



OUR ETHIC RENZO NOVATORE

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FREE SPIRIT IMMORTALISTS

In all epochs, in all times and all ages, the great innovators of human Ethics and human values were always derided, slandered, persecuted, and defamed. So it's no surprise if this fate has also touched us, free spirits. We have never backed off because of this, and we never will back off—quite the opposite.

We are fully aware of what we have been and what we are, and we know with clear, sharp precision what we want. Destroyers and negators who have proudly and disdainfully said, “No!” to all the orthodox divine, human and social lies, we have also said “Yes!” to joy, freedom, beauty, and life.

With an iconoclastic and rebellious gesture, we have thrown all the images of consecrated mud from their clay niches, but we have raised the Human Being and glorified life. If we have furiously, diabolically destroyed, we have divinely created: if we have nihilistically negated, we have dionysiacally affirmed!

Rebels and implacable enemies of all that tend to emasculate, mutilate and castrate the human being, we are the friends and lovers of growth, strength, the vigorous and thriving affirmation and domination of the human being overshadows over all the spectral croaking phantasms on the fields of life. If we are enemies of heaven, we are lovers of the earth.

Why have we been called immoralists? Because we were not understood. We are not understood because of twenty centuries of the syphilitic Christian morality that still weighs on the bent-over backs of the old groveling humanity. So, it is still too mentally weak to be able to absorb in all its great spiritual intensity our new ethic of greatness and strength, knowledge and light.

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Too many masks have disfigured the human face, too much darkness is artificially condensed around the human eyes in the days of these very long-lasting centuries that stretch out the dead but still threatening path of times past. This is why we were not understood in bringing into humanity's midst the new word that was to – and still is to – make of this a festive garden of life, a realm of strength, beauty, love, a world in which it is granted to every creature to dig into its own depths and to climb to its own heights. Still, instead, we were persecuted by the blind rage of the powerful and the ignorance of the slaves.

Sometimes then we felt the bitter, acrid taste of misanthropy poisoning our hearts: we felt contempt for the ugly, unconscious vulgarity, but we didn't bend! We never aimed the darts of our sarcasm and irony at humanity, but at human ignorance. We never hated the rich from jealousy for their gold, but we hated the gold because it made the rich themselves into vulgar slaves, while remaining tyrants over their servants. We did not lambast the poor, the servile, the humble, the pariahs so that they would remain such, but so that they would learn to break their chains. We did not fight and do not fight against the poor and the rich, but gold and ignorance.

“Gold and ignorance”. Here are the only two great enemies against which we will desperately fight until we have pulverized and dispelled them; until we have reduced them to their final ruin because it is only from the bowels of these two terrible deformed monsters that all the deadly pestilence that kills life emanates. It is from these two black wells that church and state keep their foul and viscous roots attached, sucking the necessary nourishment to reinforce their murky, shadowy foliage over every human being to block their view of the sunlight.

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Yes, gold and ignorance! Here are the two great enemies that we intend to annihilate. We no longer want to live in a world where all human physical and spiritual energy has to consume itself, sacrifice itself, sterilize itself in the struggle for bread. We no longer want bread to be the goal of life, but rather for life to be the goal of bread! "People live to eat, I eat to live," said an ancient Greek philosopher. We make this maxim our own and raise it up as "gospel of the new civilization for which we fight because it is only by applying this maxim that the values of humanity and of life can be lifted up again.

The struggle for bread is a spectacle that is repugnant to the delicate sensibilities of our hearts and the nobility of our minds. Let bread be for man, for all men, for every human creature, like air, water, sun, light! We want to create a world where human beings are all placed in the same material conditions before nature, a world where the strong and noble take up their battles against the mystery, snatching from it ever-new beauties, new truths, new joys and even new sorrows; the weak, the non-noble, those incapable of handling the pickaxe of tremendous and noble passions will be able to enjoy and contemplate with praise the conquests of the strong, taking pleasure in their radiant reflection. It is only for the clear vision of this new world that we have negated the past, all the vile past!

And it is for the realization of this world that has been living for a long time in our hearts that we will sacrifice our energy, our blood, our very life. And as long as there is one human being - one single child - who has to suffer under constraint for the happiness of others - even if it were for that of all humanity - we will still and always stand in defense of the child and against all human happiness. And if that child could transform itself into an explosive so powerful that it would have the infernal force,

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in exploding, to blow up the whole human edifice, we would applaud the great and terrible hero!

Yes, we accept without hesitating all the human sorrow that nature brings with itself: the grief that may be the basis and essence of our existence; the sorrow that will be the eternal incitement to joy, the infinite inspiration to an ever greater delight; we accept this sorrow, and we love it because we have long recognized this existence, negated it, and still loved life.

We remain implacably, ferociously rebels and enemies of the artificial and cruel sorrow caused to human beings by human beings, by society, by humanity, by the homeland, god, family. find this, this alone, is our profoundly human ethic, and it is only because of this that we were and are called "immoralists."

But the bells toll for the dead. The corpse that rots in the hold of Ibsen's ship now gives off a certain pestiferous stench that strikes the nostrils of even the roughest seamen. Soon it will be thrown into the sea, and the ship will be disinfected and destroyed!

Yes, the old conscience will be buried with the old world, and our individual immorality will become the collective ethic because, through love and passion and destruction of phantasms, already in revolt, we will have gone far beyond to another, newer Truth, to an more unique beauty in which they can hardly fathom!

The struggle for bread remains a spectacle. free
spirit immortalists, destroy all that does not
dionysiacally affirm our ethic!

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