

Because you can't even understand how widespread the problem is.

As the divine Dante wrote: "Abandon all hope. We are all in hell."

End of Interview

There are no more proletarians, or unfortunates, or exploited,



Aerial photograph of Paraisópolis (translation: "Paradise City"), São Paulo's largest slum/favela with an estimated population between 80,000 and 100,000.

THE THIRD THING

An Interview With the leader of Brazil's largest Organized Crime Syndicate, Primeiro Comando da Capital (PCC)

Cover Images: Confiscated Weapons made by Incarcerated PCC Combatants

This zine features an interview with Marcos 'Marcolo' Camacho, the incarcerated leader of the Primeiro Comando da Capital (PCC). The PCC is Brazil's largest organized crime syndicate, and according to some the largest drug operation in all of Latin America.

The re-publishing of this interview is meant neither to condone nor condemn this group, and any moral judgements to be made are left as an exercise for the reader. Instead, we are interested in celebrating the themes of nihilistic action and insurrectionary struggle found in this text. The PCC was founded by prisoners and its leadership continues to operate mainly from within prisons throughout Brazil.

The original interview was published in *O Globo*, a Brazilian newspaper based out of Rio de Janeiro, with a new English translation by the editor of this zine. A brief history of the PCC written by Down and Out distro has also been included.



from outside, we are "global."

We never forget you, our "customers." You quickly forget us, as soon as your freight of us passes.

O Globo: But what should we do?

Marcola: I'll give you a hint. Even if it works against me. Get the "dust barons" (coke lords)! There's congressmen, senators, generals, even former presidents of Paraguay in the midst of the coke and the weapons.

But who is going to do that? The army? With what money? They don't even have enough money for food for the prisoners. The country is broke, sustaining a dead state with interests of 20% per year, and Lula (the president of Brazil) still increases the public expenses, employing 40 thousand scoundrels. Will the army go to fight against the PCC?

I am reading "On war" by Clausewitz. There's no prospect for success. We are devouring ants, hidden in the corners. We even have anti-tank missiles. If they bother us, some Stingers will drop by. To get rid of us... only an atomic bomb in the villas (slums). Have you thought about radioactive Ipanema?

O Globo: But... but couldn't there be a solution?

Marcola: You can only come up with a solution if you give up defending "normality". There is no more normality. You need to self criticize your own incompetence, and to be frank, also your sense or morality.

We are at the center of something unsolvable. The difference is we live here, and you have no way out. There is only shit. And we're already working in it. Understand me, brother, there's no solution. And you know why?

You're standing right before post-poverty. Post-poverty generates a new murderous culture, helped by technology, satellites, cell phones, internet, modern weapons. It's shit with chips, with megabytes. My followers are a mutation of the social species. They are the mushrooms growing in a big dirty mistake.

O Globo: What changed in the outskirts?

Marcola: Mangos. Now we have them... Do you think someone who has 40 million dollars isn't in charge? With 40 million, jail becomes a hotel, a desk... What police force is going to burn down that gold mine? You get me, right? We are a wealthy corporation now. If an officer hesitates, he is "placed on the microwave" (translation: *disposed of*).

You are the broken state, dominated by the incompetent. We have nimble ways of dealing. You are slow, bureaucratic.

We fight on our own terrain. You fight in unfamiliar territory.

We are not afraid of death. You are dying of fear.

We are well armed. You only have .38's.

We are attacking. You are on defense.

You have the mania of humanism. We are cruel, without mercy.

You have transformed us into "criminal superstars." We regard you as clowns.

We are helped by the population of the villas miseria (slums), out of fear or love. You are hated.

