

SOLIDARITY IS OUR WEAPON!



**FREEDOM NOW!
TO ANARCHIST COMMUNIST
TASOS THEOFILOU IN GREECE**

We stand next to any comrade who defends their choices in the struggle, independently of the attitude they choose to keep in the courtroom, since we are raging a common struggle that knows no borders nor walls, even if they are prison walls.

Solidarity with captive comrades cannot be a sterile automated process. On the contrary it is a crucial point of the anarchist struggle, aiming at the liberation of all comrades, the destruction of the prisons and the complete attack on State and capital, through constant struggle.

Until we level their prisons, until we bring the imprisoned anarchists back to the streets where they belong, constant struggle for freedom and anarchy.

Comrades of Act For Freedom Now!



more info: actforfree.nostate.net
en.contrainfo.espiv.net

The arrest of anarchist Tasos Theofilou: Smells like a cop construction

September 10, 2012 Athens

A case of robbery, after which followed the murder of a citizen who attacked the perpetrators, has been transformed by the anti-terrorist force into a case of 'terrorism', while the 'parrots' have been drafted to write monstrous scenarios, full of lies, which have nothing to do with the facts of the trial brief (as usually happens when the anti-terrorism sets up a case).

Anarchist Tasos Theofilou, who was arrested for this case, strongly denied all charges from the first moment, while his lawyer Spiros Fitrakis has spoken of meager evidence in the trial brief.

By taking a look at the case (as presented in the trial briefs and not by the 'parrots' who take their orders from the 12th floor of GADA 'police headquarters of Athens'), we see the stench of one more cop construction coming up. A few days after the robbery, an 'unknown' person allegedly called (!) and said that the robber of Paros is sitting on the steps of the metro station in Keramikos.

They even gave a description. Immediately the anti-terrorist force went to the spot and arrested Tasos Theofilou.

What business does the anti-terrorist force have in a robbery case? At GADA they violently took his saliva and fingerprints and immediately announced that his DNA matches the DNA of a hair found on the hat fallen from the robber in Paros! No prints, no nothing. As for the DNA, you can read the articles of 'Kontra' newspaper for the relevant discussion which took place during the trial of the Revolutionary Struggle and you will realize that it is a method that is not only

disputable, but is completely unreliable.

Is it accidental that before the arrest of Theofilou the anti-terrorist force channeled to the 'parrots' that they were on to a good path and that they had proof. Someone can easily realize who the 'unknown person' who recognized the (disguised) robber of Paros at the steps of the metro and called the cops was. The 'questions' however, do not stop here.

When Theofilou was in the hands of the infamous force, three-four cops remembered that he was the person who carried out 'counter-surveillance', when they staked out houses connected to CCF in Athens, Pireaus and Agrinio!

This alleged person was never arrested or at least detained, just to see who he is, but his characteristics were remembered two years later! This way, Theofilou has found himself charged with the whole list of accusations attributed to the CCF (and to people beyond the members of the organization) and has to deal with a second trial brief managed by special appeals interrogator Baltas.

This set up really 'stinks'.

Greek prisons: Poem of May 1, 2013

He talks in his sleep at night.

Not only is it annoying. The night atmosphere in the prison cell gives a mysterious dimension to his muttering.

He wakes him up. He tells him: "Brother, you're talking in your sleep."

He answers: "I know, brother. At night. The dead visit me in my sleep."

He says: "You tell these pricks to get out so we can sleep..."

—

by Tasos Theofilou

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Greece: Sabotage of ATMs in Thessaloniki

On Monday, December 9th, 2013 we carried out a coordinated sabotage of twelve ATMs at bank branches in Thessaloniki. By doing so, we chose to disrupt even for a while the smooth flow of financial transactions in the city, promoting at the same time a continuation of polymorphous struggle in solidarity with comrades prosecuted for their subversive activity.

