

The Anarchist Library
Anti-Copyright



Heretics

Gabriel Pombo Da Silva

June 5, 2019

The heretic, like the bandit, knows that the loss of his freedom leads him irreparably to the scaffold. What awaits him is a court that will ask him for his actions. A court that will exercise its power and absolute reason in the name of God, the People, the Kingdom or the State. Power and Reason are acts of authoritarian syncretism developed over the centuries by the owners of the Earth, the Sea, and the Sky. Thus, the individualistic anarchist - who is heretic and bandit at a time - is aware that his conviction of own power and his own reasons leads him to the stake. Like a moth, he / she looks for light and succumbs. Like Icarus, she/he flies upwards and the Sun melts its wings. Like Prometheus, he/she steals the fire of the gods for oneself and others; like him,

The drama of the Anarchist is his passion for freedom, his tireless search for accomplices, which he/she seldom finds. She/he despises the conformism of the flock, the cowardice of the crowd, the dogmatism of all faith.

Every priest - of every "ism" - hates her, because she can not be controlled, she/he does not obey her, he/she does not listen to him; and when he/she can, she/he raises the voice to attack the least form of power and authority. Sometimes, these solitary avengers

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throw the bomb or sink the dagger with the intention - always - to sow chaos in the order of reason, rigorously established as law or supreme truth. At other times, they mix with the discontented with the intention of triggering insurrections. But most of their time they use it to read, because their best friend and hobby is the knowledge of what was and what is. They have no illusions or hopes, but convictions. They know that knowledge is their strength and that it gives them self-determination. They live every day as if it were the last. In a slave society, Liberty is punishable by death. They/they do not resign themselves, they/they do not lament, they/they blaspheme, attack, expropriate. There are not many, but even these few can worry all governments, precisely because they are ungovernable; in love with the total freedom. No matter what it was. They reinvent themselves at every step, every shot, every kiss. They are not strategists because they have no end goal and, therefore, their actions raise the wrath of others. They have no more "partisans" than those who know and love them, apart from their iconoclastic barbarians. Often, they are caricature in the newspapers, since it is thought to be able to prevent people from asking: Who are these mad/crazy? What do they want? How to explain who the anarchists are to citizens who delegate their life and their thought to others?

Yes, they are mad/crazy and they want nothing less than anything. All that has been taken from them and nobody can give them back. Here they are! They have no "arguments", fire and powder speak for them. A kilo of dynamite and a poem. A kilo of black powder and a new heresy. A "hands up" and they leave. Machines that destroy their Banks, Courts, Commissariats; Barracks, Churches and Political Seating ... "What do they want these mad/mad?" Nothing! The destructive nothing that gives way to wild nature. The flowers make their way under the ruins of their putrid "civilization".

Gabriel Pombo Da Silva
on June 5, 2019

somewhere in the Old World

Note: dedicated to our deaths in combat, to our prisoners of anarchist war, to our fugitives and to all the conspirators who acted on the night.