

SHOUT YOUR NAME

"Freedoms are not given, they are taken."
Petr Kropotkine

Your name is invoked, has been invoked, By your enemies And by all the uprisers. Your name inspired Songs and proverbs. It's on all lips During revolutions.

You inspired ways of life, Sometimes written in laws But when laws write you They are against you. That's why some said That you're not to be given You're to be taken.

You're killed, you're rejected, Or you are protected. So some said: « No » To their slavery life And fought to live with you Without chains. So some said That in a profitable economy You never really exist Just invoked and reduced.

You're not to be given... You're to be taken !

Some shout your name, Some write your name. On jail-roofs And in liberation movements. Your name become empty when it's written at the top Of the buildings of institutions Of control and repression. Fundamental right But always denied, In incarcerating-world, You're supervised and controlled.

Some shout your name, Some write your name. On jails' roofs And in liberation movements.

You're not to be given... You're to be taken !

I shout you're name... As circulation. I shout your name As expression and publication. You're name, beloved, always and action. I shout you're name And move for your realization !

You're not to be given... You're to be taken !

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Ton nom est invoqué, a été invoqué Autant par tes ennemis que par tous les révolté-e-s, Ton nom a inspiré chansons et expressions, Il est sur toutes les lèvres pendant les révolutions. Tu as inspiré des modes de vie Et parfois inscrites dans des lois Qui quand elles te mentionnent

Sont contre toi, c'est pour ça, Que certains ont dit qu'on ne donne pas: On te prend. On te tue, on te rejette ou bien on te défend. Ainsi certains ont dit non à leur condition d'esclave Et se sont battus pour vivre avec toi sans entrave, Ainsi certains ont dit que dans l'économie de profit Tu n'existes vraiment jamais, juste invoquée et rétrécie.

On ne te donne pas... On te prend !

Certains crient ton nom, certains écrivent ton nom, Que ce soit sur le toit des prisons ou dans les mouvements de libération ! Ton nom n'est qu'un corps vide, quand gravé au fronton, Des institutions, du contrôle et de la répression. Droit fondamental mais systématiquement niée, En milieu carcéral, ou « conditionnée » ou « surveillée », Certains crient ton nom, certains écrivent ton nom, Sur le toit des prisons ou dans les mouvements de libération !

On ne te donne pas... On te prend !

Je crie ton nom... il va avec circulation, Je crie ton nom... et expression et publication, Ton nom et chérie et toujours et action, Je crie ton nom et j'bouge pour sa réalisation !

On ne te donne pas... On te prend !

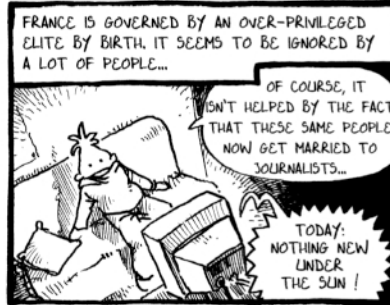
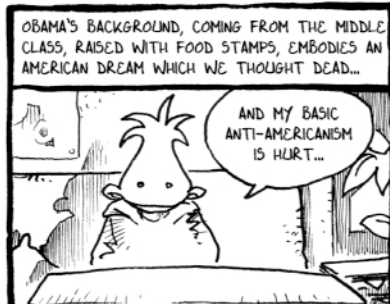
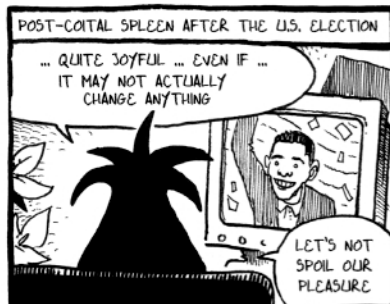
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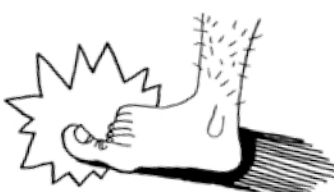
UNDERGROUNDREALNEWS

Hunting illegal-igrants Sad example in Grenoble, cops accompanying a father seeking his children after school for an "administration appointment". On the same day, the family is placed in detention facilities and deported the next day. At Roissy Airport, three teachers in philosophy going to attend a conference on migration in Kinshasa, questioned themselves about the presence of handcuffed people on the plane. A teacher is landed, the two others taken into custody upon their return. In detention centers, the competition between associations is challenged: the Ministry of national identity is maintaining his tender, probably fearing the criticism of the Cimade, the only one now to intervene in these special prisons.

Police on my back Historical record of the French Ministry of Interior : in 2008, 1% of the population has made a stay in police custody. Crime of contempt, incitement to riot, petty crimes... More and more people have trouble with the police. At the same time, we learn that police-retired receive a letter asking them to participate in an internship: "Management of disturbing public order in times of

crisis"... At the same time, school personnel received a bulletin entitled "Opinion Monitoring", aims at identifying the dangerous political deviants... Good vibes ?

