

AND I LAUGH...

Enzo Martucci



VEREIN VON EGOISTEN ED.



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(*) Egoistically translated by Sara Zappavigna.

PREMISA

“En la Anarquía no podran existir cárceles camufladas de hospitales, o policías disfrazados de enfermeros ”.

“La Bandiera dell’Anticristo” E.Martucci

Enzo Martucci. Un Individuo único- “seguidor” de Stirner y e Nietzsche- únicos ellos también.

Proponemos, en forma de colección en lengua inglesa, algunos de sus documentos- extrapolados desde sus libros.

La marca de la vergüenza – que el único Martucci- tuvo que “sufrir”- fue la galimatias usual de: infame, madeiro, provocador.

Pero el Individuo puede ser parado sólo por la muerte (como scribió profundamente l’Afine Sara)- y el Nihilista busca la muerte buscada[EGOTISTA]!

La nuestra es Pasion, en una continua busca de experimentación por el hombre- sobre el hombre, y es vacía de toda clase de paraculo- dicho interes para no hacer emerger nada, que no sea el charlar- “ círculo exclusivo de la santa anarquía”-

**Vosotros que “os Liberais Totalmente”,
conocéis l’acciòn y la teòria de Martucci?
No, conocéis sòlo lo que està en la
bandada, entro la valla de vuestras
fronteras (tambièn linguisticos) vosotros
eres fundamentalmente lecca culo...
Martucci autor de libros sublimes como “ La
Bandiera dell’Anticristo” y “ La Setta
Rossa”, nos “acuerda”, de cosa significa el
manifestarse de lo que nostros llamamos
“paraculo”:**

**Como él tambièn, en su epoca, fue purgado
por la comunidad ordide anarquista,
tambièn hoy, el Individuo esta condenado
moralmente, por su exposiciòn, por su
ataque contra la conjugaciòn vacilante
entre fuerza y debilidad en el cubrirse entre
sì en una comunidad ordinde actual,
proponiendo un pasado que regresa
estático y inexorable- repitiendose
muribundo.**

**Las VEREIN VON EGOISTEN ED. propone
los documentos de Martucci, para sacar a
luz “ los restos” de estas lineas que
destruyen la aquiescencia del
consentimiento de la “mayoria”, y como la
pistola y la pluma “estàn hechas del mismo**

**metal”, como los Unicos renacen y muren,
cada vez que se leen estas palabras y se
usan para afermar a SI MISMOS!
Por el resto, acuerdamos a nuestros
enemigos: sòlo la muerte puede parar el
Individuo.**

INTRODUCTION

“ In the Anarchy will not exist prisons disguised as hospitals, neither policeman masked as nurses”.

“La Bandiera dell’Anticristo” E.Martucci

Enzo Martucci. An Unrepeatable Individual-
“follower” of Stirner and Nietzsche- they
Unrepeatable too.

We propose as a collection of writings in
english, some of his writings- taken from his
books.

The brand of the shame- that The Unique
Martucci- had to suffer- but not victimizing
this “suffering”- was the usual procedure of:
infamous, infiltrated, provoker.

But the Individual is stopped only by the
death (as the Affine Sara deeply wrote)-
and the Nihilist research the willed death
[EGOIST]!

Our passion, in a continuous research of ex-
perimentation by the man- on the man, and
is devoid from any kind of paraculo- this in-
terest to rend possible the emersion of
nothing, but the windbag- “ exclusive circle
of the saint anarchy”.

But you That “ Free yourself Totally”, do you Know Martucci’s action and theory? Not, you only know what is in your flock, into the fence of your borders (also linguistic), you are essentially ass licking. Martucci, author, of sublime books such as “La Bandiera dell’Anticristo” and “ La Setta Rossa”, “remember us” what means the manifestation of what we call “paraculo”:

As he was, in his time, “purged” from the anarchist community order, also today, the Individual is morally condemned for his exposure, his way of attacking the faltering conjugation of strength and weakness in covering each other in an actual community order, proposing the past that comes back statically and inexorable- repeating itself dying.

The VEREIN VON EGOISTEN ED. propose the writings of Martucci, to bring to light” the rests” of these lines that destroys the acquiescence of the “majority” consent, and as the gun and the pen “are done of the same metal”, as the Uniques born and die every time, every time we read this lines is to affirm Our self!

For the rest, We want to remember to our enemies: only the death can stop The Individual!

Federico Buono "Compulsivo"

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EGO

The Individualist anarchist feels that there is nothing over his ego and he rebels against every divine and human disciplines and authority.

He doesn't know any morality and also when he abandon himself to the feelings of love, friendship, sociability, he do it for a natural need, for his egoistical satisfaction, because he likes to do this way.

As when He feels the need to arise and fight against the other men, he doesn't hesitate a moment to follow this different tendency. But never, in any case, the Individualist anarchist submits himself to a rule of conduct, common to all.

That is to the rule of the flock.

