

Renzo Novatore

Returning

Dear "Libertario",

Twenty-two months by now are passed from the day in which the most brutal and viscid of all monsters attempted to sweep me up also between its lurid and bloody maws. Yes, even I was destined to being transformed into a humble instrument of bestial servilism; even I was destined to sacrifice myself (Oh, the sacrificial beasts) on the most stupid and grotesque altar of all the human phantoms; even I was destined to being transformed into a "piece of human material" . . .

But I do not believe in destiny.

Not even in fate do I believe! No! I believe only in my capacity of potential! And it is only in name of this that I answered with an arrogant and scornful "NO" distinctly anarchic, and I went away from there . . .

I have walked with infinite joy upon the paths of Pain. For a companion I have always had Peril, who is ever like a dear brother. On the lips I always had the ironic grin of the superior and of the strong; in the serene eyes of the the fascinating vision of the heroic tragedy I only understood the free mantle of liberated life. I was alone . . . but in the shadow I knew that there was a daring hidden phalanx of the coherent and audacious that lived my same life! Ah, how much love I felt for that anonymous cadre . . .

What does it matter if a great part of them languish a long time on the floor of of humid cells? They did not fold! They lived, we lived at the margins of the society of the true rebels, of intransigent Iconoclasts, or those not caring of that which could be the final tragedy. And it is to this Fist of conscientious "Black Protesters", Oh, dear "Libertario", that today I send to your columns after having profoundly given thanks to You and all that cadre of anarchist companions and socialist friends for the maximum moral and material solidarity lent during my illegal vagabondage and my . . . legal imprisonment My most fervent and fraternal salute saying to them: "You are proud and fair of your action, because and only from the disobedience and from the revolt is born a shining ray of human beauty!".

Hail to you, Oh true anarchists!

Hail to you, Oh human siblings!

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