

Just as sheep look at the shepherd for protection, the very shepherd that will slaughter them, so we civilized men confide in the secular priests of science, the very priests that are slowly digging our grave. ”

If we were realists...
statements by the Olga Nucleus of the Informal Anarchist Federation

In March 2011, an earthquake and subsequent tsunami caused damage to the nuclear power plant at Fukushima, Japan. The damage caused a nuclear meltdown, that to this day hasn't been fully contained. More than two years later the plant continued to leak radioactive water into the Pacific Ocean.

In May 2012 Roberto Adinolfi, the managing director of Ansaldo Nucleare, was shot in the leg. Ansaldo Nucleare is a nuclear power company owned by Finmeccanica. Finmeccanica S.p.A. is the leading industrial group in the high technology sector in Italy and one of the main global players in aerospace, defence and security. It operates in seven sectors: aeronautics, helicopters, space, electronics, defence systems, energy, transportation and construction. The shooting was claimed by the Olga Nucleus of the Informal Anarchist Federation (FAI).

In November 2013 two anarchists were convicted of the shooting. Alfredo Cospito was sentenced to 10 years and 8 months in prison, while Nicola Gai received 9 years and 4 months.

'It is true that Cospito and Gai today have confessed', said Prosecutor Nicola Piacente. *'But the second part of the confession is still missing. They have not disowned (what they did), on the contrary, they disrespect authority and the law',* Piacente added.

Declarations to the Court of Genoa by Alfredo and Nicola, proud members of the Olga Nucleus of the FAI/FRI

Translated by *Act for Freedom Now!* (actforfreedomnow.wordpress.com)

From the belly of the Leviathan

'...dreams are to be realized here and now, not in a hypothetical future, because the future has always been sold by priests of whatever religion or ideology in order to steal from us with impunity. We want a present worth living and not simply sacrificed to the messianic expectation of a future earthly paradise. For this reason we wanted to talk of an anarchy to be realized now and not in the future. The "everything now" is a bet, a game we play where the stakes are our lives, everybody's life, and our death, everybody's death...' -Pierleone Mario Porcu

'Science is the eternal sacrifice of life, fleeting, ephemeral but real, on the altar of eternal abstractions. What I predict is therefore the revolt of life against the government of science.' -Mikhail Bakunin

'Even while he stalked a God in his own fancy, an infantine imbecility came over him... Art – the Arts – arose supreme, and, once enthroned, cast chains upon the intellect which had elevated them to power.' -Edgar Allan Poe

*'The empire that reigns sovereign founded on nothing is collapsing
It cannot bear the weight of truth
I recommend a massive dose of life!
I recommend a massive dose of life!
At least that way you will be able to say you have lived it.' - Congegno*

'Bastards... I know who sent you!!' -Roberto Adinolfi

In a wonderful morning in May I acted, and in the space of a few hours I fully enjoyed my life. For once I left fear and self-justification behind and defied the unknown. In a Europe dotted with nuclear power stations, one of those mainly responsible for the nuclear disaster to come fell at my feet. I want to be absolutely clear: the Olga FAI/FRI nucleus is only Nicola and I. No one else took part in this action or helped or planned it. Nobody knew about our project.

With this action we give rise to the “Olga Cell.” We enthusiastically adhere to the FAI/FRI, 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/FRI. 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 the Cells of Fire

Long Life the FAI/FRI

Long Live Anarchy!

Olga Cell FAI/FRI

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 facade 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/FRI 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.

Identify the target, “hit where it hurts most,” know to recognize the enemy even when it is playing the lamb. Make the arms of critique and the critique of arms work hand in hand. There is neither rhetoric nor spectacle in an action carried out with the appropriate selection of means and objective.

I won’t allow my action to be placed within an obscene and absurd media and judicial cauldron in order to divert attention from its real goal, a cauldron made of ‘subversion of the democratic order’, ‘conspiracy’, ‘armed gang’, ‘terrorism’: empty words that fill the mouths of judges and journalists.

