

zizkek mo-
mento?

ja, is het
project zizek



...en inglés?

[a great philosopher once wrote: naughty naughty, very naughty]

Wind's been blowing, trees 've been slapping the walls of the houses, sometimes even people on the street, and as i take out the trash it's as if someone from behind was yelling to go go go go, go fast. so i run all anxious like when facing a cop or some ol'dutch racist from 'round here. And after the trash, i get my hoodie off my eyes, look at the at the rain dripping on my forehead and lenses, look over the walls and the rooftops and for a moment it's like... for a moment it's like everything was soaked in that thing that these places felt so impermeable to, that

but it's just a moment, which soon leaves me to my routine, to my shy singing and my voice all out of training, so out of tune, that if i were a smaller me all the money spent on voice lessons would just make me disassociate like the supermarkets, more than the prices that just won't go down, *anzi...* but i still do my groceries. and my autism has glided past the french cheeses, transcended the vegan coldcuts and left me in the comforting hads of premade babaganoush. premade, because last time i had to cut an aubergine i wanted to stab the ikea furniture,

i stabbed the ikea furniture

and that old shitty fridge,

but frustration is just human, just as human as hypocrisy.

As i'm walking home i sneak into a student-complex as a girl was getting out, and i walk through stench-riddled corridors, full of stale air and empty bottles, left there just to drench the walls in sadness and misery, then i leave... for a moment if searched refuge from the wind inside these human spaces, but only hated these spaces and found refuge in the wind. And humans keep being the problem, or at least its source, yet what they produce, their movies and music and ready-made meals keep on being the solution. And when the problem and the solution stem from the same source, how's this different from a cat hunting its tail? what good is my critique of the godfather part2 if the movie still grips me and makes me feel and makes think? what good is my interpretation of the seminal work by Uochi Toki, the feeling that someone captured that exact moment mid-transition, when social anxiety and masculinity clash in a way that can only make one's life flourish, if the general impression is that i liked the album?

and i don't get why the sex we had in this house felt so crucial the day before it happened,

so fun while it happened, a reason to smile in the coming days and then a long fleeting memory like the one of my childhood or milan... yet now feel once again so crucial that i almost sense nostalgia as i see your body and feel your touch all over me. so crucial that it would not make any sense in a world where time as linear, so crucial that it appears more and more obvious the need of a model that rejects the hypocrisies of time and just embraces the senselessness of space. So i rush to my window to see if finally, as the wind rises up once more, the tree in the neighbours' garden will give up. And the noise is the same that keeps me up at night, yet the tree still resists, for reasons i don't think he even understands.

At the end of the day it's an hypocrisy you just can't get rid of. so if there really is no ethical consumption under capitalism, the only sensible thing would be to eat human flesh and send all white cis het males down in the plantations. and the only person with true integrity would be the one that refuses to eat, yet I eat and I stay incoherent... which would maybe explain the panic attacks in the supermarket. Yet i still can't digest how forced a hungerstrike would still feel to me, as if all of this hypocrisy could never be fixed and should just be integrated with other stuff, used in a recipe that just makes sense, like when you make those dishes that are great just because you make them out of leftovers and don't post them on insta. Then yeah, it would make sense to punch nazis and send death threats to politicians, as it would not be the usual compromise, but the result of an integrative process... but it feels all so foreign to me, as far away as the instinct to procreate, feeling anxious for my children, and milan.

And as i ask google and AIs about other people with similar post-human views, they don't understand that fascists should really be hung and that potential fascists should be sent in the deep italian south to grow tomatoes... for them, the apex of human mediocrity, everything is a metaphor and everything is seen through such disgustingly human eyes... we keep getting farther and farther from whatever the solution is and surely I don't help with all my talk from upon my mountain about how no human action can resolve human action, with this parroting that everything that humans do is soaked in same structural falsity of the saint or the martyr. But maybe the real solution involves flattening all the various mes and all their various mountains, in the hopes that man could sometime really chime like the wind,

like a church bell.
Or maybe i just talk rubbish
verso rap
fucking hell:
Life is a Mystery.

It would be soooooo funny to give the umpteenth wordfile on my computer a name like "Project Zizek and start a multi-year plan to become the voice of a whole counter-generation in philosophy... if only this counter-generation wasn't built not to have any voices and if only its beauty wasn't the result of just that... beauty that stems from the same thing that makes hystorical art ugly and all past thoughts useless. Yet, Project Zizek (spelt wrong, without the squiggly lines) just makes me laugh, it's such a silly name.

And maybe it's this Fisherian concept of an alternative that really makes me scared of wealty places, as the death they evoke isn't the absence of an alternative, but simply the lack of drive towards one... as if feeling this hypocrisy wasn't the most human thing in the world, as if suffering due to it wasn't what makes us move and talk. As if we weren't ought to be drunkards screaming in the night, due to all the pain an internalized superstructure left us, or to feel sorrouned by an invisible cage no one else seems to see. And maybe it's for this that the wind that bothers the trees and the trees that bother the houses just speak to me, because they just show us that this instinct is real, no matter how much we repress it.