You are regional, provincial. Our weapons and products come

A Brief History of the PCC

- The Primeiro Comando da Capital (PCC), First Command of the Capital) was formed in October 1993. The organization that would later become Brazil's "largest criminal empire" was originally created in a prison in Tabute by eight inmates whose goal was to denounce oppression in the prison system, and with a desire to avenge the execution of 111 inmates by police at Carandiru prison during a riot.
- The organization is based mostly in Brazil's capital São Paulo (Hence the name) but is said to be active across Brazil and also conducts operations in Paraguay, Bolivia, and internationally.
- In 1999 the group carried out the biggest bank robbery in São Paulo's history, stealing some \$32 million.
- In 2001, PCC coordinated an enormous prison rebellion with simultaneous shutdowns in 29 facilities across São Paulo state.
- In 2006, the PCC launched an even more significant rebellion. Imprisoned members took over more than 70 prisons across the country and visitors hostage. Simultaneously, the group launched coordinated attacks against police and key infrastructure on the outside world, especially in São Paulo.
- In 2012 it launched a diffuse campaign of assassinations against police officers in São Paulo, in response to the murder of some of its members. The police responded by going into neighborhoods where PCC was active and randomly shooting suspicious persons'.
- In 2017 30 members of the group conducted the biggest robbery in Paraguayan history, using anti aircraft guns and bullet proof cars during the getaway.
- Today, the PCC is suspected to operate one of the largest drug and arms trafficking operations in South America.

There Is A Third Thing

Taken From: O Globo

O Globo: Are you part of PRIMEIRO COMANDO DE LA CAPITAL (PCC)?

Marcola: Even more than that, I am a sign of these times. I was poor and invisible. You never looked at me for decades and in the past it was easy to solve the problem of misery. The diagnosis was obvious: rural migration, income inequality, a few shantytowns, discreet peripheries; the solution never appeared... What did you do? Nothing. Did the federal government ever set aside any budget for us? We were only news in the collapses of the slums in the mountains or in the romantic music about "the beauty of those mountains at dawn", those sorts of things...

Now we are rich alongside the drug multinationals. And you are agonizing with fear. We are the late beginning of your social conscience... See? ...

O Globo: But the solution would be....

Marcola: Solution? There's no solution, brother. The mere idea of a "solution" is already a mistake. Have you seen the size of the 560 vilas miseria (favelas, slums) in Rio? Have you ever flown in a helicopter over the outskirts of São Paulo? How? It could only be through millions of dollars spent in an organized manner, with a high-level government, an immense political will, economic growth, revolution in education, general urbanization and everything would have to be under the baton almost of an "enlightened tyranny" that would leap over the secular bureaucratic paralysis, that would pass over the complicit legislature. Or do you believe that the sanguessugas (translation: *leeches* or *bloodsuckers*, in reference to the

corrupt judiciaries) will not act? If they are neglected, they will rob even the PCC. There would have to be a radical reform of the country's penal process, there would have to be communications and intelligence shared between municipal, provincial and federal police (even in prison we can make "conference calls" between inmates...) And all this would cost billions of dollars and would imply a deep psychosocial change in the country's political structure. In other words: it is impossible. There is no solution.

O Globo: Aren't you afraid of dying?

Marcola: You are the ones afraid of dying, not me. Better said: here in jail, you can't come over and kill me, but I can easily have you killed outside. We are human bombs. In the slums, there are a hundred thousand human bombs.

We are right in the middle of the unsolvable. You are between evil and good, and in the middle, there's the frontier of death, the only frontier. We are already a new species, different vermin, different from you. For you, death is this Christian drama, a heart attack in bed. Death for us is our daily bread, thrown into a mass grave.

Don't you intellectuals talk about class struggle, about being marginalized, about being a hero? And then, we arrived! Ha ha ha! ... I read a lot; I've read 3,000 books, and I've read Dante, but my soldiers are strange anomalies of the twisted development of this country.

There are no more proletarians, or unfortunates, or exploited. There is a third thing growing out there, raised in the mud, educated through sheer illiteracy, graduating in the prisons, like a monstrous alien hidden in the corners of the city. A new language has already emerged... That's it. A different language.