



texts by

anarchist

communist

Tasos Theofilou

**This brochure contains some
texts written by Tasos
Theophilou, who was arrested
by the antiterrorist unit on
August 18, 2012, in Athens, and
has been in jail ever since. He
was sentenced to 25 years.
It's been published as a
gesture of solidarity ...**

Sources of translation:

CONTRA-INFO.ESPIV.NET

ACTFORFREEDOM.NOSTATE.NET

Athens - Pallini, 2014

Tasos Theofilou was convicted because he is an Anarchist

On August 11th 2012 a bank robbery takes place on Paros Island where a citizen gets killed in his attempt to stop the robbers. Police started to look for suspects among Albanians and Greeks who had been involved in other robberies in the past. They started the investigation based on one and only clue: the car with which the robbers escaped and which they burnt afterwards, was the same car with the one used during another bank robbery in Athens. Then, some robbers were caught and some others escaped. In the meantime, a mobile phone fell behind from the robbers for which a waiver of confidentiality was issued from the local judicial authorities. This means that the mobile phone owner and the numbers with which communications were made had already been known.

Then strangely enough, the same day that the local judicial authorities issued the waiver of confidentiality for this very mobile phone, the anti-terrorist forces of Athens got involved with the case; completely changing the course of the investigation from a casual robbery to a terrorist action.

On August 18th 2012 at 11am **anarchist communist Tasos Theofilou** was kidnapped by the anti-terrorist police forces from Keramicos Square in central Athens. After being handcuffed and black-hooded by the cops, he was brought to the police headquarters in Athens, where his DNA sample was taken by force.

The anti-terrorist forces used their most common tactic: they claimed that someone made an “anonymous phone call” to the police few days after the bank robbery on Paros Island, indicating Tasos Theofilou as one of the robbers and this is what led to his arrest.

Fifteen months following his arrest, on November 11th 2013, his trial had started.

The initial proposal of the prosecutor was as follows: 16 years for abetting manslaughter, 15 years for committing robbery, 3 years for committing forgery,

2 years for carrying a firearm, 2 years for accepting proceeds of crime, plus a fine of 5000 euros, total: **38 years**.

In the end, on February 7th 2014, the court held his conviction:

Tasos was sentenced to 25 years in prison.

He was found guilty of two felony charges:

- participating in a robbery with his physical characteristics covered
- being an abettor in manslaughter committed in a calm mental state

He was also convicted of three misdemeanours:

- carrying a firearm
- repeatedly forging (accusation relating to vehicles of the robbers)
- accepting proceeds of crime (the getaway car of the robbers)

He was acquitted of severe charges in relation to “formation of and membership in a terrorist organization” (i.e. his alleged involvement in the urban guerrilla group Conspiracy of Cells of Fire), as well as possession of explosives and ordnance, forgery of five identification cards, use of a firearm, and two attempted homicides.

In other words, the court decided that supposedly Theofilou participated in the bank robbery on Paros Island in August 2012, but he was not the one who killed Dimitris Michas (the citizen who attempted to prevent the robbers’ escape).

Tasos Theofilou **has denied all charges from the start**, claiming that he has been on trial as a political opponent in a distasteful, badly planned fabrication set by the anti-terrorist forces. Many facts and evidence presented to the court argued in favour of his acquittal. **None of the eyewitnesses recognized Theofilou during the trial.** Moreover, **none of his finger prints were found anywhere;** even though inside the bank numerous prints were found for at least two of the robbers.

A three-member bench reached a majority opinion (instead of a unanimous verdict) at the trial court in Athens. The comrade has defended himself saying that the only thing implicating him in the incidents on Paros is a DNA sample from a hat allegedly found outside of the bank, which in no way implies his own presence in the robbery scene. He has also challenged the validity of collection and analysis

procedure for the particular DNA sample.

Nevertheless, as had also happened in the case of anarchist prisoner Babis Tsilianidis, the defendant was judged to be guilty exclusively on the basis of DNA, which was allegedly found on a hat. A hat which does not appear in any of the numerous photographs taken at the scene of the crime. A hat which is not once mentioned in the anti-terror squad's first report. The mysterious nature of this hat has a simple explanation behind it – there was no hat at the scene of the crime. It was fabricated afterwards; following the forceful acquisition of Theofilou's DNA, which was then put on the hat.

As for the accusation of his involvement in the C.C.F., in the first text he published after his arrest, the comrade stated that it would be impossible to be a C.C.F. member because of huge political disagreements with the organization, clarifying that he recognizes of course that they share a common place in the camp of those who stand hostilely against the old world.

