To my brother J. Prat:

Faith has had its moment; it has also had its noisy bankruptcy. There is nothing left standing at this hour but the lonely ruins of its altars.

Ask the learned people—or those who still wear the intellectual loincloth—and if they wish to answer you conscientiously, they will tell you that faith has died forever: political faith and religious faith, and the scientific faith that has defrauded so many hopes.

When all the past was dead, gazes turned longingly toward the rising sun. Then the sciences had their triumphal hymns. And it came to pass that the multitude was given new idols, and now the eminent representatives of the new beliefs preach right and left the sublime virtues of the dogmatic scientist. The dangerous logorrhea of flattering adjectives, and the never-ending chatter of the sham sages put us on the path to what is rightly proclaimed the bankruptcy of science.

Actually, it is not science that is bankrupt in our day. There is no science; there are sciences. There are no finished things; there are things in perpetual formation. And what does not exist cannot break. If it were still claimed that that which is in

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The Bankruptcy of Beliefs
1902-03


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constant elaboration, that which constitutes or will constitute
the flow of knowledge goes bankrupt in our time, it would only
demonstrate that those who said it sought something in the
sciences what they cannot give us. It is not the human task of
investigating and knowing that fails; what fails, as faith failed
in the past, is the sciences.

The ease of creating without examination or mature deliber-
ation, coupled with the general poverty of culture, has resulted
in theological faith being succeeded by philosophical faith and
later scientific faith. Thus, religious and political fanatics are
followed by the believers in a multitude of "isms," which, if fer-
tilized by the greatest wealth of our understanding, only con-
firm the atavistic tendencies of the human spirit.

But what is the meaning of the clamoring that arises at ev-
ery step in the bosom of parties, schools and doctrines? What
is this unceasing battle between the catechumens of the same
church? It means, simply, that beliefs fail.

The enthusiasm of the neophyte, the healthy and crazy en-
thusiasm, forges new doctrines and the doctrines forge new
beliefs. It desires something better, pursues the ideal, seeks no-
ble and lofty employment of its activities, and barely makes a
slight examination, if it finds the note that resonates harmo-
niously in our understanding and in our heart. It believes. Be-
lief then pulls us along completely, directs and governs our en-
tire existence, and absorbs all our faculties. In no other way
could chapels, like churches, small or large, rise powerfully ev-
erywhere. Belief has its altars, its worship and its faithful, as
faith had.

But there is a fateful, inevitable, hour of dreadful questioning.
And this luminous hour is one in which mature reflection asks
itself the reason for its beliefs and its ideological loves.

Then the ideal word, which was something like the nebula
of a God on whose altar we burned the incense of our enthu-
siasm, totters. Many things crumble within us. We vacillate
as a building whose foundations are weakening. We are upset

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crushed the weeds, nothing will not be left for those who come after but one simple work: to sweep the floor of the lifeless obstacles.

If the collapse of faith has allowed the growth of belief in the fertile field of the human being, and if belief, in turn, falters and bows withered to the earth, we sing the bankruptcy of belief, because it is a new step on the path of individual freedom.

If there are ideas, however advanced, that have bound us in the stocks of doctrinarism, let us smash them. A supreme ideality for the mind, a welcome satisfaction for the spirit disdainful of human pettiness, a powerful force for creative activity, putting thought into the future and the heart into the common welfare, will always remain standing, even after the bankruptcy of all beliefs.

At the moment, even if the mind is frightened, even if all the pigeonholes rebel, in many minds something stirs that is incomprehensible to the dying world: beyond ANARCHY there is also a sun that is born, as in the succession of time there is no sunset without sunrise.

Sources:
La bancarrotadelas creencias, by Ricardo Mella, «La Revista Blanca», 107, Madrid, December 1, 1902.
El Anarquismo naciente was published as a continuation of La bancarrotadelas creencias, in a pamphlet published in Valencia, in 1903, by Ediciones El Corsario.
[Working translation by Shawn P. Wilbur]
Anyone who does not feel the courage to calmly witness the collapse, will do well to retire. There is always charity for the invalids.

We believed that ideas had the sovereign virtue of regenerating us, and now we find ourselves with ideas that do not carry within themselves elements of purity, justification and truthfulness, and cannot borrow them from any ideal. Under the passing influence of a virgin enthusiasm, we seem renewed, but at last the environment regains its empire. Humanity is not made up of heroes and geniuses, and so even the purest sink, at last, into the filth of all the petty passions. The time when beliefs are broken is also the time when all the fraudsters are known.

Are we in an iron ring? Beyond all the hecatombs life springs anew. If things do not change according to our particular theses, if they do not occur as we expect them to occur, this does not give in to the negation of the reality of realities. Outside of our pretensions as believers, the modification persists, the continuous change is accomplished and everything evolves: means, men and things. How? In what direction? Ah! That is precisely what is left at the mercy of the unconsciousness of the multitudes; that is what, in the end, is decided by an element alien to the work of the understanding and the sciences: force.

After all the propaganda, all the lessons, all the progress, humanity does not have, it does not wish to have any creed but violence. Right? Is this wrong?

And it is force that we accept the things as they are and that, accepting them, our spirit does not weaken. At a critical moment, when everything collapses in us and around us; when we grasp that we are neither better nor worse than others; when we are convinced that the future is not contained in any formulas that are still dear to us, that the species will never conform to the mold of a given form of association, whether it may be called; when we finally assure ourselves that we have done nothing more than forge new chains, gilded with beloved names,—in that decisive moment we must break up all the rubbish of belief, that we cut all the fastenings and we revive personal independence more confidently than ever.

If a vigorous individuality is stirred within us, we will not morally die at the hands of the intellectual vacuum. For man, there is always a categorical affirmation, the “becoming,” the beyond that is constantly reflected and after which it is, however, necessary to run. Let’s run faster when the bankruptcy of beliefs is done.

What does it matter that the goal will eternally move away from us? Men who fight, even in this belief, are those who are needed; not those who find elements of personal enrichment in everything; not those who make of the interests of the party pennant connections for the satisfaction of their ambitions; not those who, positioned to monopolize for their own advantage, monopolize even feelings and ideas.

Even among men of healthier aspirations, selfishness, vanity, foolish petulance, and low ambition take center stage. Even in the parties of more generous ideas there is the leaven of slavery and exploitation. Even in the circle of the noblest ideals, charlatanism and vanity teem; fanaticism, soon intransigence toward the friend, sooner cowardice toward the enemy; fatuity that rises up swaggering, shielded by the general ignorance. Everywhere, weeds sprout and grow. Let’s not live delusions.

Shall we allow ourselves to be crushed by the grief of all the atavisms that revive, with sonorous names, in us and around us?

Standing firm, firmer than ever, looking beyond any formula whatsoever, will reveal the true fighter, the revolutionary yesterday, today and tomorrow. Without a hero’s daring, it is necessary to pass undaunted through the flames that consume the bulk of time, to take a risk among the creaking timbers, the roofs that sink, the walls that collapse. And when there is nothing left but ashes, rubble, shapeless debris that will have