, fought by the new urban guerrillas of this nihilistic and anti-civilising anarchy. This publication, and the publications of the anarchists of praxis, alongside the informal international network of translation and counter-information is about that anarchist war, they are short glimpses into vast expanses of hidden resistance and insurrection that is taking place in every moment.

Inside you will find many letters written by our anarchist prisoners of war. Those how forget the struggle of the prisoners, end up forgetting about the struggle itself. A movement can be judged on how it treats the struggle of it's prisoners, and how well it carries forward the struggle that lead to them being imprisoned in the first place. Since many interesting longer articles by our prisoners of war have circulated since November, which was the month of our last issue, and given the absence of our December issue altogether, we chose to compile many texts all together in this longer special copy with an extended direct action chronology (as always though, it's *incomplete*). There is also three full claims from the last actions of the 'Phoenix Project', in Mexico, Chile and Indonesia, as well as a full text written by the Conspiracy of Cells of Fire - Imprisoned Members Cell for the Informal Anarchist gathering in Mexico, December 2013.

The text presents an indepth analysis and explanation of the Informal Anarchist Federation (FAI) and the aims and ambitions of the Phoenix Project.

This translation counter-info network that we identify with is a tangible reality which goes forward, spreading revolutionary solidarity and exchanging the shouts and dialogues of anarchist and anti-civilisation rebels all over the globe, with the wish to advance the many autonomous chaos-strategies and self-organised attacks that form the anarchic-insurrection. The insurrection is the combination of all ways to resist and refuse; always going towards the development of the self-organised attacks upon power.

The enemies have always had the same faces; the snitch, the bully, the fascist, the boss, the banker, the politician, the priest: the exploiter and the system of exploitation that they comprise. The system counts on, and relies on, compliance; the submissive crowd - the basis of the pyramid of domestication which is the military-technological-industrial complex.

The crisis of capitalism is a permanent feature of this system of exploitation, it has always existed, and will always exist, so far as the individual does not fight for her/his freedom. The history of the struggle against the state and capitalism, and against the defeated, but morbid zombie corpse of religion, is one of infinite dimensions and possibilities.

Our struggle takes place in the epic furnace of the individual deed, expressed through refusal and attack upon the enemies of liberty. The recurring moment throughout history is the outbreak of freedom against humanity's tyranny.

For a black international!

For an uncivil Anarchy!

Dark Nights editors
20 January 2014

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JANUARY - OCTOBER

THE STRUGGLE CONTINUES

To my friends, brothers and sisters, comrades

I remember that last day as if it were yesterday, when *finally!* I left (was expelled from) the cold, narrow aseptic cell of the maximum security prison of Aachen, Germany... On January 16 (2013) I was escorted to the airport of Barajas, Madrid, by Interpol, and from there I was taken to the tribunal of Plaza Castilla, not before being photographed (they were particularly interested in my chest as they looked in vain to find a tattoo of the acronym FAI/FRI), 'playing the piano' (had my fingerprints taken) in order to ascertain that it was really me... I must say I should have left Germany in November/December but I was blocked because the Italian Republic had issued a 'European arrest warrant' to the Bundesanwaltschaft in Karlsruhe as they wanted to extradite me because of 'Operation Ardire'... 'Luckily' (because I'm legally a 'Spanish citizen' and a European arrest warrant had been issued previously by this country) the dreams of the Italian 'Digos' didn't come true (at least for the time being), as the German High Court (and their political-judicial management) decided that the 'circumstantial charges' pressed against me by the ROS were (and are) insufficient to grant my extradition to the Italian Republic.

Thus I had the good fortune of being saved from knowing the 'Bel Paese' through its prisons and judicial system...

I naively thought I had finally shaken off the delirious charges of the Digos and an end would be put to my legal kidnapping in that country...

It is impossible to describe on paper all the feelings-ideas-emotions I felt when I left the prison of Aachen and Germany behind me... After eight and a half years spent 'buried alive' in that country (23 hours a day locked up in a cell and only an hour a day in the yard) because I refused to engage in 'slave labour' or wear the prison uniform (they also seized or systematically tampered with my letters, which gradually made me reluctant to write over the latter period), I thought that 'the worst' was definitely over... When I finally entered the prison of Soto del Real at midnight, imagine my surprise as I saw HOW MUCH 'things' had changed in the nearly 10 years of my forced 'absence' ('Exile') from the Hispanic dungeons! I was stunned at finding/seeing the prisoners themselves (real ancillaries of

Galicia, Spain:

Letter from anarchist comrade Gabriel Pombo da Silva on his detention

the jailers) being in charge of my registration along with the guards. This first impression was a harsh blow to my morale.

Surprisingly (as I thought I'd be classified as 1st grade and put in the FIES upon arrival), the following day I received a visit of the prison governor and vice governor who said they had been called by the DGIP themselves (they literally said that when the chiefs saw my name the 'red lights' came on) and asked me about my intentions on my return. I answered sarcastically that my intentions had always been (and always will be) the same: to conquer my freedom... I was informed that I'd finish 'my' sentence on April 10 2015 and would remain in 2nd grade (later I was given an official document on the matter entitled 'Sentence Clearances) and be moving to my land as soon as possible....

What can I say? Finally, 'it seems' that after over 28 years' prison I have 'only' to wait 'just' a couple of years before being able to enjoy my long awaited freedom.

Sectioned, Isolated, Segregated for the latter years of my kidnapping in Germany, ALL that was going on was simply amazing. It was an indescribable visual-sensory-emotional 'overdose'... In a certain way, (and compared to what I suffered in Germany) I felt 'half free' and was learning to 'get used to' my 'new' environment; with 'so many people', many hours in the yard, so many colours and the 'beautiful view' of the Sierra de Navalcernada... The 'only' negative thing was observing how the jailers had taken over the yards and most of the prisoners had become managers of their own detention besides becoming 'auxiliary guards'. Of course I was taken to a section of 'troublemakers' (Módulo 5), where the jailers tried to get me to share a cell with another prisoner... Since I refused flatly to 'share a cell' with any prisoner, I was put in the Isolation Section on January 17 for the night ... and accused of two 'very serious' offences for (according to them) 'threatening to beat

up the prisoner with whom they wanted me to share the cell' and 'refusing to obey and resisting' orders.

After a day in isolation on January 18 I was taken back to Modulo 5 and this time I got a cell by myself... However on January 30 I was notified that I would remain in the FIES-5 (Special Characteristics)... I saw the funny side of it, at least (I said to myself) I won't get any more 'disciplinary sanctions' on the question of 'sharing a cell' with someone...

Well ...now I only hoped I'd be transferred to Galicia as I had been told on my arrival... On February 16 they told me to pick my 'stuff' as I was to be transferred. They didn't say to what prison but I supposed it would be in Galicia. Imagine my surprise when I found out I was being taken to Alicante! There I was informed about the restrictions to my communication (letters, telephone calls, etc)... I couldn't understand.

For the first few months both in Soto del Real (Madrid) and Villena (Alicante) I've been subjected to all sorts of obstacles and impediments when writing or talking on the phone with my compañera and my family. However the presence of several ETA prisoners made my stay more enjoyable... Surprisingly on March 20 the DGIP decides to take me off the FIES-5 and lift restrictions on my communications with the outside. They also 'authorised' telephone calls to my sister, my compañera and my lawyer... but on the 3rd or 4th April they told me to pick my stuff because I was to be transferred.

Naively I thought they were finally taking me to Galicia... but what was my surprise once again when they told me that I was going to Valdemoro! Why Valdemoro?

The answer wasn't long in coming and on April 9th they lead me before the Audiencia Nacional: the 'Digosos' had returned to the 'counter-attack'. I refused to make any statement and rejected the (duty) lawyer appointed to me. On April 16 I was summoned again, this time with my lawyer. I had nothing to say concerning the charges of the ROS against me... they decreed me 'provisional liberty' as long as I am still doing time in this country and to 'temporarily extradite' me to Italy they had to make an 'international request' to Germany (as Germany had extradited me to Spain and dismissed the evidence of the ROS against me), so I had to finish 'my' sentence in Spain... I spent the month of April in Valdemoro where I could make contact with both my sister and my compañera. On April 30 I find myself back in Alicante.

Finally on May 31 I have my first 'vis-à-vis' with my compañera while phone calls and visits with other comrades gradually became 'normal'.

On July 15 I left the prison of Villena, destination 'A-LAMA'... I got to Galicia on July 25. On the 27th I was notified of 'intervention and limitation' of communication (simply 'just because') with the outside dated 23rd July!! That is to say I had not even arrived at the prison when the vice governor decided (of his own initiative and against the resolutions of the JVP DGPI of Villena) to take a step backwards and break the 'rules', 'regulations' and 'directives' of his superiors and the judiciary. As I refused to sign his unilateral and arbitrary agreement he thought it well to move me to the FIES-5 (C.E) on October 9! I decided to stop writing (which has always been my window to the outside) since I came to this prison because I don't accept that 'some' guy decides to whom and when I should write or what I should read...

All this adds to the question of the 'end of my sentence' and I don't understand how this shit of a judicial-penal system is that gives me several sentences: a) (the first) in Soto del Real I'm due to be released on April 4 2015 after serving 4/4 of my sentence; b) (the second in Villena-Alicante) dated for the year 2033!! and c) (the third, at A-Lama) where they say I'll complete 3/4 of my sentence in January 2015 when I'll be eligible for parole, and the total 4/4 of my sentence in 2020. Obviously all this (the 'new' inclusion in the FIES + Restrictions on my correspondence, Completion of sentence) has been notified to the JVP of Pontevedra. If this JVP applies his own laws I should be free next year.

I want to say to all the comrades that no matter what the 'judicial papers' say and their dirty political manoeuvres, having done 29 years in jail as I have done I'm not going to fall for these miserable people's provocations now that my freedom is at hand's reach. I know that the mere fact of me writing these lines (my truth) can give the executioners more pretexts for new 'transfers' (either section or prison) and/or administrative type 'sanctions'. The prison situation in these years of forced 'absence' has changed to the point that everything is unrecognisable to me.

There is "now" (it started a few years ago ...) in all the prisons of the Spanish State a "novelty" called "Education and Respect sections" and / or "convivial sections". In some prisons these are already in the majority. But what does this mean? Those who want this Law to be applied (what corresponds to them by law and not the consent of a few usurpers) must go to one of these 'respect sections', where they sign a contract where they are 'programmed' activities that they must do obligatorily (which violates the LOGP) such as cleaning, studying, sports, etc etc.

The prisoners themselves carry out some of the tasks of the guards and 'technicians' to the point of controlling their own fellow prisoners' 'medication' (a euphemism for the drugs they gorge the prisoners with here), and frisking them to see if they are carrying illegal substances or smoking (or not working) in prohibited areas, etc. They also hold 'meetings' where some 'grass up' the others. Going to one of these sections signifies renouncing all the 'rights' granted by the

LOGP and which cost us so much blood and the deaths of so many of the 'old combatants'.

Given what I've seen (and as I refuse to swallow this shit) I prefer to stay in so-called 'conflictual section' and struggle for my 'rights' (the ones I fought for) instead of 'delegating this responsibility' to a gang of traitors and jailers.

I want to say that what I am writing here is not meant to be a 'call for solidarity' with my situation. This is just an 'x-ray' of my situation (and of the many others who haven't bowed down) and a confirmation that 'Laws' and 'Rights' are crap, wasted paper, something which they use to invest themselves with 'order' and 'legitimacy' and thus justify their monopoly of violence (legal and armed).

What I think and what I've been (and still am on 'smaller scale') reflecting in my writing and in every act of my life.

My solidarity is now (as always) with all those in struggle: Never defeated, Never repentant!

In struggle until we are all free!

For anarchy!

Gabriel Pombo Da Silva

Centro Penitenciario de A Lama

Monte Racelo s/n, 36830

A Lama (Pontevedra), Spain



Spain: Letter from anarchist comrade Claudio Lavazza

Teixeiro, 12-06-2013

Dearest comrades, I received your letter 'Salute from the intermediate conference 2013' and I welcome this conference on building class solidarity. It is about solidarity for us revolutionary prisoners and for those who could become such in time under the burden of the daily repression of the Prison System.

For me revolution is not something that concerns few people but something that concerns all those who for one reason or another were born on the other side of the barricade.

Therefore it is something that implies the possibility and necessity to let in as

many prisoners as possible, considering that the condition of being prisoners is the ideal to spread revolutionary solidarity. Clearly I'm aware of the difficulty of involving the prisoners who've never been revolutionary in this project.

Here in Spain, where I've been locked up since 1996, there have been several struggles with which we tried to promote solidarity among prisoners... the struggle for the abolition of the FIES regime and the struggle against long sentences and life sentences.

Since October 2011 a campaign against torture and abuse in prison has been in place. Common actions carried out since the beginning were a symbolic hunger strike on the first day of each month, complaints to the Congress of Deputies (political responsible for the continuation of torture and deaths in prison), to supervising judges, to the Defensor del Pueblo (the institutional guarantor for prisoners) and to the committees for Human Rights in Geneva and Strasbourg. A reformist struggle. After one year and a half the campaign is continuing, but it didn't succeed in increasing the number of participants.

At the moment we are 51 prisoners who actively participate, scattered in 20 different prisons. We all have juridical support, a success never seen in the past, not even at the time of the very hard struggle against the FIES regime.

The judicial support we managed to get helps the prisoners who are in this struggle and suffer the reprisal of the Prison System, and not the prisoners whose only interest is to solve their own problems while they don't empathize with the problems of other comrades. As you can see, we too are compelled to make distinctions ... sadly... it's not what we wanted but there's no space for personal problems or for false revolutionaries or rebels.

In the past we had bad experiences as we left the door open to everybody, convinced that anyone who endured the burden of imprisonment could be considered revolutionary only because they were prisoners... but reality showed me this was a mistake... In principle we have the duty to leave the door open but those who want to get in must struggle. Finally, summing up and speaking for myself, I've got a good opinion of the examples you make of solidarity and support without forgetting those who (as I said before) are not known revolutionaries but struggle for their rights. They 'should be allowed to take part' too. The result of a struggle comes out not only by one's own participation but also by the number of people that one manages to convince.

A strong hug of solidarity to all of you who struggle for a New World.

Claudio Lavazza

Claudio is imprisoned for an armed

expropriation which took place in Cordoba, Spain, 1999, and was sentenced in Malaga also for an armed intervention at the Italian vice-consulate in December 1996: Three comrades wearing balaclavas imprisoned the consul and an employee, sending a message of solidarity to the Italian prisoners jailed by the Judge Marini (the judge who built a false accusation against Italian anarchists), then they escaped with passports and some money.

With other charges he was sentenced to 50 years of imprisonment and has been detained at the special solitary FIES (isolation units) of Spain, while 27 years in Italy and 30 more in France are waiting for him to be served, the revenge for other previous revolutionary actions.



Spain: Solidarity with Maria, Javier & Gabriel

3 anarchist comrades were arrested last week in Galicia and Ciudad Real (Spain) and will go before judge Javier Gómez Bermúdez of the Audiencia Nacional on Monday 20 January. According to the Ministry of the Interior, the arrests occurred in an operation directed by agents of the Policía Nacional.

The arrests, of María del Carmen Otero Martínez, in Vigo; Javier Omaña Casanova, in Lugo, and Gabriel Rodríguez Cuervo, in Alcázar de San Juan, are connected to the attack with incendiary explosive devices committed against the Circle of Business Owners of Galicia--Financial Club of Vigo, on September 17, 2012, which was claimed days later with a communiqué in the office of the newspaper "La voz de Galicia" under the initials A.D.A.I. (Internationalist Anticapitalist Direct Action).

The Ministry of the Interior gave a statement that these arrests are the result of investigations directed by the General Commissary of Information of the Policía Nacional for the "prevention of the appearance and consolidation of violent radical antisistema groups related to the extreme left and anarchists of an insurrectionalist character".

During the police operation, house searches were also conducted against two of the arrestees in Galicia. In these buildings they found an alarm pistol [gun that only shoots blanks], alarm revolver, and a short 9mm pistol partially drilled. They also had homemade cartridges, alarm cartridges [blanks], large cartridges for gunpowder, a folio with a text claiming an action, and diverse documentation.

International solidarity to the accused anarchists.

Spain: Text about the struggle against torture and the FIES isolation units

STRUGGLE AGAINST THE TORTURES IN THE SPANISH'S JAILS

In October 2011, prisoners of several prisons of the State of Spain organized and began the 'Campaign Against the Torture and Ill-treatment in Prison'.

The offer of action arose from inside after several months of previous debate and exchange of ideas between the own prisoners and the groups of support of the exterior about what tactics and forms of fight could be carried out. The common action agreed was a symbolic day of fasting the first of every month, which is accompanied with denunciations at the Congress of the Deputies for their political responsibility in the torture and death in the prisons, and denunciations at the Courts of Penitentiary Vigilance for his its complicity as the well to a group of official institutions of prevention of the torture for his permissiveness and complicity (Ombudsman, committee of Geneva and committee of Strasbourg).

A function of the groups of support in the exterior consisted of establishing a good coordination inside out in order that the information moves as effectively as possible and also to generate a network of solidarity attorneys to attend juridically the imprisoned companions before the reprisals.

The aim was to rise the awareness of the reality that exists after behind the walls of the jails, a collective fight from inside with support and diffusion in the street that throws a clear message of the mistreatment in the prisons, where the torture is not only physical but a systematic and permanent torture. Systematic and permanent for essence, the dispersion, the isolation, the regime of FIES, the concealed life imprisonment, the sanitary abandon, the restrictions and censorship of the communications, the mistreatment to the relatives, the jailers existence men in the women's jails, the blackmail of the therapeutic modules where the imprisoned person are his own jailer, the blackmail of the obtaining permission, etc... All this is a torture, the simple fact of being enclosed against your will is a torture.

After one year and a half of fight the campaign continues forward, and in spite of not having grown in number (between 40 and 60 prisoners in 20 prisons) has become strong as a form of permanent resistance inside, and a tool of fight before the tortures. Since the tortures have not disappeared, and the reprisals have even increased. Nevertheless, juridical support for the case is resulting in

increasing numbers of denounces and increasing external support with concentrations, marches, sending of faxes, publications ... bringing to the street the voice of the prisoners and showing that they are not alone, breaking the silence and isolation that is tried to impose after the walls.

During this period several prisoners in fight have extended the actions realizing weekly hunger strikes, strikes of court, and in some cases of hunger strikes of 15, 40 and even 80 days. Signatures have been gathered in different prisons in support to the Campaign and have been sent to the Congress. The congress has declared cynically that the tortures do not exist, that the denouncements have no base, and that the people positioned against the tortures are abetting the prisoners false claims.

In spite of not possessing a great mobilization, nor inside nor out, it is a question of a long and constant fight, in continuous confrontation that it continues advancing with firmness and conviction.

The prison is the most cruel tool of the regime to impose their regime of domination and to suppress the will of those who they suppose in conflict with their interests. We live in the jail-system, and that affects us all, the support to the prisoners should be a common practice for all the anarchists and fighters for the freedom, let's do of the solidarity a reality.

PRISON = TORTURE, SOLIDARITY WITH THE FIGHTING PRISONERS!



Spain: Letter from comrades Monica and Francisco

Once again we are here between walls of concrete and bars, surveillance cameras and jailers. Once again we are here with our heads held high and proud to be what we are. Proud to be part of the hurricane that is trying to erase all forms of power, which has once again taken off its mask and is showing its real face in all its brutality and weakness as well. In this case, the collaboration between the Chilean state and the Spanish one which led to our arrest shows how the states can organize themselves in order to face what they perceive as a threat; but the attention the men of power give to us

also reflects their fragility. Their incoherent speeches on security are a mantle that conceals their fear that any fortuity can unleash widespread chaos. Their blows and gags just strengthen and sharpen our ideas and lives dedicated to continuous conflict. Our stand: not a minute of silence but a life in the struggle.

