



The logic of the prison, its categorisation of 'good citizens', the 'innocent' and the 'criminal' and the 'guilty', its colonisation of time; its punishment by the hours that drip away, all its routine brutalities, its petty pecking orders, its enforcement of servility, its breaking of rebellious spirit - this logic is both the way our society disappears its problems and paradoxically how everything within it really functions...)

We have participated in several prison demos this year, on two occasions those hostages of the state on the wings that could see us on the street crowded at the barred windows, screamed aloud for their freedom and set fires in their cells. Three times this year we have gone out in numbers in solidarity against the prison industrial complex and its functionaries, to fill the night with a message of liberation, and to express our rage of accomplices with the incarcerated.

IMPRISONE D

London is a gentrified, policed and surveilled castle where laws made to kidnap the poor have their immediate correlate in the looming threat of repression which any rebel faces when she decide to act to reclaim his life. ショントーレアンシン マラスはははます。

All around the world the irreducibles who turn words into action find themselves encircled by this monster whose monument we intend to disrupt and agitate against again.

WIND AND THE REAL PROPERTY.

Let's break the pacified, tedious, lonely, routine of prison- both within the walls and without.

Let's declare here and now, unambiguously, with every muscle of our bodies and all the passion we have left in our hearts, that we have no need of this wretched institution, or the vile hierarchy of dogs which staff it at every level.

Despite everything, we still have an idea of freedom, solidarity and dignity; a truly living idea which cannot be content to live dead in the cells of this society, much less cower from fear of its pathetic attempts to control us. We carry with us a vision of a terrible vengeance raining down on their palaces, and the total liberation for everyone from their gaols.

Let's go into the streets together, to send up our rebel signal to those held hostage in the entrails of Fortress Britain. Let's go out into the night and make a dent, however brief, in the illusion of the authority of the courts, cells, judges, screws and cops who would separate and govern us, and pretend themselves our captors.

Let's punch our fists into the starry sky and cry out our complicity against the prison society, and against every social effort to reform its disgusting system of death

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