And you see it in every vodka bottle on the side of the road. and you feel it surging through you, in every catarrhic spit you gift the dutch canals and in every rented bathroom drain your hairlocks clogs.

When that friend of mine was complaining 'bout that ex of hers who was manipulative with the both of us, and i proposed to her to just be vengeful, and she retorted that she was not sadistic like me... there i really realized how people simply cannot see you past the projections the latch on your person. 'cause if i am vendictive, i am so in the measure in which my sadomasochistic friend sees in me traces of herself, she herself planted. Because if your tell me i've got certain vibes, those vibes are the ones that you evoke, yet you see in me and ignore in yourself. And my own way of speaking is mimetic, the way i move through

space is learned... i still tilt my smile, like my first girlfriend did. And i have so many laughs, but none of them is mine.

So i ask who am i? what am i, Neil? what makes up the real me, if even to the eyes of the people i love (and exprecially to the eyes of the people i love) i'm just the reflection of whatever projection they layed upon me. What good was all this listening, all this empathy, if it just brought forth the destruction of my ego and my identity... and yet i thought i was the apex of the postmodern human, the apex of individualism... how could my person be just leveled to the ground like a cultmember or someone who's registered with a party? And why does this notion not hurt me that much?

It don't hurt me at all.

anzi, i take comfort in it.

maybe the real me was the teen locked in her room, spending all their day watching letsplays and laughing and burps and fart jokes... but farts and burps still make me laugh and youtube's still part of my routine, i've not lost that. And if being a psychologist and being kind is just my mother's projection and being independent's my father's and being an alcoholic for a while was my ex's and everything else's someone else's... i could then just lay in bed and moan to the bots that follow me on twitter that i'm just a poor victim, or i could just smile at the thought that being so obsessed about your ego is such bullshit... And it's so delightfully postmodern being youyourself a pastiché, just a collage of all the people you met, just like all modern movie are just retreaded grounds. And it's so delightfully anti-postmodern of you to be actually listenining, to be allowing yourself to get swept and overwhelmed by the reality of things, to get leveled like a paesant during the sunday mass or a pompous intellectual as reads of a new ideology. And it's so nice, at the end of the day, being so vapid and useless, so immense and full of meaning.

Silly, in the most serious way possible.

As we were talking art, we had this moment that was just the most perfect moment and words were coming out in such a meaningful way that words could never express... you were complaining, as you often do, about someone or something and the phrase that came after that was just so real, as it said that art is listening, reactivity, a stimulus that reacts to another stimulus, without any thought or interpretation or superstructure... that making

art is easy, but it's also easy to ruin an instinctive feeling with all these words and phrases and categories and human needs of being seen and preserved and selfaggrandized and selfeternalized and to impose your cages onto the world, like desperate monkeys looking for something they already have.

Art's when you find a postcard in the middle of the road and the poastcard just asks to be left on the frame of a window or on the table of a bar that's still closed. Superstructure's when you start thinking about who lost it, it is even more when you start following that thought and start living through movie cliches you never end up living at the fulest.

So I started practicing all of these integrations which have started emerging from the walls and the synthetic fibres of the sofa on which i spend most of my days: integrations that feel so much bigger than me, involving thought and action, minimalist and maximalism, eastern and western thought, what's human and what's post-human... and i'll always be an incomplete hypocrite, even when i'll embark on the flotilla towards Gaza, yet i try. And yesterday i deleted a bunch of phone numbers and most the chats i had on my phone, because they reeked of the past and the past always felt just as false as the ikea furniture and the eyes of the dutch. And i deleted every list of books and albums and movies i had saved and all that need to leave a bunch of stars next to whatever i experienced, just to end up thinking years later only about the stars and forgetting the experiences.

I saw a bunch of names of people and works of art i had forgotten and it made me feel good having forgotten them, like there was no shame in that. And i saw a bunch of works of art (not people) that without a number by their side just started speaking to me again, like if they were unshakled and finally able to smile and shine: full of levity and beauty, like the face of someone you love you fall in love each and every day you wake up next to them, like it was the first time... I wonder how much love i could be able to give to the people that really deserve it, if only i could forget their names and forget their eyes every night.

honestly i forgot everything about the existence of [insert whatever public figure recently deceased, for me it was silvio belusconi]? You remember anything about the existence of [insert whatever public figure recently deceased, for me it was silvio belusconi]?

and in this intellectual solitude, i partially bought upon myself and partially would have been inevitable even had i partaken in the art market, i find myself will all these thoughts and no one with whom to share and discuss them. There's no group of artists that doesn't stink of pretentiousness, no community of people that doesn't scare me... my friends, the people i love are there, yes, and with them i talk and discuss whatever comes to our minds, but with that chemistry for which every word is understood behind its structure and its surface. What's missing is the midpoint between this magic and its opposit... the kind of thing i'd hoped to find when i started playing music in a band, where ideas should have started bouncing all over me and others, and all discourse should have been soaked in meaning but never really understood, always challenged and debated in that chaotic energy that art sometimes brings.