We send a hug to all expressions of solidarity, drives that weaken the prison bars. We intend solidarity as the constant realization of our anarchist ideas in all their forms so as the enemy understands that nothing is over and everything continues in prison and in the streets. Above all, the huge solidarity expressed by the comrades who have used their bodies as weapons and carried out a hunger strike. [reference to *Marcelo Villaruel, Freddy Fuentesvilla, Juan Aliste, Hans Niemeyer and Carlos Gutiérrez Quiduleo, prisoners in Chile, who went on symbolic hunger strike during the international solidarity week*].

We salute those who continue to weave complicities, those who venture into the unknown, those who are motivated by uncertainty, those who are obstinate for anarchy. All our respect and love go to them.

We sadly learned of Sebastien's death [*Sebastián Oversluij Seguel*], but at the same time his life consistent with his ideals fills us with joy: a real warrior. We are on the side of the comrades who mourn our fallen comrades, but from here we send them a lot of strength and a 'see you soon'.

Monica Andrea Caballero Sepúlveda
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On November 13th 2013, our comrades Monica and Francisco were arrested by the repressive forces of the Spanish State, accused of the explosive bomb attack on the Pillar Basilica in Spain, claimed by the anarchist group 'Insurreccional Com-mando Mateo Morral'. A hurricane of grandiloquent statements have been unleashed into this situation between representatives of both [Chilean and Spanish] governments; congratulations of resurrected prosecutors and recycled Interior Ministers as well. Monica and Francisco were arrested in August 2010 in the so-called 'Chilean Bombs Case'. Both confronted the trial against them

with dignity and rebellion; more than 9 months in medium and maximum pre-trial prison, rejected the prosecutor's blackmail, carried out a 65 day hunger strike and confronted one of the longest trials [in Chilean history], and had all their charges dropped by the Court.



“God is dead” : Text in solidarity with Francisco Solar and Monica Caballero by CCF

Answering to the international call in solidarity with Francisco Solar and Monica Caballero, who are captured by the Spanish state and accused of detonating a bomb in a church, we contribute some random thoughts about the tyranny of their gods.

“Never again will we be good, mediocre believers, of a mediocre God, a slur of man. We anticipate the resurrection of the living...”
(fragment from a communique claiming four bombing attacks against four churches in April 2009, by CCF)

Churches built like scarecrows to frighten life. Everything beautiful, passionate, indomitable, undiscovered condemned as a sin. Life fills prohibitions and servility is praised. It is good that there are churches, to remind us that religion kills life.

The God they created, is an eternal dictator. He oversees every moment of our lives and judges us mercilessly. We do not even own our secrets. His love is armed with threats of eternal punishment to anyone who dares to challenge his commandments. It is good that there are churches, to

remind us that God is vainglorious fascist. Priests are the colonels in God's military dictatorship. Smaller and more cruel than their God. Wicked, moneymongers, hypocrites and pedophiles ... Working together with politicians, businessmen and army officers, who they bless with golden crosses on lavish receptions. It is good that there are churches, for they reveal the ugliness of their officials.

Believers are the herd of a mindless mass, which prays rhythmically under the watchful eye of their God. The louder the prayer, the bigger the hypocrite. The crowds of believers look like the slaves in the Roman arena. “Hail God, the moribunds praise your glory ...”. Humble and resentful, they reject any difference, any excess, any enjoyment, that does not worship their icons. It is good that there are churches, because they demonstrate that the largest empires are based on the faith of their subordinates.

Christianity is the preaching of death. It promises the lie of eternal life only to abolish the present, the here and now . The life we are living is nothing more than a test of faith . A bad joke, made by their God to test us ... ” Love thy neighbor ” is written on the scriptures and priests love power and wealth. Religion is a lucrative business . At older times, it was the Crusades , now the Church owns companies, banks , television stations , newspapers , land and building blocks . It is good that there are churches to remind us that freedom must pass over the rubble and the ruins of their temples.

Monica and Francisco, the solidarity and anarchist affinity, that connects us, is stronger than their God. The are letters after all. Letters that escaped from the cells of Chile and Greece. Others arrived at their destination, others were lost without ever been read (by us). This was the way we began communicating with Monica, the comrades of Casa Bombas in Chile and dozens of other brothers in praxis, who are held captives by power. The things, that have been said and also others that we didn't have had the time to write in a letter, are still valid. **Until the liberation of each and every one of us.**

“They looked at each another. Words weren't needed. Besides, where can one find words that match the stature of freedom. Time was frozen, these were their own moments. The escape was being planned for months. All the anxieties, the troubles, the setbacks of fortune, the laughs, the worries, the dreams, had now to rely on the three minutes that the attack would last. Staring at the magazine. Fifteen bullets – fifteen breaths of freedom. And another ... his own, while hearing his voice saying “Let's go ... freedom or death ...” .”

STRENGTH AND SOLIDARITY TO OUR BROTHERS FRANCISCO SOLAR AND MONICA CABALLERO

THE BLACK INTERNATIONAL OF ANAR-

CHISTS OF PRAXIS IS SPREADING

WE CREATE 10, 100, 1000 CELLS OF ATTACK

Conspiracy of Cells of Fire – FAI/IRF, Imprisoned Members Cell

P.S. In the morning of Wednesday, the 11th of December, comrade Sebastian Oversluij Seguel was killed by the bullets of a guard, during attempted bank robbery. The cops arrested another two comrades, Alfonso Alvial Sanchez and Hermes Gonzalez Henriquez. The robbery of a bank by anarchists of Praxis, is a insurrectional and existential practice of rejecting the coercion and morality of wage slavery, imposed by the bosses.

CCF-FAI/IRF: Imprisoned Members Cell are held hostage in Korydallos Prisons, Athens, Greece, having been charged for over 250 attacks of their Revolutionary Organisation.



Santiago, Chile: Anarchist comrade Sebastián Oversluij killed during bank expropriation

On Wednesday morning, December 11, 2013, 26 year old anarchist Sebastián Oversluij Seguel was gunned down by a security guard when he and other individuals attempted to rob a branch of Chilean state-run bank BancoEstado, located on La Estrella Avenue in the Pudahuel commune of Santiago.

The mercenary killer of the State/Capital fired at least 6 bullets into the comrade.

Shortly afterwards, comrades Alfonso Alvial, 27, and Hermes González, 25, were caught by cops on the streets, while other comrades managed to escape.

On Wednesday night several houses were raided, including the home of Sebastián's parents.

The two apprehended comrades were charged in the case and moved to the High Security Prison (C.A.S.) in Santiago.

Respect and insurrectionary memory for anarchist Sebastián Oversluij!

Strength, love and solidarity to his comrades and beloved ones!

Let's avenge our slain comrade!

Greece: Update on the CCF trial

88th session

The reading of documents concerning the trial has continued.

87th session

A comrade of CCF, at the beginning of this session, interrupted the normal flow of the trial, taking the ground on what was heard in the previous session. Specifically, he mentioned: "Having now entered the final decree, I want to make a comment on the presentation of the case of CCF. As you know, the investigating and prosecuting authorities have committed the perfect contradiction. In the case of the December, three of us, who have taken responsibility for our participation in the Conspiracy, were presented as leaders, accused of giving orders to people, who have nothing to do with us. On the one hand, we are characterized an anarchist terrorist organization? and on the other hand, some of us are given the role of the leader. The question is simple. How is it possible for anarchists to adopt leadership? As anarchists, we are against any form of authority. Yet, we read reports that talk about leaders, about commanders, about orders given from inside prison. All these are in full harmony with the reasoning of prosecutors, who just a little time ago, prosecuted us for inciting the international "Phoenix" project.

The reason why we are being prosecuted, is the greeting we addressed from this courtroom to the comrades of the illegal sector of CCF, who blew up the car belonging to the director of Korydallos prisons. However, the notion of inciting presupposes separated roles. There must be a perpetrator in order for an instigator to exist. The mastermind and the executioner, the assignor and the assignee. I could spend hours enumerating one by one the lack of evidence that shape such reasoning and construct such a charge. There are innumerable contradictions that fully degrade the charge of the existence of managerial roles. However, we did not and will not choose the penal interpretation of the charges. On the contrary, all our interventions are made in light of the anarchist perspective. This is the reason why, we will not deal with the charge of leadership as a charge, but as slander. It is a well known fact, that in every

war, propaganda plays a crucial role. Goebbels, Hitler's minister of Propaganda used to say: "If you tell a lie big enough and keep repeating it, people will eventually come to believe it." In the case of the anarchist urban guerrilla warfare, the authority uses every possible mean to present monsters and inverted realities.

How many times have we heard about the life of random passersbyers being in danger, how many times have government buildings, embassies and prisons, at which we have attacked, been presented as property of the "people" or how many times have cops and neo-Nazi torturers been called "innocent" victims. But power does not limit itself to this. They don't hesitate to slander us by presenting us as a representation of themselves. We are being presented, as a hierarchical organization with leaders, members, duties, penalties, mandates and orders. Take a look at this insanity. Familiar words of power, like leaders, mandates, penalties, are being forged in order to be attributed to us. But the reason why we chose to create the CCF, is exactly because we dislike leaders, we refuse to take orders and we take our life into our own hands. The CCF is an anarchist-informal organization, that supports the FAI-IRF network. We are anarchists, because we do not accept to be neither leaders nor followers. We are informalists, because we do not accept concentrating models and forms that generate specializations and roles. The roles of the leader, the performer, the theoretical, the thief, the bomber restrict the creativity of ourselves and generate authority. That is, the informal authority, which lies in social relations which gives rise to the institutional power. People, who accept their roles of authority, no longer communicate and are only performing simple tasks. For us, relationships are fluid and based on the development of everyone's skills.

Max Stirner, who has been mentioned by the prosecutor in the previous session, in his book "The unique and his own", wrote "I base my case on nothing." Although Stirner was an academic thinker, and had no relationship with the anarcho-individualism of Praxis, he has cleverly put the foundations. Stirner's "nothing" is the constant development, the point where the individual is both the builder and the destroyer, it's the eternal principle, that constantly nullifies everything, in order to give birth to the new. In this reasoning, there is no space for neither leaders nor subordinates.

However, authority insists on presenting us an image, in order to deny our existence. This is the second step after war's propaganda. You deny the existence of the enemy. Authority says: "There are no anarchists, there are just some paranoid terrorists, who give orders, have invisible central commanders and recruit members for their dark purposes." They forget, that in this way, they present us, as an image of

themselves. I do not like talking too long about the obvious. In closing, I will use a phrase from the history of Herodotus. Once there were three Persians who were arguing about the ideal polity and the one supported monarchy, the second one supported oligarchy and the third one said: *"I do not want neither to rule nor to be ruled ..."*. This is the principle, which characterizes our relations within the Conspiracy.

86th session

The reading of documents regarding the arrests of individuals during the December of 2010, has began. These persons have denied having any relationship with the Conspiracy of Cells of Fire. It is worth noting, that the law enforcement and judicial authorities have accused comrades-members of CCF for this case, as well. Specifically, three of them were described as operators – commanders, who were instructing those arrested in December.



“Let’s become dangerous... For the diffusion of the Black International”

*Communique by the
CCF : Imprisoned Members Cell*

Starting from somewhere – Scattered remarks

To begin, we want to share our joy with you . The joy we feel because as we write, we feel, that despite being locked inside the walls of captivity, a part of us is out there free along with you, discussing, doubting and planning new sabotages against the authority of the social apparatus. Of course, this could never have happened if it wasn't for the valuable contribution of comrades who keep us informed about the international experimentations of new anarchy and strive to translate our texts.

So, the following notes come from a series of discussions we had inside the CCF Imprisoned

Members Cell, on the occasion of the international gathering in Mexico.

The thoughts we want to share during this meeting are not some kind of an official view. As anarcho-nihilists, we do not believe in any absolute and objective truth. On the contrary, we want to set a starting point. One more challenge for thought, experimentation and onset towards the sharpening of the anarchist insurrection. This continuous search of theory and praxis keeps anarchy alive and dangerous, far from ideological stiffnesses.

Before we start, we want to underline two things.

First, in our notes you may find some gaps concerning thoughts and positions, that have been publicly expressed and relate to the international developments of the anarchist current. That's because the condition of captivity, in which we stand, hampers the immediacy of the updating and the communication we would like to have.

Second, words are not objects. They are meanings carrying the experiential of each one of us. Some times the same words may express different meanings, depending on the place and the time, in which they are being expressed.

Probably this creates the desire to invent new words that are free from the wear of confusion. But until then, whoever “sticks” to the details as if reading a philological essay, is doomed to drown in them, losing the meaning.

Wrong answers to wrong questions

The war is raging with thousands of faces. With the face of the technological totalitarianism, of the economic crisis, of the plunder against nature, the repression, the military operations, the tele-propaganda of the spectacle...

The orders are loud...

Economic misery, poverty, arrogant exploitation by the bosses, bank dictatorship, corporatism, electronic policing, digital world, genetic experiments, laboratory diseases, nanotechnology, deforestation, water and air pollution, extermination of animals through vivisection, massive meat-eating, new high-security prisons, concentration camps for immigrants, arrests of anarchists, police everywhere, army against

demonstrators, hecatombs of dead in “humanitarian” military operations, nuclear and chemical weapons, propaganda by journalists, uniform aesthetics in advertising, despotism of dead commodities.

Mountains of texts and analyses have fallen upon us about all these, suggesting solutions. The leftist managers of authority fantasize the proposition of the social state, the green development, the economic aid for the poor, the philanthropy of the NGOs, the democratization of the police, the lenience of the lawmakers, the alternative ecological sensitivity, the humane conditions of living in the prisons...

Lots of civil and bureaucrat anarchists run breathless behind the alternative propositions for a more “fair” and “humane” leftist authority. This is the reformist tension of bureaucratic anarchy of the official federations, which crawl behind the social evolutions. Cheap politicians without a party, walkons of the insurrection, theoretical moles who speak with words and interpretations borrowed from the marxist ghosts of the past (self-management of the means of production, self-managed schools, popular assemblies, revolutionary militia, committees etc.).

Especially in Greece, the reformist retreat shapes opportunistic alliances between the leftists and civil anarchists (formation of antifascist front, popular assemblies, demonstrations...).

To us, even those civil anarchists who have good intentions, look like dogs chasing their tails. There do exist some analyses from their part, but to us these analyses are just wrong because the questions are not the right ones.

If the official writing of history insists on basing the social interpretation of the world on economic plans, numbers and statistics of unemployment, what reason do we have to contribute and suggest the solution?

Why lose our time speaking a dead language, that promotes social reforms, since we desire the ruins of civilization? Why constrain the onslaught and the attack by reminiscing communist ghosts? They make political computations, we do not.

We make war.

Challenging the challenges

So we don't want to answer predefined questions of a social dialog, that we do not consider ourselves to be a part of. On the contrary, we want to provoke by creating new authentic questions of life.

Insurrection means to ask, authority means to consider that you possess all the right answers.

So we challenge the challenge.

The challenge of creating a plan for a never-ending insurrection. A plan that combines the mind with the feeling, the ice of strategy with the fire of praxis, here with now, the tension with the duration, with the direct aim of destroying the social apparatus and the liberation of our lives.

That's the only way for the new to become part of our existence. Of course someone could say: "What about poverty? Your ideas are good, but the society is heading towards economic disaster, poverty and hunger, and you talk about experiential poetry..."

The answer is yes, we have neither a political program for the "relief" of the poor nor the recipe for social salvation. We are not healers of a sick world, we are its saboteurs...

The only proposal we have for the economic crisis is to give it a push off the cliff.

Only with the destruction of the economy will the divisions of poverty die. Along with the economy we want to destroy work and mass industrial production. But pushing a magic button is not enough to break our chains. Economy, production, consumption, commodities, all represent specific social relations. Relations between slaves and masters, but the whip and the chains are (usually) invisible.

That's why we think that the thoughts of the communists and their "anarchist" relatives, who only talk about how to fill their stomach are poor and handicapped.

The authoritarian social relations cannot be healed with boring economic theories. That's why we want to blow up all standardized relations and overthrow anything given about what is life, joy, friendship, love, egoism, happiness...

Let's talk about quality of life, not just about the quantity of commodities on the supermarkets' shelves. Let's replace the mathematical certainty with the doubt of poetry.

There, where others seek the leftist reflection of the people's power or the anarchist fantasy of worker's self-management, we place the mystery of life.

Because nowadays life has no secrets any more, no innerness... every niche of it is rational, like a mathematical equation, every movement is predictable, every feeling is measurable with a scoop.

Each one of us is locked in the cell of his apartment and numbered through credit cards and tax returns, just like being in a prison.

So maybe we are naive and dreamers, but we are certain that life is neither Marx's nor Bakunin's theories, not assemblies of purposeless words.

Life is choices and actions, that are being tried on the street. Enough with theory. We try to give duration in the tension of the moments, turning life into an adventure.

From theory to praxis, a critique of the intermediate social struggles

Whoever talks about anarchy without seeking ways to act like an anarchist, has a dead body in his mouth. Certainly, there is no model or unmistakable form of anarchist action, but thousands of different ways for us to become dangerous against the social apparatus.

The anarchist critique is a method to evolve your thought and sharpen your weapons.

The social apparatus often meets with its contradictions, which lead to social tensions. Strikes, demonstrations, local struggles, street-fights with cops, often disrupt the smooth social orderliness.

Struggles that some times get violent characteristics and become points of reference for civil anarchists. The question that appears in those cases is this: the social struggles that go beyond the legal limits, do they simultaneously go beyond the ethics of legality as well?

In other words, even at the most intense moments of fire and clash of the intermediate social struggles, the stake is the satisfaction of unionist demands (wage increases, educational reform etc.) or the anarchist destruction of authority?

We consider that the prevailing trend of the intermediate social struggles wishes a more "fair" authority, not its destruction. Besides, intermediate social struggles do put forward demands. This means that they ask for something by someone. They demand that the authority satisfy them, a fact that requires the recognition of the authority. This starting point of moral recognition of the authority is never being surpassed by the many, even when they throw rocks.

Those clashing with the cops asking for wage increase, tomorrow they may ask, with the same passion, for more police patrols and concentration camps for the illegal immigrants.

Of course, we do not generalize. Nor we consider that we should give the streets and intermediate social struggles for free to the reformists and bureaucrats.

Inside the intermediate social struggles we can meet the unsatisfied of several young insubordinate persons who seek a way to express their anger against the system. They are the minorities that do not fit and are not satisfied by unionist demands.

For us, the comrades of new anarchy we can look for meeting points with these minorities and act as saboteurs. Away for the murmur of popular assemblies and struggle committees, let's do what we are. Saboteurs against normality, even when the latter transforms itself with the characteristics of the "social struggle".

We do not co-formulate misery, nor the demands towards the enemy. On the contrary, we as the virus of chaos and disorder, wanting to contagiously contaminate all those who feel unsatisfied by the demonstrations-promenades.

We have no moral problem using the masses of demonstrating promenaders so as to attacks, through hit-and-run tactics, the police, the banks, the journalists. And if this move of ours brings about repression and police strikes against a peaceful demonstration, we don't care.

Challenging means creating events. Police violence polarizes situations. Enough with the mediocrity. We are at war and each of us must take sides. There is no room for anarcho-syndicalisms and federations of social fronts.

The street-fights taking place in intermediate social struggles, should not make us to be complacent.

Very often, we see insurrectionist comrades, waiting for the next appointment on the road and not creating insurgent infrastructures here and now themselves. Satisfied by the clash with cops and the attacks on symbols of authority, but not trying to carry this conflictual reality, from the rigged appointments of intermediate struggles to everyday life.