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Unemployment Late December in Toulouse, 200 people, workers, non-workers, students, were blocking the Virgin Megastore Shop for several hours. Mobilized to give flyers, talk, sing and shout the refusal to be considered as adjustment variables by unemployment-services and by the government. Why Virgin Megastore? Because it is a symbol of the mass distribution. Because Geoffroy Roux de Bézieux isn't shy to

combine some functions which are somewhat incompatible: dynamic boss of Virgin Mobile and Breizh Mobile, a member of the Attali commission (which promotes savage-economic-increase), head-manager of PSA Peugeot-and... President of unemployment-state-service ! About the law concerning show-business-technicians, he said "but what is it that annex where we compensate bricklayers ?" We are all involved in the negotiations on unemployment allocations, which are set every 3 years by employers and unions. Employers have a hobby: reducing allocations and especially for unemployed people. We know today that the bosses-union (Merdef) has reached its goal after a marathon meeting last 23th of December. While the economic crisis creates more unemployment, the fact that Merdef is breaking social protections will clearly be more felt. What will be the new situations of misery caused by the introduction of the new agreement ? The only things we can be sure of are the worries we're gonna have in our choices (a shit-job or another shit-job) which justifies that the struggles must go on and that people must be informed. In order to do that, all means are good, including blocking a Virgin Megastore...

HIGH SCHOOL MUSICAL

Different testimonies told us what happened recently in a French high-school. Afterwards, it was revealed that it was about a drug-prevention operation, and that this kind of stories took place in different schools. A teacher who witnessed what happened wrote:

"Hardcore police operation in the classrooms: while I was teaching suddenly without warning, 5 policemen and a dog interrupted the class. No one knocks at the door, no one says hello, no one introduces himself. The dog is brought in the class. The students are very surprised. At this point, I ask the policemen why they're here and how such an operation is possible in a classroom. I get no answer, I insist and I'm finally answered that I should shut up. Students are checked, ambience is heavy, frightening, I open a window. A policeman closes it directly without a word. The dog runs everywhere and bites a student's bag. The young man is asked to get outside with his bag. The dog salivates on a frightened student's legs, on caps, on clothes. The beast seems to find a suspect product on someone, and once again, the suspect is asked to get outside with his things. I want to intervene once again, but I'm asked to shut up for the second time. The bags are emptied in the corridor, wallets are checked, the bad-taste jokes the policemen make, make them laugh... These irruptions in mere classes will last more than one hour. More than thirty students are taken afterwards in a separate room to continue frisking them. Some of them are forced to take off shoes and socks... finally one is naked with only wearing his underwear. Among the students, there are minors... In one of the frisked class, a bag falls on the floor because of the dog, the student find that his computer is broken. Laughing, one of the policemen tells him that he can try to lodge a complaint. In an other class, students have to stand in line in front of the blackboard. And the dog-police-officer says: « If you move, the dog will bite an artery, and you'll go directly to the hospital ! »

In the school's corridors, everybody is agitated and confused, there's a police officer guarding each room where a control is taking place. Later, i'll learn that nothing special has justified such a police operation. Consternation and frightness has won over the students the following days. They were answered that they were dramatising. Once the frisk-operation over, they asked me about what they just had seen. I didn't know what to answer. I do not know what to answer. School direction hasn't given any explanation and stay very corroborative with the police. I understand now how people have been able to let fascist-terror happen. How some accepted to put others in trains, how some accepted to get in the trains... The surprise effect makes you speechless. The surprise effect cuts your legs. The surprise effect is efficient to make you accept and shut up. I was checked to see the indignation only on the face of some of my colleagues. Some have found the operation normal or even necessary.

I think that after a 50 years of life, including 20 as a teacher, I have never seen such a thing. Things are getting worse and worse nowadays, the territories that were protected are now attacked by a hard and heavy ideology. What shocked me, beyond the legal or illegal aspect of this operation, is the police's behavior. Vulgar, impolite, frightening, ironical, aggressive, condescending, getting out of a classroom saying « Bye girls ! »... in an only-boys class of course. Congratulating students for having well-hidden « their junky-shit and having abused the dog ! » Real hustlers, real ruff guys would have said the same... It is in France, in a school, in 2008, I say to myself. That these people, police, should take care of the people and support them. That they should be conscientious and clever. But so sure of their power, full of this power and arrogance, they break in, just like cow-boys. Terrorizing young people.

A lot of other testimonies do exist. Some were written by students themselves. This didn't take place in one and unique school. As it's usually said, and becoming more and more true in France nowadays: police everywhere... justice nowhere.