

Mapping the Fire

International Words of Solidarity with the Conspiracy of Cells of Fire

Conspiracy of Cells of Fire

2012

Contents

Editorial by CCF: How We Came up With the Concept of Black International Editions	4
How “Black International” Editions Will Function	4
Introduction: A Few Words About the Brochure	5
International Proposal from the Conspiracy of Cells of Fire	6

Part One: International Solidarity of Imprisoned Comrades, Insurrectionary Groups, Projects and Self-Organized Counter-Publishing Projects **12**

Gabriel Pombo da Silva	12
Gabriel’s Background	16
Juan Carlos Rico Rodríguez	16
Juan Carlos’ Background	17
Caso Bombas + Chile Section	17
Letter From Diego Morales	18
Mónika Caballero: “Once more.” A Letter to the CCF	19
Letter to CCF From One of the Accused in the “Caso Bombas”	20
Letter to the CCF From Another One of the “Caso Bombas”	22
Letter to the CCF From a Nihilist Accused in the “Caso Bombas”	22
Gonzalo Zapata and Cristobal Bravo	24
Words to the CCF From Combatants in the High Security Prison, Santiago, Chile	27
FAI / CCF / FRI / ELF Russia + blackblog.info	31
Words of Solidarity With CCF From Some Members of Russian Earth Liberation	
Front / FAI-IRF	32
Letter From FAI-IRF CCF: Russian Cell	34
Russia: Solidarity with CCF from Black Blocg	35
Werner Braeuner	36
Davide Delogu	37
Francisco Pancho Moreno	38
Marco Camenisch	39
Zerman Elias	41
Thomas Meyer Falk	42
Braulio Arturo Duran González	42
Luca “Billy” Bernasconi	44
Jock Palfreeman	47
Federico Buono	49
Claudio Lavazza	54
Claudio Lavazza Biography	55
The Cordoba Four	55

Part Two: Solidarity With CCF After Some Members Attempted to Escape on the 12 December 2011	57
Words From Edizioni Cerbero + Parole Armate	57
Words From Mono	58
Words From Sin Banderas Ni Fronteras	59
Words From 325	61
Part Three: Presentation of Self-Organized International Internet and Publishing Projects of Counterinformation	64
Contra Info	64
Actforfreedomnow / boubourAs	65
Entropía Ediciones	66
Parole Armate	68
Culmine	70
Operation Ardire	70
This Is Our Job	71
Viva La Anarquía	72
War on Society	73
Conspiración Acrata	74
325	75
Black Blog Collective	76
Edizioni Cerbero	77
Part Four: Letters of Comrades to Whom This Publication Is Dedicated	82
Eat & Billy	82
Letter From Eat & Billy, Imprisoned Comrades of the Long-Live Luciano Tortuga Cell - Indonesian FAI	82
Letter From Eat	82
Luciano Tortuga	84
Letter to the Indomitable Hearts	84
The Abyss Does Not Stop Us	88
Mario “Tripa” Lopez	96
First Letter	96
Second letter	98
Felicity Ann Ryder	99

Editorial by CCF: How We Came up With the Concept of Black International Editions

We certainly have a lot more to do and even more to say. Frequently requested is the answer to the question of “*what do we target?*”

From the very first day of the imprisonment of each of us we never stopped the production of our speech and our suggestions and imperatives. Through texts, communiques, thoughts, discussions on other texts, pamphlets, translations ...

Of course, we do not forget nor never forgot, that theory is a tool which obtains its authentic meaning only when combined with the underlying action. We never wanted to settle for harmless theoretical investigations, nor believed that the acts speak for themselves alone.

They might have imprisoned our bodies but not our ideas, beliefs and values, which will continue to escape through various projects of insubordination.

One of these projects is the creation of “Black International” editions, which are supported by us, the imprisoned members of the Anarchist Revolutionary Organization Conspiracy of Cells of Fire, and from certain comrades who every day, every moment, embody practically the value of SOLIDARITY.

Together with these comrades we desire to create an anarchist publishing experiment that is not limited only in Greece but tries to spread into the international network of anarchists, into the actual Black International, that now in the year 2012 is a feasible reality.

Besides, through this perspective we were inspired with the name of the editions, desiring that “Black International” will not be limited to shelves and bookcases, but seeks its authentic meaning in the streets, where the history of the Anarchist Insurgency and continuing rebellion is written.

How “Black International” Editions Will Function

In the development of the editions we experience some difficulties which we intend to treat with sincerity and honesty. Our point of view on self-organized, and clearly anti-commercialized projects are fixed and can be easily communicated, within a few words. We do not sell, we share.

For us it would be ideal for the publications to function by being “sponsored” by money expropriated from the enemy. In this way, not only would it be easier to achieve the publication of a book, but even more fundamentally, it would be the best way to connect this project with Anarchist Struggle. But now we are faced with the coercive condition of imprisonment, which does not leave us room to “function” exactly as we desire. So we are forced to finance the publishing and distribution of these publications by putting an optional price.

A price which, however anyone can intervene in whatever way one wishes. For example, in the self-organized spaces where the books will be available they will be accompanied by a box where everyone can contribute regardless of the proposed price that will have been determined by us. As for book stores, the publications may well be useful as a training exercise for expropriation...

Introduction: A Few Words About the Brochure

This pamphlet is a meeting point of comrades from all over the world. An imaginary meeting since the walls and bars of the prisons where we are temporarily keep our bodies hostage. But our meanings remain free, escape from the cells of prison and are expressed with words continuing to provoke authority.

Words that still smell of fire and gunpowder, words which carry with them all of our hate for the system, words unrepentant and armed, words which transfer stresses and desires, words which break the isolation of prison, words full of passion for the mutiny we want to continue, words from Chile, Mexico, America, Spain, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Bulgaria, Indonesia...

The letters sent to us by the hostage comrades, replying thus to the international call of solidarity of the CCF is not just mail between prisoners.

Our plan for a Black International of imprisoned anarchists, is not simply "*a nice theory*" which begins and ends inside printed words. It is the deposit of memory which exists, in a move forward.

A memory which does not always count its moments with common terms and common reference points. By reading this pamphlet someone can discover an international galaxy of points of views and positions with comrades whose references speak of the class war and the proletariat and others who speak of nihilism and anti-socialism.

This difference for us is not a contradiction. On the contrary it reveals the invisible line which connects all forms of anarchy and dispute into an international revolutionary front which has as its aim to destroy every form of authority. Besides, the disagreements between comrades who honour their words with their actions, consist the most ideal beginning of an authentic dialogue between the tendencies of the anarchist movement.

What we despise are the reformist-fake anarchists who make comfort and cowardice their political theory and idealize it.

From there on the disagreements with comrades of praxis create the fertile ground for the evolution of all of every one of us.

Because let us not forget that the letters of the comrades which are in this pamphlet are not just theories, but choices of action which they repay with years of prison.

Thus today which is the time of unstoppable blabbering and harmless revolutionary rhetoric, some write with the pen touching the paper, while some with our soul at the tip of the pen. Reading the letters of the comrades for sure we discover a part of their heart and we thank them for that.

Maybe these letters are a personal account of individual choices, but their content is not lost in the sphere of the private. They are an open invitation of constant battling against authority, proving that the our body even if still hostage behind the prison bars, has the memory of our anarchic life and our heart is full of passion for new attacks, for new vandalisms, for new conspiracies of fire which burn the restrictions and liberates us.

The second part of the pamphlet contains some texts of imprisoned comrades and anarchists who refer to the escape attempt by some of the members of the Conspiracy of Cells of Fire from Koridallos prisons.

It is a greeting to a moment of disobedience experienced through the hostage world of prison.

The decision of four comrades of the CCF together with anarchist Theofilos Mavropoulos and one more prisoner to escape, having with them a pistol and some self- made knives supports the

perpetual choice of not surrendering to the enemy. It is a signal of continuation of the anarchist mutiny even from within the walls of hostage and an international proposition and prospect towards our imprisoned brothers and sisters.

In the third part of the pamphlet there is a self-presentation of many anarchist web sites. These web sites together with others are for us the modern crossroad of the international meetings of the anarchists of praxis.

The translations of communiqués of direct action groups, texts and letters of imprisoned anarchists transfer the message of war against the system internationally. These web sites are invisible meeting points of perceptions, positions, actions which spread that this world and its dominators can be taken down.

They abolish geographical borders, surpass the obstacles of a different language, break the silencing of mainstream means of propaganda and spread liberated moments and situations to whoever desires to take their life into their own hands.

They are the messengers of our decision to get off the train of compromises and start the international voyage of anarchy without a return ticket...

Finally in the fourth part of the pamphlet, are published the letters of our imprisoned comrades Eat and Billy (members of the Indonesian FAI – Long Live Luciano Tortuga Cell) and of Luciano Tortuga (Chilean comrade who was heavily wounded from the explosion of a mechanism he was carrying).

Two letters which when published had great value for us, this is why we chose to re-publish them. They are words written with soul and passion, which prove that these comrades, despite the things which have happened to them, keep alive and authentic their values and anarchist conscience. Eat and Billy through the harsh conditions they are experiencing in the prisons of the Indonesian state, usually without being able to communicate with each other, took the responsibility of their participation in FAI and are now accused of the arson of a bank. The same moment, a third comrade of theirs, who was injured during the arson, is wanted by the authorities. Also comrade Luciano Tortuga having been heavily wounded (amputation of an arm, burns etc.) is hostage of the state of Chile. The authorities of Chile show off all their vengeful rage against him, seeing in the face of Luciano, their internal enemy, the anarchists of praxis, who never stopped attacking and sabotaging authority. The letter by Luciano as well as the unrepentant attitude of Eat and Billy spoke to our heart, and are a compass of fire in our chaotic voyage for anarchy. After the recent events in Mexico, which ended up with the arrest and wounding of Mario Lopez and a warrant for his partner Felicity Ryder who now is a fugitive, we decided to include in this version their letters.

As a small token of friendship and comradeship we dedicate this publication to them with all our soul.

International Proposal from the Conspiracy of Cells of Fire

Monday, September 26th, 2011

To all anarchist prisoners:

Prison is the country of prisoners. From here inside, we want to send greetings to our comrades, imprisoned around the world, as well as set a proposal in motion.

In the country of prisoners, the days go by one after the other, slow and indifferent, while everywhere cement and an immense boredom prevail.

Nevertheless, our minds often escape and secretly visit our brothers and sisters imprisoned in Chile, Mexico, Italy, Germany, Switzerland, England, Russia, Denmark, and wherever else there are cells full of people who haven't lost the desire for freedom.

Comrades, we talk to you even though we don't speak the same language. We see you even though we've never met face-to-face. We smile at you even though we don't know one another.

The enemy believes it can break our morale by locking us up in its cells for months and years. Power thus expects to receive a declaration of remorse, a renunciation of direct action, a revision of our anarchist values.

But the only thing it will receive is our utter contempt and our most potent rage. All of us who have assumed responsibility for belonging to the first phase of the Conspiracy of Cells of Fire expect sentences of many years— condemnation by a system we have declared war on because we will not tolerate it governing our lives.

We want to transform the upcoming trial of the Conspiracy of Cells of Fire into a trial of the system.

By way of our discourse and our attitude, it won't be us defending ourselves in front of the judges, but them defending themselves in front of us - for the crimes committed by the Power they serve.

At the same time, we want to draw attention to the fascist mechanism constructed to persecute us via the collaboration of the police, the judiciary, and the mass media.

A mechanism that launched an unprecedented anti-anarchist campaign whose goal was not just our arrest, but also the creation of a climate of widespread fear in which even the possession of previously published texts by anarchist prisoners could lead to a date with the prosecutor.

This was preceded by numerous detentions, the issuing of arrest warrants, the publication of photos of those of us who were at large, mass media screenplays about "connections between all the guerrilla organizations," reports about the "revolutionary fund" and our participation in bank robberies, "specialist" analyses of each of our "psychological profiles," and many other methodical schemes whose objective was to isolate us morally and marginalize anarchist urban guerrilla warfare.

The State wants to wipe the choice of anarchist direct action off the map of values held by subversive circles.

It wants to portray direct action as a futile decision that leads directly to prison, changing nothing.

However, when you choose direct action, you choose to take your life into your own hands.

Through direct action, we break away from stagnant thinking, we negate spineless movements, and we sabotage the clocks of discipline, creating free time and space within the hostile environment of the metropolis.

There, where surveillance cameras record our every move, uniformed police pigs memorize our faces, and the screens of the spectacle fabricate our desires, we once again don our masks. Our hands grab hold of stones, Molotovs, bombs, pistols, and we pour into the streets in search of freedom.

Now, even in prison, we don't ever forget that feeling, and we'll do exactly the same thing again the first chance we get.

We therefore don't want intellectuals, university professors, or any of the well-known hacks from leftist cliques defending us at our trial.

What do any of them know about the adventure of direct action and its values?

What can be said by those who spend all day firmly seated in their comfortable offices, chitchatting against the system from the vantage point of their leftist salon culture while that very system feeds them?

No, let them keep their "sensitivity" and the guilt they feel for having sold out to the Power that wants to portray us as "troubled, socially impressionable youths."

We're not looking for fake sympathy or support from the Left. Far from it. We seek accomplices to the same crime: the fight for anarchy and freedom.

There can be no more appropriate place for our search than the prisons that constitute an obligatory stop on the path of many anarchist comrades.

Therefore, comrades, we present you with a proposal/invitation.

In a few months the second Conspiracy of Cells of Fire trial will be held.

Even now we know that they will sentence us, and not for one minute will we take a step back, nor will we lower our heads or our voices in order to benefit from some "extenuating circumstance."

Therefore, there can be no better or stronger argument for our defense than your own voice, comrades. It's from your expressions of solidarity and the attacks carried out by anarchist direct action groups that we draw the courage to look our persecutors directly in the eye. Surely you've felt the same thing, imprisoned in other countries and paying the same price for our shared passion for freedom.

More specifically, what we're thinking about and proposing is to release, ahead of the trial, a pamphlet containing your international words of solidarity with the Conspiracy of Cells of Fire case.

At the same time, given that solidarity is a reciprocal concept to us, we'd like it if those of you who want to contribute something—thereby giving us strength and support—accompany it with an introductory text explaining your own case.

The pamphlet we want to release will thus include summaries of each of your cases, carrying your own experience of struggle to Greece and the other countries where the publication will be distributed, creating new opportunities to instigate hostilities with the system as part of international solidarity.

Together we will create an international experience of struggle that far exceeds our specific case, since we don't view the Conspiracy of Cells of Fire as the simple calling card of an organization. We view it as a way of being that describes and comprises the features and trajectory of the anarchist struggle we're all engaged in, another part of which is our time spent in prison.

This is an experience we want to share with all you comrades who find yourselves prisoners in the hands of the State, and it's simultaneously a proposal through which we can also be accomplices to your experiences.

It thus becomes possible to reach, within international anarchist circles, a level of unity and coordination that isn't vague, but essential.

Contact between comrade prisoners at an international level transforms solidarity into a revolutionary workshop, revealing the different perceptions that shape a joint anarchist action front.

The first contact between us will be capable of creating the preconditions that open up an international dialogue among prisoners as well as comrades on the other side of the prison walls—

a dialogue in which each person's specific perceptions and analyses can be discussed, thereby promoting coordinated attacking actions against the State. Of course, this doesn't mean the fusion or the dismissal of different opinions

Additionally, such differences cannot and must not be obstacles to reciprocal support.

This is about trying to move from sympathy, which has developed among us through letters and shared textual references, to international coordination. It's about trying to become accomplices, together forming the Black International of anarchist prisoners and supporting—if so desired—our Italian comrades' proposal regarding the strengthening and broadening of the **Informal Anarchist Federation/ International Revolutionary Front (FAI / FRI)**.

The potentialities opened by this commitment are enormous, since it concerns a process of intensifying hostilities between revolutionary anarchists and the system.

It's worth imagining the strength gained by something that, for example, begins in Chilean prisons, crosses borders, and winds up in the cells of Greece. An international solidarity campaign can thus be initiated from prison, just like in the past when it was a matter of supporting comrade Gabriel Pombo da Silva.

At the same time, the formation of an autonomous network of communication among prisoners creates the appropriate preconditions for the existence of a permanent flow of information about what's going on in each prison, the conditions of imprisonment, upcoming trials, potential sentences, and ultimately the preparation of a counterattack plan by comrades outside prison.

For each sentenced comrade, for each disciplinary measure, for each prohibited letter or visit, for each vindictive transfer: no guard, no embassy, and no police officer should feel safe. When prisoners have the potential to communicate in their hands, there will be decisive comrades everywhere responding with action, sabotage, and fire.

We consider the proposal to release the International Words of Solidarity with the Conspiracy of Cells of Fire pamphlet to be the first step in that direction.

There will certainly be many more steps to come, but at some point one must simply begin.

In conclusion, we salute and stand beside—with our thoughts as well as our hearts—the Chilean comrades charged in the Bombings Case and also comrade Tamara, who is facing State persecution for sending a letter- bomb.

From the prisons of Greece we send anarchist smoke signals to Mónica Caballero, Andrea Urzúa, El Viejo Loco, and the rest of the comrades charged in the Bombings Case; Gabriel Pombo da Silva; Thomas Meyer-Falk; Marco Camenisch; Silvia, Billy, and Costa; Braulio Arturo; Walter Bond; Villarroel and Fuentesvilla; Thomas Black and the English antifascists; the imprisoned Italian insurrectionists; the Russians and Belarusians; the Danes; and all those we've forgotten or whose names we simply don't know but want to know, because all of us have together chosen to sail against our epoch, using anarchy as our compass.

The following excerpt is dedicated to us all:

One day of prison. Two days of prison. Three days of prison. A month of prison.

The door closes and opens, then closes and opens again. Three months of prison. A year of prison. I need to know if others are thinking about me as much as I'm thinking about them. The days can't go by fast enough now. Four- hundred-eighty-two days of prison.

Four-hundred-eighty-three days of prison. Four-hundred-eighty... I've lost count. Fuck. It's better that way.

Counting is no good in prison. The arithmetic makes no sense whatsoever. Prison has its own smell. A smell that gets all over you and follows you around. I'll never manage to get it off me. Yesterday marked two calendars in prison. Two fucking years. I don't get any sleep. I've forgotten how to smile and now I can't dream. "Clink clink" in the night. They wake me up for a search. Maybe they'll find the shanks? Seven- hundred-fifty-one days of prison. Are you satisfied, my dear judges? Pigs.

Seven-hundred-fifty-two days of prison, pigs. Seven-hundred-fifty-three pigs. Coming and going and off I go. Coming and going and off I go. My cell is three meters by three meters. From the second floor window I see 20% of the sky over the top of the fucking prison wall. I walk through the yard like an automaton. I walk kilometers in a yard measuring just a few meters. Boredom and boredom again. Today I vomited up my very soul. I vomited bars, walls, solitary confinements, years of prison, judicial sentences. I vomited three years of prison. I don't want to count anymore. I completely close my eyes and think. I think about my comrades, whom they're keeping far away from me in other prisons. I think about fires on the prison roofs. I think about everything prison has tried to make me forget. I think about a smile, a caress, a journey that doesn't end over there where the wall ends, a glance that isn't trapped behind the fucking prison bars. I stop thinking. I open my hand. I look at the metal file I have. Now I know. I know exactly what I have to do. Let's go then, once again. This time with feeling. Until the end. Long live Anarchy.

—An altered excerpt from the text signed by J. and V.

LONG LIVE THE CONSPIRACY OF CELLS OF FIRE. LONG LIVE THE INFORMAL ANARCHIST FEDERATION/ INTERNATIONAL REVOLUTIONARY FRONT.

P.S. The current proposal to release the International Words of Solidarity with the Conspiracy of Cells of Fire pamphlet will be mailed to all our imprisoned comrades around the world. In order to counteract potential difficulties (censored correspondence), and due to the lack of information regarding certain comrade prisoners (unknown prison mailing addresses), our proposal will also be posted on anarchist Web sites. But what's crucially needed is that our comrade prisoners be informed. All responses, texts, comments, and critiques can be sent by e-mail to

sinomosiapf@yahoo.gr

[new: sinomosiapf@riseup.net .Editor]

and by conventional mail to:

Post Box 51076

TK 14510 Nea Kifissia Athens

Greece

— Imprisoned Members of the Conspiracy of Cells of Fire :

Panayiotis Argyrou,
Michalis Nikolopoulos,
Giorgos Nikolopoulos,
Gerasimos Tsakalos,
Christos Tsakalos,
Giorgos Polydoras,
Damiano Bolano,
Haris Hatzimichelakis,
Olga Economidou

Part One: International Solidarity of Imprisoned Comrades, Insurrectionary Groups, Projects and Self-Organized Counter-Publishing Projects

Gabriel Pombo da Silva

Dear brothers and sisters:

To Michalis and Christos (who exuberantly burst into “my” cell, destroying the ISOLATION I’ve lived in for over seven years), their brothers and sisters, and all the other comrades who constitute the first generation of the Revolutionary Organization Conspiracy of Cells of Fire / Informal Anarchist Federation.

My eyes and my heart have always been very close to you in Greece. I still remember Nikos Maziotis’ action and his attitude in front of the court. That moved and affected us very much, to the point that some of my comrades took their own action by sending a package-bomb to the Greek embassy in Madrid.

Those comrades of mine were arrested in September 2003, and the blow came at the worst possible time. Really, it couldn’t have been worse. Back then I was regularly “on leave” from prison. Regardless of all the racket regarding my judicial/prison situation, I had already “served” the maximum sentence allowed at the time: 20 YEARS. And out of those 20, 14 were in solitary confinement and FIES [*Spanish isolation units - “prison within prison”*]. I don’t have to tell you what it meant to me to have to lose so many good comrades who, tired of bearing all kinds of systematic torture for decades, decided to leave “by the back door, feet first.”

The arrest of my comrades in Barcelona left me shaken. I could have been with them! The “death” of Paco Ortiz, the coming to power of the neo-Francoist People’s Party—all these things went through my head before I decided to make a getaway. My escape began by putting one foot in front of the other. The first thing was to get a bit of distance behind me. With that done, I crossed the Pyrenees, destination unknown.

Once abroad, I got in touch with some old comrades. I managed to buy myself perfect identification (with which I was even able to open a checking account at a bank, rent an apartment, etc.), and I took some time to think, meet new comrades, and discuss things. From that moment on I was known as Michele Cataldi, Italian citizen.

I had decided to break out one of the compas arrested in Barcelona, and for that task I needed reliable, experienced comrades.

Luck was on my side when some Iberian Peninsula compas called to tell me they were sending someone over. I thought for sure it would be an “anarchist” comrade, yet nevertheless I saw Josepi show up (he had also escaped while “on leave”), and he knew absolutely nothing about anarchy or

theory. However, I was almost happier to have a “criminal” on my side than an “anarchist.” At the end of the day, the endeavor and purpose motivating me was to break a compa out of prison, and I needed someone by my side who hated the institution of prison with absolute intensity, like I did. Josepi, with his (in total) 23 years of prison behind him, was an ideal candidate. In addition (and just like me), his “trade” was robbing banks, which is of course always indispensable. Back then, I didn’t know which (or how many, as I believed/assumed that a large portion of the Libertarian Youth had gone underground) Iberian Peninsula comrades I could count on. I’m not talking about matters regarding “solidarity funds” or “ideological debates.” Rather, I mean comrades ready to take up arms in order to expropriate funds, hijack a helicopter, break out other compas, etc.

My proposal to liberate our compa was supported by José, and later on two other anarchists joined the endeavor.

We decided that the first thing we needed was money (we already had two handguns), and to that end we robbed a bank. If I remember correctly, we expropriated 40,000 or 50,000 euros, which was useful to us at the beginning for the acquisition of cars, electronic gear, etc.

Over the course of several months (and to the extent that it was possible for me), I was able to attend a number of meetings with internationalist comrades. Those meetings between comrades, where positions and approaches were clarified through critique and analysis, deserve all my respect, yet they left me feeling very uneasy. Perhaps I had poorly “digested” the analyses of the “Italian insurrectionaries.” Perhaps I hadn’t stopped to think about the importance of knowing just how many comrades were truly for revolutionary anarchy. And perhaps our “adventure” of freedom and “glory” was doomed to “failure” from the start.

At that time, some communiqués from the newly-formed Informal Anarchist Federation fell into my hands. For someone like me, who came out of the Anarchist Black Cross (and was therefore already federalist and anarchist), the notion of “informal groups” opened up a world of possibility. In Northern Europe, insurrectionary ideas were practically unknown.

On June 28, 2004, three anarchists and my sister (who is apolitical) were traveling to Germany in a BMW. At noon, upon entering the city of Aachen, a Federal Border Guard (BGS) patrol car pulled up in front of us and signaled for us to follow it.

We followed the patrol car (my sister was driving) to a gas station. At the gas station, one of the border police officers approached and asked us for our passports. José had a forged Spanish passport (a very good one) and was called Alfonso Domínguez Pombo. He could have been my sister’s cousin. Then Bart handed over his Belgian passport, as he and my sister were “clean.”

Obviously, José and I were armed and ready to save our skins at any cost. We knew what was waiting for us.

The border police officer went off with all our passports and didn’t come back for 10 or 20 minutes, after which time both officers approached, passports in hand, while another BGS car suddenly appeared and parked directly behind us, sandwiching us between the two patrol cars.

The police officers “suggested,” in a “friendly” way, that we get out of our car. Our papers were fine, but now they also wanted to search the car, since a car with so many foreigners in it is viewed as “suspicious” in Germany. We got out of the car and the police officers immediately began searching it. José and I both had our weapons on us. His was in a small backpack and mine was in one of those fanny packs that tourists often carry. After more than a half-hour of searching, an officer approached José and asked him to put his backpack in the trunk of one of the patrol cars. Since José didn’t understand what he was saying, the officer asked me. There

were no longer any more “conversational alternatives.” The time had come for me to simply tell José: “You grab this one and I’ll go for the other one.”

Despite all the tension, it was definitely a relief to finally put an end to that comedy. Gun in hand, taking the initiative, I really believed we would succeed. José’s police officer took off when José pointed his Ravachol-era revolver at him, and that image of José running after a German border police officer, telling him to “surrender” and put his “hands up,” is something that makes me crack up even today.

Unfortunately, José misinterpreted” what I said. When I told him to “grab” the police officer, I meant exactly that: to grab hold of him. But in any case, “my” police officer and the other ones ran from me as well, so I was unable to grab them. And what worried me most during the whole situation was my sister. How was I going to tell my mother about all this? My sister remained very still throughout, and if she had wanted to (to save her own skin), she could have told the police my name and blamed me for everything. The police unfortunately had us surrounded, and the only thing that occurred to us at the time was to “kidnap” two “citizens” in order to shield ourselves. You already know the rest...

My sister (despite what’s been said) refused to “collaborate” or give a statement. She was even mistreated at the police station because of her refusal to let them take her fingerprints or her photograph. Her prints, as well as her DNA and her photo, were taken by force. I was very proud of my sister and the rest of my comrades.

I waited (in vain) for our Iberian Peninsula comrades to “avenge” us, as well as for them to defend direct action as a revolutionary methodology.

By one of life’s coincidences, a brief analysis by my old comrades appeared in issue 2 of *Inferno* magazine, more than seven years after our arrest here. But did that article explain why José and I were left alone, “abandoned” by the Iberian movement? I don’t want to “argue” or “settle scores.” I just want to write about our experiences in order to record and expand our rebellious, subversive memory.

What you have achieved is part of what I and others dreamed of.

More than dreamed of, actually. You’ve dared to defy political resignation. As my comrades aptly wrote in their text, we were the “pioneers of Iberian insurrectionism.” It doesn’t make sense to ask (yet nevertheless that’s what has constantly been done since our arrest) if Iberian insurrectionism would have come about back then had some of us met and had other little things been encouraged.

But it is interesting to ask—since part of our past is becoming known bit by bit, and since our dream of an Informal Anarchist Federation/International Revolutionary Front is gradually spreading—if our Iberian Peninsula counterparts will now remain mired in the anonymous multitudes or instead join the revolutionary effort.

Just like you, I have always believed that rebellion is a permanent process that doesn’t stop for courts or jailers. The certainty of our convictions and our love of freedom embolden us. We may be “naive” for believing ourselves capable of taking our “destiny” into our own hands, but that will always be preferable to joining the chorus of naysayers and complainers.

The courts have been and are sites of power where anarchists don’t “defend” ourselves with judicial arguments, but instead base our “defense” on the ideas and values that have led us to the defendant’s dock.

Prisons are the ideal settings in which to spread anarchist ideas and values. They are the universities where we get degrees in all the arts and trades of illegality.

Comrade prisoners, fugitives, etc.: the spread of our ideas, memories, and histories is the compass that guides our footsteps.

I don't know if this writing is in keeping with what you expect from contributions for your second trial. Perhaps I should have touched a bit more on theoretical aspects (about which we still have much to discuss), but I'm convinced that we will have opportunities to talk/write more about that and many other things. What's important is that we seek a direct relationship between us, the prisoners (in that sense, I'm having serious problems with correspondence), and that we find more like-minded people among us with whom to exchange ideas, information, etc.

We won't be in prison for our entire lives. And as you correctly say in some of your writings: "the power of the jailers ends outside the walls." As far as José and I are concerned, we are awaiting our deportation to the Spanish state. There (in Spain), according to their laws, we should be released shortly.

For me, Germany is a chapter in my life that is best forgotten. Never in my life have I seen prisoners more disgraceful, more disposed to snitch and kiss ass, than those I have had the displeasure to meet here. I haven't lacked desire or idealism. What I've lacked is contact with people who have a minimum of dignity— oppositional, rebellious people. That fact has isolated me more (and of course hurt me more) than the institution itself.

In seven years in this country, I haven't managed (and/or wanted) to create any kind of regular link or communication with people from the "radical left." I haven't wanted to "tone down" my discourse in order to be "accepted" by the "radical community." Quite often, while reading the "leftist" (including anarchist) newsletters, fanzines, and magazines that "report" on us (the "Aachen four"), I get the impression that my only "merit" as an "anarchist" is my past of "prison struggle," which ignores (consciously or unconsciously) the intensive revolutionary work and effort I've undertaken while "free." Likewise, my political writings and texts have been met with either censorship or disinterest.

But I'm now writing about all that in my new book, which is taking much more work than I previously thought, especially the political section. Before beginning to write about my/our recent past as well as its consequences (for each one of us), it was essential to me that my comrades be free to send me "signals." Perhaps communication will be reopened by those "signals." And perhaps all of us will then have the opportunity to write a new chapter in the history of Iberian anarchism—one more stream flowing into the wide-open anarchic sea, now that the ground is fertile and the world is falling to pieces.

We did what we could, and we will keep doing what we can. Let's hope that each new generation of the Conspiracy of Cells of Fire/ Iberian Anarchist Federation is infinitely better, more dynamic, and more effective than we have been. Regardless of my total of over 27 years imprisoned in the Spanish and German states, as well as my being uncertain of the day of my release, I am absolutely positive that I have nothing to apologize for. I only regret not being wiser and more adept at the moment of my intersection with the course of history.