I am an anti-organization anarchist because I oppose all forms of authority and organizational constraints. I am nihilist because I live my anarchy today and not in waiting for a revolution, which – if it ever came about – would only produce more authority, technology, civilization. I live my anarchy with ease, joy, pleasure, without any spirit of martyrdom, by opposing this civilized existence with all my strength, an existence I cannot bear. I am antisocial because I am convinced that society can only exist in the differentiation between the dominant and the dominated. I do not strive for any future blissful socialist alchemy, I do not trust any social class; my revolt without revolution is individual, existential, overpowering, absolute, armed.

There’s no feeling of omnipotence in me, no disdain for the oppressed, for the ‘people’. As an eastern saying goes: ‘don’t scorn the snake because it doesn’t have horns; one day it might turn into a dragon!’. Similarly a slave can turn into a rebel, one man or one woman can become devastating fire. I scorn the powerful of the earth with all my strength, be they politicians, scientists, technocrats, leaders of all sorts, bureaucrats, army and religious chiefs.

The order I want to knock down is that of civilization, which destroys everything that makes life worth living day by day. State, democracy, social classes, ideologies, religions, police, armies, your very court, are shadows, ghosts, clogs of a all-embracing mega-machine that can be replaced. One day technology will do without us and will transform us all into atoms lost in a landscape of death and desolation.

On that 7th May 2012 I threw sand in the clogs of this mega-machine in the space of a second, and during that second I fully lived and made a difference. On that day my weapon was not an old Tokarev (a type of pistol *-ed.*) but the deep and ferocious hatred I feel towards techno-industrial society. I claimed the action as FAI/FRI because I fell in love with this lucid ‘madness’ that has become true poetry, at times a breeze, at others a storm, blowing halfway around the world, undaunted, improbable, against all laws, ‘commonsense’, ideologies, politics, science and civilization, against all authorities, organizations and hierarchies.

A concrete view of anarchy that doesn’t contemplate theoreticians, leaders, cadres, soldiers, heroes, martyrs, organization charts, militants or spectators. For years I had been witnessing the development of this new

anarchy as a spectator. For too long I'd been looking on. If anarchy doesn't turn into action it rejects life and becomes ideology, shit or a little more, in the best of cases a powerless outburst of frustrated men and women.

I decided to go for action after the nuclear disaster in Fukushima. Far too often we feel impotent in the face of such big events. Primitive men faced danger, they knew how to defend themselves. Civilized and modern men are helpless in the face of the constructions-constraints of technology. Just as sheep look at the shepherd for protection, the very shepherd that will slaughter them, so we civilized men confide in the secular priests of science, the very priests that are slowly digging our grave.

We saw Adinolfi smiling slyly and playing the victim from television screens. We saw him lecturing against 'terrorism' in schools. But I wonder: what is terrorism? A gunshot, a searing pain, an open wound or the incessant, continuous threat of a slow death devouring you from inside? The continuous incessant terror that one of their nuclear plants can vomit death and desolation upon us all of a sudden?

Ansaldo Nucleare and Finmeccanica bear huge responsibilities. Their projects continue to sow death everywhere. Recently the rumour has spread of probable investments in the enlargement of the nuclear plant of Kryko, Slovenia, a high seismic risk area very close to Italy. In Cernadova, Romania, several incidents have occurred since 2000, caused by Ansaldo's stupidity during the construction of one of their plants. How many lives have been lost? How much blood shed? Technocrats of Ansaldo and Finmeccanica, all facile smiles and a 'clean' conscience: your 'progress' stinks of death, and the death you sow all over the world is shouting for revenge.