Because this is what anarchist urban guerrilla exactly means: bringing the attack in first person and present tense, without needing the camouflage of social protest.

At the same time, various anarchist politicians and clowns satisfy their conscience by

participating in opportunistic street-fights and fantasize the social revolution of the masses. It is them, who using social struggles as an alibi, characterize the anarchist urban guerrilla as an outdated and self-destructive choice.

For us, as Conspiracy of Cells of Fire, the bet is simple. Through "social struggles", we want to create bridges, so that rebellious and unsatisfied minorities can cross over to the anarchist urban guerrilla, where the attack is continuous.

Because finally, whoever is satisfied by waiting for the official struggle appointment, demonstrations at a place and at a time chosen by others, by either labor unions or committees, in order to make an appointment with ones insurrectionality, then one will end up losing the appointment with the continuous anarchist insurrection.

FAI, acronyms and the anonymity of the "anarchist galaxy"

What is interesting now, is to discuss and discover new and dangerous ways of expressing the hatred we feel, towards the social apparatus.

We start by identifying a starting point. For us, the starting point is informal anarchist organization.

i) **Informal**, because we dislike the conditions and norms of predefined roles and organizational statutes. The roles of the orator who captivates the audience in assemblies, of the thief, the bomber, the author of communiques and the arsonist, divide and fritter life and our capabilities. Division is the principle of authority. The informal authority of roles, which we often be encountered in anarchist circles, is more insidious than the institutional authority, as it remains well camouflaged and in this way invisible and invulnerable. We say EVERYTHING FOR EVERYONE. Each of us, away from roles and specializations, can develop his/hers skills and test everything through comradesly mutuality... robberies, arsons, bombs, executions, texts, conversations and any other form of expression, which promotes new anarchy.

ii) **Anarchist**, because we are anarchists and do not want neither leaders, nor followers. We create the conspiracy of the equals, operating through small flexible direct action cells, which favors circular debate, rather than the centralized model of organization which resorts in bureaucratic pyramidal, hierarchical authority committees.

iii) **Organization**, because we believe in the continuous anarchist insurrection and the war against authority. If we want to intensify the permanent war against the commanders of our lives, we must organize. We want to create an international informal network of

attack cells, which will suggest, plan and coordinate, act autonomously, evolve and help each other in promoting the possibility of anarchy.

This is our proposal, so we wholeheartedly support the international network FAI-IRF.

We are aware of the flattening polemic, which has been unleashed against FAI by comrades and "comrades". We deliver those to the theoretical misery of their nonexistence. But there are also those, who wish to open a dialog on the issue of "acronyms", used by the direct action cells and the informal federation.

Let's take things in order.

Some months ago, we came across a text entitled «Anonimato» («Anonymity» in English translation), written by an anarchist from the tension of political anonymity. This text was a critique, without any comradesly mood, towards CCF and FAI. The text had a very distinctive beginning, a quote from the myth of cyclops Polyphemus from "Odyssey." In short, according to the myth, when Odysseus was asked by the cyclopes to tell him his name, he answered "nobody". So when Odysseus blinded the cyclopes, he shouted at his brothers that he was blinded by nobody, creating confusion, as his brothers did not understand what has happened. This myth is the kernel of thought of the unknown author of the text, to attack against us, talking about the advantages of anonymity instead of the use of acronyms. He specifically mentions that "When an action is followed by an communique, it is like a joke accompanied by an explanation." The difference, we say, is that we are not fools to tell jokes. Instead, we chose the barricades of war as our home and fire as our comrade. Moreover, because the superficial knowledge is worse than ignorance, the myth of Polyphemus does not stop there. Odysseus, leaving from the island of Polyphemus, shouted from his ship "I, Odysseus, blinded you ..."

So, far from the myths, the Returning Actuality, we want to talk about what the FAI is.

FAI, the Black International, the CCF, the affinity groups of anarcho-individualists and nihilists is the community we want to live in. This has nothing to do with the cumulative perception of power. FAI is not the model of a centralized organization. On the contrary, it promotes informal organization, affinity between cells and the uniqueness of each individual.

We are against the dictatorship of numbers and central committees. Neither do we follow the logic of two fighting armies but instead we promote the diffusion of hundreds of points of rapture and action, which sometimes cooperate in an international coordination and sometimes express themselves as unique cells or individuals. FAI is simply the invisible community where the desires of attack against our era, meet. In this way, we promote New Anarchy and the Black International.

Someone might say, "So far so good ... but why are you obsessed with acronyms and naming cells? ..." We answer, that we have no obsession, we just feel the strong desire to define ourselves.

Especially today, we believe that by simply stating that we are "anarchists", in order to speak through a communique or an action, is inadequate and problematic. We choose to separate our positions from the "anarchists" who cooperate with the leftist grassroots labor unions, use Marxist analyzes, unionize their misery, slander direct actions, fantasize workers' communes, participate in residents' local committees and transform anarchy into a social therapy.

Also, actions speak for themselves through communiques, because they keep their distances from the 'anarchist' opposition, which may sometimes burn down a bank in the name of "poor people and against plutocracy's capital", in order to prove it does at least something.

No, our burned banks is not a way of protest or a token of friendship and solidarity with the "poor people" who do nothing and sit on their couch. It is a way to express our "I". An "I", that wants to stand out from the herd of slaves, an "I" that does not bow the head down, an "I" not waiting for the crowd to revolt, an "I", which claims her own name, her own "acronym" and does not hide behind anonymity. The meeting time of the revolted "Egos" takes up the name, that we give to it. Its name is FAI and it is our "we". A collective "we", armed with razors against our enemies.

So, we choose to identify ourselves and not to be lost in the anonymity of an imaginary anarchist movement.

The exponents of political anonymity often say... "With communiques and acronyms, the actions get owners." Defining who you are, is not a contract of property, it is our own way of being aggressive against the social apparatus of the anonymous crowd. We abandon and burn our police identities and we become what we want to be by defining our name ourselves.

This is how a dialogue between comrades and cells begins. We leave marks carved on authority's face and share experiences, propositions, agreements, disagreements, plans.

Naturally, FAI has no exclusivity. This why our proposal is not the quantitative increase of FAI. One may disagree with FAI even in terms of aesthetics. Our proposal is to organize armed cells and affinity groups, forming an international network of anarchists of praxis. Direct action and diffuse anarchist guerrilla warfare, this is our proposal.

We want to promote the Black International, abolishing the stale ideas of social anarchism. We must overcome the ghosts of the past and the idea of the center of authority and the heart of the beast.

Authority is not just buildings or offices or individuals. It's a social relationship. It starts from its official temples (parliaments, multinationals, banks, courts, ministries, police stations) and reaches the most simple gestures of everyday life (family, sexual and friend relationships).

Authority cannot be found on a single point. That's why we want FAI and affinity groups to meet also on new grounds. To combine blown up banks with the debris of an advertising company. To spread our hostility towards the techno-industrial section, corporate exploitation of nature and animals, pharmaceutical industry, civilization and every compromise, that enslaves us. We promote the anti-civilization anarchist tension and invent a new way of life. Away from the fantasies of an idealized primitivism, we want to attack each structure, that exploits and murders nature, animals and humans. Away from the fetishisms of the value of human life, we clarify that our goal is not only the building facilities, but also the individuals who manage them, so we promote and practice the executions of human targets.

Towards this direction, we leave the theorists of the "anarchist" galaxy, who preach political anonymity without doing nothing, behind us. Because, we want to speak the truth, a part of the tension of political anonymity essentially hides its fear of repression, behind its theories. But let's face it, prison and death are part of the continuous anarchist insurrection. Whoever does not accept this, does not accept the insurrection itself. On the contrary, for those, who even aesthetically defend political anonymity through their actions, and not only in words, we believe that our difference does not move us apart. Anarchy does not mean to agree, but to know to ask questions and put doubts. As the comrade Nicola Gai from Olga cell/FAI wrote: "Love and complicity with the comrades, who, anonymously or not, continue to attack in the name of the possibility of a life free from authority."

International "Phoenix project" proved, that there is no copyright and exclusive collaborations under the same name – umbrella. Out of the eight acts, made so far in Greece, Indonesia, Russia and Chile, the Chilean comrades were not explicitly part of FAI, but

named themselves Long live Ilya Romanov cell, in affinity with the Black International. So, there are unlimited opportunities for cooperation and creation of new international projects of action, either against some targets or as a form of practical solidarity with the ones missing within the walls of captivity. The issue is to create these chances...

"Freedom does not exist. Not in this world. In this world there is only the struggle for freedom. And what does it mean to be free? Free is the one who is not afraid to kill or die in this fight for freedom"

Conspiracy of Cells of Fire FAI-IRF

Imprisoned Members Cell

Greece – Korydallos prisons (December 2013)

The text was first presented in Spanish, under the title "Seamos peligrosxs... por la difusión de la Internacional Negra". It is a contribution of the CCF - FAI/IRF, Imprisoned Members Cell, to the 2013 Informal Days: International Anarchist Symposium, in Mexico.

Chile: 'Requiem for the Passing Moon' by Hans Niemeyer

Hans Niemeyer was arrested on November 30, 2011 near a BCI Bank after an explosive attack. Held in preventive prison under the terrible Anti-terrorist Law, he was charged for another 3 attacks. After a year in prison, Hans was granted house arrest and went underground on December 7, 2012 after skillfully paralyzing his legal process. On April 26, 2013, he was arrested by the Investigative Police (PDI). Hans was sentenced in July 2013 to 5 years in prison, and since then has carried out multiple hunger strikes, the latest in solidarity with Monica Caballero, Francisco Solar, Sebastian Oversluij, and Matias Catrileo.

Requiem for the Passing Moon

"I write so as not to explode, out of fear of a slow death and the gangrene of amnesia, in which a whole generation rots"- Jean Marc Roullian

"Without chains on my feet, I began walking" – Los Pericos

I. The Arrest

It was 7:30 in the morning when we noticed the movement of strangers in the street below, on both sides of the building. People who looked like students, the neighborhood's usual pedestrians, but who were looking insistently at the apartment in which we had sought refuge. Could it be a misperception, the feeling of persecution that prevents one from clearly seeing the real from the imaginary? This time, without a doubt, we knew we were wrong, we knew we had made a mistake. It had happened other times as well, we had walked the thin line of what we should not do, but at times there was no other option, we had to take the chance and gamble that the enemy would show up late. The dynamics of flight, with the two types of police (1) behind us, with a small child, with money being tight, was filled with these little gambles, leaps into nothingness. Should we open the door? Will they ask us to leave? Have we been recognized? The bus is stopped, pigs are below..? Will they get on? Will they ask for ID's? Are they going to look over the cameras for this ATM? Let's just get money out and leave... there isn't any... What do we do now? There are things we can't go without: diapers, milk for the small hummingbird, as we say with care. How much food do we have left?



Today we eat noodles, tomorrow just soup and bread, whatever, as long as the "little one" is well we can continue on. There were days when we couldn't eat, we improvised bread with a bit of flour we found, which went very well with salt and oil, even better the only ripe avocado we rescued from this branch overflowing with avocados hard as sticks. I don't care, it's us three, this keeps us going, the tent is our refuge, our home...put another sleeping bag inside, so we don't get cold. We stay outside a bit, look at the hills, the forest so dark, the sky, never had I seen a sky with so many stars, more beautiful with both of you. Did you know that for this moment everything was worth it? Remember the verse we made up? *"There are things we will never forget and for this alone it is worth it to experience them."* Tomorrow we will see what we'll do, how we'll solve our problems. We continue on down the road, improvising.

Clearly those who opine behind a computer don't understand this, those whose vocation is to be unpaid judges, those who always know what ought to be done, ready to judge and pontificate. *"He had to leave the country, he had to go alone, that guy can't be with his girl."* What moves them (2) to express their opinions? What do they know about us? They coincide with the enemy planning to destroy us. On the other hand the evening La Segunda cries the alarm. The police and prosecutors speak through its mouth like always, *"He is in Greece, Spain, or Italy," "He doesn't have a grasp, doesn't have a homeland, he won't come back to see his family, doesn't want them to know where he lives."* The tie-wearing terrorists opine, threaten, methodically construct the public enemy. *"I don't know how someone who only thinks about destruction can have a family,"* a citizen-fascist commentator on EMOL (3) says about me. They don't see the contradiction in accepting the dead students, the repression, the Mapuche children shot down, the people the bank kicks out of their home. No, these people applaud before the mirror, the advocates of *"A bullet to the head, let them rot in prison, just 'disappear' them. How we miss Pinochet! Everyone tells me so. With him this terrorist would've been shot on sight. We want to live in peace—how long do we have to put up with these criminals, and on top of it we have to feed them with our taxes, these scum of society—an island in the south, forced labor so they learn how to work."* The factories of public opinion, of producing a common feeling, are summarily effective, and when they don't work there are the pistols of the democratic police.

But usually they do work! This is hegemony: gaining a common feeling, automatic discipline, internalized, without the need for coercion... *"The ideas of the ruling class are in every society the ruling ideas,"* claims old Marx, *"Whoever fears freedom feels*

pride in being a slave," murmurs Bakunin as he pours a vodka and remembers the years spent with chains around his waist. Who cares!? The *matinée* will begin, the last Caguin of the Fiera, what will the purple-haired fascist say, Raquel is a lady (identifies as one). Who cares... the *matinée* will begin, the prisoners will watch it too.

This time I think it's them. Let's get out of here. We get dressed quickly.

"What if I go out to buy bread and use the opportunity to check it out?"

"Okay, go."

But I already feel the trap is beginning to close in, I see them again from the window, there's no doubt it's them. They talk on their phones, coordinating the final blow, asking instructions, "Yes sir, he's here, his wife just left, we're going in, sir."

You return. It's full of them, you say.

I'm going to leave, try to make a break for it (I think but don't say).

"No!" You fall to the floor, you cry, "It's all my fault, I'm so stupid, the only thing I wanted was to see you, I'm sorry!"

"My love, quiet, don't let them see you cry, be calm, I'm going to be alright, everything just moved forward a few days. Always dignified, calm, don't give them the pleasure of seeing you cry."

They enter in droves, the trap closes with a snap. They're here now, they take me, calm now, it's over. The police: Are we clear? Are we clear? Check him, check him! He's unarmed, sir. Bring handcuffs, they yell. They laugh, they embrace and congratulate each other.

"Don't cry, remember the moments we spent together, they were worth it... Don't cry."

They take me down the stairs, hands cuffed in front of me, before the curious eyes of university students and neighbors. Later one would exercise her poisonous forked tongue with the police-reporters from *La Tercera*. One cop tells me, *"Pull your sleeves down so you can't see the handcuffs."* I respond, *"I have nothing to be ashamed of, quite the opposite in fact."*

All the police film the stellar time on their cell phones, just like the time I

was handcuffed behind my back to a post in the barracks of the Bicrim-Macul. There is also a mysterious professional camera operated by police officers, apparently from *Rati TV (4)*, because they went with us through the whole process until the Bicrim La Reina station, and later the sadly celebrated Cuartel Borgoño, the former lair of the C.N.I (Pinochet's political police), now rebaptised as Cuartel Independencia in order to erase the dictatorial reminiscences, the people hung in *Pau de arara (5)* and the screams of torture, especially now that the accomplices of that state terrorism are in the government and parliament. The ones who still applaud the horror are the same good citizens who demand hellish punishment for *"the terrorists."* But sometimes it seems the echoes of the past come back on their own accord, as was recently demonstrated when Brigada de Robos Oriente agents kidnapped and tortured a secondary school student in their barracks. Back to their old tricks again. Among prisoners, this unit of the PDI is known for its penchant for the *parrilla (6)* and torture. This incident with the secondary student even provoked a judge of the security court to speak of "methods typical of a dictatorship," which provoked the fury of the Ministry of the Interior, the fascist from Chacarillas (7) Andres Chadwick Piñera, who harshly criticized the judge. Have you ever seen such insolence, that a judge would be allowed to criticize the criminals at Chadwick's service and to defend a tortured adolescent!? Clearly, there is no limit to this government's impudence in intervening in the decisions and even commentaries of judges they don't like. Now they don't even care how they go about it, like when they used to say *"the government does not comment on judicial decisions."* No, that's over now, today the intervention is open and unmasked. And it passes right through... Nobody says anything!

They put me in a PDI police car and check me again. They handcuff me behind the back and we speed away in an entourage down General Velasquez and then Costanera Norte on the way to the Bicrim la Reina station. There are various telephone calls to coordinate. Earlier I heard urgent calls to the PDI headquarters. I imagine Chadwick receiving the news in his office, a smile drawing itself between the buttocks of the General Director's happy face. But there's no time to lose, he has a lot to do and he quickly puts on his suit as Colonel of the UDI (8): he has to defend Golborne for the numskull he is and put in a man with the UDI's DNA. Pablo is the one chosen, a politician in the end, not a chain store merchant, Don Andres thinks. He remembers the torches and sees himself climbing the hill, at the top is the General delivering a speech that Jaime wrote... what times those were. But in the end, things change, there's no time to lose, the nation calls us. There's an action to defend! And he

excitedly orders his chauffeur, "To Suecia street, fast!"

We continue down Costanera Norte at full speed down toward the barracks. Meanwhile, the "strange" personnel from the PDI disappear and I never see them again. In the station, I'm kept in the commissar's office and, apart from my guard, the only ones who come see me are the chief, the deputy chief of La Unidad, and the deputy who led the operation. I keep calm and silent, trying to save my energy for what's to come. Soon they transfer me to a dining hall, take off my belt and shoelaces, and again *Rati* TV films me from various angles. I have the dubious privilege of being a trophy of war. A series of old *ratis* enter to watch me. This had already happened during my first arrest in November 2011, when things like this happen, chiefs both active and retired come to watch the captured prey. They leave.

The door opens again. The deputy says I will be allowed to see my mother for five minutes. My mother comes in; I haven't seen her in five months. She brings a mixture of sadness and happiness with her. We embrace.

"Don't worry mom, everything's fine."

"How have they been treating you?"

"Fine mom, don't you worry. How's the little one? Is he at your house?"

We chat for five minutes. They take off my handcuffs so I can take my mother's hands in mine. The deputy comes in: "Hans, we have to go."

Again the handcuffs are put on and I tell my mother: "You don't need to go to court. Why expose yourself? The vultures will be there waiting."

"No, son, I'm going anyway." A kiss, and we part.

The entourage of *professionals of the shackles* leave again. On the radio one can hear: "Without sirens and maximum security measures," something I will hear again in the coming Kafkaesque prison journey. For the moment, we move along *Costanera Norte* again in the direction of Poniente until reaching Borgoño's lair. We enter through Santa María, north shore of the Mapocho river. We get out of the vehicle, the TV cameras are far off, but there are still some photographers inside the station. That evening *La Segunda* would have a photo taken from a meter away. Who said anything about the press and police working together?!

In the station it's the same as always: photos from frontal view and profile shots, paperwork, bureaucratic procedures and rigorous medical exams. I enter without clothing, I feel sorry for the doctor- last night I went on a long walk along a mountain near Santiago and my aroma

isn't the greatest- I didn't have enough time to take a shower. The doctor tries to describe the redness on my wrists due to the several hours handcuffed. She asks the police officer what the exact term for handcuffs is. The police officer responds, "We prefer to call them bracelets." The doctor looks at him for a few seconds, seriously. Finally she writes on the paperwork, "Redness on both wrists from the use of handcuffs." A dignified dialogue between Maxwell Smart and Super Agent 86. I sign a few more papers and I see Rodrigo and Julio enter-my lawyers. A brief altercation between Rodrigo and the deputy to let us speak alone. The *Rati* will look on from a distance, but he says it's impossible for us to speak alone. We hug each other, lots of greetings and smiles. I ask about my wife, my son and my mother. I ask them to send them tranquility. We agree on two things out of three and they explain to me what will happen in the tribunal.

