

Maurizio De Simone and Federico Buono

**The Triumph of the Destroyer
Genius — The Nihilist Attack**

2012

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An Endless Vertex in the Abyss by Federico Buono (Edizioni Cerbero)

This is a text from Federico Buono, one of the comrades investigated in the operation 'Ardire'. He has chosen a non-judicial stance as concerns the charges pressed against him. May the nihilist germ spread.

* * *

Anarchist and Amoral Anti-Legalism

'And in this way, whatever he has to endure, he does not despair in salvation.

Fate leads him to the coffin, tied to the mad rope of hope.'

'The Illusions of Mankind', Eduardo Von Hartmann

In the afternoon of yesterday, 19th June, I was stopped in the city of Catania, where I'm living at the moment, by two Digos officers [political police] and taken to the police barracks. There I was notified the act concerning the investigation on 270bis set up by nun Manuela Comodi.

Moreover the house of Peppe, a dear comrade whom I'm staying with, was searched. My "state" of unavailability in my perception of the sensations I was able to inoculate – made it possible that they came to me afterwards..?!

In a constant search for negation of the law, the nihilist experimentation brings to light endless possibilities of choice in a normalizing *chiaroscuro* and to an isolated and misanthropic ravine where the sentient mass cannot go – as it can't perceive singularity.

In my refusal to sign any 'paper', my denial to have the right of a solicitor settles all my peculiar choices – my refusal to indicate an address where to receive the beginning or the end of a trial places me in a limit, which will deny certain 'right' if it is broken.

Nihilist experimentation must be continued. . .

Its development must be consumed in an embrace with the action in the streets of a human society prone to conformism and homologation of the 'all'!

I claim my total support to practices of attack and destruction on the overall penetration of the moral judicial monster, which is carved in the stone of human consciousness and can be found in every city in the Temples of Prophecy.

I declare myself proud nihilist and unique individual alone with myself, and I don't abdicate, and I spit my poison, and I keep the nihilist dagger ready for a battle in the streets . . .

I choose the line of blood in the negation of the law and of safety in the proceeding, and I carry on along an informal, anti-juridical and amoral path.

I pursue affinity with those who will choose a climbing up to the endless vertex in the abyss in the context of the investigation on 270bis, and I deny solidarity made of 'straw instead of iron'.

Heterogeneous homologation doesn't belong to me.

I dedicate these lines to you, my affinity comrade Maurizio, and to all those who arise.

'In order to climb the peak sharp nails and hands ready for the most painful wounds are needed.

As one climbs the peak of a decadent humanity, the rocks crumbling under the fingers fall down, fall down . . .

Boldness [ardire]! To dare! Here popular fear is lashing out mixed with resentment towards our sovereignty of the individual. . . '

The Triumph of the Destroyer Genius by Maurizio De Simone

Ah! The odor and the stench blend.

Climbing the peak requires sharp nails and hands ready for the most painful wounds.

While you climb the peak of a decadent humanity, they fall, the rocks that crumble under your fingers fall.

To act boldly! To dare! Here they are, raging, the popular fears blended with *Ressentiment* toward our *individual sovereignty* . . .

I have encountered Filippi's dreams and nightmares . . .

An indomitable devil rises above the multitude, born by chance.

A devil who doesn't accept being brought to judgment by your nearly-finished authority . . .

From your orthodox churches you have issued arrest warrants against us, vagabonds of thought and action, we devils of terror, the ones who spit and vomit on your sacred statues . . .

we devils of terror, nameless, illegalist nihilists and revolutionaries . . .

All that is born rightly falls! So Goethe thundered from his peak!

Your union of the weak that you call state and society is not immune to this law of things . . .

The triumph of the Destroying Genius is what awaits you . . .

The excommunications and stakes set up by Sister Manuela Comodi's¹ servants will not be enough . . .

"A state answer" has been given . . . a sacrilegious laugh echoes through the cells, for everyone arrested there will be a new revolutionary nihilist ready to attack.

The fire doesn't burn us, we come from a place much hotter and have trained ourselves for hell.

Greetings to the kindred, the comrades of the nameless Black International and to those arrested and investigated in Operation "Ardire."

Total conspiracy of silence and no delegation.

For anarchy and the triumph of the I.

¹ M.Comodi is the public prosecutor directing the case.

The Nihilist Attack by Federico Buono (Edizioni Cerbero)

This text was written during the feverish days of my trial for aggravated theft.

I've never wanted to know anything about such trial nor did I ask anybody about its result.

In my experience, my way of doing is an attempt to deny the law and live in incertitude. This makes my words even stronger.

I dedicate these words to my affinity comrade **Maurizio** and to all those who will choose an anti-judicial way in dealing with the set up by nun Manuela Comodi.

* * *

The Nihilist Attack

I move in the shadow. I feel the perception of something that may happen as a non-trajectory. Vague memories. The insecure gait grazes the upright road in front of me.

I hear my step in a frenzied convulsion of not knowing.

I trace my essential space and put a concentric circle between me and the temporal permanence.

I become the unique and the ego in solitude.

Inseparable in a continuous assumption in the becoming, which annihilates the submissiveness of the sedentary redemption of the event.

Is the event inside me or is it in front of me?

Immediacy moves around me, an individual.

My shadow is arming its misanthropic desire, and exposing and projecting itself in a continuously reflecting light.

The light of passivity loves my shadow. I arm myself against it.

I'm getting out of an interstice. I'm hearing voices: I feel they want my desire and want to grab me. Far from everything I'm also in a hidden corner in the stinking arteries of the necropolis of human society.

I've made my choice. I keep memories at a distance. Passivity wants to expand its light and chew my essence.

I'm being driven against it. I decided not to give in to the 'certitude' that completes the alternation of the rules of human society.

Each day is a different moment, and the space that encases my will of affirming myself tends to destroy the past of an instant earlier.

The denied instant destroys normality . . .

My shadow and volitional essence are in every hidden corner.
I place myself in the middle while breaking hope with insignificant memories.
The Temple of prophecy – a catalyst of events and experiences – is calling me
back and the demiurge is waiting.
A hint of desperation.
I don't give in, as I've been doing since the beginning.
The Egoist strength attacks morality and tears it into pieces; and it doesn't
want the corpse, still warm, to burn it and reduce it into ashes . . .
Today I'm going out of the closet – jealous of my shadow – and dedicate these
few words to my affinity brothers investigated by nun Manuela Comodi.
The nihilist attack doesn't abdicate; it asserts itself in a continuous gait of its
vital impulses!

From my personal inferno

PERSONAL INFERNO – For a clearing of solidarity

‘ . . . I don’t want and don’t give solidarity,

Because I’m convinced that it is yet another chain

And because, like Ibsen, I believe that the one who is most alone is the stronger.’

Renzo Novatore – I’m also a Nihilist

No prayer!

No sign of abating!

The rebel who triumphs on his EGO knows, and he knows how many abysses his existence has. Alas! *‘There are too many abysses for the lonely ones’* Zarathustra used to say

No prayer!

No profession of faith or creed for the lonely one!

No fanatic religious solidarity for the lonely one!

No prayer or rosary!

This is the path, the non-path!

So rise up you single vagabonds of the Ego!

Do not kneel down!

If you die your soul will die even before your body!

Do not pray!

‘I am a guardrail on the flow: those who can, take me.’

So your EGO speaks!

‘But I am not your crutch’

Do not trust man Christ recommended! I add, not even God!

Trust yourself!

Do not beg!

To the comrades of Culmine and Parole Armate

Edizioni Cerbero – Maurizio de Monte and Federico Buono

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