SEMI-ANARCHIST

Proudhon, Bakunin, Kropotkine, Réclus are not that semi-anarchists, the representatives of a compromise between individualism and collectivism, between socialism and anarchy.

Their anarchy is that of Paolo Gille, the anarchy with discipline, the limited freedom of the individual no more submitted to the State, but who has to submit himself to the society to the satisfaction of its full needs, and he has to agree with all. In a few world they deny the State, but deify society, as Palante noticed; and they propose against who will violate the future harmony, the most severe sanctions that go from the public scorn and the general removal, advised by Kropotkine in «La conquista del pane» till the imprisonment in the mental hospital preconized by Malatesta in his booklet “L’Anarchia”.

Stirner, instead, is more logical as anarchist. He believe the individual is the only re-

ality over which there is no other one. For this reason he wants the Individual realize himself completely and satisfy his egoism, freeing himself he formed about sanity and inviolability of what delimits him.

God, moral, humanity, society, nation, state are nothing but ghost that oppress the ego, because for this he creates them, respect them and serve them. But when He will destroy them, when he put them in the nothing, in that moment, free from every spiritual and material strain, he will live as he like, cooperating with the others or fighting against them, according to the needs, feelings, interest that will prevail in the different moments.

It will be the bellum omnium contra omnes, tempered by individual alliances; but it will also be the natural freedom in which every single could try to affirm himself by all means

Mario Mariani e Camillo Berneri

...Mariani aspires, therefore, to an edenic Anarchy, realized by Humans-angels, that will be this way by the pedagogic system of Magda Ziska. I tend, instead, to an polymorphic Anarchy lived by natural men that have broken all ethical, religious and juridical shackles following the example of Giulio Bonnot. The two conception are separated by an abyss and it is possible that our Anarchies denies each other, exclude reciprocally.

But, despite this, I estimate Mario Mariani because is valorous writer and a sincere and bold man, who Knew fighting for his ideas and to front the aggressions and the persecutions of fascists, without going back a step. So I deeply deplore the unfair attack made against him by the newspaper "Umanità Nuova" reproducing an article written 25 years ago by Camillo Berneri : "Mario Mariani Borghese".

Berneri, note well, was made funny by his death because he died victim of the savage

intolerance of the Stalinist priest in Spain. But he was, in life, also him a priest and he fanatically attacked all that didn't were in his church.

He also wanted a future humanity of a unique kind following an only way of conduct, practicing a only social system, libertarian-communist, and eliminating the non conformist, the refrattari, the rebels. His conventual Anarchy was nearest the edenic Anarchy of Mariani, that not to my instinctual, naturalist, multiform Anarchy.

Dashing, in 1920, against me, sixteen, and against Renzo Novatore he called us, on review "L'Iconoclasta" that hosted all the polemics between anarchists, " megalomaniacs, graphomaniacs and paranoid, weak imitators of crazy philosophers and decadent poets, spineless by opium, hashish and by sirens at so much per hour (ndt. Hookers)"

I could not answer because I mean while was arrested. But Renzo Novatore, the strange and great artist, died in a conflict with the police (Sbirri in the text), answered for both and defined Camillo " a bookworm, dogmatic and pedantic, he only knows to learn, but not to create, he only knows to scrape a living, but not to live, and he hates

all that are not content like him to remain with their foot on the mainland of mediocrity, but put wings to fly towards the farthest heavens and to descend into the deep abysses”.

So, as he was a good middling, Berneri in his critics, he only used banal matters accepted by the common taste. And he also used them against Mariani accusing him of pornography.

But what's the meaning of this? It means that the professor Berneri was a truffle in chair, a moralist of sacristy, not certainly an anarchist. The pornography doesn't exist and, as acutely Mariani answered, it is only "l'amour des autres, as french says, in life. And the literature Oscar Wilde who knew about, wrote: don't exist moral or immoral books, exist well or bad written books”

To demonstrate that in the human nature there are certain sexual tendencies is not possible to deny or to suppress, as the stupid moral wants, do means make pornography? But, in that case, I'm more pornographic than Marini because I went more far than him. And more pornographic than Marini And me are Gide, Proust, Lawrence, Sartre and all the greatest contemporaneous writers. And what about D'Annunzio? And Mir-

beau, Gauthier. Flaubert? And the fine Petronio, author of "Satyricon"?

And Anacreonte and Saffo and all the greek poets? From that it follows that if the professor Camillo Berneri had lived and became the High Commissioner for Education in the Libertarian Federation of Municipalities of Italy, he would have thrown out from schools and libraries all the works of the ancient, modern and ultramodern literature, leaving only "I Promessi Sposi" of Manzoni, the books praising the moral feelings, the homely virtues and the unsurpassed sanctity of the domestic hearth.

