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Fire to Sweatshops (FAI/FRI)

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We are witnessing the most extreme contradictions that are born and die in this shit-world. While the calculators of sorcerer's apprentices of economic statistics are counting 23,000 dead in Syria, billions of people are watching besotted the London Olympic Games; the distance between the Olympic and the 'practical' shooting in the field of operations is just a simple push of the button on a remote control. If only it could happen... all these rivers of blood to become an impetuous torrent which will drown athletes and spectators. If only it could happen... We can refer all the same to the thousands of homeless people 'messing up' the image of the dire city, while the rich enjoy their luxurious comforts in the gardens of Ekali and Kifissia (two of the richest suburbs of Athens).

Societies that, despite their contradictions, manage to reproduce the stench they're emitting, partitioning everyone and everything, manufacturing hundreds of microcosms.

Power is not a compact structure but a diffused edifice, located on the systemic structures—economic, institutional, etc.—and human relations. Starting from society’s chopping into antagonistic-with-each-other subsets, the constant fragmentation continues in the individual’s daily life within the capitalist world; in every aspect of the individual’s life, in every field of expression.

At this point the system completes its ‘omnipotence’, at the point where it raises the walls of isolation even in the most trivial of everyday processes. At the point where the paravans of resignation and indifference fall, hence rises the sepsis of the sleaziest kind of selfishness, of the most petty ego, an exalted sense of passive *midenism*.

For my part, my part, my part. For me, me, me.

The practical recording of the above assessment can be found either in the material possession of illusions in the era of capitalist prosperity—home, car, rapid rise of ‘small property’— or in the emigration for work abroad amidst conditions of economic crisis. It’s the same ideologue of modern lifestyle with modified variables. From illusions of the ownership’s onslaught, to stampede.

“When, at the end of their lives, most people look back they’ll find that they have lived their lifelong ad interim. They’ll be surprised to realize that the very thing they allowed to slip by unappreciated and unenjoyed was just their life. And so a man, having been duped by hope, dances into the arms of death.”
(Arthur Schopenhauer)

A result of the intensity observed in the social machine is the fascists’ growing momentum; a fact that in no way goes unnoticed. We’re talking about a general shift of society and the State towards racist/ fascist/ nationalist guidelines. This can either be about the bodies of HIV-positive women that got humiliated through the collaboration of the cops with the KEELPNO (‘Hellenic Centre for Dis-

ease Control & Prevention') and the mass media, or about the ongoing pogroms against migrants and the dozens of murderous attacks against them. 'Legitimate' and 'illegal' operations become one, under the ironically allegorical name '*Xenios Zeus*'. The democratic operation's culmination was the assassination of an Iraqi migrant (on Anaxagora Street, in Omonia) by rippers identical to the gold-endawners [*Greek nationalist-fascist party*].

So, the conclusion is that the state mechanism's moves against migrants reflect a SOCIAL DEMAND; the racist hatred of every shit-souled macho Hellene is added to the demand for security. The knife of the insulted pseudo-egoism of the Greek-souled wanker is to be found next to the police buses and paddy wagons and the concentration camps for migrants, and the ribs of some random migrant will be stabbed at the first opportunity with that knife, applying the logic of collective responsibility.

Under no circumstances do we highlight these incidents from a victimized perspective, nor will we ever proclaim ourselves self-appointed patrons of nobody; far off from a rhetoric that sanctifies all migrants and turns them into a unified whole, we believe in humans, stances and choices, and based on these we assess others and let ourselves be assessed.

We are at war with the system, and fascists are nothing but one part of it, always apparent in specific historical periods with very specific targeting and distinct roles. That is why the attack on fascists should not be perceived as a strike against the 'undemocratic' aberration—using expressions such as gang or making appeals to declare Chrissi Avgi/Golden Dawn illegal—but an attack against democracy in its whole entity and, obviously, against the leftist bullshit-talkers of all kinds and tendencies, too, who consent like foolish virgins and then meet with the Palestinians' butcher Peres.

Thus, our projectuality could not be other than the all-out conflict with the fascists as much as with every front of the authoritarian complex. With our own knives embroidering their bodies,

our firearms targeting their heads, our gas canisters and explosives placed in their offices and homes.

Travelling mentally to the prison brothels where our brothers and sisters are held captives: During the last period, a very important struggle has been launched by anarchist hostages inside Greek prisons; a struggle which is geared towards the refusal of body cavity search —i.e. the attempt to offend an inmate's dignity. Anarchist prisoners who refuse to undergo this offensive process are dragged to the physical and mental torture of isolation that reached its highest point with the scuffle in Domokos prisons between the humanguards and the comrades and R.O. CCF members Panagiotis Argirou and Gerasimos 'Makis' Tsakalos, and more recently with the case of anarchist Rami Syrianos—who managed to exit solitary confinement after a victory in his hunger strike—as well as the case of anarchist and R.O. CCF member Olga Ekonomidou. Both of them paid the price for their choice to break with this 'penitentiary' measure by staying tens of days in isolation. Last was the case of anarchist comrade Sokratis Tzifkas: After his return from a hospital (in Thessaloniki), where he had been admitted for health reasons, he denied the prison strip search and was tortured by the pigs in Diavata prisons that kept him in isolation for 10 days in appalling conditions. It's important to mention that our comrade Olga Ekonomidou was also tortured with solitary confinement for 54 days in the same prisons.

As a minimum token of solidarity with anarchist Sokratis Tzifkas, as well as all anarchist prison hostages who have recently been tortured in solitary confinement, in the evening of Monday, August 13th, we placed an incendiary device against Trastor REIC—formerly Piraeus REIC, a subsidiary of Piraeus Bank—on the 5th floor of the building on 1 Davaki Street and 116 Kifissias Avenue (in Athens), a real estate investment company that also participates in further economic bargains such as purchases, investments, etc.; in sum, a company that consists a target just like any other.

Solidarity with revolutionary hostages at prisons
Strength to wanted comrades across the world

A raised fist for Luciano 'Tortuga'; your latest letter touched our heart.

With rage, we go about the new battles that are yet to come against the enemy and the weak aspects of ourselves.

War against civilization!

Long live Anarchy!

Informal Anarchist Federation — International Revolutionary Front — Unit: 'Fire to sweatshops'

PS. And perhaps one of the few pleasant events this summer was the sight of the dead idiot (civilian who attempted to stop bank robbers on their escape and died instantly after being shot) on Paros Island. His stupidity reached such levels that he sacrificed his own life for a few grand which had just got robbed from a BANK! This is the future that awaits snitches-citizens who wear the cop's uniform in a hurry and pretend to be heroes.