

Letter From Koridallos Men's Judicial Prison

Andreas Tsavdaridis

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“To my goal I will go—on my own way; over those who hesitate and lag behind I shall leap. Thus let my going be their going under.”

Friedrich Nietzsche

This open letter is not addressed to the official milieu and its weathered structures. I despise its stereotypes, the putrescent breaths of its fixation. I consider the “anarchist” milieu of bureaucrats to be an enclave of Power, as they reproduce the same authoritarian values. I have no intention to make public relations, nor do I desire any sort of solidarity or unofficial help from dignitaries and subordinates of the antiauthoritarian lifestyle.

I am addressing the minorities; those individualities who show their contempt and mockery of Domination and its servants, and do not hesitate to take the offensive against the essence of contemporary civilization; all those anarchists of praxis who align themselves with the FAI-informal network, and furiously orchestrate their destructive plans, causing vexation in the camp of the enemy.

On the 11th of July I was arrested by a unit of the anti-terrorist force as I was returning home. I was put inside a conventional car of their police service in Thessaloniki, and within a few hours I found myself onto the 12th floor of the Athens police headquarters (GADA). On the 17th of July I was put on remand, and I have been held in Koridallos prisons ever since.

I assume responsibility for sending an incendiary parcel to the former commander of the anti-terrorist force, Dimitris Chorianopoulos, as FAI-IRF cell under the name Commando Mauricio Morales. I remain Unrepentant for my choice. A strike

against the security complex is a direct attack on the establishment's core; a direct attack on the state institutions, which operate independently from the policy formulation of respective governments, and have the perpetuation of Domination over my life as their mission.

I believe that Power is an inspiration for and immediate corollary from the values of society. Power is an idea. It seems like something inaccessible, like a god that overwhelms the thoughts, dreams and feelings of its believers; a modern social religion into which the mass hastens to be inducted. The dominators don't impose themselves by coups d'état, but through their citizens' approval. All of the problems of social pathogeny are simply the dark side of a world that wants to live without responsibilities.

I don't believe in any popular revolution. Anything based on the mass, the herd, carries the seed of slavery within. That mob, whose values are determined by others, is incapable of defining its own life. This resultant force, even if it may be called revolutionary, will crumble after its uprising, no matter the outcome. Its participants seek a more favorable economic system, tailored to their interests. They're not in the mood for overthrowing the values of civilization; they merely beg for the reforming-restructuring of capitalism by non-institutional means.

I don't believe in any future social paradise as the alleged inevitable evolution of a metaphysical predominance of justice, which anoints the People a messiah in order to fulfill the societist prophecies. These theories are full of grudge, and degrade the notion of Human to the villainy of their authors and advocates.

Contrary to the zealots of mass mobilizations aimed at the liberation of their social role, I pursue the liberation of my own individual from every social role. My projectuality is constant anarchist insurgency against every system, every society, and every kind of mass morality. My own war has its foundations on my will for force, and I therefore attack on everything that insults my Aesthetics. For me, war is a Dionysian lunacy that cannot be explained by the rationalizations of societist parrots.

In my opinion, solidarity towards a prisoner of war should carry forward and reproduce the cause for which s/he was locked up in the first place. Thus the fight for the diffusion of direct anarchist action is the only solidarity I recognize in my particular case.

Before I conclude, I would like to express my solidarity with imprisoned anarchists worldwide; to the CCF comrades, Panagiotis, Giorgos, Makis, Olga, Haris, Christos, Theofilos, Michalis, Damiano, and Giorgos; to the comrades Nicola Gai and Alfredo Cospito in Italy, who are accused for the Olga Cell's action; to Gabriel Pompo Da Silva, incarcerated in Spanish prisons; to Marco Camenisch, imprisoned comrade in Switzerland; to the unrepentant Thomas Meyer-Falk (still captive in Germany). To Jock Palfreeman in Bulgaria; to the fighter Hans Niemeyer, as well

as the bandits Freddy Fuentesvilla, Marcelo Villarroel and Juan Aliste Vega, in Chile. To comrade Henry Zegarrundo in Bolivia, and to anarchist Braulio Durán in Mexico. To fugitives Felicity Ryder and Diego Ríos: hold strong!

Strength to all the FAI cells in Mexico, Ecuador, Bolivia, Argentina, Chile, Indonesia, Italy, Greece, Spain, the United Kingdom, Netherlands, Russia, Belarus, Ukraine, Finland, Brazil, and Australia.

HONOUR FOREVER TO MAURICIO MORALES.

PS.1: The “PHOENIX PROJECT” was initiated on the 7th of June 2013 by the comrades of Conspiracy of Cells of Fire/Consciousness Gangs/Sole-Baleno Cell/FAI-IRF with an explosive attack on the private car of the Koridallos prison director, toward the regeneration and dynamic resurgence of the new urban guerilla warfare. The project has found accomplices in the face of our brothers and sisters from Indonesia. The Anger Unit/ICR/IRF-FAI and the International Conspiracy for Revenge/FAI-IRF responded to the call, and attacked structures of the Indonesian regime implementing the 3rd and 5th act of the Phoenix Project, respectively. Our brothers and sisters proved that anarchist discourse accompanied by acts can overcome the long distances that keep us apart. We know that, as long as there are comrades who turn their desires into actions, no anarchist prisoner will ever be alone. Brothers and sisters of the ICR/FAI-IRF, your offensive gave us courage. Our hearts are with you. Until we meet! Until the end!

PS.2: My comrade and friend Spyros Mandylas has no involvement whatsoever in the case.

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