Tasos Theofilou was sentenced despite not being recognised by any of the witnesses, despite the fact that the captain of the anti-terror squad and operator of this case was forced to admit during his hearing that “he might not have been the man in the robbery” and despite that even the judge told the scientists who were testifying that the sole piece of evidence was the fabricated hat and **this could not be presented as legitimate proof**. Despite all these facts, the “independent” juridical system convicted the self-proclaimed anarchist even without holding any evidence, to 25 years in prison for abetting manslaughter and participating in a robbery with his physical characteristics covered.

Tasos Theofilou was convicted because he is an anarchist.

Tasos Theofilou was convicted because his smile did not fade away even while his sentence was announced to him.

FULL ACQUITTAL AND IMMEDIATE RELEASE OF COMRADE TASOS THEOFILOU.
SOLIDARITY TO TASOS THEOFILOU



Letter by comrade Tasos Theofilou

A few days after the convicting decision against me by the three member felony appellate and the 25year sentence imposed on me for incidents that I only know about from television, I believe some questions of existential nature arise and some conclusions of political nature come out.

Beginning from the questions therefore, arises the query of how can a person, such as the chairman of this court, -which even assigning him to run a rural café would be a risky thing to do-, has such authority in his hands. How can it be that this person with the same morbid naivety that he tried my case with, could have tried and convicted hundreds, maybe even thousands of other people and this is not a scandal. How can it be that this obviously not very bright person hold in his hands thousands of lives. How can it be that the state is staffed by such inadequate people and we still cannot organize the revolution against it. How can it be that the prosecutor does not even consider it inelegant to take a few naps during the procedure and not even feel the need to take a look at the minutes before making her oration. Whoever watched the trial managed to conclude that her oration was probably about another case. How can it be that those who do not consider criminal justice the shame of humanity, but a "service", tear it to rags transforming it into an underwear elastic. How can it be that a chairman and a prosecutor are not ashamed to state publicly that the defensive claims of the accused cannot be accepted because he did not state them to the special appeals interrogators, discrediting in the most responsibility-feared way, the supposed main stage of the procedure which is the trial.

But, some political conclusions are important. Such as that the court recognized the political dimension of the persecution indirectly with their decision, since if it did not



recognize it it would have to acquit me, given that the indictment had collapsed from the first trial sessions. But it chose a politically -and not juridically- middle ground. A middle ground in order to balance the pressures applied from above, amidst the “anti-terrorist” fever, with the pressures applied by below, pressures we apply in every small or big battle we all give. Pressures that even in the climate of autocratic onslaught are alive because of our decisiveness, militancy and solidarity. This part therefore, so much the solidarians who followed the trial as well as the movement’s journalists, prevented the arbitrariness of the chairman and the obscenities of the prosecution (which was balancing between right wing picturesqueness and the dangerous ignorance of criminal legislation), to remain in the tight limits of the court room putting a kind of brake to their nonsense. The court proceeded to a Pontius Pilate-like and responsibility-feared, surgically accurate solution, transferring to the appellate all responsibilities and all possibilities -even that of a counter-appeal-, as it happened in the end.

It is also important that it is not a decision which legitimized dna as evidence, since the object which my dna was allegedly found on does not exist, but a decision which legitimatises the police-juridical immunity which reached its zenith with the counter-appeal applied by prosecutor Drakos.

Also, it cannot go unnoticed that despite the fact the court did not need evidence in order to convict me for the robbery in Paros, simultaneously this lack was enough to exempt me of the charges of participation and integration in the CCF. So from a political point of view, it is important that this was not another step towards embedding of the ‘Marini’ dogma.

Thus I will remain in prison for a few more years with the strength given to me the conscience that just like every anarchist, I am not inside “unfairly”. I committed the crime which includes all crimes. In the class war I took position with those who have been wronged. Prison for an anarchist is not a punishment but one more field of struggle. There is no room for disappointment only stubborn intensification going forwards. Until the destruction of the last prison, from Attica to Koridallós, from Pelican bay to Domokos, from Guantanamo to Amigdaleza.

Tasos Theofilou
Domokos prisons
24/2/14

Anarchist comrade Anastasios Theofilou's considerations on escape and revolt

It would be interesting to comment on the last two escape attempts from high security prisons: the first one was carried out by helicopter from the prison of Trikala, the second one by a 'little lie' from the prison of Malandrino.

In the first case police did not hesitate to consolidate the doctrine of zero tolerance and put the life of dozens of people at risk. Police just wanted to avoid an escape, an offence that is considered minor...