There are many ways to effectively oppose nuclear power: blocks of trains carrying nuclear waste, sabotage of the pylons carrying electricity produced by nuclear power. I had the idea of striking the one most responsible for this mess in Italy: Roberto Adinolfi, managing director of Ansaldo Nucleare. It didn't take much to find out where he lived, five sessions of laying in wait were sufficient. There's no need for a military structure, a subversive association or an armed gang in order to strike. Anyone armed with a strong will can think the unthinkable and act consequently. I'd have liked to have done it all by myself but unfortunately I needed help with the bike. I asked Nicola and appealed to his friendship. He didn't back down. I bought the gun for three hundred euro on the black market. There's no need for clandestine infrastructures or huge amounts of money to arm oneself. We left by car from Turin the night before. Everything went smoothly, or kind of. Nicola was driving. I struck right where we had decided to strike. An accurate shot, I ran towards the bike and then the unexpected, the angry

fear death. It was the brothers and sisters and those who we do not know of the Italian FAI/FRI 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 have armed our hands. 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

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. Elsas 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

cry of Adinolfi, the shouted sentence that froze me: 'Bastards... I know who sent you!'

At that very moment I had the absolute certainty that I had hit the target, and was fully aware that I had put my hands into a cesspit: money interests, international finance, politics and power, mud and cesspit. Those 'stolen' seconds allowed Adinolfi to read a part of the number plate, which we hadn't covered due to inexperience. Thanks to the numbers they traced the bike and then the camera.

It won't be the sentence of this court to turn us into bad terrorists and Adinolfi and Finmeccanica benefactors of humanity. The time has come for the great refusal, a refusal made of a plurality of resistance, each of them special. Some are possible, necessary, improbable; others are spontaneous, wild, solitary, arranged, overflowing or violent. Ours was solitary and violent. Was it worthwhile? Yes! If only for the joy we felt when we heard of the defiant smile that Olga Ikonomidou, brave sister of the Conspiracy of the Cells of Fire, threw in the face of her jailers from a solitary confinement cell of a Greek prison.

I'm happy to be what I am, a free man even if I'm 'temporarily' in chains. I can't complain much, given that the vast majority of 'people' have chains well placed in their brains. I've always tried to do what I thought right and never what was convenient. Half measures never convinced me. I've loved a lot. Hated a lot. And for that reason I won't surrender to your bars, uniforms, weapons. You'll always find me an irreducible, proud enemy. Not only. Anarchists are never alone, sometimes they are solitary but never alone. A thousand projects in our minds, a hope in our hearts that stays alive, stronger and stronger, determined and shared more and more. A concrete perspective that 'risks' changing the face of anarchy in the world. Small, great earthquakes that will stir a cataclysm one day. It will take time, never mind, for the time being I am enjoying the earthquake that broke out inside me from all this desire for joy and struggle.

I conclude with a quotation from Martino (Marco Camenish), unconquered warrior, prisoner for over 20 years because of his profound love of life, today locked up in an aseptic Swiss prison. I make his words my own:

'...the courage to think things through, to break the technological police bans of the "impossible" and the "unconceivable", the courage to thinking other and in another way act consequently. Only this can take us beyond the tepid toxic dishwasher of modernity into places where nothing and nobody will lead us, to a place without security, the place of responsibility in first person, for non-submission with all its consequences. Freedom

is hard and dangerous and there's no life without death. For fear of losing our lives we often surrender to slavery and annihilation.'

Death to civilization
Death to technological society
Long live the CCF
Long live the FAI/FRI
Long live the black international!
Long live anarchy!
- Alfredo Cospito

Genoa, Italy – Anarchist comrade Nicola Gai's declaration to the court on October 30 2013 for the wounding of chief executive of Ansaldo Nucleare, Roberto Adinolfi

Translated by *Act for Freedom Now!*

*'Nobody can judge me
Not even you
The truth hurts you, I know.'* -C. Caselli

A few words to make a few simple points before the 'truth' is pronounced by the court; just in case it's not clear, I am using the word 'truth' ironically as I don't recognize any tribunal other than my own conscience. The only ones responsible for what happened in Genoa on May 7 2012 are Alfredo and myself. None of our friends or comrades knew what we were planning and then carried out. No matter how far you dig into our lives and relations to find accomplices of the 'crime' you won't be able to demonstrate anything to the contrary; of course you'll try but it'll be a lie and an attempt to incriminate some enemy of the existent. I understand that those who have dedicated all their lives to serving authority won't find it easy to accept the idea that two individuals, armed only with their determination, could decide to try to jam the gears of the techno-industrial system instead of contributing to running it in a disciplined way; but that's just how it is. After years spent witnessing the systematic destruction of nature and all the aspects that make life worth living carried out by the never too highly praised technological development. Years spent following with interest, but always as a spectator, the experiences of the rebels who, even in this seemingly pacified world, continue to raise

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 colorless 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 kilometers 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

the instant in which the destructive tensions of those who animate it come together in order to act, in the instant when free women and men decide to put anarchy concretely to the test. Now that the experience of the Olga nucleus is concluded I can only assure you that I have found new reasons to feed my hatred and motives to desire the destruction of the existence composed of authority, exploitation and the devastation of nature.

