

A text dump on Jay

Various

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An Introduction & a Critique

A heartfelt eulogy to a friend exists on the website IndyBay, which laments the passing of a dude who they considered to be fighting the same war for anarchy as they were.

But, a simple google search of the quote they use of Jays writing shows that the way he was relating to people had shifted dramatically in the last few years of his life. Even just going off of what is public, the quote shows he was the author of a zine which promoted groups who perpetrate misanthropic attacks and whose aim it is to kill or maim random people:

We claim responsibility in an anti-political manner for the explosive attack on the Via Ponzio Cominio at the doorway of a building.

The attack lamentably (for us anyway) produced only property damage.

We also take responsibility for the letter-bomb abandoned inside of a building on the Via Achille Loria.

Both attacks took place in the center of Rome.

Finally, the eulogy to Jay arrived 3 months after other bizarre eulogies to a different misanthropic terrorist named Kevin, so given the similarities in their cases, I think if you agree with the arguments presented below, you might also agree that they apply similarly to Jay.

Regarding the Death of Kevin Garrido – Clarifications and Positioning

On November 2nd, Kevin Garrido was murdered in the Santiago 1 prison, located in the Chilean region. As a result of the news that has been circulating via the different counter-info web projects about this individual, we consider it necessary to make some clarifications:

Kevin Garrido, **WAS NOT AN ANARCHIST**, in his last communiques he made clear his affinity with eco-extremist ideology: *“They investigated me, traced my steps and managed to hunt me down with their guns pointed at my head. They exposed my face on TV and the newspapers defamed me, with a cluster of idiocies in their*

argumentation. They falsely labeled me an anarchist and presumed that faced with a large number of policemen that I would bow my head and not respond. They sat me in one of their courtrooms for more than six hours to hear the words that the prosecutor was spreading with a vomit-inducing stench.”

Why mention this? Because the diffusion of information in such an ambiguous and irresponsible way on who he was, and minimizing his political position, makes one wonder at the ease of which a person can be called a comrade in the Chilean region.

Memory seems to be playing tricks against us anarchists, nihilists and anti-authoritarians. The eco-extremists have been clear, they declare us as their enemies, they have committed femicide and aggressions against anti-authoritarians. If any individual feels an affinity with these actions and concepts that advance misanthropy, can we call them comrades or anarchists?

The war against the existent and the destruction of all forms of domination is something that many are willing to assume as part of their lives. Each person positions themselves on the side they desire in this fight to the death, Mikhail Vasilievich Zhlobitsky (10/31/2018) made his position clear. Mauricio Morales, Sebastián Oversluij Seguel, Zoe Aveilla, Lambros Foundas, Santiago Maldonado and many other combatant comrades did so as well.

It is necessary in this social war to take a position that transcends personal feelings by being morally correct and precisely clear with the information that is delivered by the various counter-info projects. That is why silence is not an option and this is not a blind attack. This clarification is considered necessary regarding the position of Kevin Garrido, given the ambiguity with which the information was published by Publicacion Refractario, where this matter was treated as a mere difference, and as mentioned in their updates, calling for revenge for a murdered prison rebel. While ContraInfo gives space to eco-extremist communiques and news, by calling those who follow this authoritarian trend that declares war against revolutionary anarchists and nihilists, comrades. This criticism is directed at them because even while knowing all the information this is how they decided to present the death of Kevin Garrido.

For the destruction of the existent.

For Anarchy and Total Liberation.

Freedom for all anarchist combatants, nihilists and anti-authoritarian prisoners.

Solidarity with the comrades of the CCF, Revolutionary Struggle, Operation Panico, Operation Scripta Manent, Eric King, Marius Mason, Michael Kimble, Joaquín García, Sol Faría and all those who dare to destroy the existent.

Instinto Salvaje

Some necessary clarifications about the positions of some anarchists regarding the death in prison of Kevin Garrido

November 7th, 2018

A few days ago in the email tray of this blog came two messages reporting on the death of Kevin Garrido, who was serving a sentence for explosive attacks against the Prison Training School of the Gendarmerie and the 12th San Miguel Police Station. His death, apparently, occurred at the hands of other prisoners during a brawl where Kevin received several stabs to his chest and abdomen.

