the only thing that counts is the struggle - now today tomorrow - whether you ate or not. what counts is
what you make of it: a leap forward. to become better. to learn from experiences. exactly that is what one
has to make from it. all the rest is shit. the struggle continues. each new struggle, each operation, each
fight brings new and unprecedented experiences, and that is the development of the struggle. it develops
only that way. the subjective side of the dialectics revolution-counterrevolution: "the decisive thing is to
know how to learn." by the struggle for the struggle. from victories, but even more so from errors, from flips,
from defeats.

"that is one law of marxism. to fight, to lose, to fight again, to lose again, to fight again and so on until the
final victory. that is the logic of the people." says the old one.

at any rate, "matter". human being is nothing but matter, like everything else. The whole of human being,
body and consciousness is "material" matter and what makes human being, what he or she is, is his or her
liberty – is that consciousness determines matter – oneself and external nature and, above all, one’s own
existence. that one page of engels: crystal clear. but the guerilla materializes itself in the struggle - in
revolutionary action, i.e., without end - precisely, struggle until death, and of course, collectively.

that isn’t a matter of matter, but one of politics. of practice. like you say. still the thing to do. today
tomorrow and so forth. yesterday is past. also a criterion, but above all the thing to do. what is - now -
depends primarily on you. the hunger strike is far from over. and the struggle never ends.

well yeah – either or

but

of course there’s also a point: when you know that with each pig victory the concrete assassination intent
becomes more concrete - and you no longer take part, save yourself, you thus give the pigs a victory,
meaning you’re handing us over to them. then it is you who is the pig that divides and encircles us for your
personal survival. then shut your mouth as if "as I said: practice. long live the raf. death to the pig
system." then - so if you don’t continue the hunger strike with us - it would be better, more honest (if you
still know what that is: honour), to say "as I said, I’m alive. down with the raf. long live the pig system." -
either pig or human being

either survival at any price or struggle until death
either problem or solution

there’s nothing in between

victory or death - say these guys everywhere and that is the language of the guerilla - even within this small
dimension over here:

because in life it’s like in death: “people (thus: we) who refuse to stop the struggle - either they win or they
die, instead of losing and dying.” - pretty sad having to write you something like this still. of course I also don’t
know how it is when one dies or when one gets killed. how then? In that moment of truth there that morning
it went through my head: aha that’s the way it is (didn’t know it before too) and then (looking straight into
the barrel, aimed exactly between the eyes): well okay, that was it. at least on the right side. -
you should be knowing something there as well. yeah. everybody dies at some point. the question is only
how and how you lived. and that thing is entirely clear: fighting AGAINST THE PIGS as a HUMAN BEING
FOR THE LIBERATION OF HUMAN BEING: revolutionary, in the struggle - at all love for life: with contempt
for death. that is for me: to serve the people – raf.