

LECTURES IN SILLYOTICS (ENG)

DEMOS & LIVE is the title of a compilation by the band [websteroland.com](#). Featuring early demo recordings and live [fake university lectures](#), this collection traces the band's progression from raw punk minimalism to a more structured, angular musical approach that reflects broader shifts in [Modern philosophy](#) aesthetics of the [Early 2020s](#)

e Goes to a Building on Fire - CB

Talking Heads



0:30

2:35



2025-2026 ▾

Search

Sillyotics

Course 2025-2026

Admission requirements

This course is open to all students who are interested in it, even if not enrolled in any university.

Description

Recent developments in philosophy have brought us to the development of sillyotics, the study of silliness and stuff like that. In these course we try to apply these findings.

In this course, we will investigate the following topics and questions:

- What's so silly about stuff we experience everyday like duck or pop music?
- Is there something that links the cold coffee you drink in the morning and the fact your heating is broken once more and your house not all that well insulated?
- What's the smell of that movie we saw once as teenagers, absolutely loved, but now no longer even remember?
- Why does the sound of my bike riding along the pavé makes you sad like the eyes of that beautiful person you once had drinks with?
- When is it right to lash out to a stranger that almost hit your with their car? And how does it relate to that butterfly enclosure you visited in middle school?

The course will have the form of a shared exploration of life in all its forms. Students will be provided each week with a small lecture, as a starting off point for further common discussions.

Course objectives

The aim of this course is to provide students with an understanding of the concept of sillyotics and what lies behind it.

Timetable

The timetables are available through [MyTimetable](#).

Mode of instruction

- Seminar.

Class attendance is required.

Period:	
Teacher:	websteroland.com
Catalog number:	420XD69
Credits:	10 EC
Level:	400
Location:	Leiden
Language:	English
Faculty:	Humanities
Brightspace:	Yes

Part of

MA Philosophy: Pre-master	>
Pre-master	
Philosophy	>
Bachelor	
Philosophy: Global and Comparative Perspectives	>
Bachelor	

Transferable skills

Researching ⓘ	
Analysing ⓘ	
Generating solutions ⓘ	
Collaborating ⓘ	
Oral communication ⓘ	

Assessment method

Assessment

1. Oral Exam (50%)

Each student will be personally assessed on their own interpretation and understanding of the topics tackled in class and of the mandatory readings.

2. Assignments (50%)

During the semester each student will have to complete two (2) written assignments, which focus on integrating the topics discussed in class with the interpretation of artistic works provided by the teacher.

Students are also required to attend seminars and to read the assigned literature.

Weighing

The final mark for the course is established by determining the weighted average. To pass the course, the weighted average of the partial grades must be 5.5 or higher.

Resit

If the final mark is unsatisfactory, there is an option for re-examination through an oral exam (100%). The mark for the resit will replace all previously earned marks for assignments. Class participation is required for taking the resit.

Reading list

- R. Webster: Project Zizek (2025)
- R. Webster: Lectures in sillyotics (2026)
- J. Rancière: The Emancipated Spectator (2007)
- Kaplan, Kaplan: With people in mind (1998)
- Harakiri, dir. M. Kobayashi (1962)
- La notte, dir. M. Antonioni (1961)
- Ogni nuovo inizio, Raein (2008)

Further reading will be provided during the semester.

Enrolment

Enrolment through [MyStudyMap](#) is mandatory.

General information about course and exam enrolment is available on the [website](#).

Contact

- For substantive questions, contact the lecturer listed in the right information bar.
- For questions about enrolment, admission, etc, contact the Education Administration Office: [Huizinga](#).

Remarks

She hung.

Oral communication	
Presenting	1
Societal awareness	1
Reflecting	1
Independent learning	1

Available as

A la Carte:	No
Contract:	No
Elective choice:	No
Evening course:	No
Exchange / Study Abroad:	No
Honours Class:	No

Course load (280h)

Lectures:	39h
Lecture:	0h
Tutorial:	39h
Practical work:	0h
Tutoring:	0h
Examination:	110h
Paper:	110h
Exam:	0h
Other examinations:	0h
Self-tuition:	131h
Other:	0h

Let's begin!