In the second case we saw what a prisoner can achieve if he wields a simple radio as if it was a bomb (!): the authority knows he does not play with his freedom. Even if he did not manage to escape in the end, he held a whole prison in check for 24 hours using his determination as his only weapon.

But what is remarkable in these two cases is the change of the meaning of escape, which is now the individual trajectory of a prisoner. Up to the end of the nineties rebellion and escape were two concepts almost linked to each other. Revolt was usually the result of a mass escape attempt. Prisoners tried to escape together, some were successful, others were wounded by the cops' bullets during the attempt and those who were left came back to the prison and put it to fire. The reasons for this change have to be found on the one hand in the new technology and architecture of repression, on the other hand in the unprecedented individualism of today's prisoners.

Modern prisons are devised to achieve as much control as possible relying on material and electronic methods: cameras are placed in every corner, wings can be looked up and down, doors open electronically only from the control room. Another important detail is the roof, the main refuge of rebel prisoners, which today is totally inaccessible.

Moreover the prison population has changed, which in turns produced a change in the perception of prisoners.

Today's prison population is not made of bloodthirsty criminals or romantic outlaws. It is mainly made of migrants coming from Africa and Asia, who quite often don't know not only the language but also the reason why they are in prison, drug addicts who should be in hospital, petty thieves terrorized by their debtors: this is the new tendency in Greek

prisons. There are also night-life godfathers and henchmen who, in exchange for small favours, keep a balance between corruption and social peace in the Greek prisons.

Relations among prisoners are false, disgustingly hypocritical or just diplomatic. There exists a game of domination that acts as a brake on the construction of trustful relations, and this reduces the combative mood

requiring solidarity. As they are divided according to nations and tribes, light or heavy sentences for the most various offences, personal differences due to drug or personal interests, prisoners are destroying any sense of community of struggle which could be created.

As a result, those who want to affirm their freedom are invited to try alone or with a few friends. Collective solutions look like obsolete romanticism belonging to the nineties.

Why is this important?

Because prison is a mirror of society. It is the place where its functions, values, traditions, ethics and problems are concentrated. If we analyse what happens inside, we can interpret the social inertia of the outside.

Helicopters used to escape are spectacular and right, but the flames of rebellion are much better. Those who escaped successfully or just tried to escape are worth respect but we should not forget that our goal is not only to fly over the prison walls but also to dance on their debris.



Anastasios K. Theofilou

21/03/2013

Wing E1 of Domokos prison

Diary of operation "Angela Davis"

18/8/2012

I come out of Keramikos station (Athens). I look for an internet café, which is 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. 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 anti-terrorist 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 is 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 continue. 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 room. I recognize it. It is the known room in which from time to time



various anarchist comrades have posed for the needs of the filming of the now famous force, the anti-terrorist. 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 que-tip.

I protest. Not that there is any point. I know very well that the anti-terrorist 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, enter the office a new couple of cops. "Did you kill him?" they ask me. I think: this trick they must have learnt from CSI. They threaten you that they will charge you with homicide in order for you, in your panic, to admit anything else.

I do not answer. Yes or No. not only I do 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 who 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 will do to me but what they



are cooking again.

I know, I am the main course this time but I do not know in which recipe. Someone comes from behind me. He says to me: "whatever you are going to say, say it now, because in two hours we will change our tune. In two hours we will identify your DNA and we will fuck you up". What DNA and why such certainty I wonder. I do not answer. "What happened on the island? The job went bad? We will also be robbing 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 bank, despite the fact that I fantasise the latter whenever I see one of them. 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 still am 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. The 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 the 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 to their minds. If I have ever felt fear in my life and such things. At some point they leave me. They leave in the office with my hands cuffed to a chair behind my back. I do not know for how long. Surely a lot. Surely 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 has gone. They un-cuff me and look at my wrists. They discuss on whether I need a doctor. They decide I do not. They put the white bullet proof vest.

The white vest of shame. The presumption of innocence existed in the time when societies were influenced by the Enlightenment. The same goes for the respect to the personality of the accused. In the modern post-industrial obscurantism, the accused is not punished, as happened in the middle ages, with



the public shaming but something more. The accused is shamed as proof of guilt. The accused is the “scum”, with 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 are 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 cage literally one by three metres, without a window of course, 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”. Back to my cage. They tell me: “The other ‘cells’ (CCF members) had much more spirit!”. Which “others”? I wonder.