Beneri also accused Mariano of wanting to destroy the family. But where is the gravity in this? Does the professor is scandalized? And why he doesn't move the same accusation against Platone that in "La Repubblica" wants the free love and the collective son? The reality is that, Berneri is not an anarchist as they aren't their today disciples, the libertarian communist, the editor of "Umanità Nuova", Pier Carlo Masini, Cesare Zaccaria, Carlo Doglio et similia.

These persons define Anarchy their social ideal that is instead a democratic a-statal regime, that is a regime in which the authority is exercised by majority.

But Anarchy is something more : is a life in which does not exist any authority because no one recognize it and no one submit to it. It' a life where there is not only a social system, the libertarian communism, but there are different systems, many different forms produced from the variety of needs, of tastes and opinions of individuals. And all these forms don't fossilize, but they evolve and transform, they dissolve and reconstruct as the singles advert new necessities and feel changed their provisions and changed their ideas.

Anarchy is not a organized, disciplined society compatible with the current mechanical industrial civilization, but it realizes under different aspects through different ways of associations, of agreement, of various relations and of balances that occur among men without God and Master.

AN EVENING

An evening, in his home, I discussed with an engineer and I said that for the individualist exist only two logical conception of life : the anarchy and the imperialism.

The doctor protested ; I explained my thought.

“ The freedom of the individual doesn't finish where begins the one of the others. It ends only where his force finishes. To satisfy my passions or to make my ideas triumph, I must fight and win who has passions and ideas different from mines.

If the others resist me, if they are individualists like me and they don't want recognize any authority, so between free fighting forces produce spontaneously an oscillating balance. One side of the scale leans on one side, now the other side leans on the opposite side.

Each one develops the maximum power to contain the antagonist and they can't verify definitive overlaps, stable commands and resigned obedience. This is the anarchy.

But if the others, instead, cede to the attack, if their gregariousness lead them to bend in front the superior man, it is natural that he will exert on the amorphous mass his dominion and of this mass he will make use as a material for construction of the masterpiece of his greatness. That is the imperialism. Against every despot arise, in the general servitude, a few men that didn't want to adapt to slavery; but the despot and the rebel are equivalent manifestation of intense, tropical, exuberant life, that doesn't tolerate brakes and limitations. Therefore Anarchy and Imperialism are nearest than we can believe"

<<But yours is the moral of the force>>, observed, scandalized, the socialist engineer. << it is not the anarchy- protested the old leader- anarchy is love, brotherhood, free agreement between men in a perfect and egalitarian society>>

<<Yes, the anarchy of the friars, of Saint Enrico Malatesta and of the Prince Kropoktine. To be realizable it would occur that in all men should exist only the passion that the moral agreed to call good. But in the dark bottom of our nature, from

that Dostoevsky calls the subterranean floor and Nietzsche the Dionysian bottom of Ego, break out, in every moment, different pulses that led us to love or to hate, to generosity or to cruelty, to the agreement or to fight.

The ego is a complex and dark reality, not a simple being, easily knowable and classifiable into social animals. If you remember me with Aristotle that *l'antropos est politicon*, I say to you the "Favola delle api" of Mandeville. The man is social and antisocial, depends on the moments, on circumstances, on passions. The Ego, who wants to submit the no Ego, reveals itself sometimes like an angel, some others under the snout of Satan.

For this reason your idyllic dream is an utopia. The impulse of unity, of which Bakunin talks, lacks in human gender >>

NEITHER PRISON, NO POLICEMEN

The libertarian communist of today conceive the Anarchy as a democratic a-statal regime, based on the Municipality in which the majority will decide the general rule of conduct...

The theorist of the libertarian socialism , Bakunin, Kropotkin, R clus, Malatesta were instead more tolerant. They thought that in the future Municipality the economical system to follow, the ethical and moral rules to respect, the collective decisions to take will not be imposed by the majority, but they must result voluntary accepted by the totality of the associated. They believed in the agreement of all, in a idyllic life, but they admitted also a dissident minority to whom the majority will recognize the right to try their experiences. Only if the minority will attempt with violence the interests of the majority, this last one will be obliged, with the force, to subdue it.

“Martucci will not accept- wrote Malatesta

in 1922, polemizing with on <<Umanità Nuova>>- that, for regard to the sacral rights of the individual, we 'd have to set free to do harm a wild killer or a rapist of children. We instead consider him a sick person and we will close him into an hospital where will heal him.”

I think that, as , for nature, the individual can do everything if he has the force, so the others, that feel themselves injured by his action, they can defend themselves in every way. The defense is also natural and a group can expel the one who harms the comrades, can send him in another place or kill him if the damage has been too heavy.

But he must not be deprived of freedom, closing him in a prison-hospital, he has not to be healed if he doesn't want to be to. The presumption to attend, to heal, to put the right way up, is extremely hateful because forces the individual to cease to be what he is and he want to remain to be, to become what he isn't and he doesn't want to be.