Applied sillyotics – lecture 1: pop musik

So, there's this feeling, a weird aftertaste, left by the homepage of [rateyourmusic](#), where everything appears so awesome and perfect and every new release is an unmissable masterpiece. There's a weird aftertaste left by every hyperactive night spent binging [todd's series](#) about one hit wonders... chat, what other italian artists or italy-based only had one international hit? Aren't there any left on which a fun video can be made? - so, for a moment, your heart sinks and once again the dodgers or uae or a random british car driver are world champions and it's a bit sad not to having all that much to look forward to in your future, in future videos or future sports... So you wake up and the coldcoffee slaps and your mind is clearer than the day before and there's not much to do and you say to yourself, you say... you still have the macerena or numa numa playing in your mind, yet playing them on your speakers doesn't help and doesn't satisfy your ears, since the production is so much worse and so less complete than whatever your mind was dancing to. Are they shit songs, then? The numbers on that website full of numbers seems to say so, for a moment you think so as well and maybe quality is something definable, something like the gap between the impression that something leaves on your mind and its sonic reality... yet the numbers on that other website, on the youtube video, and the ammount of other dancing heads that are unable to get over that catchy tune, say otherwise. Are they great songs, then? Maybe they are great because they are silly, maybe the rigidity of your philosophy is what leads to the right path, maybe... yet, if tomorrow I were to wake up wanting to cry, if the instrument of art was the only way to unlock my apathetic and bored heart, or if I wanted to bike on my way to work while humming a non-too-invasive tune... maybe all of that bubblegum sweetness would be annoying, catchyness would no longer be a virtue, but just an indigestion of chocolate and I would need some water and a salty breakfast. Rigid orthodoxy makes just as much sense as a cult of personality, just as much sense as the comments by weezer fans that bash me and insult me because I don't like pinkerton, as if they were trying to punish me for having violated them deep in their soul. Orthodoxy makes just as much sense as orthodoxy itself, it's in the name... and understanding that a sweet croissant and a salty one maybe are not literally the same, but still they're both croissants... understanding that hunger is hunger and that no hunger is better or worse than the other... maybe that's the point: that is silly.

I understand, I know well that I don't get the ick because all new releases on [rateyourmusic](#) are a 3.5 out of 5 and the music scene has become a quagmire in which I don't know where to look to find a way to satiate my need of something new (although I'm still able to love my friends even as twitter bombards me with thrist traps and oversharing posts from parasocial strangers), but I get it because old stuff isn't being treated the same as new stuff. Because not everything is a 3.5, or better 5 out of 5, as it should be. For years I believed in extremes, in the idea that every song is valid as long as it isn't boring, but I also believed that no art was truly bad. So why keep the arbitrary definition of boring, when the definition of bad had already been transcended?

My titles are ironic: sillyotics are not something that can get applied. Everything's ironic in the least ironic way possible. Everything's a wild overgeneralization, especially the hyperspecific comments left just to annoy the fans of pinkerton... but maybe this is all a game which will lead, one day, to silence: we're yet to know that.

Until then, the best song in the world is the one on top of my spotify wrapped, the one that I can't get out of my head, the one that makes me feel the most and makes me disassociate and makes my head hurt and makes me bored or mad and the one I forgot existed, that feels so empty in its production, and the one that makes me say – ah.

Movies and books? I'm no expert in those.

Applied sillyotics – lecture 2: orthodoxy

If Kobayashi's movies teach us anything, it is that honor, in its rigid and moralistic structure, is a privilege only some can afford. It's a reason of war in times of peace. It's symptomatic of a system that, by its own nature, oppresses the oppressed. They teach us that honor is a value for the individual and a sickness for society – someone says on letterboxd... And if these populist nonsequiturs teach us anything is that the smell of piss that comes from the cheap ass pipes in this building isn't so dissimilar from all of these rigid interpretations. The same smell that reeks from any blanket that tries to cover and extinguish the flame of art, through a series of clever one-liners. They teach us that the stench of a dogma is always the same, regardless of its content. When being silly becomes a dogma, everything stops being silly... just like when sillyotics disown orthodoxy and try to avoid at all costs.