Now the Show comes into play. They handcuff me by the back and parade me in front of the press. It's a grey day and all the reporters, camera people and photographers wear dark, heavy clothing. Up on top of their vehicles they really do look like vultures. We go in a caravan of two vehicles, again the *Rati* in charge orders "maximum security measures." In the vehicle I'm in, the police seem enthusiastic about how much press there is, and say, "Now we'll be immortalized"... life gives small joys to these small functionaries. They want to share their miniscule moment of glory with me: "you're like a movie star" the chief tells me. I look at them. In a certain way I feel kind of sorry for them.

This time we go hastily, with sirens screaming and at full speed. The chief continually makes and receives phone calls and messages. They are all crazy for the latest generation cell phones- one of the many tastes they share with criminals. In one of these calls they tell him that the deputy Valenzuela who led the capture will call to congratulate him. They advise him that the deputy will say "Vásquez speaking" (9) so as to be on alert and not think that they're pulling his leg.

We arrive at the "justice" center at Pedro Montt and Panamericana, inconveniently at lunch time when they're not accepting arrestees. Gesturing, phone calls and finally they open the door, but we don't have to wait- a Major of the gendarmerie (10) arrives.

"Is this him?" he asks.

"Yes, it's him," they answer.

I hear that the officials are in recess but will attend to us a little before 2 pm, "so he'll be the first one to undergo controls." The prosecutors and plaintiffs can now be found in the "Justice" center with cutlery and napkins tucked into their collars, ready to be served their catch. They'll send me to prison and be able to sleep peacefully.

The detention control hearing was predictable. Full of vultures looking for discouragement and defeat which they won't find. They love those gestures of shame; the bowed heads, the defeated and the ones who think they've done something wrong. In one word: regret. They need it to reaffirm their order. They need to be able to say: "We, the good guys, are the ones who finally triumph. Let everyone take note." They need the bad guys, the porters of the pathological, the transgressors of the Normal, be they "the other," the enemy, or criminals. Criminality operates in such a powerful way in the reaffirmation of the prevailing social order as the only possible society, that it can't be considered simply as the flip side of the coin of "normal" people, of "good and honorable" citizens' way of life. It isn't just an innate evil tendency within some deviant human beings, or the quota of anomaly that all social systems possess. The system needs to generate and augment delinquency, to raise the phantom of criminality. Delinquency and the shaping of the various public enemies are, in situations of social crisis such as we see in Chile, of vital importance for the construction of discourses around legitimation and order and in the nullification of subversive, dissident discourse. The system needs those public enemies, those threats, to be able to call for unity in the face of chaos, violence and barbarity, where criminals, *encapuchados*, anarchists, agitators, and pro-violence Mapuche join together. And this is without even considering the immense quantities of money that move the businesses of security, guards, security cameras, etc.

A good example of the construction of a public enemy is the speech by Sebastian Piñera Echeñique on May 21st, in which he advised the country that terrorism exists in Chile. What's more, he alluded directly to the Mapuche people and demanded the approval of the *Anti-encapuchados* law. Fear has always served to unify and that is exactly what the system is trying to do now: create social cohesion.

Let's make a small parenthetical here. Wide sectors of the Chilean ruling class consider the situation to be no joking matter. What's on the table is important; it is the continuity of the historical project and social eco-

conomic order begun by the dictatorship and deepened throughout the consultation governments, as well as winning democratic legitimacy, which was the missing ingredient. They feel there is a rupture of consensus with respect to the system of domination, or at least with respect to a type of capitalism that has been predominate until today. There are also certain concerning symptoms on the table. Lets name just a few: the paralysis and obstruction (in some cases due to judicial decisions) of important foreign investment projects, be they in the sphere of energy or of mining; a fall in the international price of copper; the increase of the production costs of Codelco deposits; the fragility of the energy system, principally the generation and transmission of energy; signs of deceleration in the Chinese economy. All of these ingredients have sounded the alarms for the ruling class. And it is in this context of crisis that the two structural failures of the Chilean system of domination are developing: the crisis of the system of political representation on one hand, and the distribution of revenue and concentration of wealth on the other. All of the social protests: the uprising in Magallanes, Aysén, Freirina and, in the last few days, Quellon in Chiloé; the dissatisfaction with the so-called “abuses,” the education problem, the environmental problems that fit in one way or another into these two aforementioned structural fissures. The wager of the ruling class and political classes is that the way out of this conflictual situation lies in a reform along the lines proposed by the defenders of the status quo. Let’s remember that from Bachelet to Longueira, they propose reforms.

The Chilean ruling class knows that plutocracy with restricted political representation can’t maintain itself the way it is, that the paradise with extremely high profit rates and concentration of wealth they’re accustomed to cannot be maintained. They know they have to let go, risking opening spaces of uncertainty and the possibility of social upheavals. This is why the political class in its diverse variants repeats the refrain “*Chile changed!*”

Even when the most probable situation is that there will be ways out through the system’s framework, the situation is evolving, “the situation is fluid,” say the analysts. This is why Piñera’s gesture on May 21st, raising the specter of terrorism and social chaos, makes the most sense politically. This has precedents, to be sure, in the discourse and action of Rodrigo Hinzpeter as interior minister, but the most important recent events are the ones surrounding the deadly attack on the Luchsinger-Mackay couple and the repressive onslaught it entailed (11). The resurgence and strengthening of the discourse of the specter of terrorism will be the backdrop on which the judicial processes develop, with clear political trimmings, in which the State finds itself involving the controversial anti-terrorist law. In all of these cases, apart from developing judicial processes that in practice go against due process, the law attacks the right to defense and the assumption of innocence that the system so lacks, it will occupy itself with

media lynching and the exacerbation of punitive populism in order to gain political capital in an election year. The outlook, to be honest, doesn’t look good at all. The proof can be seen in the amount of lies and false accusations that the official press echoes, with the Public Ministry and the police as its source. “Truth” and direct proof in this context become secondary, and what starts to gain preeminence is State reasoning and the need to achieve sentences under the Anti-terrorist Law that let the State justify itself in the new situations of social conflict.

But let’s return to the story. Trial date: Monday June 17th. Place of detention? The gendarmerie will decide that, says the head of the prison’s Seventh Oral Court. And so begins a curious and surrealist journey through different parts of the prison institution.

* * *

II Journey to Santiago 1

The TAR (high-risk transfer) section of the gendarmerie take me through underground tunnels to Santiago 1 prison. On the way, I remember it is supposed to be a franchise prison, the grand work of the Concertation, we see the efficiency of private business make an incursion in prison material. I am put into a solitary cell, they do not want this one with other prisoners. As it was shown on television (and for prisoners “sounds” in the press is important), some prisoners greet me and give me their hand behind bars. I walk for hours in the cell (*running pointlessly in circles*) which is in front of the Booking and administrative offices of these people. Then a series of strange situations begins, prison officials talk amongst themselves and look at me. The prisoners continue on and I stay in the cells, alone. A pig comes over to me and asks me the typical questions, I answer in monosyllables and shrugs of my shoulders; he informs me that there are calls coming in from the Regional Director of Gendarmerie, which confirms to me that something is happening. I am called to Booking, here the system functions and demands a submissive attitude from prisoners with their hands behind their back. In fact keeping prisoners’ hands behind their back is a true obsession of the guards and I think almost the existential motive of the guards. I enter Booking, stop there, put your hands behind your back. I don’t comply, my hands by my side, nor do I look down, I look calmly at all of them. The pig takes my respective prints and photos, they say that I am going to begin admittance, but that it is a formality because they think I am going to the CAS (high security prison). It does not bother me, it was to be expected. The telephone calls continue “yes commander, yes, he is in front of me right now”. I return to the cells, and see now that I am the only prisoner. I am just about to think “*I am alone*” when I remember my brother the hermit, who magically travels here, accompanies me, looks at me and smiles at me, says to me again “*brother, remember that you are never alone*”. A happiness overwhelms me as I lay down, a renewed pride, I laugh. Here we go..

Very tired, laying on the metal bench of the cell, I sleep a little bit at a time. It is already night time

when they take me to the inside of the jail, all of this is new to me, I am joined by other prisoners. Hands behind your back! I am called to the internal Gendarmerie and the pigs there ask me their own *paco* questions. I notice that there are far less *pacos* (*in between pig and cop*) than in maximum and than in the CAS. Some cases I would say without exaggeration are frankly “*picao a choro*”- wanna be bad asses, very contaminated by the delinquent environment. Stay there, put your hands behind your back, I continue with my hands by my sides. A prisoner converses with me, says to me “you’re here because of the bombings, it was on TV,” a curt “yes” and I am already bored. I am punished, he says to me, I am able to catch a chance to talk to my sweetheart. Typical young prisoner, thinks he alone knows everything. I smile as I look to around the top of a desk, bottles of artisan chicha and razors, not very large. In Santiago 1 there are only short razors. Prisoners measure razors by floor tiles: two and a half tiles, four tiles, seven tiles- must be a brave heart! But that’s only in other prisons- I have never seen anything like that. These are only two tiles long...what a relief.

The young prisoner continues talking: “*I don’t take shit from anyone, man. I was the one who attacked Big John, I hit the old man with some iron.*” He alone claims it (12). He is proud. Poor old man, I think. “*Yes, I saw it on TV,*” he tells me. They take me outside, a line of prisoners, I am at the end. Hands behind your back!

We head down the first hallway, which runs parallel to the fire line at the CAS, towards Poniente. We are a group of 20 prisoners that the *paco* distributes throughout the units. They call a group and shut us in a “fishbowl”; a space with bars around it while they put the prisoners in the units. A prisoner who is about to get out is left with us. Logically, he is happy. He gives us his view of the prison: “*There are assholes, guys who think they are badass, who live by the knife and don’t respect age, don’t respect rank, don’t respect anyone or anything.* (13,14)” The *paco* comes back and takes us to the next unit the one we have been assigned to: Module 4, Transfer. We enter, the scene is unreal, with the lights of the bulbs illuminating behind us creates a ghostly image. The floor is full of trash. The architecture reminds me of the departments of Paz Fraimovich. Immediately upon entering prisoners are yelling from their cells: “*The washer uh, uh, uh, uh...the washer uh, uh, uh, uh*” we hear “*welcome to hell!*” last, laughter, screams, a surreal

scene, the true horde of barbarians. Anti-prisoner prisoners, ideal for the system. They put the prisoners in their cells, 2 or 3 live in each. We reach the one that I am assigned, one prisoner comes out who is to be released (to freedom) and two enter. My cell mate is a kid from La Pintana, El Castillo, who did freelance work downtown and stole a cellphone that belonged to some asshole that worked at the Ministry of Justice. That makes two of us with bad luck then. The cell is a pile of shit, a dump. Two foam mattresses full of bugs, doesn't matter which one you choose, they are both mite's nests. The floor is wet, the blanket is an dirty piece of cloth 30 x 50cm and moist. The window is gone, the cold cuts through everything, surely it was broken out to make blades, you do not have to be a genius to see that. I read a few sections of the *La Cuarta y Las ultimas Noticias* newspaper, opium distributed by the Edward and Saieh groups which the poor smoke with pleasure. I look out the window and see Unit J of the high-security prison (CAS) where I was from August to November after being in Maximum security for 8 months. What became of my hermit brother? I remember the mates we drank on the patio thinking about what would become of our lives, the conversations with Mario, of when we went to recreation, how we laughed at the roast made by prisoners on the 18th of September... happy prisoners celebrating the country that keeps them imprisoned. We don't want anything to do with this country. The rage that passed through Timochenko when we casually rendered his glasses useless to play a joke. Did you eat a cake? I ate all of them... Was there only one? A sea of smiles. The anecdotes of Krotsty, the lunch stories of the cowboy... Stop smoking on my patio damn Krotsty! and now I am here on the other side of the fire line and the marquee, so close I might be able to call to you, but prisoners' continual shouting is beginning to weigh on me.

I am exhausted. I go to sleep on the mat completely dressed, and cover myself as best I can with the filthy blanket. I try to sleep in the fetal position, frozen stiff by cold and am woken up constantly from the bedbugs' bites as they walk over my face. The bed bugs stay with me for weeks. I shake the mat to try and get rid of them, but it's no use, the same mat is a giant nest of them. I get little bits of sleep. The freezing dawn arrives and to ward off the cold I take a cold shower (you didn't think there would be hot water). If you think that I was depressed or that this was terrible you are mistaken; with high spirits and optimism always. As Johnny Cash says in "I Won't Back Down", "*You can stand me up at the gates of hell but I won't back down.*" I get ready to go out to the courtyard and face this new reality, including that of prisoners that stupidly accept the role of exercising dominance over other weaker prisoners. The night is filled with shouts, insults, boastful conversations, "*I hit what I stab*", treat the rest as *perkins* (sexual slaves in prison), who they are going to put through the wash, and all of the other jail banter. Prison, extreme poverty, and razors, prison meat, the lives of the poor youth in this country are going down the drain. Dog eat dog as Hobbes said, here is the

origin of the State where human beings exercise domination with weapons against other humans, the war of all against all where the fear of violent death exists. All prisoners are political prisoners! Who came up with that stupidity! 90% of prisoners support the system.

I leave my cell and go into the courtyard, we are 100 prisoners or more. I see some very young prisoners moving timidly and fearfully, maybe its their first time being prisoners, in this country people are imprisoned for idiotic things: a drunken fight, because an old lady sees someone doing whatever, etc. My slogan for the period is: "*Manolo walks alone*" Excuse me! and I begin to walk to the middle of the courtyard, almost from one side to the other. One is never alone.

Some prisoners, all of them very young, greet each other and gather to talk, it is the power of the TV. The sound of the TV is very important for the prisoner because it breaks for a split second the automation and the life of incarceration and misery they have been sentenced to since birth and which they consider to be natural, an inevitable destiny.

I quickly make a friend, he tells me his story, the time flies, he gives me a Jodorowski book, a manual of psychomagic. The book makes sense in this place. One is never alone.

The story is told on the patio- Hands behind your back! the call comes for visitation for the entire first floor. The pigs say your first name and you have to say your last name. The *paco* is entirely a bully. They do not call me because it was my turn for a visit in the afternoon which never actually happened. Later my family told me that the attempt to visit was extremely vile (they were able to get in) people walking with kids in their arms, the worst treatment from the guards, incredible acts of disrespect towards my loved ones, to the point that they couldn't take it anymore and left before the visit.

Breakfast. I don't have a cup but I rescue some bread. There is a clamoring to receive breakfast and an environment similar to juvenile prison. It is a childish quality. It is not good news that the prisoners are very young "*aunty sent me a pastry, sit down, fuck off, give me the cinnamon, yes, what the fuck.*" Threats to fight in line. I return to the patio, walk, and take two bites of bread alone. Some prisoners continue to come up to me and talk, curious. My responses are respectful, but serious and short. This is not a place to make friends, this is a

prison, everything is a relation of force, your corporal language, attitude, everything is observed. I continue walking alone to the middle of the patio, my cell mate comes up to me, brings me a cup of coffee, he is with the Pintana carreta (15). I worked in this community, I know it well, I worked with its children and adolescents, I know their parents and loved ones, I know their schools, no one told me stories about the "opportunities" and the choices in life. There no one chooses anything. A single mother in charge of her family, works for Mr. Paulmann in Cencosud or Mr. Ibañez in the Lider, leaves her house at 6:30 am and returns at 11:30pm, hardly able to see her kids; this is modern slavery. Her sons and daughters become hardened, grow up faster than the rest from the shock of shootings, crack, and extreme poverty. It is the Chilean capitalist paradise. Slowly life closes in around them: construction, a retail job for 350 lucas, or jail. To live for the prosperity of others, life goes down the drain. But just a moment! They tell me on the inside that we have reached 15,000 dollars per capita. Chile is on the road to development, I think, alright!

Two gendarmerie enter, one is a lieutenant. They tell me to get my things, you are going to be leaving. I don't have anything, as I came to Module 4 from transport. The pig asks me stupid questions that reveal to me that he does not read anything, nor does it seem like he wants to watch the news on TV. He asks me if we are against the pigs on the street and if I have anything to do with the demonstrations and protests. I don't answer. Later he moves away and comments to another pig loud enough for me to hear, "*If one of these motherfuckers touches a hair on my woman's head*" (I deduce that his wife is a cop) "*I'll have them killed with a perro*". A *perro* is prison slang for a prisoner of low standing in service to other prisoners higher up the hierarchy or volunteered for the gendarmerie's instrumentation, who fight and carry out *antedatados* on other prisoners (attacks with knives, shanks, and other weapons.) Without looking, the pig leaves and talks with the head guards of Module 1 and 2.

Another parentheses. I have been hearing that in Santiago 1 there is a pig who beats and threatens youth who are imprisoned for street protests. I think it is highly likely this is the miserable one I have been hearing about. There is a lieutenant of the gendarmerie who threatens to order the murder of whoever he considers to have affected his policewoman wife. He is so cowardly he will not even do it himself, he will orchestrate the killing with a *perro*. This is nothing new, anyone who has done jail time knows of these plots orchestrated by gendarmerie which include getting enjoyment from and betting on armed fights, as in roman gladiator rings. In Santiago 1 there are blades awaiting the youth who are imprisoned in street

protests and they are driven by a lieutenant of the gendarmerie.

My destination is Module 1 in High Security. The pig tells me: there are only famous ones and people who have been on television, well known criminals. I don't say anything to him and enter. Immediately I see half of the prisoners that were in module 4 and I notice more adult prisoners, this is better, but I also walk with lead feet, I have had problems having genuine interactions with prisoners or because I thought prisoners were cool (like all prisoners are political prisoners). Immediately a prisoner approaches me and gives the following discourse: *"Hans we have been waiting for you, look there is the world, there is everyone inside the barretin (16), God is here, here is the savior saying he will give you an opportunity."* It's an evangelical prisoner inviting me to go with god. Respectfully I tell him thanks but I am not interested. I begin to walk on the patio, a prisoner approaches me and invites me to his *carreta* to have mate [green tea]. I greet them and enter the mate circle, there are only assailants and thieves. We eat lunch and I spend the afternoon visiting with various prisoners, walking around the patio, watching a soccer game and partaking in another circle of mate. A brief threat of a fight. A good reception and what's more I find that the visits are in an open room but contact is allowed and few people go to visitation. A few prisoners from maximum security (Module 2) call out to me, greet me, and offer me a radio, they have to return them tomorrow, great. I spend 40 minutes shut in my cell and then the door opens, it's two pigs. *"Niemeyer, get your things, you're leaving."* I don't have anything, I am only accompanied by Jodorowsky, dubious company but at least it's something to read. And where am I going? *"I don't know,"* they say. We leave the module and walk from the first hall almost until the last. They put me into a couple cells and offer me two Kapo juices. I accept them because it is glucose and I don't know what's coming.

I pass through the cell, I read the slogans *"a cordovan was here"*, a circle A, an anarchist symbol, *"fernet with cola because it hits harder"*, *"chiqui is a thief. whaaaaaaat?"*, *"La victoria"*, *"Santa Olga"*, *"Jose Maria Caro"*.

The minutes pass by, it begins to get dark. I remember the first time I was a prisoner, September '92, brutally beaten by the cops, my busted head, my mother's suffering... I continue looking back into the past like a flashback in a movie... Where did everything begin? Was there one point or was it only the combination of a bunch of risky situations? I don't like to be self-referential, but I talk with myself about my life as an introspection, I remember so many different things, so many different situations. It's 1988 and we are confronting the dictatorship in the street and not with a pencil as Ricardo Lagos Escobar said. We marched downtown, the "Hauscar" shoots its water cannon, all of us duck under

the walls of the University of Chile metro exit, an artisan handkerchief around our faces, we counter-attack with rocks. On the yellow wall of University of Chile a youth spray paints in red: NATIONAL UPRISING. A barricade on 18th and Alameda, molotovs burst on the pavement, traffic is stopped, pamphlets of Not Until Victory. Paintings of greetings on the front of Irarrázaval and Vicuña Mackenna. Meetings in the CEI of Ingeniería, in Arquitectura, take the Paulo Lavri center for a meeting in Santa Rosa, make giant wood letters wrapped in the daily paper with and bags of trash to burn at Carmen and Alameda. A sadness, a bitterness takes over my spirit.