Take a type as the sadist Clara of Mirabeau; tell her she has to cure herself to destroy her perverse and abnormal tendencies, that

are dangerous for her and for the other people. Clara will answer you she doesn't want to heal, she wants to remain as she is, challenging every danger, because the fulfillment of her erotic desires, exiting by the smell of the blood and the shows of cruelty, it gives her a so deep pleasure, a so strong emotion, she couldn't prove no more if she transform herself in a normal woman and she was forced to satisfy with the usual and insipid luxury.

Tell her she is a monster, she would be horrify by herself, and she will answer you:" The monsters... The monsters! For first there are no monsters! What you call monsters are higher forms, or simply out of you conception. Do Gods are not monsters? Does The genius man is not a monster? As the tiger, the spider, as all the individual that live above all the social lies, in the shining and divine immorality of things. But also me, then, I'm a monster!

A famous killer who killed women not to rob them, but to violate them, to obtain the concordance of his spasm of pleasure with the spasm of death of the other, he confessed: "In those moments I seems to be God and to create the world".

If you had offered him the remedy to made him normal, he would refuse it, perceiving that in normality he could not find a so intense sensation as the one he felt in that abnormality.

Therefore wanting to cure, needs, these individuals, wanting to heal them against their will, would be like to exact from a tuberculous to abstain himself from the smoke and the alcohol to prolong his life.” But I don’t care if I die before, will answer the ill man- but I want to satisfy myself now as I want. I better to live only a year more and not ten year suffering and renouncing to everything.

Do you want to force to be saved the ones who want to be lost? But they will not be the owner of their lives. They could not dispose as they like of it, and they perceive as a bad thing the benefit you would do to them.

If the Clara of Mirabeau or the characters of Sade try to torture you, shot on them. But let them in peace and abandon the idea to induce them to the repentance, in the name of God and of morality, or to cure and heal them , for the glory of science and of the humanity.

And, besides, is it true that all that commit a

crime are fool, sick worthy of the mental hospital or of the shower?

If the answer is direct to Lombroso's science, it will answer positively. It will define the crime as an atavistic return. If it direct to Ferri's science it says that the crime is a product of the anthropological factor combined with the social one. If you'll ask to Nourdau, he will say that also the genius is a degenerated .

This science is dogmatic and unilateral, move towards easy generalizations extends the results of the observations on the facts, experimented and understood, to facts not experimented e not understood, and it will find an absolute truth, a pretentious knowledge, but fictive, that reduce to an inexistent unity the plurality of reality, and it assure that every one that is different from this typology is a pathologic subject appointed for the hospital.

But such kind of science has nothing in common with the other relative science, modest, in a continuous doing, always doubting of its achievements and always re-examining them, destroying the certainties and going on new street.

"There are two parts in the science- wrote Berth- one is formal, abstract, systematic,

dogmatic, a sort of metaphysical cosmology very far from the reality, but it wants this different and complex Real in the unity of its abstract and simple formulas; It is the science with a big S, the science who claims to deny religion, opposing solution to solution, and giving to the world and its origins a rational explication. And there are different sciences, concrete, having everyone its own method, right to their own particular object, Sciences holding the real from the nearest and are no more that reasoned technical. Here the pretense unity of the science is broken”.

The socialist, communist, the builder of future cities, not being able to accept the truth, unique and universal, reveled by the religion they denied, receive from the Science, unitary and dogmatic, the other truth, unique and universal, outside of which can't exist individual welfare, neither social order. They feel the need to have their foot on the solid ground of the absolute certainty, and for this reason Malatesta collects all the scientific response on the origin of criminality. But it is not true that only people that have markedly abnormal tendencies, that are mad or ill, make crimes. The experiences

shows also perfectly healthy and normal men commit crimes and not only for economical reasons or for causes determinate by ignorance or prejudice.

A young man, good, simple, sincere, that I know in a prison, he was there because he was serving a life sentence, having poisoned his wife to live with his lover. An accountant was with me in confinement in the Tremiti's Island was the man more normal, common, ordinary never known.

To the confinement he was sent by fascist police because he had hosted a fiery communist brother. But, him, the accountant seems to be the personification of the pacific and calculator wisdom of the middle class. Also nearly he didn't go to prison, because he corrupt babies and made acts of lust on them. Money, with which he bought the silence of an angry mother, saved him in that occasion. But he confessed he always made the satyr when he was free, in Milano.

A friend of mine, died many years ago, was a generous, loyal, noble young man, with an exquisite sensibility and an upper cleverness. He was refined poet, he fell in love with a woman that in the end let him. Meet-

ing her a day, in his soul upset by anger and jealousy it manifested imperious, blind, instinctive, the need to fire the baby she had in her harms.<< I felt- he told me- I had to kill the baby to make the mother suffer all that she had made me suffer. I contain myself with superhuman effort of will. But a moment more and I would shoot>>.

