

A letter

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It has been five months since I returned to inhabit the cells of the Maximum Security Section of the High Security Prison and I think it is necessary to refer to both the personal and the prison scenario. The reasons for not writing before are obviously personal; but more than anything it is due to the belief – despite being convinced that sharing experiences generates inexhaustible links – that the virtual platforms and their set of communications is far removed from the real and approaches an abstract idea of the day to day life of jail and that of the individual. Irreducible? Yes, whether or not there is a swing of emotions, neither conviction nor mind falters, but that disgusting idea of the steel martyr behind the bars must fall. By the suicide of the image and the fetish, by the real destructive complicity.

“Pessimism is the opium of intellectuals, optimism belongs to the stupid. A fatal and dreamy realism, the awareness that we do not fit into this world, the values we will defend in each moment, plus the complicit warmth of those we love and cherish.”

Five months ago, a bit about detention

On September 7th [2017], at approximately five in the afternoon and a little more than two months after the breakdown of the total domiciliary arrest dictated by the legal apparatus, I was arrested when I boarded a rural bus in the direction of some place. I climb in, I greet the driver, I advance a meter, a hand on my chest, “get off”, “hands behind your head”, to the floor, face against the floor, I look left, the sea, its breeze, smell of land and vegetation, a fleeting moment but with absolute awareness of what was going on, now would be replaced by the smell of chlorine and clean floor liquid, the yellow vest and the subtle but harassing smell of saliva in the dungeon. Despite the personal significance, the arrest was nothing spectacular and I would not write about it if I did not want to clarify a point; the journalistic propagandistic idea about an alleged “preventive control” as if it were random! The sickly obsession with vigilance and control must constantly be reaffirmed in the paranoid citizen, what better time than the capture of the “fugitive terrorist”.

Was it worth it? Impossible to respond with a simple “yes”, sometimes so dry, empty and self-indulgent, there are many more things to put on the balance. But it is undeniable that every experience in search of freedom is worth it; to take charge of existence with all its victories, its defeats, its joys and its sorrows, those are priceless experiences that the submissive can never know. It is not a question of whether it was worth trying, to think it in that way would condemn me to be an eternal loser, what is valued is the first step to all action, which – perhaps more spiritual than materially – will always be a profit.

“The pen and gun are made of the same metal. The new urban guerrilla depends much less on the operational means and much more of our decision to attack power.”

Eco-extremism and Anarchy

I share the words expressed by the colleagues of the Revolutionary Cell Paulino Scarfó/FAI-FRI, an attack has morals and this obviously responds to the code of values and objectives of each revolutionary cell, its motives and contributions to the advance of antagonistic theories and practices. From this point of view, I believe that criticism of other currents cannot be made in any comparative way, and I am specifically referring to eco-extremism, because today there is a tendency, perhaps a little suspicious, toward the latter, as of who has betrayed its beginnings and has exceeded the threshold of what “we would not do”. And the truth is that little and nothing matters as to what is the root of this current and the individuals that compose it, as it is of the utmost importance to worry about the present and to assume that there is an irreconcilable difference between the different thoughts (objectives – motives – values). I want to make it clear that I am not referring to what each individual can do with his/her life or how much they articulate ideas and practical goals, I could not talk about the nonexistent “duties” of an immovable idea. If I write this it is, without caveats, about the generic. As soon as there is a paternalistic criticism, there will be an accusation, with reason of purism. To assume that criticism has to be removed from our expressions is a mistake; criticism, as the essential axiom of all revolutionary thought and action, must be severe and constant. I analyze, criticize, position myself and advance, for the evolution of individual and collective consciousness.

As a parenthesis: I am clear that when people talk about morals and values, many people have a stomach ache, especially the children of the replica, who eliminate words from their vocabulary to meet who knows what requirement of Denial, and thus not lose nihilism points¹. So, to clarify, to recognize the existence of values and morals does not mean that these are carved in stone, and are subject to question by the same conjuncture. And if there are pillars in my thinking and my feeling it is because I have chosen it.

Speaking of conjuncture, I applaud the attack on Oscar Landerretche [*CEO of a mining company in Chile who was the victim of a successful letter-bomb attack by ITS-Chile*], as a symbolic and practical objective. I admire and greet² the energy of all who take charge of their thoughts and annihilate the lethargy of social peace. Those who call for an imminent state offensive have to be questioned; strategies exist, of

¹ ism, suffix forbidden

² quiet, I know you do not care

course, but to expect some kind of compassion from Power is not to understand the costs of confrontation. I detest until antipathy³ the eco-extremist discourse, I distance myself completely from its reasoning, its mysticism and the apologies to absurd personifications. To reject the mass and its values is logical and consistent, but assuming that the masses all embody counter-hegemonic values on their own just for existing is stupid.

I can very much distance myself from ITS-Chile, but it is inevitable to feel rage when reading the shit from the official press, “alternative”, and “left”. Without pretending to please the masses, nor waiting for the approval of anyone: for the cowardice and defamation, fire.

“Whoever does not want to see the elevation of a man fixes his sight in a more penetrating way in what is low and superficial in him – and thereby betrays himself.” – Friedrich Nietzsche.

Long live the strange anarcho-nihilist conjugation! If nihilist praxis stumbled with anarchy, welcome.

Joaquín García Chancks

Maximum Security Section of the High Security Prison, End of January 2017

³ see (2)

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