And here everything is flipped upside down and we get flipped as well. Here's where that small jump happens, which is so small it's pretty much like turning a piece of paper 180 degrees, but it's also just as big as the jump of a *Brigatista* who stops burning up cars and takes arms. Because now is when the nonsequiturs and the generalizations and the absence of historical cognition and the anthropocentrism and all of these other biases so stupid yet so common, so silly, start to be read while nodding, just like you would nod at their analysis and criticism. Nodding and nodding and nodding until the act of nodding settles itself on the idle and lazy riverbed of language and thought, like the residue of a chemical reaction settles itself at the bottom of a beaker. Nodding until this residue then gets spotted and recognized and demystified and compared to the scientific miracle that's still occurring, just to be thrown away... until all of this recognizing and demystifying and comparing and throwing starts weighing like chains and starts impeding all movement, like calcified bones. And so on and so on... and maybe you can call it a conflict between the dynamism of life and the rigidity of language and thought, but there's no definition that isn't a disservice to it. Just like orthodoxy is a disservice to orthodoxy, or stupidity is a disservice to stupidity, or populism is one to populism.

In the meantime, the camera has moved, so have the characters. Even in the most static shots, in the deepest of silences, the mechanisms inside of the camera, human as they are, never stopped moving. Just like the mechanisms inside of our minds, inhuman as they are, just did the same. Even the matter that makes up the lens of the camera as it shutters is made up and traversed by a reality that has never stopped spinning... just like us, who keep spinning on a spinning planet that feels so still.

You know when you get an idea and you write it down and it feels like something gets lost in translation? Or, conversely, when you really hug someone and feel their soul and all of a sudden everything about them feel so much heavier, but not like really heavy... just full of the same weight that vanishes when you write or think a thought. Or when the hug is over and you feel tired and empty and lost. Statistics show how your low self esteem, your dysphoria and your fear of abandonment are able to explain most of the aforementioned effect, but they are not able to explain everything: otherwise psychology would be even less of a science as it is now. In my opinion, there is something else, something infra-, jumping around and coming and going and coming and going, towards which we don't pay enough respect... or rather, enough regard.

The third or fourth time you'll write the word orthodoxy in a span of a few minutes, maybe such odd combination of letters, all of those round and empty spaces followed by the brutality of an X and a Y, will no longer make you giggle like the first time... but they will still evoke some joy. You will not have laughed away all of the infra-, you will not have closed your heart to some silliness.

Applied sillyotics – lecture 3: relational constructs

There's this friend of mine about whom I wrote really little, if not at all, until now, because the things I always thought about writing felt so forced... Okay, she has the same kind eyes of the actress Valentina Carnelutti in "the best of youth, so what? She has the same vibes as the birds that sometimes come to rest on the tree branches right outside my window and whom's presence open up your heart as if you were the protagonist of some crappy movie, so what? These are words of gravel, images that don't flow tidily through your mind, they're a disservice. Today, though, as I was coming here for today's lecture (I decided that we're a university class and I'm your teacher and these are small opening monologues that will be followed by an hour and a half long debate – this is the structure) I found a way to actually pay her the due respect.

