

# They Murdered an Anarchist

Norman Nawrocki

21 July 2001

He lay on his back in the street, eyes closed, arms at his side, legs akimbo, blue jeans but shirtless. He looked almost peaceful, except for the massive pool of blood that trickled out of two bullet holes to his head.

This young anarchist, Carlo Giuliani, 23 years old, would never again protest, dance, sing, attend meetings, or embrace friends, brush his teeth, or cook breakfast or love another anymore, murdered in cold blood by police on a sunny afternoon in Genoa, Italy.

Moments later, Carlo encircled the globe, entering homes thousands of kilometres away via the Internet, photographed from a dozen different angles, once passionate, alive and angry, seconds later, silenced and still felled by two gun shots then run over by a police jeep escaping the murder scene.

Millions of us never knew you, Carlo, anarchist brother, but now your name is stenciled on the tongues of the speechless, your lifeless body now fixed in the minds of the incredulous, immortalized on the front page of newspapers, you, alone, within a circle of dozens of blue-helmeted, riot cops, staring vacantly, and puzzled over your corpse.

Carlo, you died like a butchered dog in the street, so that a gang of wealthy, powerful criminals could shake hands, smile, slap each others' backs and drink fine Italian wine safely, knowing they had a 20,000 strong body guard, prepared to tear gas, beat and even murder protesters like you, like us, to allow them to conduct their sordid business uninterrupted. We know they are not troubled by the death of one anarchist, or a handful of anarchists, They oversee the daily violence of the State, of Capitalism obliterating whole families, communities, towns, regions, tribes, the needless, preventable deaths of millions world-wide.

One less 'troublemaker' won't stop them.

But Carlo you tried and they made you pay with your life.

Your blood Carlo, was hosed away into sewers where it mingled with the blood of the homeless, with the blood of those forced to beg & starve everyday, with the blood of broken boned, poisoned, beaten workers, men, women & children with the blood of others who died at the hands of police, soldiers and hired assassins, your blood infused them all with a fierce rage; the rage of the forgotten, the voiceless, the expendable victims of a money-crazed world gone mad and this blood red rage, rose from the sewers, and poured out of the mouths of screeching rats and spilled into the streets of Genoa, into palaces, boardrooms, reception halls, limousines and stained them all red, a carpet of blood, it overflowed into rivers & oceans, touched continents far away and

crept onto beaches at night, staining them red, it oozed its way onto signed agreements, memos and documents that seal our fate, but which we never see & stained them red, too.

To remind everyone of the rage of those like Carlo, who die so others can profit, to remind them that this blood red rage has just begun.

**Carlo Giuliani was killed in Genoa on the 20<sup>th</sup> of July 2001, by the armed guards of capitalism for daring to protest the summit of the G8.**

**He will be remembered!**

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