

The mark of life — Toward an imaginative way to destroy the existent

Claim of responsibility for the armed attack against Roberto
Adinolfi of Ansaldo Nucleare

Olga Cell (FAI/FRI)

May 15, 2012

“The government of science and of men of science cannot fail to be impotent, ridiculous, inhuman, cruel, oppressive, exploiting, maleficent. We may say of men of science, as such, what I have said of theologians and metaphysicians: they have neither sense nor heart for individual and living beings. In so far as they are men of science, they have to deal with and can take interest in nothing except generalities; that do the laws” – Michael Bakunin

“In Japan we had over ten thousand dead, but not a single one to date due to nuclear accidents.” – Roberto Adinolfi

“The environmental impact of nuclear energy is limited, considering that it does not produce CO₂.” – Roberto Adinolfi

Ideas born from the fates, words accompanied by action carrying the mark of life. We have crippled Roberto Adinolfi, one of so many sorcerers of the atom with a candid spirit and a clean conscience. Roberto Adinolfi, nuclear engineer, administrator in charge of Ansaldo Nuclear; he has steered the Ansaldo-FIAT Consortium as its technical director, the consortium was created for the design of the Italian

plants of Montalto di Castro and Trino Vercellese; in the past he has collaborated in the renovation of the Superphenix and has constructed the plants at Cernavoda in Romania. Before nuclear fell into disgrace, he was one of the most responsible together with Scajola for the return of nuclear energy to Italy. Member of the Unicen Commission for nuclear regulation and Vice President of the Italian Nuclear Society, part of the Governing Board of the European technology platform Sustainable Nuclear Energy.

Despite not liking violent-style rhetoric, it has been with a certain pleasantness that we armed ourselves, with pleasure that we loaded the magazine. Grasping the pistol, choosing and following the target, coordinating mind and hand were necessary steps, the logical consequence of an idea of justice, the risk of a choice and at the same time a confluence of enjoyable sensations. A little bit of justice, some lead in the leg to leave a lasting memory of what was to him a grey assassin. The target is a colourless scientist, a technician, a word sadly in fashion these days which behind a fictitious neutrality hides the long arm of capital, a director little inclined to appear in the spotlight, at this time a villainous responsible who has not only designed and renovated nuclear plants that have caused and are causing deaths around the world. Not only has he designed and collaborated in the creation of deadly plants, but he has also promoted nuclear plants and their exploitation with Ansaldo scheming with various governments; science, politics and economics in perfect union.

In past centuries science had promised a golden era, today it is being carried out toward self-destruction and more total slavery. The science-technology pairing has never been at the service of humanity, in its deepest essence it shows the imperative need to eliminate everything that is irrational, to dehumanize, to annihilate, to effectively destroy humanity. Capitalism with the help of science tends to annul conflicts, individuals today are free to realize their subjective selves only through the consumption and production of goods. The machine orders, the human performs. Capital orders, the consumer consumes. Science orders, technology kills. State and science, capitalism and technology are only one thing, one single Moloch.

Increasingly close accords between states, diffuse capitalism, scrupulous science, criminal technology are inexorably killing the planet. A few kilometres to the north in France, Switzerland, Romania the nuclear plants can no longer be counted. In the European Union alone there are one hundred ninety-seven, twelve within the Italian borders. Adinolfi knows well that it is only a matter of time before a European Fukushima reaps death on our continent. We are certain, engineer, that if even for just a second you felt jointly responsible for Damocles' sword hanging over our heads. We have bad news for you: for each action there is an equal and opposite reaction, and your body shows it.

With this action of ours we return to you a tiny part of the suffering that you, man of science, are pouring into the world. Roberto Adinolfi, lead man of Ansaldo Nuclear, tentacle of Finmeccanica, monstrous artificial octopus. It is its tentacles that everywhere strangle, murder and oppress. Finmeccanica means Ansaldo Energy with its nuclear tombs. Finmeccanica means Ansaldo Breda with its high-speed trains that devastate the land. Finmeccanica means Selex Sistemi Integrati, Dirstechnical Service, Inc. Elzac Datamat with its equipping of the racist US police for the control of the Mexican border, with its delirious design of electronic walls at the Libyan border against migrants, and its sophisticated electronic supplies to the Chilean police. Finmeccanica means Avio Alenia, Galileo and Selex with their deadly F35 fighter bombers, and the terrible aerial drones without pilots. Finmeccanica means interforce range from Salto to Quirra in Sardegna. Finmeccanica means bio- and nano-technology. Finmeccanica means death and suffering, new frontiers of Italian capitalism.

Human beings are made of flesh and dreams. Our dream is that of a humanity free from every form of slavery, that grows in harmony with nature. A dream that we make live in the moment in which we fight to realize it. Our dream has for us a name, “anarchy,” and we are ready to gamble everything in order to realize it. We are not alone in this adventure, in the whole world a new anarchy is blossoming opposite of an ideological and cynical anarch-ism, an anarch-ism empty of any breath of life, which only finds its realization in theory and attendance at assemblies and manifestations, the whole cowardice of a citizenism that stinks of death. A new anarchy is rising from the ruins of this anarch-ism, thousands and thousands of cells that speak among each other through thousands and thousands of actions.

