

Luciano “Tortuga” Pitronello

Letters

2012–2013

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**Letter from Luciano Tortuga to
the Indomitable hearts – 7
months since the attack failed**

from **liberaciontotal**, translated with endless love and respect for Tortuga by
war on society:

Note from the group of friends and lovers of Tortuga:

Publishing this letter, at this time, could mean hellish punishment for our cub, but the urgency to report from his wild sweetness what he feels and what motivate him is sufficient reason to understand his desires.

Let us appropriate his writings to ourselves. Let us recreate, like so many times, complicity with the persecuted and the incarcerated inside and outside of the damn prisons!!

Let us understand ourselves by simply looking at ourselves and recognizing ourselves: We are anarchists, insurgents, informals, nihilists, enemies of all authority. Of all fucking authority.

Because we do not have time to rest while they prevent us from feeling ourselves free.

January 1, 2012 Santiago Chile.
7 months since the attack failed
Letter to the Indomitable hearts

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 \$hile*, 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*,* 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 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.

Words from Luciano in solidarity with Freddy, Marcelo and Juan

from **Hommodolars**

translated from spanish by **sabotagemedia**

Making the stars shine with our solidarity.

The news spread fast and (as it has always had to be) the isolation was not a problem. A call-out for direct solidarity with 3 political prisoners, defendants in the security case.

With news that the *compañeros* were also on hunger strike my response to this situation was immediate, "I too am going to go on strike," with astonishment and concern the *compañerxs* who informed me of the situation warned me not to be so crazy, to think things through, more calmly, was I prepared for a hunger strike? In my condition a measure of this nature could be lethal, because I could lose everything gained as far as my health is concerned, and it's true . . .

What could I do? Send encouraging words without real action of solidarity has never been my style. What importance could a statement have when it lacks the most important? And here I want to be emphatic, the most important thing is to show the *compañeros* that we are with them, that when they are hungry in prison it affects our lives, this reality, this fake social peace, our everyday lives and the damn bourgeois normality that keeps them prisoners, and that this cannot go unnoticed, because none of this goes overlooked for our *compañeros*, nor prison, nor hunger, nor the high security module, nor isolation, nor hunger, nor everyday torture by their executioners, nor hunger, nor abuse, nor hunger, nor the extreme vigilance, nor harassment, nor hunger, nor the humidity of those dark corridors, nor violence, nor hunger, nor lack of privacy, nor shackles, nor hunger, nor raids, nor threats, nor hunger, nor dirt, nor cruelty, nor hunger, nor persecution, nor shit, nor hunger, nor hunger, nor hunger, nor hunger . . .

So what will we do my *compañerxs*? We wait till the situation can't get worst? Because we think that such a situation can lead to worst? Are we going to react only when the *compañeros* are at vital risk because one just is not that important or can wait? Since when can a hunger strike in prison wait? Independently of what we'll know when its over and within our small square heads we'll consider deceiving ourselves into knowing that the comrades will not starve to death on this occasion and therefore need not be a priority, there is something called brotherhood that makes the word *compañero* not sound as empty as often happens. We know this well, first the vacations, the beach, family, friends, partying, you have extra time? Then I go to the march organized for the *compañeros* NO! That's

not the social war of which I speak, the social war of which I speak is not present once a week on a calendar or a schedule, because what if for example people who go underground take that attitude? For sure they'd have caught them quite some time ago already. Or if the people who assist the *compañerxs* in prison would opt for similar positions? Surely in this case much would choose death. Because this type of mediocre consciousness is nothing more and nothing less than a rebel fashion that will come and go, that will be temporary. The social war of which I speak, is present 24 hours a day, 7 days a week, without vacations, without truce, without stopping to recover, and the *compañeros* on hunger strike today, are part of that small handful of people who take on the social consequences of war on a daily basis. Is it necessary to repeat this?

Therefore, we must know to rise to the occasion, and personally I would be ashamed to look into the faces of *compañerxs* who decided to complicate their lives to the point of having no return to "normal life" offered by this reality and who sharpened their discourse and praxis under the same considerations as me. For my part from today, Tuesday 21st of February of this year and a year since the mobilization initiated by *compañerxs* of the bombs case frame up in the form of a hunger strike, I will stop taking 1 of the 3 daily meals, choosing to eat lunch and dinner, depriving myself of breakfast until the end of the mobilization. I know that solidarity fasts are not at all a spectacular action, but I want to express that in the nearly 20 hours without eating from dinner (17:00 hrs) till lunch the next day (12:00 hrs.), the *compañeros* on hunger strike are with me and I with them. I invite Freddy to get together in an activity that takes place this week, to Marcelo I sing from an extermination and isolation center and to Juan I send one of those tight hugs that he sent me from his own physical impossibility of jail. I also want you to know how easy it would be for me not to stop eating, shielding myself behind my delicate health, always excuses abound, but I want this to be a slap on the wrist of all combatants, if I who am in a really extreme situation am able to show solidarity in a way, our *compañerxs* across the wall don't have any justification for not leaving even the last drop in the street.

