

Mauricio Morales

Let's turn the city to ashes

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In the early hours of 22 of May 2009, a bicycle moves through a cold Santiago night. A comrade carries in his rucksack an insurrectional dream. He's carrying a homemade bomb and his single objective becomes clearer with each pedal: attack the school of the Gendarmeria. Around 1:30 in the morning, he makes his last stop, only one block separates him from completing the action. But in an instant, an unexpected accident sets off the detonation. The Bomb that should have gnashed in the face of the powerful, when activated threw the body of the compañero Mauricio Morales Duarte to the middle of the street. Mauri was, is, an anarchist comrade. Actually, an anarchist apprentice as he jokingly liked to call himself. We are not looking to glorify or create blind admiration for our friend by means of this text; on the contrary, we are adamant that Mauri does the speaking. His own words will do the describing. Brother Mauri, this is for you...

*a collection of writings by and for a fallen comrade*