Are we talking about old stories? November 1988. I am 15 years old. After the plebiscite (end of Pinochet's rule), instead of happiness I have seen a river of rebel blood. We converse at Lord Cochrane and Alameda, with two *compas* from school. One, two grades above me, who recruited me to the *Jota* and another *compañero* with his own point of view. Pablo Vergara and Aracely Romo had been murdered in Temuco. A *compañero* tells us that in his poblacion there were barricades this morning. The funerals are the following day.....Should we go? Yes of course, let's go! Another day we ditch school and meet in the same place we talked the day before. On bus or by foot? We walk and talk, our trip is short to the little plaza in front of the general cemetery where Avenida La Paz ends. Everything seems so pristine, we are so pure, to the point that the colors seem more vibrant. I am very skinny, with fairly long hair. I see a school shirt, blue jeans, shoes. What are the hell are they waiting for says the vagabond. Another guy interjects *"The only thing I am worried about is whether they are going to come in here or through Recoleta."* The environment is tense, patrols of pigs and civilian cars pass with sinister characters inside. Now: here they come. We look down Avenida La Paz and far away we see the funeral procession and further behind buses, packed to the roof with people and black and red MIR (Movement of the Revolutionary Left) banners.

Leaving through the windows, we make a roundabout turn towards Recoleta. Quickly we stop, Lets go inside! We enter through the front door, we walk quickly inside the cemetery and reach the grave column of people who have already begun their march to bury Pablo. The voices all become one and sounds shocking, it gives me goose bumps: Consciooooouus Pueeeeblo, Rifle

shot, MIR, MIR.... Consciooooouus Pueeeeblo, Rifle shot, MIR, MIR....Faces covered with handkerchiefs, fists in the air. A tremendous explosion is heard in the cemetery, a noise bomb. The crowd erupts in applause and cheers: Cardinal Maroto, church of the people! Cardinnal Maroto, church of the people! Fists pump rhythmically, there are armed pigs with rifles and battle helmets on acting nervously, aiming at the people. Mrs. Luisa and Don Manuel ask for silence, talk, are decimated, bury their third dead son after losing Rafael and Eduardo in 1985. They ask for respect of their beliefs, ask everyone to kneel, take each other and recite an "Our Father". The multitude respectfully kneels and prays, whether they are believers or not. At least I did. In the following four or five years hundreds of youth paid with blood and prison for their intent to turn their noses up at history, escape the institutional solution of the dictatorship and insist on the distant possibility of a subversive rupture. They called their battle Insurrectionary War of the Masses. Do you remember these times, little hermit, when I told you about finding the pamphlets wasted at the Manuel Plaza Gymnasium and throwing them around downtown in this city? Of those times when you stayed in your house while life was robbed of its normality? Night falls in a cell in Santiago 1.

Part III

Back to Maximum

The gendarmerie's TAR group shows up, there are three guards, I already know quite a few of them. An exhaustive inspection of all my clothes: genitals up, soles of the feet, socks, shoes, legs, torso, open the mouth, palms of the hands, behind the ears. Restraints on feet and hands, "lengthy measures" in police terms. Pass the chain through the trouser and close the restraint on the ankle. *"I'm only going to put it on one leg so that you can walk, alright?"* Alright. Yellow vest and handcuffs on the hands. We walk along the first passageway. A paramedic takes the standard documentation. We leave. They talk on the radio *"on the way with two-six Niemeyer, direction Beta, maximum security measures"*. A long walk along the underground passageways until the transfer zone. A brief stay in a cell, they arm themselves with a Famae submachine gun and a shotgun, and we move to take another police truck. We go out to Pedro Montt, it is Saturday the 27th of April, around 9pm, I look through the narrow barred window and there is almost nobody in the streets. An armed functionary gets out and stops the traffic, the vehicle begins to reverse and I'm surprised to see the functionaries filming the proceedings. We are back at the special high security unit, maximum-security section – our little Guantánamo.

There is a labyrinth-like entrance to "the

maximum,” the functionaries speak through the intercom: “an entry,” and the electronic door opens. A sergeant receives me, he revises the paperwork, again they order me to take off my clothes, an inspection of all my clothing and then the paramedic again “Do you have any chronic illnesses?” Yeah sure, putting my head down the toilet. “Do you smoke, consume alcohol, drugs, take any medications? What is your height? How much do you weigh?” Again the sergeant: “Listen, you have already been here, you know how the system works; respect to be respected.”

They place me on the second floor, special vigilance corridor. I know this place, it is a human experiment. They open the cell, I enter, they close it. At least the cell is clean. There are three blankets (I won't freeze to death) and the mattress is decent, so I won't die devoured by mites. As soon as the cops leave, the prisoners begin to call out, “Hey, the guy that just arrived,” “What's up?”, “What are you here for?”, “Where from, what happened, oh the time flies, tomorrow you'll get out to the patio”, “Are you hungry brother?” known bank robbers ask me. “Yeah, actually” “Relax, I'm going to send you some mail” (17). This is really classic, solidarity between prisoners. They throw me a package and two sandwiches of tomato, avocado and half a bottle of juice arrive. I say thanks, I'll see you tomorrow. I'm hungry and really tired, it has been practically 48 hours since I've slept. I sit on the mattress on top of a surface of concrete and I eat the sandwiches. I toast with the peach juice and I dedicate it to internet fascists... “Let him rot in prison,” I say, and can't help but laugh.

I make the bed and look at the bars that cover the whole prison, the turret with its windows and powerful spotlights. I remember when I told you, “Whatever happens, we'll look up at the sky, the constellation of Orion and the moon, and we'll remember this moment.” I think I may have lied to you. From here the spotlights impede the view of the moon and the stars. I close my eyes from fatigue. Sleep enters softly, pleasantly, it surrounds me, until finally I'm in the forests and mountains again, you both look at me and laugh, the little hummingbird points his finger at me, “ile nuna” (look, moon) and I say to him, “Yes son, the moon,” and we escape again, and I no longer belong to the prison.

Hans Felipe Niemeyer Salinas

Late May, 2013.
Maximum Security Prison.
Santiago, Chile.

Notes:

(1) In Chile there are two national police organizations: The investigative police (PDI) and the military police, the *carabineros de Chile*. Both have special units dedicated to political intelligence.

(2) “Pana”: Valor, Coraje

(3) *EMOL*: internet “news” portal owned by the Edwards group, owner of half of the newspapers in Chile.

(4) *Rati*: Agent of the civil investigation police of Chile.

(5) *Pau de Arara*: Torture systematically implemented by the distinct police and soldiers during the dictatorship and continuation of the regime. It consists of hanging the detained person by their feet and hands on a pole in the air during long hours, whilst being beaten.

(6) *Parrilla*: Police torture that consists of tying the arrested person to a bed spring while running electric current through it.

(7) *Chacarillas*: The hill of Santiago, adjacent to the San Cristobal hill towards the East. This place was the scene of a ceremony of the dictatorship of civil and military character towards the end of the 70s, where “delegates” of the Chilean youth participated, amongst them Chadwick. The event, with a clearly nazi aesthetic, was accompanied with lit torches and has a fundamental character of the historical project and economic social model that lives on today.

(8) [Translator's note:] UDI is the Independent Democratic Union- a right-wing, conservative Chilean political party, founded in 1983. Its main inspirer was the lawyer, politician and law professor Jaime Guzmán, who collaborated with Augusto Pinochet. Sebastián Piñera was elected president in 2010 largely due to backing from the UDI.

(9) *Marcos Vásquez Meza*: General Director of the Investigative Police.

(10) [Translator's note:] *Gendarmería de Chile* is a national organization of prison guards which evolved from army units that were historically given police and prison duties in Chile. Though no longer a formal military organization, they are organized in a para-military fashion and “actively” maintain ties with the military. The current grey-green uniforms were adopted under Pinochet who was inspired by the uniform of German troops in WWII. Gendarmie and guards are both used for *Gendarmería* in the text.

(11) On the 4th of January 2013, an old latifundist and landowner couple, Luchsinger-Mackay, died in result of an incendiary attack against their estate. After these events, the State and its ministries launched communicational campaigns, police congresses,

and intelligence gatherings to create special units to militarise Mapuche territory and construct a true anti-terrorist frenzy.

(12) *Achaba, achabarse*: to assume responsibility, to claim an act.

(13) *Pelo e' choclo*: idiots, crazy kids.

(14) *Ficha*: a species in a prisoner or delinquent's curriculum. A *ficha* prisoner is a prisoner high up the hierarchy and demands respect

(15) *Carreta*: Group of prisoners who share, food, conversation and mate. Prisoners gather in *carreta* to commune, because of shared interests, and bonds of friendship or family.

(16) *Barretin*: The *Barretin*, to be *barretined*. Its a part of prison culture. [Translator's note: prison slang, translates literally into crowbar, fantasy as in a strong desire, or an illusion.]

(17) *Mail*: a package sent by prisoners from one cell to the next, or to the next floor, tied to a string.



Switzerland: Letter from eco-anarchist comrade Marco Camenish about his hunger strike

Hunger strike from 30/12/2013 to at least 26/01/2014 and refusal to doing forced labour from 6/01/2014 to at least 26/01/2014: this is my contribution to the struggle of resistance and to the struggle for total liberation all over the world inside and outside prison, against repression, class justice, prison, torture, isolation, sexism, racism, xenophobia, the imperialist war, the annihilation of life on the planet.

Annihilation in the history of the planet with the death of the species, never so close to catastrophe like that of the extinction of the dinosaurs (meteorite impact?), but today being carried out by the patriarchal and techno-industrial civilization of dominion and by the oppression of the murderous exploitation of global capital and its States.

It is my contribution to shared revolutionary solidarity, beyond tendencies, for the freedom of all revolutionary prisoners and all the prisoners. Solidarity greetings to all those who struggle for total liberation.

It is a contribution and a call to the struggle against the summit of the murderers who dominate the world and their lackeys of the WEF of DAVOS (21/01-24/01/2014), where they carouse in luxury to better negotiate also in Davos their internal contradictions, the imperialist partition of the world, the imperialist war inside and outside their countries for the continuation and growth of the plundering of societies, peoples, 'resources' and of all the planet in economic, political and military terms.

It is my contribution and salute to the annual symposium (24/1-26/01/2014) of the Turkish comrades against imperialism, repression, torture, isolation, F-TYP units, a symposium with a rich schedule and a concert of Grup Yorum.

The reason for a longer hunger strike is an episode, perhaps a 'minor episode' but still part of repression, and I'll later give details in appendix to this declaration:

On 30/12/2013 I was ordered to have a urine test 'for suspect use of cannabis'. As this was arbitrary harassment and humiliation, but also political provocation, I refused in principle to submit to this abusive TSO.

So I was put in the punishment cell from 30/12/2013 to 4/1/2014, and as the test is supposed to be positive because I refused it, in the course of this series of violations and suspensions of rights, they also seized my PC (for six months). All this follows the internal rules, of course, which define computers as 'entertainment consumables'; on the contrary for many prisoners including myself computers are fundamental instruments for filing documents and working, and as far as I'm concerned, an instrument for my work of relations and personal and political contribution. A sudden theft of one's PC naturally means a huge loss for prisoners, who will have to reorganize their relations starting from zero.

Solidarity and love to Andi, Gabriel, Mónica e Francisco!

Solidarity and love to the prisoners of the CCF in Greece, to Nicola and Alfredo and everyone in Italy and in the prisons all over the world!

Solidarity and love to the fighters of the 'Phoenix Project', 'Green Nemesis', the Cells FAI/FRI and all the cells, the individuals, groups and peoples struggling all over the world!

For total liberation!

Marco Camenisch
Lenzburg, Switzerland
06/01/2014

Greece: Letter from Giannis Mihailidis

Giannis Mihailidis is imprisoned for a double bank robbery in Velvedo-Kozani. The trial of which was set for November 29th 2013. The accused comrades in the case are:

Dimitris Bourzoukos, Dimitris Politis, Nikos Romanos, Giannis Mihailidis, Fivos Harisis and Argiris Dalios.

This letter is an attempt to explain my positions and choices as a part of the anarchist insurrectionist action hoping that they serve as a trigger for its spreading.

It is not written under the prism of a specific ideology or crystallized tendency, it is a synthesis with products stolen from the ideological super-market, as are my thoughts.

It is overwhelmed however by the judgements and values of someone participating in the war against authority, charging from the dazzling ideal of anarchy. An ideal seen so much in traditional communities of the past, as well as revolted communities of past and present.

An ideal which up to now can only be approached, and might never totally dominate. Because as comrade Giannis Naxakis wrote "*authority is not metaphysical, it is inside us*" just like the passion for free and non-authoritative relations.

The realization that the reality of capitalism is war of everyone against everyone, it is a competition of survival, pushed me to take part in the war against it, to choose position. And considering the fans of order non-conscience murderers, I went with the side of insurrection. Anarchy is the way to revolt while trying to not reproduce what I am fighting against -relations of authority-, anti-hierarchically organizing the communities of struggle.

OUTLINING THE ENEMY

The evolution of civilization contains the constant update of a grid of social conventions. This grid is universal, in includes money, laws, ethics. Every clash and every competition of interests is mediated and settled by this system of conventions.

The modern social structure, has been formed in order to balance the counter-forces based on the reproduction but also its strengthening. It is constantly evolving and re-adjusted by many centres of authority, powerful capitalists, state officials and scientists whose prosperity depends on the ability of the social machine to survive and reproduce itself.

Even the destruction of a part of a gigantic machine functions as an opportunity for its updating. Every war, every natural disaster, insurrection, or revolution creates new fields of investment for capitalism and a new, steadier regime is born from the ashes of the previous one. Every previous empire of the past was threatened by other authorities. Capitalism offers such social flexibility that every powerful element of authority, is simply assimilated.

The power of the modern social machine, is its ability to assimilate everything. Every citizen, every worker, is a gear that must be put in the right place. And all feel that they depend on this genius system of depreciation of social vibrations called capitalism and dominates all:

Money is the global language, it is the measure of ability of each person to exploit. Each one when learning how to manage money is initiated in the system of authority.

"These people are the system. And this system is the enemy"

This is the powerful world of capital. But the universal religion of money besides a clergy, needs also miracles: The complexion science-technology which has placed human intellect at the service of the most pathetic subjects. Powerful machines which murder en mass, torture, exterminate, and worst of all decompose human comprehension. From nuclear bombs, to experiments on animals, to slaughterhouses and animal farms, up to the pollution and destruction of the planet. From the cameras and televisions which spread the role model of a modern slave, up to the smart weapons of the police.

But technology is not neutral, it is a whore which could sleep with you, but will never forget its pimp. A massive force which evolves rapidly bringing this world closer and closer to the brink of absolute control, closer to the final defeat of freedom.

The wondrous new world therefore is here and is so complex that it leaves no one the right to claim they are innocent.

As much as the hypocritical ethics of bourgeois culture has rooted into society, tough reality is present and is incapable of hiding behind the mountain of alleged altruistic ethical rules. The appearances of sensitivity are not earthed with total of forbidden behaviours, the diffuse imposed self-oppression with sole function the prosperity and reproduction of a society of castrated individuals.

Theft is unethical, when it disputes the holy grail of legitimate property, while exploitation through property must be respected. Murders are unethical unless they have been carried out by a cop or mercenary, then it is heroism. It is not worth mentioning the numerous pointless and unimportant rules which simply reproduce complexed humanoids, limiting the erotic and wider human relations.

But ethics is for victims, the lower part of the social pyramid. Those who are at its peak, have already spat on it in order to be there while pretending that they respect and recognize it. Just as it has been spat on by the free and conscious revolutionaries who act based on their judgement feelings and their ethos is formed from the source of empathy defying the norms of prohibitions, with the difference that they do not need to pretend.

Of course the capitalist system is not limited to diffuse structures of authority neither could prosper based on an ethic which anyone can dispute. What it needs is a violent mechanism which will deter everyone from a prospect of dispute of its routine. The violence of legitimacy replaces the margins of ethical rules and ideologies. The global capital is an empire and has as the core of its violence imposition, the democratic co-government.

Just as every totalitarian regime, democracy is also promoted to its subjects as the most beneficial form of authority. And of course it makes sure it reproduces its ethics, culture and propaganda through the state education, spectacle and centrally controlled information. The message that every non authoritative form of organizing human relations is infeasible, is needless to mention, it is implied.

"There cannot be naked, brutal force violence, because if that was the case Caligula's horse would have the same right to the ypatia of Rome as its owner"

Thomas Pownall

In order for the regime to seem as the favourable but also only choice it is not enough for it to be applied with raw violence, it needs appearances of leniency.

Democracy of capital is paradise compared to the hell it creates on the lands in exploits.

It avoids applying to its interior the dogma of zero tolerance even if its in its rhetoric in the frames of terrorising those who consciously or not dispute law and order. The limit of tolerance is adjusted in order to secure sensitive balances. Democracy therefore avoids the physical extermination of its internal enemies maintaining the humanistic façade which covers the bloodied nature of the cluster state-capital. Every deviation from this rule consists a confirmation of a destabilization of the system, is and echo of an intense internal dispute which threatens to change the character of the regime. Damage for upper class democracy -which functioning on the guidance of the principles of economy- is called to spend more energy for the restitution of its internal order.

Of course, the whole mechanism of physical violence within democracy, police-justice-prisons, is based on the ideology of security. Crime is the imaginary enemy from which the state protects while producing conditions which create it. The same system which creates weapons, defines their legitimate use from the military branch which through raw violence creates conditions of brutal looting abroad, and the police branch for the imposition of order in the interior, that is the streamlined condition of capitalist exploitation.

Basic mechanism of subjugation of capitalist democracy, is the institution of imprisonment. Incarceration -for humanists, correction- functions as blackmail for whoever thinks of derogating from civil legitimacy consisting a more lenient way of punishment compared to execution, which protects the humanistic façade of the regime. An elementary part of the modern scientifically structured system of authority which continues to be based on direct and indirect violence in order to accomplish the control of consciences.

ARMED CONSCIENCES

Observing the constant evolution of the technology of oppression and control towards more and more totalitarian models, one question erupts. Against who is the system shielding itself? What threatens to sink its orderliness into chaos? What force are the humanistic appearances trying to deceit?

A force so powerful as the force that created it. Human conscience. A conscience which revealed values that go against the mindless exploitation and oppression. What is called "social vested" is nothing but the update of the regime in order to absorb the values and decrease the reactions against it, remaining in its substance violent and exploitative.

The modern system of authority with basic pylons the constantly evolving technology and science, the powerful capitalistic mechanism and the western democracies as regulators, is the result of a dialectic co-evolution of authority and insurrection. The regime was born from revolutions and remains revolutionary.

The "miracle" of the modern world is the bastard of the intercourse between authority with liberated ideas. On one side authority limits its brutality, on the other its explosive and swift evolution -sometimes under persecution- of knowledge and freedom of expression launch its power.

A situation that cannot take a positive or negative sign compared with societies of the past, since there are neither measures for comparison, nor a hypothetical history, but only an evolving world, and in its evolution we have the possibility to participate with the force of our own conscience.