All men can commit crimes, because in the soul of everyone are gathered the more different instincts and the more opposite tendencies. In me are mostly developed the generous one, in you the perverse one; but in special circumstance, under the stimulus of powerful material, sentimental or intellectual interests, I can kill a man and You can save another.

So what does the Malatesta society? Does it consider me fool only because I do my will and my reason didn't has the force to hold the instinctual act? But not always will and reason are able to stop the instincts! Sometimes they can, sometime they don't. And then, in certain cases, also if I can stop myself, I don't do it because I think is good for to follow the spontaneity that led me to the criminal action. To kill, for example, who of-

fended and damaged me. So am I a fool because I think in my way and no like the other that condemn the revenge?

But Malatesta society wants mad at every cost, and closes me in the prison-hospital that worst than the bourgeois prison.

In fact, in prison I stay for a determinate period, the time of punishment. The law based on classical school considers me responsible of my action, and after punishing me with a punishment proportionate to the caused damage, let me free and it doesn't care about what will I do. Instead the law founded on positive school judge me irresponsible, ill,, and it establishes I will do remain in the hospital till I will be sane. That is for indeterminate time, till the day the doctor will decide to let me go. So I'll became surely mad, having frozen showers, strait-jacket and other benevolent healing treatments.

The repression of the crime trough the internment of criminals in the mental hospital, would ask also the constitution of a police to raid the dangerous sick people. But in this way will rebirth the authoritarian mechanism- juridical- police and there would not be freedom.

In the Anarchy will could not exist prisons disguised as hospitals, neither policeman masked as nurses. The Individual will provide to his defense by his own, or in association with others, but not delegating this task to specialists that should become masters of all.

The natural spontaneity, no more oppressed by the compression of the laws, morals, education, will not conduct us to the impossible paradise of love brotherhood, but it not even will produce a resurgence of murders and violence.

If, instead, to keep the order and annihilate criminals, we'll create a new repressive and preventive system, we'll fatally come back to the society we destroyed. That is the society of the governors and of the governed."

THE DAMNED SONG

Oh!... Why wasn't I born on a pirate ship, lost on the endless ocean, in the midst of a handful of rugged, brave men who furiously climbed aboard, singing the wild song of destruction and death? Why wasn't I born in the boundless grasslands of South America, among free, fierce gauchos, who tame the fiery colt with the "lasso" and fearlessly attack the terrible jaguar?... Why? Why? The children of the night, my brothers, impatient with every law and all control, would have included me. These people, spirits thirsty for freedom and the infinite, would have known how to read the great book that is in my minds, an utterly marvelous poem of pain and conflict, of sublime aspirations and impossible dreams... My intellectual heritage would have been their intangible treasure, and at the clear fount of my satanic pride and eternal rebellion, they would have fortified their strength, already violently shaken

by a thousand hurricanes. Instead, I was fatally born in the midst of the nauseating herd of slaves who lie in the filthy slime where the imperial ruling Lie and hypocrisy exchange the kiss of brotherhood with cowardice. I was born into civilized society, and the priest, the judge, the moralist and the cop have tried to weigh me down with chains and transform my organism, exuberant with vitality and energy, into an unconscious and automatic machine for which only one word was supposed to exist: Obey. They wanted to kill me!... And when I rose in the violence of irresistible force and wild shouted my “no,” the idiotic herd, amid the splashing of stinking slime, launched its vacuous insults.

Now, I laugh... The crowd is unable to understand certain spiritual depths, and doesn't have a sharp enough gaze to penetrate the hidden recesses of my heart... You curse me, you curse me still, as now, stained with sloth, for sixty centuries, you consume the ritual of the lie; you curse me,

applauding your laws and your idols... I will always cast the red flowers of my contempt in your face.

From the peak on which I live with the eagle and the wolf, faithful companions of my solitude, I contemplate humanity, this grotesque parody of the reptile, with great nausea. Around me, lush nature wraps the rock in a green cloak of undergrowth, whose wild beauty gives the mind and inexpressible feeling of strength and joy. Below, on the mountain slopes, fertile fields stretch out, dotted here and there with isolated houses and villages in which human beings cement the millennia-old chains with unfortunate blindness.

And I laugh... I laugh as I watch human beings, these little monsters shrunken by space, when they are poisoned in the workshops where sewer gases lacerate their lungs..., when they pass by chanting in pro-

cession, bowed beneath the idols of fanaticism and unconsciousness...and when, in cowardice, they consecrate their slavery, licking the hand of the master that savagely beats them. I see the miserable comedy of human hypocrisy and pettiness unfold below me feet, and a deep sense of disgust sweeps over me, and an unspeakable loathing winds through me heart... And still I laugh... And as the chime of the bell that tolls for the feast rises from the village in the silence of the night, I sing my purest song to the eagle and the wolf, the faithful companions of my solitude. It is the song of my pain and my passion... And my song says:

“Oh, God of destruction, of terrible and monstrous God, rise up from the deepest bowels of the unknown and come to me through the open wounds of the old earth, come to me... come with the overwhelming, sudden fury of the squall; devastate, destroy this weakened and decadent world, which needs a new blood bath to renew itself... I will lend you my arm and my thought.