Given this, many have rushed to claim Kevin Garrido as an anarchist. Short-term memories maybe, because in one of his public statements issued from the prison in November 2016 (you can read it [here](#)) Kevin himself says *“they falsely called me an anarchist”* and although he later expresses his support and solidarity to anarchists in prison, he also expresses his support for the eco-extremist tendency, who not only have totally departed from an anarchist discourse and practice, assuming authoritarian and dogmatic positions, but have in fact attacked anarchists.

As an example, we can remember the placement of an explosive device against the anarchist squat Che in Mexico City, which, fortunately, did not explode but was claimed by a group adhering to this [eco-extremist] trend, in addition to their constant bravado and virtual provocations against anarchic projects of different countries when we stand against them because they began to claim completely random murders, such as the feminicide of Lesvy Rivera, within their *“immoral and indiscriminate”* acts (with which, by the way, Kevin Garrido also expresses his complicity in the same statement cited above with the phrase *“For the Immoral and Indiscriminate, Long live the terror, explosions and fire!”*). Therefore, how can we consider him an anarchist and a comrade (beyond the possible disagreements and fraternal or even hostile debates that may occur between different anarchic tendencies or between different ways of understanding anarchist practice and ideas) when he reneged publicly of that identity and those ideas and expressed complicity and support to those who have clearly and openly positioned themselves as our enemies?

To avoid misunderstandings of this writing, we want to make it clear that our intention is not to belittle or shit on the memory of Kevin Garrido now that he has died and can not respond, because that would be cynical and cowardly. In addition, with many words and gestures of Kevin and with the actions for which he was accused and condemned for we felt at the time strong complicity. However, we believe it is important to clarify what he himself had already clarified in life. Kevin Garrido was not an anarchist, even though certain people who are always looking for a martyr liked it that way. The path he chose was another one, and although we are nobody to judge those decisions or his trajectory (and we will not do that), it does seem necessary to

make that clarification, always leaving everyone to choose how to position themselves in this regard.

Finally, to say that this distancing taken with respect to Kevin's positioning does not mean that we are happy or that we do not care about the news of his death. The news infuriates and saddens us because precisely because we hate prisons and other institutions of repression and confinement (juvenile centers, psychiatric centers, CIE, farms, zoos, zoos ...) and we are people who fight against them, we are not unaware of the clear fact that as some writings published after the event have said, the murder of Kevin Garrido, even though it is the result of a fight between prisoners, is the responsibility of the State and of the system of domination that is the prison, capitalist, speciesist, patriarchal and citizenist society. That same prison society against which Kevin fought and hit, which is why he went to find his bones in one of the disgusting cells.

Against this world we raise the same scream that Kevin spat in the face of the *Carabineros* bastards and the footmen of the press:

Down with the cages of civilized society!

Love and complicity to all those who beat the beast and fight domination in all its forms.

La Rebelión de las Palabras

Primary Source Documents

Promoted Reading by Jay

[Essays and messages included in his zine:]

- Collateral damage: An Eco-Extremist Defense of Indiscriminate Violence
- Third phase ITS ‘communiques’ 1 & 7
- Eco-Extremist War Guamera claims responsibility for explosive attacks against Biology and Psychiatric institutions (Mexico)
- Nihilistic Sect Memento Mori claims responsibility for explosive attacks against societal values (Rome)
- Misanthropic Pessimism

Texts written by Jay

Introduction

I have written and compiled the following texts purely for my own satisfaction, as a manifestation of my conscious desire for the diffusion of iconoclastic and heretical publications and also as a way to unravel my own thoughts more clearly and attempt to articulate them in a manner that is reflective of my chaotic nature.

In this issue there are various different writings which appealed to me, as well as personal reflections, poems, rants, etc., etc. I have not asked any permissions for the texts which are not mine, but included and sourced these texts either because they articulated an analysis worthy of my consideration and reflection, or simply because they made me smile upon reading them. I have particularly included claims of responsibility from groups and individuals from many different territories across the world, who have placed the march of techno-industrial progress and I feel even more importantly its “humanist” and anthropocentric values in their lines of fire.

The thought of others joining in the incendiary celebration of our own self- realisation, and carrying out their own sacrilegious deeds of refusal, spreading wildfire to the cities, desecrating every sacred idol, destroying machines and maiming and terrorizing those who are responsible for inflicting all of this modern crap onto us will always bring a smile to my face. It is to this end that I share these writings, to subvert, desecrate, provoke and agitate.

