



The revolt continues... until total liberation!

September 14, 2011

“We fight for the liberation of the individual. For the conquest of life. For the triumph of our ideas. For the realization of our dreams. And if our ideas are dangerous, it is because we are those who love to live dangerously. And if our dreams are crazy, it is because we are crazy. But our madness is our great wisdom...”¹

There they were, the voracious youth again, destroying everything, erecting barricades, clashing with police, nothing could stop them... There is fire and passion in their hearts, love and hatred on their insides, courage and decision. The beauty of chaos has returned to grace the streets, it is not only fire that adorns the asphalt, it is also the energy of the youth, the abolition of the sexes, everyone in the struggle...

Will this struggle bear fruit? To want to study just to be someone in life? The individual who goes searching for real happiness, does not stop at so little, she knows that she can educate herself, and

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¹ Renzo Novatore, *Towards the Creative Nothing*

although that path is longer, that doesn't make it less interesting, because everything else is interminable...

To raze the school is possible today, like it was done in the colegio Guillermo Cruz de Estación Central, in the colegio Gabriel Gonzales Videla, that sheltered the students of liceo Insuco 2 from the earthquake and also the Polytechnic of Arica; those places intentionally lit ablaze by those beautiful pajarillas who understand that this destruction is a great step towards the conquest of life...

The journey is intense and difficult, it always has been, when individuals fed up with their miserable conditions organize and attack. One cannot be afraid of those who organize only for one specific goal although it is only to destroy, because at this point we know that to build, we must destroy...

And all the reasoning these petty politicians supposedly have when they talk about the problem of education, does nothing for anyone, because the discontent grows and advances, although the bureaucrats and businessmen almost always end up winning.

And they believe that to repress passion is a simple thing, that with a little tear gas and a little water they will snuff it out, like any other flame, so they will have to be reminded that they are wrong, again and again, those idiots.

The night always illuminates our steps, just like free love allows us unlimited bliss, to find us with the beautiful silence of obscurity, or at the feet of the fresh rays of the rising sun; (rays which don't caress those awkward workers drooling over the bus windows and subway glass), running into the heat of a barricade, it's magic, like something supreme, or can only god be supreme? We burn the churches with their pedophile priests inside, we watch those cowardly abusers from the front to spit in their faces... another day comes, but this is one of the beautiful ones, because we will combine the sun that caresses us with its heat with an emancipatory fire full of joy and hope...

Here are the barricades again, with those sensual forms we are drawn by the fire, which one day happened to arrive at a La Polar

warehouse stocked with dirty merchandise. But the good guys are coming, the firefighters, those most contemptible beings, those infamous voyeurs, who complain about being hit with rocks when they were going to put out the fire, but we still remember when they gave their ladders to the police to evict the people of Andha Chile who were squatting the Mapocho for a decent living; cowards always in the service of authority.

The individual who moves toward the greatest happiness possible, will never stumble, her journey is unique and without equal, there is nothing that can stop her, not the cops in red who beat her with sticks, not morality imposing its limits, not the police infiltrators who dirty her path, not the din of their sirens to silence her...

“We banish those terrible mores from ourselves completely, like evil men who for so long have caused us harm”², imposing norms, morals, discipline, gods and their idiotic doctrines, we always forget society and its dominions, and cast ourselves naked into an encounter with our inner beings.

Today it is time to kill the cops in our heads, and this, to be sure, is a great battle. It’s much easier to throw a rock at an armored truck and believe that, from this act, liberty closely follows. It’s much easier to spend hours and hours talking about revolution and organization. It’s much easier to believe that going to a free university will change the world.

Students, don’t be fooled, remember that those who control the world also attended the university, and to their disgrace, some studied for free. And what did they become? Heartless beings capable of torture in their jails and murder for a few cents, and what do you say now? That you’ll be another? This remains to be seen...

Liberty is a vital and absolute force, this must be what unites us, whatever other demand will fade away with time, but if we reach any understanding of the vitality of the conquest of the individual’s

² Epicuro, *Various texts*

own life, there will be no law that can stop her, no fear that paralyzes her, no chains that bind her, no gods that punish her as she advances firmly toward total emancipation!

There are those who still believe in revolution, and to them we say that ours began long ago, at the moment we decided to stop being sheep and became individualist and nihilist anarchists.

So, we're not scared to tell them that today, social revolution is impossible, because this society is rotten at its core, as a product of which the individual was slowly fitted with values and a moralism that destroys her completely, and how? A taste of the whip and its punishment, of a militarized education, of the opus dei of supernumerary catholicism, and of a bourgeois Christian democratic tradition; etc... basically, of the system.

And what's worse, those people feel proud to be humans and not animals, and as though this was not enough, they enslave and indiscriminately use the animals to lengthen their miserable lives. Thus, we despise humanity, simply because their submissive and alienated behaviors that make them modern slaves, are not within us.

In this world of sickness, "we feel alive when we shudder with the perfume of the flowers, with the songs of the birds, with the crashing of the waves, the sound of the wind, the silence of solitude"³, we feel alive when we tremble with the heat of the fire, with the caress of chaos, with the nights of revolt...

"We rushed into the chasm, to respond to the voices of our dead⁴, they who died fighting with weapons in their hands and immense golden stars in their eyes, those who are immortal like el punky Mauri, like Claudia Lopez, who on any given night found themselves facing death so gracefully. Yes, because those of us who choose to live an intense and dangerous life, death receives us with open arms, caresses us and kisses us...

