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## Digest of the Anarchist Tubes

compiled from January 2020

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# ATUBES

### Letter from Anarchist Prisoner Juan Sorroche in Italy to Marcelo Villarroel

From AMW English

Letter / translation received along  
with the photo on 01/21/2020:

“If there is no bread for the poor  
there will be no peace for the rich.”  
As long as there is misery there will  
be rebellion.

For Marcelo, with all the  
complicity of the fight!

I received your words of  
courage and solidarity that filled me  
with emotion and sympathy!

Today I answer (before I had  
censorship in the letters) to your  
words because I think it is important  
to establish ties of complicity  
between us anarchists around the  
world.

As I think it is essential to  
have a vision of internationalist  
fellowship and worthy resistance  
with both words and actions.

Dear comrade, today my  
words and my heart beat together  
with yours, with the struggles that  
have risen with courage and dignity  
against the Chilean government and  
that have been transformed from the  
simplicity of a struggle for the  
passage of the subway to set fire to  
and attack everything that oppresses  
throughout Chile. But I cannot deny  
that my esteem and sympathy goes  
to the anarchist comrades who have

always been there in the street fight  
both day and night, in the past and in  
the present.

Although we are prisoners in  
different latitudes of the planet, I  
know that our struggle continues  
with our heads up and with dignity!  
That is why I send these simple  
words of solidarity and courage to  
the unruly beaten by the repression  
of the Chilean state; the brutality of  
torture, rape, murder, will not be  
forgotten! And the most important  
thing is that they haven't stopped the  
fight! This demonstrates the courage  
of women and men who continue to  
fight with dignity.

We must demand the  
freedom of the 1700 prisoners of the  
Chilean revolt, without forgetting  
any prisoner in prisons, who, like  
you, comrade Marcelo, have always  
fought! I have no doubt that your  
fight is my fight! This gives me  
courage and I am proud to be part of  
this anarchist galaxy, in order to  
continue with the struggle until the  
state and its prisons will be  
demolished from the universe.

I also think it is essential to  
remember fellow revolutionaries and  
known or unknown rebels who have  
always fought in the past, in order to  
continue their journey today.

Remember especially those who do  
not let themselves be overcome by  
times because they are not mature  
and continue the permanent struggle

with passion and countercurrent. To  
all those who do not resign themselves  
despite the fact that all forecasts are  
adverse.

Remember fellow  
revolutionaries of the past not as icons,  
but as examples in practice, because  
they are our roots and our soul! Soul  
that is not abstract or religious, but a  
soul that is pragmatic, is a universal  
struggle! It is soul that tends toward  
revolt here and now!

For this reason I would like to  
remember a Chilean comrade who died  
here in Italy with dignity next to  
another comrade in the bomb blast  
they were preparing for Torino on  
August 4, 1977. This is Aldo Marín  
Piñones and Attilio di Napoli, died at  
the age of 24, militants of the armed  
group *Azione Rivoluzionaria* (anarchist  
/ communist group). A comrade who  
fought against the Pinochet regime and  
was locked in the jails of the Chilean  
dictatorship and died fighting against  
totalitarian western democracy. We  
have to fight and fight ...

Juan Sorroche - Terni Prison - AS2 -  
01/01/2020

A hug comrade Marcelo, against winds  
and tides

“Irreducible always, never forget!”  
Marcelo Villarroel

**Some words by Anarchist comrade Juan Antonio Sorroche Fernandez from the prison of Terni**

<https://anarchistnews.org/content/some-words-anarchist-comrade-juan-antonio-sorroche-fernandez-prison-terni>

From Act for Freedom!

[Round Robin] We receive and spread:

This piece has finally arrived. Juan had mentioned it in his letters. We thought it had been censored. In fact it was confirmed that on 4th October 2019 an investigating judge seized it as he considered it “instigation to commit a crime” or some form of incitement to “anarchist activity” and seized it in order to protect the forces of order.

We agree with Juan’s desire to have it spread and ask you to publish it.

“How do you prevent a drop of water from drying up? Let it go to the sea.”

In this text I tell how my arrest on 22nd May 2019 went. I tell it as a matter of fact and not to denounce the illegality of police methods or as a victim’s tale.

Above all I don’t want the way my arrest went and what happened during the transfer to Brescia police headquarters to be something secret between myself and the Digos who arrested me. I sincerely don’t want to have anything in common with them. I don’t want to share anything with them, especially my anxieties or “what can’t be said” for fear of a taboo, as an unwritten pact between “macho gentlemen” that might undermine my virility (?).

And finally the words spoken

in the police station by a Digos cop dressed as a rock biker (probably from Trento police station, given his knowledge of me...) who advises me in a “friendly” manner, like a brother or a father, to only write personal letters to friends and not communiques to be circulated publicly. This made me think that spreading what happened could be a good option.