Though I digress on some of the perspectives presented in the texts of others which I have chosen to include in this publication, it would be completely absurd for me to make any changes to their words and to articulate my opinions fully on each minor discrepancy would take more time and consideration than I would care to spare for the purposes of this first issue of Ash and Ruin (Though personal reflections on these topics may be offered in future issues).

I spit on the church of “political correctness” and the creeds of any dogmatic moralists. It has never been in my interests to tend to the needs of the herd, nor to make anything more “appropriate” or appealing to those incapable of critical, independent thought and reflection.

I detest “the community” and all of the naive optimism it breeds and I reject all other delusional fairy tales that serve only to distract one from the realisation of their ego in the present.

As an individualist and a nihilist, I am motivated by my own will for life, not haunted by the phantoms of any purpose or cause and I will make it clear now that I only represent myself.

Total liberation is my own war, a war that I have fought for years, against every cage, every civilisation, every society, every creed, every ideology and morality. It is a matter of fulfilling my creative-destructive desires. It is misanthropic. It is existentialist. It is striving against all domestication. It is my vengeance for all the years that this prison-society has stolen from me, my vengeance for the destruction and pollution of the natural environment, my vengeance for the non-humans whose lives I respect more than the life of any “human”.

My total liberation means total war!

War to the bitter end!

Solitude and Self-Realisation

Every day I find myself in a perpetual state of conflict, being torn apart by the throes of my conscience. As the sun rises and sets again with each passing day, concrete and artificiality smothers more of the earth, and the “human” leaves its slimy, corrosive touch on everything which I hold to be beautiful in this world, and whenever the hatred and rage temporarily subsides, it is all too easy to become overwhelmed by feelings of grief.

I plunge into the cold and murky waters of despair and as I sink into the depths, my mouth fills with the fetid water. I drink it deep and start to swim, the will to live pushes me to resist the crushing weight of this black abyss. No! I will not suffer the indignity of drowning myself in this filthy lake.

In the depths I come across a cavern, and within those twisting tunnels, I discover a dark and secret chamber. As I scramble out of the bleak water, gasping for air, I crash onto the sharp rocks. Intoxicated by the liquor of despair, I lay down and breathe the sweet air, drifting comfortably into a state of utter isolation. I begin to hear a familiar voice, it whispers wonderful secrets to me down in the dark and tells me tales of courage and the most sacrilegious crime, stories which light up my eyes like blazing torches in the night. There in that cavern at the bottom of the lake of despair I fall into the deepest slumber, and the sinful imaginings of the vagabond mind come to me in my dreams.

I begin to awake, not to the deafening silence to which I had drifted away, but to a cacophony of noise! Engines rumble, alarms beep, phones ring, voices of strangers are all around, chit chatting about the most insignificant and detestable things. It is then that I notice how the warmth of the sun is blazing down upon me hotter than ever before. As I open my eyes and wake fully, I realise I am back here, in this kingdom of misery and stagnation, surrounded by despicable and cretinous fools, by artificiality and banality.

Where has the cavern gone? Where has that familiar voice gone? And how did I get back here? Here of all places! When I could have so happily died in that cold dark cave of mine. Oh how comfortable I was in that cavern! How I long for the sweet embrace of such a solitude again.

I realise now, that familiar voice which I heard was no other voice than my own. Those secrets which were whispered in my ear, and those criminal dreams which I had down there at the bottom of the lake of despair, are the pure essence of my conscious and subconscious desires, and although my dreams are born of out of anguish and suffering, they are filled with the most vivid and feral energy which has bestowed upon me the vision and the strength to live my life to its utmost capacity!

But what does it mean to live? Surely, when every option “offered” by this sickening circus of civilisation is a “life” of submission, boredom, humiliation, exasperation, and ultimately the defeat of a slow death, then to live means to resist all of this with all of my heart. I have to fight, I must fight! I must kill my enemies for they are killing me! Should anyone speak to me of “rationalism”, “patience”, “consideration” or anything born of the putrid mess of social obligations I will laugh in their face! The will for life cannot be contained by the pathetic values of the herd, that cowardly flock, unwilling even to look around them and recognise their chains, never mind beginning to break them.

And as the engines rumble on, and the alarms beep and the phones ring, and the trees fall, and the non-humans die, and the voices of strangers continue to babble fanatically about this and that. I look at the wretched idiots of the mass bustling around in their indifference, their filth and pollution and I curse them. Only when one has crawled out from that festering pit of normality and begun to arm their wildest desires and willfully define themselves as individuals will i begin to hold anything but contempt towards them.

