

In The Reign of The Phantoms

Renzo Novatore

1921

“There existed nothing more than Beauty and Strength but the brutes and the weak invented, to equalize themselves, Justice.”

Raffaele Valente

I believed it was a frightening dream and instead it's a bloody reality.

I am besieged and compressed within a twofold circle of the obsessed and mad.

The world is one pestulant church covetous and slimy where all have an idol to fetishistically adore and an altar on which to sacrifice themselves.

Also those who ignited the iconoclastic pyre in order to burn the cross on which the man God was nailed, they have still not understood either the outcry of life nor the roar of Freedom.

After Jesus Christ, from the pit of his legend, spit on the face of humanity the most bloody insult urging it to negate itself in order to approach God, the French Revolution came which with ferocious irony made the same appeal proclaiming the “rights of the man”.

With Christ and the French Revolution the man is imperfect. The cross of Christ symbolizes the POSSIBILITY to become MAN, the “rights of the man” symbolize the very same thing. In order to achieve perfection you must divinize for the first one, to humanize for the second one.

But the one and the other are in accord in proclaiming the imperfection of the individual-man, of the royal self, asserting that only through the realization of the ideal, can man rise to the magical summits of perfection.

Christ says to you: if you will patiently await the desolate calvary to then nail yourself on the cross, becoming the image of ME that is the ManGod, you will be

the perfect human creature worthy of sitting at the right of my father who is in the kingdom of heaven.

And the French Revolution says to you: I have proclaimed the rights of man.

If you will enter devoutly in the symbolic cloister of human social justice to sublimate and humanize through the moral canon of social life, you will be a citizen and I will give you the rights I proclaimed to man.

But who dared to throw to the flames the cross where is hung the man-God and the tables where are obliquely recorded the rights of the man in order then to rest on the virgin and granitic mass of free force, the epicentric axis of individual life, would be one wicked and evil against whom would be turned the bloody jaws of the two sinister phantoms: the divine and the human.

At right the sulfuric flames and eternal pit of the hell that punishes SIN, on the left deaf creaking of the guillotine which condemns CRIME.

The cold and inanimate cowardice of human fear, germinated from the theorization of a mystical and sick sentiment, finally has succeeded to prevail over the healthy and primitive instinctive and animated INJUSTICE that was only Force and Beauty, Youth and Ardor.

Progress (?) and Civilization (?), Religion (?) and the Ideal (?), have closed life in a mortal circle where the phantoms most grim have erected their viscid reign. Time to end it! We must break the circle violently and exit.

If the chimeras of the divine legends have influenced the human history terribly and if human history wants the mutilation of the royal instinctive man in order to follow its course: we are rebels! It is not our fault if from the symbolic wounds of Christ are spraying the purulent drops of matter upon the red disc of humanity, to then generate its infected civil rot which proclaims the rights of man. If men want to rot in the systematic caverns of social putrefaction then they are accommodated well. We will not be there to liberate them!

But we love the Sun and want to freely contort in pangs of its hot and most violent kiss.

* * *

If I look around myself I want to vomit.

On one side the scientist whom I must believe in order not to be ignorant. From the other the moralist and the philosopher from whom I must accept the commandments in order to not be a brute.

Then comes the Genius whom I must glorify and after the hero to whom I must bow affectedly. Then the companion comes and the friend, the idealist and the materialist, the atheist and the believer and all other infinity of monkeys definite and indefinite that want to give their good councils to me and to place me, finally,

on the one good path. Because naturally that the path which I was on is a mistaken path, as mistaken as my ideas, my thought, my everything. I am a mistaken man.

They poor fools are all pervading from the idea that life has called them to you to be official clergymen on the altar of the great mission, because humanity is called towards a great destiny.

These poor and compassionate animals disfigured by false ideals and transfigured from madness, have not ever been able to comprehend the tragic miracle and play of life, as they have not been able to ever notice that humanity is not at all called to any great destiny. If they had understood anything of that, they would have at least learned that the so called nonsimilar does not will at all to break off the spinal bone in order to ride the abyss that separates one from the other.

But I am that which I am, I do not care what.

And the croaks of these other multicolor carrion crows are not needed to repair my personal and noble wisdom. Hear not, apostolic monkeys of humanity and social divinity, any rumblings from your phantoms above?

Hear, hear! It is the satient pelting of my furious laughter, that which is in the echoes!

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