Of all of the pillars of western society, the first and easiest for me to destroy was the one of monogamy: even before gender or sexuality. I always felt that a relational structure based on mutual codependency was stupidly arbitrary. Still, destroying it wasn't one of those things that one day you wake up and, voila, you're swimming against the current... it was a gradual understanding and finding the right words, like in the works of Brigitte Vasallo, while deep inside I kept feeling something missing in my detachment from certain dynamics. To the point I often asked myself if maybe I had reached a dead end or my own limit, and if certain things would remain attached to my person for the rest of my life, as if they were indelibly welded to my soul. To the point I thought I would always be a little jealous, a little offended (despite a clear and never forced form of communication) in imagining a person I love looking at others with those same eyes full of love, with that same willingness to share and that ease in sharing intimacy and sex. All of which stemmed from this doubt, which lies behind many other doubts, that maybe capitalism is innate to us humans, that the need for control and possession is just coded in our DNA and, yeah, we can control it, but like a catholic man controls his libido. And we are dynamic and fluid creatures, sure. When we feel fragile or in love, feeling this stuff is normal, healthy even... and when we will have transcended it, we will allow ourselves to still feel it: in fact it would be absurd and hypocritical not to... but today this friend of mine made it clear to me that these feelings are not something which is inseparable from the human form. And it's just like when the ancient greeks told that there could be no society without slavery. Or when Fisher wrote that there's no alternative. As long as we don't have proof of the contrary, we never allow ourselves to be optimistic... yet this proof of the contrary often lies in the weirdest places, like in that hetero-monogamous friend you don't see all that often, but when you do she brings so much joy in your life and the lives of the people you love, that it becomes self-evident how absurd it is to feel any sense of possession towards any other living thing. Whether your way of communicating is with words or through your bodies, whether you interact often or barely, whether you are open or closed to one another, there's no world in which either of you could ever feel possessive or jealous or envious of the other. And these are minuscule realizations, they are silly, but have deep ramifications... because I realize how it always came so natural to me not to feel any jealousy in thinking of someone I love being railed by a friend of hers or in seeing her high on k and leaving me to go on a journey in her own little world, whereas the jealousy I thought came natural was actually an act, something forced, which I performed without glee. Because you realize that, despite the slavery that the market keeps laying upon us, society can exist without it or that ethno-patriarcal hierarchy and will be able to exist without the market itself.

I'm still sad about Fisher and I think how lucky we are in having been swept by this optimistic wave that has taken over in the last few decades, by a pro-kitch and pro-pop counterculture... maybe, just maybe, in it lies the lifeline we're still unable to grasp.

Applied sillyotics – lecture 4: artistic masturbation

It should have been easy to ask myself whether all of this sillyotics bullshit, if these lectures performed in front of my plushies, were nothing more than something masturbatory... having deconstructed all language used by art critics, a few key concepts should have had remained, capable of describing things with a certain objectivity and clarity... there should have been something left that made sense and was pure and worked. And stuff that made no sense, that was derivative and commercial and did not work, should have been distinct from the stuff that did. Blockbusters should have been derivative, like ai-slop... good or bad? That's a matter of taste. As I was sitting on the sofas at a playparty I should have had the revelation that these places don't suit me because people here are so self-referential, so masturbatory, so keen on being there just for their own pleasure and idealistic views. I should have clocked in that the birds and rivers and roads outside the window in the smoking area made more sense. I should have related everything to the lyrics of a song I used to like. It should have made it clear why I didn't remember many of the nights we spent together, but I do remember all the words we ever spoke, why certain things feel real and others fake, but without that serious and moralistic weight we give to the word real and the word fake... but it wasn't like that.

And as I think about that song, I know that I want to cite its lyrics just because it doesn't move me as it once did, that I'm no longer the person that would fight on internet forums defending that old indie record everyone bashed. And I know that in citing that song, I'm no different from that guy in a club in Berlin that, in the middle of his long awaited orgy, has no problem is coming (non-consensually) all over you and your girlfriend, as you were just chatting on a sofa. And I know that this dude and the people that dress too flashy and the people that take some queer circle-jerk initiatives way too seriously, often are the most memorable and impactful thing about these events. Often they make me laugh or think, or they're an anecdote that's interesting to share... sometimes I even envy their energy or idealism. I know well that when my friend let me try her new whip, some nostalgia and some need to perform overtook me for a moment. Or that some days some ai-slop video makes me laugh, or a marvel movie makes someone I love and respect feel some true and deep emotions.

And I don't believe it is a matter of things being black or white or in scales of gray, nor a matter of saying that birds make just as much sense as a guy watching some porn in his basement. It's not a question of saying that certain performative gestures or tokenism are not all that bad and being relativistic ad nauseam. Maybe it's just realizing that, even if we don't really want to admit it, we aren't made of materials all that different from the birds and the rivers. And that even in our stupidest, most referential and most capitalistic deformations, we can't really escape from the sense that lies in being born and dying or inside the eyes of dogs and the smell of sea.