Others might be able to explain how this post-capitalistic world has left us able only of queer fusion and absolute distance, only at ease with extremes, because i surely cannot figure it out... i can only tell you what i saw: artists i respected, with eyes full of terror and so scared about parasociality that they could only mumble a couple of words bereft of meaning... as if there was any risk for me to fall in love with some 50 year old cishet male, just because they wrote some songs that really felt to me had a reason to exist. and i don't blame them, at all: i blame the market and the concept of fandom and the way concerts and book presentations are structured... but still i find no way of talking in a superficial way about what deep thoughts Max Collini's nostalgia about prague evokes, about how absurd it is that humanity has been scarred by regimes and power-hungry men who abused that need of an alternative: scarred so much that now they reject it, like a pavlovian dog... thoughts about how marx was just a guy, a man, and how many words we're so unable to read without fixating ourselves on the limits of who wrote them, without seeing their superstructures, without transcending them and finding the crumbs of truth that lay everywhere... and i get the nostalgists and the scarred, but with my usual maternal arrogance for which i get people, yet i'm dissapointed and i hope such dissapointment will drive others to change.

So where do all these thoughts go? some end up in one of many word documents, most of them are just left floating in the ether and gifted back to the wind. And this intellectual solitude finds its meaning in the music i listen to, sometimes in the videoessays i watch,

maybe even in all those books i never read... but it's not enough. sometimes i ask AIs to interpret the stuff i wrote, just to interface myself with some human mediocrity, but they reek of so much mediocrity with their interpretation that sees everything as Fisher 2.0 (god bless his sould, but oh my fucking god...) and just scratches the tiniest spot on my back, without offereing no insight or nothing. And i don't think there's any solution, by which i mean there are several, but the problem is systemic... and it would be so easy to just talk, like really talk to people about the stuff they do... but until the stuff people do is elevated and labeled as "art and and every cunt with a well kept moustache labeles himself as "an artist and inserts himself inside of a market, such struggles are inevitable and unsolvable.

I wonder if people that have been in jail for real would be offended when they hear the human experience ouside of a prisoncell being compared to the being inside of one. or maybe they would be the most capable of really seeing those limits that most people are unable to mask. maybe they would be the most apt, the most forced to, really feel the hypocrisies of humankind.

And i really don't get why the two options that a person has to express themselves are to either 1) not partecipate in the market and stay in their bubble and feel excluded by a certain kind of relationship with others or 2) partecipate in the market and becoming somekind of mythical, elevated, commodified figure that could never achieve that kind of superficial-and-real relationship with others. I don't get why all this struggle and waste of energy just to end up unsatisfied and having replaced real human dialogue with all this mess.

in the end, it would be just nice to talk with someone like you would talk to a priest. or to a psycholgist you don't have to pay and that also tells you about the stuff that has been happening in their life... but not like the heavy heavy stuff.

[like a junkie going cold I need the fix of a little tenderness

and you get it that words are not for the nice things,
they're for complaning 'bout the bad stuff, but not the bad bad stuff,
and there really are just few nice words, few reasons to use them,
yet there are so many beautify things

and you get it and i love you so fucking much when you've
not been answering to my messages for like three days and still i can send you a long ass
whatsapp message about the sun and my bike and the guys in uni being in a good mood and
them taking the piss but without any malice and the neurodivergent eyes of a girl i like and
the broken bottles and the fallen leaves and a piece of cardboard on which someone slept
last night and the broken dryer and you answer something like hiiiiiii or swag and nothing
else because you get it and the instinct you have is just the right one, the perfect one because
words just vanish in the air and have no reason and no value and they're like those little
moans i do when you hug me and you understand like you understand all the useless human
words i blabber. and tonight i really miss you and i can say it because it's a bad thing and not
a really bad thing, but something that's really bad and i miss you so much.



yellow leaves, like sand, the sun inside, outside and those pages full of alien words

*idealized representation of a hilly futurepresent, idealized
mainly because none of the parties involved
is blonde with blue eyes
and i'm quite sure
all of them have both arms intact*



Now i realized that the night sky here is blue, and not only blue, but made up of that wide constant eternal blue that you only see in paintings, i find myself at some local punk band's concert. and i realize more and more that that usual thing of being bombarded of ideas and inspiration and nostalgia about previous concerts and other sounds and other shit is just a choice, like it is a choice to stay in a corner and look at every single person and seeing everyone as the beautiful children they are, so taken by the fundamentality of every moment they're living through... but they are choices that, like all choices, can coexist and should coexist, because it's better that way and it's better to be overwhelmed in a way that night sky could only dream of. Because you fill full, satiated, like when you realize that the singer you're already in love with has got nothing to say to you and you have nothing to say to them, because everything was already said on the stage. So it doesn't matter if nothing will come from the musical project you're chatting about with a bass player you just met, nor it matters if you miss your friends and you feel like tonight should have been the night in which you would've created something beautiful with them. It doesn't matter if in this stupid field no one seems to have any ideas and nothing ever goes anywhere, and everything has been said

already and sometimes a cover or a stadium chant works just as well as anything else, much better than anything else. And studying all this from afar, analysing it and explaining it feels so dumb, but in the sense that it feels so important... it's silly. And we'll call this the field of sillyotics, because this is a philosophy book, 'member? And i've never understood what the word semiotics and other words like that ever meant, so the best way of figuring it out is inventing another word like that, innit?