Love and complicity to the sisters and brothers who make the mad dream of the FAI/FRI real with their actions all over the world.

Love and complicity to the comrades who, anonymously or not, continue to attack in the name of the possibility of a life free from authority.

Love and freedom to all anarchist prisoners.

Long live the black international of the rebels against the deadly order of civilization.

Long live anarchy!

- Nicola Gai Ferrara, September 2013

This is the statement issued by the Olga Nucleus following the shooting of Roberto Adinolfi:

“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

The Mark of Life

Toward an imaginative way to destroy the existent

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;

their heads and affirm the possibility of a free and wild life. Following the Fukushima disaster, when Alfredo proposed that I help him carry out an action against Roberto Adinolfi, I accepted without thinking twice. At last I could concretely demonstrate my refusal of the techno-industrial system, and put an end to participating in symbolic protests that far too often are just demonstrations of powerlessness. Nobody with even the slightest intelligence can deceive themselves that the result of a referendum or the clowning of some green economy guru can erase even just the most harmful aspects of the world we are forced to live in. Anyone who wants to can see that Finmeccanica and its subsidiary [Ansaldo Nucleare, TN] continue to produce weapons of mass destruction; they simply do this beyond the Italian borders, as if radiation respected these vile barriers.

In Romania (Cernadova, an unfortunate area known mainly for countless incidents at its nuclear plant), Slovakia and the Ukraine, to mention just the most recent and direct investments, Ansaldo Nucleare continues to spread death and to contribute to the destruction of nature. As should be obvious to everybody, with another 190 nuclear power stations in Europe alone, the problem is not wondering if another Chernobyl might occur but when it will. And moreover, we mustn't forget that these monstrosities don't just kill when they are functioning but also do so with their nuclear waste. This is transported back and forward all over Europe with nobody knowing what to do with it. The nuclear waste from the Italian power stations, closed down decades ago, is now being transported to France in order to be made 'safe': they get fuel from it to supply more nuclear reactors, and also a few kilos of plutonium that can only be used to make bombs (just to remind us that there's no difference between military and civil use as far as nuclear power is concerned), then the waste is sent back as dangerous as it was before. On this question, who knows what the Americans will do with the uranium that was secretly transferred to the USA in the summer from a nuclear waste site in Basilicata. I could talk about the damage and destruction caused by nuclear power for hours, give countless examples, go over what's going on in Fukushima (where some are saying that no deaths were caused by the nuclear power station...) but I'm not here to seek justification. Perhaps nuclear power is the one element of this civilized world where the senseless monstrosity of the techno-industrial system can be understood by anybody, but we have to realize that we are sacrificing all protection of our individual freedom and the chance to live a worthwhile life on the altar of technological development. Now it is up to each one of us to decide whether we want to be obedient subjects or whether we want to try to live, here and now, the refusal of the existent. I have made up my mind, with joy and with no remorse.

We'll get out of here branded as terrorists, the amusing thing is that you can say that without seeming ridiculous: it is what the law states. One thing sure is that words have lost all their meaning; if we are terrorists, what would you call those who produce weapons, tracking systems for missiles, drones, fighter-bombers, equipment to hunt people trying to cross borders, nuclear power stations, those who do deals with assassins in uniform and famous dictators, in other words, how would you define Finmeccanica? Well, your bosses certainly don't have much imagination, so much so that in order to dispel any doubts about the real function of this company they recently appointed former policeman Gianni De Gennaro company director: given his responsibility for the torture at Bolzaneto and the massacre at the Diaz when he was police chief at the time of the G8 of 2001, they naturally thought that he was the right man in the right place.