We stand beside the imprisoned:

- anarchists Nikos Romanos, Andreas-Dimitris Bourzoukos, Yannis Michailidis, Dimitris Politis, Fivos Harisis and Argyris Ntalios, currently on trial in the case of double robbery in Velventos, Kozani;
- comrade Tasos Theofilou, currently on trial in the case of robbery at Alpha Bank branch on Paros Island;
- Spyros Stratoulis, who is on hunger strike since November 11th, claiming dismissal of all charges against him in relation to the “criminal organization hangouts of Thessaloniki” and re-granting of exit permits;
- and Rami Syrianos, Michalis Ramadanoglou and Ergün Mustafa, who are also on hunger strike, in solidarity with Spyros and his struggle.

Tasos Theofilou

Diary of operation ‘Angela Davis’ 18/8/2012

September 25, 2012

Diary of operation ‘Angela Davis’ 18/8/2012

I come out of Keramikos station (Athens). I look for an internet café, which I find closed. My detox from my Avatar will last just a little longer. I make my way towards Thissio.

Two motorbikes stop in front of me. A herd of people fall on me and immobilize me. I don’t know what is going on. I scream out. They cuff me and put a black hood over my head. They do not identify themselves to me. They put me in a car, a Toyota Yaris or something.

It does not matter. They tell me ‘You messed up our summer you wanker! We have to deal with you now?’ So, I think. This is the punch line of the antiterrorist force. ‘Hey, we got him’ notifies the driver on his mobile. ‘You sure its him?’ wonders the one who is holding me in the back.

‘What’s your name?’ they ask me. I tell them, they are relieved. I have heard stories with a beginning like this about a dozen times. I couldn’t imagine such a continuation. Not even in my narrations. I am in an underground garage. At the entrance.

I am still wearing the hood and my hands are cuffed behind my back. We wait for the elevator. To “13”, orders someone as soon as we get in. I think of my damn luck and their semiology. What I can see through the hood is the shoes of an endless line of cops in civilian clothes and the floor.

They lead me to a room. I recognize it. It is the known room in which from time to time various anarchist comrades have posed for the filming needs of the now famous force, the antiterrorist. I sit on a chair with my hands cuffed behind my back.

‘Have you done anything illegal?’ asks one. ‘You have arrested me, you waiting for me to tell you?’ I thought. I do not answer. ‘Have you done anything that makes you feel guilty?’ he continues. Again I do not answer. I do not understand what they are cooking up. Someone grabs my head from behind. He opens my mouth and puts in a Q-tip.

I protest. Not that there is any point. I know very well that the antiterrorism is above laws. I know it pumps whatever prestige and uncontrollable authority, not from the authorities of penal justice but from the rules of journalistic barbarity.

After a while and after taking my finger prints, without answering my incisive question of whether or not I’ve been arrested, a new couple of cops enter the office. ‘Did you kill him?’ they ask me. I think: they must have learnt this trick from CSI. They threaten you that they will charge you with homicide in order for you, in your panic, to admit to anything else.

I do not answer. Yes or No. Not only do I not know what they are cooking but mainly, I do not even know how they are cooking it. They take the hood off and photograph me. They put it back on and stand me up with my hands cuffed behind my back staring at the wall. Behind me some make stupid sounds. They pretend to be the air or an airplane.

They whisper to me: ‘We will fuck you up baldy!’ The hours pass. I count the seconds in my head in order not to lose the feeling of time. One, two, three until sixty and again from the beginning. As soon as I get to ten minutes I get confused but at least this way I can roughly calculate how long is an hour. When I think it’s been an hour, I stop and start again. One, two, three... I am anxious. Not about what they

In memory of Sebastián Oversluij, who fell in battle against the capitalist system. Freedom for Hermes González and Alfonso Alvial. Freedom for Tamara Sol!

Strength, force and courage to all people who are fighting. For all the migrants that set off to break through Fortress Europe. All those who have fallen. All the unnamed. All those who fight the pigs in the streets of Athens.

Against the construct of borders and nations. Against prisons! For freedom! For anarchy!

Autonomous Cell “Christos Kassimis”

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Thessaloniki, Greece: Bank branches attacked

On Thursday, February 20th 2014 we took advantage of street traffic, and attacked two bank branches (the Hellenic Postbank, and the National Bank) at the junction of Tsimiski and Pavlou Mela streets, smashing their glass facades and ATMs.