With these words that break my isolation, cross borders, and arrive in the hearts of all our people in Greece and throughout the world, I embrace our brothers and sisters in the Conspiracy of Cells of Fire /Informal Anarchist Federation.

Long live the Informal Anarchist Federation/International Revolutionary Front! Long live the Revolutionary Organization - Conspiracy of Cells of Fire / Informal Anarchist Federation!

Long live anarchy!

Gabriel,

Aachen, early October 2011

Gabriel's Background

From the age of 15 he began to expropriate banks with his closest companions (anarchists, insubordinates, communists etc.).

In his first robbery he was the driver. For these illegal acts he was imprisoned in Spain where he became an anarchist. He does not identify himself as a "prisoner" let alone as a "social prisoner". He spent so much time in prison because of his insubordination and his escape attempt with **Xose Tario Gonzales**, who was his very close friend. In 2004 and after Gabriel had served the $\frac{3}{4}$ of his sentence he manages to get permits. In one of these he flees to Germany looking for close companions to organize an escape to get out of prison one Spanish comrade of his. During a typical cop control with two other companions and his sister they escaped the cops and opened fire against them. None was injured but the cops car were damaged.

Gabriel was convicted for "attempted murder" and "kidnapping" (because they took "hostages", (a couple which they later left in a field, something that obviously was not designed but was a spontaneous act during the chase). He was also ordered to pay all the damages they caused to the police cars.

Gabriel has served more than 24 in prison, 14 of which have been in isolation. He is just 40 years old. He is currently preparing his second book, something like an autobiography. His first one, "*Diaries and thoughts of a Delinquent*", which he wrote more to provide incentives for comrades to mobilize, will be released in Greek in the near future from the Black International Editions.

Juan Carlos Rico Rodríguez

Greetings to all, comrades.

My name is JUAN CARLOS RICO RODRÍGUEZ and with these lines I want to express my support and solidarity with the comrades of the CCF, who will be put on trial soon by the puppet-state of Greece. To them I send all my sympathy, first of all because they are coherent to their line of action and thought, and they act consequently, especially as this line is part of an anarchist vision. If we want anarchy and consider it as THE BEST AND MORE JUST FORM OF SOCIAL ORGANIZATION IN ALL FIELDS OF LIFE, it will only come through violent and direct struggle, without ambiguities and on all levels, against the noose of the decrepit Nation-States that are gnawing us collectively and individually all over the planet; and through revolt against all the structures of dominion.

The "old powers", instituted and established in privilege and domination, will never stop to exercise their instances unless a strong awareness of Struggle, turned into concrete struggle, effective and direct, opposes them with determination.

The secular violence we are being inflicted from the base of this fraudulent and harmful System on a global level by the Nation-States must be fought against with violence and above all with REAL solidarity between us: we have no other road to take. We must SHOW them that the crime of this State, impunity, no longer exists. They must PAY DEARLY for their use of violence, they won't get away with their aberration. I repeat, my name is JUAN CARLOS RICO RODRÍGUEZ, I'm 44 and I've been inflicted the violence and TORTURE of the State since I was

a child. I only spent 7 years of my life in freedom, the rest I spent in “institutes of punishment” (orphanages, juvenile prisons, police stations and jails). At the moment, I’ve been locked up in the “democratic” prisons of the Spanish State for 13 years nonstop.

During all this period and facing this state of things, I’ve seen no reason why this EXISTENCE imposed by pure State violence, has to be rationalized... fire to it!

Solidarity with the comrades of the CCF who are in prison: an action of attack on the “order” that is killing us is worth more than a thousand speeches.

Juan Carlos Rico Rodríguez

September 28 2011,

prison of Zuera, isolation unit.

Juan Carlos’ Background

We do not know the exact history of comrade Juan Carlos Rico Rodríguez. Born in 1967, he spent only 7 years of his life “free”. He has spent the rest of his life in penitentiary facilities (psychiatric hospitals, reform schools, police stations, prisons). We don’t know the categories of his imprisonment. He is a “social prisoner” (like **Gabriel Pombo da Silva** or **Xose Tarrío Gonzalez**) who was politicalized in prison. He is a prisoner in struggle that has shown his solidarity in many cases (he did it with the anarchist **Tamara**, who is incarcerated in Spain, with the anarchist comrade **Marco Camenisch** imprisoned in Switzerland, and many more - in this case, he indicated his solidarity with the imprisoned comrades of the **Conspiracy of Cells of Fire**). For his choices and attitude he is kept in isolation.

Juan Carlos Rico Rodríguez

C.P. Zuera (Mód. Aislamiento)

Carretera Nacional 330,

km. 539 50800 Zuera, Zaragoza,

Spain

Caso Bombas + Chile Section

The next 5 texts are from our comrades involved in the ‘bombs case’.

On 14 August 2010 the Chilean police directed by prosecutor Alejandro Pena Ceballos, raided 17 houses in Santiago and Valparaiso. 13 people were arrested and accused of being a network of terrorists who are responsible for a series of bomb attacks in Santiago. Later 2 more people were captured with the excuse that explosive residue on their clothes was found, and one person became a fugitive. After months of imprisonment, house arrest and 65 days on hunger strike, 13 of 14 accused of “illegal terrorist organization” were absolved from lack of evidence.

Nevertheless, five of these individuals were accused not of illegal terrorist organization but of placing explosive devices and financing these actions. Because we do not know the identity of those signed with pseudonyms, a decision which fully respect, we can only explain the legal status of Monica, who had to sign once a month at the

police station and was threatened with 10 years in prison for an arson attack on a church that took place on September 21, 2009.

In the last hearing of their court on June 1, 2012, all the comrades were acquitted. All the categories were dismissed and all the restrictions against the five comrades were lifted, that means that the court ordered their unconditional release.

Comrade Diego Morales is one of the 14 partners initially arrested and jailed initially for this case but acquitted of the accusations and was not referred to court.

Letter From Diego Morales

Greetings comrades:

Nikolopoulos and Haris Hatzimichelakis, it made me very happy to know of the intentions of your letter. I return your greetings with great passion and hope that the idea comes about in some way and that distance is not an obstacle to good communication between us.

Persecuted and involved in a case that is quite like a show-trial, in terms of this country's media, I can say that the government's desperate intention to give the whereabouts of the real comrades that carry out direct action resulted in the truly tragicomic political persecution of people openly declaring themselves as anarchist and afterwards of a large and extenuated wait of more than 8 months – for some in prison, others with preventative measures – for the 4th of October, when dismissal was given to the 14 accused of terrorist association and the total dismissal of the trial for 9, while the other 5 comrades (Fráncico, Mónica, Felipe, Omar and Carlos) face trial for placing explosive devices and others for financing. From the legal point of view and the likely scenario the possibilities of a good ruling for all are positive – the lawyers have high hopes.

I tell you also that there has been a mobilization of the student movement now for nearly 6 months, in which no accord has been reached due to the intransigence of the government. As a result of this they're pushing through laws intended to severely penalise the struggle on the streets, looting and occupations, and the sentences for all those standing up to the established order (police, private property) have intensified harshly. This results in several people locked up awaiting severe judgements for carrying molotovs or attacking the police.

On the 11th of September after another anniversary of the military coup, and after heavy confrontations between police and '*encapuchados*' [*street-fighters*], a vegan anarchist comrade (following media persecution) was accused of attacking a cop and imprisoned in the maximum-security section of the high- security prison of Santiago – in which there is the risk of very high sentences. As you well know, the tension in Chile as in Greece and many parts of the world has intensified, we hope that the declared social war is felt and fought by everyone in the streets...

Forgive me for the delay in my reply to your letter, it arrived only a short time ago. I hope it is not too late to give you all my support and strength for the trial you have before you. Their thousands of years in jail could never dispel the authentic desire to attain freedom. For me, we are already free people, in thought, in spirit: but there is still much for us to achieve.

Obviously power will never be kind to anyone that openly declares that its disgusting system is rotten in every way. They will receive from it neither good deals nor light sentences. They will fall on us with all the weight of their fear on seeing that the possibilities of the destruction of their beloved progress are seen in the destabilizing actions of a mountain of filthy subversives

and that these disgusting rebels could actually be right in the reality they seek – a world without authority, property, judges, police, nor governments.

The strongest embrace from the depth of my stomach for all of you. I hope that my words help you in some way, even if it is to lose yourselves for a couple of minutes in these cold cells of human extermination. Without even meeting you, I love you like all my comrades in Chile and the world that dare to fight against this armed and terrible reality...

I hope that Haris' health is better each day and that his body resists that which his mind will live forever...

HEALTH – PUNK AND LONG LIVE ANARCHY!!!

Diego Morales

Ex-accused for the “caso bombas” Santaigo, Chile
November 2011

Mónika Caballero: “Once more.” A Letter to the CCF

Once more...

Reach Out to the comrades... A clenched fist to the enemy...

Comrades of the Conspiracy of Cells of Fire organization I write to you within hours of starting the “bombs case” trial, a bad copy of the “Cervantes Case.”¹ Power and its minions try to convict for the placing of an incendiary device in a church, for this reason I risk a sentence of 5 to 20 years of effective penalty, that within the framework of the anti- terrorism law. The fire of the witch hunt is being prepared.

Until August 14th 2010, I lived in squat house *la Kkota*, where there was an anarchist library (this was a feast for the police that foul day), my beautiful home became one of the “power centers” of the prosecution, one of the foundations of the failed terrorist conspiracy thesis ... what an insult to whom who spit on the exercises of the powerful. The inhabitants of this place openly propagated anti- authoritarian ideas, which the state fears. My detention (which lasted 9 months in prison and 3 months of house arrest) did not take me by surprise, the mass media were laying the foundation for several months before, the crudeness of it just amazes me. I expected more from the “police intelligence”, but against me there is no direct evidence of my participation in this or any attack there is only an accusation of ideas, this is not to hang on to the legality or to defend my innocence, the anarchist task cannot be other- wise than illegal.

Every hour sitting on the bench of the accused I feel dirty from being part of this democratic process, I have nothing to prove to any court the only opinion that matters to me is my accomplices in the crime of fighting for freedom and anarchy. They want me in jail for not kissing the cross, repentance for not lowering my head before them. The outlook is vague, they may achieve imprisoning my body or perhaps in the near future, dissidents of capital have a booked ticket to jail, those are the costs of wanting to expropriate our lives from the executioners of the lovers of order.

I am a sister to you without ever exchanging a word, every day that capital takes away from you doesn't go unnoticed, I know what the loneliness of a cold cell is, the rage that dries the mouth to see the door close and to hate every morning you see that guard. Solidarity to me isn't

¹ ‘Cervantes’ was an Italian police operation that was a grotesque fit- up against anarchists in 2003.

a pity or “humanitarian” exercise, its a tool of anti-authoritarian struggle, I cannot live anymore in capital’s social peace, it hurts me and makes me restless to see more in their cages, whether they speak or not the same language, whether or not they’re the same species, have tail, feet or feathers.

Comrades you have been a wonderful contribution to the dissemination of revolutionary nihilist and anarchist ideas, keep it up, your letters are always a pleasure to read. Today I can enjoy a sky without bars, the touch of the skin of a comrade, walk the streets of this lifeless town, in a couple of weeks... Who knows?

And finally for you dear persecutors who analyze each comma with a myriad of specialists to build a new process, I hope you find it, your masters will be proud. War against all forms of domination. Sedition and revolt!!

Long live the Conspiracy of Cells of Fire, may they spread across the globe! May the jailers, judges, prosecutors and butchers tremble, fire to the prisons and slaughterhouses!

In the struggle for the destruction of authority no one is alone!

Prisoners of war to the streets! Diego Rios, Gabriela Curilem² flee away from cameras and uniforms!

LONG LIVE ANARCHY!!!

Mónika Caballero

Anarchist

Accused in the bombs case Santiago, Chile

Letter to CCF From One of the Accused in the “Caso Bombas”

From the distance, words arrive translated in the only language we all understand: that of the struggle for freedom. It does not transform any fear, person, name or sign into a fetish; in the anti-authoritarian language that possibility simply does not exist, much less those of leaders, professionals or authorities.

Today, for the moment, I no longer see the grey of the cement surrounding everything in those tombs, but that doesn’t mean that forgetting clouds my mind. The jails, the cells, the jailers and the prisoners remain there... some meters or kilometers away.

Because the prisons here may very much resemble those there, because the sound of the bars and locks must not be very different, however the internal conditions and regimens may vary, FIES (Spain), F-TYPE (Turkey), Maximum Security Units (Chile) share a common structure and objective. Without a doubt the oppressors learn from each other.

Solidarity between imprisoned comrades—between them through the cells, modules, prohibitions, prisons, borders—is the urgency unleashed by the daily and permanent repression.

THROUGH THE WALLS

Rarely do the hoods go up, rarely are barricades or confrontations seen like in the streets, riots are scarce (perhaps the most common confrontation is between the prisoners themselves, encouraged and welcomed by the guards).

The confrontation is routine, daily, minute by minute, the spaces and positions battle constantly, sometimes symbolically and other times in far too real of a way. To reject a prohibition, to break some disciplinary code, to keep communications out of the jailer’s sight, to maintain

² Diego Rios and Gabriela Curilem are anarchist fugitives on the run.

dignity in social relations. But this exercise of daily revolt, replete with dignity and rebellion that enriches the spirit, also carries a cost, the arrival of repression—threats, delays in opening the cells, hampering the receipt of letters, beatings, isolation, transfers, more threats, segregation, restrictions, prohibitions, or hardening of discipline— these are a small sample of the carceral terrorism.

In the prison, perhaps more explicitly than in the street, the attitudes of prisoners and jailers mark a confrontation of positions within the prison. To not try to improve them, to not try to obtain benefits, to travel by the road of rebellious dignity wherever we may be, to strive to be able to look in the mirror the next day and not see slaves, to not support nor bear domestication.

To the comrades who have managed to avoid this undesirable fate, to the fugitives who have had to choose on the basis of the judgments of power and the arrest warrants issued for them. Even when not passing through the gloomy halls of the prisons or the labyrinths of justice, your path is not exactly more comfortable, and it is to form among the gaze of possible informants, the suspicious passage of police patrols and the constant reinvention of one- self. Comrades of different places, familiar or not, in your path of the unknown, you are not alone.

International solidarity, inter-prison solidarity and the fluid communication of shouts between different regions across the length of the territories cannot wait for even one second.

Across the distance. Indifference will not be precisely the sensation that is felt during the rituals of punishment that the judicial power practices against those who oppose them. The trials are not mere procedures—in addition to being courts they are spaces where power lets itself be seen with brutality, where it founds and tries to validate and legitimate its order, its world. It is in these trials where, in addition to solidarity with those comrades who they seek to stone to death, it is possible to disseminate and project a complete critique of the fabric of justice, of the legitimacy of their order and the cruel arguments they use to defend their power. The brutality of your special treatment is fertile ground to expand the total critique of their world, it is a continual opportunity that we cannot let pass.

Imprisoned comrades of the CCF, scattered in the different prisons of the Greek territory, which try unsuccessfully to submit you to the carceral rhythm: **Panagiotis Argyrou, Michalis Nikolopoulos, Giorgos Nikolopoulos, Gerasimos Tsakalo, Christos Tsakalos, Giorgos Polydoros, Damianos Bolano, Haris Hadjimichelakis, Olga Oikonomidou** — indomitable and insubordinate spirits will not appease themselves to a couple of bars, cameras and guards. Nor can their sacrificial rituals in the courts counter the struggle for freedom—even further, these intentions to punish justify once and a thousand times the reason to oppose their world. To each of you, a huge embrace full of strength for times to come.

In these lands, **November 28th, 2011** will bring the political trial based on lies and inventions with the single end of criminalizing and imprisoning those who express our total rupture with their values and moral codes.

Political prisoners, prisoners of war, revolutionary prisoners... a strong, sincere and honest embrace to each of you—whatever our differences, the affection for captive revolutionaries remains immune.

With the steadfast memory of all who have fallen! Mauricio Morales, Claudia Lopez, Johnny Cariqueo, Lambros Foundas

One of the accused for the “caso bombas” awaiting trial.

Letter to the CCF From Another One of the “Caso Bombas”

The daily uncertainty and the threat of a possible revenge of power against our bodies vanish when reading the words of anti- authoritarian solidarity that are now captive in the dungeons of the Greek state. Words who under no point of view whatsoever encounter themselves subjected, rebels against the jailers and all forms of authority, words that are transgressive action against oppression.

As has been stated repeatedly, solidarity is not just words written between anarchists and you have demonstrated it concretely, understanding that the struggle for freedom is universal, practicing and supporting the international revolt steadily, making the enemy see that our dignity is real and represents a permanent threat to this world and those who try to perpetuate it. Anti-prison struggle in and outside prisons is the same whether in Chile, Greece, Indonesia or Mexico. The enemy and its principles are common so it is necessary to share experiences of offensive resistance to enable us to advance in the construction of new adversarial relationships to power, thus creating a fraternal greeting to the FAI / IRF as a body that promotes the anti-authoritarian thought and practice and, permitting us to recognize our brothers throughout the world without ever having seen the face.

Having spent 9 months behind bars my energy stays in solidarity with the prisoners, knowing that I risk years in prison in high- security measures only increases my contempt for these death centers and their guardians, the only alternative for these places is their utter destruction and there- fore there must be non-stop work, always forward.

All the strength and drive to the prisoners from the CCF, your attitude fills all anarchists and anti-authoritarians with pride and as you say it is very likely that someday we will find ourselves anyplace in the world to share and practice experiences.

Another Accused in the Bombs Case In pending Political Trial

Letter to the CCF From a Nihilist Accused in the “Caso Bombas”

Greetings brothers and sisters of the CCF, and to Theofilos Mavropoulos, I send you a fraternal embrace full of affection and complicity across the distance...

It is certain that we are judged by some for being anarchists, the eternal enemies of power, and that it is our theory made practice for long years that they now intend to severely punish.

Your voice has reached my heart, those sincere words full of solidarity caress my face, that strength animates me and your conviction I love; knowing that behind those bars there are not groans of sorrow, but rather screams of hatred, rage, hope — this gladdens me and makes me reaffirm that we are on the right path; it is then that I realize that each day new comrades are born who return to give sense to our new urban guerrilla, which is no longer merely local but is international, thanks in great part to the FAI and the contribution by you the CCF. Moreover I consider important the contribution that you are making in the circles linked to anarchist individualism, and our new and beautiful Nihilism.

We feel the same hatred toward the state, the same total disregard towards the new happy slave, towards the stupid mass that lets itself be led, we feel the same impotence of not being able to demolish the extermination centers that hold us captive, we feel multiple orgasms when we deliver ourselves completely to the realization of anarchy...

We are far away, but from here the distance is nothing, we are sure that sooner than later we will find each other whether in Greece, Italy, Chile or Mexico; our insurrectionalist-Nihilist international has battle camps in the streets of the entire world and there will always be space for individuals who understand that anarchy is not a cheap ideology but rather an idea that lives and conceives itself in direct action, because we know that the damned powerful will not give up their privileges and will defend them to the end of their dirty lives...

It is for this reason that we must communicate the importance of the threat of our new nihilism, it is for this reason that we have to accept that in order to triumph with our idea, we must drown the enemy in blood, and so with our sharp knives we will continue advancing toward the encounter with chaos, toward the creative nothing, and we will throw ourselves naked into that beautiful abyss where there is complete individual freedom...

I endorse the FAI-IRF.

The Informal Anarchist Federation – International Revolutionary Front that is doubtless the Black International of the anarchists of action, since it has shown its capacity to respond in the face of the challenges that are emerging around the world...

But your call is not only for those who are in the bombs case, but rather has passed also to our dear brother Luciano, to whom our greatest homage will be to give him the harvest of actions that we realize with our hands...

You have also dedicated words to our brother Cristóbal Bravo, who was recently beaten by paid cowards, and it is here that it becomes important to shout loudly that the attack on property is not sufficient, which our Russian nihilist comrades understood very well and showed us that we must go further, without fear of disaster, it is your lives or ours or that of some comrade in prison, for now the impunity of that deed strikes me hard in the heart; they say that revenge is a plate best served cold, they also say that vengeance kills the soul and poisons you, I believe strongly that vengeance is the dessert in a meal for a nihilist, therefore one must not wait for facts before acting, and the main course will be to take the offensive since there are stupid cowards on all sides...

Comrades, my most heartfelt respect to your organization CCF and for the revolutionary anarchist Theofilos Mavropoulos, for all your contribution to the anarchic struggle and all the dignity that has been shown during your trial and your time in prison, I want to tell you that as great as those walls may be they cannot hide the enormous dignity and the great courage that you have shown to us the anarchists of the entire world.

Today you raise your fist, yelling "SOLIDARITY" in the international language of anarchy. And at the same time, with the other hand you hold firmly the knife of nihilism to sink it into the bowels of this world of Power and submission, well good; I from here send you all strength and energy that you may never wane! And know that nothing can separate us, we have begun an international anarchist offensive and we will not stop until we get to see the total end of all authority, of all society, of all gods, of all morals...

I take with my two hands, firmly and without hesitation, your knife of nihilism so that together we sink it into the heart of every tyrant, of every cop, of every jailer, of every bourgeois so that upon their corpses we can dance, laugh, fuck, enjoy and conquer once and for all our total freedom!

The death of our brother Mauricio Morales and the death of comrade Lambros Fountas, the loss of Luciano's hand and the loss of Simos Seisidis's wounded leg are an eternal call to fight,

no anarchist wounded or killed in combat will be forgotten, it is the hour to thrust our dagger into the heart of the capitalist beast, they are our nourishment.

HONOR TO THE COMRADE LAMBROS FOUNTAS!

HONOR TO THE BANK ROBBER COMRADE HORST FANTAZZINI!

LONG LIVE THE CONSPIRACY OF CELLS OF FIRE!

LONG LIVE THE FAI LONG LIVE THE IRF! FOR AN EGOISTS' INTERNATIONAL, LONG LIVE NIHILISM!

IMMEDIATE FREEDOM TO LUCIANO PITRONELLO!

LONG LIVE ANARCHY!!!

NIHIL,

an irreducible awaiting trial...

Gonzalo Zapata and Cristobal Bravo

The next two letters correspond to Gonzalo Zapata (Russio) and Cristobal Bravo (Mono). The two companions were arrested on different dates but have the same charges: participation in an attack made against José Inostroza Crisosto, a cop who has the position of sergeant in the second section in Montada during episodes of September 11, 2011, on the 38th anniversary of the military coup that began the dictatorship in Chile, which lasted 17 years.

Both were recognized by the collaboration of a photographic agency called 'Agencia Uno', which gave the cops the photos they took from a very privileged position. During their imprisonment they had a common attitude in prison, the same complicity and solidarity between them, each time one of them took a blow from jailers. After about 3 months imprisonment on 28 November 2011 they came out with restrictive conditions, curfew and impelled to present themselves at the public order ministry once a week. But on 5 January 2012, they returned to prison because prosecutors made an appeal.

At court both comrades then sought to prove that the cop hit was not as bad as claimed regarding his injuries, since many of the injuries were because the idiot fell off his horse. The court ruled that both comrades be released with restrictive conditions such as not to leave Chile. In legal terms, things are very positive and likely that the comrades will get very low sentences.

Letter From Gonzalo Zapata

My arrest was on Tuesday September 27 at 9 am, where members of the DIPOLCAR (Carabineros de Chile) entered my home with a search warrant, the order gave them the power for 15 policemen to lay siege to my home, while 5 others searched my room and took as evidence anything found, such as notebook, cell phone, books, pamphlets. After all this apparatus, I was taken to the health centre, which was a short process between the police and the doctor.

Soon after I was in the dungeon of a police station in the district of Recoleta, where I remained sequestered only for the dirty and disgusting spectacle of the bourgeois press, which did not

hesitate to point me out to be guilty of a direct attack on a repressor - a Carabineros officer of Chile.

In court, waiting for my audience I suffered constant harassment and threats from the guards, because they were informed of the reason for my detention. Already in the audience, was the bourgeois press, but I also felt the support of family and comrades in the street.

At the end of the hearing and I remain in custody, because I am a danger to society for my clear lack of respect for "authority", that is determined by the public prosecutor and the judge. Everything under political pressure as clear evidence never existed, political pressure, say, of a new witch hunt against anarchist comrades, to try everything possible to stop the days of street fighting and awareness of the proletarian class. In prison, I saw the inhumane treatment of the guards, the mistreatment and torture these bastards cause, the fit of the dignity to mealtimes and sleeping at the time in the cell.

Continuing to be imprisoned from October 17, I am kidnapped in the dungeons of the capital, refusing the injunction by false witness statements, where it shows clearly the intentions of exemplary punishments, which are to cause a decrease in certain social movements. The only thing achieved is to give greater force to the comrades who are still fighting and also to those who are deprived of liberty.

Gonzalo Zapata

Letter to the CCF From Mono, a Nihilist Prisoner of War

"This is a war and we are warriors"³

Words in solidarity with the comrades of the CCF

Solidarity, a word often used in this society, from the military interventions disguised as humanitarian aid, to the donations in supermarket shopping, to the collaboration between good citizens and the police, to those who "struggle" to expand animals' cages for their well-being.

All expressions where Domination recuperates and impregnates every corner with its logic, removing words' value and limiting them to miserable campaigns so that citizens can sleep with their tranquil consciences after taking a couple of sleeping pills. It is the feelings of inferiority that Domination wishes to impose as "solidarity," either as compassion and pity, or submission and admiration, where in the first case, someone who has more than another gives some scraps to alleviate for a moment their misery. This is driven by the pity one feels for the other who has nothing. And in the second case, someone who's assumed inferior to another who holds power and authority- collaborates with the latter's work without having any gain other than thanks for helping to perpetuate order.

For me, solidarity is a tool of struggle for expressing in different ways support and respect between the oppressed who resist and/or confront the managers of misery. For me it is a relation between known and unknown individuals who do not see themselves as superior or inferior but as equivalent, where also often gestures are sent and received anonymously with the sole intention of being present and making tangible the fact that no one is alone.

This is how I understand solidarity and this is how I have taken up deeds ever since I chose the path of liberation, where it is necessary to support those who struggle in different parts of

³ This phrase was shouted from the CSO Sacco and Vanzetti after the death of Mauri and when the police tried to enter. The phrase is clear, in this war we are not soldiers, we are warriors with autonomy and honor, we do not struggle for medals and/or other stupidities, but to take back our lives, for total liberation at whatever cost.

the world, from within the prisons to outside of the walls. During these months that I have been in captivity I have felt the force of each gesture, of every one, your letters and foods, the banners, leaflets and fire.

Before having been on the other side of the walls, contributing how I could and wished, but now the conviction of which “solidarity” is not a dead word will take more force than ever. It is for this reason that in this letter I wish to send my greetings to the comrades who have assumed the political responsibility of belonging to the Conspiracy of Cells of Fire and now are incarcerated in different prisons of the territory dominated by the Greek State. It is the firm and dignified conviction that you have taken, from the anonymity of your attacks and your subsequent claims, which are a contribution and impulse of struggle that pass through borders and languages, to the posture that you have assumed since you were incarcerated.

I believe that solidarity between prisoners, revolutionaries and subversives is a potent weapon in the struggle against the prisons and their guards, for this reason the CCF’s proposition or Gabriel Pombo da Silva’s initiative with the International Hunger Strike are gestures that seek to interlace experiences and relations between comrades, so that together, as a contribution to an informal and diffuse environment, we advance towards the destruction of Domination, where each comrade writes their contributions, critiques, experiences and proposals, where no imprisoned comrade is alone, because if they touch one of us, they touch all of us, or as they say in these parts: “no aggression without retaliation.”

In the letter that you wrote as a proposition for this pamphlet, you reference that you rejected your lawyers for various reasons and although this also depends on more factors that are unanswered due to my distance, it still is another demonstration of courage in the face of Power and its laws that you will be your own defenders. Here, for my part and that of other comrades, legal defense is driven by the “Popular Defender,” who is supported by the “Legal Picket” (law students), who offer their support as a form of solidarity, visiting prisoners and contributing how they can in the legal sphere.

To conclude I want to launch two initiatives: one concerning the solidarity campaigns and the other concerning the debate and development of ideas. The first is that the dates of the trials against comrades around the world be disseminated in advance, to serve in this way to call for solidarity with each comrade who faces trial.

The second initiative is to debate the ideas/practices of Animal Liberation, which have been developed by comrades in Mexico, Switzerland, Italy, Russia, and now finally in Bolivia and which on the part of the CCF, only Damiano has made reference to in one of his letters. Themes such as ecology and anti-technology have already been established, thus I believe that the struggle against animal exploitation is part of the integrity of the struggle, in order to thus point towards total liberation, bringing an end to every form of domination.

Fraternal greetings to Christos, Gerasimos, Mihalis, Giorgos N., Haris, Panagiotis, Olga, Giorgos P. and Damiano. Also to the others accused in this case, especially to Panagiotis M. To all, my greetings which cross walls and seas to each one of your cages.

Honor to Mauricio Morales,

Honor to Lambros Foundas

Solidarity with all prisoners of war.

Cristobal "Mono" Bravo Franke

Prisoner of War, Nihilist tendency
Maximum Security Section – High Security Prison
November 2011.

PS. I wish to extend my greetings to those comrades who contribute to this dialogue that breaks the borders, I refer to those who translate letters from and into various languages, such as for example the book **Dynamiting the Existent: Reflections on Minoritarian Combat** which in these days of captivity came to my hands, as well as the internet sites (liberaciontotal.lahaine.org, culmine.noblogs.org, actforfree.nostate.net) which cover the transfers and actions that happen in Greece.

Words to the CCF From Combatants in the High Security Prison, Santiago, Chile

Words from Esteban Huiniquir, Juan Aliste, Freddy Fuentesvilla and José Miguel Sánchez for the prisoners of the Conspiracy of Cells of Fire.

Comrades of the world!!!

From Chile with joy we can now share with you the words of the imprisoned comrades José Miguel Sánchez, Esteban Huiniquir, Juan Aliste and Freddy Fuentesvilla, who have responded to the solidarity call issued from Greece by the imprisoned comrades of the Conspiracy of Cells of Fire.

Our comrades today find themselves held in the High Security Prison (C.A.S.) in Santiago, Chile and almost all are ex-members of Marxist-Leninist political-military organizations who fought the dictatorship and of whom some have also fought later under democracy in the 90s against capitalism. These armed organizations were the Manuel Rodríguez Patriotic Front (FPMR), the United Action Movement – Lautaro (MAPU-Lautaro, also known as MJL, Lautaro Youth Movement) and the Revolutionary Left Movement (MIR).

Today, our comrades who write do not necessarily still embrace Leninist ideas, but it is better that they speak for themselves.

From Chile, we send all of you a solidarity salute of internationalist complicity.

Some in solidarity from outside the prisons.

November 2011.

Words From Juan Aliste

The social war is an issue of class, it is a question of life that transcends the obstacles (borders) traced by a common enemy, capital with its system of domination, exploitation, repression and misery at the hands of the power of the rich. As hostages of the Chilean State and its bourgeois government of the wealthy, from the carceral jaws of its society, we escape in the libertarian complicity of vindicating direct action in the flesh with the fertile idea of subversion from individuality to real collectivity.

