

Communiqué from prison

Adriano

April 9, 2014

Violence generates violence. Regardless of what is right or wrong, no matter how abstruse is the boundary between opposites and how easily they can converge. The word violence and the concept it expresses present deep mystifications to those who have the monopoly on it. All expressions of dissent are being disproportionately repressed... no surprise... 'go and tell them that it's springtime' [*rough translation of 'vagli a spiegare che è primavera', a verse by the late anarchist singer and song-writer Fabrizio De André*].

The modus operandi of cops and politicians is infamous enough, with their artistic architecture made of inexistent castles in the sky, and their accusing anarchists of belonging to imaginary associations; and with the judiciary of the State-Capital, servile and functional to miserable power, advocate and perpetrator of the dictates of dominion.

Between the concrete and steel imprisoning me and the prison servants complying with their function of cops (usher – controller), I'm writing these lines to unload the tension and break a suffocating silence.

I greet and sincerely thank friends, comrades and all those who expressed solidarity with me. I also express my solidarity with all rebels and resistant oppressed, inside and outside prison, and with brotherly affection I send a strong hug to my dear comrade Gianluca.

I regard anarchism firstly as a feeling, which generates other contrasting feelings. One can emphasize it, diminish it, distort it, theorize it... a feeling as such can only be lived!

But there's no feeling or abstractions in the structures and practices exercising the control, management, submission and exploitation of life.

Systematic environmental plundering and devastation are not abstractions.

All institutions, be they political, administrative, economic, financial or social-cultural, are directly or indirectly responsible for the continuation of the status-quo, through their many coercive measures, the suppression of free will and the exercise of power, legitimized by the rule of the law.

Modern imperialist civilization grows in deception and corruption, blackmail, militarization of territories and explicit declarations of war. It vomits concrete and harmfulness, swallows nature, homologates and annihilates peoples and cultures, oppresses any resistance with force.

After all, the tyranny of civilization has characterized humanity for millennia, as humans are an evolved species, one that make slaves.

In the global commodified cauldron, liberal politics and mercantile logics dictate the law. All States (with some distinctions) respectfully submit to supranational organizations, international treaties and strangling financial dominion.

Corporations and multinationals of all sectors hold immense power. In the name of profit and progress, wearing masks of benefactors and counting on the complicity of governments, they plunder and kill without scruples.

As they try to maintain their power and profits, exploiters and polluters have been blabbing about sustainability for a long time, presenting themselves as 'eco-friendly' and proposing themselves as supporters and champions of the environmental cause... energy and economy have become 'ethical' and coloured in green... hypocrisy has become unbearable!

The ruling class have refined their methods and sharpened their blades. They analyse dull data, talk of growth and development, and become increasingly totalitarian in their technicalities. And in so doing they meet with quiet consensus.

The human civilized fauna is well tamed and intoxicated with information, crammed in megalopolis; it is made by depersonalized individuals, psychotics, consumers keen to self-domestication. They are 'full optional' robots that show off their smart accessories with satisfaction, are obsessed by anything and above all by themselves, are hostile towards what is different, and spend their spare time in solitude in virtual worlds... in the company of their many 'friends'.

Herds of honest workers and unemployed desperate for a job remain helpless and indifferent, prisoners of the illusion of a false and unstable wealth. Sometimes they participate in the sad theatre of citizenist indignation like sheep led by a dog. On the contrary, when they become really aware and their anger turns into revolt, the mask of democracy falls off and reveals its face: police, military and blood. Then democracy finds the opportunity to test new weapons and devices and the judiciary fills up the jails of the country.

Since the beginning of industrialization there have occurred events producing power structures and sea changes. Then the plundering of life started on a large scale.

Today the good citizen, unaware and unable to think, is illuminated by a 'new' dependence, which he worships like a god and saviour: this is the 'technological ziggurat' promising an easy and heavenly future and advancing threateningly and frighteningly, making the environment artificial, sterilizing life with techno-scientific innovations and eliminating or modifying all natural elements. And this generates a great deal of monstrosities.

The impending nuclear reality and the irreversible impairment of the eco-system and its regenerative capacity, the dramatic impoverishment of biodiversity, the manipulation of nature and therefore of life itself, are leading to a point of no return.

Consumerism and induced lifestyles, the control of the 'resources' (energy, food and water resources), technology applied to the control of the individuals and society and the advancing militarization are leading to total and absolute dominion.

In the darkness of the existent the search for irrational beauty is being lost, and the imminent future is getting even more grey and distressing, aseptic and sterile, calculable and measurable, putrid and smelling.

Society is the mirror of the absurd place where I'm locked up: a jail of insurmountable walls and invisible prisons.

Progresso, producer of rubbish and imbecility, is just a big waste dump.

Everything is imprisoned, poisoned, the earth is bleeding, and body cells are going crazy... oppression, exploitation and death...

In the status quo indifference and resignation are being praised. But I like to think that in all times and places the oppressors are faced with our brothers and sisters who resist.

It is necessary to rebel with passion, take the multiple tensions of action in the streets, collectively or individually, and not reducing everything to sterile political analysis and cerebral masturbations in meeting carousels, which often inhibit individuality. Each has to stand with their doubts and convictions, 'armed' with their own will, in free encounters in free spaces.

Personally I have several concerns on projectual aims and spectacular propaganda. Even if I recognize that these can have some potential, I also think that they belong to the society of appearance, based on nothing and immersed in a time of hyper-information where the centralization of the will to communicate, or an excess of communication, risks creating confusion and degenerating into exaltation as an end in itself.

I don't know where to find the recipe of total liberation, least of all in my pockets; and I don't believe in a future society, even if liberated and without injustice.

My vision is intimately individualist, acrobatic and existential.

Of course theory and practice are and will always be inseparable in all contexts. I'm convinced that each individual animated by his/her perceptions, will and passion can find his/her freedom in self-determination.

As a prisoner I don't stop dreaming of a world without authoritarian violence, or the dichotomies oppressed-oppressors, exploited-exploited, a world without moral and social restraints inhibiting and reducing all horizons, a world free from all cages ... cages are the shame of humanity. A world where human arrogance is set aside and substituted with a symbiotic and emphatic co-existence of all living beings, in the respect for natural balance, a world where the search for individual freedom is the only road to be taken for a real and collective self-determination.

Behind its many masks, industrial, scientific and technological civilization conceals an aberrant face of genocide and destruction of the environment... they find cures for made-up diseases... in this system of dominion everything is functional and very little is natural. And to sabotage the existent becomes necessary.

Liberation struggles are different paths converging in one fight. A fire of warm feelings is burning in the stomach. In the compulsive mobility of this time that runs at high speed, the mesh of repression -oppression are getting inexorably dense... but their weapons, their cures is just fear... my eyes are being seized and my body is being kept prisoner, beyond these disgusting walls there are horizons, and always stays the spirit rebellious and untamed, intact the idea.

Leaden sky and stormy sea... a wind of storm is blowing...

The earth is shaking shouting revenge, ancestral resistance in the distance...

For love of life, for anarchy... no pretence... no waiting!

With childlike passion and anarchist tenacity

A hug,

Adriano

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