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## Towards the Hurricane

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Until the day will come we remain highheaded and all that which  
we can do we won't allow to be done before us

– W.Goethe

We make the pen red hot in the volcanic fire of the spirit of our negating; We dip it in our vigorous heart, swollen with rebellious blood and, in the atheist light of our spirit, we write, we write. . . We write then, rapidly, without going through literary research, without repugnant theoretical ideologies, without bigots and the sentimental mush from hysterics and politicians, wrapped only in the mantle of our furious passion!

We write only words of blood, of fire and of light!

Screech, graze o my coarse pen of fire and of energy upon the white candor of this sheet, as a viper tongue grazes upon the tender throat of an innocent child to give him, with venom, death. Away, get away from me me all the ideology, the theosophy, the philosophy dogmatic and political; distance from me every preestablished system: it has all fallen incinerated under the corroding flames of my negating spirit.

I am the perfect nihilist, the radical atheist.

It is not only from today, no, what I have found, what I have uncovered, that I know that the unique, the only, the most beautiful frame within that which stands out free, solemn and majestic the superb human Individuality is the Nothing, the true Nothing!

Not one lurid prison more will ever be able to lock up this rebel and iconoclast spirit of mine; yet today less than ever!

Today which the enormous bell of time has sounded and has sounded yes strong blows to break hardest neck from the plebeian idiot is from the Nothing that must jump furious outside the burning phalanxes of the black flames that, in the passionate impetus of the spontaneous revolt will constitute the crackling column of fire of which, preceding in front of the people, will give the first announcement of the final destruction. This is the hour of the feverish bitterness, of the terrible anxiety!

This is the hour that precedes the divine hour of the imminent tragedy, which will give us the heroic Death and the heroic Greatness.

O blessed hour that gives me all feverish intensity of the spirit, I love you! I won't give the bitterness that you gave me for all the mediocre

sweetness of the world; I won't give the fever that hammers my temple, that burns my temple, that burns my forehead, for the tranquility and the peace of all the vile humans!

O Satan inspire me! You inspire me O my divine brother!

Give me the infernal power to ignite all those virgin spirits that have still not been buried in the dunghill of fallacious theories; Make that I can tighten around me an bold handful of lovers of heroic and libertarian Greatness or Heroic Death.

But they will be! They must be! Those of fearful soul are there tranquilly to march in accompaniment of their stupid saints and the old cretinous good god!

But we march!

It has reached the hour to march for all those who, dominating the ideal, have become symbol and incarnation. Wrapped in the divinity of our torment, we will proceed in advance and, with the example of the facts, we will indicate to the men which are the ways that conduct towards the new light! We will fall? No Matter! We want the liberation from this stupid life of humility, of slavery, of servility, where man we must walk on his knees and the spirit speaks subdued, in a low voice, like a prayer.

We must kill the christian philosophy in the most radical sense of the word. How much mostly goes sneaking inside the democratic civilization (this most cynically ferocious form of christian depravity) and it goes more towards the categorical negation of human Individuality. "Democracy! By now we have comprised it that it means all that says Oscar Wilde Democracy is the people who govern the people with blows of the club for love of the people".

Against all that is sounded the hour of insurgence and not with only some unpleasant and repugnant theoretic bleat of the lambs . . .

Much more is wanted in this bloody twilight of a civilization that has had its time!

Either the Death or a new Dawn where the Individuality lives above every thing.

I have forgotten everything, indeed not forgotten: surpassed (and I know it with what torment), also the insurpassable love for my Companion and the adoration for my child. My books my beloved books

which are above every other thing I loved now sleep far away yonder, far away from me; perhaps yonder in the old house, within a large chest, perhaps covered with dust, perhaps bathed in the tears of my beloved Companion.

But also the love for you, o my beloved books, o luminous torches of my thought, is surpassed! Today I feel within me something more strong than all the loves, that kisses my soul with all the heat of an irresistible fascination . . .

On the fragments of all that that I have destroyed with the negation, a new faith is reborn. The faith of the impossible rendered possible from my negation, or the ultimate purification, how true, that is found between the burning flames of the final catastrophe, tragic and redeeming. Today I try a single hour of furious anarchy and, for that hour I will give all of my dreams, all of my loves, all of my life. But that hour will come! Oh, it will come! And if it mustn't come I will give voluntarily into the cannibal hands of that idiotic and beastly society that already has presented me a magnificent sentence of death (in order that I be remembered to possess superior ideas which are worthy for teaching that the divine freedom of the I is something more beautiful and more great than their bestial war) and I would cynically shoot in sign of the deepest contempt against myself and the unnameable cowardice of all humans. Giving a salute to the revived "Libertario" and the next social insurrection, I fraternally grasp the hand of the true rebels of all the varied tendencies!

Today it is eve of Action! From the first sparks I will be beside you.