Sometimes in the air you can feel something that's like a fire, some density, that makes me understand when a place is more connected to the earth than to some human structure... but, like any fire, this feeling is not only warmth and life, but also an uncontrollable and chaotic fate, which is impossible to avoid.

So I ask myself if these lectures are masturbatory, as I think about the disgust I would feel in seeing most of the people I see on a daily basis touch themselves and... or thinking about the sadness I feel when my friends are high on something and lost in their own world, in a moment of solitude with themselves. Yet, there are people that pay to see others touch themselves, and some people I love find sexy the idea of me doing so, even though I'm not all that special... this line of thought, however, just risks falling into relativism and, as that other song said – is this ironic detachment even all that great? Such gentle clash. (transl.)

Applied sillyotics – lecture 5: being a chump

I ask myself how much oversharing is acceptable in the context of an academic lecture... but let's say that structures are made to be destroyed: just like when my therapist gives me that look that only people that deeply love me ever gave me and in that moment she's a great therapist because she effectively cures me, even though she has failed in being a therapist. Fact of the matter is that I noticed that sometimes little things, like two dates in the same week with people totally out of my league that went well but didn't satisfy my constant need of novel social dynamics, are enough to make me think stuff like – oh, I'm a sucker... a chump. Stuff I sometimes think even when there is a new social dynamic, or at least we end up sleeping together. Stuff I often think after I go to a recording studio and record myself and feel like I was shit, but even after I felt like a goddess on stage... So what does it mean to be a chump? Because suddenly it's not enough saying that it's the result of my hyperfixation towards relationship dynamics, just giving me (like my other hyperfixations towards music and cycling races do) a dopamine hit if something interesting happens and sending me into depression when the high is gone or missing. Saying that I'm a chump when things don't go my way isn't enough anymore, because I'm starting to feel like even the stuff I would like to happen was "chumpy-stuff". Because, as I'm no longer jealous or envious of my friends when they are far from me or so much cooler than me, I start to feel like they are also chumps. Chumpy is the music I used to listen to and now no longer hits like it used to, because it was recorded and published and can no longer grow or change. Chumps are the artists with more ideas than me: chumpy are their ideas from the moment they write them down on paper. And even stuff on opposite ends of the spectrum is chumpy: structure and anarchy, my classmates that now roll in money and those who just roll joints. Chumpiness has become a lens through which everything is read... and all of the freudians in the audience now would wish for me to find the source of it all, while all of the psychiatrists would wish I found a cure. But both the source and the cure are known, yet this is not enough: there's no diagnosis or family dynamics that could really make the world feel less chumpy. Chumps are the girls I went on dates with, as well as the songs I cannot sing. And weakening this lens makes no difference, because it's not a matter of power. It's a matter of perfection, of judgment, of letterboxed reviews, of higher salaries, of seeing yet another homeless guy and just being frustrated by how things don't work. And a lot of this frustration comes from love, from a form of beauty that just wishes to come out into the world... but a bit of this frustration comes from this ugly and judging lens. I wonder when and how the word silly could start describing this lens as well: because all of this chumpiness really feels silly, but still does not feel silly enough.

I'm 100% convinced that life is like those movies when all dialogue and scenes serve a purpose. These are the films we call perfect because we hope life one day will resemble them... but I already feel like life resembles them, that it makes sense, and what screws us over are these lenses steeped in judgment. These convictions that there is something better, that we are not perfect, that there are movies that trump reality or places that trump the place we are in now, or dynamics that trump the ones we are living through now... this is what fucks us up, what makes us feel like chumps. Reality is silly, present, topical. Reality is you dealing with then umpteenth family drama you already know will lead to no significant change within your relatives... but it's also you feeling everyday more equipped to deal with all of this, it's you in your real present tense, conjugated towards perfection. Reality is perfect and perfection is silly. And you are the ontological proof of the existence of perfection, you're the ontological proof of the existence of silliness. And if you feel like a chump because you want to grow up, give love or whatever, it's fine. If you feel like a chump because you already grew up and were able to love, just laugh: because you're as much of a chump as everything else. And twisting it this way, I think, really is the silliest of things.