This action is dedicated to: Tasos Theofilou, who was sentenced to 25 years imprisonment; Alexandros Mitroussias and Giorgos Karagiannidis, who await court decision in yet another terror trial; and the participants in the Network of Anarchist Prisoners [in Greece].

Comradely greetings to Kostas Sakkas [who has gone on the run from cops]...

Let’s organize ourselves, and attack the State and capitalism by any means necessary.

Berlin: Phoenix Project #11

Responsibility claim for some arsons of the past weeks in Berlin

On April 8th, 2014 we torched a vehicle of the municipal regulatory authority, and the car of a security company, near the main railway station in Berlin.

We also take responsibility for the arson at an embassy vehicle belonging to a Greek female diplomat, on April 24th in Berlin's district Dahlem, which is filled with villas.

Solidarity to prisoners

We greet the prisoners Andreas-Dimitris Bourzoukos, Dimitris Politis, Yannis Michailidis, Nikos Romanos, who were arrested on February 1st, 2013, accused of double robbery in Velventos, Kozani.

Our solidarity also goes out to Fivos Harisis, Argyris Ntalios, Yannis Naxakis and Grigoris Sarafoudis, who were arrested for the same case[2] in Nea Filadelfeia, Athens.

Force and strength to our brothers and our sister, Damiano Bolano, Haris Hadjimihelakis, Giorgos Polydoros, Panagiotis Argyrou, Theofilos Mavropoulos, Christos Tsakalos, Giorgos Nikolopoulos, Michalis Nikolopoulos and Olga Ekonomidou.[3]

Solidarity to

Tasos Theofilou

Theofilos Mavropoulos

Mónica Caballero and Francisco Solar

Freedom for all prisoners!

will do to me but banks**** soon the way things are going but killing someone is different!”.

First of all, I thought, I killed no one and I didn't rob any banks, despite the fact that I fantasize about the latter whenever I see one. Also, rob some poor lottery seller like you usually do and leave the banks aside. ***Do not bite the hand that feeds you. .. The hours go by... I am still standing looking at the wall which can barely be seen through the hood. 'The DNA came out!', I hear someone cheering.

This explosion of joy is accompanied by punches, slaps, kicks. I fall to the ground. They jump up and down on my back. I think of the words of Chronis Missios: 'Whatever they might do to me they will have to put me back together'. I think that times have changed. Whatever they do to me, they have to deliver me to the cameras as the victimizer**** not the victim.

They stop after a couple of minutes. They stand me up and tell me: 'You will be here for three days! We will rip your soul out!' They tell me: 'We have been following you since 2009, what were you doing with Karagiannidis in Agrinio? You thought we couldn't see you?' I think: I have never been in Agrinio and I only know Karagiannidis from your photos.

Their delirium continues. Amidst swearing and threats I hear the word 'Sect' and the name 'Nektarios Savvas'. Also the phrase 'We are on opposite sides'. Ok, I thought, but what where do I come in to this story? They tell me 'the other two blame it all on you, say something to lighten your position!'. I wonder who these 'other two' could be? In the epicentre of the interrogation are now my narrations. They try to make whatever conclusion.

The interrogation continues for a few hours and the interrogating couples change all the time. They ask me whatever comes into their minds. If I have ever felt fear in my life and such things. At some point they leave me. They leave me in the office with my hands cuffed to a

chair behind my back. I do not know for how long. Definitely a lot. Definitely endless. I look at the wall.

My hands are dead numb from the cuffs. The skin around my wrist is bleeding, it has swollen up so much it covers the cuffs.

19/8/2012

It is now, according to my calculations, about 10 am. The first 24 hours have passed. They un-cuff me and look at my wrists. They discuss whether I need a doctor. They decide I do not. They put the white bullet proof vest on me.

The white vest of shame. The presumption of innocence existed in the time when societies were influenced by the Enlightenment. The same goes for respect for the personality of the accused. In modern post-industrial obscurantism, the accused is not punished, as happened in the middle ages, with public shaming but something more. The accused is shamed as proof of guilt. The accused is the 'scum', in the ancient Greek meaning of the word (katharma: the petty, immoral one). They move me around like a trophy between dozens of cameras.