History repeats itself and the long experience of power to submit those who struggle is transversal, their fascist machinery with sustained methods in repression in conjunction with police, judges and media of disinformation expand fear and terror to legitimize their prisons,

murders and tortures. Moreover, the State lies to hide the indomitable heartbeat of our lives, concrete and in-the-flesh proof is this complicity of blood that we allow to strengthen ourselves in adversity, communicating with each other, knowing each other, hating together the mornings and rescuing the tenderness in each gesture of action from our comrades. So the prison, in its prisons, is no more than the reaffirmation of all that we abhor, from their courtrooms, murderers of children and sowers of misery.

Dear partners in struggle, with the uncompromising taste to drink⁴ my life, carrying on my back the certainty that in the face of misery there is no freedom, I take my bones to light that wick, I salute you with the happiness of being alive, I clench my hand, I sharpen my sight and the totality of the senses. May the oxygen from your proposal be the unstoppable inception of coordination. To begin, my greetings, your thoughts are ours, echos of a libertarian uproar.

Health! While there is misery there will be rebellion! Combative solidarity with those who fight!

Juan Aliste Vega,

High Security Prison, Santiago, Chile.

Note: *Juan Vega is subversive imprisoned by the Chilean State, accused for the expropriation of Banco Seguridad, the clash with the police causing the death of one of their members and serious wounds of another. See here: freddymarcelojuan.noblogs.org*

Words From Freddy Fuentevilla Saa

Esteemed comrades of CCF, a fraternal embrace full of rebellion. To tell you that we are joined by a common reality, whether in Greece, Latin America or whatever corner of the world.

Redeemed in these lines is more than the individual, the collective. The causes for which we are imprisoned, with more or less nuances, are the same cause, we are rebels, we are subversives, anti-capitalists, anti-imperialists, we are the *pueblo-pobre*,⁵ we are not victims, we are not complicit in a history without redemption, we are not indolent, we are never their slaves, we are neither guilty nor innocent.

When the State decides to annihilate us, persecute us, and incarcerate us, it is not mere coincidence, but because each one of us symbolizes danger for any State. They demonize us with their language since it not our own, the prison is part of their language, part of the social war and the class war. I must say that it has affected us to live imprisonment, not only in this territory called Chile, but also in Argentina, and in each prison I always saw the same subject, my *pueblo-pobre*, my class brethren, my brethren of the trenches; at the same time, the executioner is always the same, their police.

In the game of what we are and what we are not, we make it clear that we are not victims, we are combatants, and this is not only words, this is what our history and our present tell us. This reality has made us embattled, not by our seeking nor desire, but we make a mission of our dreams, our choice of conscious struggle, the unrenounceable struggle for happiness.

Brothers and sisters, I send you my strength, my dignity, my solidarity. Borders and flags do not exist between peoples, solidarity and internationalism are not only words in the wind, they are a weapon.

“Here nothing is over and no one yields, the struggle continues”

Freddy Fuentevilla Saa, MIRist prisoner.

⁴ Also ‘to take’ as in to claim or seize – transl.

⁵ Fuentevilla’s phrase “pueblo-pobre” means “the people, the poor”; we leave it in Spanish. – transl.

High Security Prison, Santiago, Chile, October 2011

Note: Freddy Fuentesvilla is imprisoned for the same case as Juan Aliste, accused of participating in the assault on a bank in 2007 that ended with the death of a police officer. See here: freddy-marcelojuan.noblogs.org

Words From José Miguel Sánchez

CELLS OF FIRE COMBATANTS PRESENTE.

From one corner of the world, receive an affectionate and combative embrace, and a fraternal salute from another prisoner of capitalism.

From the C.A.S. in Chile we receive your communique and we make ourselves part of it. Our thoughts travel to each prison of the world where they try to annul free thoughts, the enemy will never quiet nor crush our rebellion, our values are not stopped by shackles, here our desire of struggle is nourished day by day, the injustices and abuses strengthen our indomitable desire of struggle against the exploitative systems of the world.

Our growing contempt for prisons and their henchmen is innate, these bars confirm for us that our struggle is just and necessary, we believe that direct action is an effective method for striking the system that tries to trample our rights. We are not immobile, behind the walls our struggle is strengthened and sharpened.

Here we are those who do not sell ourselves to power, the intransigents, those who want nothing to do with the circles of the left that sell themselves to the highest bidder, we are those who do not believe in flattering gestures, nor do we conform ourselves to the crumbs left over by the powerful. Our goal is complete freedom and the vanquishing of the exploitative system that sinks and humiliates our people.

Comrades, receive our solidarity and support, you are not alone, the entire world will be witness to the dignity with which you face your trial, fortitude and struggle is our slogan, strength compañeros.

My case is like those of many combatants, I am an ex-political prisoner of Pinochet's Dictatorship, ex-member of the Manuel Rodríguez Patriotic Front (FPMR), I was liberated upon the assumption of the pseudo- democracy in 1991, and I was imprisoned again that same year for having some rifles and not believing in that made-up democracy. I was condemned to 20 years for the rifles and an assault, of this sentence I've spent 17 years and 6 months in prison, when as a favor from the prison a break of 2 years had me leave, a release I broke on not returning to sleep in the prison. I scorned that "favor" and now I am completing the 2 years and 6 months I had left to complete my sentence; as you can see, I have nothing left of the sentence, and I will leave to continue to struggle against the oppressive system together with those who know that nothing has changed.

My name is José Miguel Sánchez Jiménez, I am held in the High Security Prison (C.A.S.) in Santiago, Chile, together with other comrades who have stood up against the prevailing system such as: Juan Aliste, Freddy Fuentesvilla and Marcelo Villarroel, having known each other since the anti-dictatorial struggle. I am 52 years of age, married and father of 4 daughters, carpenter and electrician by profession, and I am anti-system.

I hope to continue receiving your notices and thus to mutually strengthen each other.

To destroy all the prisons and capitalist systems!

With affection,

José Miguel Sánchez Jiménez

C.A.S. Module J. Santiago, Chile, October 19th, 2011

Words From Esteban Huiniguir

My name is Esteban Huiniguir R., I am 41 years old, I was born in 1970. I was a militant of the MAPU-Lautaro party. During the 90s I was condemned to 11 years in prison for “Illicit Terrorist Association” and the attack on the home of the ambassador of Spain on October 10, 1992. I completed 8 years of this sentence from October 13, 1992 to May, 2000.

In 2008 I was detained during the Day of the Youth Combatant on March 29. My home, which I shared with other guys, was raided, searched as usual but they only found 5 plants of Cannabis Sativa. For this illegal growing I was sentenced to 4 and a half years for trafficking and illegal growing. Presently I serve the sentence in the CAS, module “J.”

Dear comrades, I write to you from the CAS sending a fraternal greeting to all those who in the distance share histories of rebellion and insubordination and who by consequence live in transit in prison. At over 3 years of this my second sentence, which is 4 and a half years, what has been the most ignominious for me was when I had to face the incomprehension, the social prejudice of those who do not want to hear and are driven by the media’s communication campaign. Despite this, I am together with my friends and companions... I also receive with great gratitude the solidarity of other accomplices who manifest in the street in this combat against capital. Then there are my little siblings who gave their youth, their commitment and their life. Norma Vergara, José Luis Oyarzun, Andrés Soto (Papi), big Pablo Muñoz... and so many others: although you are no longer here and they do not want to listen, we are still us and you; for that, thanks.

I know little about you in the personal sense, your lives and histories, but your present condition, your conviction and how you wanted to confront your trial speak very well of yourselves. Walk with all my support, since it is true that the street, the trial and the prison are trenches where one must continue fighting.

I do not have much more to say right now nor will I pretend a grandiloquent discourse since for me the practice of direct action is not made with words but by lighting a wick that smells of benzine, with black powder, and if the moment requires (the prison), with closed fists utilizing what they leave us our body exposed to fatigue and hunger.

So then comrades, come what may, say what they will, you will remain proud and exemplary. It was good to know that you exist, so far away, with your histories, your slogans, your bottles and black powder for the social war of all peoples.

Health and rebellion.

With our fallen in our memory. Not one minute of silence, and a lifetime of combat.

Esteban Huiniguir R.

Letter for the CCF / FAI From Three Insurrectionalist Groups in Latin America

LONG LIVE THE CONSPIRACY OF CELLS OF FIRE!

Brothers and sisters, a strong insurrectionalist embrace from across the distance.

We grow... undoubtedly we grow in each moment when we confront the enemies face to face, instances that are daily marked by the liberatory violence that strikes fear into the oppressor.

Violence that you have vindicated as a generator of novel moments capable of jeopardizing the security and intelligence systems of power. Today you confront captivity with dignity, always at war with the jailer, betting on the generalization of the insurrection in every corner of the world. We from here, from damned Chile, make ourselves part of the solidarity call, perceiving it as one of the cornerstones of our revolutionary project. The recognition from your Conspiracy is not the result of this situation, since for years we have come to recognize, really and truly recognize, by means of action – we believe that this is the best form of communication that we have been able to pursue. From attacks we have made on police stations to your attacks on embassies and ministries, we have been given a closeness full of life, projectuality and hatred toward every type of authority. This closeness has been marked also by the complicity in transgressive action, marked also by the innumerable victories that we have had... yes!! Victories. Every realized attack, that hot adrenaline that crosses our bodies before liberation in destructive action, the passion of the same act, the joy and happiness of knowing that for a moment the exploiter saw his world fall, these constitute our triumphs. People like you know of what we speak.

There also are victories in seeing the attacks multiply all over the world, anti-authoritarian attacks that despite the repressive blows remain unscathed, irreducibles being able to fool and continue fooling the enemy; for this and many more reasons we say: *LONG LIVE THE FAI/FRI*

We expect that this call for solidarity will materialize in concrete actions, and we will do our part, at any moment we will harden the surface against the powerful in your name, brothers and sisters, for you know that any imprisoned anarchist will be vindicated and avenged wherever they may be found. We continue to move without problems, the repressive blows still fall very far from us. Our solidarity also goes to the warrior Luciano Pitronello and to the 5 accused in the media- judicial-policial frame-up “caso bombas.” The landslide of this stupid case will be as loud as the collapse of this world.

*LONG LIVE INSURRECTIONALIST INTERNATIONALISM!
FOR THE MULTIPLICATION AND QUALIFICATION OF ATTACKS AGAINST THE POWERFUL!
LONG LIVE ANARCHY!*

**ICONOCLASTIC CARAVANS FOR THE FREE WILL
ANTIPATRIOTIC GANG – SEVERINO DI GIOVANNI
EXPLOSIVE GANG – EFRAÍN PLAZA OLMEDO**

Note:

The “Caravanas Iconoclastas por el Libre Albedrío” bombed the Police Investigations Department of Chile in June 2009 and two bourgeois gyms in August of the same year.

The “Banda Antipatriota Severino Di Giovanni” bombed the Ministry of Labour in 2007, the accounting department of the police in 2008 and an urban restaurant in 2010.

The “Banda dinamitera Efraín Plaza Olmedo” put a bomb in a bourgeois hotel in November 2009.

FAI / CCF / FRI / ELF Russia + blackblog.info

Anarchy is a mosaic of denial in which we recognize our common places but also our different references. Inside anarchy our thoughts and practices are in constant evolution, and we listen to the characteristics of different components of which it is composed.

This is the beauty of revolution, there is not one unequivocal truth, neither one orthodox tradition which dictates the right and the wrong. So we, the imprisoned members of CCF, translated the text of the Russians comrades, as we believe it is another contribution in the international dialogue of the anarchists of praxis.

Long live the FAI/IRF

Words of Solidarity With CCF From Some Members of Russian Earth Liberation Front / FAI-IRF

So many of us captured, thrown into prisons, tortured, wounded or even dead. It's getting more and more difficult to mention every comrade in each communique. Yet they are all worth mentioning, they shouldn't fade into obscurity of silence of prison cells. Names whirl in the head... People we've never known, but their dedication and sacrifice for the cause resonates with our worldview, with our own cause. And faces of friends we'll never see again. Dead, murdered by the System. Is it everywhere like this? Are we all alone in this hostile world? Are there other mutineers, saboteurs, discontent? How do we get in touch with all this censorship?

How do we let them know with all this conspiracy of silence in media and society, even among political left? How do we communicate? We don't know their language even. How do we write? Can they translate from Russian? OK, let's just give it a try, we'll see where this'll go soon enough...

As soon as we learned of existence of others like us, we started reading their texts and established rapport through claims of responsibility and mutual expressions of solidarity. It's a wonderful feeling, when one reads a text from another part of the world and yet its clear that people have same concerns, share same ideals and have same passion for freedom and social change, same rage against the status quo. And think about you. Conspiracy of Cells of Fire were first group that breached the blank wall of ignorance for us.

We believe today's Greece could be thought of as a lighthouse for thousands of anarchists around the world who look upon it with hope that somehow people of this country can demonstrate new and easy ways towards world of freedom and equality. We looked deeper. Your daring attacks stroke us as the most appropriate and meaningful way to react to police brutality, economical and social injustices, ignorance of "law-abiding citizens" and political farce. And although most our communiqués are frequently written in light-hearted and elated tones, we know full well that this joy and feeling of closeness with other anarchists around the world doesn't come easy. That every direct action activist pays with her nerves, tears and blood for every letter in every claim of responsibility. And that to put such words on paper it really takes some character and very strong feeling of doing the right thing, of actually getting closer to victory. And we thank you for sincerity and straight-forwardness.

With our words and deeds we express our support for Greek comrades and their cause, but we feel its important for anarchists to fight in their own local battles and undermine authorities where they live, not to travel around hotbeds of successful anarchist resistance and "savour" this riot here or that march there. Much less to sit idly and wait till social war in Greece ends with a victory. Our subversive anarchist struggle should start right here, right now, not when people in yet another country finally decide to show their own government they've had enough.

That's another point of reference that endeared you to us, friends from Conspiracy of Cells of Fire: your sharp and precise, brave (and brash even) voices calling for total break-away from

modern society on all levels, everywhere. Your disagreement to follow “cafe professors of revolution”, voiced a refusal to wait for “revolutionized masses” to rise up. A call for decentralized network of direct action. A motto “Think globally – act locally” put into the most revolutionary practice possible.

We have experienced first-hand the negative reaction and derisive laughter of so-called “anarchist comrades” right after publishing our only lengthy communique so far, where we tried to explain who we were and where did we stand. Today we see and hear more and more anarchists in our region turning towards anarcho-nihilism and moving in the direction of total rejection of the bourgeois-left lifestyle. This happens on all levels in the community: music, publications, statements of responsibility, face-to-face talks, discussions during assemblies. But we know full well how hard and ungrateful it is to voice these ideas for the first time. And this is another reason we feel so much love and tenderness towards you.

Greece is so close in every anarchist heart today, it seems. Some- times people in Russia joke that close friends meet on two occasions: weddings and funerals. For Russian anarchists this closeness with Greek comrades came after police murder of Alexis Grigoropoulos. And yet Greece is so far away in terms of language and events.

By the time information of your activity and your texts reached us, some of you were already captured, others in hiding.

So it was painful indeed to read your thoughts and ideas and at the same time know the fate that awaited some of you and feeling uncertain and anxious for those who managed to go underground. With similar feelings we read scarce words of Ted Kaczynski, Walter Bond and Tortuga, close ones that reach us. With similar cold understanding of inevitability we read recent news of our Indonesian comrades captured after an attack.

But life continues even after capture, and for people of strong character even further struggle for Anarchy is possible, as so many our comrades in Russia have personally learned throughout all these years.

Your words fly out from behind prison bars, get carried away by winds of Anarchy and translated by numerous anonymous comrades around the world, words full of dignity and calm sureness in our cause being right. These words inspire us. By your acts of defiance you set a new level of revolutionary consciousness we believe every anarchist should strive to achieve. And knowledge of your refusal to repent and bow down gives strength to every new wave of anarchist prisoners, you should know that. Big thanks for this very difficult, dangerous and taxing war you’re waging inside prison walls!

Our own liberatory project lies a bit away from the cities and urban guerrilla, however. We’ve made a conscious and dangerous move of bringing our actions to light and kept constant the flow of news of our attacks. Our many- fold aim was to establish communion with other eco-anarchist and insurrectionary groups around the world (which we did), to help our comrades from “blackbloc” project in promoting the new urban guerrilla warfare (which by now is a rage in our lands), to encourage other eco- activists and anarchists on the path of ecological sabotage (which was a success) and to provide intelligence, cover and support for subversive actions of our comrades in the region (a constant in our minds, and a roaring success by the looks of it). It is fall of 2011, and autonomous nazi groups in Russia are either destroyed or went into hiding. Huge repressive apparatus of Russian State, its mechanisms grinding and moaning, slowly turns its attention towards anarchist movement. First lightning has already lit the horizon – the recent arrests and detentions in Moscow. What storm will come we’ve yet to see. But what keeps us

warm in these cold and rainy nights is the thought that finally fledgeling anarchist movement in Russia has managed to become an inner threat dangerous enough for the government to seriously consider putting a yoke on us prior to elections. Guess this means we're doing everything right.

Now we believe it's time for next part of our plan, and so we salute with raised fists and step back into the darkness of our forests and glades. We keep in touch, we carry on fighting side by side with our comrades-in-arms from IRF/ FAI for another world we know is possible. Our participation in IRF/ FAI was made possible in large part because of your efforts, friends, your dedication and courage. This project gave us new and dear companions and co- conspirators, opened our minds to new possibilities of struggle and provided us with a lot to think about.

And for this also we give you our eternal smiles, hugs, kisses, winks and solidarity!

Let the fires of Anarchy be the beacons of hope and encouragement for all excluded and dispossessed worldwide!

After dead cold of winter spring will come!

Earth Liberation Front (Russia) / Informal Anarchist Federation – International Revolutionary Front

Letter From FAI-IRF CCF: Russian Cell

While reading letters written by imprisoned comrades and their communiques, we can feel with all our hearts their hatred towards status quo, their anxiety to create another world by destroying this one. Each line of such texts flows like a stream through your veins. It gets right to the core and stays forever in your soul.

While walking down cold and dark streets of the metropolises, we never forget about hundreds of imprisoned comrades and thousands who have died. Sorrow mixed with anger channeled through a prism of revolutionary consciousness give us a huge pulse to make revolution a reality.

When void and terror of this world suddenly close in, it's sometimes difficult to keep your stance and not to fall into pits of apathy and depression. And only bright rays of ever-shining starlight pierce darkness and give hope. Every day they keep our intent to act warm, each day they breath new life into our willingness to change this world for better, to become better ourselves. The star is called Solidarity.

Fiery words from flaming Greece drive the chill away during cold Russian winters. We've never seen you, and, chances are, we'll never see you, comrades. But you are closer to us than thousands of people we've got to know during our short lives.

Our warm words will be making a long and twisted journey. They are running wild through Russian woods, immolating construction vehicles, they soar high above grey streets of Athens, igniting them with flames of burning police stations. And finally through prison bars they'll get into Your cells, mocking all security measures. While making our most sincere dreams come true on the concrete streets of the metropolises, we came to call each other friends. We found people who we can count upon in any situation. People so close, we can share everything we have with each other.

Power tries to isolate us and crush our resistance, to pick us off one-by-one. They want to instill feelings of paranoia and mistrust. But they will fail. In spite of their expectations, we became even more closer to each other. And while our activity puts us in grave danger, we still dream of a day, when we shall gather again as family. We will be drinking herbal tea that we've

gathered with our own hands and sharing our plans with smiles and laughter. And exchanging tales of our exploits. And this day is not far off. We hope that soon enough you'll be able to give hugs to all your friends as well.

And to get back on the road of adventure. We throw our fists up for you and wish you freedom. Flaming salutes and fiery hugs. And remember, you are not alone in this struggle!

Informal Anarchist Federation \ International Revolutionary Front, Conspiracy of Cells of Fire: Russian Cell

Russia: Solidarity with CCF from Black Blocg

A society, which you find around yourself when you became a kind of conscious individual, should damage you by a great multitude of disgusting injustice which inherent in its very structure. It appears in everything: social institutions, interpersonal mutual relations, imposed pseudo-values and even in patterns of thinking and feeling. All these yawning sores are poisoning every day of our existence. It seems, these hidden bitterness and disappointment are the main reasons why individual comes to an anarchist belief. Anarchist world-view is an attempt to abolish all the constructs, which built in a human world but hostile to a very human nature. To abolish – and to create on the ruins new society of free- dom. Anarchist movement is a community of people which aim their thoughts and actions on realization of a liberation idea.

So it has turned out, in last de- cades anarchist movement, despite all declarations, seems to abandon its main goal. Decadence, cynicism, passivity, doom and squabbles has been enthroned in our ranks. But the fresh wind has suddenly blown. Hearts, that disobedient to the mainstream, has refused to accept the despair of modern world and of that “movement”, which was sup- posed to change it. And that was the moment, when there were born a mixed current, which is marked as an insurrectionary anarchism.

In Russia insurrectionary anarchist tendency for the first time has declared itself a few years ago. Understanding of the hopelessness of previous anarchist tactics in social movements, murders of our comrades by fascists with the connivance of the state and, of course, fires of December uprising in Greece – that was the coincidence of circumstances that has enlightened the path of struggle which we confidently trail today.

We want to underline that at all imperfection of tactics (as though there are perfect tactics!) and all the mistakes that unavoidable on our way, an insurrectionary current has a great meaning for modern anarchism. This sense is not in “violence” about which preach police, media and toy “revolutionaries”. This sense is in the rupture with stinking ruling order. In fighting enthusiasm of immediate revolution, when attack on the system and creating of the new are merging in the one whirlwind. No more we want to put off our struggle and life. We live and fight today. And this is the only approach which makes a chance for victory. The breath of fresh air for the great idea which seemed was ready to fade away – that is the very meaning and merit of insurrectionary anarchism.

And it is completely not casual; world powers have put anarchists from Conspiracy of Cells of Fire (CCF) in the same row with Islamites in their lists of terrorists. Terrorism is a favorite bugbear of all bloody dollar dictators. It is most likely, that soon we will see anarchists as “public enemy number one”, because unlike religious fanatics, we have dared to challenge the root of present order – private property and social hierarchy.

The actions of Conspiracy of Cells of Fire, as well as of many other comrades from Greece and world- wide, always have inspired us and fulfilled us with feeling of unity and hope on victory. So in spite of certain ideological differences (we don't share "nihilism" of CCF and, being insurrectionary anarcho-communists, we aspire to rise a people to rebellion) we express our solidarity with imprisoned comrades and send them our warm revolutionary greetings.

Freedom for all immediately!

We will win! Long live anarchy!

BlackBloc Collective, Russia

Werner Braeuner

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Deutschland*

Text for: International brochure in solidarity with the CCF

When the rulers commit overt crimes, the class-warrior proletariat resists overtly through direct action. To force people into slave labour is an overt crime. If it's committed by Germans, let alone social democrats, an overt and direct attack becomes an irresistibly lustful temptation. I succumbed to this temptation and sent to the eternal gutter a German social democrat director of the *Arbeitsamt* (unemployment office); he will not return from there, this formerly convicted child abuser.

That's why I'm in prison since February 2001, sleep like a baby and look forward each day anew to be part of the worldwide army of anarchy. We like to laugh in this army, and we gladly talk about our struggles. So, hear me out now:

On the day of the deed — I was 46- years-old — I was arrested. I turned myself in, and let them do the guesswork. It took them a few days to comprehend: overt resistance against slave labour! The rulers and their minions know that they themselves are a few, while the proletariats are many. (Only 4 percent of the residents in the capitalist metropolis are psychopaths, according to psychiatrists.) Evidently they saw themselves threatened, because prosecutors and judges notified me through a court-appointed attorney that they would seek to psychiatrize and destroy me if I claimed responsibility in court by naming my deed as overt resistance against slave labour. They openly threatened me with forced medication.

I had to comply with this attorney's line of defense — he is nephew of a social democrat deputy of the Berlin parliament — who recited a freely invented version of the deed before the court; he told a sob story about a desperate unemployed man, whose nerves were on edge since the *Arbeitsamt* director dismissed him and didn't want to deal with his begs for mercy. Thus, overt resistance was recast as man- slaughter, and I got 12 years' imprisonment. They had won the first round. But later I claimed responsibility for my deed through radio interviews and the Internet, loudly and publicly, as overt resistance and direct action against slave labour. Men and women class-warrior proletarians covered me against the danger of psychiatrization, and thus the rulers and their minions were ultimately defeated.

Had I remained silent and accepted the blackmail, I would have been released earlier from prison, in February 2009. But I'd much rather continue to struggle against the class enemy, even

if the State and the Justice should designate for this reason that I am a 'subsisting danger', in order to put me after the prison term, in February 2013, under an indefinite 'preventive detention'.⁶

And even if they were to do that, they will lose. It causes them much more harm when they show their fear. Those who will win are US. Little by little the superpowers will disappear from this planet, until only one superpower is left that needs no masters, kings, states or gods: the proletariat, US! Therefore, the ruling class along with their social-democratic hounds and their minions ought not to open their mouths wide; they ought not to charge the Conspiracy of Cells of Fire with terrorism. The CCF attacks were not directed against the proletariat. Everyone knows that; whoever says otherwise is a liar.

Long live the revolutionary fractions of the worldwide proletariat, and those due to join these fractions in the battles yet to come!

Twelve gunshots fired into the air as a salute to the brothers and sisters of the Conspiracy of Cells of Fire!

Five arrows and a black star for the Informal Anarchist Federation/International Revolutionary Front!

Werner ex nihilo plentitudines

(*plentitude* out of nothing)

November 1st, 2011

Daive Delogu

I send my heartfelt greetings and strong solidarity to the comrades of the Conspiracy of the Cells of Fire, who are tackling and developing the clash in the ongoing social war with force and determination. The revolutionary practice that the comrades are carrying out is an essential contribution for the constant reaffirmation of what characterizes the trajectory to be taken.

I totally agree with the analysis and action for the continuation of the revolutionary growth of the international coordination so that this ability can be placed in front of the existent with shattering strategies, perpetually in movement everywhere. For the revolutionary international front!

Each one with their own specificity, which can only strengthen the relations and projectuality to be carried out. May the call of the CCF stimulate the impetus of the insurrectional fire, the lead of vengeance, the dynamite of the damned in the brotherhood of the struggle and its destructive capacity!

The practice that belongs to us manifests itself in our very existence and direct action, and no court, no repressive methodology, no matter how subtle it becomes in time, can ever stop the anarchist fire of freedom, which keeps on flaring up endlessly. Strengthened by all this, let's make it possible for the noise of the prison walls being blown to pieces to be heard, for the real liberation of the comrades kidnapped in the cells of the enemy, as one of the main goals of existential explosion with which the revolutionary project is being put in action!

⁶ *Sicherungsverwahrung*. Indefinite prolongation of prison term, a regime based on a 1933 Nazi law, which allows the German authorities to keep individuals incarcerated after serving their overall sentence, as long as the latter are considered a 'danger to public safety'. This type of 'preventive detention' is actually an indeterminate life sentence that follows a 'regular sentence'. In May 2011, the Federal Constitutional Court of Germany issued a verdict on *Sicherungsverwahrung* deeming it "unconstitutional", yet this decision does not annul its implementation in practice.

To the daring warriors of the CCF who don't give up and continue to attack the real instruments of dominion, who demonstrate the combatant passion for freedom by inflaming the cells where they are being kept: I express and support in constant revolt the indefeasible solidarity bond! A fraternal and subversive hug to you, comrades, together in the assaults on those Matrix who lock us up. Let's consolidate what was started!

CCF free now! With my insurrectional anger on fire, I salute you with passion!

Davide Dalogu

30th October 2011

P.S. According to the calculations of the judiciary, I'll be released in 2027. The main charge against me is attempted murder, a 12-year sentence. During this time of death imposed by the State and its servants it is necessary to be an active and integral part of the struggle, trying to shoot at the current situation of imprisonment with all the resistance fighters in a projectual way.

For all comrades, the address of the prison where I'm currently detained is:

Davide Delogu, Carcere di Buoncammino, Viale Buoncammino19, 03123 CAGLIARI (SAR-DINIA), ITALY

Francisco Pancho Moreno

Comrades:

I send these words from a jail in \$hile. Before informing you of my dehumanizing prison situation, I express my full support and solidarity to you, free minds and rebels. It is imperative that we stay united in this fight, and break the isolation by dealing with the powerful street agitation invisibly raising their insurrectionary flames worldwide.

I hope these words will be of great help to stand firm and feed their indomitable souls that have had the courage to confront State / Capital and all its prevailing "order".

We are prone to incarceration because we choose to be ourselves, to live a life without chains and not being ruled by authoritarian power. We are not afraid to be different, being aware and proud individuals who do not hesitate to declare war on the oppressors.

Institutional brutality does not weaken us, oppression creates resistance. They can lock us in these tombs for the living, the jailers can try unsuccessfully to humiliate us, the bourgeois press may use their weapons to weaken us, to create "public opinion", the flawed prosecution tries to intimidate us with their "exemplifying sentences". But they can never satisfy this hunger for freedom that is DEMONSTRATED BY OUR REVIDICATIONS.

DETENTION:

\$hile today is convulsing, street revolt is present throughout the Nazional territory.

There is widespread discontent, the repudiation of the ruling class is growing every day.

The powerful profit from everything possible ... with our lands.

Our sweat.

Our blood.

On July 14, I actively participated in combat action and street agitation. Hooded, I defended myself against the terrorist state in the form of violent oppression by police bastards.

The next day I was formalized on three counts:

- Transport of an incendiary weapon (Molotov).

- “Serious” injuries to a bastard in uniform.
- Minor injuries to another uniformed bastard.

I was released in “freedom” because of little evidence and contradiction in the statements against me (the same pigs were police witnesses). Now began the machinations of power, there was an entire TV show by the bourgeois press, using their guns, criminalization of social revolt and everybody who participated was proud of it. Obviously the political class wanted to be part of the TV show. The president and their puppets appeared before the cameras to be part of the manipulation. They showed their displeasure for leaving me in the street and not behind bars, as they want. So the days passed and I was again subjected to a flawed judicial process, where they decide to “surprise” me in prison since July 22. Besides, the charges against me were reclassified, now I’m accused of attempted murder, which obviously increases the years of confinement.

I have been met with hostility in these dungeons, jailers (vile parasites) earn their dirty money trying to humiliate us, but we have not given up our comrades and our gaze is higher than ever, no blow eliminates our identity, our anti-authoritarian thinking.

We’ve been hit, trying to create in us a daily routine that is disgusting, believing they can make us “brainwashed” to come out obedient to authority. Morons, all they do is to increase our hatred with more force and give our struggle more and more conviction. I do not believe in the laws made by humans to enslave humanity!

“Faced with deaf ears, new ideas will sail through with acts of rebellion.” DOWN WITH THE WALLS OF THE PRISON - LONG LIVE INSURRECTION

A fraternal hug to all of you. Indomitable minds.

Francisco Moreno

Freedom-hungry political prisoner.

24-July-2011 from prison Santiasko 1.

(translator: “Santiasko” pun between Santiago and disgust.)

Marco Camenisch

Companion, dear comrades of the Conspiracy of Cells of Fire, first phase:

Maybe too late, surely too short I respond to your call, to your proposal. But I respond with a solid heart, within the timeless moment of the struggle for freedom.

