

Memory is our Weapon

Conspiracy of Cells of Fire

2015

It was the dawn of May 22, 2009, when an explosion in Santiago, Chile caused fragments which crossed endless kilometers and borders until they brought us the news that were nailed in our hearts.

It was the dawn of May 22, 2009 when our brother and comrade Mauricio Morales, consistent fighter of the anarchist insurrection, put his conspiratorial plan in place, heading to the school of prison guards in Santiago in order to blow it up. But fate played an ugly game that day. The bomb our brother was carrying exploded prematurely resulting in him falling dead, just before achieving his goal.

The news that a brother of ours fell in the middle of a planned conspiracy, a planned act of anarchist attack against one of the most hated institutions of power, against those who are trained in how to systematically and sadistically strangle freedom, caused an avalanche of emotions within us.

We who have felt the breath of death behind us, in a bag on our backs and heading to our target, always with the same anxiety that perhaps we won't return to our comrades, our friends, our loved ones, always with the thought that maybe this is the last time we cross the path of insurrection, accepted this news overwhelmed.

Immediately we felt Mauricio to be one of us. Our own brother in ideas but also in Actions. We felt a strong sense of affinity and a strong blood bond uniting us. It was as Mauricio was always with us, beside us in the conspiratorial attacks we were weaving against domination.

The initial sorrow was soon turned into rage, into thirst for revenge for our lost brother. We looked at each other in the eyes and gave a silent promise that we will never forget. That Mauricio will always be next to us because he lives within us and through us he will be present in every action and every attack against Authority.

Six years later, the same emotions are welling within us, when we think of that day.

As anarchists we have no martyrs. But we have wonderful brothers and sisters like Mauricio who married life with the beauty of anarchist insurrection ultimately paying the cost with their own lives. Mauricio gave his life once fighting to live the fiery dream of insurrection spitting death in the face while most people of this world worship death daily, strangling their lives in the nightmare of endless conventions and resignations by themselves. Self-imprisoned in their illusion of life, they breathe death, misery and subjugation. Because they fail to understand that life is not just about existing, about surviving as an indifferent inhabitant of the deserted land of the living dead shadows, but about constantly moving, being passionate, enjoying the concentrated and intense feelings and the excitement of rebellion, fighting, not being satisfied with stagnation, inactivity, with the wretched mediocrity of a quiet life, but about constantly seeking the unsatisfied. It's about not resting on. Honor your negations and even more dare to materialize your desires no matter the cost.

Mauricio, a known denier of the existent, chose to live such a life. He chose to pick the beautiful, invigorating and fully intensive path of anarchist insurrection, away from the subdued and the peaceful ones, away from those who always mind their own business and care about nothing unless the sky crushes them. And we answer to all those who may dare to talk about "poor young men" that ten whole lives are not even worth a day of the insurrectionist and authentic life of our brother.

Memory is not just pages in history books. Memory is the force that steels our will so that we continue fighting. It's the thrust that pushes us never to retreat. Memory sharpens our hatred and arms our revenge. Memory is the land where we meet with those we lost, those we never met, those we would like on our side in the battle, a battle that as long as it continues, our brothers will live inside thousands of conspiracies planned everywhere around the world, through acts of vandalism and arson, executions, prison escape plans and they will never be left to the oblivion of time. Because memory is the thread that connects all anarchists of Praxis, of the Black International and of FAI/IRF who dedicate their fires and explosions to our missing brothers and sisters with one promise:

WE DO NOT FORGET

WE DO NOT GIVE UP

WE FIGHT UNTIL THE END

For Mauri

For every lost brother and sister

Conspiracy of Cells of Fire – FAI/IRF
Imprisoned members' cell

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