We will struggle together as long as any temple arises bearing testimony to the superstition and sloth of men... as long as any law, engraved on the tablets of deception, tries to impose dedication to itself on the rebel,... and as long as life, encroached upon and oppressed, cannot rise once more triumphant in the light of day. Then, when clouds of flame rise threateningly from smoking ruins toward the sky, satanic, demonic, mad, we will sing our iconoclastic hymn of negation and revolt..." So I say! And my voice is, indeed, mighty and arcane, indeed, rich with hatred and feeling, so that my eagle rises up over a horizon which sinister lightning bolts flash... and my wolf with eyes like embers howls and pounces on the muddy paths of the village where he brings terror and death...

Above, on my peak, so high and inaccessible, the fateful symbol of my liberation waves is the wind: the black flag.

Now I dance on the edge of an abyss at whose bottom the murky waters of death sinuously wind... I dance, tragically, with my mind focused on the dawn of my "true" life, of the free and intense life I want to conquer for myself, at the cost of the fiercest conflict and the most difficult sacrifice. Because I belong to the race of invincible giants for whom danger is not a barrier, but a sting, a spur that pushes them to realize their will more forcefully. And I dance, I dance... The pale, anemic virtues that dominate in this world of eunuchs and slaves, have tried to lure me. But I have answered their fondlings and their threats with the diabolical laughter of my savage sarcasm. Humanity, Society, State, Law, Morality... You already know the force of my blows as I know the force of yours... And yet you don't stop attacking me, you don't cease entertaining the mad intention of reducing my unbending temper in the fetters of obedience... Well, you still throw your hat into the ring, you still drag that bleak, amorphous mass of flabby slaves

in your train, you sharpen your weapons that will shatter upon my invulnerable armor... I resolutely wait for you. I, the damned one, the rebel... I wait for you with my eagle and my wolf, the faithful companions of my solitude. And my brothers also wait for you, arrayed for battle at my side, my brothers, the heroic and undefeated children of Evil...

So come on! The sacrilegious and destructive iconoclast has flung his challenge. And in an intoxication of enthusiasm, a delirium of energy, an exaltation of audacity, he will fight his war, in the open and hidden... Later, when poison darts have pierced the armor and reached his heart, he will slide, sneering, to the bottom of the dark abyss where the threatening waters of Death sinuously flow.

UNBRIDLED FREEDOM

Stirner and Nietzsche were undoubtedly right. It is not true that my freedom ends where that of others begins. By nature my freedom has its end where my strength stops. If it disgusts me to attack human beings or even if I consider it to be contrary to my interests to do so, I abstain from conflict. But if, pushed by an instinct, a feeling, or a need, I lash out against my likes and meet no resistance or a weak resistance, I naturally become the dominator, the superman. If instead the others resist vigorously and return blow for blow, then I am forced to stop and come to terms. Unless I judge it appropriate to pay for an immediate satisfaction with my life.

It is useless to speak to people of renunciation, of morality, of duty, of honesty. It is stupid to want to constrain them, in the name of Christ or of humanity, not to step

on each other's toes. Instead one tells each of them: "You are strong. Harden your will. Compensate, by any means, for your deficiencies. Conserve your freedom. Defend it against anyone who wants to oppress you".

And if every human being would follow this advice, tyranny would become impossible. I will even resist the one who is stronger than me. If I can't do it by myself, I will seek the aid of my friends. If my might is lacking, I will replace it with cunning. And balance will arise spontaneously from the contrast.

In fact, the only cause of social imbalance is precisely the herd mentality that keeps slaves prone and resigned under the master's whip.

"Human life is sacred. I cannot suppress it either in the other or in myself. And so I must respect the life of the enemy who oppresses me and brings me an atrocious and continuous pain. I cannot take the life of my poor brother, who is afflicted with a terminal

disease that causes him terrible suffering, in order to shorten his torment. I cannot even free myself, through suicide, from an existence that I feel as a burden.”

Why?

“Because,” the christians say, “Life is not our own. It is given to us by god and he alone can take it away from us.”

Okay. But when god gives life to us, it becomes ours. As Thomas Aquinas points out, god’s thought confers being in itself, objective reality, to the one who thinks. Thus, when god thinks of giving life to the human being, and by thinking of it, gives it to him, such life effectively becomes human, that is, an exclusive property of ours. Thus, we can take it away from each other, or anyone can destroy it in herself.