I wonder if sillyotics would be able to explain to me why it is so hard yet so unsatisfying making collaborative art, and if there's any ryme or reason or future behind the ideas that just go onandonandon inside my head, everytime i go to a gig.

Come come come, you can now find on my website the official merch of sillyotics. Want a tshirt where the word sillyotics has been written with the font of the supreme logo? we have it. Want the official sillyotics mug? we have it! Want to get the official bumper car sticker of sillyotics? oh you can bet that we have it! And don't forget your tickets for the first ever international art exposition about sillyotics... one-hundred beautiful LED lights installments that read words such as "silly and "swag: you really cannot miss it: only 19.99 (if you are already subscribed to sillyotics monthly obviously).

Someone's at my door, who could it be? - Hello, might you be interested in a new field in philosophy? - oh god, they're the Silly's Witnesses... the third council of Nicea has gathered to discuss the scism which has rocked the academical world: those who defend semiotics and those who defend sillyotics are screaming and barking at eachother, even if no one still knows what either word mean. Riots and fighting has reached the streets of most major cities. The US justifies another war, with the excuse of bringing sillyotics to those backwards middle-eastern philosophers. fascist leaders rial up the masses under the banner of this new word. A new world record in human rights violations is set, but it's all for a just cause.

Having transcended the stars on letterboxd and rateyourmusic and goodreads, having transcended these stupid feelings that left me spending every climax of every movie just thinking of a number between one and ten, i want to revisit the idea of bad art that dominated my misspent youth on youtube... that angry stile or reviewing, that negativity, which is now out of style but somewhat persists in the new, more critical and structured essays about the worst movies of all time and the worst artists of all time.

And some youtubers have grown up, their videos have got more meat on their bone and as i try to fall asleep watching one of them, i just feel that, yeah, we judge less, but we still judge... and that's where all critiques just lose me. I also still feel an instinctual disgust for certain artworks or film scenes or combination of words, like i did when i was twelve and a piece of overly abrasive and repetitive popmusic played on the radio, but when this instinctual disgust or praise becomes a word, or a phrase that gets pronounced, in that moment it becomes a judgment and, no matter how subjective it is, starts losing all of its beauty and sense and strenght... even more when it becomes a debate about the history and the interpretation and the phylosophy or art and stuff like that, there i just lose track of it all... [*Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace! Thou talk'st of...* And so i feel nothing when someone tells me that they feel like a guy putting some classical paintings on a louis vuitton bag is insulting and awful, or even if they just say that they don't like it. I don't know, i just prefer the mere observation, the mere description of this reality that is already complex enough the way it is, in the most beautiful way possible. Oh - i say myself - what a postmodern thing, what a colourful thing, what a sad thing, what a genuine or ungenuine thing, this thing brings me joy, this thing brings me thoughts... stuff like that, observations, physical reactions, amoral vibes, let's even say superficial reactions, if you really want to... these just seem the only real necessary response. It's like the theatrical cut of blade runner with that voiceover that ruins everything, because it's not necessary. Like this paragraph i just wrote, which you could interpret as postmodern or through whatever other theoretical framework (as a psychologist i came across at least onehundred different ways in which man has explained man and every single one equally wrong and right), but what really matters to me is that it was somewhat comprehensible and that it made you go - oh.

fuck simile (oil on stainless steel, 2025)





minimalismo/
massimalismo

the minimalismo/massimalismo EP as translated by Ron Wurstel

*In this world that's like the ikea furniture, all made up of that ikea furniture that's all so samey yet practical yet fragile, that fills you up yet is so flavourless... in these train stations that are all the same, amongst these historical buildings that are well kept, but so well kept that they're no longer historical, it suddenly appears so clear how much fragility there is in a baroque statue. And it's not the fragility of an Hbomb exploding over Naples or Lecce, it's the fragility of imagining the marble being chiseled by a football, or a jaguar e-type being driven right into the saint peter basilica, or an a nightstick beating on or an AK47 pointed straight at the spires of the Duomo... it's the fragility that allows me to look at the courtyard of this building and seeing a world without the courtyard and without the building and without the window i'm looking out of. So i look at this world, thinking about the speedrun of my life abroad, at the no new words i learned and at how short the bus routes look on a map. which one shall i take today? no one seems to get me far enough to be novel. And the fratboys, the worst kind of people, even they treat me kindly... and invite me to their parties as they come to say they're sorry about the noise... and I, who really would have loved to hate them, who really would have loved to hate something, anything... i just get a little bummed out by the simplicity of life. Yet i don't go to their parties, since a new regime is in vogue: the regime of minimalism. I do very little.

