

*“Have I been understood? –
Dionysus versus the crucified”*

- Friedrich Nietzsche

Dionysus, this old new divinity, come to reclaim his rights as the patron of bare life, ecstatic joy set against the despair and unhappiness of Protestant sophistries...

This abhorrent doctrine of cold, frosted forests and rocky sea coasts, rainy cities and money-making tried to implant itself in the lands of the Mediterranean. But unbeknownst to all, the rebellious Dionysia kept growing, now taking the city by revelry, now by flame. The masks of the theatre stayed on as more and more forgot themselves, this strange remembering of the essential...

Release the dark passions, says Bakunin, and this dark fury destroys all the old beliefs and monuments. This would be inexplicable were it not the midnight of childbirth...

Many the thyrsus bearers, few the Bacchantes. Yet revolutions are these bacchanals where none are not drunk, Dionysian festivals of world-history. The millennial peasants demanded the sacrament of wine to be shared for all, and the time is soon coming when the consciousness of Liberty demands this once more.

*The official end of the Christian era and its divinized State...
We want no more rationed units of pale happiness, this utilitarian world of small pleasure and empty rejoicing-*

*no, the loss of these petty concerns: unaccounted delight,
the old celebration deprived of its spurious veiling,
a final epochal revolution to reveal
the true mystery of bread and wine!*