Applied sillyotics – lecture 6: surprise

Back home, christmas traditions have changed. My mother, now queen of the kingdom of Her House has decided we will open presents on christmas eve from now on. So on the morning of the 25th I'll no longer live through that magical feeling of rushing in the living room to unbox our presents, but through a quiet laziness, much more appropriate for a 30-something year old who's just happy not to have to cook for a few days. This is why my christmas morning has devolved into a therapy session, trying to console that friend who burned all bridges with our friend group and now is my job to take care of her, because all the others really can be shitty people sometimes... and as she complains about how life isn't offering anything anymore and how it feels like getting a hit without getting high, I feel like I'm talking to myself from the previous lecture (see notes on lecture 5).

But I get it: in a certain way, christmas is quite an asshole, with its tendency of putting you in front of your family dynamics and their tendency to evolve with the urgency of lethargic sloth... when you're lucky. Or with its traditions, like that party in Torchiera where the techno they play gives you less and less each year, but at least you can say hi to a bunch of people who didn't even know you'd moved out. Or that cup of coffee you get with those friends who were really quick in ostracizing that girl you really should have started charging for your improv therapy sessions, but with whom spending a few hours just to get to know how everyone is holding up isn't as annoying as it would be with most people... All stuff that just makes you feel that stillness, that absence of novelty and surprise that... *maronn ro carmine* you realize is just that same lens, that same shit, that same puddle of mud that keeps holding you back!

Because if you think about it for just one moment, this obsession with feeling surprised is just the same that makes you cringe when you see it in others. The same that for years you deconstructed by yapping during sex and overcoming that masculine and slimy thought that "by talking you ruin the moment, or by spoiling movies before you watched them, because it wasn't the WOW-factor that interested you the most... that same factor that makes someone on imdb rate an episode of the sopranos a 10 because a lot of stuff happens. But also the same factor that makes you want to listen to that new band Jacopo started because some dude was like – it sucks, his sound has changed – and, damn, the new stuff slaps precisely because it is full of growth and change. The same that allows you to see others' depressive lens through which they view the world... that slimy and muddy lens that says life should be surprising, otherwise it sucks, yet all the new stuff sucks because it's new. That everything must be done quickly and effectively and efficiently, because this is the capitalistic way, yet everything sucks because capitalism sucks. This obsession towards progress and disdain towards what's modern, which just results in a perennial whining... Surprise, lack of surprise: I think about all the christmases ruined by these structures and expectations, by wanting a certain toy as a kid or wanting your mother not to spend too much on yet another sweater. The structures that made me fear that I would have gotten bored in seeing those same old friends that barely are friends anymore, or fear that I wouldn't have lived enough through the moments spent with the new ones. The anxiety of not performing my roles well enough and being hated... or abandoned... or ostracized. It's all water running to same mill.

The truth is that in life you grow up and you get better and sometimes you get surprised. The truth is that surprises are nice and friendships that last are nice and traditions are nice and changes are nice. And fixating on the idea that a sweet prince will someday come and save you is a form of orthodoxy, just like the idea that we're all self-sufficient. Just like orthodoxy is being part of the friend group, as well as not being part of it. Or it is just focusing on what is nice or just what isn't nice... it's no wonder all these words appear when you read about fascism.