And there's very little to do.

And there's very little i would like to do, very little i would like in general... like having you around, but without the need of actually doing anything in particular, or anything at all. Still, i don't buy you a ticket to come visit me, as i don't want to be all over you and be annoying, as there's no rush or fomo: there's always time for minimalism, since itself is based on the absence of all that's superfluous, like time itself. And there's no anxiety or need we have to transcend, no bad vibe that could cloud these last moments of summer. The sun shines and I just listen to the shitty music my neighbours are playing, sometimes drinking some coffee, sometimes putting something between two slices of bread all calling it a meal. Sometimes

there's something to do, like some washing up or some work... but when i hear from some of friends that were left behind, and they ask me how i'm doing and what i'm up to, i just answer - not much. It's as if the wind and the silence just showed me what the essence of life is, as if we were able to distill it. And academia just confirms to me its uselessness, its inability to really reach people and teach them something, and people just confirm to me that all the energy spent chasing them was useless as well. And it feels like that day you came back from work and realized that all the efforts trying to teach something were for naught, that helping who is struggling doesn't really help them all that much. It feels like getting to know this or that artist and finding out you've got nothing to say to each other. It's like having a band that only jams because they have nothing to say, nothing to say to each other.

If tomorrow i were to wake up with a private jet and a mansion in LA, with a name and enough fame to throw some lavish party and invite all of that élité, all of those pop artists that are able to both sell records and produce some real great music, i would spend the following days with them in the studio, i would watch them create art and be inspired in ways i would have never imagined, i would obtain novel insights i could have never found on my own... or i would just realize it's all the same, just as the ikea furniture in this apartment is the same as the one in every apartment in every corner of the world.

Even if i could surmount insurmountable barriers, even if i could hold you close to me forever and, at the same time, achieve everything any human has ever tried to achieve in all the history of mankind... even if i could turn on cheats like in the sims, i would still do very little. I'd be Northernlion, playing asset-flips on steam, like a diogenes of gaming.

I'd be yet another sagittarius-momento.

And someone must've arrived to these conclusions before me: don't know who, but they were right.

And if y'all start a revolution while i'm gone, i'll be
all in all, pretty content
about the revolution and about the fact that i wasn't needed,
that nothing's important as they led you to believe
and that you can integrate in your head
a couple of complex ideas
without being a narcissist... can't you?
and i'll be pretty unbothered,
in the sense that nothing bothers me much at the moment,
but more like it happens to a pensioner
that will never tidy up her garage,
than to a buddhist who's just joined nirvana.

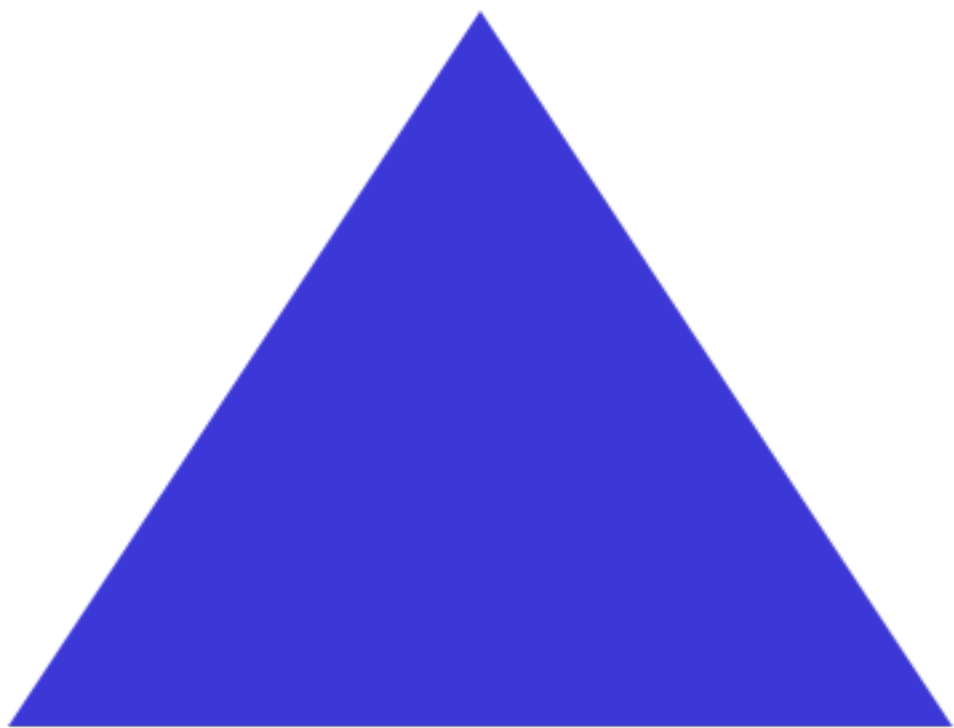
As I pass by the pier where we sat and yapped and chomped and dranked some beer, and i see it all taken over by ducks, i realize that in my life i wouldn't do everything together with you, but that with you i would really do anything. And this maximalism, this drive to extract everything from every opportunity, to live things thoroughly, without those mental barriers that make people so ugly when they get on stage and whose absence makes animals so beautiful and silly... this is what has always guided us, even when it didn't have a name. even when all of this desire just confused me, and i didn't get social cues and every word i spoke was an eggshell i was afraid to break, an indecipherable enigma, that made me so scared of life.

