



Wild Flowers

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Premise. Even through the exterminated moor of the barren desert flowers germinate. Wild flowers that emanate sinful perfumes and that stick their thorns to bloody the same hands of those who collect them, but yet they that have their grandiose history of joy, of pain and of love. I repeat: they are flowers strange and savage that arose from the creative nothing, were fertilized by the sun and later slammed by the the hurricane, cruelly so!

These flowers are thoughts germinating in the meditative solitude and deep in my spirit while towards the outside, in the world that no longer belongs to me the madness rages furiously furrowed from the electrifying fire of the lightning that breaks implacable.

And I, impenitent vagabond, who loves to gallop in the joyous and frightening ways of this my solitary kingdom and desert, I feel sorry to periodically collect a bundle of these wild flowers to crown this rebel flag that once already cowardly and brutally demolished sings still for the joyful refrain of eternal return.

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The Anarchist is only one who after a long, gasping and desperate search has retrieved his own self and has placed it, haughty and proud “on the margins of the society”, denying anything the right to judge it. The one who knows not to recognize the loftiness of his own actions, him only judging himself, can even be believed anarchic but is not!

The force of will and potency (not to be confused with power) of the spirit of autoelevation and individualization are the first steps of a long and interminable ladder if the one knows that he wills to exceed even himself above all things.

Only the one who knows to prize with impetuous violence the rusty gates that close the house of the great lie where the lubricious thieves of I have given to convene, (God, state, societies, humanity) to retrieve from the viscid and rapacious hands adorning with the false gold of the love of piety and of civility, of the sinister predators, their most grand treasure, can feel boss and signore of himself, and be called anarchic.

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The anarchist, beyond being the most grand rebel also has the virtue of being a King. The King of himself, understand!!

Who believes that Christ can be the sign and the symbol that man must wave in order to reach the libertarian synthesis of life, cannot they be a Socialist or a christian negator of anarchism.

When Socrates, who in spite of everything was without a doubt much superior to the bestiality of those his people who condemned him, accepted the hemlock that they imposed him to gulp down, he made one work of such cowardice and of devotion that anarchism pitilessly condemns.

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To escape, with whatever means, to the invincible bestiality of a people rendered ferocious and brutal from cannibal prejudices and

frightful ignorance, or to sadistic deprivation of a putrefying society which is believed to have the right to judge and to condemn a single person because they have consummated a given action that the aforesaid society is not at the loftiness to ever understand; it is an act superbly rebellious and individualistic that only in anarchism can find its reason for being and its glorification.

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Alas! Even the conscience has been in the end a phantom atavistic and frightening. And it will only stop being so when man will have the knowledge to render it the image and the mirror of his own and only will.

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The first man who said: “There is not any God”, was without a doubt an athlete of human thought. But the one who was limited to saying that: “The of God the priest is not”, cheated in equivocally leaving sufficient comprise to being, him, a suspicious partisan that already premeditated to kill the humans perhaps with a new lie. Keep yourselves well guarded from those who are limited to the sole negation of God.