The evolution of consciousness goes through the dispute of established ideas and values and creates new ideals going through individual or social insurrections and revolutions. This is course of history. Besides the blood which flows in abundance in order to serve the interests of the rulers, flows also the blood that wets the blossom of insurrection, leaning towards the sun of freedom, subversion of empires. Because free spirits arm themselves and claim their own place in history. Whoever claims that revolutionary action means nothing since the system is too powerful, should wonder how the world would be if it was not formed out of insurrections and revolutions, should wonder to what degree would totalitarianism of authority would have gotten to if the only force evolving was the greedy tendency for more power, more control. And since the answer is so obvious, let them look at themselves and see the cover-up of their guilty choices.

TRACKING MY JOURNEY IN THE WORLD OF INSURRECTION, RESISTANCE AND SOLIDARITY

Ever since my experiences led me to dispute the dominating state ideology, ever since I realized that every minute of inactivity is complicity in the crimes of the rulers, I aspired for my action to be consistent with my thought. I sought ways to sabotage the orderly function of state and economy, I sought accomplices in this task. Many comrades ended up in similar choices long before me and I was inspired by their thoughts, their action, their journeys. Journeys hard many times and painful which they made claiming their self-definition, their freedom, their life.

Every form and choice of struggle has importance and a value in itself. In order to give life to the desires of every insurgent individuality participating, to contribute the necessary expansion of the revolutionary front spreading the liberating ideas, to sabotage hierarchies, markets, social structures, the machines which at the service of capital annihilate nature, human and not. Obviously the means and strategies chosen in the revolutionary war -as in any war- are defined to a great degree from the corresponding strategy of the opponent: Ruling democracy in its Greek version prefers to allow the free expression of revolutionary ideas, having secured not only that they will be slandered by the controlled mass media, but mainly that they will be buried under the plethora of advertisement flyers. That the masses will continue to consume the mock experience. Television languor prevails. The state knows well that in order to stand in the war of information overload, we must be

dynamic, and in order for the message to infiltrate socially, it needs action. And the update of oppression has been orientated to this action. The aim of this little analysis is to stress the importance so much of the projects of spreading anarchist speech, as well as guerilla actions.

Because speech on its own, not only would have been buried in the grave over information overload dug up by urban civilization, but would have lost its meaning if it had not disputed the state's violence monopoly, if it did not find its incarnation in factual revolutionary violence.

Respectively no responsibility claim through printed or electronic media can substitute for the hand to hand sharing of communiques, the communication through the organic relation developed in open resistance projects.

The strategy of the state to nerve system of the anarchist struggle by striking its dynamic, violent and aggressive forms, renders some some choices more crucial. Of course a claim that some forms of struggle are superior to others would ridiculous however a bet must be placed in every insurgent individuality or collective: if we will abandon some fields of the revolutionary war succumbing to the constant state black-mail called legitimacy.

STILL ALIVE IN THE BELLY OF THE BEAST

I am now dealing up against the world of prison, the space-time defined exclusively by conventions.

I was led here by a series of choices of mine, in my attempt to carve my path of refusal. A refusal to succumb to the state blackmails, a refusal to live as one more microscopical pawn. It was a conscious journey of insurrection, resistance and solidarity. A tracing of many paths which go up hill towards the volcano of anarchic revolution.

Being temporarily inactivated, I take advantage of the possibility provided by the democratic regime to express myself freely, attempting to transform its force into weakness.

The dead time of prison feeds the development of ideas that undermine the foundations of democratic illusions.

It is necessary that every revolutionary transmits messages which ignite insurrectionist activity. At the same time, the actions, as well as the life attitude we choose, functions as a message. Therefore I think its important to defend the choices which I consider nodal, revealing what they meant to me. I consider this more important than the "leniency" which the democratic courts might show if I choose to remain silent on the more sensitive matters. I discredit the legal codes. I will not allow them to restrict my speech dynamic. I also discredit the alleged "strategy".

Because, our struggle takes place first of all in the political and social field, its not a military clash of finite camps. The dynamic of the barricade of the revolution is the prospect of spreading, and the spreading is feasible when we shout messages of insurrection, not when we wait around expecting a more favourable treatment by the enemy.

Of course the regime of conventions is not based on mindless violence, the modern state adjusts the penalties depending on the attitude towards its police and juridical institutions. Snitches are dealt with differently, repentant prisoners are also dealt with differently, those who step back are dealt with differently and so are those who defend their choices.

Obviously some were fooled by more able generals who know that:

"Better to leave an escape path for the enemy and slaughter them as they retreat"

Sun Tzu

No retreat therefore, raging battle to the end.

THE PATH OF DEROGATION

Right now I am accused of attempted murder with a bow and arrow at a protest, participation in the r.o. [Revolutionary Organisation] Conspiracy of Cells of Fire, 160 attacks of this organization, the bloody clash with the cops in Pefki and the bank robberies in Velvendo, Kozani and Filota, in Florina. Every such charge for me is a title of honour, since I feel proud that the regime includes me in their enemies. Of course I was an armed enemy of the system of authority before the police recorded me in their files. And I want to explain the mind frame that guided my journey, referring to some points of my actions and choices. Obviously there will be some omissions since I do not intend to give the enemy information they do not have.

When in 2009 some structures of the anarchist guerilla were hit by the state and many comrades went underground, for me it was evident not only to support those wanted, but also the necessity for me to participate in the guerilla action.

In these frames emerged my relationship with the r.o. C.C.F.

I was never a member of the organization, since in anarchy each individuality has the possibility to follow an

autonomous course and collectivize freely forming new organizations, contrary to a centralized structure -as projected by the journalistic propaganda- which wants all to be in the same organization, tearing down the different characteristics of each one. Recognizing however during that time period some common targeting, emerged relations of factual solidarity and those relations led to a deeper cooperation.

And this cooperation led to me accepting the consequences of the oppressive operation against the Conspiracy.

A few days before the raiding of the anti-terrorist force in Volos, I had been arrested during a protest while aiming at the parliament with a bow and arrow -an action I support in full to this day since in the frames of the polymorphism of the struggle it moved in the direction of enriching the means, and the evolution based on imagination, and I stick to the positions I expressed in the letter I published then.

Back then therefore I was released on bail conditions, which I had already decided to break in order to not risk being arrested in the case that the police already knew things they hadn't reveal. The choice, the conscious choice of going underground, was validated by the arrest warrants issued for me after the arrests of the 5 members of the CCF in Volos.

I found myself at a crossroad of choices but I already knew my path. I chose the inaccessible path through the beautiful sceneries of the outlaw action and life. I chose the constant guerilla warfare with its amazing moments, so much in the structuring work like night-time excursions to steal vehicles or the armed robberies, as well as the moments of attack.

You are deprived of many things when you are wanted, but to not be a citizen of the state any more is now a equal to a declaration of war. This fact made me as an anarchist feel consistent towards myself, something that would not be the case if for a quite life in the arms of legitimacy I risked arrest or even worse, I chose to surrender anticipating a more lenient treatment by the enemy.

I had to support, together with my comrades, my refusal to surrender in a tough and constant labouring of infrastructure: fake id cards, renting houses, collecting weapons, self-funding with armed robberies. Infrastructure of defence which was simultaneously infrastructure of attack when we chose. Combined with the rules of security and the counter-surveillance measures, our endless labouring in the pressured condition of illegality pushed us to taste the experience of war. Life on the edge suitable only for lovers of real experiences, life which the peaceful consumers fail to approach in the cinema

rooms of passivity. Because life means intervention, demand, war, not to be a battery for the giant machine to work.

Realizing myself as a fighter against the regime and knowing that its armed dogs can any moment attack me and take me captive, I adjusted my life and my moves awaiting also the moment an armed clash with mercenaries of the state would break out. The moment where the value of life of a cop has a negative sign depending on the degree in which they will be an obstacle to my freedom. Undoubtedly there are inhibitions which deter us from taking the life of even a soldier of the enemy, whether it is the consequences, or the leniency towards the "irresponsible" idiots who the condition of generalized apathy led them to enlist with authority. But when I receive an attack from the guards of legality, my freedom will cost more than their anyway unnecessary life.

Despite our equipment so much at a material level, as well as a conscience level, the moment we had to go against two armed cops, during a infrastructure process, found us poorly armed -in the vortex of the pressured situations of clandestinity- to be exact we had one pistol.

It so happened that I was unarmed and when I felt the cops getting closer, I tried to escape by running until I was immobilized.

I will never forget how beautifully the shots sounded, while I was contemplating desperate the short end of freedom. However, the difficult choice of an armed clash from a clearly disadvantaged position, which anarchist Theofilos Mavropoulos took, freed me awaking inside me the rage of freedom. We had to escape going over their bodies.

In the battle in Pefki, my contribution was to snatch the vehicle of the cops, which I used as a weapon, threatening to crush under its wheels the cop who would be overzealous enough to try and stop me, always directed towards the escape to freedom.

The final outcome of this raging battle was two cops heavily wounded, a cost which contributes to the spreading of fear in the mercenary force of the police, but had a heavy price for us also, the injury and subsequent captivity of the comrade.

For me on a personal level, the two-year extension of my unlawful freedom was invaluable. The only thing I regret is that I did not manage in the time before my arrest to complete my expectations, the intensification of guerilla action and the coveted liberation of comrades from the prisons of democracy. But I gained experiences that I wouldn't exchange for anything, relations which were forged in the armed comradeship which roamed the mountains and cities preparing robbing attacks and guerilla actions. I gained experiences which I will save as a treasure in order to manage better when I am out free again.

I will never ever forget how enclosed I felt when two years later we found ourselves hunted but armed to the teeth in a van in Northern Macedonia and decided that we will not risk the life of a hostage in a battle with the police. Contradictory conditions, contradictory choices.

In the world where subjugation to the weapons of the cops dominates, only with the threat of weapons can we secure our existence. It is almost certain that if any of our moves is perceived, it will be snatched to the police. Therefore, the only way to keep the information of our variants safe, it to subjugate the carrier of information with our violence. Since they are used to being subordinate to the orders of the cops, may they temporarily obey the imposition of the insurgents. Until their conscience is harmonized with the proposition of resistance, where an anti-authoritarian relationship is then possible.

If someone is found in the difficult position to be subjugated to the intensity of a voice which screams "robbery, keep your head down" - while not intending to cooperate with the oppression- surely understands that our choice was a necessity and is on our side without causing problems to this tense condition.

The world of capitalism is at war and every wannabe snitch has in advance chosen to enlist with our enemy. We can understand the choices and be lenient, but to impose ourselves on them is the least we can do, since we chose to answer to war with war.

It is groundless to critique the relations of authority developed during a bank robbery or hostage situation, since authoritarian relations are already in the bank, money is hidden in the safes by the weapons of the police, and after a small part of it is withdrawn, it will be used to buy products and "services" that are the continuation of the chains of slavery.

The only non-authoritative relationship that can exist, is born in communities of struggle.

ORGANIZATION AND ATTACK

Of course, the above analysis and narration would not have any special meaning if it was not accompanied by the proposition of continuing the struggle with all means and all forms. Because communities of struggle consist of different individualities with different beginnings and motives which meet in the war against authority, and

thus appears the desired and necessary multi-form of theories, but also means of struggle.

Of course, the bet of organizing the anarchist war remains open. For the accomplishing of more powerful and effective action against the enemy, as well as the strengthening of the relations between comrades.

Organization which means comprising groups and cells of action either on the base of common experiences, or the base of common targets and views.

Action which concerns the diffuse of our propositions and values, the connection with other forms struggle, intending that every individual struggle transfers its focus from one side to the whole, from the special condition of oppression and exploitation, to the generalized captivity produced by the civilization of authority.

Action which violently strikes the enemy without recognizing the dipole of legal and illegal, which never accepts to speak the language of the enemy, even if it knows how to decode it.

Collective action, individual action, direct action. From demonstrations and popular assemblies to night-time incendiary sabotage, bombs, robberies and executions of executives of the system.

In this action, relations between revolutionaries are moulded, they take the form of comradeship, they become a whole in the meaning of solidarity. In this action every individual feels their completion and lives in consistency with their emotion conscience.

Organization therefore means also overcoming yourself, self-critique, rupture, dilution and re-grouping on higher bases and relations. However it also means coordination of forces in our common directions seeking ways to bridge the differentiability, reconnect the cracked lands, never forget where the enemy is located.

HEAD ON ATTACK ON THE EDGE OF EVOLUTION OF THE CIVILIZATION OF AUTHORITY

In closing, I would like to stress a crucial lack of directions of the struggle. We concentrate almost exclusively on the police and oppression or the political and economic institutions, the moment when the world of absolute control is being prepared in unguarded scientific laboratories. The moment when the most twisted animal torturers, in the name of knowledge and science experiment on controlling the mind, while they do not have police guardians, such as politicians the targeted window front of the system.

It is truly easy to return to the clergy of technological-science a bit of the violence it produces and very few things happen in this prospect. In a text where I speak of my

choices, I close with a self-critique on this basic omission, which is included in what I always postponed, awaiting the right moment which never came. In order for new comrades to heal the gaps of the previous. I consider substantial, beyond the symbolic meaning, the sabotage of technological-scientific infrastructure of civilization. Because whoever examines the directions of researches and their funding realizes that the powerful capital and its dominant state mechanisms lead the evolution of sciences and technology in order to serve the intentions of economic profit and social control.

It is known that industry exploits the scientific accomplishing in the most disastrous way towards nature and the most painful way for animals and humans. Starting from the infection and overheating of the planet, going through the decrease of biodiversity and ending up at the torture of asphyxiating caging in animal breeding factories intended for food or fur, humans do not reserve a better fate for their kind, except violence, pain, exploitation, death.

The power of scientific method eases the social manipulation through psychological propaganda, prepares the generalized surveillance through ingenious systems with telescopic cameras on satellites, even microscopic cameras on spying robot insects, experiments on animals brains unravelling the thread of thought control. They evolve the unmanned bombing air-crafts which are already spreading death in the zones of military conflicts, and robot soldiers. Simultaneously, they prepare the merge of human and machine, a technocratic ideal, where the distance between eye and screen, and between hand and keyboard will decrease in the direct interconnection with the brain, allowing an even more rapid evolution of the super power of technology. An ideal which is not science fiction since there are already laboratories which "host" different kinds of animal-cyborg with electronic implants in their brains and university infrastructure which hope to prepare the world ethically and legally in order to welcome this technology of singularity of human-machine.

This reality places a clear blackmail which we must realize:

Either us or them.

And I believe that as time goes by this blackmail will be felt by more and more people, but we will become more and more helpless. We must act while its time and we are already very late. The new fascism is here and is not being imposed, its being bought. We owe it to our selves to sabotage it and put together a strong front against it, independently of ideological or theoretical differences.

In order to fight the techno-scientific complex we have to adjust, absorb the new technologies and use them against it. Just like the Indians could not fight the european conquerors, revolutionaries will be wiped out if they do

not update their ways of action. Unfortunately these sound distant, but the future is predicted even more pressured stating it clear that there is no other way.

Together with the call for action I send a signal of solidarity to the comrades globally who fought and fight the techno-scientific complex, the state and capital inside and out of the prison walls.

Revolutionary greetings to the cells of the international network of the ALF, the ELF, the IRF, FAI, the Conspiracy of Cells of Fire and all groups and organizations, anonymous and eponymous, which are not global networks of cells -independantly of their agreement or disagreement with their theories- keep the bet of resistance, insurrection and revolution open.

Giannis Mihailidis
Koridallios prisons

PS1

The moment this letter is published, is taking place the hunger strike of anarchist hostage Kostas Sakkas since June 4th. I express my solidarity to the struggle of the comrade for his claim to liberation. It is necessary to take action in order to block the exterminating strategy of the state against the hunger striker.

PS2

For a few days now is taking place the vicious manhunt of the illegal escapees of Trikala prisons. Of the people who dared to ridicule the security measures of the prison, proving that nothing is impossible. They gave us the most real smiles with their militancy and courage when defending their freedom. Good luck, until the tearing down of the last prison, until we are all free.

PS3

The barricades around the world warm our hearts.



Greece: Letter from Spyros Mandylas

Spyros is detained under accusations concerning the Phoenix project, an international project of anarchist attacks, on the occasion of the examination of his pre-trial detention.*

This text contains some thoughts and observations on the occasion of the examination of my 6 months pre-trial detention, which will take place on Tuesday the 7th of January in the Court of Appeal, in Loukareos.

My arrest, my pre-trial detention and its extension, all have one special feature. If one would study my case's file he would that there isn't even the slightest clue to justify my detention.

This is not inexplicable. Since the state perceives the strength and the diffusion of New Anarchy, it will do everything to suppress it, in its every facet.

It appears to not have any special significance, what excuses it will find. As i have written before, the state's desire to destroy the bridge between "legality" and "illegality", is its high priority.

The pretenses in my case, for the previous extension of my detention, where, as ridiculous as they may seem, the following:

i)The first justification is the belief of the Court of Appeal's prosecutor Apostolos Mkropoulos that **"he seems to be the link between the orders issued by the imprisoned members of the Conspiracy of Cells of Fire in relation with the acts of project Phoenix and their execution outside the prison area."** His assumption is based on the fact that I have visited my friend and comrade, member of CCF, Christos Tsakalos, several times the past year.

ii)The second pretense had to do with my public letter. The special prosecutor Eftyxios Nikopoulos mentions that **I don't describe the context of my talks while visiting in prison...** He also considers the fact, that I applaud guerrilla actions, to be a special clue.

I, from my part, have to say the following: I do not intend to, in any way, answer the conjectures and the pretenses of any prosecutor, since these "clues" in the file, are not enough even for an adduction, let alone for an arrest and a pre-trial detention.

My arrest can be interpreted as part of a strategy recently adopted by the Greek state against its inner enemy: anarchists and

specifically the current of New Anarchy. This strategy replicates the repressive operations and tactics used in other countries. The same thing that has been happening in Italy for the past two years with operation "Ardire" (Boldness), where people participating in translating and publishing projects and managing websites were arrested among others, seems to be some people's plan in Greece too. The state is fully aware of the fact, that such projects and structures are not inferior to direct action but instead make their own huge contribution to the constant anarchist insurrection.

My case has a second reading, besides the fact that I am being held hostage. It creates a legacy of fear, for everyone who chooses to move in the way i did in the future, promoting constant anarchist insurrection, unmediated practical theory and active solidarity through public projects.

I describe all these things, in order to create a public legacy, about how the repressive apparatus thinks and acts. In no case do I beg of solidarity from the Left or from a movement, which has adopted the reformist features of civil disobedience movements over the past few years, which organizes parties and which was "relieved" by my arrest.

P.S. Various solidarity movements took place the past six months (direct actions, events, interventions with spray-paintings, banners, posters, flyers etc.), in solidarity with me and my comrade and friend Andreas Tsavdaridis. This kind of solidarity gave me much strength and tore down the isolation imposed on anarchist prisoners of war, by the state .

FURY AND CONSCIENCE

SPYROS MANDILAS

KORIDALLOS PRISON

SECTION A

04/01/2014

* 325.nostate.net/?tag=phoenix-project



Mexico: Carlos, Amelia & Fallon - 3 anarchist comrades arrested for molotov attacks

3 anarchist comrades arrested in Mexico, detained without bail, now facing charges of property destruction, and possibly organized crime, sabotage, and terrorism.

Call for International Solidarity

On the night of January 5th, Carlos – a comrade from Mexico, and Amelie and Fallon – two comrades from Canada, were arrested in relation to a molotov attack on the Ministry of Communication and Transportation and a Nissan dealership in Mexico City. The three have since been held in detention and have limited contact with anyone, including their lawyer, and Amelie and Fallon have also been visited by the Canadian consulate. Though they were initially accused of property destruction, the three may now face additional charges of sabotage, organized crime, and terrorism.

fuegoalascarceles.wordpress.com

Letter from Fallon

Hello friends!