But now, without fear or rush, i just want to hear at a certain point, in our indie-pop song, the perfect distortion, the perfect piece of production, without the dread that it could play just once, without the need of having to remember it forever.

So now every earring lost in the street, every postcard flown away from the backpack of a girl on her bike is a universe and contains the universe. Everything resonates on the same wavelength. And, having transcended the boundary between me and you, us and them, sex and love, everthing and it's contrary, it's impossible not to overcome the boundary between trash and what isn't trash. Everything shines in the same light as the flowers and the morning dew. And it's not a game of power, not a question of control: it's the equality that gives the same dignity to everthing and everyone. It's maximalism.

It's something that pierces through the surface, that transcends it, finding in its form the same beauty of its substance. So it's fine if the thought of your skin onto mine now reminds me of the rap verses in pop music, if it's like yet another album in prince's discography, because it penetrates me, and my muscles and my veins and my bones... and it carries all of the value of the entire world, and of everything, and of every colour: so perfect in its minimalism. and it fills all subatomic spaces, it makes us vibrate on the same frequency of the universe, in a present that is everywhere at any time, in a space of eternity and maximalism.

In the bliss of perennial dignity, printed paper tastes as good as the tortilla that is now heating in my microwave. So why does one end up in a library and ther other in our digestive system and our stools? The must be a happy medium, maybe throwing your feces at the Mondadori bookshop in piazza duomo: that would also be integration, or some sort of religious expression.



(Adobe Photoshop 2021.lnk – triangolo blu, 2025)

i've always loved other people's houses, just as i've always loved the gaze and the faces and the bodies and the hips and that point on other people's bodies where the chest joins with the hips and the ribs. but i always thought that if tomorrow i were to wake up as that sweet dog-eyed person i follow on twitter, i would just yearn to have the body of that other dog-eyed person i follow on twitter. and if i were to wake up as this person, i would just want to be someone else and so one and so on... at least thinking like this helps me to survive, just like sleeping in other people's houses gives me energy, just like feeling the orange light of the abajour you keep on your desk enveloping me as i close my eyes and the smell of your scented candles and of your sweat... but never keeps me from needing to explore every space and every moment, until nothing is left to see and these spaces or moments have nothing else to say.

Ad the gray lenses i wore for years told me it was because a place was beautiful until my presence had really arrived to pollute it, but that was just self-centred dread, in the vein of that same excessive feeling of excessive self-importance i'm now trying to... it was untrue. Truth is much more docile and kind, and it fills all the apartments i've lived in without ever giving them the shape of a home, as if they were hotel rooms, and it fills my need to explore, like a puppydog, every new space in which people felt the need to leave their trace.

Because truth is not in the dramatic, but in the climaxless sex that often is life, in my empty elegies on how i want you here with me, well knowing there's no need, well knowing that i'm able to be on my own, to have fun as i hold other bodies... even if something i do it while thinking about you. Because truth is in the dramatic, in thinking about people you haven't heard of in years, who have nothing to tell you just as you've got nothing to tell them, yet of whom you think about as if losing their memory was something unacceptable, blasphemous. It is in thinking about the past, your past, about every experience you went through with a strong sense of shame, guilt, sometimes disgust, because they reek of what you were not... because all filthy, all dirty of overrotten and overrated thoughts. So, if truth is in many places, do all of these places need to be the same place... i do not believe so, but i also believe that if we look to the world from afar, every room and every home and every city and every region of the world just seems part of the same place.

that's why it really doesn't bother me to read about religious ideas, like those of heaven of hell, as long as the tone is not preachy. or it doesn't bother me when art forgers are either praised or criticized, as long as it isn't arbitrary. It's like when you ask me how do i feel and i tell you i'm bored, but that it doesn't bore me... that outside the silence is no longer being broken by the birds' voices, yet it still says to me that there's not much to think about.

and truth manifests itself in that eternal moment, one morning, when you are waiting for the coffee to build out of the moka. when you fall asleep for just a moment and if you were still in milan you just know that you would feel your heartbeat rising, the angst... the same that you felt every for wasted second spent on a sunbed, the same that always soaked the beaches of romagna and your relatives and the absurd stasis of a certain kind of mankind that doesn't follow the flow... but today you don't.

