



The Free Besieged

Conspiracy of Cells of Fire

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Prison is a milestone in the revolutionaries' path towards freedom. It's an intermediary stop, but not the end.

The authority often chooses the subtraction from mathematics. Like when they subtract lives with bombings in the warzones of their energy-generating and geopolitical interests, like when they subtract refugees from the cityscapes, entombing them in isolated concentration camps, like they subtract the smallest crumbs of the underpaid wage slavery, beating more brutally with whips, bodies that have gotten used to rickets, like when they want to subtract everyone who defies them, by locking them up inside prisons...

In this way, every revolutionary anarchist is facing the biggest contradiction. They are fighting for freedom and yet they're flirting with the captivity of the prison, they love life so much and yet death from the guards of authority wants to ambush them.

In these years that we are in prison, our steps have gotten used to be calculated inside the barbed wires, our eyes have learnt by heart every centimetre of these few cubic meters of the forecourt, but our minds have never been captured by the iron fences.

How can you let yourself capitulate, when you are facing on one side the provocative wealth of those in power and on the other side tearful eyes of a child at a concentration camp, on one side the mafia of the politicians, judges and journalists who are counting people like louses of the earth and on the other side men and women who are committing suicide because of the standoffs of the economic crisis, looking in garbage to find food, sleeping in the streets, on one side armies of happy slaves being dazzled from the storefronts and the screens of a fake life and on the other side the bad bevy of loneliness and silence being your only companion.

We don't intend to capitulate with the tyranny of authority, neither get used to living like slaves.

We know that freedom isn't something that can be given away... neither can it be bestowed... Our freedom blossoms from the blood and the sacrifices of our struggle. Even if once again, our desirable rendezvous with freedom has been postponed because of the dastardliness of one pilot- former policeman- and the helicopter that never reached its destination, that doesn't mean that we will give up...

We are fully aware that the recovery of our freedom will be only achieved through revolutionary violence, which will attack against the monopoly of the sadistic violence of the power.

A freedom that in our opinion is the SAME with the continuation of urban guerilla, in order to escalate the anarchist struggle. A freedom that will walk on top of the debris of this aged world and its monuments... prisons, courts, parliaments, police departments, concentration camps, labs of the technological totalitarianism...

With certitude and determination of those who will risk everything for liberation, putting again the conundrum at the table... "Freedom or Death..."

A decision... we are fighting till the end

Never repentant

Never defeated

The struggle continues...

Comradely greetings to the anarchist member of Revolutionary Struggle Pola Roupa

The members of Conspiracy of Cells of Fire – FAI/IRF

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