

“For June 11th, international day of solidarity and action for the anarchist prisoners throughout the world”

Prison has the terrifying ability to leave its own indelible imprints on the bodies and minds of its residents.

Imprints of sorrow, frustration, violence, asphyxia, enforcement. Doors that keep locking and unlocking everyday at the same time with exactly the same awful sound in a monotonous rhythm of a murderous routine that drips its poison of immobility and vanity slowly and painfully.

A brief description about the distillation of sepsis that is being produced by incarceration is enough to become understandable of the hate we feel towards prisons.

That’s why every time a prison break succeeds, every time that a penal officer is being paid an uninvited visit, every time that a prison director or police sergeant pays the price of his despicable choices, our hearts fill with a unique feeling of enjoyment and pleasure. Because revenge for the captivity can’t help but to find its incarnation over the constant assaults against the prison’s representatives.

If something is missing in our days, it isn’t the harmless babbling but the beautiful and courageous choices of comrades in order to create spots of organized offensive actions, to answer dynamically to the ashes that were left behind by oppression, to assert anarchy against its enemies. The passionate conversations are missing, for the necessary practices that we have to build, for the planning of deregulation, today, tomorrow and for as long as the world of authority surrounds us.

The desideratum now, for everyone that feels asphyxiated by the contemporary way of life remains common. **To coordinate and strike the rambling tentacles of the state, capital, civilization, social apathy, to the everyday misery in the cities. Countless hostile depictions in a hostile pattern of life which in order to destroy we have to reverse their rhythm, movement and detestable pace.**

The only way to set an attempt like this in motion begins from each and any of us individually, **from the great choice to turn our personal hourglasses upside down in order for our lives to stop rolling in the rhythm that authority forces us, but instead to begin from the time we go on the offensive, from our desires to watch the world of order catching fire by our own hands and for solidarity to become the kindling for this fire.**

Because solidarity is a momentum, it’s power. It’s the power that arises through the internal admission that we are all part of the anarchist clash against authority. The admission that we may end up in captivity tomorrow, in the place of someone in captivity today. An admission that constitutes essentially an indissoluble bond between all anarchists who are fighting authority, each one with the way he/she chooses. A bond that mustn’t break in spite of all the personal differences, in spite of the individual disagreements, this feeling of complicity is always there. It doesn’t fall back. It persists and takes different forms.

A banner, a poster, a fire during the night, a deafening sound of an explosion, a blast at some authoritative scum, an action of liberating prisoners. Because only this way, only then, solidarity is indeed our weapon.

Conspiracy of Cells of Fire / FAI-IRF

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