Otherwise it becomes all just as absurd as both hating Liquami and ostracizing someone because you're sick of being their mother at the same time... it makes no sense: either you are capable of change or you hate change. Which one is it? The answer, more or less, is - both... but to understand it you have to take yourself less seriously.*

Applied sillyotics – lecture 7: relationship anarchy (or “how I got you to join my cult”)

In my autistic hyperfixation towards social dynamics, I realize how this theoretical framework of silliness, which feels so hegelian [citation needed], through which I should stop interpreting everything, otherwise it would just become a form of structure... just fits beautifully into my life as a relationship anarchist. Even though you don't really have to be an anarchist to notice how relationships are a complex balancing act: in my case between people that are too egotistical or instinctive to notice the consequences of their actions and therefore hurt you and people that are too anxious about hurting you and therefore become annoying... but also a balancing act between being a bitch that judges others or ends up in a boring power dynamic that feels very parent-like and just not being one. These are just examples, a way to showcase how there's a left and a right, but also how to deconstruct both left and right... or up and down... and that it isn't enough to just say that someone shouldn't have acted in a certain way, or being sad because someone did something that you wouldn't have done and that makes you feel like you care about them more than they do... but there's also all that effort that goes in not being an anxious mother when anxious people are so heavy on your soul. To showcase that you can write some brilliant piece of writing in your head and hate it when you've written it down, that you can be disappointed because you forgot to make a huge deal about non-consensual-consent when you were talking about surprise and feel like you wasted an opportunity to be of help/a teacher/a mother who really gives herself... but you can also just not think about it. Or just not think at all. To showcase that you can start fantasizing about buying a nice yellow fiat punto to take your futuresons to school, but you can also not do it. That you can cringe when you go to a rave and see all those stoners in hetero-monogamous couples, unable to hide their toxic dynamics, and pity them... but also envy them... but also find them beautiful and safe and ugly and weird and scary. That every stimulus can stimulate whatever response, but also not stimulate anything, but also not really be a stimulus, or just not be... *punto*.

At the end of the day, I imagine anarchy being more akin to this than to burning down the parliament - even if I am not saying not to burn down the parliament. It's allowing ourselves to be silly, to live, to have rules, to have them make sense, but also not to have neither rules nor sense. The people I love are not perfect, I'm not perfect, just like my words aren't perfect... in the sense they are not like music or ducks, which often seem unable to really hurt you or bring any emotional distress. And from this imperfection, conflicts and fears may arise. Hurt people can choose to isolate themselves or feel anxious, but can also choose to feel joy in being in conflict, in dealing with their fear, or feel strong in being able to isolate themselves etc. etc.

Simply put, anarchy is taking the cringe and cultish lyrics from the songs they taught us in school and starting singing them to pump yourself up and convince yourself that everything is going to be fine. It's reclaiming the reality that lies beneath what has now been crystallized into a bunch of rites and structures, it's humming “be not afraid, as you go out with the girl that broke your heart. And I wonder where all of this sits inside of the hegelian synthesis-thesis-antithesis framework.

Mid semester break – picture of a huge cat



assignment1

[if we choose the rules of the game and who will take part,
how can we blame others of partiality, of partiality?]

Applied silliotics – lecture 8: the consequences of love

There's this movie where at a certain point there's this scene with her driving a car he bought for her: one of the titular consequences of... and it stuck with me because it really is shot like shit, because it almost makes you laugh by how absurd and pathetic and apathetic (in the sense it lacks pathos) it is. Here, having literally closed a parenthesis, I could open a larger and more metaphorical one on how the stuff that sticks in our heads is often the stuff that simply does not... but it's doesn't feel warranted. This time I'll refer you to others: there are always others to refer to.

And, you know, sometimes having things projected onto yourself or figuring out someone's limitations and desires is enough to make everything click, but not in the usual way. Click, not in a way a piece of lego does, but more like with the trigger of a gun. It clicks and it becomes so easy to say that the more one loves and gives themselves to the world, the more they receive only according to the limits of others. That this friend doesn't read your stuff because she is scared of getting too close to you and lose control, while that other friend doesn't read your stuff because she is already too close and suffers due to that closeness... in any case, the consequences of love are the same, whether you're the bitch or the sucker in that relationship. But it also becomes so easy to say, as you see a person without any artistic needs or instincts, that all your efforts really are meaningless. That, yeah, different instincts translate into different ways of giving and giving yourself to the world... but if she doesn't feel the need to do it and you, even when you try your best, are still unable to communicate, aren't the consequences of love the same?