Emile Armand frees the individual from the state but subordinates him more strictly to society. For him, in fact, I cannot revoke the social contract when I want, but must re-

ceive the consent of my co-associates in order to release myself from the links of the association. If others don't grant me such consent, I must remain with them even if this harms or offends me. Or yet, by unilaterally breaking the pact, I expose myself to the retaliation and vengeance of my former comrades. More societarian than this and one dies. But this is a societarianism of the Spartan barracks. What! Am I not my own master? Just because yesterday, under the influence of certain feelings and certain needs, I wanted to associate, today, when I have other feelings and needs and want to get out of the association, I can no longer do so. I must thus remain chained to my desire of yesterday. Because yesterday I desired one way, today I cannot desire another way. But then I am a slave, deprived of spontaneity, dependent on the consent of the associates.

According to Armand, I cannot break relationships because I should care about the sorrow and harm that I will cause the others if I deprive them of my person. But the oth-

ers don't care about the sorrow and harm that they cause me by forcing me to remain in their company when I feel like going away. Thus, mutuality is lacking. And if I want to leave the association, I will go when I decide, so much the more if, in making the agreement to associate, I have communicated to the comrades that I will maintain my freedom to break with it at any time. In doing this, one does not deny that some societies might have long lives. But in this case, it is a feeling or an interest sensed by all that maintain the union. Not an ethical precept as Armand would like.

From christians to anarchists (?) all moralists insist that we distinguish between freedom, based on responsibility, and license, based on caprice and instinct. Now it is good to explain. A freedom that, in all of its manifestations, is always controlled, reined in, led by reason, is not freedom. Because it lacks spontaneity. Thence, it lacks life. What is my aim? To destroy authority, to abolish the state, to establish freedom for

everyone to live according to her nature as he sees and desires it. Does this aim frighten you, fine sirs? Well then, I have nothing to do. Like Renzo Novatore, I am beyond the arc.

When no one commands me, I do what I want. I abandon myself to spontaneity or I resist it. I follow instincts or I rein them in with reason, at various times, according to which is stronger within me.

In short, my life is varied and intense precisely because I don't depend upon any rule.

Moralists of all schools instead claim the opposite. They demand that life always be conformed to a single norm of conduct that makes it monotonous and colorless. They want human beings to always carry out certain actions and to always abstain from all the others.

“You must, in every instance, practice love,

forgiveness, renunciation of worldly goods and humility. Otherwise you will be damned”, say the Gospels.

“You must, in each moment, defeat egoism and be unselfish. Otherwise you will remain in absurdity and sorrow,” Kant points out.

“You must always resist instinct and appetite, showing yourself to be balanced, thoughtful and wise on every occasion. If you don’t, we will brand you with the mark of archist infamy and treat you as a tyrant,” Armand passes judgment.

In short, they all want to impose the rule that mutilates life and turns human beings into equal puppets that perpetually think and act in the same way. And this occurs because we are surrounded by priests: priests of the church and priests who oppose it, believing and atheistic Tartuffes. And all claim to catechize us, to lead us, to control us, to bridle us, offering us a prospect of earthly or supernatural punishments and rewards. But it is time for the free human being to rise up:

**the one who knows how to go against all
priests and priestliness, beyond laws and
religions, rules and morality. And who
knows how to go further beyond. Still fur-
ther beyond.**

ON RENZO NOVATORE

*“My soul is a sacrilegious temple
in which the bells of sin and crime
voluptuous and perverse,
loudly ring out revolt and despair.”*

These words written in 1920, give us a glimpse of the promethean being of Renzo Novatore.

Novatore was a poet of the free life. Intolerant of every chain and limitation, he wanted to follow every impulse that rose within him. He wanted to understand everything and ex-

perience all sensations—those which lead to the abyss and those which lead to the stars. And then at death to melt into nothingness, having lived intensely and heroically so as to reach his full power as a complete man.

The son of a poor farmer from Arcola, Italy, Abile Riziero Ferrari (Renzo Novatore) soon showed his great sensibility and rebelliousness. When his father wanted him to plow the fields he would flee, stealing fruit and chickens to sell so that he could buy books to read under a tree in the forest. In this way he educated himself and quickly developed a taste for non-conformist writers. In these he found reasons for his instinctive aversion to oppression and restriction, to the principles and institutions that reduce men to obedience and renunciation.

As a young man he joined the Arcola group of anarcho-communists, but he was not satisfied with the harmony and limited freedom of the new society they awaited so eagerly.

“I am with you in destroying the tyranny of existing society,” he said, “but when you have done this and begun to build anew, then I will oppose and go beyond you.”

Until he was fifteen years old, Renzo included the church in his poetry. After that, freed and unprejudiced, he never planted any roots in the gregarious existence of his village, but often found himself in conflict with both men and the law. He scandalized his respectable family, who wondered what they had done to deserve such a devil...

...Novatore, who was influenced by Baudelaire and Nietzsche, asserted that we had needs and aspirations that could not be satisfied without injury to the needs and aspirations of others. Therefore we must either renounce them and become slaves, or satisfy them and come into conflict with Society, whatever kind it may be, even if it calls itself anarchist. Novatore:

Anarchy is not a social form, but a method

of individuation. No society will concede to me more than a limited freedom and a well-being that it grants to each of its members. But I am not content with this and want more. I want all that I have the power to conquer. Every society seeks to confine me to the august limits of the permitted and the prohibited. But I do not acknowledge these limits, for nothing is forbidden and all is permitted to those who have the force and the valor.