Today you just hear the indie-pop sounds, the docile melodies, and it's like you were living with twohundred roommates that are all starting to lazily wake up, without any rush... and not only devoid of rush, almost like if they could feel the calm breeze that has started to traverse every fiber of reality. Even your memories have started to wake up, even the most ancient ones: a cozy radiator, a saturday morning before school, your mom making eggnog, a long trip, your hands behind the wheel and by your side a friend, a dear friend, you don't hear from anymore, who you forget about ever more. Then some words start to wake up inside of you, together with the need... *anzi*, the desire of finding a way to share and communicate, that's the same as the desire of taking a picture in front of something beautiful. Yet it all wakes up without any rush, without any desire for perfection or any desire... *anzi*, need to say everything. without any of that angst so often welded to the past, to that feeling of abandonment and artistic and social failure... just as more of your roommates start to slowly get up: the yearning, the escapism, that bad singing voice of yours, still tired, as you imagine yourself on the stage or in front of a camera or in a recording studio. And they all are dreams bereft of the angst of being dreams... just like tonight i dreamt we were watching a movie together, from afar, and i woke up as i was trying to hug you through the screen, with an idiotic smile plastered across my face and across my heart.

And everything's harmonious, but without it having to be that harmonious colorchoice or composition that's behind a piece of art or choreography: it is a type of harmony that comes from the silence to which everything responds. And the indie-pop is just right, the smell of coffee is just right, and everything makes sense. But it also makes sense that the stale bread you were dripping in caffelatte has run out, that both thirst and hunger have run out, that the music has gotten boring after a while, or that the money in your bankaccount will run out one day, or that your free time will run out, or that honeymoons and relationships will one day end... In fact, everything makes sense because there's no fear that still holds up, because endings are something sad, just like a beautiful yet sad movie is sad. And if these moments can be ascetic or cathartic, it is precisely because they end.

And it is becoming increasingly clear how absurd the idea of a paradise or a nirvana or a whatever is to me, because everything already exists here in these sunday mornings and in the aftermath of sex and in every walk in the park. Just as the idea of hell or whatever else is equally absurd, since eternity already makes us up and permeates us... since as soon as we leave behind, for even just a moment, that absurd terror of losing our human form, it becomes so evident we're just as harmonious as the harmonious motion that the world is cradling us with. It's evident in moments like these, that we already are eternal, just like the spaces we occupy, just like the substance that are made of. And it's nonsensical to give such a finite form to eternal spaces, it makes no sense to give names to places and divide them and categorize them and stratify them and hierarchize them. And perhaps some sort of kingdom of heaven makes sense, if a kingdom is structure, if it is a forma mentis... but the heavens are whatever runs through subatomic spaces, they are the silences that give music its strength, they are the autumn breeze. They are the interneuronal spaces where memories are evoked, where love is made to last.

It's like my heart was being held up by some scaffolding,
scaffolding devoid of structure, superstructure,
a solid system that prevents it from sinking
a solid system that allows it to sink

down into my guts and then my feet,
down on the cobbled sidewalk
where a crowd can trample it,
where the clumsiness of whom i love
can do the same,
without it being something.
Without it being something important,
nor a real problem,
but more something silly,
like when in old cartoons
hearts explode or jump out
the chests of those little animals in love.

And I'm very well sure... i'm sure and i know very well that there are better things to do than watching another formula 1 race, which is so boring: worse than football or the other football, and more predictable than today's cycling, which is saying something... and i could watch more than one movie a month, read more than one book every year and a half, slash two... yet i waste time on unmemorable sport events and then sit in silence wondering why. Better, i wonder why a tiny voice in my head still thinks this is a problem... and from behind the scenes i am told that how we consume art and things and food is a real important issue, but i don't think so. I mean, it's one of those things that at a certain point you look around and notice some trends, like the one of choosing a medium and phagocytizing it, as every new release or discovery becomes an obsessive feast. Or the one of sussing out everything, so embryonically attached to one's security blanket, and comfort movies, that nothing can ever shake you. And then there's the expert, the sommelier who hides his alcoholism by judging wines and getting drunk on the finest ones. But these are just topoi, small, helpless, harmless *topoi*(mice) that run around and hurt no one... but if you want to read the history of philosophy or some post-capitalist socioanalysis into their existence, go ahead: judge me as well, put a label on my forehead, and here i am, a little topoi too, squeak squeak. But, hey, i've won from the start... because i was already a mouse and proud of it and also... also... i've lost my train of thought: fucking hell, certain sports really are soporific.

The concept of romantic attraction does not exist in my mind, and for those who are new here, first of all hi! :) and second i'll try to explain it without repeating myself too much. You explaining your romantic attraction towards someone is like someone explaining to me that cilantro tastes like soap... i get the concept, thumbs up, but there's not much to say. I can only respond that, as far as i'm concerned, cilantro never bothered me. The concept of sexual attraction is more interesting to me: it's less fundamentally abstract and incomprehensible, but at the same time totally incomprehensible... 'cause if you'd ask me if certain people ever made me go awooga awooga like in old cartoons, i'd say yes, but if i start asking myself why, there everything gets complicated. And you like some people because you want to be them, and that's fine, also you like others and their beauty is a purely aesthetic, and that's also fine, and aesthetics can be sexual... but it's different, totally different compared to those people you look at and you're like - ah. But even ah-people, once you talk to them and reallyreally talk to them, it's not necessarily that they stimulate certain instincts, and likewise there are people who don't make you go - ah, who really trigger those instincts... so something doesn't add up.