³ Emile Armand, *To Feel Alive*

⁴ Renzo Novatore, *Towards the Creative Nothing*

We have already said it and we'll say it again: our revolution has already begun, we make it from day to day, making free love, declaring ourselves against every god and religion, deconstructing the dominating language that they imposed on us, openly opposing any society, we make it when we stop being men and women and become unique human beings.

They complain, with reason, that individualist and nihilist anarchists don't have a program or offer a pseudo-revolutionary project, nor are we interested in inserting ourselves in any type of society. To put it quantitatively: among boundless occupations, ours is the search for total satisfaction, endless joy, pleasure, eternal happiness, the individual revolution here and now. After all, we'll tell them: only time will tell who achieves their goals...It's the hour of the social tragedy!

We will destroy, laughing.

We will burn, laughing.

We will kill, laughing.

We will expropriate, laughing.

And society will fall. The fatherland will fall. The family will fall.

Everything will fall, since the free man has been born.

The time to drown the enemy in blood has arrived...⁹

For an International Union of Egoists. At dawn, night will fall!

A giant embrace to the Conspiracy of Cells of Fire, especially their prisoners, for their enormous contribution to the individualist-nihilist struggle. Greetings to all those in the FAI/Federacion Anarquista Informal. Love to all prisoners. To our dear brother Luciano: only with violent direct action will we pay you homage, our hand are now also yours, and very strong.

⁹ Renzo Novatore, *Towards the Creative Nothing*

Why don't we fear death? Because "we are used to thinking that death is nothing to us, because everything, good and bad, resides within sensation and death is the deprivation of the senses. Death is nothing to us because when we exist, death is absent and, when death is present, then we no longer exist."⁵

"The wise (the fierce individual) neither refuses life nor fears death, because to her, it is not a burden to be alive, nor is it an evil not to be."⁶

It's true, we want everything, we dream of huge banquets and shun bread and tea, we want grand orgies and reject monogamy. We believe in free love because we know "that jealousy, and exclusive romance, conjugal fidelity, kills off part of the self, impoverishes sentimental personality, narrows analytical horizons, among other things. And furthermore, in love as in almost everything else, it is only abundance which annihilates jealousy and envy..."⁷ we want to run together with the animals in the fields and the forests, we want to bathe naked on the beaches, rivers and lakes and not end up at a precinct for indecency.

"We reassert the right to live naked, to take off our clothes, to wander naked, to join together among nudists without any concern of discovering the body's resistance to temperature, this is to affirm the right to the disposition of individual corporeality..."⁸

If there are those who belittle our beautiful solitude, then we propose to them free association, instead of a society (society = membership by force). We are egoists, but our egoism is generous. What

⁵ Epicuro, *Various texts*

⁶ Epicuro, *Various texts*

⁷ Emile Armand, *Love Between Anarcho-Individualists*

⁸ Emile Armand, *Nudism*

does this mean? That we can give to and concern ourselves with someone who we consider our friend, simply because it is a chosen emotion, unlike with comrades, because in most situations you don't choose them, you simply encounter them in some global or particular conflict and because of this you cannot expect anything from them.

Chilean society is convulsing, it knows there's a conflict and doesn't know how it will end, there are students wounded, two dead and a few in jail, there are others on hunger strike, the tension increases, it's visible in the streets every time there's a day of action and protest, the confrontations between pacifist and violent protestors keep on increasing, so much that they have struck and snatched the masks off of some *encapuchados*. Careful, citizens, civil war doesn't scare us...

Liberatory violence is the only way to put an end to the daily suffering of the individual and the cruel tragedies that scourge the humans and animals of this earth.

Violence is only justifiable when it's necessary to defend oneself, or if you wish, others from violence. The oppressed and poor are constantly in a state of legitimate defense, so their violence against their exploiters and oppressors are always justified. Besides, for two to live in peace, they have to both want the peace; if one of the two insists on wanting to force the other (by hunger) to work, study, or follow their laws, the oppressed, if they want to maintain their dignity as individuals and not be reduced to the most abject slavery, in spite of all their love for peace and harmony, they will have no choice but to resist by force with means appropriate to the circumstances...

Any real change will necessarily be violent, though violence on its own may be harmful. It has to be violent because it would be madness to hope that the privileged would recognize the pain and injustice their privileges cause and decide to voluntarily renounce them. It has to be violent because temporary revolutionary violence is the only way to put an end to the much greater and perpetual

violence that has enslaved the large majority of humans and animals...

Today we want to present the individualist-nihilist anarchist viewpoint of this conflict, as well as to revive the ideas captured on paper that some people have made tangential. Our intention will never be to speak as authorities or lead a flock.

We are the negation of negation, we are a nightmare for those who seek hegemony over anarchism or continue with the old and rotten concept of class war, we are clear about what we desire and believe, we're not interested in making a good impression on people, for us the class war is dead, the poor steal from the poor, in the streets it's the proletariat who represses the in the insurgent proletariat, the modern slaves who add a link to their chains each day, who bow down to consumerism.

What would the people do if we shut down all their fast food joints?

What would the people do if we burned all their stores?

What would the students do if we tore down their schools and universities?

What would society do if they destroyed their beloved phone and internet towers?

To summarize, what would proletarians do if we gave them back their life? We believe they would search for us until they found and killed us, but what they don't know is that we are already dead, and sadly, the dead cannot be killed...

The revolt is here, we must increase our participation, our generous egoism needs to contribute, for now, to the struggle, to gather and organize ourselves for specific ends such as destruction, enjoyment, loving camaraderie, encounters with chaos, advancing towards the dawn [or awakening] of the creative nothing, then returning to our hiding places, to rejoice and dance with the birds, to nourish ourselves with the energy of the trees, to feel the ocean breeze, to hear the lovely melody of the wind...