Damiano Bolano, Giorgos Nikolopoulos, Panayiotis Argyrou, Gerasimos Tsakalos, Michalis Nikolopoulos, Olga Ikonomidou, Christos Tsakalos, Haris Hatzimichelakis, the imprisoned members cell of the CCF/FAI are the brothers and sisters who gave their determination and courage to fight, their consistency and projectuality have made us strong. Camenish, Pombo da Silva, Eat and Billy, Tortuga, Silvia, Costa, Billy and so many other prisoners in the prisons around the world, Russia, Mexico, Chile, Indonesia, Switzerland, the United States, were the ones who taught us not to fear prison. De Blasi, Pinones, Di Napoli, Cinieri, Morales, Sole, Baleno and so many killed by state repression, were the ones who taught us not to fear death. It was the brothers and sisters and those who we do not know of the Italian FAI/IRF who have proceeded to give a concrete informal organizational perspective. With their determination, constancy and persistence, in spite of the general pessimism, against a critique — a critique always full of envy, against a realism without hope, against everyone and everything, they have succeeded in keeping the flame of the new anarchism alive. A flame becoming bright like the

sun when the sisters and brothers of the CCF have brought their contribution of courage-action-organization.

If we were realists we would not take on such risks, we would live our existence producing and consuming, maybe being indignant. We are the crazy lovers of freedom and we will never renounce the revolution and the complete destruction of the state and its violence. In our anarchist and nihilist revolt, the hope of a future without borders, wars, social classes, economy, exploited and exploiter. The possibility of realizing this dream is for us like a gleam of light in the darkness. However dim this gleam may be, it is always worth reaching for, cost what it may, the quality of our life will be enriched.

To you anarchists who accuse us of being unrealistic, adventurist, suicidal, provocative, martyrs, we say that with your “social” struggle, with your citizenism you work for the reinforcement of democracy. Always in search of consensus, without ever crossing over the limit of the “possible” and the “rational,” the only compass guiding your action is the penal code. Willing to risk only up to a point, always ready to find infinite ideological justifications so as not admit to your own fears. We are sure one day you will have the last word on us, as in the past you have had with your last experience of armed struggle. In a few years you will write a good book on our story, criticizing our errors and our shortcomings; from the heights of your “coherency” nothing is revolutionary enough, but no one, not even you, will be able to take away the pleasure that today we have fully realized and lived, here and now, our revolution.

If we consider the lives of the vast majority of us anarchists we realize that we are not so distant from the alienation of those who produce, consume and die. We produce and consume radical culture and alternative music and slowly, ever so slowly, die without ever having taken arms against and shot an oppressor. All our revolutionary tension is unleashed in fiery articles for our journals and websites, in fiery words to our songs and the sporadic clash in the plaza, enough to silence one’s own conscience. It is clear that what we are making is a self-critique, we do not feel that we are something different from other anarchists. By holding a stupid pistol, we have only taken one step in many for escaping from the alienation of “Now is not the moment...” “The times are not ripe...”

Vanquishing fear was simpler than what we had imagined it. Doing today what only yesterday we thought impossible is the only solution that we have found for breaking down the wall of daily oppression, of the impotency and resignation that we have seen up to now as pawns in an insurrectionalist anarchism of mere façade that with its lack of courage legitimates power. We could strike while looking for “consensus” on where the tooth hurts, for example some functionary of Equitalia [*tax collection agency in Italy, which is very unpopular these days – transl.*], but with this action we are not looking for “consensus.” What we are looking for now is

complicity. In the recent past, a cell of the FAI/IRF severely wounded a functionary of Equitalia, which has received a wide approval, something that the self-named “social” anarchists in recent years have tried countless times to achieve without much success. The brothers and sisters of the “Free Eat and Billy Cell” have shown with that action that in the end consistency pays, and that it is not necessary to limit oneself to action in order to get “consensus.” These comrades have shaken from our backs a malediction that has for too long been weighing on anarchists’ backs, the malediction of this badly interpreted search for social consensus that binds the hands of those who are aware of the urgency to act, here and now.

In these times in which so much certainty of the state-capital is sinking, the idea of freedom cannot be derogated: the idea of social struggle in which we recognize ourselves and we want to move ourselves is that of a people in arms against any form of state, political, or economic oppression. We do not consider ourselves representative of citizens indignant over some malfunctioning of a system that they want to continue to be part of. Exchanging rage and indignation in the place of a process of revolt against the status quo is a sign of a dangerous revolutionary myopia. With the entangling of comrades, even generous ones, into the cultivation of a field of dissenting democracy, with its own little cliques and consortia and its miniature politicians, generosity transforms into assistance, the spectacularization of the clash with relative manipulation by the media. Only the radicalization of the conflict can lead to paths of social and individual freedom.

With this action we give rise to the “Olga Cell.” We enthusiastically adhere to the FAI/IRF, uniting with so many groups of the new anarchist international around the world, Mexico, Chile, Peru, Argentina, Indonesia, Russia, England, Italy, Spain, Greece... Projecting and carrying out this action were anarchists without any “military” experience, without any specialization, only the anarchists who with this our first action want to definitively mark a line between ourselves and that anarch-ism that burns only when chatting and is soaked in gregariousness. We have taken the name of a sister of ours from the CCF, Olga Ikonomidou because in her consistency and strength as part of the “Imprisoned Members’ Cell of the CCF,” she resides at the heart of the FAI/IRF. In our next action, the name of another Greek brother, an action for each of them. With Adinolfi’s wounding we propose a campaign of struggle against Finmeccanica, murderous octopus. Today Ansaldo Nuclear, tomorrow another of its tentacles — we invite all the groups and individuals of the FAI to strike this monstrosity with all necessary means.

LONG LIVE THE CONSPIRACY OF CELLS OF FIRE — LONG LIVE THE FAI/IRF
— LONG LIVE ANARCHY!

Olga Cell FAI/IRF

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