

Open Letter To Greek Hunger Strikers: We hear Your Howls

"I die happy on the gallows, so confident am I that the hundreds and thousands to whom I have spoken will remember my words. When you shall have hanged us, then they Will do the bombthrowing! In this hope do I say to you, I despise you, I despise your order, your laws, your force propped authority. Hang me for it."

-Louis Lingg

What can first world anarchist who, at the most might have smashed a window or two, or even thrown a rock at a riot officer say to such brave comrades not only in the cells and dungeons of the state, but those very comrades who are refusing to eat unless their demands are met?

The strength, passion, and integrity needed to strike for 32 days and beyond is more than I myself could ever imagine, more than most could imagine. Then again, most cannot imagine being the most unique and iconoclastic individuals you all are. Your actions have touched and inspired thousands worldwide, and beyond.

We here over at /r/anarchism check inter-arma as well as 325.nostate every single day for updates as we clench our fist and hold our breathe. As anarchist on the internet we decided to come together, regardless of positions on various subjects, and send a letter of solidarity to you all. Individualist, nihilist, platformist, even communalist send their love to you, and their rage to the state.

I hope this letter from various comrades around the world touches you as your actions have touched us. I hope if you are feeling like giving up, these words encourage you to keep going, because you must. Not because of self-sacrifice for "the struggle." Not because everyone will see you as lesser. Not because of duty, but because of yourself. You are an embodiment of anarchy, all of you. The living breathing refusal and attack on social order. You strike against SYRIZA, but another side of the coin, the coin of capital. You strike against the state, pawns and dogs of those who rule. You strike against everything this society stands for and to give up means that you have given up on yourself as free individuals. To give up now would be acceptance of domination. To give up now means surrender and goddammit you are anarchist. We never surrender.

WE ARE NOT SLAVES, WE ARE DYNAMITE!

- *Armeanio Lewis*

“Panagiotis, Theofilos, Haris, Gersimos, Giorgos, Olga, Damiano, Michalis, your struggle will not be forgotten. We'll let them know: For every prisoner, every hunger striker, every life destroyed; they're going to pay. They can cut the flowers but they can never stop the spring from coming.”

- A Black Rose

“You are hungry and we are hungry to see you succeed. The bravery of your act stands against the tide of onrushing waters, and holds the line against an encroaching bubble. Love, from my place to yours.”

- oreoman27

“May the fire in your hearts spread to the jails themselves. Solidarity and strength.”

- A Reformed Liberal

“We have never met, never spoken to one another. How could we? We are in separate corners of the globe, struggling in our own landscapes that are oceans apart. My struggle is unlike yours, and yet as your heart beat dwindles further and further, my heart does the opposite. It beats harder and faster, reaching a high pitched crescendo, fueled by the anger that fills me at your present condition. No matter your fate, know that others continue on. May you be victorious in your struggles!”

- A Restless Vagabond In The Wild

“Any words I piece together seem to not properly rise to the level of admiration I have of your strength and dedication. May your fire continue to burn brightly.”

- flaxarabbit

“High-five for valuing ethics over comfort, comrade :)”

- danotto94

“I know we have never met, but you have my support from halfway around the world.”

- A Mermaid

“The sacrifices you are making are not forgotten, and I stand in solidarity with you from Missouri, United States!”

- Amberkowitz1

“idk if it's worth anything, you can send it if you want, but I have incredible amounts of irrational anxiety about my heart. so much so that I spent two years of my life afraid to do anything, and I rarely left the house. Even still, if I feel like it so much as skips a beat, I immediately panic. So, to me, on top of everything else, to willingly put so much stress on your heart is unfathomably brave.”

- lilit

“To the Strikers:

The past decade and a half have been a terrible and dark time, where rising reactionary movements battle each other and libertarianism and socialism have been pushed to the wayside in favor of ancient dogma, capitalist rhetoric, and blood thirsty ethno-nationalism.

But there is a light at the end of that tunnel.

It is dim, but it is by persons like you that it is brighter. Take your suffering and imprisonment as a paradigm for a movement in chains. You are part of that light at the end of the tunnel. Don't give up, don't surrender, stay strong mentally.

As we speak, we approach the tipping point where reactionaryism of all stripes recedes.

One movement in solidarity and the rise of the social libertarian will mark the next decade. One world sick of wars, be-headings, capitalism, and cult-ish religions.”

- davydagger1

“Anytime a thought of hopelessness or despair creeps its way into the minds of any one of you. As the state allows you to rot away, while desperately trying to come up with solutions that will save their public face, I want you to remember this simple fact:

This will not end.

Even if every hungry striker were to die, the black flag will be lifted back up. And the voices from thousands of anarchists will sing the ultimatum: Freedom or death. Because life without freedom is no life at all - it is an automated machine. It is an insult for the anarchist to be expected, or for their comrades to passively "live" in this machine.