Let the *compañeros* feel our affection, respect, love and solidarity with all our courage, that these days serve the *compañeros* in recharging their moral, to feel they are not alone, that when we shout "STRENGTH COMPAÑEROS!" they are not empty words.

LET THE STARS SHINE WITH OUR SOLIDARITY!!
LET'S TALK THE SAME LANGUAGE!!
SOCIAL WAR!!

Luciano Pitronello Sch.

Insurrectionist Political Prisoner

The abyss does not stop us

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 a 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—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 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 firsthand 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.

“When the Fire of Anarchy Nourishes Our Hearts”

from **liberaciontotal**, transl **waronsociety**:

Note from LT: On August 7th, after the verdict made against Tortuga allowed him to leave the prison, which they reaffirmed on August 15th when he was sentenced to 6 years of “supervised freedom.” Now he is on total house arrest. From this space we greet the comrade and his tremendous conviction to continue to fight.

When the Fire of Anarchy Nourishes Our Hearts When Borders, Languages, and Prisons Cannot Separate Us

September 10, 2012

I write with a bit of hunger, with an empty stomach but a satisfied heart, although of course I would never compare my hunger with what other *compañerxs* must be going through. Today, Monday September 10th, 2012, on house arrest, I declare a 48-hour solidarity fast (September 10 and 11); I believe it necessary to explain the reason why I chose two days to take this measure and of course also why I choose the fast as an instrument of struggle on this occasion.

In part, I chose to fast for the simple reason that it is a good time to write reflections that have been running through my head in respect to some of the repressive operations anarchists and anti-authoritarians all over the world have been living through, as well as seizing the opportunity to express solidarity with the *compañerxs* on hunger strike from Operation Ardire.*

I consider it a vile thing to express opinions and reflections in regards to themes that do not affect us in a major way, this is why I decided to share, if only for a few little hours, in the hunger of the *compañerxs* enduring repression, making them feel that I am with them in every moment, that their hunger strike reverberates in my timid heart and due to the good luck of finding my self in house arrest, I have been very well informed about how things have been going on those sides. You have to know that during these days I agitate, albeit in a small way, for you all, that I share in your hunger and above all, in your longing for freedom.

I chose 2 days to fast because the 10th of Sept. was precisely the last day of a hunger strike carried out by *compas* Marco Camenisch (imprisoned in Switzerland), Sergio Maria Stefani, Stefano Gabriel Fosco and Elisa di Bernardo (imprisoned in Italy), the truth is I am unaware if there will be more *compañerxs* on hunger strike, my greetings to them as well, but as I said, all of these people are *compxs* enduring

repression in the tragic hunt for anarchists absurdly named Operation Ardire,* I should mention that 7 other *compas* are being prosecuted in this new raid, that basically pretends to strike the *locas*, but clearly strikes self-chosen anarchists who have begun to become a annoying cancer to the system and its logic in the territory that is dominated by the Italian, Swiss, and German states. It seems important to me to mention that in Italy there is a significant anarchist/ anti-authoritarian movement, and I am not talking solely quantitatively but qualitatively as well, as in Germany and Switzerland where there are two known *compañerxs* whom after years of isolation have been supported in struggle within and outside of prison, this is important to show to me because if it is true, according to my observation, Operation Ardire was a blow to the *locas* and was not in any case blind, it does not seek out those responsible for the attacks carried out but the FAI (Informal Anarchist Federation) but seeks those who fit the ideological profile (in the eyes of authority) and this to me merits if not a debate then at the least a little bit of analysis on the part of the *compxs*, not only those directly effected by the repression, but by all, by every person who comprises this anarchist/ anti-authoritarian movement, for as diffuse and contradictory as this movement can seem, it is international as well. Leaving the small differences that we can have in many of our own positions, it is of the utmost importance to understand that the soiled phrase “it could happen to anyone” really is true, but here I want to stop myself a bit, because it is also true that when I say it can happen to anyone I refer specifically to anyone who has a political life confrontational to the system and its values, independent of the methods utilized to confront these things, a contra information blog or a letter bomb sent to an embassy, the social war grows with everything, because we can not pretend to demolish the system at gunpoint, illegal actions are good (always and when carried out with the minimum revolutionary requirements), but they should be necessarily complemented by other instants, moments to reflection, to share between *compañerxs* , to love ourselves, to put ourselves in tension with the everyday and mark differences, evaluations, and critiques, in order to in this way further the growth of the individual and the collective.