I respond with warmth and revolutionary love, within the timeless time of our revolutionary path without history, beyond any false story of the rulers, where our generations in struggle are the only present always alive.

I salute and embrace you as I embraced the signs, the many brave signs of your actions and words and those of others, and others like us, that reach into at about 7.000 days of prison without ever being boring, desperate, regretful. They are signs of presence, continuity and diffusion of struggle for freedom, where 0 or 7.000 days of prison don’t matter, because they are signs of the same struggle, because what matters is the struggle for life, for freedom. The years, centuries of prison or our deaths in combat don’t matter. They are heavy as mountains, but don’t matter because, if the struggle lives, we continue to live; we continue to live because dead or with centuries of prison, we fell as free women and men and these we remain. Because who has lived and who lives truly - the struggle has lived - and we live the freedom that brings us together. So, our

rebel spirit can never go back to the vile and annihilating slavery of this civilization of masters and murderous thieves, with their history and their time of destruction and exploitation.

A rebel and insurgent spirit is a serene spirit, spirit without time because it lives in a continuous present made of solidarity. Solidarity that by definition joins generations, joins the efforts, joins the act, joins our life, joins our hearts, as much as they may be different and materially far away are and lived, live and will live!

They may do their trials, they are just the signs of their cowardice, of their fear, of their decline. They may call us terrorists, it is just the sign that we hit our target, it is just the sign of their defeat in front of every sign of the rampant insurrection. Insurrectional rumblings and insurgent individualities that, one by one and all together, demonstrate that they don't support their government, their terror, their lies and divisions that for millenniums they had to use continuously to continue their exploitation and domination, to continue their crazy way of global destruction.

Solidarity, love and courage to you comrades of the Conspiracy of Cells of Fire, to you that already have a name, that they want ridiculously process because of the revolutionary struggle cannot be processed!

Solidarity, love and courage to you comrades of the Conspiracy of Cells of Fire without name, of the second phase, that, carrying the revolutionary offensive and retaliation that makes masters tremble and so their servants, you are the living demonstration that the revolutionary struggle cannot be processed!

Solidarity, love and courage to you comrades all over the world, who are the rampant insurrection and organization that will defeat every authority, every State, every master, giving back life, giving back the future, giving back the freedom to this world.

For permanent insurrection, until total Liberation, Anarchy!

Marco Camenisch,

November 2011, from the Swiss jail.

Note:

In 1980 Marco was sentenced to 10 years for damaging electricity pylons and transformers, once against the NOK company (which ran nuclear power plants in Switzerland) and once against their distributors, the Sarelli company. The sentence was very harsh: 10 years. Marco was well aware this reflected the seriousness of what was at stake: the ecocide perpetrated by the power industry as part of the wider system of destruction, which formed the target of his own struggle. In December 1981 Marco escaped from Regensdorf prison with other 5 inmates and went into hiding for 10 years. In November 1991 he was arrested again following a routine ID check in the town of Massa, Tuscany. There was a shooting after one carabinieri (Italian paramilitary police) saw that Marco had a gun and panicked; Marco and one carabinieri were injured. This time Marco got a 12- year sentence for injuring the carabinieri and for another attack against the power lines between La Spezia and Acciaiollo, which transported energy produced by French nuclear plants. He did 11 of the 12 years in Italy, waiting to be extradited to Switzerland. In May 2002 Marco was subjected to a show-trial designed to politically damage the wider struggle against ecocide, and to punish Marco for his defiance in showing no remorse for his actions. In flagrant disregard for the state's own legal process, Marco got charged and convicted for the murder of a completely different Customs policeman in 1989 in Brusio, and sentenced for 17 years. With this sentencing the Lords of the Atom and their accomplices "settled the score" with Marco – including the previous 10 and 11-year sentences – a total of 39 years of imprisonment. Longer than a life sentence. In May 2007 the sentence was reduced to a maximum of

8 years, with release scheduled to be in May 2018. He is currently under investigation in 'Operation Ardire'.

Zerman Elias

My arrest:

September 22, 2011, Santiago de Chile, 14:00 Hrs. Park Almagro, I am at a demonstration when my arrest comes after throwing a Molotov cocktail at a police car trying to disperse the activists with tear gas. After having thrown the petrol bomb, I noticed some plainclothes policemen (infiltrators in the crowd) that mingled among activists with their faces covered, that's why I decided to get rid of any possible evidence that I had in my backpack (3 Molotov cocktails more and 2 liters of petrol), when I went to a hidden place to get rid of clothing and change clothing. That is when two plainclothes police forcibly grabbed me and took me to a police car in the company of a soldier who suddenly appeared; 23rd of the same month I am brought to court which decides to give me 60 days remand for being considering a public danger, along with being charged with - transport and use of incendiary weapons - property damage - public disorder charges which were prolonged (or so I believe) due to public opinion and government pressure on judges. The government aims to keep all activists in prison, so that to the people we represent "exemplary punishment" a totally cowardly despotic example by the Chilean government against all existing activists.

The fear of the bourgeois class is evident, its witch hunt is nothing more than a desperate measure to a reality that its trying to hide, discontent and contempt for all kinds of figures and hierarchies is increasingly. You can smell fear in every street, you can smell and see it in the bourgeois press, the government is afraid of our struggle, those who will never rest until we see this imposed "order" break down. So that we can build a new society free from the clutches of the oppressive despots.

LIVING IN A DUNGEON

'Company', is the only word that can describe the filthy jail called "Santiago 1" in which I find myself prisoner, from the perspective of these months, seeing it as a dirty business that profits from the freedom of individuals, whose main beneficiaries are the dealership building the estate, which receives money for the defendant, the complainant tax gross earning extra money for each prisoner and the person who benefits from state public opinion. Of the show of "criminals and useless savages" being punished by the great and proper government, at this point we can not ignore the corrupt bourgeois press that supports the state position and plays a fundamental role when shaping public opinion which benefits the state government approval polls. This greatly influences voting in the upcoming elections for re- election (which is a disgusting show, a montage of television, a useless government and media spectacle making itself available to corruption and stench). There are many spots advertising political parties:

"Tough on criminals" "Criminals, the party's over" "Stop the revolving door of prisons" ... and many more.

Other terms that are no less important than 'company', that describe this prison are, 'abuse of power', 'corruption', 'routine', 'constant beatings', 'psychological abuse', 'overcrowding', 'brutal' and 'inhuman punishments'. These are among the many terms that may reflect an inhuman reality in which "live" (if you can call this living) thousands of inmates in Santiago 1.

In this prison the daily business is seen as the brutal beatings a jailer may tip to any gesture of rebellion, individuality or strength.

This was forged to introduce into prison inmates a “discipline” that is nothing more than “teaching” made up of batons and kicks to make submission “re-enable” and “reintegrate” you into society ... really pure SHIT. The damn jailer aims to have the power over your life, to be master of your will and desires, with power backed by government institutions and the submission of the prison population from a beating of the jailer bastards, they bow their heads and think it is “normal” to be trampled by one of these bastards.

Due to this, my constant stance of defiance got me into conflict with a jailer, who remained stupefied to see that I was defending myself against this infamy. This is one of hundreds of examples; an inmate once told me that after being beaten by six officers, was taken to a “punishment cell” which he described as a cell of about 4x4 meters, with wet floor, no seats or table, a mattress on the floor (obviously wet), the walls covered in shit, an incredible stench and a small plastic pot for prisoners to do their basic needs. To that nasty place, he was put naked and wet, beaten and bloodied; Upon entering the cell, beaten again and pepper sprayed in the eyes, and then abandoned in there for about 2 days without food or water, in that filthy place.

Despite the in-human condition, the strength is something that abounds, convictions grow every second, the desire to fight against all authority are enhanced more and more. Wanting to break the prisons that enslave us, the prison is one of the things we have in common, so we will fight for our freedom until our last breath.

While my body is imprisoned, my mind is more free than ever, it will not ever change!

Zerman Elias Vallej

Thomas Meyer Falk

Solidarity to all the comrades of CCF

Dear friends and comrades over there, I want to send all the imprisoned comrades of C. C. F. my best, warmest and deepest solidarity greetings.

Like always before, prisons are still places of so many dreams; the authorities try to make it to a hell, and there still exist prisons in so many countries which we should call “hell”, but the servants of the states will never break our dreams. And it is our turn to fight to make the dreams living, to bring them to reality. C. C. F. are an inspiration for comrades and movements in many countries, even they are outside or behind the bars. I fully agree with the strategic of C. C. F. called “to take its life in its hands”. We have to stand up and fight back. No time to wait for whatever.

Clenched fist salute! In the struggle...

Thomas Meyer - Falk

Note: Thomas Meyer-Falk is a long-term anarchist prisoner held hostage for a bank robbery in Germany, which was intended to fund radical left projects.

Braulio Arturo Duran González

Technology, dogmas, dependency injected into the minds of the weak. Plastic status cemented by the established order under the warning ‘do not break’

with the oh-so-precious “social peace”... the undermining of the insurrection with the threat of death and imprisonment in sewers full of supposed reintegration, so that we can live in the margins of “happiness”.

Hello, my name is Braulio Arturo Duran González, vegan eco-anarchist prisoner accused of sabotaging a banking institution (specifically accused of causing damage with fire against to cash machines) in the city of León, Guanajuato, México...

On the 24th of September 2010 I was intercepted by two agents of the ministerial police while I was heading out to buy some food. I was detained exactly one year after the event, as the action in question took place in 2009. After a year of investigations an order of arrest was requested for me apparently by the CIE (Special Investigations Office), which was denied due to supposed lack of evidence, to which they appealed to a magisterial judge where it was finally accepted.

After my arrest I was pressured to admit to innumerable actions, to which I refused and only the bank sabotage was left... as I have already said, right now I find myself in the Centre for Social Reintegration in León Guanajuato. They have sentenced me to three years, ten months and fifteen days in prison receiving the benefit of community work and the ability to obtain my “liberty” if I was to pay the reparation for the damage that reaches hundreds of thousands of pesos, which will not be paid because as is well known, we simply want the money to burn (in the words of a great comrade), so that we will keep on fighting until we can get out of this place.

As I have already said I am again awaiting sentencing because after my appeal my trial was restarted (supposedly due to problems with my defence) and they put everything on me again, so at this moment I am without sentence. Hopefully things will turn out favourably and I can continue fighting. I firmly believe that direct action is and will always be something extremely transcendental. We know well now that the main factor sustaining the corporations is money, through self-perpetuation and self-reproduction creating a consumer society and in turn a dominant empire, which will end up making us dependent on them.

They’ve made us believe that life cannot be life without them. They simply manipulate us by saying that life will be more difficult unless we acquire their unnecessary technology and almost all the time we believe that this is how it is and we’re not capable of questioning or rejecting it.

Direct action will end their hierarchy bit by bit, and consequently wear out their support (although it might not seem so, it will) and so sabotage is a part of our own methods of autonomy.

Many people talk of “freedom” and revolution, others mention direct action from a merely reformist position, which is totally incongruent because direct action means what it says.

Others are not even ready to question whether they are truly ready to run the risk. There are very few that are truly ready and break with their own passivity and decide to put words into action, leaving behind the fear that usually arises from their bodies, acting anonymously, destroying their authoritarian civilization. But there is always something that remains – consequences. Consequences are not easy, they are hard, bitter and painful; consequences are death or fucking prison... prison is cold, it destroys your memories and your feelings or it turns you into an insensitive robot.

The jail distances you and envelops you, putting rubbish into your mind bit by bit; jail takes you away from those close to you and hurts them; jail makes you dependent on so many things and sometimes not even you yourself realize it – the truth is that there are so many things you could never imagine in these places. Nobody has ever said it would be easy, but despite this you fight to change it, you run the risk of everything for nothing, in spite of knowing that nothing

will be the same again. No-one said that we would be the same people we were before but even so we break our own preconceptions and for the moment we have to put up with it. I know that one day (I do not know when), I know that things will change. This is something very strong in my heart and when this day arrives things will change and the moment will arrive to collect for every deception, every upset, every tear from those bastards that took me hostage... remember there is no justice, there is revenge and so the page will turn.

Take heart comrades, you that are in the same situation that I find myself, do not falter, fight day after day and do not let them rob you of your freedom that is in your mind because perhaps we are imprisoned physically but they cannot imprison our minds (even though at times it seems as though they can), strength! Do not let them turn you into what they want you to be... LOVE AND DO AS YOU WISH, BUT LOVE!

I have always said that: *"I prefer to die believing that I fought for something than die of an overdose; I prefer to die believing that I can change the world than believe that the everything is all rosy; I prefer to die at the barricades than die in a filthy prison like the one I find myself in now – a dignified death is the one of the revolutionary."*

Strength to all my comrades held hostage in the struggle, take courage and do not let this spirit nor the struggle waver! ... all the poems and great texts that you wish to share can be made available to this simple comrade.

MUCH STRENGTH COMRADES, THE STRUGGLE IS GROWING EVERY NIGHT...
FREEDOM TO POLITICAL PRISONERS! HEALTH.

Braulio Arturo Duran González.

Centro de Reinserción Social León, Guanajuato.
Carretera Leon-Cueramaro Km 7.5
León Guanajuato, México
C.p. 36700

Luca "Billy" Bernasconi

"The interpretation we want to give to the term 'detrimental' exceeds by far the ability to intervene with the consent of an organism. We have before our eyes the detriment of culture, political and social. But what we want to show in this difficult and painful situation for us is the method which characterizes the bonds of authority. Technology and its handling, the destruction of life, the intervention in inheritance, the researches of scientific industries, a result of thousands years of dominating and human-centric thought. Partly 'everything will be ok', despite the health problem which accompanies the basic values of a technological civilization, which feeds from the time and the lives of thousands of human individualities and non-human ones. Which sieves and divides living creatures into races, species, into standard categories on a hierarchically classified ladder based on the needs of civilization. In a web of global crisis it is basic to observe that this system resorts to technology in order to extend its own life. After 'spending' the planet, transforming it into a refuge of resources for the greedy appetites of the human elite, after digging it, wiping it out and poisoning it, now it continues to run to science, primary virtue of the conservation of the present correlations of dominance, coming to the point of offering to sacrifice – research even the profound depths which

make life biologically possible. The struggle against detriment cannot be separated from the social web which reproduces them and makes them necessary. This means to bring a fundamental critique to the economic humiliation and the techno-scientific evolution in their totality, without stopping at limited matters of technology. Starting from the production of a product as a production of detriment, going onto the production (fake) needs, in an always increasing commercialization of the human, to come to the system itself where absolute detriment controls such productions, programming the limits of tolerance and configuring their perception and acceptance”

Excerpt from the “*Manifesto of Collaboration against every detriment*” which is included in “*Nanotechnology – the philosophical stone of dominance*”, **Il Silvestre** 2011.

The afternoon of April 15th 2010 I was arrested together with Silvia Guerini and Constantino Ragusa because at a police check they found on us a small quantity of explosives, flammable materials and communiques for a sabotage against the European centre of nanotechnology research (still under construction), a cooperation between the multinational IBM and the federal polytechnic university of Zurich. After 15 months of investigation and ‘smart findings’ from the side of the federal prosecutors, on July 23rd 2011 the court took place against us, from which we were sentenced to 3 years and 4 months, and 3 years and 8 months respectively, while still in Italy an interrogative investigation of the prosecutors of Turin investigates also some other incidents. During the investigations as well as during the trial we refused to participate in the game of the predictable usual roles: the role of the guilty who search for mitigations, excuses and accepts their guilt or the role of the innocent, who despair for the charges, who ask for an alleged significance of the justice of the judges and protests within legitimacy. Within its expression “justice is made up!” There is no role for those who deny all roles neither is there a capable authority which despises all the other authorities.

Legality, the wretched god, protector of industrialist religions, is an emergence of authority. It is a bond of light nailed on the eyes in order to preserve blurry the vision of all those who made the acceptance of the existing state of things their faith and resignation their first trial. Through legality authority absorbs all objections and outbreaks for a deep change. It de-activates every possible and probable revolutionary or radical carrier in order to replace it with the form of a ‘right’ or a ‘must’. A concession or an obligation which does not threaten authority.

In order to remind this every day it confers about the ‘major matters’ of the planet such as poverty in the world and organizes campaigns against these ‘collateral losses’ of our western society, which it allegedly ‘fights for’ (considering though that undisputable profit which it offers conserves them rather than fighting them in reality). Thus are followed faithfully the limits of exploitation and property of the industries and their co-operators within an economic delirium and the legalization of governments and their accomplice authorities of looting and annihilation, as much in the north as well as the south of the whole equator. Other times authority ‘celebrates’ the memory of struggles of the past, such as the one of the feminists with women today having tones of texts full with rights with contribution choir of the church. At the same moment neither patriarchy neither male sexism have made a step back, on the contrary have a foundational role in society. To provide smiles, breasts and heart to encourage the trade. Similarly we can also speak about the animals who in the western countries receive more ‘care’ from so many foreign ‘illegals’, with a nonsense of laws, the attempt to confirm legal justice. But in reality the possibility of animals to survive remains always tied to them being transformed into objects of a circus or a

zoo, adventures inside the parks or into food as sub-products. Struggles which through legality, the system oppressed them, absorbed them and changed them into a support for itself.

Authority means first of all to become arrogant of your privileges in front of others and there is a naivety in the thought that those who are allegedly above privileges, who on those have built and based all of their being, they spontaneously disclaim them because they are covered by the 'beautiful' protests into moulds and poorer social conventions. We have it in front of our eyes constantly. Whoever has a privilege does everything to preserve it beginning from making us believe that it has mysteriously disowned reality. This is a role of democracy: it produces illusions in order to guarantee that nothing changes. To guarantee through a game of politicians-supporters, who are all the same, outside the ballot on which they place their cross the moment they vote, that all intentions for a change return to legality. In this magic little word which between their fans can transform all the loathing that surrounds us and has turned every live existence and element of this earth, into an exploitative source by the capitalist system, into work, good and right.

We know the level of illusions produced by democracy: it gives out deportations to the foreigners who moved into 'welcome centres' inside the ring of bombings carried out during 'peaceful operations'. It shares out destructions, the fruit of urbanism and of land exploitation, resulting in 'natural destructions', in the name of surveillance, patrols in the neighbourhoods, the militarization in sequence with the states of emergency, naming them 'security measures', bending the etymological significance of the term which should have been indicated through the exact opposite. Without the need of such a circus... However when they import to the people, the suspicion that they are cheating us, that behind all these lights, advertisements, pompous celebrations of democracy, there's only a frantic emptiness of everything because we are looted inside and in our interpersonal relations, with the emptiness of the (non) lands we ended up living in, with the culture of merchandise, with our lives at the service of economy... Even then in the mind of the people the reaction is another motive for them to surrender again one more time in their hands, the dominators in their own 'rights', always looking for new settings: more responsibility in the production and consumption of the merchandise-garbage, more humane metropolises, more economic development,... there is no limit to the deceiving.

Today, the mother of all illusions is the techno-scientific development. If the trust in this indoctrination of 'progress' and 'development' is almost totalitarian, totalitarian is the deterioration which it has established on us. A deterioration through a 'freedom of choice' which is however changed into marginalization and isolation when the choice is not the proposed one and is applied independently of terms. The dynamics are established with defined technological gadgets; very much stabilizing the dynamics which move in the total of 'free' society. Where spontaneous conformism does not reach, it comes in with small steps of the obligations for the creation of false needs, fantasy and the removal of every alternative solution so nothing will remain except to condemn the fact that you can make an autonomous and significant choice therefore better and righter.

Behind the techno-scientific evolution there is nothing more than the almost romantic dream of the modern 'pioneers' and 'visionaries' of future society (or even better the egotistical version of researchers and scientists in the search for glory, career, and civilization). It is in practise a procedure for which these people work in the service of transforming the present, which touches all and everyone without exclusion. It is not only an 'improvement' of the present existence, but a deep changing of the characteristics, creating something new, upcoming to be transformed

into something else. From this change which functions as an incentive for the hunger of the fantasist manufacturers, only some sci-fi scenarios come to our ears. When at the first stage of production, the progress of research fields of nano and biotechnology, neuroscience and IT, are not made known to us. Probably not even their own inspirers realize what they are putting into motion. But it is of course the direction to which they are pushing us, which means towards a further desperation of the present fake life and their own detriments. They intend maybe to realize the promises with which they govern today: maybe they limited the levels of CO2, saved some specific animals from the labs and slaughterhouses; they allow us to intervene and act in the discussions of authority with the Social Network, but the foundations of the system will never be altered: the privilege of a minority to exploit everything and all the rest.

This is why even more, the duty of whoever does not want to throw oil on the mechanisms of the system, but wants to stop them, whoever has rage in their soul for every time that they look around they see numerous forms of exploitation, oppression and humiliation, and do not want to contain this rage, is to not let their spirit soften through the limits of a peaceful protest and one allowed by the strong ones. It cannot comply to the values, ethic and a virtuous dominant hypocrisy of society and all those alleged thinkers who disown the violent and violence on the basis of their calm lives. The violence of plenty they call 'prosperity', those who produce it, consume it and through the urban habits, defend its power. The rage cannot make its characteristic that which claims a simple piece of the pie, which are the basic ingredients of our lives, alienated and passive, based on the looting of the people, the seas and the land of this earth. The fact that the 'protectors' of this world, condemn us and persecute us must be interpreted as a seal of their loss.

I conclude by giving a greeting and lots of strength to you, comrades in Greece, beyond the walls and bars that divide us, beyond the mountains and sea that separate us and beyond the particularities which distinguish us (and which must not be lapsing through categorizations). Beyond the courses, the strategies and the different paths of struggle we have taken between us, but which climb on the same hills and show the same peak, the attack on the reasons of this present detriment, the destruction of every aspect of dominance, total liberation.

Solidarity is a weapon sharpened better than oppression. Greeting and solidarity to all hostages of war who we call comrades.

Billy (Luca Bernasconi)

From a prison of social peace, December 2011

Note: *Billy was released 19 August 2012.*

Jock Palfreeman

To all the prisoners of war we call comrades:

My name is Jock Palfreeman, I've served almost 4 years of a 20 year sentence for defending 2 Roma against a nationalist attack of 15. I was charged with the murder of 1 and the attempted murder of another. My case is documented further at **freejock.com** and I don't want to wish to waste words on it here.

For almost 4 years now I've been officially kidnapped in Sofia central prison - State of Bulgaria. The realities of my case censored from the Bulgarian public by a state sponsoring media. I stay strong and look forward to the next 16 years as I know with all the essence of my being that

what I did was right. Prisoners of war (P.O.W) are not victims of injustice like the “liberals” speak about in their self-justifying wank. We are willing enemies of the capitalist states and their organs. Prison should never be glorified as a prisoner knows there is nothing glorious about prison. We are cut- off, deaf, dumb and blind. But this is an admittance of success imparted by the state. Protests are sanctified by the capitalist state as the state knows that all protests have parameters and within these parameters the demands of the people are annulled. I would be so arrogant as to presume that many incarcerated comrades who took up means of direct action did so after several wasted years of shouting in endless marches to the bemusement of the petty bourgeois shop owners. Indeed the only benefit of this wasted time in our lives is that we now understand that it was wasted.

Protesters are not jailed as they pose no threat to the status quo of the capitalist elite. In this regard we must ask ourselves “why are we in prison?”. Exactly as we do pose a threat to the status quo. Incarceration is the state’s acknowledgment that we challenge their legitimacy to control our lives. Due to this knowledge I wake up (almost) every morning with a smile. Although our enemies still sit on the throne of oppression, that throne has been shaken.

We as P.O.Ws should draw further strength from those who came and went before us. From the Greek students who stared down the guns of the state as they invaded the universities to the miners of Australia at the Eureka Stokade. What we share with these people spanning through history as well as national or cultural bounds is that we’ve all declared “enough is enough” despite the real potential of death or capture we’ve all followed our conscience first.

We became enemies of the capitalistic state as we refused to live under their submission without resistance. Although we are in “prison”, we always were, as the comrade outside still are. The cameras recording our lives, police attacks and murders, censorship and brainwashing. The only difference between the state inside the prison walls and outside them is quantity. The crimes of the capitalist state that are committed against the outsiders are the same committed against us insiders. And the crimes committed by the state within the prison walls you can be certain are committed against the outsiders. The only difference is the quality of the same oppression.

Specifically I’m speaking to the comrades who have never been incarcerated. Every attack or set up you’ve experienced at the hands of the state agents, we experience it everyday. Every beating you’ve ever experienced, we experience it everyday. Every time you’ve felt hungry, we experience hunger everyday. Every time you’ve experienced a cold night, we experience it every night of winter. We share the exact same problems inside and outside of prison, but the state uses the separation in prison to focus its tyranny. In prison its purified and concentrated.

As we share the same tyranny as our comrades outside we also share the same hopes and dreams. I remember EVERY act of solidarity with my case. My heart jumps with joy every blow against capitalism. When I think of the comrades from the Conspiracy of Cells of Fire who showed such extraordinary solidarity I feel a pain of guilt in my heart that comrades were sentenced so harshly for their acts of solidarity. Yet instantly my heart rejoices as I know why they did what they did. I know they knew the repercussions of their actions before committing them. It was wholeheartedly and consciously that they decided to solidarity in the only meaningful way possible to so many Prisoners Of War.

Relatively out of context, I’d like to highlight my problems that affect me in prison. Although pan European solidarity has been shown (including direct action) there still remains a total lack of solidarity or direct action within the state of Bulgaria. Not a single murmur of solidarity from where it should be expected the most. My proposal or idea is to export resistance from where it

is plentiful to where it is lacking. All too often I read about solidarity actions being committed in different states to where the issue is located. But Bulgaria seems to be a complete black hole on the European map of resistance. With the cross workings of European states, including Europol, N.A.T.O and businesses, we too must be more prepared to seek out the enemy behind any borders s/he is hiding behind, despite cultural, lingual or national difference.

How is it possible that Greece is on the brink of revolution, yet in Bulgaria hordes of fascists burn the houses of Roma unopposed?

I stopped asking the question “where are the Bulgarian comrades in Bulgaria?” many years ago. Now I ask “where are the Greek comrades in Bulgaria?” How can such a thing as a state border be such a separator of a movement that claims it holds no value for borders?

Our comrades in eastern Europe are greatly outnumbered. In Bulgaria there is no resistance to fascism, only the empty words of the ‘liberals’ who have the nerve to call themselves anarchists. As far as I know, I’m the ONLY anti- fascist in prison in Sofia, you might think that a good thing, but it can’t be forgotten that we are their enemies; the lack of anti- fascists in Bulgarian prisons is reflective of the lack of resistance.

Although I have no contact with the Conspiracy of Cells of Fire (C.C.F) or the Informal Anarchist Federation (FAI), I recognise that they are part of an effective minority. While the ‘liberals’ try to negotiate with the non- negotiable, the organisations like the C.C.F and the F.A.I are the only ones who scare the plump politicians. The C.C.F and the F.A.I are the physical manifestations of the desires of many who are too scared to realise them. The obvious evolution is the Black International, whereby the states that hold our Prisoners Of War will know that we will not be forgotten as numbers on files in a prison archive. As we pay our lives, the state should not be held any less accountable for their crimes then they hold us accountable.

*LONG LIVE THE C.C.F, UNTIL THE WORLD STOPS SPINNING
RAGE FROM THE CAGE*

Jock Palfreeman

Federico Buono

Dear comrades,

I want to give my little contribution of solidarity to the members of the CCF through this piece of writing.

Federico Buono

“Revolution is existential struggle”

Panagiotis Argirou, member of the Conspiracy of Cells of Fire

A Trajectory From Sparks to Fire...

From the darkness of social pacification a new propulsive force is emerging, which destroys and annihilates everything - regardless of anything else: normal daily life is being shattered and overturned like advancing darkness that refuses the drowsiness induced by the ‘artificial’ lights of stable certitudes.

Abandoning an insignificant world and the immovable reality of a life regulated by artificial mechanisms.

There exists no quiet acquiescence towards the respect of the rules of honour that sound human life, in a continuous repetition of mechanic gestures, artifacts in their essence, and which stop their 'way of being' in a limbo of frustrations.

Theory is put in practice and practice is put in theory without being stopped by neither a 'collective no', which determines the silence imposed in order not to lose the 'certitudes of life', nor by compromise.

When one's hands and mind shake in unison in an exasperating rift of free conscience and free will, it means that from inside our awareness a dream bursts out, a dream transformed into real necessity to change the air that one breathes, in a destructive fire and for the destruction of the order which has been reigning so far – cutting off all ties.

The experience of 'constant attack' of the Conspiracy of Cells of Fire – which are far away from the world of 'bourgeois laws' – without any certitude, annihilates all that 'allow' the citizen to live an existence of claustrophobic normality.

Concentrating oneself on the concept of normal and abnormal sounds the way of life of those who demand from themselves and what surrounds them a sharp and opposing refusal of a life which means 'no life'.

Concentrating oneself on necessary destruction and carry it out requires an effort which is bigger than one's expectations. Expectations determine the state of permanent immobility and reduce one's desires of revolt, in a mere representation of one's daily life.

The intensity of choices that refuse all compromises and attack the legitimate society, with its codes and values, its uniforms and cops, sets us in conflict with our enemies, in a refusal of the imposed rules of a civilized living together.

This is total rupture with those instances of pacification, which want us to adapt to the current law and which always place themselves only on a position of reactive defence.

To take back one's life has a deep significance in the reality we face every day: it is the experimentation of forms of attack that free the individual from the morals inside us, by totally annihilating the authority, which is no abstract principle but which is made of 'flesh and bones'. In order to destroy this authority, one must 'renounce' any compliance towards what we feel belongs to us. 'Renouncing' breaks a wall made of social acceptance, discipline, sacred respect for friendship and life, for refusal of material and dialectic clash, and it creates the basis for refusing Authority and all its acolytes!

With their revolutionary outcome of negation of dominant values, the Conspiracy of Cells of Fire, with their actions as well as communiqués, brings about a new way of understanding the method of action, no longer based on the difference among classes but on the opposition to the 'classes'.

The actions and communiqués that arrive at destination give 'propulsive destruction' to the world in revolt, and every time they turn over the stillness that creates fear of reaction, and in a perpetual movement, the reaction of ideas, in a leading abandonment of the revolutionary aspect!

'We have never acted within the boundaries marked by orthodox social struggle that only speak the language of class struggle and economic analysis, obviously ignoring the individual responsibility of the representatives of authority. We are enemies of both the hand that holds the whip and the back that accept it passively. That's why we speak of revolution in daily life, reversal of compromises and uniqueness of the individual.'
(CCF)

It destabilizes the way with which the members of the Conspiracy of Cells of Fire give strength to what they experienced without being subordinated to the assumption of democratic laws and to the respect for those who, born poor, want to stay 'poor' in their lives, in a constant trajectory made of superficiality and submissiveness: the uniformed mass-appearance is advancing like a sea of mud, ready to sweep away all that does not 'resists' to it in its viscous vortex.

Albert Caraco wrote:

"The world we live in is the Inferno tempered by nothingness, where the man who refuses to recognize himself prefers to immolate himself."

When we face the reality we live in, we have to cope with main obstacles that are more complex than we think.