I think: these people are trying to dispute Umberto Eco. There is news in August. All it takes after all is for you to control the media and establish modern dictatorships. Tanks might be passé but Special Forces' jeep Cherokees are now a must. Return to GADA. They throw me into a literal cage one by three without of course a window, with no contact with my outside environment and with the light constantly on. There I will be kept for the next five days. A steel door seals it.

They let me rest for a few hours and lead me again cuffed to the interrogating office. They state to me: 'it is not personal if we wanted to we would have crushed you. We are simply on different sides'. They ask me if I have anything to say. I say no. They say: 'Take him out of here and until he goes to prison don't even give him water'.

only stubborn going forward. Until the destruction of the last prison, from Attica to Koridallos, Pelican Bay to Domokos and Guantanamo to Amygdaleza.

Tasos Theofilou

Domokos prisons

24/2/14

**SOLIDARITY
IS OUR
WEAPON** 

**FREEDOM WILL
BLOSSOM FROM
THE ASHES OF THE
PRISONS**



the prosecution, since if it did not it would have had to acquit me, considering that the charges had collapsed from the first sessions. But the court chose a political - and not a judicial - middle solution. A middle solution in order to balance the pressures applied from above, amidst the 'anti-terrorist' fever, with the pressures applied from below, pressures we apply in every small or big battle we all give, pressures that even in the climate of the autocratic onslaught are alive thanks to our decisiveness, militancy and solidarity. This part therefore, the solidarians watching the court as well as the journalists of the movement, obstructed the arbiters of the chairman and the vulgarities of the prosecution (which was somewhere between far-right paragon and dangerous ignorance of the penal legislative system), and kept them within the tight limits of the courtroom putting a relative break on their ramblings. The court went for a Pontius Pilatus-like absolving and surgically accurate solution, transferring all responsibilities and possibilities to the Appellate Court, even that of counter appeal, as happened in the end.

It is also important that it is not a decision that legitimized DNA as evidence, since the object on which the DNA was allegedly found does not exist, but a decision that legitimises the police-judicial impetuosity that reached its zenith with the counter-appeal issued by prosecutor Drakos.

Also, it cannot go unnoticed that although the court did not need evidence to convict me of the robbery on Paros island, this lack of evidence was also enough to acquit me of the charges of participation in the CCF. Thus, from a political point of view, it is important that another step wasn't made towards the Marini dogma.

So I will be in prison for a few years still with the strength given to me by the conscience that, as every anarchist, I am not inside 'unfairly'. I committed the crime that includes all crimes. In the class war I took a position with the tormented. Prison for an anarchist is not a punishment but one more field of struggle. There is no room for disappointment,

Back to my cage. They tell me: 'The other 'cells' (CCF members) had much more water!'. Which 'others'? I wonder.

They're going to charge me with participation in the CCF as well? Is it a revolutionary organization or a legal passe-partout? Me in the CCF?! My critique towards this organization is equal in tension to the explosives they put and in length their texts. But you scum if this is how you want it, this is how it will go. In this struggle we will be together. I seek what connects me with whatever is hostile against the old world and whatever divides me from whatever stops the new one from rising. The next 15 to 24 hours find me in my cage.

Every three minutes they bang the steel door hard and consecutively. The noise which is created is vile. Every three minutes for endless hours. I am so tired that sometimes I manage to sleep in-between. They have taken my narrations as real incidents. From their comments and reactions I suspect they are not their cup of tea. They are furious with me. I think, how lucky was Kokkinopoulos, how lucky were Frank Miller, Mancet, Tarantino and Rodriguez!

They were never in the foresight of the anti-terrorism. I think, unfortunately for me, as a writer I am inspired by crime and not the vanity of middle-class relations. At some point they put some music on. 'Cell 13' (old Rebetiko song about a prisoner). They laugh. A superior arrives. 'Put some Aggelakas or Thanasis fot Tasoulis! This is what he likes!'

He continues: 'With Makis (he obviously meant Gerasimos Tsakalos) at Kavourotripes and with Papadimoulis a friend on facebook and you voted for Syriza!'. He leaves. At some point I hear some people talking about Paleokostas with great admiration. They called him 'Rambo'!. Someone commented that they found a print of his connecting him to the murder of Vasilakis. 'And you believe that?', mocks another.