I let my hatred flow freely from me, wreathing all that it touches in flames, and if constant rejection and solitude turn out to be the consequences of my attitude towards living, then so be it! I will depart as I always, scornful yet unbowed. An exile of every “community”. I would much rather die alone with a gun in my hand, than with cowards by my side and a knife in my back.

Of course one need not always be alone in the literal sense of the word, as chances to find accomplices in our struggles, opportunities to share ideas and weapons with one another and create beautiful moments of rupture can often present themselves - should we look in the right places - but speaking in an existential manner the unique one is always alone, against all odds and standards, always seeking to eclipse every limitation imposed upon them, limitations which stem from within and without

A Great and Terrible Storm

The empire of “Humanity” has made certain its downfall.
The rain, vile and acidic, has been falling upon us all
like the tears of a silent grief for so long
yet few pay any heed to the coming storm.

The lost and cowardly flock piles illusion on top of illusion
building up the walls of their own imprisonment
in the futile hope that they can obscure from their sight
the dark clouds that are now looming overhead.

But nothing can stem the rising tides
or stop the march of the deserts
which will consume the cities
and leave only ruins in their wake.

With scorn, bitterness and skepticism
I pierce the darkness surrounding me.

And without any hope for a better tomorrow
I embrace the storm and wander on

I carry my torch into the night
and I hear the cries of battle through the din
Eagerly I step further into the unknown
in the search of a life worth living

The rain lashes down in torrents
and the night is impenetrably dark
save for the fires on the horizon
which are my only compass...

Some Personal Thoughts on FAI, Insurrectionalism and Organisation from a nihilist-individualist perspective.

To begin I will explain what FAI, or the **informal anarchist federation** means (or perhaps, meant) to me. It is an organisational method and an anonymous “meeting point” for the struggles of some individuals at war with society. It is an ongoing discussion, a flow of ideas which come directly from the combative individualities who contribute to it - and their constantly evolving perceptions and experiences - and NOT on prescribed patterns of behaviour and thought. It is the point where our constantly developing tactics and theories are combined and put to the test as part of a collaborative experimental project aiming towards coordination and intensification of attacks without any strategic specialisations, leaders or followers.

As a chaotic and self determined individual, I actively seek out conflict with all of the imposed order of the existent. That is to say, in order to live my life in a way that I can claw back some amount of pleasure from the insufferable present, I consciously choose to withdraw from this putrid technological society of the spectacle and the mass, reject its values-laws and permitted ways of living and attack in whichever ways present themselves to me. This means that for the most part, given my anti-social disposition, I found many of my own ideas aligned with that of an offensive informal anarchist organisation, such as the project of FAI.

However, I am not part of some externalised and massified insurrection which the “revolutionaries” exalt and idolise. Instead, I see insurrection as a part of me, it is the rhythm to which my rebellious heart beats. In this respect nihilism, individualism and anarchy are also my own personal weapons to wield in whichever creative-destructive way that I perceive through my conscience to be fit, and not mere appendages to the spectre of “the cause” which only turns passionate and free thinking rebels into lobotomised automatons or “soldiers of the revolution” expressing all the correct salutations and reactionary gestures with the correct ideological reasoning.

The only form of organisation which I will ever belong to is the collaboration of individuals who consciously choose to align themselves together and conspire to fulfill their immediate desires and shared goals without any commitments or obligations that place the group or its projects above the consciences of the individuals themselves.

Sounds like FAI would fit the bill, right? Well I’m not so certain anymore. Unfortunately due to the common tendency shared by many anarchists to outright ignore internalised moralistic and ideological binaries, those self identified “revolutionaries” will always be there attempting to suck the uniqueness out of everything, enthroning certain acronyms within the political framework of their “movements” and greater-purpose mentality, then attempting to shut the mouth of anyone who happens to strike at their values and ideology as well. By enslaving the conscience of the individual to “the cause” they are completely trivialising the life-affirming power of chaotic and self-liberatory individualism which I once felt was able to exist within the informal anarchist organisation.

All throughout history the collectivist mentality of the “movement” or “the party” - no matter how “insurrectionary” or “individualistic” it camouflages itself to be - has never been able to represent the indomitable individuality of the violent minority, those nihilist delinquents and vagabond egoists, and their own beautiful and unique revolts against normality and civilisation.