Each one makes choices with their free will made of obstacles to pull down or compromises to accept.

Without being stopped by any 'social container' whatsoever, the Conspiracy of Cells of Fire break and destabilize the existent of reactionary calmness.

And they do so also in the so-called anarchist movement everywhere, showing the 'way' but not teaching anything, because they 'do not want anything'...

In this way a new form of antisocial and nihilist guerrilla bursts out, which does not accept to be inscribed in a stereotype of fake revolutionary feeling by the pedantic university professors of official anarchism and by the enthusiasts of the militancy for militancy's sake. A guerrilla that determines its propulsive destruction in the revolutionary field, and which destroys any social concept.

Informality transforms its 'being' into a nihilist attack refusing all universal values that sound the surrounding world, and it overturns the logic of the mass-stereotype that justifies the law.

"The law is the spirit of society. If society has a will, this is the law: society only exists thanks to the law."

Max Stirner

In this, the enemy facing you has the same appearance: be it the policeman who has a right to arrest you or the democratic citizen who wants to report you (as he has such a right), they give the guerrilla a 'right' to hit the enemy, denying any requisite or class belonging.

While the courts of the constituted order attack and carry away without flinching, the members of the Conspiracy of the Cells of Fire experiment their action and totality, their 'I want', and overturn the concept of authority.

This concept creates regression because it uniforms all that was lived, and immobilizes any 'individual' in a penetrating way, the individual who had grown in a critical way by interiorizing his experiences.

Like corrosive acid authority 'dissolves' all solidarity, and puts everyone on the side of 'imposed knowledge'.

The essential element increasing the gap between those who impose themselves and those who are inflicted imposition is a refusal of 'personal responsibility' by the dominated individual.

If you don't take your own responsibilities because you want to get quiet sleep, you go back to a vision of sterile defence. Thinking subjects become silent subjects. They realize they are not

acting and assimilate their thoughts to those of people with more experience, vitality, character (but according to some kind of hierarchy), thus determining their line of conduct with rules that suit them.

On the contrary the Conspiracy of the Cells of Fire determine themselves and overturn the role of specialization and leadership because *“Power belongs to man, the world belongs to man, I belong to man.”* (Max Stirner)

The unbridled action against the universe made of forced relations without a spark of free will is the base on which all the values of a mankind of ‘sleepwalkers’ must be destroyed.

It is imperative not to give in to those who believe in the order of dominion, to knock down the barriers of common morals, which see the ‘exploited’ as a thinking subject who changes his values into their negation, and then, in mass-dominion society, he accepts and executes the imposed precepts as if they were part of his life.

If you don’t exasperate the contradictions you live in, you create asphyxiating normality.

Then this affects your choices, and slowly but inevitably it degrades to a sterile defence of your social space, and at the first sign of repression you just intensify this defence.

Dominant normality penetrates deeply in the choices and positions that are taken for the most part. Mental and material borders are created, which reproduce what dominion imposes and circumscribes in reality as official culture.

These ‘borders’ come out in repressive situations, where reality sink in a sort of empty memory of a trajectory totally opposed with what is normality. Radicalism abates and you feel like you are the master of your ‘little space’, which you protect with formal ‘fences’ in order to carry on your social life. Your ‘life’ made of experiences is annihilated in favour of uniformity of ideas, which creates a vicious circle.

In these conditions everything becomes a ‘justification’. The need to adapt to what the historical period requires comes out slowly, and there is no longer a clear perspective of this ‘justification’.

As we choose a trajectory of vehement radicalism we establish who our real enemies are.

If you say to me ‘you are a vanguardist’ because I choose action and refuse to die slowly in an inanition of desires, you are not saying anything.

Those who express their free will in a destructive act decide for themselves, and when they ‘fall’ they go ahead with their head held high!

‘We are not enrolled soldiers whose duty is revolution. We are warriors of satisfaction and we see the link between rebellion and life as a requirement for action. We don’t believe in any ‘right line’ to be followed.’

(Conspiracy of Cells of Fire from “The Sun Still Rises”)

Another aspect that emerges in opposition to the world surrounding us (and to what surrounds the anarchist movement) is the refusal to support the authority not only through ‘silence’ (which should be part of the DNA of all anarchists and revolutionaries) but also through the refusal of being filed or photographed.

The strength emerging from the letters of the members captured and now in the hands of the enemy is something that bursts out in magma of indescribable sensations: the Conspiracy members refuse to go back one millimetre as for their individuality, and this is no formal refusal.

Once again there's no intention to give in to the respect for the imposed rules and turn one's refusal and unfortunate 'fall' into material for victimising, which would only help dominion to establish what is 'right' and what 'wrong' in a relation of submission.

Coherent with their existence and without any authoritarian scheme, the imprisoned members of the Conspiracy of Cells of Fire issued the pamphlet **'The Sun Still Rises'**:

"We love what we did because it contains our whole essence, so the 'Conspiracy' is not only all of us but also each one of us."

The second phase of the Conspiracy of Cells of Fire begins: The instruments of knowledge are put in action, instruments that refuse vertically structures organizations and turn to the free choice to take one's responsibilities at the time of action and of a possible 'fall' in the hands of the enemy.

Informality stays there and develops itself through theoretical basis without imposition or formal setting.

The destructive and propulsive force against any democratic instance also emerges in the second phase of the Conspiracy of Cells of Fire.

So any group or individual, in the wake of the first phase of the Conspiracy, can use the name thus stopping the assumptions of any authoritative seed.

Instruments are put at everyone's disposal, without any kind of professionalism or moral dictatorship: any cell or individual can use the 'passion' unleashed by the Conspiracy of Cells of Fire, take in its revolutionary 'experience' and attack!

Attack in all its forms can be expressed with stones or explosive in a flowing up of events!

'For us, the revolutionary subject is the one who liberates himself from the obligations of the present, put the status quo into question and takes part in the criminal search for freedom.' (**Conspiracy of the Cells of Fire, from 'The Sun Still Rises'**)

To liberate oneself from the obsession of 'keeping' something and to live the present and to pursue and carry on a trajectory that 'attacks' and does not totter, in front of a life consumed and made of empty existence, all this gives effective value to the destructive attacks carried out by the Conspiracy of Cells of Fire.

S.G. Necaev wrote:

'The ruthless logic of those who really work for the cause must not stop in front of any fact that leads to the success of this very cause, and especially in front of the facts that are such that they save it and avoid its ruin.'

'Not to stop' in front of vague certitudes, not to establish the attenuation of one's experience, refuse to play the role of victim of the 'system'.

Here the members of the Conspiracy of Cells of Fire bring their experience.

The field of 'if' and 'but' is swept away by destructive acts carried out by revolutionary strength that make any logic of social adaptation sterile.

The Conspiracy of Cells of Fire emerges, bursts in, attacks and show its 'way of being' to those who liberate themselves from the chains of normal and stereotyped life and choose the field of action and urban guerrilla.

Each one with their ways and methods but with a base of informal and existential peculiarity.

'It's a wonderful moment when the attack on order is being carried out. Even at the beginning – when we knew it was rather imperceptible – we knew that very soon nothing would be as before, no matter what was to happen. It's a force that begins slowly, speeds up its rhythm, goes beyond the no return point and inevitably causes what seems impregnable to explode – so firm and protected but already prone to fall down, demolished by conflict and disorder.' (Conspiracy of Cells of Fire, 'The Sun Still Rises')

A post-scriptum must be written so that everyone makes their evaluations on what making choices means in a revolutionary and solidarity context.

As I'm writing this, I want to say that I am directly responsible for what I am writing, and I take my responsibilities so that any individual can be free of agreeing or not, developing its content and making it their own.

This piece of writing talks about the Conspiracy of Cells of Fire because in their choices, attacks and communiqués they set a new way of understanding the 'guerrilla'. But I want to remember hundreds of informal groups and single individuals which destroy the 'certitude' of the bourgeois thought and that of social pacification!

Revolutionary solidarity with the members of the Conspiracy of the Cells of Fire!

Federico Buono

Note: In the night of 14th to 15th of June 2011, following a wave of harsh repression in several Italian cities, Federico (Fede) Buono was arrested with Mattia Petit in the district of Lambrate in Milan. Cops detected two home-made incendiary devices in their backpacks. The two comrades didn't carry documents with them during the search, and were taken to the police headquarters for interrogation. Later, when their houses were invaded and searched, cops made sure to come up with more incriminating evidence. Charged with possession and transportation of explosives, on June 15th they were incarcerated in San Vittore prison. They were released from pretrial detention on July 8th, 2011. On his part, Fede, maintaining the stance of *anti-judicialism*, denied any legal defense in the trial of October 10th, 2011. In court, both comrades were acquitted of all charges. Fede, *egoist-nihilist*, engages himself in the project of **Edizioni Cerbero** together with **Maurizio De Simone** (or abbreviated **De mone**). The editors of Edizioni Cerbero are among the prosecuted under **operation 'boldness' (Ardire)**, launched by the Italian authorities on June 13th, 2012. On September 1st, 2012, Federico Buono announced that he is threatened with further prosecution for 'subversive association' (Article 270bis of the Italian Criminal Code) under a new repressive operation called *Thor* regarding direct actions that took place in the city of Ravenna.

Claudio Lavazza

Claudio responded via personal letter to the international call of solidarity of the Conspiracy of Cells of Fire, welcoming and supporting the imprisoned comrades. While being imprisoned he has written his autobiography, which is his contribution to international solidarity projects/movements like this one, and is already published in Spanish. For this booklet Claudio wrote to us that we could use any piece of our choice selected from his book. We believe that the best way to promote international solidarity and anarchist insurrection is to **publish all the autobiography** of the comrade in Greek! It's a lengthy project that some companions are working on, and we look forward to its release.

Claudio Lavazza Biography

Claudio Lavazza was born on October 4, 1954 in the village of Cerro Maggiore near Milan. From the age of 15 he started working as a laborer in the industries of Milan while participating more and more in the *Autonomia Operaia* movement, actively taking part in demonstrations, marches and massive fighting clashes with cops. At the beginning of 1978 he co-founded with his closest comrades the Marxist-Leninist organization *Proletari Armati per il Comunismo-PAC* (Armed Proletarians for Communism), which had as a priority the destruction of prisons and solidarity with imprisoned comrades.

The group will perform several actions against prison guards, prison doctors, etc., culminating in the release of 2 comrades from prison Frosinone (southern Italy). Later he will join the *Comunisti Organizzati per Liberazione Proletaria- COLP* (Organized Communists for Proletarian Liberation). Claudio will face many arrests, detentions and convictions for robbery, for releasing prisoners, abetting in murders (of a cop and a jeweller), the murder of the prison governor of Udine prison etc., with the latest court appearances taking place with Claudio being absent, as from the early 1980s he was on the run. He continued his struggle in France with new convictions and arrests following robberies and a kidnapping until 18 December 1996, when he was arrested in Cordoba (Spain) with 3 other comrades (2 Italian and an Argentine), after a bank robbery which failed after a shoot out with cops, ending up with 2 dead cops, a security guard in a wheelchair, whilst the comrades were heavily wounded.

The Cordoba Four

The Malaga court of appeal sentenced the anarchists Giovanni Barcia, Michele Pontolillo and Claudio Lavazza, already sentenced to 11 years on September 1999, for an incident in the Italian vice-consulate in December 1996. Three persons 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. These three Italians were convicted of this, as well as a previous bank robbery with sentences of 49 years for Claudio, 48 years for Giorgio and Giovanni, 3 years for Michele (who has since been released).

Being accused for the robbery in Cordoba and 8 others which took place in southern Spain he was sentenced to 50 years of imprisonment (with the total penalty of the 4 comrades being 134 years) 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.

At the trial of his case he stated: “... *I have no intention to justify my actions in this room, your opinions do not interest me at all, nor your decision, I do not want any contract (or compromises, your choice) with my enemies, nor do I want to apologize to the “public opinion”, the same that watches and tolerates the daily misery and the annihilation of thousands of people, but resents the death of two police women and when we shoot it thinks we are killers and when the police kills it says that “justice is taking place.”*”

Calling himself an insurrectional anarchist now, Claudio keeps having all these years a combative attitude which costs him months of isolation, disciplinary transfers, etc., but he also contributes with his writings to the development of the anarcho-insurrectionary tendency in Spain and Italy.

During an international anarchist campaign of solidarity with the struggles of the prisoners against the FIES regime, which took place in 2000 with several incendiary and explosive attacks (eg. Failed bomb explosion at the cathedral of Milan), but mainly with parcels bombs sent to judges and reporters, Claudio was targeted for repression as the “instigator” and the “mind” of the actions.

Part Two: Solidarity With CCF After Some Members Attempted to Escape on the 12 December 2011

Words From Edizioni Cerbero + Parole Armate

In solidarity with the authors of the attempted escape from Korydallos prison

“Today we tried to do something. To gain our freedom and the continuation of urban warfare. We lost a battle, but we have not lost the war and continue to fight to win. We are an organization that fights for the ideals of a free life without any authority.”

Christos Tsakalos

What better approach to an upcoming trial than the attempt to regain a freedom taken away by the state, without regard for the established times of the judicial routine? Why not reaffirm once again, in an effort to escape from prison, one’s own irreducible individuality, betraying the role of the automaton prisoner? The passion for freedom burns in every rebel heart as a fire that rages strong and proudly. Impossible to stop, it grows more and more. Unarrestable.

Inside, as outside in the past, some of the comrades of the Conspiracy of Cells of Fire, protagonists of the escape attempt of 13 December from the high-security prison of Korydallos, reiterated their indomitable will to face in person their torturers. Acting in this way, this time with the valuable and timely support of the prisoner P. Vlastos, who was apparently decided to make good on his need to escape, they have once again demonstrated their radical and deep-rooted self-determination, aware of their skills and positions, showing once again their incompatibility with the normality of prison.

Perhaps now the jailers who were held hostage for hours have been given an idea of what it can mean to be deprived of freedom, sharing a fate that is addressed by dozens of decent prisoners, daily kid-napped in the prison cells of Korydallos. Direct action instead of reeducation and reinsertion, the boldness and the will for counter- attacking instead of compromise.

Reject, then, every compromise, every attempt of re-positioning inside society, and act by all means for its total downfall. To deny total perquisitions and the humiliations perpetrated by jailers, to react to the constant attack of the penitentiary system and its agents, to spurn the whole judicial apparatus, to organize and to effect an escape, arming oneself and holding hostages. To sow Terror in the assuredness of those who, like the jailers, thought they could continue to undisturbedly torture free individuals even though locked-up in the cages of society, and more generally in the assuredness of those who bow their heads, glad to be and to remain willing slaves in the service of the Capital and its metropolises.

Here is the demonstration that even prison cannot eradicate the deeply illegalist attitude of an individual who doesn’t meet halfway with anyone, aware of her own actions and of the thoughts

behind them. Conscious of the fact that he doesn't have to wait for permission to take what he wants, knowing that she has to do it alone, with violence and nihilism.

TOTAL COMPLICITY WITH THE IMPRISONED MEMBERS OF CONSPIRACY OF CELLS OF FIRE!

HONOUR TO P. VLASTOS

ANNIHILATION OF THE PRISON!

SOLIDARITY TO ALL DIGNIFIED PRISONERS!

NOTHING LESS THAN EVERYTHING!

And we wish of course for the next escape attempts to be successful

Maurizio De Simone and Federico Buono – Edizioni Cerbero

Cenere and Tomo – ParoleArmate

Words From Mono

This text was written days after Mono found out about the escape attempt by some comrades of the CCF. At that moment he was himself in the streets.

To everyone who continues to fight for liberation in spite of all adversity

Tuesday December 31, 1996 – The assault approached from the sky, the propellers resounding and stronger than usual. Yes, there is no doubt that they're coming to the rescue, the sound of the rifle shots makes one forget that of the propellers. The bullets hit against the structure of the cold walls, against the executioners in the towers. The ones who will shoot to kill anyone trying to achieve their freedom. Because it is better to die than to lose. It descends in smooth flight with the bulletproof weave basket below. Kevlar, an easy-to-handle fabric that can slow the impact of the bullets. Quickly and attentive to the crossfire aimed at the basket, it doesn't matter how they fall. The flight is fast since the alarm has already alerted the hunters. The hijacked helicopter was abandoned in a field in the area south of Santiago. Four comrades of the FPMR were rescued from the High Security Prison. Four rebel spirits, who without repentance chose to recover their lives. Denying Power's justice, making justice by their own hands. Among these four comrades there was one comrade of anti-authoritarian essence. One who his own comrades recognized as "anarchist." Ricardo Palma Salamanca - "The Black," who recognized the bravery of Severino Di Giovanni, who always disdained the tricolor flag. But in spite of this he joined the FPMR. He wanted to be part of the war against the tyranny of Pinochet and being a youth without weapons nor means, he decided to join the only option he had. It was what there was at that time, and he did not think twice in taking to the armed struggle. "The Black" is still on the run, like many comrades who due to their decision to struggle have orders of search and capture over them.

Monday December 12, 2011 - Korydallos prison, visiting hour. That space of meeting with your loved ones, with the "outside," with the life that you decided to carry out. That life that they seek to annihilate, because it is not what the TV sells, but it's instead a threat to order, a threat against the existent. A pistol and some knives, but the strongest weapon is the conviction that the "crimes" for which you ended up in prison were necessary.

Acts of war launched from the anonymity of the CCF; acts of war from the prison with your names and faces in plain view. The relatives did not collaborate with the executioners.

You advance firmly ahead with the jailers as hostages, how ironic that the hunted are the hunters.

You overcome several doors, there's only one left, but a jailer presses the emergency button and the doors close. Now the release of the hostages is negotiated. The shouts go from one side to the other. The rebels do not trade, the oppressors don't budge.

The battle is lost, but not the war. There will be another chance. You hand over the hostages but you do not surrender. Days later and without respect for the judge, one of you raises his voice to say *"they will rush to speak of failure. Our escape has been successful. We have escaped from the defeatism of accepting our role as prisoners."*

The CCF continues, more alive than ever. A fact that leaves no one indifferent. Receiving the news on a visiting day dislocated me, it was an inexplicable feeling. Many questions, few answers, there was only what the press said. Even my mother regrets that they do not allow me to leave, for her it's the most horrible place that she never wants to visit again.

After a year full of offensive against Dominion, from \$hile to Greece, we cannot forget any comrade in prison, we must let them know that they are not alone, the same must happen with those who go without leaving traces being more astute than their hunters, those who in spite of being far from the cages live in a captivity that is mental, imposed by not being able to live their lives as they would have forged them, not in the same way nor with the same people or animals. For each prisoner and fugitive who fights for total liberation, in whatever part of the world, know that you are not alone.

Nothing is over, everything continues!

Nothing and no one is forgotten!

Prisoners and fugitives of war, present in every act of revolt!

Cristobal "Mono" Bravo Franke,

Prisoner of War. SMS-UEAS.

2nd week of December [2011].

Santiago, \$hile.

***Note:** Ricardo Palma Salamanca has written several books from clandestinity, one of them being "The Great Rescue," which narrates in detail the project of escaping from the High Security Prison from how it was planned up to his flight.*

Words From Sin Banderas Ni Fronteras

A salute to the indomitable beasts of the Conspiracy of Cells of Fire

By means of this brief text we wish to give a greeting of solidarity to the prisoners of the Conspiracy of Cells of Fire, especially to those who tried to escape from the Korydallos prison in Greece. We also want to reflect on some themes and remind about other beautiful escapes.

The lawyer or the escape?

An individual decision that we should respect.

In spite of the impositions of the powerful, life continues to be a terrain of action in which we can choose the means to liberate ourselves, whether in the streets or behind bars. Whether to choose a lawyer in order to get out of the clutches of the State or to seek other means to do it is a choice that each comrade can evaluate and decide individually.

We begin from the basis that the struggle against power exceeds all legality and, as such, we are enemies of all laws, these being impositions of authority, an attempt against our individual self-determination. Nevertheless, we believe that a comrade who chooses the "legal way" of a

lawyer does not become a reformist nor sells herself to the enemy. Neither does the comrade who goes to the market to buy a pair of shoes, even though consumption and money are one of the pillars of capitalism. It is a complex theme, but it is necessary to understand that we live in a society that we yearn to destroy but that we interact with it in different aspects of our life every moment. With respect to the incarceration of comrades, we believe that they have the ability to decide how they want to get out of prison, as long as they don't betray other comrades nor become servants of the enemy, it is always better for comrades to be fighting in the street and not be kept under lock and key.

In the same manner, the choice of other comrades who decide to not make deals with legality merits our deepest respect and solidarity, refusing to testify before the judges or trying to escape from the enemy's cages. Their choice is also valid, though tremendously difficult to carry out.

Therefore we especially value the courage of the comrades who by means of cunning or force try to escape from prison or have escaped from the clutches of the enemy. It is for this reason that today we salute the Greek prisoners belonging to the Revolutionary Organization Conspiracy of Cells of Fire, especially the brothers Mihalis and Giorgos Nikolopolus, Christos Tsakalos and Giorgios Polydoros who tried to escape from prison on December 12th with the prisoner Panagiotis Vlastos during visiting hours. We also value the attitude of the family members who visited their other prisoners and who refused to speak against the comrades.

This time they did not escape, but their indomitable attitude and their anarchist ideas are what familiarize us in spite of the bars, the distance and the language, and are what call us to not stay silent. They have acted in solidarity with the anti-authoritarian offensive in Chile and also with prisoners in other countries. And since anarchist solidarity is mutual aid and reciprocity, we do not leave them alone either.

Against forgetting and silencing: some escapes to remember.

Each empty cell is reason for joy, above all if it is the cell that caged a revolutionary. Here in Chile, December 30 marks 15 years since the spectacular escape of four prisoners of the Marxist-Leninist urban guerrilla organization Manuel Rodríguez Patriotic Front, who helped by some comrades escaped in 1996 in a helicopter that fired barrages of bullets at the gendarmes of the High Security Prison, the most secure prison in Chile built during the democracy in order to cage subversive prisoners. One of them, Mauricio Hernández Norambuena, known as "Comandante Ramiro," continued to fight after his escape and is currently held in Brazil after kidnapping in 2002 a businessman with an "Internationalist Command," an action in which, among other combatants, Karino Germano, known as "la Galle" was captured; she is today prisoner of the Argentine State as consequence of that action. Of course, we do not share their Marxist-Leninist ideas, but we respect them for being combatants consistent with their conception of revolution.

Ten years after the helicopter escape in Chile, but in Greece, the anarchist prisoner Vassilis Paleokostas escaped in June 2006 by means of a helicopter, helped by comrades. Vassilis Paleokostas and his brother Nikkos are two rebels with a great career in Greece, who since the 1980's have carried out successful expropriations of banks and numerous escapes from danger, making a fool of the enemy on numerous occasions. Captured in 2008, Vassilis escaped again in February 2009 once again by helicopter, mocking the security of the same prison that he had escaped in 2006.

Finally, we also want to remember the successful escape from the Punta Carretas prison in Uruguay, when in March of 1931, the comrades Miguel Arcángel Roscigna, Gino Gatti, Andrés Vázquez Paredes, José Manuel Paz, and Fernando Malvicini (comrade of Severino Di Giovanni)

carried out the final phase of the escape that had been thought up to liberate the comrade Vicente Moretti and three Catalan anarchists (Jaime Tadeo Peña, Agustín García Capdevilla, Pedro Boadas Rivas, accused of being responsible for more than 100 bombing attempts in Barcelona). In August of 1929 the comrades set up a coal yard in front of the prison in order to justify the tools they used and the earth they extracted to create a tunnel into the prison. Along the tunnel, the comrades who excavated it had also left a placard which read "Solidarity between anarchists is not a mere written word." The imprisoned comrades and five "common" prisoners managed to escape through that tunnel. Decades later, in 1971, that same tunnel allowed more than one hundred Uruguayan Leninist guerrillas of the Tupamaros National Liberation Army to escape from the same prison, in what apparently has been the most numerous escape recorded up to the present.

A salute to those who have flown away...

To conclude, we salute all the comrades around the world who are evading the clutches of power, leaving behind empty cells and unrealized trials. We especially send a strong embrace to the comrade Diego Ríos and to the comrade Gabriela Curilem, who have made public their decision to go underground as a consequence of the arrest orders leveled against them. They are warriors, and in spite of whether have met them or not, the ideas they have expressed in their communiqués made us comrades and call us not to abandon them, to make them feel present in the struggle that unites us.

Greetings to all the comrades who fight in the street, in the prison or out of the shadows. Against isolation, forgetting and silence.

Active and international solidarity with the comrades imprisoned and persecuted by power.

Sin Banderas Ni Fronteras No Flags No Borders

Anti-authoritarian cell of written agitation and propaganda.

Chile, December 2011

sinbanderasnifronteras@yahoo.com

Words From 325

"A stone will be thrown at the State, and a stone will be thrown at the churches"

Kode9 – 9 Samurai

From the burning streets of London, Bristol, Nottingham, Manchester, Birmingham and dozens of other places, urban rage explodes with action and speech. Social peace is shattered by the repressed anger of thousands of individuals, united by anti-police and anti-system violence. The modern British project of the perfectly ordered prison-society run by the police and the politicians is shattered, no-one cares about the CCTV anymore and the pigs are being beaten, attacked and running away. This is a war, and only the start of it, let their ranks and divisions of police and intelligence teams come, the collapse of society has begun and the choice is resignation to modern fascism or insurrection.

The imprisoned members of the Revolutionary Organisation – Conspiracy of Cells of Fire and Theofilos Mavropoulos have our irreducible solidarity and anarchist friendship. They are some of the courageous and resolute individuals who have acted against the capitalist and govern- mental

parasites and their functionaries, helping create the formation of an international insurrectional network of which they are an integral part.

The fire they have started is the same fury as the blaze of August, and exists around the world regardless of any anti-terrorist operations and secret service maneuvers to dampen it, because this is the beginning of the end for the capitalist-dominator social model. It doesn't matter if we, the insurgents, are in prison, maimed, dead – our ideas and our actions live in the inferno of freedom where new generations of conscious individuals ignite themselves to attack the dominating elites, their servants and the reproductive aspects and values of servility. It is not only in the dreams of the few, it's in the daily thoughts of the used and denigrated, all those who didn't yet learn to love work and authority.

The only intelligent way to react to the prison-world is to try to escape, and in this time of repression and war, the only real way is to take weapons and fight for your freedom.

The rebels in UK have come into a nihilistic fervour, with almost no participation in, or intervention from, the progressive-left activist/ anarchist racket. There is zero anticipation that there will be any "social change" from the established regime, only unending economic misery and urban prison; but without the trappings of ideology, revolutionary and anarchistic principles are the first spoken from many lips when given time to express their ideas and question the existent order.

The antagonistic trends here are those most at risk of exploitation, imprisonment and police brutality: young people/teens, migrants/ the different, the "anti-social", the excluded and rebellious. 325 is proud to be some of the "scum" on those streets during August, despite the repression and the acceleration of fascism this country was ripped into. We, the rioters, ruined the facade of social peace. As the world of the old bigots crumbles, the British dream of an imperial paradise descends into the urban estate reality of a vast chaotic mess. The insurrection, which of course was not a 'utopia', did not finish in August. Even in the shithole deadzone places, such as Cambridge, you could find unexpected incidents of anti-social arson, such as a car dealership going up in flames in a wealthy area claimed by **Fire Cell/FAI**. In Birmingham, a police station is burnt down and 40-50 people attack the police with molotovs, stones and handguns. In Nottingham, four police stations are attacked with stones and one with molotovs, and later **Cell of Joy/FAI** take responsibility for an arson attack against a vehicle of the prison guards at the local prison. In Bristol, the personal cars of the mayor and of a ruling party politician are set on fire outside their homes and claimed by **Class Terror / FAI**. In London, the Sony Warehouse covering hundreds of square metres is looted and reduced to ashes. These are some incidents/moments where anti-political people exclaimed they had "the best days of their life" and seek future chances, co-conspirators and more.

Not guessing when there will be another uprising, we don't wait, but the certainty of another is clear. An entire section of the population cannot be pushed much further and the divisions are deep. The plunder and injustice is too blatant, unapologetic, without even the pretence of 'social conscience' and it is intolerable.

August was unimaginable a few years ago and now anything can happen. The best days of our lives are to be had. With knives and dreams, pistols and pens, we reload our magazine and prepare to return fire...

FOREVER ANARCHISTS – FOREVER DANGEROUS – FOREVER IN CHAOS
SOLIDARITY TO THE IMPRISONED MEMBERS OF THE CCF, THEOFILOS MAVROPOULOS & ALL REBELS

Part Three: Presentation of Self-Organized International Internet and Publishing Projects of Counterinformation

If today anarchists from around the world can connect, share matters, spread imperatives, create informal networks of action, is surely because of the work of many comrades who through many self-organized international internet and publishing projects have managed to create channels of communication between prisoners of different countries, between direct action groups, while at the same time they provide information for the developments happening in the international circles of anarchists.

In the general atmosphere of lethargy caused by the overload of information on the internet, these projects have managed to raise bridges between anarchists of praxis from around the world, who might have never met or who will never meet. Something which has contributed to the diffusion of so much of the anarchist perception as well as the anarchist direct action. The development and expansion of the **Informal Anarchist Federation** and the **International Revolutionary Front** is also to a great degree because of the work of comrades who by translating and publishing texts and communiqués of prisoners and groups, contributed to the promotion of this informally organized model of action.

At this moment a large dynamic is being developed through the internet. Groups are in a position to open topics for dialogue, prisoners can share experiences and perceptions, all this while they happen to be thousands of kilometres away from each other. The distance evaporates, language ceases to be an obstacle and borders are abolished in practise. We therefore could not but consider it substantial, the contribution of these attempts in the spreading and promotion of international insubordination and mutiny.

Without their help the publication of this brochure would be much more difficult, since thanks to their valuable contributions all the texts were translated and edited in Greek.

A big thank you therefore to **ContraInfo**, **Actforfreedomnow/boubourAs**, **Entropia Ediciones**, **Parole Armate**, **Culmine**, **This is Our Job**, **Viva La Anarquia**, **War on Society**, **Conspiration Acrata, 325**, **Black Blog Collective** and **Edizioni Cerbero** for their help and contribution with texts in this publication.

Contra Info

Towards an informational guerrilla; till all prisons are demolished; till freedom and anarchy

Contra Info, a translation counter-information network, addresses an open invitation to comrades wishing to coordinate the multidisciplinary project of translations, networking and dissemination of news from movements across the world, from/in various languages.

The fires of resistance in the centres and peripheries of the capitalist world continue to grow; thus, all counter-information means must be strengthened worldwide to meet the needs of local movements, standing antagonistically against the propaganda of the regime's media that serve the global Power.

Contra Info network never intended to compete existing multilingual projects that act with an anarchist/anti-authoritarian/libertarian perspective, but rather to complement active radical and militant counter-information means by offering its multilingual infrastructure to social struggles and standing in solidarity with any rebellious person.

In this context, we perceive the consistent support to the network by our comrades of the Conspiracy of Cells of Fire not only as a contribution to the revolutionary cause of the Informal Anarchist Federation and the International Revolutionary Front, but also as factual solidarity with the diffusion of the polymorphous struggle of the oppressed and insurgents in the world, without restrictions, sectarianisms or exclusions.