All of this I say after the memory of the hunt initiated against 4 *compas* that effectively coincided with the profile of those sought by authorities after an assault on a bank on the 18 of October, 2007 came to me immediately. During the attack a cop was killed outright and another left wounded in the central streets of Santiago, Chile. To me it is no coincidence that they intend to associate Juan Aliste Vega with the person who fired the shots at the henchmen who hoped to detain the assailants, for its well known that Juan was previously a prisoner for a crime against a cop in the 90s. Coincidence? Never! The political apparatus seeks submission if not through fear and inaction (manifested legally or illegally), then

through the prevention of movement by incarceration in prison, the same thing occurred with Freddy Fuentesvilla, Carlos Gutiérrez and Marcelo Villarroel, known *compas* with anticapitalist political lives, therefore it seems fitting to ask: Why are the *compas* prosecuted in Italy, Switzerland, and Germany? Because they fit a profile? And if this is it what position should we take in light of these events?

Another similar case is Operation Salamandra where squats and autonomous spaces were raided and closed, where many *compas* were beaten violently, where they were prosecuted for “illicit terrorist association”, for the placement of more than a score of bombings in different parts of the capital of Chile, for the financing of the practice of terrorism 14 anarchist and anti-authoritarian *compañerxs* were cowardly marked, beaten, imprisoned, and submitted to an absurd and nefarious process which attempted to not only take away said *compañerxs* from the struggle, but also leave a thick trail of fear and panic in opening/supporting a space against that which domination imposes, to initiate relationships with people known and documented by the state or even worse, to reproduce the enemy’s discourse by justifying repression, therefore, for me at this point the wave of repression makes it easy to read between the lines. They do not seek to imprison those behind the bombings, nor the assailants of banks, nor the *compas* who carried out the attacks claimed by the FAI, this practice is only the propagandist and violent reflection of a life rebelling against authority, they seek to castigate and exemplify that by choosing a determined way of life you will find yourself in the sights of the police, the press, the citizens in the service of power, but if you choose a normal way of life, you may walk in peace. Peacefully? What is peacefully? To crush yourself into a day to day routine of shit that will exhaust your spirit into abandoning a life that means anything? Yes if for the others this is to live peacefully, well then I prefer to live a *libertarian* life wildly. Operation Salamandra, Operation Ardire and the accusations against the prisoners and fugitive of the Security Case *are not different at all except in the methods of the enemy’s actions, that in some cases mark those who live/frequent certain spaces, others who communicate from inside of prison and give their support through letters and communiques, or others who carry the weight of their subversive past, in each of these cases their is a common factor which is the urgent need to fight, this unwavering energy that springs up against injustice and this will I have already talked about, which is felt by many people, many many people, therefore it is necessary to understand that yesterday it was some squats and *compañerxs* with combative histories in Chile, today it is some blogs and individuals known to be at war against authority in Italy, Switzerland, and Germany, but tomorrow it could be whomever in whichever part of the world, as we are seeing in Bolivia with the *compañerxs* accused of terrorism Henry Zegarrundo y Mayron Gutiérrez who find themselves imprisoned for the insane collaboration of being infamous, as we are seeing in Greece in the case*

of Tasos Theofilou who was detained for being an anarchist, this is his crime, as we are seeing paradoxically and again and again in Italy where over 4 operations against social dissidence are being carried out, well my *compañerxs* I believe in the urgent necessity of taking lessons from all of this- Where does the enemy truly aim?

Personally I believe they aim to create terror because if you give life to an occupied space repression will reign down on top of you, if you respond to letters from inside a prison you will be marked as the leader of a terrorist group, if you maintain a counter information web page you will become the ideologue of an armed group, if you talk about how bad the world is at this point, the police collaborators will turn you in on silver platter to the authorities, if you express solidarity with whichever person they will talk of networks of conspiracy, for in the face of fear they try to paralyze us.