I do not seek any sort of political “unity” or cheap reactionary “solidarity” from different ideological circus acts, but real affinity in complicity between warriors.

A Poem of War

I walk in the woods and I listen for the songs of birds and the rustle of leaves but the machines that groan and scream grow louder every day.

All I can hear is death.

I walk in the woods and I look for the wild ones, the rabbits, deer and boars their bodies lay rotting in a pile and it fills my heart with pain.

All I can smell is death.

I walk in the woods and I search for the ancient ones, of oak, beech and ash. Their corpses lay stacked by the roadside and the wisdom of ages is lost to “progress”. I try to breathe, but the air is thick.

All I can taste is death.

Before me lies a tortured landscape, a gaping, festering wound upon the earth where the machines of our collective demise crawl like parasites, tearing the guts from the land to build their monuments to artificiality.

Before me lies a mountain, a mountain that should never have existed and it is lined with trees, row after row of trees that should never have existed.

Trees that are already dead.

The earth's blood runs black, and it soaks into my skin, I know it poisons me but this agony I make my own. I take this suffering and fashion it into a weapon inside myself, which extends from the abyss of my mind to the palms of my hands, where conspiracy becomes reality

I walk in the woods and I listen for the sounds of my enemies, I know they fear me, for their suffering is no longer an option. It's as harsh as a reality as the pain they have forced onto all of us. Vengeance burns bright in my hands.

All I can see is death.

The Eulogy

So Passes Jay

by friends

Fri, Dec 7, 2018 11:36AM

Celebration of our recently lost friend. Militant individualist nihilist anarchist. A lover, a fighter.

So passes Jay. Militant individualist nihilist anarchist. The biggest crust lord we'll ever meet. A lover, a fighter. Jay lived a life at the margins, a life which was an all-out war for freedom against the techno-industrial machine that is killing all that they love – wild nature, the wild individual self, and now themselves. A fiery Glaswegian, apologising for nothing and bowing to no-one. Jay lived at the Faslane Peace Camp for a time, battling nuclear Armageddon. A vicious squatter and traveller, resisting evictions and was most at home in the moment. A busker, beggar and street-drinker. Site-life road protester. Hitch hiking metal punk, crust, sludge and doom show organiser and frequenter. Guitar, bass and washboard shredder. Tarps, caravans, polyprop, bikes and burners. Courageous hunt saboteur, scourge of the elite.

During their life on the wild fringes they developed necessary survival skills which they cherished. They loved making benders and shelters, cooking delicious feasts on open fires, prolifically shoplifting and scavenging from the debris of civilisation. They scorned this world that denied their pure wild tendencies and revelled in rupture; sharing spoils with comrades, lovers and friends.

As tenacious and feisty as they were, they were also the most loving and kind to those close to them. They had a close affinity with non-humans, instantly becoming trusting friends with mistreated and vulnerable dogs, cats and goats. They spent time at FRIEND Animal Sanctuary in Kent, caring for animals rescued from lives of torture. Some of us were privileged to know the tender, soft sides of Jay and be on the receiving end of their care and devotion. Mischievous, hilarious, creative, kind.

Jay chaos'd over to the mainland in 2016, finding new freedoms. (I who write this am not familiar with their life spent there, and welcome those who know more to edit this piece if they wish.)

A thinker, a doer. Jay wrote and published zines and pamphlets. Jay acted on their word and unleashed all sorts of radge shit that we will tell around the fires with comrades. Think of these, smile, cry, cheer and fight on with renewed ferocity.

They lived and died to their word, which was a word of total, indiscriminate and urgent destruction against all that denies freedom, wildness and what they loved. Their war in this realm came to an end in the beautiful land called Galicia in the evening of December 2nd, 2018.

Some words from Jay:

“Total liberation is my own war, a war that I have fought for years, against every cage, every civilisation, every society, every creed, every ideology and morality. It is a matter of fulfilling my creative-destructive desires. It is misanthropic. It is existentialist. It is striving against all domestication. It is my vengeance for all the years that this prison-society has stolen from me, my vengeance for the destruction and pollution of the natural environment, my vengeance for the nonhumans whose lives I respect more than the life of any “human”.

My total liberation means total war!

War to the bitter end!”

Let the fires burn!

Long live anarchy!

The Ted K Archive

Various

A text dump on Jay

325.nostate.net, darknights.noblogs.org, archive.org & IndyBay

www.thetedkarchive.com