Consequently, anarchy, which is the natural liberty of the individual freed from the odious yoke of spiritual and material rulers, is not the construction of a new and suffocating society. It is a decisive fight against all societies—christian, democratic, socialist, communist, etc., etc. Anarchism is the eternal struggle of a small minority of aristocratic outsiders against all societies which follow one another on the stage of history.

Those were the ideas expressed by Novatore in *Il Libertario* of La Spezia, *L'Icono-*

clasta of Pistoia, and other anarchist journals. And these were the ideas that then influenced me as I was well-prepared to receive them.

During World War I Novatore refused to fight for a cause that was not his own and took to the mountains. Astute, courageous, vigilant, his pistol at the ready the authorities failed at every attempt to capture him. At the end of the war the deserters were amnestied and he was able to return to his village where his wife and son were waiting for him.

I was sixteen years old and had run away from home and my studies, freeing myself from my bourgeois family, who had done everything they could to stop my anarchist activities. Passing through Saranza on my way to Milan, I stopped to get to know Novatore, having read his article "My Iconoclastic Individualism". Renzo came at once to meet me together with another anarchist called Lucherini.

We passed unforgettable hours together. Our discussions were long and he helped me fill gaps in my thinking, setting me on my way to the solution of many fundamental problems. I was struck by his enthusiasm.

His appearance was impressive. Of medium height he was athletic in build, and had a large forehead. His eyes were vivacious and expressed sensibility, intelligence and force. He had an ironic smile that revealed the contempt of a superior spirit for men and the world. He was thirty-one years old, but already had the aura of genius.

After two months wandering around Italy with the police at my heels, I returned to Arcola to see Renzo again. But Emma, his wife, told me that he was also hunted and that I could only meet him at night in the forest.

Once again we had long discussions and I was able to appreciate his exceptional qualities as a poet, philosopher and man of action even more. I valued the power of his in-

tellec and his fine sensitivity which was like that of a Greek god or a divine beast. We parted for the last time at dawn.

Both of us were existing under terrible conditions. We were in open struggle against Society, which would have liked to throw us in jail. Renzo had been attacked in his house at Fresonaro by a band of armed fascists who intended to kill him, but he had driven them off with home-made grenades. After that he had to keep a safe distance from the village.

Despite being an outlaw, he continued to develop his individualist anarchist ideas in libertarian papers. I did the same and we aroused the anger of the theoreticians of anarcho-communism. One of them, Professor Camillo Berneri, described us in the October, 1920 issue of L'Iconoclasta as "Paranoid megalomaniacs, exalters of a mad philosophy and decadent literature, feeble imitators of the artists of opium and hashish, sirens at so much an hour."

I could not reply because in the meantime I had been arrested and shut up in a House of Correction. But Renzo replied for both of us and took “this bookworm in whom it is difficult to find the spirit and fire of a true anarchist” to task.

More than a year later I was provisionally released from prison, but I could find out nothing regarding the whereabouts of Renzo. Finally I received the terrible news that he had been killed.

He was at an inn in Bolzaneto, near Genova, along with the intrepid illegalist S.P., when a group of carabinieri arrived disguised as hunters. Novatore and S.P. immediately opened fire and the police responded. The tragic result was two dead, Renzo and Marasciallo Lempano of the carabinieri, and one policeman wounded. This was in 1922: a few months before the fascist march on Rome.

So a great and original poet, who, putting his thoughts and feelings into action, at-

tacked the mangy herd of sheep and shepherds, died at the age of thirty three. He showed that life can be lived in intensity, not in duration as the cowardly mass want and practice.

After his death it was discovered that, together with a few others, he was preparing to strike at society and tear from it that which it denies the individual. And in the Assizes Court where his accomplices were tried, a prosecuting counsel acknowledged his bravery and called him “a strange blend of light and darkness, love and anarchy, the sublime and the criminal.”

A few friends collected some of his writings and posthumously published them in two volumes: *Above Authority* (Al Disopra dell'Arco) and *Toward the Creative Nothing* (Verso il Nullo Creatore). Other writings remained with his family or were lost.

So an exceptional man lived and died—the man I felt was closest to me in his ideals and

aspirations. He described himself as “an atheist of solitude” He wanted to “ravish the impossible” and embraced life like an ardent lover. He was a lofty conquistador of immortality and power, who wanted to bring all to the maximum splendor of beauty.

"...I resolutely wait for you. I, the damned one, the rebel... I wait for you with my eagle and my wolf, the faithful companions of my solitude. And my brothers also wait for you, arrayed for battle at my side, my brothers, the heroic and undefeated children of Evil..."