Perhaps many have been thinking about these reflections, but I have seen, felt the smell of fear of the others little by little in the incarceration of various people during the Bombs Case, where *compxs* who were perfectly able to come to these conclusions preferred to have discussions or activities in the park or in one of the few autonomous spaces left, reasons to self organize will always remain, the truth is at least in Chile power succeeded (up to a point) in its commitment to strike on the 14th of August, and I think that to reproduce what power desires if not betrayal, is at the least cowardly. Do we want to isolate ourselves? I respond clearly: Fuck that! I will write to the prisoners as I please, You don't want spaces of rebellion in your monotonous cities? Let's open more squats, You want to repress counter information blogs? We will hack the entire internet if need be, this thinking should be the response before the repressive blows, aligning ourselves with the oppressed and sending our cries for freedom to the four winds. I think it is important to share these reflections of our own assessments of repressive blows we are living through on an international level, to in this way give more than an emotional impulse, effective and with spirit to the IRF (International Revolutionary Front), an analytical capacity to the reality that repression, with its various dimensions and points of view, evidently stalks us. We do not get anything out of thinking/sharing certain reflections or analysis if we do not internalize it ourselves, it is necessary to make a practice out of our discourse, I think rebellious, I am rebellious!

Fortunately in these parts they have little managed to recover the security to go into a Squatted/Autonomous Social Center in order to strike up conversations with people who the police have files on, or to start some project antagonistic to power, but even though I believe that we still have a ways to go, it seems strange to me that the idea of opening a Library in a public space would seem almost insanity, or that people would still absurdly believe that if they have relationships

with determined persons then repression will come down on them, even going so far as to finally point at the people they charge with the stigma of being guilty of future arrests.

I also decided on September 11th to start fasting because I believe it is important to agitate for a strong memory, to not forget, not forgive, and not negotiate, since 39 years ago on a September 11th one of the crudest dictatorial eras in Latin America began, with the inquisitor Augusto Pinochet at the head of a merciless military machinery at the service of the rich; we must not forget all those who died at the hands of the dictatorship, we must not forget the arrested who were disappeared (under any regime, call it dictatorship or democracy), we must not forget that it is these episodes that make some people raise our voices again. I chose this date because I cannot fail to mention that it was also on a September 11th in 1998 when the anarchist *compañera* Claudia López was killed from behind at the hands of a valiant uniformed figure of the Chilean *Carabineros* in the neighborhood of La Pincoya; Claudita would perhaps now be with us, she would be one of the *compañeras* with much to contribute and with an abundance of experience in minoritarian struggles and struggles in the streets, since we remember that she participated in the clashes between *encapuchadx*s and police in the so-called “Cordón Macul,” that was Claudia, a *compañera* who threw herself into the dance and the barricade, and those fucking bastards at the service of power took her forever from our side, therefore, due to the frustration of not being able to have shared with her because of a waged wretch killed her, on September 11th I will be fasting. I chose September 11th because on this day the judicial process will begin against a wounded anarchist in Mexico, against a *compañero* of praxis whose incendiary bomb exploded on him before it was supposed it, an accident similar to mine, Mario López, brother, I am with you, be Strong!

These words go with special dedication to all those I mentioned, to the comrades repressed in Italy/Switzerland/Germany by Operation Ardire, Operation Mangiafuoco, Operation Ixodidae and Operation Thor, all the *compañerxs* repressed in Italy, the *compañerxs* incriminated in Operation Salamandra and the *compañeros* accused in the Security Case in Chile and with much affection to the anarchist *compañero* Mario López imprisoned in Mexico.

With dedication to the memory of every one of the combatants fallen in the anti-dictatorial struggle against the Pinochet regime and its democratic following, especially in honor to Claudia López.

I also take advantage of this instance to thank everyone who has accompanied me in this hard and difficult period of my life, whether physically or not it is the same, you know what I am referring to, but in truth I am very grateful to you.

Because for me the struggle continues outside and inside of the prisons!
Not a minute of Silence!
A whole life of Combat!
Black September!

Luciano Pitronello Sch.
Insurrectionalist Ex- Political Prisoner.

Translator's Note:

Ardire is an Italian word for boldness/daring, which is why Luciano calls it absurd for the state's cowardly operation to call itself by this name. This operation, launched in the summer of 2012, as well as the repressive operations called Mangiafuoco, Ixodidae, and Thor all target anarchists in Italy. For more information, see: [1](#), [2](#), [3](#), [4](#) or search on the counter-information sites for the particular names of the operations..

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Luciano "Tortuga" Pitronello
Letters
2012-2013

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