Just before my arrest I was walking in the mountains and took a path where I encountered a big dog that started to get ugly with me. This is the path that I’d have taken on the way back. I have great respect for dogs and avoid them if I can, so on the way back I decided to take the main road towards Tavernola.

There I chanced upon two suspicious cyclists: one had the face of a drunkard and not exactly a sportsman... more like someone who sits in some dive smoking and drinking 24 hours a day... with all due respect for drunkards!

They asked me for directions. I politely gave them. I had my suspicions but was too sure of myself and the territory, too sure!

So I cast suspicions and paranoia aside and went on.

At the third turn I saw two cars. I stopped for a moment. I didn’t like the look of them but I carried on.

I wasn’t sure they were cops, I kept on thinking it was paranoia even if I was on high alert. As I went closer I saw two people, each alone at the wheel of their car. They were dressed as “mountain folk”.

What seemed very strange to me (and there I became certain they were police... I felt it, but by now I was very close to the first car) was that they were inside the cars, one

behind the other, without talking to each other, stock-still.

I couldn’t go back and instead of going behind where no one was sitting, I preferred to pass in front of them so as to be able to control their moves and prevent them from closing me in on their way out. As I went past the first car, I see the first “mountain man” out of the corner of my eye getting out with a wooden stick in his hand.

I thought: “here goes!”

I was in front of the car door of the second mountain man.

I thought they wanted to follow me to see where I was going.

When the second mountain man got out I was 50 metres away from them. Around me, left and right, were only mountains. I thought this is it! So I made a dash and went running off like mad! In a flash I had left them fifty metres behind. I was running like a madman. They were shouting and kept on chasing me.

I carried on for a while, leaving them about a hundred metres behind or maybe more. But I was afraid another police car might come from the direction I was running in, something that I think actually happened.

They were shouting something at me but I don’t know what. Really, I didn’t feel anything, I wasn’t scared but I had so much adrenaline in my body that I didn’t understand anything. My brain was at full speed...too much! I was out of control, really like a wild animal. I couldn’t keep on going like that because they had cars and because of my running speed.

Read the rest at [link after title](#)

## **I've Got a Bad Feeling About This: Star Wars, Intellectual Property, and Cultural Expropriation**

by Peter Gelderloos

To say I am a Star Wars fan would be an understatement. In high school, I could win the Star Wars Trivial Pursuit board game in one turn: I didn't get any answers wrong and kept going around the board until I had collected all the tokens (yeah, not many friends). Of course, as I got older, I realized that the Jungian archetypes, Daoist philosophy, and tale of rebellion against authority that had so enchanted me were mixed in with a democratic storyline of restoring a "rightful" government, along with plenty of racial stereotypes and settler tropes. Nonetheless, it is hard to disavow the fantasy worlds one grows up with. The total conversion of Star Wars into a "franchise" is occasion enough to comment on how we might respond when capitalism eviscerates an imaginary world we love. The kind of cultural resistance I want to explore also offers some tactics for dealing with problematic aspects of the original movies.

A long time ago, in a galaxy far, far away

To discuss how capitalism ruined Star Wars, we need to chart the galaxy's long decline. My steadfast position is that the only real Star Wars is the original trilogy, Episodes IV to VI. I will later contradict this position, but for now, bear with me: all of the subsequent movies are shit.

When Episode I came out, I rushed to the theater the very first day. From the moment I walked out, for the next half week, I was dumbstruck, trying desperately to

invent excuses for what was undeniably a troublingly clumsy movie. Once the trilogy had wrapped up, it was clear: George Lucas had lost his touch. Leaving aside the awkward dialogue, there were numerous plot contradictions, as though he had forgotten what had happened in the original trilogy.

Furthermore, he was unable to recapture the spirit of the originals. Granted, it had to be a different story, not one of an underdog rebellion, but of a decadent Republic and Jedi Order unable to fend off a growing threat. Unfortunately, Lucas does not create any interesting plot out of this conflict. A trilogy in which the bad guys win provides mouth-watering opportunities for reversing clichéd storylines or questioning moral assumptions, yet Lucas does not explore any weakness or flaw in the Senate or on the Jedi Council that lets Palpatine triumph (except maybe bad acting?). Evil wins in the prequel trilogy because, well, that's how A New Hope begins. And letting a storyline get carried along exclusively by the demands of the next installment is simply not good writing (though, as we shall see, J.J. Abrams has lowered the bar so much that the plot of the prequel trilogy starts to seem brilliant).

