

Today we are living in the era of artificial intelligence. One hundred years ago it was the era of political violence against the working people and economic wars. With the introduction of television into the minds of the people, the system found a way to introduce information attractive to the eye, which is manipulated at will with various objectives: money, because television created thousands of companies; distraction, because it keeps us idiotized, distracted and keeps our minds occupied in what they want us to occupy them; morbidity, false news and sports, another of the objectives of the system.

The great companies are managed by the elite of money, and thus keep us dumb and ignorant, because the ignorant people give free will to the dominant species. In the last century people talked, read and wrote about revolution. There were various people with a common ideal, thoughts of rebellion all over the world, and at the same time all over the world wars, dictatorships, executions, hunger, poverty. How disappointed the anarchists and forward-thinking people of previous centuries would be to see the world's situation. So much is man's greed. We live in injustice and this is no news.

But there is nothing we can do because the damn system is invincible. We can only enjoy the life we have been given and change our future for the good to come, with good actions in the present. Think about those around us. Do it for them, for our family, because the world cannot be changed or improved. Life does not belong to us. We belong to life. At least let's leave something good for the generations to come. Let us leave a good message in the books. Let us leave fresh water in the rivers, trees in the mountains. Let's leave wars aside.

That is the true revolution, against the destruction of the world: to think of the other.

## Vain Lies

### *Nano*

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Vain lies, unfulfillable promises, conformist stories, disagreements narrated by the same person, how much instant, real, personal disappointment when listening to such hypocrisy, countless incoherent explanations. The system transforms them into quasi-novelistic fantastic beings who are finally trapped by the same imaginary warp, devoid of meaning, that they themselves created.

Professionals of the lie, disguised behind the pejorative disguise, that at the end of the journey pursues and traps them inside that inviolable bubble, which leaves them exposed and does not allow a step back. Liars at the order and paid to treat other liars, fighting fire with the same fuel that generated the ignition. Creators of happy endings for a formula using real actors in it, ex-terminators of dreams, merchants of frustration and reluctance, poor compulsive promisers who in an instant give you the light of hope. How to believe them, if you are aware that tomorrow's story will uncover today's lie, but yesterday laughs at the current reality.

## To the Memory of Manuelita

*Gabriel, Siervo de Cristo*

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Her name was Manuela Rita Monzón de Rolón. I called her with all my love Manuelita, my lady Mother. She departed to the presence of the Lord more than two and a half years ago. I always thank God for having formed me in her womb, for having been part of her interior for nine months, and for having received from her an incomparable love. They say that a mother's love is much like God's love. To this day I remember her sweet and tender voice, which accompanied such a special and tender caress on my face.

She used to call me "my little skinny", to a man of almost forty-eight years old. I never stopped being a child for her, something that I miss and miss so much today.

You know that I understood that for a mother there is no bad child and there are no walls, fences, distances, laws, rains, winds, heat or cold that can stop her. A mother who loves her child is unconditional.

My mother was a very beautiful woman, hard-working, enterprising, with renewed strength, she fought every day, tireless, something that I admired very much in her. She was a mother to everyone, to her children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren. She had to walk very hard paths, which she would not have chosen. She was carried away by the life of a misguided and lost son who, seeing and hearing, could not understand that my mother was the one who suffered. Now every Mother's Day I only publish this: "Manuelita, an incomprehensible love".

There is a biblical quote that says: "many cannot quench love, nor can the rivers drown it". This is how I define the love that Manuelita sowed in my heart. I like to contemplate a beautiful sunrise and a tender and peaceful sunset. A night illuminated by the moon and stars. Walking in the rain, walking by the seashore. Sitting down to rest in a beautiful square. All this and much more is for me Manuelita of my heart. I know that the same road awaits all of us, but I have faith and a promise that at the end of the road we will meet again. I have a promise of our loving God and I believe that. 1 Thessalonians 4:13-14, Amen. The Lord Jesus already demonstrated it, after He passed through the cross and died, on the third day He rose again and gave life together with Him to those who believe.

You, if you are reading this message and you have the great blessing of having your mother alive, never forget that it was she who gave you life. Always tell her how important she is to you. Let her ears hear you tell her how much you love her and need her. Don't ever forget that... Take this advice. I write this in memory of Manuelita, my mother. An incomparable love.

## Maintaining the Superb Mood

*Fénix*

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Maintaining the superb mood is still a great challenge.

The appetite for devouring misfortunes, remains our food /

Do not wait for justice to be lethargic /

Let us banish the yoke /

Let us water the garden of ideas, let the breaking of chains be heard /

The initiative and the principle of our own, free it is, let us return /

Enough of affable dealings with careerists /

Enough of insipid studies /

Enough of partisan doctrines /

Let us embrace poetry with fervor, let us live anarchy /

And welcome revolution.