21/8/2012

The special interrogator waits for me in his office.

He accepts me with the look of a thousand Pretenderis (Greek panel political and crime journalist) and shows me the trial brief which is about half a metre high! It concerns my alleged participation in the R.O. C.C.F. He asks me about existing and non-existent meetings with other accused for participation in the same organization. The funny thing is that they deny their participation in the specific organization. I want to tell him. Are we speaking of terrorism or a virus that can be passed on with a handshake? I do not tell him. I want to tell him: I did not see anyone being accused of participation in the para-judicial network because they ate kebabs with a childhood friend of Bourboulias. I do not tell him. I want to tell him McCarthyism might have remained in history as a tragedy, but in Greece it is being repeated as a farce. I do not tell him. But I feel trapped. I tell him. I feel McCarthyism compared to what is going on now, seems like a children's song. I tell him. He is relieved.

The imprisonment is 'locked in'. Back to my cage. I think: I do not mind prison. Besides my position is next to the damned of this world. The only thing that bothers me are the unfair and false charges. But I do not even feel enraged. One only feels enraged when someone takes their place in the supermarket queue, not if a police service decides to trap him in 2009 and finally succeeds in 2012.

I look to the wall on my right, someone else who has been hosted in this cage before me has written with a pen: 'The Struggle continues'. I smile. I think, the Revolution is on, the Struggle evolves, the damned of the earth must finally play ball.

P.S. : In my house in Lamia was found 'compelling evidence' which excuses, in the opinion of the journalist and police authorities, my prosecution. According to the journalists, they found a digital pattern imitating police identity cards, some videos with a dumb Texan

Questions of an existential nature and conclusions of a political nature concerning the outcome of the trial

A few days after my conviction by the 3 member Felony Appellate and the 25year sentence imposed on me for incidents that I only know about from television, I think that some questions of an existential nature and some conclusions of a political nature emerge.

Beginning from the questions therefore, emerges the conundrum of how a person, such as the Chairman of the Court, whom even letting him run a rural café would be too risky, could have such authority in his hands. How can it be that the same person with the same nefarious naivete he tried my case with, could have tried and convicted hundreds, maybe even thousands of people and this is not a scandal. How can it be that this clearly unintelligent person holds thousands of lives in his hands. How can it be that the state is manned by such incapable people and yet we cannot organize the revolution against it. How can it be that the Prosecutor does not find it inelegant to take naps during the procedure nor even feel the need to take a look at the minutes before they are read out. Whoever watched the trial could conclude that her closing statement probably concerned another case. How can it be that those who do not consider penal justice a shame of humanity, but a 'service', tear it to pieces demoting it to a piece of stretched elastic underwear. How can a Chairman and a Prosecutor feel no shame in stating publicly that the defence claims of the accused cannot be accepted because he did not testify them to the Special Appeal interrogators, discrediting the alleged main stage of the procedure which is the trial, in the most absolving of ways.

However, some political conclusions are important. Such as that the court, with its decision, indirectly recognized the political dimension of

Update on the trial of anarchist communist Tasos Theofilou Final decision, Friday 7th of February Athens

Update on the trial of anarchist communist T.Theofilou Final decision,
Friday 7th of February.

Conviction for the robbery and homicide, cleared of participation in the CCF. The comrade was sentenced to 25 years by merging, and deprivation of political rights for 5 years, without bail, found guilty of simple complicity in murder and joint robbery, with his face covered, in Paros in the summer of 2012.

The court cleared him of the charges of formation and integration in the CCF, while he was also cleared of possessing explosives and weapons. During his statement before the Three member appellate of Felonies he denied once again that he had anything to do with the robbery and murder, as well as the CCF. It is noteworthy to say that during the trial 19 prosecution witnesses testified, among them also eye witnesses of the robbery and cops, and not one recognized the comrade as the perpetrator of the robbery.

Tasos Theofilou mentioned that there is no reliable evidence in the indictment, noting that when the robbery took place he was in Athens and was helping to renovate the Immigrant Steki.