Solidarity. Reciprocal solidarity amongst dignified fighters obviously neither ends with this brochure, nor with existing undertakings. For every wireless operator who tries to contribute to the ceaseless fight for individual and social liberation, this publishing initiative of the R.O. CCF goes one step further into the complicity with revolutionary causes. It marks a break with the world of Power, a rupture which echoes beyond walls and borders, inspiring praxis of counter-attack, generating revolutionary discourse in all untamed hearts.

As for the persecutors, the human-guardians, the terror-addicts and all kinds of lackeys of the Dominance:

*“No challenge made by the Power and the judges will go unanswered.
Things come around...”*

Imprisoned members of the R.O. CCF and Theofilos Mavropoulos

Contrainfo.espiv.net

January 2012

Actforfreedomnow / boubourAs

In the chaos of our own existence we are a piece of the indefinite factor which organizes subversions and plans mutinies that leave even us dizzy.

The translation of texts, letters, communiques etc. so that comrades around the world can read about the desires, ideas and projects of the comrades in Greece, is one more weapon at our disposal. What began as a simple desire and challenge brought us into a new field of experiences, acquaintances and responsibilities. Now that we are here, they won't get rid of us easily.

The spreading of the Informal Anarchist Federation - International Revolutionary Front (FAI-IRF), insurrectional attack and stubborn solidarity continues in the heart and mind of the revolted around the world. Oppression will not lead to anything but escalation.

Counter-insurrection will only feed the insurrection; polarize the people, making social war clear.

Chaos is inevitable!

And solidarity always possible!

This is why, as revolutionary insurrectionists, with our action and solidarity, we will continue with all means possible, to express the thoughts and desires of the comrades, whether it is through the letters-texts of the comrades who are hostages in the hellholes of Greek democracy or through the actions of comrades who are out on the streets day and night and fight with all means until social liberation for Anarchy.

We are now one more aspect of the asymmetric threat. The war until the end has already begun.

The actions and speech of the Conspiracy Cells of Fire, as well as many other comrades from Greece and around the world, always filled our soul and filled us with emotions.

We send our solidarity and respect to all those who fight against this rotten system anywhere in the world. Every translated word, paragraph and page expresses our love and desire to give a powerful flaming embrace to the imprisoned members of the CCF, the confined comrades, and all dignified prisoners.

We would like close our introduction with a part of a political statement of the comrades-imprisoned members of the Revolutionary Organization CCF in the frame of the court for the case of the arrests in Halandri.

“Slimy judges who hide inside your creaseless suits, we see clearly who you are. You timid, miserable little people who your mouths puke out years of prison time. But, the same time you announce the charges, our mind travels free and rebellious. It travels to secret meetings, the planning of attacks, to weapon hideouts, pages of books, laughs, disappointments, pleasures and sorrows.

It travels, reminisces and awaits, a look, a thought, a sound, a moment.

The moment where everything collapses from the intensity of continuous explosions and the terms are reversed. It is that moment when the judges will be judged and the guards will have to be guarded.

Moments like this you should know will always be between our two hands..”

Finally, we greet our brother revolutionary Theofilos Mavropoulos and the Informal Anarchist Federation - International Revolutionary Front part of the Black International of anarchists of praxis, which has already proven its ability to respond to the challenges which emerge around the world...

Actforfreedomnow!-boubourAs

February 2012

actforfree.nostate.net

Entropía Ediciones

[entropía]

1. *function that determines the disorder of a system which increases when it evolves to another condition/state of increased disorder.*
2. *(in information theory) the number that expresses the competition level of possible responses to a single incentive.*

Not to be complicated. We do not advocate to introduce us to be so extensive as intellectuals. We want to be simple to make things as clear as possible.

Why Publish?

The need to read is more than safe in all of us, but often it is difficult to read from a computer. The texts have the advantage of lasting in all circumstances that we can read on public transport, in college, at work or in the field next to a campfire, without need for electricity or internet access. It is not our aim to publish classical texts already disseminated enough. To give just one example, the texts of Alfredo Maria Bonanno, especially “The Armed Joy”, are in our view, the writings that are fairly widespread and unnecessary we believe to reissue. The same applies to “At Daggers Drawn”. By the same token, there are still worth reading texts by many comrades who may have no idea of its existence. Read it to understand and acquire / reject positions, and to overcome the contradictions at the moment to act. Mauricio Morales, our dear brother killed when installing a bomb at the school of the prison- guards on May 22, 2009, was an individualist anarchist. However when it came to showing solidarity and actions coordinated with prisoners in communities, he exceeded ideological contradictions to take action. To us, solidarity is not a slogan printed on a pamphlet, nor is it an action that should be undertaken only in defence. Propaganda is not just ink on a sheet.

Why “Entropy”?

In chemistry, entropy is a property that lets you know how much energy can not be used due to scattering by the chaos. The entropy increases if disorder increases. This project, this editorial, this game, this mess, this chaos, this entropy, is allowing us to divert the energy that we waste every day in our classrooms and in our offices, to redirect it into something that gives us more pleasure. Generating chaos is our routine to reclaim our lives, if only for a moment. We did not consider anything serious, no major long- term goal or chains that we end up feeling like we do in our jobs or houses of study. While we recognize no dates or times, that does not mean that we have no commitment or not do our part when we address new projects. We have no ties to this new instance of creation, destruction, deconstruction and construction, what do we do when the need arises and when you set the affinity as the norm. We are free, spontaneous and wild.

What sense does it make texts to be read, if most of the time they are not to be stored or distributed ever, or reread? This is perhaps the most raw and necessary question that today we must ask who declare ourselves nihilists, anarchists, anti-authoritarians, subversives, rebels and revolutionaries in general. And not in the literal sense of the question. Is an example: What is the point to rebel against the system? Do you think you can destroy this mega-machine? We do not believe we fight for a future revolution. Understanding that any action itself generates the fall of Capital, or gives life to a library, or carries an explosive charge in the backpack, but that is not the question. It is the sense that what motivates the actions generates a break with society based on exploitation and Power. No waiting to live an ideal future in which to realize our dreams and aspirations. Here and now, in every little act of rebellion or spectacular recovery of our lives. The irony is that even when we recover, life goes on.

We are against civilization and technological tools that we use. Why? Because we believe in the use of all weapons against power. And that’s why we publish. Because our sense is to break with the existing logic. We do not sell, but barter what we do not want to profit from. We want to share, we do not want charity. We want solidarity, we do not want ownership. We want to broadcast, but we understand that things are not always the way we would like.

Expect us to express ourselves as clearly as possible.

A new spring 2011...

Entropy Editions

entropiaediciones@riseup.net

entropiaediciones.noblogs.org

Parole Armate

“Screech, graze o my coarse pen of fire and of energy upon the white candor of this sheet, as a viper tongue grazes upon the tender throat of an innocent child to give him, with venom, death. Away, get away from me me all the ideology, the theosophy, the philosophy dogmatic and political; distance from me every preestablished system: it has all fallen incinerated under the corroding flames of my negating spirit.”

Renzo Novatore

“Through human communication and cooperation everyone finds out more about themselves and at the same time about those around them.”

CCF

We start from here, from the firm conviction that the sharing of experiences and reflections of affinity is an unavoidable moment of the continuous attack against the existent. It is exactly this moment, and not an empty internationalism of mere facade, that breaks down the tyranny of space and time, allowing the spread of actions, thoughts and suggestions, in spite of geographic and linguistic obstacles. We don't hesitate to express the wonder that struck us during the last year, seeing the formation of a constellation, whose genesis is autonomous and self-determined, of individualities, sometimes united in groups with or without a name, conscious of the power of their own inner chaos. With a growing frequency, we are approached with invitations to reflexion, technical suggestions to act, theoretical and practical speculations, but above all with a tangible will of cooperation, without any dogmatism or a pre-determined direction, with the end of weaving a really poly- phonic discourse.

“Every meaning we print on paper, we want to find a way for it to escape from theory and transform into practice. Only in practise are all theoretical values tested.” **CCF**

Why ParoleArmate? For the simple fact that every written or spoken subversive word becomes a bullet, exploded in the back of authority, riddled without pity by the verbal and practical shots of rebels around the world; because every text, every conspiratorial consideration becomes lead that lodges into the battered body of Power, which does not hesitate to unleash its watchdogs against us as punishment in order to deter us, but uselessly; because every letter is ablaze with the blood and the revolt of thousands of individualities who don't accept their submission and who pass to action without delegation, in the first person: shadows in the night who slip through dark alleys in order to let dominion taste their revenge. Above all, it is the words which find confirmation in action that arouse our greatest interest, those words that, equipped sometimes with an imaginative character, are able to escape from the ordinariness of everyday life, opening in this way unexpected apertures and causing irremediable breaches in the lives of those who have the will to make them their own. It is these words that we translate with enthusiasm, that we try to spread through channels we feel affinity with, considering these as fundamental experiences in the spreading of the above-mentioned texts. We took the initiative once again,

naturally with different times and methods, ready to advance in our path, firmer than before in not waiting for someone else to realize what we believe useful, but realizing now what we want to do.

“We must be disciplined with ourselves because technology and information are also viruses that can ensnare us and threaten to absorb us into their own stratagem in which we end up replicating a cybernetic version of reality.”

325 / Anti-Copyright Network

We subscribe completely to what the few lines quoted above say, aware of what risks we take, but yet with serious conviction to give space to words that, through time, have become weapons, armed words, and that therefore are undoubtedly part of the arsenal of every sincere destroyer of the present world. Words that have sublimated their condition, irreversibly fusing themselves with action, escaping from a content that is merely informative and sterilely aggregative. Those words that with scorn and anger distance themselves from the consensus inherent in the society that imprisons us, words that with dignity and pride convey messages of total war, that maximize the destructive character of the action of the one “who after a long, gasping and desperate search has retrieved his own self and has placed it, haughty and proud ‘on the margins of the society’, denying anything the right to judge it” (Renzo Novatore), and that return to the individual her or his entire offensive range.

“The State cannot forbear the claim to determine the individual’s will, to speculate and count on this. For the State it is indispensable that nobody have an own will; if one had, the State would have to exclude (lock up, banish, etc.) this one; if all had, they would do away with the State.”

Max Stirner

ParoleArmate aims to be a space of discussion, translation and propagation of texts of considered affinity. The primary aim is to share publications, of any form, which we believe are necessary to add to the already-existing collection of reflections. We will continue the activity of translating claims, letters and insights through the consolidated channels of affinity and those that we hope will be born and that will prove themselves. With the aim of translating not only text, but also theory in practise, being aware of the dangerousness of our decision and of using it to strike with all our strength what oppresses us, crushing every logic of power over the individual and locating ourselves in fierce conflict with the existent. This project is the result of the will of some anarchist individualities who refuse the concept of a formal editorial group, and instead invite to the most total and informal collaboration all who are interested in this project and offer their own contribution to the realization of eventual editorial project affinities that we fiercely hope are materialized outside of the virtual context.

Also we take this opportunity to propose a reading that escapes from its normal conception, fleeing from the perspective of the passive reader through the interpretation and use of the texts how, when and to whatever extent one wishes, giving to the proper Self the task of decoding, so that it branches in the preferred direction, thus taking the material considered necessary for the construction of one’s own arsenal of war.

parolearmate.noblogs.org

Culmine

Culmine, as the publication in which the anarchist **Severino Di Giovanni** gave words of revolt, without sacrificing their practices, wants to be a sounding board for those who, now as then, combine theory and action. It is not easy to find the ideal linguistic formula for presenting something that presents itself every time you are looking for the effects of black powder; whereas everyone really loves freedom and genuinely hates all authority choose it as a more consistent companion of struggle. May our rebel greetings come deep in your untamed hearts!

culmine.noblogs.org

e-mail: **culmine@distruzione.org**

Operation Ardire

At 4 o'clock in the morning of June 13th, 2012, the paramilitary police of the Special Operations Group (Raggruppamento Operativo Speciale, ROS) raided around forty homes, implementing the so-called 'Operazione Ardire' (Operation Boldness), a crack-down against people from the anarchist movement ordered by Manuela Comodi, public prosecutor of Perugia. A total of 10 arrest warrants were issued - eight within Italy, one sent to Germany and one sent to Switzerland (to comrades Gabriel Pombo da Silva and Marco Camenisch) - while 24 suspects have been placed under judicial investigation. (among them are the imprisoned comrades of CCF in Greece). The investigations included the homes of the comrades that "functioned" the blog **Culmine** who are arrested and imprisoned and as well those of **Parole Armate**, one of whom is arrested and another one under investigation. Cops raided more "administrators" of the counter information blogs - **Inform-Azione**, making clear that the operation targeted the means of counter information used by anarchists in Italy and worldwide.

These arrests had a result (for now) of **culmine.noblogs.org** and **iconoclasta.noblogs.org** not being updated, as the "administrators" are in custody ever since. Italian media linked the arrests with **FAI / FRI**. The 8 comrades arrested in Italy in cities Pisa, Perugia, Roma, Genoa and Terni are still in custody. To contact them:

Settepani Alessandro

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This Is Our Job

This Is Our Job actually derives its name from an open letter circulated at Alexandros Grigopoulos' funeral. In that letter, a young insurgent was attempting to explain to her parents why she had thrown herself so vigorously into the street clashes fueling the December 2008 uprising. I'm paraphrasing here, since no longer have a copy of the letter, but the main thrust was something to the effect of: *"I love you and I understand why you do your jobs. But this is my job."*

It was an elegant, subversive, deeply moving idea: attacking the brutal infrastructure of domination was no less valid a "job" than working in an office, a store, a restaurant, or wherever. At the time, I was an anarchist in search of an outlet through which to apply my own anarchism, and the Greek uprising opened my eyes to the decentralized, antiauthoritarian, highly ethical insurgency rearing its head not just in Greece, but also in Spain, Chile, Mexico, and elsewhere. I began to translate reports of various attacks, as well as the accompanying communiqués written by the insurgents themselves, and that's how This Is Our Job was born.

I have no knowledge of the Greek language, so at the outset I was mainly translating communiqués and letters from insurrectionists and prisoners in Spain and Latin America. It wasn't until Spanish translations of certain Fire Cells Conspiracy communiqués and other Greek insurrectionary news began to appear online that I was able to devote more attention to the Greek milieu by translating those Spanish translations into English. Apart from Act for Freedom Now!, no one else was really bothering to translate primary Greek insurrectionary source material into English, and I was excited to be able to apply myself to the task.

Now, with the emergence of other counterinformational websites that are picking up much of the slack regarding the translation of insurrectionary texts from Spain and Latin America, This Is Our Job has been freed up to focus almost exclusively on Greece, specifically on the Fire Cells Conspiracy. At present, this involves translating many of the letters and communiqués written by imprisoned members, and well as keeping up-to-date with trial news and the ever-changing prison addresses of the different comrades. As a parallel project to the website, I've also been translating the complete Fire Cells Conspiracy communiqués into English to be released—fully annotated—in book form at some point, and that project is slowly but surely nearing completion.

The Fire Cells Conspiracy ultimately fascinated me because of the cogent, earnest quality of their rhetoric. They were advancing anarchism theoretically, but in a dynamically exciting way, and their theory was alloyed to the authoritativeness of their attacking practice. Additionally, they furthered a notion of urbanism that posited the modern metropolis—massified, alienating, vapid, consumptive—as the most appropriate locus point of destruction.

While it's true that one could easily criticize certain Fire Cells Conspiracy attacks as being questionable regarding target selection, and others as being too concerned with spectacle and ego-gratification, those criticisms nevertheless gel with a key theoretical concept contributed by the Fire Cells Conspiracy itself— that of contradiction. To demand absolute perfection of praxis from revolutionaries is to demand something inhuman, because it is our individual human imperfections that will always reveal themselves when we endeavor to be truly revolutionary in our choices. What counts is the praxis itself, the consistency and continuity of theory and practice that satisfies two other key concepts brought back into the theoretical fold by the Fire Cells Conspiracy—dignity and conscience.

It is through the accent on dignity and conscience that we leave behind the notion that revolution is somehow about others, something that takes place outside ourselves. The discourse of

the Fire Cells Conspiracy repeatedly demonstrates that in fact the opposite is true. As expressed so succinctly by Panayiotis Argyrou: *“Revolution is an existential struggle.”* To antiauthoritarians, revolution is that part of our individual lives that fortifies our sense of dignity and allows us to live more in keeping with our conscience. For some, that may involve becoming full-on urban guerrillas. For others, it may involve something else entirely. But the overall concept holds regardless of the way it is manifested, and that is precisely why the insurrectionary current is indeed so refreshingly polymorphic, as the jargon maintains.

This Is Our Job is now one of the handful of counterinformational resources through which cells of the Informal Anarchist Federation/International Revolutionary Front can communicate openly with one another and with anyone else who happens to be paying attention.

While that certainly wasn't the intent from the outset, I must admit that it is a happy by-product of the project. As the global antiauthoritarian insurgency spreads and intensifies, those of us trying to keep the lines of communication open may one day find ourselves in the crosshairs of repression, just like our comrades carrying out actions in the streets. But our chronicling is in many ways the very least we can do to support perhaps the most vital and misunderstood current within contemporary anarchism, so we keep at it. This is our job, after all.

thisisourjob.org

Viva La Anarquia

A very powerful flame was born in Greece: attempts, actions, attacks, communiqués, reflections, analyses... A flame which produces arsons all around the world. There where sovereign democracy continues to steal and exploit our lives, where the civilization devalues more and more the non-human animals and the land into a simple product, where repulsive and autarchic people want to fill their pockets with money and want to be the owners of the world, the Conspiracy Cells of Fire, an urban guerrilla group in Greece, with a spark lights up the dark parts of our path towards freedom.

A spark which is not only contagious!

The comrades of the revolutionary organization C.C.F. were imprisoned after the first repressive operation in 2009, some after the mass sending of parcel bombs to different embassies, an incident of global impact through the mass media, while months later the other members were arrested, but not before detonating a trapped motorbike in front of the administrative court of Athens, where dozens of cars and the front of the building were shattered in an explosion worthy of the comrades.

The temperature rises; the sun continues to heat up!

Prison was not the end for those who did not give up, their writings and their contribution to the war against domination continue; this way they address a call towards the prisoners with conviction globally, and the imprisoned comrades in different prisons did not hesitate to answer, publically stating their support to the comrades of the CCF and to the initiative they promote through this call. Some of these texts were published on our page, but this was not our final intention, since we wanted to keep the best for this collection.

Throwing wood into the fire!

From this internet space we support the spreading of anarchist ideas and their application in practice. Using therefore a tool such as the Internet, we set up what you know as Viva La Anar-

quia. About two years ago we started to translate actions which took place in the territory called Greece, echoing thus in this corner of the world the actions carried out by the insurrectionists of this land, that's why we were pleased and moved by the fact that the comrades mentioned us in some of their communiqués—we knew that they were vigilant over there, since we had read an analysis in their first communiqués concerning the situation in Argentina and the citizen insurrection in 2001.

Our aim is to continue to share things with those who want to read, write, laugh, cry, think, translate and interpret, contribute, re-enforce, dream, imagine and act. This idea results from the eagerness we feel to materialize one of the many ideas we have, and we do not sympathize with the opinion of some fake critics who have characterized us as internet activists. Anyway, they are few compared to the many that support us and prompt us to continue in every way these difficult times.

No one is alone in this war, against authority in all of its phases, stages and sizes, this is why it is vital to support and not abandon our comrades who have been abducted and beaten by the state. Our aim is not only to support them economically or write a letter to them every now and then, but to also continue the struggle they developed or the struggle for which they put them in captivity. Let's strengthen the bonds of solidarity and compliance!

We must not wait for international calls or calls of coordination to write and/or to communicate amongst each other: this practice must also be continuous, and if it is materialized outside of the Internet even better. This is the aim of the publication of the addresses of imprisoned comrades or the email of a comrade who wrote a text and shares it out.

A strong greeting to the relative means around the world, who promote the structure of the destruction of authority: **Culmine, Contrainfo, 325, Act For Freedom Now, War On Society, Black Blocg, Sabotagemedia** and many others.

Much strength to our imprisoned comrades, in the prisons built by the states who govern the world. Their conviction is contagious!

Much strength also to those who are not intimidated and continue to support them every day.

Greetings, and look for the slogan

LONG LIVE ANARCHY!

VLA

vivalaanarquia.espivblogs.net

War on Society

War on Society is a project of translation and counter-information whose name comes from a declaration by Joseph Dejaque: *“Forward everyone! And with arms and heart, word and pen, dagger and gun, irony and curse, theft, poisoning and arson, let's make... war on society!”* For us, as for Dejaque, words are one type of weapon in the rebel's arsenal, no more or less important than the others, since they all mutually strengthen a project of life in rebellion against society.

This project was initiated from a desire to add another bridge for communication across borders and languages on an international scale between others with whom we can feel affinity in spite of all the distances and walls between us. In particular, one of our aims has been to strengthen international initiatives of action and solidarity. It is a joy to participate in allowing words from Chile reach the shores of the Mediterranean, to see the multiplication of solidarity

actions from Seattle to Athens, from San Francisco to Santiago and back, to feel (in the better moments) the strengthening of an international conspiracy for revenge against the wretched order that has tried and tries at every turn to force us back into the daily rituals of slavery and submission.

waronsociety.noblogs.org

Conspiración Acrata

Conspiración Acrata is an insurrectional anarchist publication of affinity, of the Insurrectional Anarchist Tendency. This publication, an anarchist project that was born about three years ago, was the result of an analysis that culminated with the necessity to create and maintain a printed and electronic media for the diffusion of the theoretical/ideological part of insurrectional anarchism and anarchism of action, which in those moments and in these lands was little available. And above all, very little understood by the anarchist majority, even when there were already insurrectional and animal liberation actions being carried out.

Another of the necessities for starting this publication was the diffusion of the many actions against the State/Capital that were happening in Mexico and the world. And that was one of our goals, to compile the actions of sabotage that anarchist groups were carrying out in those moments.

Little by little we have been sorting through the history that is at our reach, investigating ourselves and with support of compañer@s we have tried to reconstruct parts of our past, forgotten and often buried by our detractors, this is important to us because the actions directed towards the destruction of the State/Capital are not just a passing fashion. Individual-collective sabotage, and moments of collective revolutionary violence which end in the destruction of the State - generalised insurrection - is a tendency that always has been and always will be present in Anarchism, as much as the wide sectors of the “revolutionary” left want to democratize it, pacify it, and incite dialogue and “institutional” participation, because this insurrection is the only real form of struggle that could destroy the existence of Power. This real form of struggle is complemented with other parts, like for example those which work to spread the Anarchist idea or other types of more “public” activities for the diffusion and anarchist action. For us, it is clear that the false difference between “legal” and “illegal anarchism” does not exist- whatever action, publication, book, distro, anarchist centre that strongly questions the values of the system and that is directed towards the destruction of the State/ Capital and, if you want to see it as such, the construction of an anarchist and natural world, will consequently be illegal.

We want to point out, without going on too much, that we don't see direct action or anarchist attack against the State/Capital as a “tradition to follow”, we see it as a necessity. In comparison with years and centuries behind us, the motives and discourses have changed, even when the reality seems the same, the conditions that generate exploitation are different. Concretely we say that currently the vision has to be widened and we now know that even if we collectivise the factories, nothing will change as domination is in every aspect of this “life” and capitalised world, that for necessity needs to be destroyed in its totality.

As Conspiración Acrata so far we have published 15 editions. We have always maintained an insurrectional and anti-prison line, although we recognise that on saying anti-prison we need to have a wide conception of what prisons are. Our principal contribution is to try as best as

we can to give space for letters, support or words from our compañer@s prisoners of war. For us, these compañer@s, while remaining inside the prison walls, are active participants in the “movement” and part of our affinity groups. Even given the distance their words or analysis are strong supports for the struggle that we fight day by day.

For these reasons and many more we decided to use the names “*Conspiración Ácrata*” (Anarchic Conspiracy) and “*Conflicto Cotidiano*” (Every-day Conflict) because they are two of the avenues that mark the international and local anarchist struggle. To maintain ourselves in conflict in our daily lives, this does not necessarily mean to hit out and create chaos everywhere we go, but to maintain ourselves conflictive and maintain a permanent tension in our acts and in our minds. An individual war to confront moment by moment the social norms and normalised behaviours of the social peace imposed on us by the State/ Capital. Every day conflict are also the attacks that are perpetrated against power, because it is much better to maintain ourselves conflictive than passive, delegating responsibility and speaking of revolution when in the every day we follow their norms and values.

We invite anyone who would like to write, comment, critique, send communiqués, analysis or texts to the following email: **conflicto_cotidiano@riseup.net**.

Anarchy and Social War on all fronts!!!

325

Towards a Black International of Anarchists of Praxis

Every time a revolutionary sector of people actually becomes dangerous to the capitalist system and its minions through insurrectional activity, especially during a time of economic “crisis”, it is of total necessity to strengthen the autonomous communication networks and counter-information structures that contextualise their resistance. This actively spreads the revolutionary ideas/practice which underpins why the fighters are held by the State, and has a propulsive momentum which widens the struggle. As we understand it, the proposal of the ‘Black International’ from the imprisoned members of the Conspiracy of Cells of Fire, is an international informal organisation of many individuals and groups exchanging infos and ideas whilst aiming at the continuation of action inside and outside the prison walls. This is a worthwhile and needed proposal, providing a welcome direction and input of vital energy in the many-sided struggle against the forces of State and Capital.

Firstly, in this way, if an individual is detained, other individuals/groups can continue their efforts and activities unhindered, as there are no membership lists to be easily found by the police, there being no central organ or bureau - affinity and aim being the unifying feature. Secondly, when radicalised individuals and groups enter the prison there is an immediate global informal structure open to their participation and in which they are still active combatants, not “victims” of repression, and their voices can continue to be heard as unmediated as possible. In this way, it’s ensured that no dignified fighter is left stranded behind the walls, and the capture of the radicals is not enough to sufficiently disrupt or neutralise their activity and speech through detention.

Since before their incarceration in the dungeons of Capital early in 2010, the words, actions and attitude of the steadfast comrades of the CCF have rung out forcefully from both outside and inside the prison walls, calling us all not only to arms and to attack, but reminding us proudly of our place in the world as rebels, as anarchists, as freedom fighters. The individuals of CCF

challenged everyone to live with integrity and with a total contempt for the system and also for the submissive herd mentality, which is one of the facets of domination that stands between us and freedom.

A fundamental step towards total liberation might not be to call on the stereotypical forms of democracy - but instead to disengage oneself from easy and comfortable representations in all their forms, wherever they are found and create our new values and structures of emancipation. As we make every attempt to liberate ourselves, both from the industrial-technological system and the human machines that seek to enslave us, we are faced with the constant task of undoing our conditions and our conditioning, of identifying and eradicating the traps that are everywhere set for us. One of these is the trap of left/ right politics, when in fact all political systems and cliques are redundant. Another is the trap of guilt and innocence which entangles us in the detail of this or that 'crime' when really we are being prosecuted for our ideas, making us the subject of a trial when it is the system itself which we have already judged and found wanting. In eighteenth century London during the brutal days of the hangings and the transportations, many who were dragged before the courts simply refused to speak English to the judges, preferring to insult the wigged barons and their executioners in "Thieves Cant" (a language known only to the poor and excluded) rather than answer the charges made against them. Today's "Thieves Cant" is again the refusal of the opinion of the judiciary. The CCF members and the other irreducible individuals who have echoed their call from within and without the prison walls, have reminded people clearly that beginning a refusal to submit to this regime-game is a revolutionary imperative, as important as anything else that we decide to do. We understand that our comradeship within/ alongside groups of the Anarchist

Black Cross -with its existing federative approach to the question of anarchist organisation-reveals to us a big potential, when the concept of informal groups of theory-in- action -praxis- is considered. As the prisons are aimed squarely at us, the anarchist and chaotic, we have no problems organising for the destruction of prisons and the system which requires them. So, we agree to the proposal of the CCF to concentrate efforts on communication, exchange, translation, and also of course, actions based around the topic of the "prison" (which is as well another chamber of society and vice versa). This is a new opening for co-ordinations and exchanges of international solidarity through practical theory and continuity.

For an International Network of Counter-Information and Translation. For a Black International of Anarchists of Praxis.

325 is an anarchist / anti-capitalist information clearing house and DIY media network for social war.

325.nostate.net

Black Blog Collective

We are a group of anarcho- communists from Russia. We prefer the method of revolutionary struggle by direct action as a way to achieve our social ideal and liberation. We use Molotovs, sometimes, explosives and other sabotage actions to strictly attack the oppressors only. This makes us very close to insurrectionary anarchism.

Besides direct actions, we maintain Black Blog site, active for almost 2 years now. It appears as a news resource of radical social struggle expressed in the acts of guerilla and sabotage in Russia and also contains some practical skills of resistance and expresses our anarchist position.

We keep solidarity with all fighting and imprisoned comrades worldwide. Together, strong, to victory and anarchy!

blackblocg.info

Edizioni Cerbero

Bad Passions

The seasons of the Inferno: Illegalism – Nihilism – Individualism - Anti-Christianism

A text presented on 4th September 2010

The reasons and necessity for publishing and re-editing with practical commitment, texts of theory under the name of **Edizioni Cerbero**¹ is based on the principle of the free and individual liberation of **bad passions**², those unique, personal and egoistic passions which are the pivot of free will and relativism, chased back by society as the ruin of the ideal of living-together humanity. Starting from this amoral incipit, we tighten and carry on anarchist-nihilist proposals in order to hit the constituted ‘altar of good and evil’, the gene of prisons and of the applauses in the theatres of the state, of infernos and heavens, of awards and privileges, up to the punishment perpetrated by the dogs of the law that feed on the edification of ideal States or Societies. Our first intention is exactly to re-conquer the ego³ and the boundless freedom of our passions.

We choose pamphlets, communiqués and old and recent claims of anarcho-terrorist attacks⁴ against the state, as in the case of the ‘**Conspiracy of the Cells of Fire – Group of nihilist guerrilla– Nihilist Fraction**’, on the methods of struggle and physical and moral means, whereas the so-called anarchist movement with its remote and contrasting trends imbued with sickly Christian-communist- democratic hypocrisy, under the revolutionary flag, gathers the opportunistic vision of unity is strength, everything and its opposite, friends today and enemies tomorrow. Here is an example:

‘But supposing that as a result of the kind of education received from present society, or for physical misfortune or for any other reason, someone were to want to do harm to us and to others, one can be sure that we would exert ourselves to prevent him from

¹ Not by chance, Cerberus watches the doors of our personal inferno where nobody can enter and nothing comes out – see the Edizioni Cerbero bookmark. <http://325.nostate.net/?tag=edizioni-cerbero/>

² ‘It is not great feelings that decide on the morals and holiness of people; they are the inexhaustible reservation of the images and affections that express moral life. Passions are morally good when they contribute to a good action; they are bad in the opposite case. Right will leads the sensitive movements it assumes to goodness and beatitude; bad will gives in to wild passion and exacerbates them. Emotions and feelings can be assumed in virtue or perverted by vice.’ See ‘Catechism of the Catholic Church’.