“**W**hat a thing”, said Quico. Here we are starting all over again. Waiting for the return of the benefits that I had worked so hard to earn, and because of my imprudence, I lost them. Everything went backwards.

Maybe it was the fault of the shitty system that takes so long to give some benefits, and we are tired of waiting, impatient, when we see the family that can't cope with everything and lacks economic power, we are tired of helping in our own way -which is not always the right way-, and even though the family tells us “don't do that, you will harm yourself”, we think we know it all, and because we have already done it, you will never be discovered. But there is always someone more alive, or more curious, who by chance finds what he should not find, although he is paid for it.

Whether intentionally or unintentionally, things happen because they have to happen, and if you don't know how to play or withdraw in time, you lose.

The unfortunate thing is the harm we do to our family, because as bad as it is, I can't be more imprisoned, but the family that waits for us and needs us so much also pays the price. Because it seems that they are not, but they are in prison with us, metaphorically speaking... although for some it is literally! Let us take care of our priceless freedom.

## Shadows of Decisions

*MF*

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In the dungeon, or cold and circumstantial enclosure,  
in eternal gloom a reflective man has to be,  
counting wrong decisions of bad paths  
even being his life in a war  
with absent freedom surrounded by burdened souls.  
Without knowing the end, he continues in his confinement, reflecting on  
the past,  
son of ill-advised choices, bad company; a damage without a fence.  
A path without pause. Without resolutions.  
One day, the denouement. A crucial moment, and freedom lost.  
Fate sealed. The opportunities. They are so small.  
A casual snub. Decisions made and a heavy price.  
A character, a life of shadows and mistakes.  
Pauses not made, damage perpetuated.  
The prison welcomes him, between walls and pains.  
The past, his prison, a limited present, so history recedes, with twisted  
decisions.  
He knew how to be a captive, for not knowing how to stop.  
Now he says he is in a real prison where his life is detained.

And so, the years went by.

Looking at the stars, and in my mind the images of my loved ones that illuminated the hours of my darkness.

Hope lived in me and hope lived more when I was told I could go out and live.

So, I went out: a new air rushed through my whole body renewing and freeing my heart from the past nightmares that haunted every space. While the sun turned my skin leaving dreams to continue.

I leave behind the darkness and I take with me a new person, experience, good people and learning, to live a new life for real.

Today, I can hug my daughter, celebrate a birthday with my family and with emotions that I thought were no longer there.

Today, there are no cloudy days or storms that hurt.

Today, I am happy with little, but with a lot of freedom.

## **Severino di Giovanni – The Violent Past of a Poor Man, Present *An Argentinian***

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The words quoted below were written in the handwriting of the most violent hand of anarchy in Argentina: Severino di Giovanni. Yes, but they were also written in the most violent and bloody period, without justifying the unfortunate events that took place. Severino says, in 1930:

The conscious anarchist is always aware of his actions, those actions that do not contradict the anti-authoritarian spirit of our revolutionary ethic, and he knows at the opportune moment to vindicate actions and gestures, and to this day the history of anarchism is there to testify that it was not mistaken, with similar actions anarchists will again be brothers and will unite in the struggle against power and the force of power.

Now, in 2024, the struggle of the people against power is not only null, unjust and invisible, but the strength acquired by the lineage of the bourgeois executioners is infinite and abusive.

More than a hundred years have passed since the massacre of workers who protested in the last century, back in 1919, under the command of the fascist government of Yrigoyen and the other hyenas thirsty for innocent workers' blood.

We no longer see the avenging blunderbusses in the face of the torturers who abuse their power with unneeded and cowardly physical violence as was the custom of Commissioner Juan Velar, or the execution by shooting as in the case of Varela, the bloodthirsty lieutenant, the military, being the armed hand and charged with executing in the flesh his bloody actions in the Argentine Patagonia at that time, or the casualties of members of the "Argentine Patriotic League" at the hands of the anarchists.

Today the hands in command have changed due to the logic of the times; today people kill for money. We kill each other because violence and ignorance, corruption and injustice, were the food of the intellect and the heart of the people.

The social and economic present that we have in the country is thanks to the political inheritance left to us more than a century ago, and the most unfortunate thing is that the very history of this republic was forged thanks to the political legacy left to us more than a century ago, thanks to the



violence against the people and the greed at any cost, sown by the Yankee hands of the brave sons of Washington and Lincoln. These are the sinister historical facts that turned us into a poor colony, devastated by hunger and violence.

Let us not let the memory die, let us live in anarchy.