Hold Strong Tasos! We send you a warm Hug!
Acrforfreedomnow/boubourAs

pretending to be a commando and a bullet proof vest. Also were found dozens of books and movies. Dirty and clean clothes. Sheets, blankets, toilet cleaning products, notes for my narrations as well as finished narrations. Together with the rest of the findings e.g. my couch, the rest of the furniture, the tv, the fire place and the food will, I wonder, the anti-terrorism be characterizing this as a safe house?

A.K. Theofilou

2nd Wing of Domokos Prisons 27/8/2012



Notes by Anastasios (Tasos) Theofilou

6.9.2012

Eventually we arrive at Domokos (central Greece). I did not know this city because of its notorious Katiki cheese but instead because of the homonymous prison. That's why I've always used the feminine article for 'Domokos', since prison has a feminine article in Greek; just like I've always referred to 'Avlona'. In fact, I think both place names are masculine nouns. The journey is interesting. The President of the Republic would have been jealous of such an escort. Only, he wouldn't have been handcuffed behind his back, with four swaddled heads keeping a close watch on him. Incidentally one of them, the driver, is easygoing. Throughout the four-hour transfer, the handcuffs are tightened too much, so I feel something like electricity hitting my already bloodied wrists. Till this day, my thumbs are still numb.

My reception in the prison wing is so warm that it becomes frightening. Everyone wants to know me and share a handshake with me; neither out of sympathy befitting a victim of fabricated charges, nor out of respect corresponding to someone who did not cooperate with the authorities; instead they're in awe of a television star. I am beginning to grasp what dimensions the incident of my arrest has taken in the mainstream media.

What we have here is a multicultural feast. A forensic feast, too. An Indian-born man is sentenced to life because he killed one of 'his own', i.e. a compatriot of his. He's got a genial face. He killed that man over a fight. There's a guy of sixty with one tooth and a darkened

Charges which I denied from the first moment.

Going against heavy charges in a massive indictment full of guesses by the antiterrorists about my way of life and completely devoid, of course, of any evidence.

3.

Trials are not theatrical plays. They are however rituals. Rituals, where the authority of Capital replaces what it defines as Justice when it considers that it has been disturbed. Rituals where social associations are crystallized. In this specific trial the stakes, among others, is as much the institutionalisation of the penalization of political spaces and struggles as much as the personal relations of social fighters. The stabilisation of a situation, where whoever resists will be liable to authority not only for their identity as a resister but for all the expressions of their social life. Or otherwise the stabilization of a situation where if someone is an anarchist that alone is a criterion of guilt.

All that will be left is that every friendship between anarchists be characterized as participation and integration in a terrorist organization.

militarised. It militarises labour, by conscripting workers. It militarises oppression, using the EKAM (special forces) on insignificant pretexts. It militarises Justice, applying special laws for the political spaces that resist.

Special laws, which for the time being are applied to the anarchist movement and tomorrow will be applied on to any Brechtian variation. Special laws, that say that it is enough that an anarchist be targeted by the anti-terrorist force in order for them to be found wrapped in hollow but massive indictments.

2.

My prosecution is placed within this political conjuncture. A prosecution based on the statutory of an anarchist and the tactic of penalization of their personal and political relations.

A prosecution which on one hand, that of participation in the CCF, is 'based' on my social contact with anarchist comrade and friend Kostas Sakkas. The interesting part is that he himself also denies participation in this specific organization. The antiterrorist also presents me, falsely, offering counter-surveillance measures at Agrinio bus station to another accused for the same case, who, just for history, also denies participation in the organization.

On the other hand, my prosecution concerns my, by imagination of the anti-terrorism, participation in a robbery of the Alfa bank in Paros and the mortal injury of a citizen who tried to stop the robbers' escape. A prosecution whose sole evidence is a DNA sample taken from a mobile object (hat) near the bank, evidence that does not mean I was present at the robbery and concerning which I dispute the accuracy of the procedure of collection and analysis of the sample.