We are here together, us on this side and you maybe on the other side. To use the language of the state, there's years and kilometers that are going to separate us, but the thing we share is bigger than distances or time. The state thinks that it creates distance between us, but on the contrary, we're going to be closer than ever before! Today is the 8th of January, we have been traveling between fuckin cop cars and provincial and federal detention centres for the past 60 hours, and even though they've decided that we will stay here for another 48 hours, they don't have anything because silence is stronger than repression.

The most important thing right now is to build a force stronger than prisons. We have the context of building international relations. For me solidarity is friendship, I am not a victim or a political prisoner, I want to use the reality that we live now, to build a stronger, bigger friendship. I am ready to fight authority inside here, like on the

outside and I'm never going to stop.

Prison is a normal reality and I will use this experience and I hope that you do too, in order to develop a stronger individual strength, that gets more powerful every day.

We are here and we are going to be here to confront both the reality of prison and the reality outside.

A great embrace to you all.

Against authority here and outside!

Fallon

Letter from Carlos López

With lot's of energy and rage I write these brief lines to tell you about the conditions of my kidnapping by the government of Mexico City, but also to ramble about some topics that interest me at the moment.

Mi political situation has not yet been decided, and for obvious reasons I can't go into details as to not screw up my legal defense. The night of the 5th of January, our comrades Fallon and Amelie and myself were detained by members of the police for being the alleged perpetrators of molotov cocktail attacks against the Secretariat of Communications and Transportation, and for the fires of several cars of a NISSAN dealership.

Until today, wednesday, January 8th, we are being accused of terrorism and organized delinquency and destruction of private property.

We are we fine, strong and united and have reached the third day of detention between questions, attempts at scaring us, and elaborate ploys. Like the curious case of the fake human rights group, who once were alone with me, told me that they had been sent by a comrade and told me her name and physical attributes. I initially believed them and I began to chat with one of them who seemed very interested in the case. But it's easy to identify the methods used by a porker (apologies to the pigs) and I immediately knew he was a cop.

With his supposed intention to defend us, he showed me several photos that pictured me and some friends, and in a friendly fashion he asked me for names and places and I immediately thought "How can a cop try to act like a comrade, when in his heart there is no dignity?" Well, in their training they are domesticated like hunting dogs at the service of their master, without questioning, they only act and don't feel, giving them one single way to drool and a gleam of malicious harassment their eyes.

On the personal side of things I am an insurrectionary anarchist, what I mean by this is, the rupture with all forms of domination through daily struggle, thinking and re-thinking methods and objectives, using as a point of departure the will of the individual and the organization of social relations in a horizontal fashion, capable of deciding our own lives, starting with the with the destruction of our own mental paradigms that tie us to obedience and submission, to transcend into conflictuality in a permanent and informal manner.

I know that anarchist solidarity is strong like an oak tree, and that always goes farther than simple words

Solidarity with Gustavo Rodríguez, Mario González, Amelie Pelletier, Fallon Poisson, Gabriel Pombo. Felicity Ryder and all the comrades who face deportation, who are fugitives or in prison.

Carlos López "El Chivo" (The Goat)

Attorney General of the Republic's detention centre, Camarones, Mexico City



Italy: Adriano Antonacci and Gianluca Iacovacci accused of subversive association with terrorist intent

Adriano Antonacci and Gianluca Iacovacci were arrested on the 18th of September, 2013, in an operation executed by the special operation department units of the Italian police (ROS). During the operation, houses were searched and personal belongings were confiscated. The two comrades are accused of several attacks against bank, furshop, ENI gas station executed by different direct action cells ("Animal Liberation Front", "Direct Action for the Defense of the Earth", "Informal Anarchist Federation – International Revolutionary Front") and the law article used for their prosecution is 270bis of the penal code, which states: 'association with purposes of terrorism and subversion of the democratic order'. Solidarity is our weapon

Adriano Antonacci

C.C.Ferrara
Via Arginone 327
44122 Ferrara, Italy

Gianluca Iacovacci

Via Casale 50/A
15122 San Michele (AL), Italy

Greece: Inter Arma's text about being targeted by the lackeys of the anti-terrorist agency

Friday, January 3rd, 2014

The past two days, we have read in various police snitching websites and newspaper columns, targeted leaks by the anti-terrorist agency, which connect Inter Arma with the FAI/IRF's projects "Phoenix" and "Green Nemesis" and claim that these are all part of the same guerrilla campaign. These specific snitches are known for targeting the comrades who participate in diffusing militant anarchist theory and action. The enemy has long ago realized the role that counter-information and translation projects play in the diffusion of Black International and in the communication between guerrilla formations all around the world. This oppression strategy, is nothing more than a known war tactic: the silencing of the opponent's transmitters.

Projects like Inter Arma, have been targeted again in the past. We remind you that during "Ardire" operation in Italy, two counter-information projects (Culmine, ParoleArmate) and one publishing project (Edizioni Cerbero) had been hit by repression, a situation which resulted in many of them being pre-trial detained for many months. It is also known that the states of Greece and Italy co-operate against their common inner enemy.

We will not go even an inch back from our positions, nor will we change the nature of our project. We participate in an international network of similar projects and we support militant anarchy's groups, prisoners and guerrilla cells. We have made our choice and we tend to keep our word.

For New Anarchy and the Black International!

INTER ARMA

interarma.info/

USA: 'A Vision of the Future: Where All the Roberto Adinolfis Walk With a Limp' by Sean Swain

By Sean Swain, anarchist prisoner

Back in May 2012, Roberto Adinolfi managed Ansaldo Nucleare, constructing nuclear power plants all over Europe, including the one in Koko, Slovenia, and Cernadova, Romania. Adinolfi had power, money, prestige, and influence. To him, the suffering and death in Fukushima, Japan wasn't nearly as real as his spacious, air-conditioned office or his luxurious Genoa home or his expensive suits.

Sometimes, you have to crack a few eggs to make an omelet. And besides, none of his death-traps had melted down yet.

Yet. Key word. Yet.

Roberto Adinolfi with his power, money, prestige, and influence never noticed that vehicle following him home. He suspected arrogantly that he would spend an entire career raking in money hand over fist by rolling the radioactive dice and betting millions of other people's lives, and he would never have to answer to anyone at any time, anywhere.

So one the morning of May 7, Adinolfi left his luxurious Genoa home on his way to his spacious, air-conditioned office – and that's when an anarchist's bullet knee-capped him. He bled and screamed.

His expensive suit was ruined.

Alfredo Cospito and Nicola Gai were credited with this humanitarian public service of delivering a clear message to Adinolfi from the millions of his future nuclear holocaust victims. They were not provided awards or accolades, but 10 years 8 months, and 9 years 4 months respectively.

It would appear that the Italian government values Adinolfi's soiled suit more than the millions of lives trembling in the shadows of a nuclear nightmare. Given the long track record of deluded hierarchs, this probably comes as no surprise.

The inspiring and unrepentant statements of both Alfredo Cospito and Nicola Gai are available at Act For Freedom Now.

On 30 October, when Cospito attempted to read his statement in the courtroom, the judges interrupted and then called upon the cop enforcers to drag the two anarchists from the courtroom.

By all published accounts, the judge's home address is still unknown. The judge does not appear to walk with a limp.

Prosecutors Nicola Piacente and Silvio Franz, who argued for more time and a million euro award (to pay for Adinolfi's suit, no doubt) also appear to walk with carefree and symmetrical gaits.

Those court officials have clearly not been shot in the kneecaps yet.

Yet. Key word. Yet.

Beyond the real, penetrating, exit-wound justice that's pretty obvious, there's also some poetic justice in all of this. It's not just the poor and powerless who wake up in fear every day – not anymore. Just like the folks who dread the thought of that siren from the nearby power plant, officials in Italy now hold their breath when stepping out of their front doors on their way to commit the day's quota of mundane atrocities.

When cars back-fire close by, they pee just a little, and they speed up, and they spill their coffee. In that moment of panic and terror, they glimpse a flash from the future, a snapshot of a vision, where corporate executives and lawmakers, bankers and oil tycoons, military advisors and heads of state, all hobbling up and down the sidewalks leaning on canes or swinging along on crutches, smile and nod to one another as they pass, but with dreadful smiles and haunted eyes.

I suspect that moment feels very real to them, and they shudder when they contemplate all of those carefully-aimed gunshots, directly specifically not to kill... because the shooters want them alive.

If you kill them, they won't learn anything.

There are parking lots all over the world, with smug and oblivious Adinolfis cruising home after a work-day spent murdering the future. They chat on their cell phones with their spouses while texting their lovers and planning the mass graves they will orchestrate tomorrow.

They never notice the cars behind them. They never suspend anything.

How many Alfredo Cospitos and Nicola Gais could there be?

How many indeed.

Sean Swain 243205
Ohio State Penitentiary
878 Coitsville-Hubbard Road
Youngstown, Ohio 44505
USA



DIRECT ACTION CHRONOLOGY

Nothing is ever complete...

13 Jan, Athens, Greece : Claim of responsibility for 3-day arson barrage circulates ...

"We take responsibility for the 3-day barrage of arsons and destructions on structures of the State and capitalism, from the 8th to the 10th of January, as a token of solidarity with the hunger striker Spyros Stratoulis. We attacked the following:

- One van of the Hellenic Post (ELTA) and one van of the Hellenic Telecommunications Organization (OTE) on Siotou Street in the district of Sepolia.*
- One ATM of Piraeus Bank on Dodecanisou Street in the district of Alimos.*
- Two ATMs of the National Bank of Greece on Byzantiou Street in the district of Nea Ionia.*
- Two ATMs of the National Bank of Greece in the intersection of Soutsou Street and Iera Odos in the district of Egaleo.*
- Three facades of bank branches (Piraeus Bank, Hellenic Postbank, Bank of Cyprus) and two ATMs on Ethnikis Antistaseos ('National Resistance') Street in the district of Kaisariani.*
- One motorcycle belonging to a cop on Asimaki Fotila Street in the district of Neapoli, close to Exarchia.*
- One ATM of Piraeus Bank on Aghiou Alexandrou Street in the district of Palaio Faliro.*
- One ATM on Gennimata Street in the district of Ano Glyfada.*

Meanwhile we heard that comrade Spyros Stratoulis ended his hunger strike. We wish good luck to the comrade, awaiting the outcome of his case.

Anarchists."

12 Jan, Hastings, UK : Banner-drop in solidarity with arrested anarchists Fallon, Amelie & Carlos in Mexico.

9 Jan, Vancouver, Occupied Coast Salish Territory, Kanada : HSBC Bank firebombed in solidarity with the 3 arrested anarchists in Mexico. *"This attack on HSBC is only the beginning of sabotage the will and is occurring. We are also in solidarity with Miq'maq warriors and other protesters still facing charges and harassment by the RCMP pigs and the Canadian state from anti-fracking protests in Elsipogtog."*

8 Jan, Bath, UK : *" ... Incendiary device on delay left at Kia car showroom, Lower Bristol Road, Bath. Damage to the building facade. A brand new 4-x-4 and three cars also consumed by the flames. A direct attack on exploitative manufacturing industries who profit from choking our world, who also make status symbols for our class enemies. This section of the Earth Liberation Front*

and Informal Anarchist Federation has them in our sights. With the cops cleared of the execution of Mark Duggan that started the riots of 2011, as good a time as ever to re-ignite the streets. Unfortunately for the enemy, the 32 year old man arrested for the action has no relation to our group. ... ”

The action is also dedicated to Marco Camenish (then on hungerstrike) Alfredo Cospito, Nicola Gai and Henry Zegarrundo. It is claimed by Perennial Resistance ELF-FAI.

6 Jan, Bristol, UK : FAI set off an explosive at Vinci's offices at Vantage business park, north of Bristol, at approximately 3:45 morning. The attack was in revenge for the biosciences lab Vinci are building at Bristol University, and the company's role in the building of prisons and destruction of the environment. Excerpt from the claim - *"We think that anyone serious about confronting domination as it stands today will sooner or later come to the questions of science and technology. It's clear how both have an increasingly vital role to the ruling order by creating, managing and spreading control within society and over the rest of an earth we're falsely separated from. By investigating the development of these powers in the region and who makes it possible, we came to Vinci. ..."*

4 Jan, Seville, Spain : Church attacked with Molotov cocktails and solidarity graffiti for those arrested in Barcelona.

Late December, Greece : A claim of responsibility and a video are sent to a Greek newspaper, which announces the 'Green Nemesis' project of the Informal Anarchist Federation – International Revolutionary Front. A massive acid poisoning of Nestle and Coca-Cola bottles is offered to the companies, unless they withdraw all the selected products from the shelves over a given period over the holiday time. The company capitulates at a large cost after receiving "advice" from the anti-terrorist unit. In the claim of the group responsible for the threat, they announce a new project of FAI-IRF, a proposal of co-ordination with the Earth & Animal Liberation Front. Other groups of praxis are invited to join the international campaign.

31 Dec, Moscow, Russia : 2 vehicles are torched that were being used in development projects in Southern Moscow. The attack is claimed by IRF/ELF-Moscow 2014.

30 Dec, Bristol, UK : 3 Bristol City Council mobile CCTV vans get their windows and windscreens smashed by anarchists during the day.

27 Dec, Athens, Greece : 2 bakeries owned by the wife of extreme-right Golden Dawn MP Germentis and her family are burnt down. She is a leading member of the women's core of the Golden Dawn party herself and contributes to the party financially.

25 Dec, Varazdin, Rijeka & Pula, Croatia :

Co-ordination of attacks against Unemployment offices took place in the night. " ... In these moments, during which we are being raped by an artificial division based on national, religious and sexual criteria, we feel the need to act in order to create a counterweight to such practices, which have been deliberately emphasized through the media, and which are undoubtedly induced by the State, the political parties and the Church. ... "

24 Dec, Bristol, UK : Church spraypainted with queer anarchist slogans in solidarity with the anarchists arrested in Barcelona accused of bombing a church in Zaragoza.

22 Dec, Amsterdam, Netherlands : " ... in the early hours of last week, group of people attacked police station with paint bombs and smoke bombs in AMSTERDAM. This modest action is in solidarity with Monica and Francisco and to all comrades in prison. FUK **TERRORIST LAW NO JUSTICE NO PEACE, Autonomien nihilist group, Amsterdam."**

18 Dec, Belgium, Brussels : Telegram - *"STOP... 32, Square Ambiorix, in Brussels... STOP... arson on BMW of Georgios Papastamkos... STOP... Vice-President of the European Parliament... STOP... member of Nea Dimokratia party, Greece... STOP... solidarity with anarchists kidnapped by the State... END OF MESSAGE..."*

17 Dec, Bristol, UK : EDF energy company van burnt out by anarchists in anti-nuclear action. The action is dedicated to Alfredo Cospito and Nicola Gai, imprisoned for shooting nuclear executive Roberto Adinolfi, and in solidarity with Marco Camenisch, also imprisoned for industrial sabotage.

17 Dec, Toulouse, France : A dozen people blocked the toll-house of the Toulouse-Paris Highway (A620) in solidarity with the comrades arrested on 9 December in Italy in raids against the anti-TAV high-speed train movement. " .. Death to the state that starves people, devastates the environment and kills. Chiara, Claudio, Mattia, Niccolò free now and once again with us in the streets, on the valley paths and everywhere." **To write to the comrades - Chiara Zenobi, Nolò Blaiccsi, Claudio Alberto, Mattia Zanotti, C.C. Via Maria Adelaide Aglietta 35, 10151, Turin, Italy**

16 Dec, Porto Alegre, Brazil : Incendiary attack in solidarity with Mónica Caballero and Francisco Solar against a Santander Bank... *"Let this be a fire starter for all rebellious hearts to take action in the struggle against the "growth acceleration projects" as well as the 2014 World Cup, which comes trampling at high speed. It is obvious that the struggle is not just limited against this sporting event that has violated many people. Furthermore, we signal with the heat of this fire our solidarity with Rafael Vieria and Jair Seixas Rodrigues 'Baiano' (imprisoned in Rio de Janeiro for riots over the past months), with those who resist the Belo Monte hydroelectric dam, with all those who face trials or persecutions as a result of the winter's protests in Brazil (from June to September), and of course we don't feel distant from all those who struggle against Power in every corner of the world and clash with the weight of the penitentiary system in Argentina, Greece, Indonesia, Chile, Italy, the US, Bulgaria, Mexico, Germany, Spain."*

16 Dec, Olympia, USA : 3 police cruisers smashed by anarchists in solidarity with the arrested ones in Barcelona, accused of the Zaragoza church bombing, and also in revenge for the brutal murder of 17-year-old Chuey Huerta in North Carolina by police while he was being detained.

15 Dec, London, UK : About 15 comrades gathered in Central London, hung a banner from a bridge and handed out a text to raise awareness about the case of Spiros Stratoulis, who was on hunger strike.

13 Dec, Thessaloniki, Greece : Diplomatic vehicle torched, as well as a van belonging to the Aristotle University. The action was dedicated to " .. the imprisoned hunger strikers Spyros Stratoulis, Rami Syrianos, Ergün Mustafa, Michalis Ramadanoglou, and the community of anarchist prisoners in Koridallos, Athens, who have shown us a way to fight and win under any condition. Our comrades satisfy their hunger with explosions and soothe their thirst with arson."

13 Dec, Athens, Greece : Exarchia police station attacked with stones and molotovs by anarchists. *"The action was carried out as a minimum response to the heavy policing and repression in the neighbourhood of Exarchia on December 6, 2013 [the 5th anniversary of the killing of Alexandros Grigoropoulos]. It is also dedicated to the anarchists on hunger and thirst strike in Koridallos prison, Fivos Haris, Argyris Ntalios, Giorgos Karagiannidis, Dimitris Politis, Yannis Michailidis [the incendiary action took place before Babis Tsilianidis and Grigoris Sarafoudis announced they were joining the hunger and thirst strike, too]."*

11 Dec, Asbeek, Belgium : A fire struck the house of Jurgen van Poecke, director of the prison of Bruges. His two cars, an Audi and a Citroën, parked in front of his villa (Kespier Street in Asbeek), were destroyed by flames and they spread to the garage of the villa, which was then destroyed.

11 Dec, Belgrade, Serbia : Extreme-right wingers were prevented from participating in discussion at the Faculty of Philosophy. Students of the Faculty of Philosophy released an open letter demanding from the administration to prevent the participation of right-wingers and the promotion of their ideology, but the administration failed to respond on that request, so a group of students took direct action.

9 Dec, Thessaloniki, Greece : Coordinated sabotage of twelve ATMs at bank branches in solidarity with anarchist prisoners.

6 Dec, Tampere, Finland : Presidential celebration in Tampere during ice hockey demo against nationalism and capitalism. Banks and department store windows were smashed and cops attacked.

3 Dec, Athens, Greece : In the early hours the car dealership of Skoda was torched. The action is dedicated to anarchists G. Mihailidis, A.D. Bourzoukos, D.Politis, A.Dalios, F.Harisis, N.Romanos, and to A.Theofilou.

New Year : Anti-Prison demos in Freiburg (Germany) Seattle, Athens, Volos, London, Helsinki, and many other cities worldwide; in Berlin 2 diplomatic vehicles of the Turkish Embassy ended up in flames as well...

26 Nov, Athens, Greece : In the evening anarchists raided the Palladium internet café, located on Solomou street in Exarchia. They vandalized its interior, smashing the screens and the storefront glass-windows, and they torched the server, taking appropriate measures to prevent accidents. Then they left all together in a coordinated manner and absolute safety, in order to avoid any unfortunate encounter with dogs of the DELTA motorcycle police team. It was one of the cops' favorite spots in downtown Athens, something that even the owner himself admitted during the attack. The attack was dedicated to the 4 comrades arrested in Nea Filadelfeia (Argyris Ntalios, Fivos Harisis, Grigoris Sarafoudis, Yannis Naxakis) for bank robbery, and also to the 6 anarchists currently on trial for the Velventos case (Andreas-Dimitris Bourzoukos, Dimitris Politis, Nikos Romanos, Yannis Michailidis, Argyris Ntalios, Fivos Harisis), and to all those who continue their struggle on the inside.