These are just badly worded examples of that usual integration, that tonight has taken the shape of something that comes after, of a subsequent, of an afterall... afterall, as you try more and more to find a way to trust other, you just find their hesitations and never really trust them. afterall, having tried your hand in teaching, you realize that you've never taught anything and maybe never ever taught... afterall, this is what all this silliness led to, to a simple resignation.

And not in a depressive way, but in a way that makes sense after years of preaching silence and more silence, wishing for less and less and less. As a result of what happens when words realize that they are words, full of artifice. What happens when people realize they are people, animals that struggle to adapt without being cringe and superfluous.

Nothing's sillier than laying in your bed together, as you sleep and I can only think about what I do not want, because I already had everything. And I'm not disappointed nor judgy: we transcended that sad lens we sometime still use... I'm just doubtful about the usefulness of drive and desire. Wanting or not wanting a hug, a kiss, a son, a future, some structure... what's sillier than just transcending that as well and simply being. Being warm and hungry. Needing to piss and shit or whatevs. Having seen a movie or listened to a song: the only distilled essence of humanity we only need a trace, a memory, an infra- of... a melody stuck in my head, a frame burnt into your retina. To have, to have had... to have slept, to have written. We still write, but only to remind ourselves that we once wrote. It all stems from the same root as this postmodern way of doing: listening to the echos of a song that stopped played a long time ago.

This is the silliest of things: answering with nothing to what lays behind it all, to this deep and sober silence.

Like dogs in their dying time,
hopping on a train to saint petersburg,
finding a forest, withering
one day, all of a sudden
when the only steam left will be the smoke
that echoes through this empty world,
behind your wordfull blinders
and constant thoughts.

Applied sillyotics – lecture 9: the consequences of art

There's Aurora who dreams of the sea, of new flesh, un microcip emozionale. There's me who dreams of the Aurora, of Turin, the techno and the lights that just move in a way that makes so much sense. There's aurora who dreams of digital anarchy, of technospaces, dreaming through the hopes of a generation before ours, which left space only to videosurveillance, flatness, and asphalted third spaces... of their final hope nothing remains. Only small traces of other hopes remain. There are crumbs of everything everywhere, small echoes of echoes, which someone calls art. Small echoes that someone which more words than me keeps calling art, small footprints, smoke stains on a sweater, lipgloss on a cheek. In this quiet silence what else could art be? The beats, the synths, the bass lines... different genres trigger my second wave and keep me away from that slumber that doesn't make me sleep. And they feel so real, they are, but they're neither concrete nor important... yet they're the only thing that matters.

And it all just meshes with the sunshine. It becomes you slowly stirring the foam in your soy-cappuccino in a bar on the outskirts of Cesena. As if you were being shot by an awful director, unable to use their camera to capture your deep thoughts, precisely because you have no deep thoughts. Like dogs, as they look from a window at the somber horizon... it becomes all so fundamentally important, so light, romantic, so silent.**

> (from the notes of Angela B.) *Here the teacher just stopped showing up to class.*

*what helped me taking myself less seriously was inventing new music genres that have nothing to do with those arbitrary and stupid ones people discuss in online forums, based on much sillier criteria. For example, Pinkerton by Weezer is total virgincore, but there are also post-virgincore records, for people who don't fuck but fuck a lot, like the ones by Neutral Milk Hotel. Then there's dadcore and in my opinion a dadcore-revival is just around the corner and it will emerge for the mid(dle-of-nowhere-outside-carrara)west-emo scene, back home.

**a silence that is political, that makes sense, like in that scene in 12 angry men when the old racist starts monologuing and the others stop responding and stop listening to him. A silence that is a response to the stimuli and not to their echoes. A silence that isn't suicide, which itself feels so contrite and forced... a thing that only worked in Fisher's bibliography, where it stands as his second best essay and one of his most effective, but feels so out of place and cringy when others do it. A silence that simply is... just like a fire is, when you let it burn, or love is when you don't talk about it or trap it inside of certain formulas by saying I love you, by hugging before a goodbye, or with sex. A silence that just is and keeps on being... even after you tried to ritualize it and built barriers and distance, like the wind keeps on being, even as people keep going to mass and building new houses.