To get back to the reasons for this declaration of mine I'd like to make a few points about the 'brilliant' operation that led to our arrest. Who knows how many handshakes and pats on the back for the cunning hounds that managed to exploit our one, but fatal, mistake due to inexperience and the urgency to do something after the Fukushima disaster. In fact we didn't notice a CCTV camera placed by a zealous bar owner in order to protect his sandwiches. Unfortunately for us, we didn't see it when we were studying the route from the spot where we left the moped and the bus stop where we changed buses and reached the city suburbs in the direction of Arenzano where my car, that we used to go to Genoa and come back, was parked. To tell the truth, the camera was not our only mistake, we also lost precious moments when we were leaving the place of the action, as the angry shout of the apprentice sorcerer of nuclear power: 'Bastards, I know who sent you!' froze us. It's not up to me to jump to conclusions about the meaning of that sentence, it wasn't the right moment for calm thinking, nor am I in the habit of building castles in the air out of someone else's words, but personally I drew the conclusion that we had put our hands on a pile of shit. Everything else used to justify our detention is either distorted or simply false. The famous piece of phone tapping about the 'big pistol', where I allegedly stated I fired the shot, is totally unintelligible; there's no point in getting experts involved to dismantle it, but as I was driving the moped it would have been impossible for me to also be holding the pistol, just as it seems logically absurd to me that I would be saying this to precisely the person who had taken part in the action with me, i.e. Alfredo.

As for the printer that was seized from my parents' house, which the forensic stated was the one used to print the leaflet, it's not even worth talking about. I bought the computer and printer and we destroyed them both after using them (it should be noted that after the court of review

reconfirmed our arrest, even the scientists of the RIS realized that the seized printer was not the one used for the leaflet). As far as the theft of the moped is concerned, which we are accused of along with non-existent 'unknown persons', things are not as complicated as your efforts to recreate them. We went around the city trying to solve the problem as we had no experience of this kind of thing. As we know, good luck favours the brave, and in the pleasant locality of Bolzaneto we bumped into a scooter with the keys still in the ignition; we took them and decided to go back a few days later with a helmet. The bike was still in the same place, I just got on it, started the engine and drove it to the vicinity of the Staglieno cemetery, where it remained parked until fifteen days before the action, when I moved it near to Mr Adinolfi's house. I apologize to the owner for removing the helmets and other objects that were under the seat and for throwing away the back trunk, these objects would have been obstacles to the action and certainly it wouldn't have been a good idea to have tried to get them back. Another element that the investigators have embellished and, I'm afraid, will try to use in their role as good inquisitors in the future, is some phone tapping by the CSL in Naples, where some comrades allegedly comment on the leaflet they allegedly got via e-mail as a world first. I don't know what they are talking about, I won't go into how difficult it is to understand the dialogue, to say the least, nor is there any point in dwelling on the obvious consonance between 'Valentino' and 'volantino' ['leaflet' in Italian], but I do know for sure that the communiqué was only sent via ordinary mail (we posted the letters during the change of buses on our way back, in a post box on the seafront near the ferry terminal), so it is impossible for the comrades to have received it via e-mail.

I know for sure that you will use our case to make an example, that your revenge will be draconian, that you will do anything to keep us isolated (suffice it to say that our letters have been subjected to censorship for more than a year), but I want to give you some bad news: your efforts will be in vain. For at least 150 years judges, even more ferocious than yourselves, have been trying to erase the idea of the possibility of a life free from authority, but with poor results. I can calmly assure you that your repressive actions, no matter how wide and indiscriminate, won't be able to disarticulate or eradicate anything.

If you think that, thanks to us, you will be able to trace other anarchists who have decided to put the chaotic, spontaneous and informal possibilities of the FAI to the test, you are absolutely mistaken and you will draw a blank, like always; neither Alfredo or myself know anyone who has made this choice. You are chasing a ghost that you can't lock up in the petty procedures of your legal codes. That is because it manifests itself in