They’re going to charge 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 as the explosives they put and in length reached 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 worldly. 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-terrorist. 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 for 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 comments 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-existing 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 for participation in the para-judicial network because they ate kebabs with a childhood friend of Bourboulis. 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 farse. 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. Someone 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 were found “compelling evidence” which justifies, in the opinion of the journalist and police authorities, my prosecution. According to the journalists, they found a digital pattern to imitate police identity cards, some videos with a dumb Texan 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-terrorist characterize this as a safe house?

A.K. Theofilou

2nd Wing of Domokos Prisons 27/8/2012

Notes by imprisoned anarchist communist 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 easy-going. 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 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 been 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 the 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 physic, and if you don't hear his drama out, you

***Concrete and
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think he's a lifer and so you greet him with some respect. The poor fellow attempted to steal a car but had a 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 he was beaten up for three days, every twenty minutes. His face was so swollen that it grew 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 meters 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 bar, 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 stand out from the wall only 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 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...

A couple of notes...

A few words concerning the case of Anarchist Anastasios Theofilou

1/

In the present phase of the "development" of capitalism, work is not a right or blackmail. It is a privilege. The only way out for those isolated from the material and spiritual wealth of the society of Capital, in order for them to survive, is "crime".

And crime has many dimensions, many meanings and many versions. Going against the media meanings we should not admit the law as the limit between ethical and unethical. Good and bad. Just and unjust. Neither of course should we naively change its sign using it as the limit between revolutionary and non-revolutionary.

We ought to deal with crime calmly, beyond ethics and romanticises, as one more social activity which its individual characteristics define its importance. In a nutshell, a criterion of our critique must be that if an activity, illegal or legal -this does not concern us-, serves either the personal interests of people of our class, or the plan of emancipation of our class from the class of the owners and managers of the Capital. The class, that is, which is limited now to snatching with robbing terms our sole commodity, our work force, but even worse it deprives us of the possibility of selling it.

2/

I am accused of a robbery which ended in a tragedy. I did not want to mention these incidents since I do not know them except for through the deforming lens of the media. In the end though I find it necessary to say a few words concerning

this. For a citizen to try and defend the money of an institution, the greed of which has led the 2/3 of humanity to poverty, is surely something absurd.

This does not mean that the answer is the taking of his life. I do not know the circumstances and therefore I cannot know if it was a cold blooded execution or a fight which led to gun shots. I would like to believe, according to the testimonies of the witnesses, the latter.

In any case a person was killed. A person who if he had the calmness to think even for a few seconds what he is about to do, might have changed opinion and from a persecutor he would have become a supporter of the robbers.

But he is dead and he cannot defend himself. Neither against some comrades who give characteristics that do not suit someone deceased, nor mainly against the grave robbers of the anti-terrorist force and the media who set up a dance over his body, in order to serve political intentions.

I am an anarchist communist. I love life and freedom. Let's fight to tear down the prisons which bury inside them thousands living people. Let's fight for the vision of social liberation. Let's fight for the liberation of our class from the authority of the capital.

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27/9/2012

A.K. Theofilou

Wing B'2 Domokos prisons

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 hurting 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 in its interior.

In October of the same year the Ministry of Public Order will be renamed to the Ministry of Protecting the Citizen. 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 deducting the substance of the status of citizen to that of a subject. The ministry in question is responsible now to protect 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 abandonment 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 give a solution.

The breakout of the crisis, which was brewing since the end of the '70s, leads the capitalistic 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 Holly Growth, it indulges in looting. Thus, the authority of Capital is militarized. It militarises labour, by conscripting workers. It militarises the oppression, using the EKAM (special forces) with insignificant pretexts. It militarises Justice, applying special laws for the political spaces which resist.

Special laws, which for the time being are applied on the anarchist movement and tomorrow will be applied onto any Brechtian variation. Special laws, which say that it is

enough that an anarchist is targeted by the anti-terrorist force in order for them to be found wrapped in hollow but massive indictments.

2.

My prosecution is placed in 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 leg, 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 his 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 his participation in the organization.

On the other leg, my prosecution concerns my, by imagination of the anti-terrorist, participation in the robbery of Alfa bank in Paros and the deadly injury of a citizen who tried to stop the escape of the robbers. A prosecution with sole evidence a dna sample taken from a mobile object (hat) near the bank, evidence which does not mean I was present at the robbery and for 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. Charges which I denied since the first moment.

Going against heavy charges in a massive indictment full of guesses by the antiterrorists about my way of life and completely empty, 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 so much the institutionalization of the penalization of political spaces and struggles as much as the personal relations of social fighters. The stabilization 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 is on its own a guilt criterion.

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

May 29, 2013

*the trial began on June 10th, 2013 in Athens
at the 3rd three-member felonies appeals court*