26 Nov, Mexico City & Toluca, Endomex : 3 Banks attacked at dawn with explosive devices, in revenge for the imprisonment of anarchist Mario Gonzales and the harassment of his comrades and supporters during recent

solidarity initiatives. The attack is also claimed in solidarity with Francisco and Monica arrested in Barcelona. **Autonomous Cells for the Immediate Revolution – Praxedis G.Guerro – Nucleus of Attack on Power – Black Fire** take responsibility [CARI-PG].

25 Nov, Berlin, Germany : The Santander Bank located on Frankfurter Allee in Friedrichshain, is attacked. The action is intended to send solidarity greetings to the 5 anarchists in Spain who are suspected to have attacked a church. Excerpt from the claim of responsibility: *"We chose the Santander Bank because it is one of the largest banks of Spain, and because the same bank is hugely profiteering from the inmates in Spanish prisons. So, all the money of prisoners is administered by Santander, which naturally provides for particularly fucked up terms and conditions. Another reason for our choice lies in the fact that Santander Bank invests eagerly in prison construction across Latin America."*

24 Nov, Buenos Aires, Argentina : 2 Argentine Federal Police patrol cars torched with incendiary devices by Friends of the Earth / FAI. "Strength for comrade Ilya Romanov, imprisoned in Russia after getting injured due to the detonation of an explosive device he was preparing in order to attack the cops." The action is also dedicated to Francisco Solar and Mónica Caballero, and comrades Alfredo Cospito and Nicola Gai.



Phoenix Project #8 Santiago, Chile

Phoenix Project, Act 8: Action with incendiary/explosive device against a Board of Elections office and in solidarity with Mónica Caballero and Francisco Solar. (Chile)

We are not spectators, but convinced enemies of all forms of domination.

Today, wielding the weapons of life and the ideas of rebellion, we wanted to give away a bit of anarchic momentum.

Today, we decided to attack the 98th Board of Elections office in La Reina commune [in Santiago] with an incendiary/explosive device, because we are convinced that the current state of affairs is sustained not only by those who administer domination, but also in the servile attitude of those who tacitly endorse it.

This is also another cog of the democratic gear, due to its role in logistically organizing the entire electoral process at regional level. In simple terms, it appoints the board members of voting tables, the designated scrutineers of electoral commissions, and delegates from election offices, in addition to being the body that determines the polling stations.

We don't camouflage our obscure intentions.

Why go on the attack? Anarchy should not spend energy in obstructing the passage of a load of citizens toward the democratic rite of elections, but rather try to demonstrate that any debate between the refractories and authority is impossible. Anarchy must seek confrontation, instead of the promising appeal to amend the wrong path.

Appeals for not voting, building the Popular Power, marking the vote with the initials "AC" (Constituent Assembly), for a null vote, a blank vote, or voting for the "lesser evil" are nothing but an expression of disclaimers in citizenist language, and never put a strain on authoritarian domination.

The only truly worthy response amid so much misery is the anti-authoritarian offensive in its multiple facets and forms. It is the incitement to arson by any means. It is the arson itself, the idea that motivates it, and also the hands that concretize it, the unwavering will of those who fight to the last breath, with the means they have at hand.

Against democracy, against the misery of some anarchists.

It seems we are witnessing a sacralization of democracy, as it is on everyone's lips. Citizens and purported revolutionaries bet on it as an ideal future. Apparently, the whole spectrum

of positions that the political weirdos hold is to make the existent perfect, or bring it truly into reality. Those who believe in electoral tactics, as well as those who reject them, agree on this point: the problem is not democracy but its management.

An anarchic position sets the rejection of any type of domination as the order of the day, thus it does not stop at problems of shape: neither as historical order nor as social dynamics does democracy mean a path of liberation. The struggle for more democracy equals the struggle for deepening a social system that hides the conflict emerging within it, the very conflict on which it is founded.

At the local level, apparently no one remembers that there have been gross concessions in favor of democracy from spectra claimed by anarchists and libertarians. Or is it perhaps that no one recalls the ephemeral flirt of several members of the Libertarian Communist Organization with the electoral coalition "Together We Can" here, in Santiago, a few years ago? "Anarchists", communists, humanists and the sort, all holding hands and letting out an occasional burst of laughter. Critical support? Simple platformist chutzpah.

What deserves a special mention is that one Libertarian Network who have openly supported today one of the current presidential candidates of the parliamentary left. Is it necessary to ask ourselves what sort of anarchist supports a possible president? That's spitting in the face of each comrade that decided to affirm anarchy by magnicide (assassination of a ruler).

On the other hand, there are those who seek to broaden their militant base at all costs, just like politicians do. For the Anarchist Revolution Current (CRA) is not enough to falsify the recent history of anarchic struggle in this territory, wrapping a supposed protagonism and an alleged and "unsustainable" police hostility about their especifist organizing. Now they also attempt to demonstrate their repudiation of the electoral process tossing up the flags of their organization. Anarchic action must be propaganda of struggle, not of this or that group or organization of anarchist chiefs.

Both the former and the latter expect to earn something back from all this, while those involved in the electoral circus at least have the honesty to not hide the intentions that motivate them. Those who superficially criticize domination, with lots of opposition rhetoric, neither deserve our respect nor are they comrades of ours.

It should therefore come as no surprise that electoral tactics are reproduced in other political and organizational scales, too, where the ballot box, voting or a show of hands are imposed and validated as methods for decision making in student federations, organizations of the left, assemblies and even

some autonomous collectives. A good and disgusting example of this is the recent election of a libertarian young girl, who was transformed into President of the Federation of Students of Chile, and argues that anarchism is a "profoundly democratic" historical movement.

Those looking to have a grandstand for their organization in the market of politics also fall into the game that they reject so much. And this being the big picture, parliamentarists and the anti-election left coincide with certain "libertarian anarchists" in strategy: the dispute over spaces of Power.

Active minorities for the anti-state and anti-authoritarian combat.

Uncontrollable anarchy is not subjected to democracy and its values. It does not speak of majorities, consensus, or fundamental rights. It does not bend over the head for some shares of Power, much less wait for better times to experience its struggle. Today we are practicing, in all parts of the globe, irregular warfare against domination.

We are considering conflict in these parameters; those who expect revolutionary armies or popular militias do not even understand the nature of the current war. If conflict is asymmetric, then let's bite and disappear (hit and run), let's engage in hostilities against the enemy wherever they are, in every place, even within every single one of us. Far from any militaristic drift, let's fight Power in a multiform manner, with autonomous action, and organized from informality.

The attack is not only possible, it is also necessary. Let's generate situations and means to continue experiencing the conflict, and let's practice our advances wherever they arise.

Face to face with the enemy.

We know that this spirit expands internationally like the black plague, and this is what inflames our burning desires to move onward. Gestures of struggle like those of Alfredo Cospito and Nicola Gai make us feel, even thousands of miles away, the urgency to contribute a grain of sand to this immense shore of anarchic insurrection. To those who do not bow down to the lion's den, those who affirm their motivations facing the executioner, to Nicola and Alfredo our sincere respect and complicity.

While planning this action we heard about the sad accident of comrade Ilya

Eduardovich Romanov, who was injured from the explosion of a homemade device in western Russia. We were really struck at this news; we recalled similar incidents that occurred in Chile, and it reminded us of how fragile the path of those who struggle is, but it also gave us more strength and dedication at the moment we moved onward with our preparatory acts. Tonight our heart was with yours, Ilya; this is a small gesture towards you, our own way of embracing you from a distance, and wishing you a quick recovery.

For each step tonight was accompanied by the irreducible and dignified attitude of all our brothers and sisters and comrades kidnapped in different parts of the planet. Those who remain day by day in struggle, unyielding and unrepentant... should know they are neither alone nor forgotten: Marcelo Villarroel, Juan Aliste Vega, Freddy Fuentevilla, Hans Niemeyer, José Miguel Sánchez, Alberto Olivares, Nicolás Sandoval, Victor Montoya, Marco Camenisch in Switzerland, Gabriel Pombo Da Silva in Spain, Sonja Suder in Germany, Nicola and Alfredo in Italy, the comrades who resist the grand jury in the US, the urban guerrillas of the Conspiracy of Cells of Fire, the Revolutionary Struggle, and the comrades detained for the double robbery in Kozani [Greece], who are facing trial soon. To irreducible Henry Zegarrundo in Bolivia, and also to the comrades who have faced their arrest in Villa Francia [in Santiago] on September 11th, 2013 in dignity and without victimization.

To conclude, we have turned the fire and explosion of our desires for freedom into action, and thus send our revolutionary solidarity to Mónica Caballero and Francisco Solar, comrades from Chile who were kidnapped by the Spanish State in the early hours of November 13th, accused of installing an explosive device which was vindicated by the Insurreccional Commando Mateo Morral in October this year.

While the States of Chile and Spain implement mechanically once again their well-known discursive, repressive and juridical strategy against supposed anarchist criminal organizations of international character, we send strength to our comrades, regardless of whether or not they're responsible for the facts of which they're accused.

We call for international solidarity with Mónica Caballero, Francisco Solar and the rest of the arrestees in Spain.

We dedicate this action to these comrades, intending also to contribute in the revival and multiplication of direct action in this territory. This is why we salute, despite our differences, the groups that carried out attacks this month against banks scattered around the city.

Solidarity with comrades pursued by Power: Diego Ríos and Felicity Ryder.

No truce with domination.

*Memory and action for slain comrade
Mauricio Morales!
Memory and action for slain comrade
Lambros Foundas!*

**Long Live Ilya Romanov Cell
In affinity with Black International**

Translator's notes

- Phoenix Project comprises the following acts so far:

#1 Greece (June 7, 2013), #2 Greece (June 12, 2013), #3 Indonesia (June 26, 2013), #4 Greece (July 2013), #5 Indonesia (August 24, 2013), #6 Greece (September 2013), #7 Russia (October 2, 2013), #8 Chile (November 16, 2013), #9 Mexico (November 2013), #10 Indonesia (January 2014).

- Some estimates suggest that the arrest of the 5 comrades on November 13th, 2013 in Barcelona, Spain—resulting to the pretrial incarceration of Mónica Caballero and Francisco Solar, as well as strict restrictive conditions against the three other prosecuted anarchists—was timed to occur right before the general elections in Chile, that were held on November 17th.

- Ilya Romanov, a 46-year-old anarchist from Russia (released from prison in 2012, after serving a 10-year sentence), was severely wounded and hospitalized on October 26th, 2013, when an improvised pyrotechnic device he was carrying exploded prematurely, and his left hand was torn off. The investigating authorities in Nizhny Novgorod, where the incident occurred, opened a criminal case against him under article 222 of the Russian penal code (“illicit trafficking in explosives”). You may support Ilya with much needed donations via ABC.Moscow.

wiki.avtonom.org/en/index.php/Donate



Phoenix Project #9: 'Anti-Civilization Faction - ELF/FAI' takes responsibility for several explosive attacks against banks & church -Mexico

From individual initiative, without bases of support or complex revolutionary rhetoric/theories, without complex destructive devices WE ATTACK! A Unique and Annihilating Attack, Belonging to itself and without any moral, ideological or material condition.

From individual initiative, we practice informality in this war that we assume as inevitable, and which we take part in through affinity. The fires and explosions in this act are consistent with the iconoclastic desire in every wild heart that associates egoistically.

It is this Unique that confronts Civilization and the Techno-industrial System, and from Uniqueness arises the affinity for every Unique who also ATTACKS.

The following are some verses and some actions, which we want to frame within the Phoenix Project, dedicated to certain Individuals in whom—in spite of the Passional differences that can sometimes rise to the surface—we find correlation in their actions and communiques, explicitly we want to dedicate this as a hellish fire full of WILL to Alfredo Cospito and Nicola Gai of the Olga Cell/FAI, to Andreas Tsavdaridis, member of the FAI and adherent to the Phoenix Project, to the Anti-Civilization Warrior Adrian Magdaleno (a Prisoner in these Lands), to the Insurgent Robber recently fallen in Action, Sebastián Oversluij.

BROTHERS... HERE WE ARE!

Daybreak!

*A tentative text not meant for solace,
The cacophonous (Non)life that runs
In each daybreak its obligatory course.
Another daybreak!*

*A little scorching but without delusions,
The truth's clarity does
not mislead our actions.
The day is nothing but circling hours
Time God! Civilizing Father!
Another Daybreak*

*Morning, evening or nighttime routine,
Technology/Industry,
omnipresent couple.
Another Daybreak!*

*Then the imagination:
How far will this go?
The Egoist Passion of the I never stops.
Something will collide!
It's about to. In a Triumphant point, the
bitter Triumph of the I
As the last draught of LIFE.*

*Because there can be no other way for
The Vagabonds of Praxis.
Another daybreak!
To Bear Another Daybreak?*

*An Ode to LIFE!
Let us not be mis-interpreted!
Not as bio-centrists...
Not as Communists/Christians.
Laughing, Singing and
Dancing like Wild Children,
Lucid, Cynical and
Iconoclastic!
Another Daybreak!
Let the scythe reap!*

With this we also claim the attacks with explosive devices in the early hours of November 18 (2013) on a church and a bank in the San Sebastián neighborhood in the city of Toluca, Mexico, as well as the explosive/incendiary device that detonated in another bank in the early hours of December 21 (this year) near the Airport of the same city.

*For the Triumph of the I!
Against the Techno-system
and Civilization!*

**Anti-Civilization Faction of the
Earth Liberation Front
in affinity with the Informal Anarchist
Federation.
(FA/FLT/FAI)**



Phoenix Project

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=_2HDsXugKxw

<http://325.nostate.net/?tag=phoenix-project>



Phoenix Project #10: Malang, East Java, Indonesia - ATM Bank bombed by 'Sebastian O. Seguel Cell / ICR-FAI'

Phoenix Project #10

—

You can't jail wolves. You only can jail the body, but you cannot jail the spirit of liberation and the will to keep carrying on attacks against all the enemies. You can shut down one fighter but the spirit will still live and reach the other corner and spot where you feel safe. You have an eternal enemy who will never step back even though we lost comrades. We, the nihilist anarchists will never stop hitting you until you are ashes. We are the pole out of your poor understanding regarding what is anarchy and chaos for us. And yes we are terrorists, the one who fought for freedom from hundreds years ago with fists, rocks, molotovs, incendiaries and of course, bombs.

And we used it against you. Against one of your most favourite instruments: Banks. We blew up one of your money machine with our small explosive creation. We made the bomb with our limited knowledge about it from many different sources. We want you and your abiding citizens know if we will never let our limitations bound our desire to continually address our anger to all of you. We made the bomb consisted of small amount of black powder and mixed it with some pieces of irons from nails to strengthen the power. And it successfully blew and paralysed one of your supporting instruments.

But mere our anger is not the only reason of our action. Through our action, we would like to salute our beloved comrades Monica and

Francisco who recently got arrested in Spain and are accused as individuals behind actions carried out by a FAI Cell [note: the actions were actually claimed by *Insurreccionalist Comando Mateo Morral*]. To our brothers and sister of Conspiracy of Cells of Fire who are imprisoned in Greece, to Marco Camenisch and Gabriel Pombo da Silva, to Alfredo Cospito and Nicola Gai, to Andreas Tasvdaridis and Spyros Mandylas, to anarchists of Kozani's double robbery case, to Fredy-Marcelo-Juan, to John Bowden and to Alfonso Alvian and Hermez Gonzales who were recently arrested after trying to take back what the enemy steal from our lives in Chile, and of course to all anarchists prisoners around the world who we can't mention one by one but are still in our heart.

But most of all, our heart was hurt when we got the news of a comrade who fell in battle against the enemy in Chile. Sebastian Oversluij Seguel.

Proudly we sang your name while we put the packet in ATM machine located in Malang, East Java in the early Thursday morning on 9 January. For you brother, we dedicated the action by taking your name as the name of our cell for the action. For us, you still live next to us in each of our steps and breath to keep going in this war. This bombing action against the property of the enemy is our way to remember you as a brave one.

*Till society collapse,
Until chaos anarchy*

**Sebastian O. Seguel Cell
International Conspiracy for
Revenge - Informal Anarchist
Federation**



BOOKS



'On the Way to Magadan' by Ihar Alinevich, Anarchist prisoner

Publishing collective 'Radical Theory & Practice' issued a new edition of Ihar Alinevich's prison diary 'On the Way to Magadan'.

The book is popular not only among Russian-speaking public. It was translated into Belarusian, Bosnian, Polish and English; the translation in German, French and Spanish is underway. Here are the links for download:

English <<http://abc-belarus.org/files/2013/11/On-the-way-to-Magadan-ENG.doc>>

Bosnian/Serbian/Croatian

<<http://abc-belarus.org/files/2013/06/idem-u-magadan-final.pdf>>

German <<http://liberadio.noblogs.org/?p=1258>> (the article 'The Corporation')

Belarusian

<<http://abc-belarus.org/files/2013/06/...>>
+ audiobook <<http://abc-belarus.org/?p=3200>> (voice – Ihar's mother)

Russian <<http://abc-belarus.org/?p=3125>>

We are grateful to the people who helped with translation into other languages. If you feel like helping with translation to the above-mentioned languages (German, French, Spanish) or any other you might speak, feel free to contact us and we will put you in contact with the necessary translation group.

Also, if you can advise some publishers in different countries which would be interested in publishing the book, don't hesitate to tell us.

<http://abc-belarus.org/?p=3890&lang=en>

By the way, this book is a winner of the award for the best work written in jail in Belarus. See more here:

<http://abc-belarus.org/?p=3935&lang=en>

From **ABC Belarus**



Bored of the type of anarchism that seems to exist only as a boring routine of endless meetings and crap benefit gigs full of self-important tossers?

Sick of middleclass mummy boys pretending to be proles?

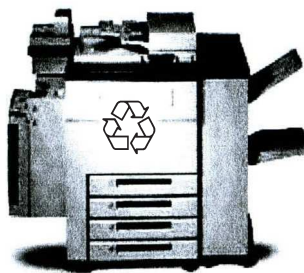
Fed up of being told what the "class struggle" is and isn't?

We are too and so we put together this booklet about it.

325.nostate.net
darkmatter.noblogs.org

Free PDF

<http://325.nostate.net/wp-content/uploads/2013/11/civil-anarchism-book.pdf>



325 Magazine #11

Coming soon, a new issue of the 325 zine, featuring new articles about synthetic biology, surveillance, robotics, anti-civilisation nihilist perspectives and more. Black and white photocopier friendly download to be printed and distributed along the third rail.

mail-325@riseup.net



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3. Letter from Gabriel Pombo da Silva
4. Letter from Claudio Lavazza
5. Solidarity with Maria, Javier & Gabriel
5. Text about the struggle against torture and the FIES isolation units
5. Letter from Monica and Francisco
6. Text in solidarity with Francisco & Monica Caballero by CCF
7. Anarchist comrade Sebastián Oversluij killed during bank expropriation
7. Update on the CCF trial
8. "Let's become dangerous... For the diffusion of the Black International" by CCF-FAI/IRF
11. 'Requiem for the Passing Moon' by Hans Niemeyer
17. Letter from Marco Camenish about his hungerstrike
18. Letter from Giannis Mihailidis
22. Letter from Spyros Mandylas
23. About Carlos, Amelia & Fallon + Letters
24. Adriano Antonacci and Gianluca Iacovacci detained
24. Inter Arma's text about being targeted by the lackeys of the anti-terrorist agency
24. 'A Vision of the Future: Where All the Roberto Adinolfis Walk With a Limp' by Sean Swain
25. Direct Action Chronology