On June 10th, therefore, I am called to appear at the 3rd three-member felonies appeals court on Loukareos Street (Athens) accused of participation in the CCF and additionally that as a member of this specific organization I participated in the robbery of Alfa Bank in Paros.

face, who looks like a truck driver from some film by Rodriguez. He has served a life sentence already; one month later, he was recaptured and sentenced to life again. He's currently doing almost his sixth year of his prison time. He claims proudly that, when he was in the D (wing), he nailed a pair of scissors in the ass of Korkoneas (the cop that murdered Alexis Grigoropoulos in December 2008). He was transferred to another wing alright, but he was not given the prison transfer he had wished for. Something tells me that the prison administration has bought the trick with Korkoneas. There is another man sentenced to 3.5 years, i.e. 3.5 fi in prison dialect. The 'fi', aka filakisi, imprisonment, is opposed to the 'ka' which means kathirxi, incarceration. So: this guy doesn't have any money to bail himself out of prison and sits in here among robbers and assassins. Fortunately, he has a criminal physique, and if you don't hear his drama out, you think he's a lifer and so you greet him with some respect. The poor fellow attempted to steal a car but had bad luck, as it turned out that the vehicle belonged to cops. To father and son! Oh my gee***! What he says of his arrest is that he was beaten up for three days, every twenty minutes. His face was so swollen that it grew to twice its size, yet the investigating judge failed to notice... There are many prisoners who have served their first-instance sentences before they even stand before an appeals court. For example, there are two men accused of a dozen bank robberies: none of them admitted any of the charges. One hundred and sixty witnesses, from customers to cashiers, paraded into the courtroom but none of them recognized the defendants! The testimonies given by cops were sufficient for the judges that sentenced each to twenty years, and now both are only looking forward to an appeal. The appeal trial receives dimensions of a second advent in prison.

7.9.2012

Living conditions are sort of like a youth hostel. Many languages, shared kitchen, forced cohabitation. The space is extremely limited. The prison yard is the size of a luxury hotel pool ten metres in depth; just like the

height of the walls that surround it. If I want to run a little, I soon feel like an electron, I get dizzy and give up the effort. Concrete and wires prevail everywhere. Looking out from the window of my cell, behind the bars, I see a piece of sky decorated with some barbed wire. The night has no stars; they have vanished under the powerful spotlights.

8.9.2012

It's cloudy today. The wall's colour is the same as that of the sky. The clouds only stand out from the wall because of the barbed wire. Depression.

9.9.2012

Nice evening out here. But the strong lights don't let this evening feel any different from the rest. I begin to understand the true meaning behind the phrase 'confinement experience'. Experience! Maybe I'm lucky that I live a mental condition which only a small part of humanity has the misfortune to experience. However, I cannot go out on a balcony to enjoy the autumn evening, and this seems to me a little more than depressing. It feels perverse and sadistic. Okay, can't complain. We're making History out here; can we feel stuck in prison? No, no, and again no. But since I'm thinking all of this, why don't I just write it down...

To be continued...

Text by Tasos Theofilou concerning the trial due to begin on June 10th 2013 – Athens

1.

In September 2009 begin the first arrests with the pretext of the 'dismantling' of the CCF, inaugurating the method of penalizing personal relations between anarchists and distributing arrest warrants like flyers. A tactic aimed at striking not only the CCF, but the whole of the anarchist movement. Essentially, the oppressive mechanisms will use this specific organization as a reason to attack the anarchist movement, spreading fear and insecurity within it.

In October of the same year the Ministry of Public Order will be renamed the Ministry of Citizens' Protection. A fact which will awkwardly be interpreted as a self-conscious embellishment. But the timing of this name change is not accidental. The period, that is, that the middle class is abruptly losing its privileges and rights, lowering the substance of the status of citizen to that of a subject. The ministry in question is responsible now for protecting only a small guild of rulers and capitalists who do not want to abandon their privileges.

Within the next few years a lot will change but the most important will be the complete abandoning of the Keynesian model and the transformation of labour from a right into privilege. The authority of Capital is not in a position to offer the middle class dream anything but oppression. The carrots are not even enough for motives any more and only the whip can provide a solution.

The breakout of the crisis, which had been brewing since the end of the '70s, leads the capitalist order, in its attempt to preserve its profits, to tactics of crude accumulation and colonial policies even in the interior of the Western World. Since it cannot achieve profits through the Holy Growth, it indulges in looting. Thus, the authority of Capital is