Lucas even seems to forget the genre he is writing in. Star Wars is not science fiction, it's fantasy in space, complete with knights, wizards, monsters, and princesses. His source material was not Arthur C. Clark, but Joseph Campbell, the Brothers Grimm, Tolkien, and Lao-tzi, and at no point in the original does he explain how things work or explore how technology affects

society. Nonetheless, in Episode 1 he suddenly, inexplicably, tries to elucidate that the Force works because midi-chlorians. Which doesn't actually explain anything and also cheapens the most potent element of the galaxy and the one in least need of explaining.

What does any of this have to do with capitalism? It's not just that I'm disappointed in George, the way I might be—again, and again, and, ooh, ouch, again—with Terry Gilliam. In this case, there is a question of commercialization.

A long time ago, in a Hollywood far, far away, George Lucas was a cultural worker, creating awesome stories (c'mon, who can't love Willow? oh shit, more Eurocentric fantasy, urgh) out of myths and archetypes that are collectively elaborated and passed on. As a member of the most privileged stratum of the working class, he had the opportunity to become a property owner, and as soon as the commercial success of Star Wars made that possibility manifest, he seized it with both hands. He and his team were pioneers of visual and audio effects, but more than that, he was a pioneer of the cultural franchise, marketing Star Wars paraphernalia from the get go. And that has become his Empire.

The prequel trilogy was bad not because sometimes filmmakers lose their touch (and it's interesting how this happens much more in cinema than among novelists; perhaps decadence is proportionate to investment and returns?), but because for the decades between Return of the Jedi and A Phantom Menace, George's principle focus was on marketing and money-making. Read

the rest: <https://anarchistnews.org/content/ive-got-bad-feeling-about>



## A Letter to Hong Kong

The following was written at the request of Reignite Press. A Chinese version is being prepared and will follow shortly.

—Chuang

Since the Arab Spring in 2011, the world has been riven by abrupt tectonic shifts in the landscape of political potential. The certainty that once embroidered every discussion of the global economy has, after a decade of crisis, become a laughable afterthought. In retrospect, we might argue that the “Rebirth of History” began in Algeria or Egypt, but now history is beginning to shake loose even in the wealthy countries, beneath the sprawling, shining cities built on decades of speculation. Places once considered stable ground—requiring little more than periodic tending by the technocratic management of central banks and think tanks—have now shown themselves to be founded on fault lines.

So what does history look like when it reawakens in Hong Kong? You have a better vantage than us, certainly—eyes weeping in the teargas, blood on the teeth, the grit of cement and asphalt, dust and sweat. This proximity has benefits, and no one who has not felt it can truly communicate what you all have felt and done and suffered in the past half year. But there’s also a certain claustrophobia: bodies pressed together, police shields pushing forward, tangled brawls on the MTR. Sometimes, proximity can strangle perspective. In the midst of something like this, the smallest battles loom like wars and the most petty arguments can take the form of epic confrontations. Sometimes

receiving an outside view helps refocus the terrain, like glancing at a crowdsourced streetmap of police positions when you’re trying to outmaneuver the enemy.

Seen from afar, the logic behind events is often opaque. But the intensity of the struggles also means that those in the distance will invariably turn an opportunistic eye toward your movement, wielding it like a bludgeon in their own local battles. This is often passed off as “solidarity” by activists, and is largely harmless, insofar as it remains a social media performance—since such people have little power and can offer nothing in the way of material support or opposition. This attention takes a more dangerous shape, however, when it originates from politicians and businesspeople who have the capacity to set the machinery of the state working in different directions. Thus, a visit to Hong Kong by a politician like Ted Cruz has compounding implications, as do the various protests by Hong Kongers waving American flags and seeking more or less direct intervention by the US—even going so far as to appeal to Trump himself. Now that the Hong Kong Human Rights and Democracy Act has passed through the US legislature and received its endorsement from the president, the complications of these tactics are becoming evident.

Such events have had mixed reception in the US, and certainly elsewhere. On the one hand, those who consider themselves a part of “the left” have scorned images of Joshua Wong testifying before congress or Ted Cruz standing with protestors in the Hong Kong airport.

The points of their critique are banal, and basically amount to a scolding of naïve Hong Kongers for reaching out to the morally compromised rightwing of the US government. Maybe some of you are idiots (in which case your feelings might be hurt), and maybe some of you are the enemy (in which case, who cares). But, otherwise, it’s safe to assume that you—like basically anyone else in the world—know that America is not your friend. The leftist critique thereby tends to miss the point entirely. Sometimes, however, a more nuanced version of this critique does gesture in the correct direction, emphasizing that US intervention may not be as feasible or as desirable as might be assumed. This is an angle that we will return to below.

Read the rest here:

<https://anarchistnews.org/content/divided-god>



## About ATUBES

ATUBES is a sporadically produced digest of some of the articles and commentary featured on [anarchistnews.org](https://anarchistnews.org), illustrating some of the breadth of anarchist thinking

<https://anarchistnews.org/>