³ ‘The Anarchist is only the one who, after a long, breathless and desperate search, has found in themself and has placed themselves, defiant and proud, “on the fringes of society”, denying anyone the right to judge them.’ Renzo Novatore, ‘I Am My Own Cause’, Edizioni Cerbero.

⁴ ‘Let’s give free rein to our destructive instincts. A new guerrilla cycle can begin, stronger and even more destructive. Any house can become a hideout, and from all hideouts the fire will come out to burn them all alive. For we know that the new guerrilla is not a soap bubble or an adolescence impulse or an explosion of artistic anxiety. The realization and revitalization of our aggressive desires, negations and existence manifest themselves in the attack on the existent. You’ll be always straight in front of us... and we’ll see who will have their back against the wall.’ - CCF - **Nihilist Fraction**

so doing with all the means at our disposal. Of course, because we know that man is the consequence of his own organism as well as of the cosmic and social environment in which he lives; because we do not confuse the inviolate right of defence with the claimed ridiculous right to punish; and since with the delinquent, that is with he who commits anti-social acts, we would not, to be sure, see the rebel slave, as happens with judges today, but the sick brother needing treatment, so would we not introduce hatred in the repression, and would make every effort not to go beyond the needs of defence, and would not think of avenging ourselves but of seeking to cure, redeem the unhappy person with all the means that science offered us. In any case, irrespective of the anarchists' interpretation (who could, as happens with all theorists, lose sight of reality in pursuing a semblance of logic), it is certain that the people would not allow their wellbeing and their freedom to be attacked with impunity, and if the necessity arose, they would take measures to defend themselves against the anti-social tendencies of a few.'

Apart from some definitions, the above piece of writing reminds us of any speech of any pro Catholic and democratic politician or 'enlightened' socialist, a Capuchin friar, a social worker, a possible merciful jailer, a psychiatrist... but it is Errico Malatesta, who, in order to solve the problem of 'anti-social trends' would make recourse to coercive means such as a 'criminal mental hospital' in opposition to the point 2 of his program.⁵

'Resistance to the oppression of political power won't make legitimate recourse to weapons, except when all the following conditions are present:

- 1. in case of certain, serious and prolonged violations of fundamental rights;*
- 2. after all other possibilities have been attempted;*
- 3. without provoking greater disorders;*
- 4. when there is well-founded hope of success;*
- 5. if it is possible to reasonably individuate better solutions.'*

'If one uses more violence than necessary in order to defend his life, his action is illicit. On the contrary, if he reacts with moderation, then defence is licit [...]'⁶

⁵ See Errico Malatesta, 'Anarchy'. 'Abolition of the government and any power that make laws and impose them on others: therefore abolition of monarchies, republics, parliaments, armies, police, judiciary, and all institutions armed with coercive means.'

More often anarchists fight against a world, today's world, which suits them very well... like a tailor-made dress. Some, the most astute ones who knows how to conceal it, brood over conservative instincts, such as fear of destroying secular, moral and architectural traditions, habits and roots: 'works of art, monuments, relations, respect, charity, sociality, humanity, religion, education...' Horrified by amorality they keep everything as it is – moreover, sometimes they renovate it with verbal baptisms and dresses of first Communion in order to make it appear more beautiful. They call conservative practices with revolutionary names, a skilful virtuosity of grammar lexicon that changes on an aesthetical level but doesn't take the stench of old things away. They champion the Whole, even to the detriment of the individual, the Ego, which is everyone's reason, one's own cause regardless of what the latter is, unique and not for all. To find a response to social conservatives read Max Stirner.

⁶ Besides being a right, self- defence can also be serious duty for those who are responsible for others' lives. The defence of the common good requires that the unjust aggressor be put in a position where he can't do any arm. In this respect, the holders of authority have the right to use even weapons in order to reject the aggressors of the civil community entrusted to their responsibility. The effort of the state aiming at protecting the common good and

In order to defend oneself from the danger of the Unique, as it can be seen, all social doctrines which by nature tend to their conservation hit 'adequately' any perversion that does not want to adapt and to place its wicked passions in collective containers, holders of inviolable truths: in God with the Baptism, in Humanity with morals (of Socialism).

I Am My Own Cause

Novatore is another editorial choice of Edizioni Cerbero. He hits at the core of this point, an important point on the present perspectives that an individual must take in respect of the analysis is that want him to be placed in a parochial- revolutionary march. Novatore warns us about social preachers, the thieves of the ego.

*'Only the one who can appreciate with impetuous violence the rusty gates closing the house of the big lie where the lubricious thieves of the Ego have gathered (god, state, society and humanity), can be master of himself and call himself anarchist, and take back his biggest treasure from the viscid and rapacious hands – ringed with the fake gold of love for mercy and civilization – of awry predators.'*⁷

And he continues:

*'The first man who said: "There's no god" was unquestionably an athlete of human thought. But the one who limited himself to say: "The priest's god is not there" cheated with a misunderstanding and revealed himself as being a shady partisan who already planned to kill men perhaps with a new lie. Be well aware of those who limit themselves with the sole negation of god.'*⁸

Therefore the ego is everything, the Nothing that creates from the Nothing as **Max Stirner** explained in **The Ego and Its Own**⁹ and Novatore brilliantly summed up:

containing the spread of offensive behaviours against the rights of men and the fundamental rules of civil living-together corresponds to a need of protection of the common good. The legitimate public authority has the right and duty to inflict punishments according to the seriousness of the crime. Punishment has the main goal to repair the disorder introduced by the guilt. When it is voluntarily accepted by the guilty, it becomes atonement. Moreover, besides defending public order and protecting the security of people, punishment has a therapeutic goal: when possible it must contribute to correcting the guilty. In the presence of a complete assessment of the identity and responsibility of the guilty, the traditional teaching of the church does not exclude the recourse to death penalty, whenever the latter is the only way to effectively protect humans' lives from an unjust aggressor. On the contrary, if bloodless methods are sufficient to defend people from an aggressor and protect security, the authority will limit itself to these means, as the latter are better suited to the concrete conditions of the common good and are more accordant with the dignity of human beings. As a matter of fact, today the State has many possibilities to effectively repress crime by making the one who committed it inoffensive without completely denying him the chance to redeem himself. The cases of absolute necessity of suppression of the culprit *'are by now very rare if not non-existent'*.

See *'Catechism of the Catholic Church' – Saint Tommaso D'Aquino, 'Summa Theologiae'*.

⁷ See Renzo Novatore, *'Wild Flowers'*. Now edited by Edizioni Cerbero as *'I Am My Own Cause'*.

⁸ *Ibid.*

⁹ *'God and humanity founded their cause on nothing, on nothing than themselves. Similarly then, I found my cause on myself. I, like God, am the nothing of everything else, I am the unique. If god and humanity have, as you will assure me, sufficient substance in themselves to be themselves in everything, then I fell I'll miss even less and won't have to complain of my 'emptiness'. I am not nothing in the sense of emptiness but the creative nothing, the nothing from which I myself, as a creator, create everything.'* See Max Stirner, *'The Ego and its Own'*.

‘The war against the human-individual was begun by Christ in the name of god, was developed by democracy in the name of society and threatens to complete itself in socialism in the name of humanity.

If we do not know in time how to destroy these three absurd as well as dangerous phantoms, the individual will be inexorably lost.

It is necessary that the revolt of the “I” expands itself, broadens itself, generalizes itself!

We — the forerunners of the time — have already lit the beacons!

We have lit the torches of thought.

We have brandished the ax of action.

And we have smashed.

And we have unhinged.

But our individual “crimes” must be the fatal announcement of a great social storm.

The great and dreadful storm that will smash all the structures of the conventional lies, that will unhinge the walls of all hypocrisy, that will reduce the old world to a heap of ruins and smoking rubble!

Because it is from these ruins of god, of society, of family and of humanity that the new human mind could be born flourishing and festive, that new human mind which — on the rubble of all the past — will sing the birth of the liberated man: the free and great “I”!

We could fill entire pages with Novatore’s quotations and warnings on these subjects. He deserves more attention as concerns the main points of his thought but we don’t have much space here.

‘Mine is not a thought or a theory, but a state of mind, a particular way of feeling. When I feel the urge to definitely liberate all my Centaurs and furious stallions, it will be an orgy around me, an orgy mad with love and blood; for I am — I feel this — what the inhabitants of the moral swamps of society call ‘common delinquent.’

Ah! Novatore is touching a raw nerve. Few people can read and sustain the message of uniqueness exposed in both concrete and poetic manner without having a thrill of terror and hypocritical horror. Very few are those who can agree that a ‘common delinquent’ can be considered an anarchist.

The political prisoner has the solidarity of comrades (here we should indulge in a brief aside on what one means for solidarity, but for the moment we prefer to stay sane). There are comrades who, even if they wave the flag of the destruction of the prison system, incubate a little builder who, brick by brick, is already putting up a building similar to that that has been just demolished — in the best scenario; some other comrades, by contrast, have already put up walls for a long time — in the worst scenario — walls containing thoughts before people: some sort of preventive psycho-police.

But other comrades don’t just put a limit to their thoughts and wills. They want this limit to be applied in a collective and democratic manner, and with this they want to draw up a plan to

build the prisons of action without mistakes. You can't imagine how many recruits the prison of these self-proclaiming comrades have!

Unfortunately the term 'comrade' adds to the confusion. Is solidarity a point of strength of the anarchist movement?

We think it is, ideally, but it remains as such: an idea, an abstraction.

This is not the right place to develop all the meaning of solidarity. Now solidarity (luckily this is not the case for all comrades) is an instrument that only serves to build a consensus of ethical force for those who receive it. It is not an active force; it only serves as a motive and not as a resolute formula of the problem. A rosary and a prayer have the same effect.

Now a political prisoner can rely on an armless mass canalized in his ethic, and only on these conditions he moves on. This doesn't pull you out of jail but it turns you into a martyr of the cause, if you have the right cards.

In practice they observe you while you are dying and once you are dead some will say mass in order to get even with their conscience.

The common delinquent is the one who got out.

The delinquent of thought and action was capable to dare, to overshoot!

In this respect Bruno Filippi writes:

*'I know I'm living and that I want to live. It is very difficult to put this will into action. We are surrounded by a humanity that wants what others want. My own isolated affirmation is the gravest offense.'*¹⁰

To affirm oneself is a crime against humanity.

The biggest crime society is guilty of is having taken away from the individuals the possibility and means to understand and recognize themselves:

*'It's all in vain, I'm bad. Society won over me. And I hate. I furiously hate this brute humanity that killed me, that made an orange peel out of me.'*¹¹

I come to a conclusion... through pamphlets, books and action it is our intention to spread the message of the here and now as a method of struggle for total, individual and definite liberation from any ethical-moral and repressive structure: The State as much as The Religions.

We are not looking for the consensus of armless masses; no speculative propaganda in this sense is our business.

All this said, we published our pamphlets following a precise line, which tried to give the single individual the theoretical means to reflect and deepen on his/her self- liberation – always starting from the assumption that each one has these means anyway. They must not be seen as suggestions or as charitable work for those who don't know about these means, but as a method of dialogue to make one's struggle as radical as possible.

However, some of our pamphlets already published or about to be published don't focus on theory only. They also focus on practical action, where real and violent confrontation is at stake and any illegal and amoral method will be a constant and indispensable point of reference.

Maurizio de Mone

Federico Buono

Editors of Edizioni Cerbero

¹⁰ Bruno Filippi, *'Il me faut vivre ma vie'*, edited by Edizioni Cerbero as *'Dynamite speaks'*.

¹¹ *Ibid.*

Part Four: Letters of Comrades to Whom This Publication Is Dedicated

Eat & Billy

Letter From Eat & Billy, Imprisoned Comrades of the Long-Live Luciano Tortuga Cell - Indonesian FAI

Dear comrades, with respect, love and rage,

It's been 35 days since we were caught and we are sorry for writing this letter too long as our only possible communication comes only from our friends and lovers who still have the courage to meet us here. Direct letters are impossible.

We've been waiting to hear some news from you all and like a strong warm breeze in this climate of repression, we once more regain back our energy and strength to hear the sound of revolutionary solidarity and a warm feeling of comradeship from all combatants and prisoners of freedom around the world – especially when we have the chance to read a newspaper about some recent insurrection in Rome, Italy, it gave us both a warm feeling that comrades are still fighting for a true revolutionary change... and the spirit of insurrectionalism is still in the air like a light of hope – in this dim atmosphere of cages of repression.

We send our hugs to all the FAI members around the world (those who are free and imprisoned) and as well CCF members in Greece, our true revolutionary and warm feelings to all of you.. On a sad note, we are truly disappointed that some our local comrades who are inspired by fear and media sensationalism which make them to retreat from the front line but let's put this aside, as we are still convinced that they still have the ideas in their heart of resistance... that would light the darkness once more in the glimmering light of passion for rebellion.

Warm hugs and salute to all combatants in Chile, Greece, Portugal, Italy, Spain, Germany, and all of the revolutionary anarchists who never back down in the face of repression. Revolutionary Greetings and Hugs to all of you.

Members of Long-Live Luciano Tortuga Cell – Indonesian FAI

EAT and BILLY

***Note:** Comrades Eat (Reyhard Rumbayan) and Billy (Billy Augustan) are in prison from October 7, 2011 after being arrested for arson on an ATM of a bank. Both comrades took responsibility for their participation in the **Long Live Luciano Tortuga Cell / FAI Indonesia**. For this case the comrades were sentenced to 1 year and 8 months each.*

Letter From Eat

June 2012

Dear comrades, proud 'members' of FAI/IRF Global, our imprisoned friends of the Conspiracy of Cells of Fire, and all the groups, individuals, who dedicate their lives to end the mega-machine

of control and domination and to all the anarcho-heretics. It's been quite long since I wrote an open-letter.

I don't know, all the circumstances here were sometimes too hectic to even try to focus on writing something. A mixture of personal feelings for my loved ones, the process of the trial, and millions of ideas that sometimes came like a rain of stars.

And I'm sure that we all miss the stars, the overwhelming feelings of our unlimited universe, possibility and it's nihilistic essence.

I must say that I'm still fortunate that they kept me inside a cage in this 'Non' maximum security prison. But my purpose here is not to tell 'boring' stories about the prison conditions I am in, for I know it only too well, it is merely a physical prison, a miniature of our modern society. But one cannot say that there's no difference between here and outside. A physical prison is still the most worst place for a free person to be in. No one—no matter what crime they done — should be kept in prison.

Dreams of Fire continue to haunt my dreams, all the solidarity actions by comrades abroad gives me a mixed feelings of joy and sadness. I'm still waiting for all those [*Indonesian*] informal cells and individuals to really start again to storm the gates of heaven. "Our imprisoned condition" is not an excuse to halt a revolt. For we all know that machines never sleep, and all the stars during the night, their magnificent magical existence, are enough reason to steal the Fire of Prometheus — bring a continuous and rhyming fire across the globe, a resonance of wild fires to every office of bankers, politicians, police-stations, industrialists, those nuclear saints etc.

Let's throw all those post-modernists and cultural studies on the garbage, as they are only contributing bourgeois scepticism, those useless theoretical debates and the dead- end of Marxist analysis. I'm not saying that our negative teacher should be abandoned, I'm not saying — as Bakunin once said — "*It is enough of theory*".

No! informal-insurrectionist groups should continue to develop their theory through praxis of attack, to find the limits of informal groups of attack, to develop an understanding on how to bridge social upheaval to our own individualistic tendencies of revolt. As myself, I always tried to find a red thread between social and individual revolt. Because I have a deep connection to social struggles, in which, I never sacrifice my individual ego of revolt just to "please" the 'social anarchist' belief of long-term strategy, even though I'm still confident that a possible bridge between the two poles that insurrectionary anarchist must also have good relation to those autonomous grass roots people that are also longing to storm the heavens.

Let's end the dead-end classical anarchism rhetoric and all those leftist politician once and for all and to recreate the dynamics of internationalists anarchist plague of revolt, to reflect and develop the strategy of attack and a recreation of autonomous liberated spaces.

Comrades, although all of this might sound too sloganistic, I think it is important to reflect and recreate and so the wildfire of anarchist revolt might become the fatal weapon for every domination that is continuing to destroy every aspect of life, living creatures, our mother nature and all those magnificent wonder of our limitless universe.

I wave with smiles to those indomitable rebels of the **Olga Cell (FAI/IRF)** with their courageous action against the imbecile of nuclear saints. Hugs to insurrectionary anarchists belonging to **FAI/IRF** in Chile, Bolivia, France, Germany, Italy, etc. How I wished to hug you all someday.

To **Olga**, their isolation for you is another reason for every ticking time of fire across the globe. Much love for you companera. To **Giorgos Polidoros, Gerasimos Tsakalos, Pana-**

giotis Argirou, Christos Tsakalos, Damiano Bolano, Michalis Nikolopolous, Giorgos Nikolopolous, Haris Hadjimihelakis, Theofilos Mavropoulos.

If you all happen to see the stars or the sun, remember I'm also seeing it with you and to my friend **Luciano Tortuga**, the plague of black revolt will never stop and retreat as our untamed love and wild passions will create the silence before the coming storm.

Long-live Anarchy and International Cooperation of Anarchist-Praxis

Insurrectionary egoist,

Comrade E (Indonesian FAI)

Long-Live Luciano Tortuga Cell

Luciano Tortuga

Comrade Luciano Pitronello was accused for the attack on a branch of Santander bank at June 1, 2011. During the transportation the explosive device exploded on him, resulting in his serious injury. The comrade was detained despite his serious health problems, and even in prison he managed to recover. Luciano was sentenced on Wednesday, August 15 2012 to 6 years freedom under supervision (house arrest).

Letter to the Indomitable Hearts

January 1, 2012 Santiago Chile

7 months since the attack failed

It is difficult to begin to write when I know that I have so much to communicate and even more to keep quiet; silence has become a great companion, and not in vain, since my enemies want me to communicate, to explain myself with my ideas, to justify my illegal action, so that they can to apply the anti-terrorist law and bury me even in the condition in which I find myself, they want that trophy of war, a youth with many wounds, imprisoned for not having tricked himself with the comfort of a revolution framed within political correctness. Power's ambition with my trial is for the señora of the house to tell her little rebel that this is how idealists meet their end, those who dare to dream, to even think, that it begins with the rebellion proper to youth and if it goes unchecked it can end in terrifying consequences—to justify by means of my example the prison system, the repression for the “good of our children and the future.”

I know that power wants that, or at the least hopes for it, that in one way or another I will appear publicly, thus I preferred silence; I think that in these moments it is much better that others speak for me—my comrades, known or unknown, just like in endless events for animal liberation, one knows to speak for those who cannot, I believe that now the same should happen, because I sincerely think that other comrades, even from different parts of the world have already done this and have had splendid results, not only with everything that involves my morale, but also with everything that involves solidarity, which I would dare to represent as the first piece of a great row of dominoes, in which one pushes the first and the second pushes the third and so on successively, where my morale comes to be one more piece in the dominoes, in which there is also damage to the system in breaking with its authoritarian logic, the esteem that the action generates as much on the individual level as collectively, as well as representing another seat in the conflict with reality, and one could spend days like this numbering the different effects that a solidarity action can have.

Nevertheless, as much as my enemies want me to communicate, I know that many comrades also wanted me to, and you should know that I know this and I'm sorry you had to spend several months of uncertainty to receive any news, I profoundly regret not communicating myself in these circumstances, it was I who always stressed that solidarity should be reciprocal, and believe me that more than anyone I regretted not having acted sooner, I felt that I was betraying myself in being silent. "Does it make him uncomfortable that we act in solidarity with him?" I speculated that you thought this in interpreting my silence, but I have a small and beautiful daughter who needs her papá, and I cannot betray her either. She moved me to silence, my ideals move me to dialogue and you my forever comrades incite me to the point in between.

I do not like to write without thinking what I want to convey and to be fully understood, to write something in my situation merits a profound reflection—is it worth it? Since in my case, unlike the majority of political trials which are usually frame-ups, in my case it is proven, since I really did transport a bomb the morning of June 1st with the destination of the bank branch located on Av. Vicuña Mackenna and Victoria, downtown Santiago.

For my part, I wanted to tell everyone why the attack failed. How could I try to communicate myself and ignore something so relevant? Or even, Why that bank? To politicize an anti-capitalist attack is not only to advocate for the violence, it is also to put the noose around my neck, and as for that, Never!, because as long as I am alive I plan to continue fighting, it doesn't matter to me if I'm short some fingers, a hand, my hearing or sight, I will continue forward at all costs, that is something that my enemies have to know as much as my comrades.

Then you ask me to break with the isolation, with the hermitism around me; I posit that I would be ashamed to communicate myself, to do so simply, to which you respond with a blow to my conscience, "*And your comrades?*" Do I think that communicating with you is something banal and unimportant? It's true, I don't need to vomit out everything that happened that night, I believe that in the future there will be time for that...

So, you want to know about me? Well, I will fight in order to live, and live in order to fight until being free and wild, I do not trick myself in thinking that I am less wild if I breathe artificially or not, because I believe that it is in situations like that when the most wild human instinct blossoms—the instinct of survival; I'm not trying to allude to anyone in particular, because I know that many comrades desire my death with all the best, but I want to from here deliver a lesson for everyone—one cannot desire the death of a comrade to free them from their body, unless of course the comrade manifests it, but if that were the case, the person would seek the means to put an end to their life, without thus generating a judicial case (homicide) for a third party. Because what would happen if to "do me a favor" they had killed me? Who are they who call themselves my comrades to judge whether or not it's worth the pain for me to keep living? The only one capable of taking such a decision is the individual, only he knows what he really desires, and in particular I want to keep living, in order to continue fighting.

On other other hand, I want you to know that I appreciate all and every one of the solidarity actions that you have done with me, the banners hung in different parts of the world or those messages that carry the same solidarios reach my ears in one way or another, each leaflet, each counter-information bulletin, each space of your lives that you dedicated to me I keep as a treasure, know that I have been aware of everything, that in this world there are not words for my feelings of gratitude, because each bombing, each arson organized in my name is in my mind, I can never forget the valiance of my Mexican comrades, the insubordinates who have made themselves my comrades in Greece, I wish to embrace the savages of Bolivia and the US,

affectionately saluting the rebels of Spain and Italy, the libertarixs of Argentina—take heart!, not to mention the iconoclasts of Indonesia—strength, comrades! To the anonymous of the ALF and ELF in Russia and in the world. To the imprisoned comrades across the world, I send all my care in these humble letters, to the comrade Tamara, prisoner in Mexico, to Gabriel Pombo Da Silva, prisoner in Spain, to Marco Camenisch, prisoner in Switzerland, to the always dignified comrades of the Cells of Fire, how I envy your courage, and of course to my comrades of the territory dominated by the state of Chile, to you who I knew in person know that I carry you in my heart everywhere I go, I have never been separated from you because I carry you in my smile; I know that in a letter I could never thank everyone and each one of the actions I hope that it is understood that I do not intend to exclude any one, the forms in which you have been in solidarity with me are many and as diverse as the same struggle, from illegal actions to activities to telephone calls, internet messages, and libertarian songs; finally I want you to know, each and every one of you solidarious rebels that this loco for freedom will Never, never forget you, you were known to be as great as skyscrapers and to strike where it hurts, and above all, you made the stars shine with your courage, and that is something worth imitating.

I would like you to know what the solidarity created for me in those days when nothing made sense, when learning to remake my life did not make a bit of sense, because you know I was doing poorly, what happened to me I would wish on very few people because it was horrible—and in the greatest darkness there appeared small gestures that pushed me to not give up. How could I betray those who risk their lives to give me encouragement? And I learned to conquer life anew; I know that you will never know how important you have been. Now I find myself as strong as ever; prison, far from intimidating me, has made me as strong as in those days; life is paradoxical, because I always said that to have comrades in prison should never motivate one to fear, entirely the opposite it should be the reason for the wick in the bottle of gasoline, for the fuse in the explosive or incendiary charge, for the smile in the insurgent hearts after each day of attack, this I believed before and I still believe it, and now I am the one who finds himself a prisoner, so if my enemies do not succeed in intimidating me when I find myself in their clutches I see it will be difficult for them to do so with my comrades.

I plan to confront the prison in the same way that I confront society— with dignity and happiness, never in a submissive way, to, as has been said before, make the prison combative. I tell you that I am in the hospital section of the Santiago 1 prison, here there is a regime similar to that of the maximum security module of the high security prison, but without a yard, without radio, without TV, with one weekly visit of at most 2 people and with the risk of catching the illnesses of other prisoners; the room is shared and is larger than a cell, around here they call it the crazy prison, because to spend much time here is enough to drive you crazy, although I am of the opinion that what does not kill you makes you stronger, also as they say around here, “we crazy ones are those who have the most beautiful dreams.” I tell you that I do a lot of exercise to recuperate the musculature I lost, I sing a lot, especially the songs that nobody likes, I write letters to my little baby girl every week, sometimes when I have a roommate I play chess or we talk, generally the prisons have much care for me and help me a lot. I rigorously follow my rehabilitation treatment and I try to give myself encouragement when information from the outside is scarce; also I have proposed many projects to myself, I am already working on some, others are for when I have completed my sentence.

I think that a rebel becomes a warrior when one is able to get back up stronger than one fell, who is able to see a reality even though one has everything to lose, a warrior does not necessarily

have to know how to make a bomb or handle one, nor to have techniques of camouflage, these are things one learns by addition, warriors are dangerous for their ideas and principles because they see all the way to the final consequences, always firm, steadfast, because they do not betray themselves nor their comrades, because they are always aware, because they don't let themselves be carried by fuck-ups or rumor, because if they have problems they confront them, if they feel pain they cry, and if they are happy they laugh; because they know to live out a full life, though it will not therefore be peaceful—those are the true warriors; now in this war there are many joyful occasions, but there are also moments of bitterness, because it is a war, not a juvenile phase, and to confront the system of domination utilizing these conclusions can carry disastrous consequences and we should know that beforehand, because an error, a small carelessness changes everything, I always say this and this I had understood, therefore I acted according to the terms that I used. Regarding my wounds, they have all healed, unfortunately the marks will always remain but I carry them with the same pride as my tattoos, because they are the best evidence that I am convinced in my ideals—how could I not be? I carried that bomb with dreams and hopes and those remain intact.

On the other hand, I regret being unable to keep carrying on in the projects that I participated in, understanding that for me there was none that was more valuable than another, each and every one means a contribution to the social war and I yearn that those projects do not go adrift because I am not around, on the contrary I should be another motivation to continue forward, I know that I am not absolved of criticism, because if I formed part of those dreams I should have acted not at 100% of caution, but at 150%.

I am sure that my example will close one more chapter and that the new and not-so-new combatants will know to rescue the positive from all this, because the struggle continues and there are too many hearts that do not fit in this authoritarian world and want to open a path, because we did it in the past we know how to do so in the present, personally I make a good balance of the anti-authoritarian struggles in the world, one or another diminishes but generally the prognosis looks good.

But as much as the struggle advances, the repression will too, and my case will be utilized to reopen the pathetic bombs case frame-up, therefore I make the suggestion to be alert, never to inaction but rather to caution, because my self-criticism can be applied by all, the idea is to share it, nor do I say this as certain science, it is speculation, perhaps they do not intend more frame-ups for fear of looking ridiculous again, or maybe they'll flush down the toilet everything in which which my deed is accredited, so the call is to be well awake, with all 5 senses in the street.

To end I want to dedicate some final lines to that person who traveled with me in the early hours of June 1st. *Hermanix*¹, I know that my accident must have marked you, perhaps you spend nights without sleeping, in the uncertainty of daily life, “*Will they find out it was me? Will they notice me? Will I wake up tomorrow or will I have died in my sleep? Will I be betrayed?*” I remember that once I told you that despite the deep hatred I feel toward the wretch who stabbed his *compañera*, I also believed to understand it one should be in a similar situation, to see if we are as strong as we say, because I have always believed that betrayal is an internal enemy. Now I can tell you with certainty that that little guy has no balls! I also remember that before going out to the street that night I told you that I was going without my Kabbalah, a totally meaningless

¹ Little brother / little sister – transl.

thing, something that I felt gave me luck, you told me that I was crazy for believing in such things, luckily I brought my other amulet, I am still alive and now we can laugh about that nonsense. *Hermanx*, I want you to know that although I could never imagine the horrible things that have played with your mind or your heart, I continue to be the same little turtle who smells like feet and sleeps on the floor and I am never going to have to reproach you for anything, because that night it was my turn, just like in past times it had been your turn, if something happens the second person flees, so we had agreed and so it had to be, because although you might many times feel like a traitor, you are not, in this war that we decided to take on there are no words to understand us. I may never see you again, if so, good luck in everything that comes.

I said it once and now I say it again with pride: Never defeated, never repentant! From here I send a warm embrace to the people who walk in clandestinity.

With Mauri present in memory! Prisoners at war to the street! Against all authority!

Walking toward the creative nothing!

Luciano Pitronello Sch.

Insurrectionalist Political Prisoner.

The Abyss Does Not Stop Us

Communique at one year after the Bombing that almost cost me my life

First days of June, 2012

To the conscious rebels; to my companions scattered across the world:

A little more than a month has passed since everything changed for me that cold predawn of June 1st last year, and I believe that to not declare myself about it would be to play along with the game that has me here prisoner in the hospital of the Santiago 1 prison, and it would be a dishonor to myself, but above all to you my dear *compañerxs* who worry about me.

I should say: I wanted to make a balance one year from when all this happened, but did not manifest it publicly for two reasons: the first is because that text was too compromising, and the second and more important in my opinion is because nothing was really analyzed in it, it was only a compilation of frustration, resentment and hatred that raged against everyone, cursing those who ran off, but now I want to do it, I feel the lucidity to be able to deliver some words that I am sure are so deserved.

But before beginning, I want to advise you of the reasons for my delay. The days have not been easy, the permanent confinement has begun to do its work, and my mood has been terrible, which is why my first draft of this communique ended up being a compendium of rage and ire; arrogance, aggressiveness and haughtiness began to flourish in my attitudes, and faced with some situations I simply did not recognize myself, but I fight, I fight to continue forward and not betray myself, trying to fight my own self in daily life, reminding myself and not forgetting who I am and why I am here.

Well here I go...

As concerns my wounds and healing it has gone very well, the daily exercises and practice in the manual labor of life have been done, I say this with a great smile, that I have surpassed the disability of knowing myself semi-mutilated; as for my vision it has improved greatly, but I should continue with the ocular treatment for a good time; as for the burns, apart from being all healed many have evolved positively, even so, I should keep using the special compression suit

for the burns and the rose hip oil. At least for me, this chapter that has to do with my physical state is closed, happily the bomb did not kill me.

My emotional state has been weakening over the past days, but this is due to the permanent confinement, I know that all prisoners have our highs and lows, so I am optimistic about this situation, after all, the confinement cannot be forever, and if it was then they would only have my flesh, because my mind and spirit will carry on in the street next to each combatant, smiling and conspiring, and I say this not as a poetic slogan I affirm it as a reality that is reflected in the projection of insurgent dreaming where the authoritarian values of domination are crushed in various ways.