But if this strike tragically ends with the cost of your lives, your spirits will live on in the flames of molotov cocktails, and in the spilt blood of pigs hiding behind riot gear, that could never be as brave as any of you.

Your funeral will be a riot! Not one asking the state for compensation, but one seeking revenge. The price for their pride will be the attack on their holy temples of representative democracy and bureaucracy.”

- Love and sympathy, some Australian wanker.

“There is strength in your weakened heart beats. Every labored spasm that sends blood through your body is a thorn in the side of the state. You are not heroes, you are not martyrs; you are revolutionaries, and you will be forgotten as such. No funeral marches, no signs, no tears. Just a fire and an abattoir for every pig.”

- Some asshole

It is strange to weep for someone you know nothing of.

I wake each morning in fear of your death, and know one day it will come. I mean no disrespect when I say this, and I would always prefer a comrade to another martyr. What I know is that the hunger strikers will not be diverted from their paths. When the comrades of the CCF declared on March 2nd that this was a hunger strike to the death, I knew either that either the state would bend or the list of the Greek martyr's would once again grow longer.

There was a great excitement in Europe on the 25th January, as if the Greek Parliament could change our collective fate. The force of the Financial Institutions and the inherent limits of electoralism proved this wrong. One nation alone could not stem the tide of austerity. But then a notion spread, that SYRIZA was doing its utmost and those of us who live in the European Centre must do what we can to support them.

This is a lie.

If SYRIZA was truly a party of the 'people' then the internment camps in Greece would be empty, the type C prisons would no longer exist, acts of collective punishments like the imprisonment of the CCF's relatives would not occur, and comrades would not be imprisoned for protesting on the steps of the Greek Parliament. (The Parliament that SYRIZA claimed would be given back to popular expression as they removed the fences around it, another lie.)

You exposed this lie. With your starved bodies and barely beating hearts you exposed this lie. Comrade Mihalis who cannot sleep for fear of death, exposed this lie. Comrade Olga who now weighs less than a child, exposed this lie. Comrade Gerasimos who is in constant agonising head pain, exposed this lie. Comrade Damiano whose skin is twisted with infection, exposed this lie. All the comrades of the DAK, (Network of Imprisoned Fighters) have exposed this lie. Those who die in the refugee camps, those who die without a Greek name nor a white face so no one will tell me their names, they exposed this lie.

The Comrades of the DAK are those who have given everything they have to the struggle, sacrificed everything, and are now held within the strong fortresses of the state. The state would have us believe that once they have placed into such a place then we are fully under their control, this is another thing you have shown to be a lie. A final defiance to the state, to show them that the Anarchist is always free.

To see the slow annihilation of your comrades while you do nothing is painful, so I will not do nothing. I will act, and as the Greek Comrades have taught me, the only true act is that of the attack, so I will attack. You may not hear of my defiance, because it will probably only be a little thing, far away from you, but I hope you do, and I hope it gives you strength. You may not read my letter, as I am sure you will receive many, but I hope you do, and I hope it gives you strength. If you do not read it now I hope you read it many years from now, when you are free from the prisons and our struggle is complete, and I hope it makes you smile.

But if I knew you would never hear, of my words and my attack I would still do it. If I knew no one would hear, I would still do it. For my attack and words do not come from any desire for recognition, they are simply a part of me as much as my heartbeat is. I could only do nothing for you on the day my heart stops. So know that if no one heard my words I would still write them, and if no one saw my defiance I would still act upon it.

Strength to all the hunger strikers, those who shout 'Dignity or Death' when they know that the state will never give them dignity!

Strength to Mihalis who approaches his limit!

Freedom to the relatives of the fighters, and solidarity to mother Tsakalos in her defiance of the bail conditions!

For a final victory of the hunger strikers and the fulfilment of their demands!

As the Kurdish say 'Martyrs never die!' and as Subcomandante Marcos says "When the storm calms, when rain and fire again leave the country in peace, the world will no longer be the world, but something better."

- A Comrade of the Zapatista Solidarity Group Essex, Adherent to the Sixth Declaration of the Lacandona Jungle.

Finally a poem, to end this letter. Suggested by the Australian wanker.

We walk on...

And if our dream is an illusion?

And if our struggles are useless and vain?

And if the renewal of humanity is impossible to accomplish?

Ah, no! We will walk on just the same.

For our own dignity.

For the love of our ideas.

For the freedom of our spirits.

For the passion of our mind.

For the necessity of our life.

*Better to die as heroes in an effort of liberation
and self-elevation than to vegetate as impotent
cowards in this repugnant reality.*

You who are the bloody evidence of all human audacity:

You who are the destroyers of all prejudice:

*You who are the only real enemies of all human shame
of all sinister lies!*

You who sing eternal revolt, soaked in sorrow and blood!

-- Renzo Novatore, *Black Flags*