

Holger Meins' Last Letter

In a July 2008 interview with the Berlin left-wing daily, taz, Manfred Grashof acknowledged that he was the RAF prisoner referred to in this letter. In the interview, he explained that he had decided to break off the hunger strike because he felt that it was the result of a decision taken by a small number of prisoners who had not adequately discussed it with the others. (M. & S.)

You stupid idiot.

Start again immediately and carry on—if you haven't already done so. That and nothing else. Today is the day for it.

It must be clear what it means for the pigs and against us—in the fray. If you were fully conscious when you gobbled that up—as a step away from this—then bon appetit. Then this is the end.

If it was a flip-out, a breakdown, disorientation—enough said.

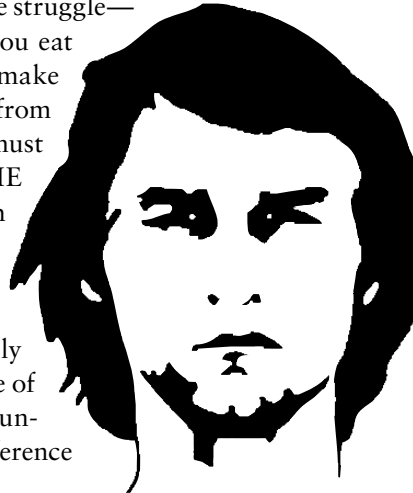
Did you make a mistake—correct it.

Have you spun out—come back.

Although. That is naturally of a somewhat different order—because it's honest. That must be clear to you—by now. If so, you must *clearly* say so, and immediately. "Simply couldn't think," etc. says nothing about you.

There is no guilt in the guerilla and no punishment in the collective. Only decisions and consequences, and I say it yet *again*.

The only thing that matters is the struggle—now, today, tomorrow; whether you eat or not, what matters is that you make a leap forward. Do better. Learn from your experience. That is what must be done. All the rest is shit. THE STRUGGLE CONTINUES. Each new fight, each action, each battle brings new and unprecedented experiences, and that is how the struggle develops. That is the only way it develops. The subjective side of the dialectic of revolution and counterrevolution: what makes the difference is knowing how to learn.



Through the struggle, for the struggle. As a result of the victories, but even more as a result of the errors, the reversals, the defeats.

That is one of the laws of Marxism.

Struggle, defeat, struggle anew, again defeat, again take up the struggle, and so on until the final victory. That is the logic of the people. So said the Old One.¹

In any event, matter. The human being is nothing but matter, like everything else. The human being in his totality. The body and consciousness are “material,” and that which makes the human what he is, his freedom—is consciousness dominating matter—THE SELF and external nature, and, above all: being oneself. One of the pages of Engels: completely clear. The guerilla materializes in struggle—in revolutionary action, that is to say: without end—precisely: the struggle until death, and, of course: the collective.

It isn't a question of matter, but of politics. Of PRAXIS. As you said: before as after, it's all the same. Today, tomorrow, and so forth. Yesterday is past. A criterion doubtless, but above all a FACT. What is—now—depends primarily on you. The hunger strike is far from over.

And the struggle never ends.

But

There is obviously only one point: if you know that with each of the PIG'S VICTORIES the concrete objective of killing gets more concrete—and that you no longer want to take part, thereby protecting yourself—then that is a victory for the PIGS, meaning you hand us over to them, and it is you who is the pig that divides and encircles us for your personal survival, so shut your mouth, “As has been said: praxis. Long live the RAF. Death to the pig system.”

Because—if you don't want to continue the hunger strike with us—it would be better to be more honorable (if indeed you still know what that means: honor): “In short, I am alive. Down with the RAF. Victory to the pig system.”

Either a human or pig
 Either to survive at any price or
 to struggle until death
 Either part of the problem or part of the solution
 Between the two there is nothing

¹ A reference to Mao.

Victory or death—the people everywhere say that and that is the language of the guerilla—even given our tiny size here. Live or die, it is all the same:

“The people (meaning: us), who refuse to stop struggling—either they win or they die, instead of losing and dying.”

It’s very sad to have to write you again about this sort of thing. Of course, I don’t know either what it is like when a person dies or when they kill you. How would I know? In a moment of truth, the other morning, for the first time it crossed my mind: this is it (obviously I still don’t know)—and afterwards (facing the gun aimed between the eyes), it’s all the same, that’s it. In any case, on the right side.

You too must also know something about this. Whatever. No matter what, we all die. It’s only a question of how, and of how you lived, and one thing is completely clear: STRUGGLING AGAINST THE PIGS AS A PERSON STRUGGLING FOR THE LIBERATION OF THE PEOPLE. As a revolutionary in struggle—with an absolute love for life: with contempt for death. That means for me: serve the people—RAF.

(October 31, 1974)

It’s obviously bullshit, just like Berlin (previously, it sounded a lot better—a leap forward)—because I believed it to be her strategy as well: let her do it, it will soon come to a crisis, a few notable acts of swinishness in that regard: Stuttgart, Berlin starved out, Hamburg fattened up, testing and timely attack, otherwise the calculated fostering of contradictions—“to crack them.”

So far.

Uh huh, it’s up to us. Anyway it is also OUR STRUGGLE. The key is the unwavering struggle of each guerilla individually and within the ranks of the collective. Victory or death—really.

Then

Everything is very easy—to say. Because it’s the TRUTH: whatever one has not experienced/endured/overcome—one cannot know—if it has not been EXPERIENCED/ENDURED/OVERCOME—only thought, said, known. Simply the difference between consciousness and being. That is a FACT. One should not forget it.

First and foremost, we are victorious when we win.

To make it crystal clear: I did not give a report about force-feeding to *Informationsdienst*. Not a word from me in that direction. For the ad. SO WHO? I want to know now.

Regarding the claim about the ban on the tube and this appointment of a certified doctor for force-feeding that I've heard about in the same way as you in Hamburg: previously, I had no idea. It suddenly cropped up.

That is exactly the problem with the lawyers: that they have no idea what we want or how to get it, WE and the STRUGGLE, for example, they ABOVE ALL don't understand the hunger strike, their advocacy has a limited horizon: office/court, etc.

And on the other hand, I mainly think that they block it out. So I really don't see the point, and that is the problem if one doesn't really pay attention.

The tube issue is, of course, complete bullshit. It is really unnecessary. So it changes nothing.

Beyond that, the hunger strike: here things are really moving quickly—faster than I can write. Now I'm 46.8. 140-150 g daily (I've been weighing myself since the 28th—naturally, only when only I will know the outcome). I ingest 400 calories daily. The doctor-pig claims 1200: three tablespoons per 400—that is the case: three tablespoons = 400 (I have seen a copy of the original with my own eyes).

But otherwise: he feels certain—one must distinguish—SW—will be relocated, he knows he's not part of it.

Holger Meins
November 1, 1974