Prison is hard, I will not deny it, but it is possible to confront it, and we are witnesses of that, myself and each and every one of my companions who have in different ways embraced me to make me know that I am not alone. The exemplary punishment that power boasts so much about is nothing of the sort, at least in my case, since my comrades as well as myself do not have a clue why their media-spectacle is realized successfully, and what's more, the only example we follow here is the one we give ourselves, wielding our best weapon: solidarity.

Self-critiques I make many, above all in this episode that is called prison, where I have taken out the worst of myself, for which I humbly beg the pardon of each and every one of the comrades who I have shown my teeth to in one way or another, those I have attacked only for the desire to unload my anger, those I did not want to see/write due to the rage and envy that my condition created in me, and above all, I beg the pardon of everyone who has had to swallow bad faces, disagreeable times and my poor character for the sole fact of wanting to be in solidarity with me. So as I ought to confess I have not been at the height of the circumstances, of your solidarity which is enormous, but here we are ready to move forward, to fall and to get back up again, to learn from the errors — this is the idea, right?

If I am to make a constructive criticism it would be only that perhaps there is a lack of first-hand information about what it is to live the consequences of choosing a rebel life, what it means to live in prison and isolation, what this brings with it, understanding more closely the stigma of being considered a terrorist and what goes on with our lives when this happens, familiarizing ourselves more with subjects like clandestinity and exile that are recurrent places in the struggle for freedom in a way that is more real and less imaginary, and finally starting to speak more about torture, the methods the enemy applies, crime as base value for a State-police, mutilation as a possibility in the war against authority, pain and agony as part of the life of warriors, and thus each and every one of these difficult possibilities that one can face, beyond speculation and charlatanry.

If I am to share my scant, but no less intense, experience in this sense, I would say that the work of prison and isolation have to do more than anything with a moral demotivation, the others start not to matter a bit, likewise what is happening outside, you adhere yourself to the prison reality, this is your world now, what do you get from knowing about what is happening outside if you are inside? You start to worry always less about yourself, you do not care about anything, you become contemptuous of others and the environment, you begin to value others' efforts to get a smile out of you less and less, because they are not living your nightmare, it follows that you lose the fear of anything because you know that you have lost everything and you are at the bottom of the abyss, you have fucked life, you turn hostile and aggressive, seeking in this way to end everything soon, that the jailers crush you with their batons for the insults you hurl at them every day, and that, if you are lucky, they'll give you a hand and you'll end up dead, to finally rest

from the psychosis you are carrying or, in the worst case, that other prisoners do this task to show you who has the most balls. When the psychosis of confinement advances, gestures of solidarity begin to matter little, you put to yourself emotional traps like *“Why see importance in a gesture of solidarity if I remain prisoner?”* or even worse, you articulate phrases like, *“They are not suffering the consequences like I am,”* and you curse your luck; but some hard loving and caring slaps are needed to warn us of the toxicity of these thoughts, that is to say, it is really stupid to believe that only we live the consequences of confinement, and it is not that one wants for everyone to live these consequences, but the sense of not being alone and helpless makes us strong, therefore, when a comrade falls prisoner it doesn’t just have to do with their confinement/ punishment, there are many noble hearts who decide to accompany the comrade in this new situation, acting in solidarity with him/her, being present, writing, spreading news of their situation, vindicating them in the street, with flyers, pamphlets, posters, shouting their name in the demonstration, breaking the symbols of power in their honor, etc. Prison and isolation do their work, you start to dig your own grave and alone you go deeper into it, until you end up hearing phrases so absurd as that you are alone, and the worst of this self- imposed trap is that we ourselves take care of driving off the tools that can help us to not decline, and then, sickly, we complain and get depressed from the forgetfulness we have buried ourselves in, because by now no one remembers us, no one is in solidarity with us, the desperation eats us up inside, and what we think would be our greatest weapon to confront adversity was crushed by the walls of silence, our will shattered, and so your projects become of little relevance, you get discouraged easily, the future becomes uncertain, you start to lose interest in life, and one anguishing night you end up hanging yourself in your cell.

So in order to not fall into these kinds of dynamics it is important to observe oneself constantly and to be evaluating ourselves, clinging to the things/people/ circumstances that make us well, and distancing ourselves from the harmful (as much as possible), because certainly to reach a state of carceral psychosis is not a matter of one day or another, it is a monster that goes on growing in of our minds and hearts with the passing of times, and it is effectively a gradual process that we can become aware of and combat before it is too late.

I should say that nobody ever told me what permanent confinement meant (much less how to confront it), my most real encounters were the anecdotes of one book or another, and the rest was experienced through my imagination, with this, I am never saying that today I was not ready to assume the costs of the postures I had chosen in life, but it definitely would have been a great help to me. Fine, but at least in my case I have tried to face this arming myself with projects to contribute to, even from my condition, it is important to find sense in your days, they can be simple things, reading a book and giving your opinion, writing with others who are imprisoned or not, creating music/poetry, learning to draw, exercising your body, etc; but here I make an note, our most important projects, at least in permanent confinement, should be those that are needed only from our readiness and will, and therefore, I do not foreclose on the possibility of contributing in projects that are beyond our physical limitations, but one must keep in consideration that these can bring oceans of frustrations with them: someone doesn’t come to visit, does not write me back, forgets to bring this or that, that we organize ourselves around certain themes, and if our senses of life are limited in turn to just projects in the street, with a few trip-ups of this kind we will be taken down in terms of morale more or less quickly; therefore I believe that one must maintain two kinds of projects, one that makes us maintain contact with the other side of the wall, and the other that must do more than anything with an individual labor,

that can generate itself even in conditions of maximum confinement, something that happens in unfortunate cases, be it loss of communication with the outside, or the seizure only of the material we use for our individual projects, so we do not decline in morale. It is important to create support networks for oneself in order to not crumble along the way, to be observant and analyze what the prison reality offers you and to take from it what you deem convenient, which is to say that if the prison keeps you in total isolation you can take advantage of the silence of this situation to read, write or reflect, alternatively if it offers you the courtyard you can take advantage of it to exercise or talk with other prisoners (one can always learn something useful), and thus in a substantial way the possibility of elaborating an escape plan or a mutiny always exists independently of the regimen they submit us to.

If I am to speak about another one of the possible consequences of this war that some fill their mouths with so much, it would be to say that to be recognized as an enemy of authority is not easy, less so when you are labeled as a terrorist in the media, your social environment is affected almost unanimously, family members, friends and comrades take off running, turn their backs on you and often deny they ever knew you, few are the brave who dare to remain with you, the public opinion does its work and through all the possible methods the system tries to isolate you, they don't have to get their hands dirty with the death penalty anymore, these days the methods are more sophisticated and democratic, they make your life cease to have meaning because they distance you from everything that you are a part of, and they don't just do this physically by getting you in a cage, but also psychologically to reduce your convictions, they demonize you collectively, they erase the memory of what you once were and they transform you into a television case, in a failed explosive attack, in a bank robbery with a policeman killed, or into a member of a phantasmic terrorist organization, you are that, you are your letter of presentation, to such an extent that if you don't become aware that you are much more than what the press says, you end up believing it; and the best example can be given by Mauri [*Mauricio Morales, killed during an anarchist action in Chile., 2009*] – why is he known for an unsuccessful May 22 and has anyone ever heard of the times when he helped some elderly people in his neighborhood with their heavy shopping bags? We ourselves are responsible for reducing him to a date on the calendar. Society strikes you psychically, your days no longer have the sense they did before, you are worth nothing and you have ruined the lives of everyone around you – Why keep existing? Why cause more pain? They no longer need to stain their hands with your blood; please, we are civilized people, instead they incite you to finish yourself off, because they have reduced you to a mere episode, you are that, a terrorist who only knows how to create pain around him, and so the best thing you can do is to do your loved ones a favor, that is if you still have anything of a heart left, and end your life. This is the hidden discourse that reproduces our shiny Chilean democracy, there are no longer any revolutionaries, now they minimize us as mere terrorists, because clearly a revolutionary is someone with feelings, with ideas, love of freedom and a companion of the oppressed, that is, someone worth imitating, instead the terrorist is a shadow with impunity who has no heart and is obsessed with the use of violence due to past childhood traumas – so how to face this situation?

For my part I have learned to keep public opinion at bay, which is usually the opinion of the bourgeois press, with the simple act of analyzing their role one manages to halt much of their discourse, although I will not deny that many times in their work they have hurt me deeply, above all when you become aware of these opinions coming from the mouths of people you love, when they are the ones who put you between the spade and the wall: either kill yourself or keep

hurting us, wow, how difficult, how intense, then it is your turn to decide, you or they, you or those you love most, and if you choose yourself what sense will life have without them? Will you choose yourself? Do you love them so little? You? Them? The instinct of survival or your love? Which is stronger? Apparently neither is the correct alternative, but I choose my life, if I do not love myself, it is impossible for me to love others. And I end up expelling various persons from my life and from my heart for always, I keep going, alone and wounded like that predawn, confused, with death stalking me and red in flames of ire, life hit me again, but it is only another chapter and I get up again, this time with the help of what was never missing: solidarity. Now I reflect on it, one year after the bombing that almost cost me my life, and I do not repent these decisions, the pain was better, like the bomb, it was momentary, but life continued and the suffering of these episodes went diffused with the passing of time, life continues, struggle continues, and what is insurmountable today will tomorrow be nothing more than a story, another chapter in this existence of combat.

At this point I have spoken of two possible consequences in revolutionary struggle, prison and being recognized as an enemy of society, but I have not spoken of the consequence that is most noted in my case, the mutilation of our bodies and how we can keep fighting in spite of this. If I am to speak of healing and how the mutilation of our bodies becomes like a cross that one must carry for life, I believe that it is important to point out that each case is particular, having its windows and own difficulties. But I suppose that in the final count there are enough similarities. At first you are discouraged, it is like a cataclysm that dusted your life away and all beautiful feelings find themselves under the rubble of mutilation, desires that what happened to you had only been a bad dream that you will soon wake up from, you become obstinate toward the obvious, this could not have happened to you, there must be an explanation, but the only explanation is the one the mirror gives you, the days pass, you get depressed, you think that you will never get past it, you need to ask for help for some basic tasks and this causes you an uncomfortable humiliation, you become hateful and this new situation frustrates you, the people who try to encourage you notice your resignation, life like this does not make sense, but they apply themselves to support you in spite of your mood, you are irritated, you don't want to do exercises or rehabilitate yourself, you want to send everything to the shit, take your life away, this seems to be an option, but you are afraid that in the attempt you will end up worse off, you are confused, you cry in the nights of solitude and you make yourself like a wild beast in front of others, you are wounded you know, but you have to heal your heart to be able to start to recover. If you manage to make it this far, you have taken a step forward in the path toward victory, your victory, because this is a battle, now you should arm yourself with patience, frustration is just around the corner, one, two, three, one hundred falls, nobody said it would be easy, but look at yourself, you don't do it very well, but you do it, and alone, without help, a pat on the back, the rest is practice they tell you, if you could do it once, you can do it again, you look around you, physically you are alone, and you accomplish it: you smile. How long has it been since you smiled? You don't need to show it to anyone, you have shown it to yourself, you are a warrior giving one of your best fights, you resign yourself not to die, this is for the brave, a few more stumbles, ridicule from the usual suspects, reality takes care of putting you on the uphill, you lay it on yourself, it is difficult, but you already did not renounce yourself, that is a fact, you look back, you've come a long way to collapse here, now you have reasons to continue, you cannot fail all of them, the who you love and who want to see you happy, but above all, you cannot fail yourself, you told yourself this once when things were difficult, you are a warrior for life, and

you clench your teeth against the shame, sometimes you say horrible things, you are implacable in front of yourself, other times you feel the proudest in the world, you did not fall in spite of everything, the days move forward, you start to take in the ritual of all this, you no longer turn sour before your reflection, you begin to accept it, you learn things that are new for this context, but not so new for life itself, you relearn to learn, things now are seen in a different nuance and one afternoon with the sun still as company you set the ultimatum, if I do not remake my life by this date then I will not go on with this madness...

Finally you persist, you manage to get past it, that date arrives when you have to make the evaluation of your performance and the smile on your face reveals that you have passed the text with success and excellence, then you do not feel disabled nor incapacitated, nor anything, you are another warrior, ready to face anything.

As for what concerns my case in particular, I suppose that what happened to me was what happens in the majority of serious accidents, I wanted to seek a rapid and simple solution (death), but some provoked me, some very rudely, at least they tried to, and so, clinging to solidarity I kept on until the recovery began to give its first results, now with this background I got it into my head that I could get myself up out of this fall, I remember that the stubbornness and obstinacy played much in my favor, since there were people who did not give a shit about my recovery (including medical specialists), but in the end I would make the best judgment myself, it would only a question of time, I also remember that I went through many embarrassments that I would prefer not to disclose hahaha, and these happened because I went against time in my recovery, I tried to do/practice everything, even without having rehearsed things, and I say that I went against time because I wanted to go into the prison as recovered as possible, I did not want to even think of a prison guard assisting me, I luckily that never happened. After going into the prison on November 22 with a tight stomach and high morale, I prepared to take advantage of this new situation of total confinement to finish with rehabilitating completely, and there was no lack of times when they ridiculed me for my physical condition, but in the face of these situations I bit my tongue and thought that sooner or later they would regret their jokes, because I knew better than anyone that they were spitting at the sky, soon I would be totally recovered and they would not dare to speak to me that way; the time passed, I took my time, I went as slow as a turtle, I exercised every day without a break, whether it was cold or hot, I was disciplined with myself, and it was a question of Practice, Patience and Perseverance (the 3 "P"s like I told you) to find myself totally recovered, and well, here I am, look at me one year after the bombing that almost killed me. Who said that I would bite the mud of humiliation forever? Who said that I would be defeated for the rest of my life? Who said that the struggle does not make us great? If my ideas can bring me to lose my life, they can also bring me to recover it, that was always my gamble, and so I have thrown myself with all my strength into the fight, because I recognize in it the greatness to break the chains, and it is a matter of observing me in the everyday to confirm this assertion, if with telling you that I can even thread a needle, like this, as I am, with 8 of the 10 fingers of my hands, I can tie my shoelaces, cook, wash, make nice origami cubes and if it pleases me I can even carry out all the tasks that I did before, clearly, the only small difference is that it takes me a little longer, but that is such a small detail, so insignificant if you compare with how close I was to death, with what passed over, because after everything I always knew it, for revolutionaries impossibilities do not exist, and my splendid recovery is proof of that.

What matters is to never lose the spirit of struggle, not ever, it does not matter how terrible things look, but while your mind and your heart do not betray you the rest becomes mere detail,

our bodies can weaken, it is true, but what makes us great has nothing to do with flesh and bones, what turns us into giants are our convictions, our spirit of knowing that we do what is correct.

Now, I write these lines not only to warn of the awful consequences that revolutionary struggle can bring with it, I also do it to contribute in the creation of new and not so new methods for confronting the difficult journeys that we can carry our decisions along. And it is that on this occasion I can contribute with some examples, through which I encourage other comrades to share their experiences, since the possibilities of struggle are infinite, madness, rape, exile, mutilation, victory, torture, clandestinity, laughter, imprisonment, pain, betrayal, amnesia, dependency, beatings, humiliation, death, all of these, none, others, and so many more, and how many of the warriors in the street today who fight against power and its designs know this? That is, how prepared are we to assume the costs of the social war if we do not know these kinds of things? Can we speak of not repenting without having all this in consideration? Do we understand the significance of prison? What it brings with it? Or do we comprehend what it carries when a comrade is mad? How far do we understand the consequences of declaring ourselves enemies of the State/ Capital?

In a struggle against the system in its totality, we have everything to lose, and do we accept these conditions before we embark on the search for our dreams? I am of the idea of knowing what one is involved in, so as to also know to abide by the consequences, assuming them and coming out gracefully through them, because otherwise what happens is what a dear and close compañera warned of: we turn ourselves into the worst propaganda of struggle.

If we think carefully, it should not surprise us that many comrades of before have chosen self-exile as a response to some of these consequences, and it really very difficult to continue the fight in an area where through the media and socially the system cries for your annihilation, in the end how can one confront the system when it is obsessed with confronting you, having you individualized, located and pointed out? Now, I believe that if it is indeed true that the exile of before served to hide behind the comfort of a normal life, far from the criminalization of revolutionary ideas, today, and with the validity of the proposal of the comrades of the Conspiracy of Cells of Fire, of arming an International Revolutionary Front, it remains clear that it does not matter whether we find ourselves prisoners, exiles in another region, or clandestine on another continent, the struggle is only one and it surpasses the barriers of nations and borders, because independently of the language we speak or the idiosyncrasies that differentiate us, the struggle continues to be against structures of power, against the values of authority and against the logic of exploitation and domination, bonding us in this way with each and every one of the warriors who fight for the same objective as ourselves: freedom. I recognize myself in the internationalist struggle, since I know first-hand its excellent results, which is why I take advantage of this instance to unite myself to the proposal of the comrades in Greece, embracing the initiative of the FAI/FRI as a project that appeals to the same criteria as I, hoping that this communique can be a true and real contribution, above all for the comrades who live in situations similar to mine and/or to those who in an unwanted future will have to pass through this.

If I am to make a balance of all this, one year after the bombing that almost cost me my life, my result is positive, very positive, and I will not deny that things were difficult, because there were days dark as the depths of the sea, when everything was crumbling around me, my life as I had constructed it went to shit, but this helped me, with the pain caused, to learn that all this I had built I had not made sufficiently solidly as to endure the praxis of my discourse, if family, friends, comrades and lovers took off flying away from my side, to speak much more profoundly than

just physically, to see myself in this situation where many thought that it would be better for me to just sink alone before I would take more people down with me, since they believe that I would never get back up from this, if all these people underestimated me because in their smallness they thought that they themselves wouldn't be able to stand such a fall as mine, today they are not at my side, it is only for their mediocrity, because know this: I do not lack the affection to forgive them, after everything, not one of us was prepared for this. But for all the rudeness of my words and life, there was no lack of gestures of love and absolute dedication, making me know that in spite of everything they were with me, in the good and in the bad, until the end, reaffirming bonds already forged, perhaps only with incredulous gazes of companionship, with one or another conversation walking around the block, sharing a snack or fraternally criticizing each other on the bench of a plaza.

Power wanted me out of the fight, they wanted to suspend me eternally in June 1st 2011, and they even try to do it today, it is something to observe why I am known and where I find myself, but for me none of this is over, I will continue, I will get up, I will show my claws again and I will keep fighting, confronting the enemy constantly, as in my best times, because I am not a warrior who must be remembered with longing, I am another companion, another one of the pack, only in the bowels of the prison beast, all that differentiates me from the companions in the street is the situation that we face, but if you are able to risk your freedom and even life in the struggle that bonds us, why should it be different for me? One year after the failed attack on the Santander bank branch, I have raised myself with ferocity, I won, even though I sit on the bench of the accused, because I knew to take the reigns of my life with my own hands, I triumphed in the face of the life of commerce that they want to impose on us and in the face of death as the only exit, but this victory is not only mine, what arrogance it would be on my part to believe so, because if it were not for the bold comrades who dared to send me their encouragement and care, know this for certain that today I would not be writing these lines, and so, we, the combatants of the new urban guerrilla, are their defeat.

To all those beautiful people who understand that the social war is much more than bombs, bullets and benzine, and who know that solidarity is much more than a hobby to invest your free time in, to all those who cannot pacify their dreaming while they know that one of their own is suffering, to those who if they did not have the free time kept looking for it, skipping work or class because they know that it depended on them to raise a comrade's morale, to all those who took on the fun and exciting adventure of conquering freedom, to the comrades of the **FAI/FRI**, to my dear friend **Reyhard Rumbayan (Eat)**, who with his noble gestures has brought me strength when I was weak, to all those absolved of the bombs case frame-up, whose freedom meant a smile for me when it seemed it would be a torment, to the comrades of the **Conspiracy of Cells of Fire**, who with their dignity motivate me to continue fighting, to **Gabriel Pombo da Silva, Marco Camenisch**, and to all the comrades investigated and arrested in the repressive raid against the anarchist movement in **Italy**, to **Mauri** who taught me that a wolf clenches his jaw even after death, to the autonomous collectives who attack with decisiveness, to the companions who are clandestine, exiled or hostage, to the brave solidarians, to the conscious rebels, to all of you I dedicate these lines, I send you a warm embrace and I owe you the determination of keeping me alive, because you have to know, you were oxygen when there was none.

Because when you shouted "strength compañero" I felt stronger than ever! Because neither prison nor agony nor death will detain us!

*Long live the International Revolutionary Front!
Long live the Informal Anarchist Federation! Death to the State! The struggle continues!
Toward victory, always!*

Luciano Pitronello Sch.

Insurrectionalist Political Prisoner.

Note: On August 15 2012 Luciano Tortuga was sentenced to 6 years conditional freedom.

Mario “Tripa” Lopez

First Letter

Here is the first letter of the anarchist comrade Mario Lopez, written on June 29, while he was in the hospital. He suffered severe wounds after the explosion of an incendiary device in the early hours of June 27 2012 in Mexico City. On July 17 Mario was transferred to the prison infirmary Reklousorio Sur, where he is expected to remain for about one month before being transferred to a cell. When the comrade was captured by the cops, a warrant was issued for his comrade Felicity Ann Ryder who is now on the run. Below, we have letters of both of them.

Hello dear comrades, as you already will know (inside and outside of Mexico) I find myself hospitalized due to injuries to my shin, leg, and right arm. At the moment I’m “ok” given the situation, I am concerned about my health and am also concerned about several things which I’ll expand upon in a few points. First the fact of writing now and not later. Well, this is easy because physically I have the ability to do so and because in the future when they charge or sentence me the control will be greater and communication will be more difficult.

ABOUT MY HEALTH

Well, I have three fairly serious burns, the first on the right leg, the second is a hole from once side of my arm to the other, and the last is on the right shin. Bad if one day I go back to practicing Muay Thai. In the hospital the nurses and doctors are behaving great, including nicknaming me “*bombiux*” and I have hope in saving my leg.

ABOUT THE LEGAL SITUATION

Here the problem is that another person is now implicated because we made the error of carrying in the backpack which remained at the scene her ID and because of that they identified her and linked her with a video of the area. Yesterday (June 28) they told me that she was detained, or rather with their words: “now we’ve got your girlfriend” ... they said she made a statement against me and well, the same story. First, they wanted (and want) me to claim the attack on a bank in Tlalpan: “I do not accept this,” then they would say it was my comrade (now that she was identified) who did it: “I do not accept this,” and finally they wanted me to name more people who did it and obviously I did not accept this. Regarding my comrade they came to corroborate her physical information and all of this in front of a state lawyer.

ABOUT ME

I stated that I did everything from beginning to end and that I was individually responsible for this act (or attempt), of course this statement was made under pressure, with the army, with

the marines, with the military camp #1 and also I was in a state of physical and psychological weakness as a result of the anaesthetics and the surgery on my leg. Even so, I maintained this declaration with the goal of not directly involving more comrades in my problem. I, as an anarchist, comply (as far as possible) with the consequences and responsibilities derived from my individual act. Therefore, I declared myself responsible for this act from beginning to end, my comrade was only there at the moment when the device exploded and the most serious error was having her ID with us.

ABOUT THE SOLIDARITY FROM COMRADES

Yesterday I almost cried (and today while writing this letter) when the lawyer told me that everyone was outside. It gave me goosebumps that independent of the differences of how we see things, the paths to follow, the means, etc. It showed me that relationships are also built through mutual knowledge. Some take one path or decisions, others others, but at the end of the road is absolute freedom.

ABOUT HOW I'VE IDENTIFIED MYSELF

Since the bomb exploded I have identified myself as an anarchist in spite of the "consequences" that my way of life, struggles and ideas can lead to. The federal police arrived and tried to turn me and of course I did not accept it. Three years less in jail for being a snitch is not worth it, not even if it was 30.

Regarding the motives that led me to carry out this action, they are more than my futile and contradictory statements to the prosecutors who never stopped pressuring me. In short, as an anarchist, I don't consider that this type of situation or political moment should be the starting point for projecting our struggle, as building-destruction is the daily construction of our persons and of our goals. I only consider it necessary to draw a clear line regarding political parties without contradicting the above statement. Even more so in these times where populist discourses (democratic left or right) can be confused with our proposals and ideas of freedom. The IFE (Federal Elections Institute), PRD (Party of the Democratic Revolution), are a couple more institutions that are just like a bank or a police station that conform to the machinery of the system.

This is my statement to the comrades and not to the muddling and manipulative questions of the police, who, without any form of counsel made me fall into unbeneficial positions for my case...but you are the ones who are most important.

I identify myself as an anarchist enemy of any kind of State and of capital, each chooses the methods or means according to their criteria, but the struggle is a daily one, inside and outside of the prisons. To the comrades in solidarity and to the **Anarchist Black Cross**, a strong, combative hug and thank you for being with my mother, she understands the situation.

*Greetings to **Luciano Pitronello!** Solidarity with all prisoners of war and political prisoners in the struggle!*

Solidarity with the comrades who are prisoners in Italy!

For the destruction of the prisons! Social war on all fronts!

Long live anarchy!

The claim of responsibility begins!

Mario, El Tripa "The Gut"

June 2012

Second letter

Compañer@s, I'll try to make this as brief as possible, as I'll have more than enough time in the future to lay out my stance and my reflections. My position remains the same: I claim myself absolutely as an Anarchist and the only one responsible for my acts. For now, I'll limit myself to thanking my *compañer@s* of affinity for their solidarity and to "denounce" just a few deeds of many within this deceitful process which all began the moment I claimed myself an Anarchist, of which I do not regret. Never apologetic!

1. I want to denounce the total complicity of the physicians of the Ruben Leñero General Hospital of Mexico City with the Public Ministry concerning the modification of the declarations so that they would coincide with those of the accusatory part. With this I refer specifically to the declaration, the same one that was taken only two or three hours after surgical intervention, still under anaesthetic, and with strong vomiting and dizziness. In the context of such a cowardly complicity, a registry is needed from a juridical physician who must confirm that I was capable of giving a declaration, when not even did the physician not examine me adequately, they never even asked any questions at all as to my state of physical and mental health.
2. As I have said since the beginning, I accepted to some degree my absolute responsibility. As an individual I am, before myself and only myself, responsible for my acts, for that reason from the moment of my arrest I have claimed myself an Anarchist. However, having analysed with detail the declarations, I have found many things that I never said, but that given the situation it was obvious that they were going to alter them. Precisely here is where the state lawyer's complicity comes in, who was obviously in favour of the Public Ministry, lending himself to all of this set-up.
3. Furthermore, I denounce that the judge who is bringing about my case is clearly colluding with the Public Ministry. From the very moment that I changed lawyer, rejecting the public "defence", the judge has put many traps and barriers in our way, with the obvious intention of avoiding at any cost my lawyers taking on my case. The most cynical of these debacles was the refusal of the judge to accept the evidence presented by my lawyers which shows that I did not write the first declaration, as the judge complicit with the Public Ministry claims, due to being immobile for the effects of the anaesthesia which didn't even permit me to read (I read only two lines of their declaration before vomiting because of the dizziness), and even less was I able to write, for which they forced me to sign the declaration. Moreover, it has to be underlined that the judge didn't accept the evidence that confirmed that the declaration was not mine, based on the graphology investigation that they made in which the declaration clearly does not match my hand-writing.
4. From my ingression to the South Remand Centre and equally during my stay in the hospital, the Public Ministry has tried to isolate me by all means possible. They have impeded my visits, only letting my mother see me once a week. As well they have tried to put me in an unhygienic place that is not apt for my recuperation, which thankfully has not gone as badly as it could thanks to the fact that the doctors here have been able to keep me in a relatively clean area. During my reclusion in the Ruben Leñero General Hospital, with the complicity of the director and of the physicians in charge, they kept me in an area that was

inadequate for the attention of my wounds, with permanent custody around my bed and at the mercy of the interrogators. I should point out that all of this the same police officers cynically pointed out to me, threatening to contaminate me with severe infections given the lack of hygiene surrounding me.

5. Also I want to make public the constant harassment that my lawyers are suffering for having accepted to bring about my case. This includes visits to their homes and intimidation of family members, humiliations and threatening comments, among other things. This just adds to the long list of acts that go against my case.
6. I want to show my public appreciation to the rest of the prisoners of the area where I find myself, because they have helped me with the medicines, food, personal hygiene and to maintain my area more or less clean, all of which will help me get better quickly.

Compañer@s, lastly I would like to clarify that all of these denunciations and declaration are not meant to make myself a victim nor do they have the end of asking for compassion from our eternal enemies: the judges, police and the rest of the mercenaries of the system of domination. I ask nothing from them and I will never beg for my freedom. All of the “juridical process” we are bringing about as a mere strategy, nothing more. I write these lines to make my situation known to my compañer@s of affinity, to my friends, family and to the great mesh of complicit compas in solidarity around the world. After reflecting deeply during all of these days, it is very possible that from here on I start to refuse to collaborate with the interrogations and declarations of the accusatory part, something that I should have done from the start. Although legally it might not be a good strategy, as some have advised me, this decision would more be related to my convictions and a consequence of my position on authority and any type of power.

This experience has been very difficult, but with strength, a lot of rage and with the complicity of my close ones, I keep on going.

Thanks to all of you for your support!

If from the start I accepted the responsibility of my actions it was also in part because I didn't wish to involve more compañer@s of ideas in my individual acts. Again, I appreciate all of the solidarity from you all and for the acts directed at my support and that of **Felicity**, without devaluing any-each has its own weight and its own importance.

I also thank the compas of the CCF- Greece for their words, which gave me strength to keep going. Solidarity is our best weapon.

Never defeated, never repenting!

¡Que Viva la Anarquía!

“Tripa”

Anarchist prisoner of the Government of Mexico City, Mexico

Felicity Ann Ryder

Comrades, friends,

I would have liked to have written earlier, but for various circumstances I haven't had the chance to yet. I want to send a warm greeting and say thanks to everyone who has worried about me and my situation, to those who have shown solidarity with Mario and I. In these difficult

moments it means a lot to have people standing in solidarity from near or from far, even without ever having met me. I sent a revolutionary hug to all of you.

I want to clarify that despite all of the lies of the Mexico City police forces and the mass media, I was never arrested and they never had me detained in any of their prisons. I have tried to understand why they would have said that and spread such false information throughout Mexico as well as Australia, but at the end of the day, as a free person I don't think like a police officer, and I won't be able to understand. If it was to try in vain to break or manipulate Mario, to manipulate my family, or to try to appear half competent in doing their jobs, I don't know. What I do know is that I am proud of being an Anarchist, and proud to be an enemy of authority and the State.

To my brother Mario, I send him a giant hug and much strength and health. I know that he will always maintain his convictions strong, as well as his desire to achieve Total Liberation. I will always be by your side, *compañero*. Remember, always face to face with the enemy!

I also send a warm greeting to the fugitive comrades **Diego Rios** and **Gabriela Curilem** in Chile. A warm hug to the comrades from the **CCF** and **Revolutionary Struggle** in Greece, to the anarchist comrades in prison in Italy, to **Braulio Duran**, **Luciano Pitronello**, **Gabriel Pombo da Silva**, and to all of the anarchist prisoners and fugitives all over the world.

Que viva la Anarquia!

Felicity.

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