So i took all my memories, hid under my duvet and started cataloging all my experiences and when i got to bdsm parties and threesomes and stuff like that, i remembered how attracted i was to the idea of those experiences. But once i tried them, it's not that they now disgust me or i've demystified them or anything, but they just don't make me go - ah. Just like some people no longer make me go - ah, even though i was completely into them, while others with whom things have gone in a different direction, looking back, i'm like - aaaaah. and even just the memory of them makes my heart race. And also there are loves in my life that i honestly wouldn't even have a coffee with and casual fucks who, if they offered me the right scenario, something that made sense, like public sex at a party, i'd jump at the chance... and the only common motivation i see behind all of this is curiosity, or rather some kind of openness to things, some kid of listening. At the same time, the only common motivation behind all frustration lies in interrupted intercourse, in adverse circumstances, in feeling a situation starting to flow and then stoping, without it making any sense.

So where does attraction fit in all of this? How does this fit with the idea of sexuality that has always been sold to me, the idea that she is the reason for everything and the

guiding experience of all other experiences? What remains of that addiction to sex that we were supposed to develop? What remains of that thing that was so fundamental, that i was supposed to tie to my identity and live my self-expression and my role in the society based on who and what sexual organ i wanted to fuck?

When i meet someone new, deep down i feel i am simply curious to scratch beneath the surface and explore together every aspect of our relationship. And i know roll my eyes when obstacles arise in terms of intimacy, communication, timing, or who knows what else. And i know there are relationships where sex becomes a routine, a form of healthy communication, where if there is nothing to say, silence is normal... That's it, everything else is a disgusting structure. And with each passing day, i feel more and more comfortable talking to my friends who define themselves as ace, who may not do awoooga like me, but who i feel much closer to me than anyone else, in this regard. And every day i ask myself, i wonder if i'm missing something or if this act of love has just been ruined too.

So i think that there are certain structural problems which i really wouldn't know how to solve... that when i think back to that book presentation i did and all the excitement and almost kissing my ex who was there, i actually only remember the annoyance of having new people around and the distrust of having men in my dms complimenting me or reading what i wrote, without them knowing me... and maybe it's just social media, but i think that if had they approached me that night, i would have felt equally violated. And there's something rotten in me too, because i'm sad about all the concerts i'll be missing in milan, but at the same time i would have been a horrible monster, had i gone to enjoy other people's art without real contact... what a horrible monster i would have been, waiting for the band just to exchange a few words: as horrible as the men in my dms. And I would like to write to so-and-so to apologize, to say that i understand them, that human beings are not made for stages and unbalanced relationships, for showing their intimacy without contact, for chat messages and fanaticism... but i can't, i would just be part of the problem. This is a pain, a stain, that can only be shared with the same silence from which it stemmed.

So, okay, it's not that deep. It's not as deep and heavy as the guys who idolize patrick bateman or fight club. It's not the modern male who's so trapped inside his structures that he's unable to interpret stories written by gay men satirizing society. It's not the absurd postmodernism that somehow manages to take some 90s film adaptations and turn them into a damn aesthetic. It's not the ancient art of sillyotics being so wildly misunderstood that it turns into a vibe, just like the art of irony... but maybe it's worse, it's deeper and heavier, because it's the same pattern, but still present after deconstruction, after understanding and transcending it. And the solution cannot be burning buildings or killing people, it can't...

At that moment, when our body dies and everything that makes us up can no longer resist echoing the harmony that fills the rest of the world... at that moment, when denial has no power and form suddenly loses all of its importance... at that moment, in your opinion, will structural problems also start to seem trivial? Will they disappear like dust in the ocean? Perhaps that's why we all die happy... like after a toxic relationship, when you can finally breathe, whether it was your relationship with form or with all those unanswerable questions... So, perhaps it would be too pretentious to expect being able live that moment always, with every breath, don't you think?

Every word is an unnecessary stain on silence and nothingness
– is the message an unknown number just wrote me on whatsapp.
I knowwwwwww  im sosorry broski... – is what I answered them.

Devoid of an escort, andreotti's tomb is just full of spit,
congealed spit, never too forced:
rino's tomb is still full of flowers.
Were i human this would be enough motivation,
but for years now, as i walk though the Verano
still with that tic of blessing myself,
all of this no longer stirs me,
like a crime that was deemed uncommitted.

Perhaps yet another sagittarius-momento is the social anxiety of not being understood, or maybe it's just a matter of neurodiversity, or perhaps it's a human issue and we're all like this and no one's special... even if someone is scared by the idea of being lynched by a mob and someone else by the idea of having written stuff no one understands. So i thought that someone might really find my works and not understand that i'm anti-speciesist and transfeminist, that my language is the way mainly because it's cool, but also to protect myself from misunderstandings, so that it cannot be used carelessly... but i have to realize and accept that if someone wanted to twist my words to get more asses to sit on the benches of their church, who am i to stop them. And i have to realize that if i really started writing with only the expectation of being understood (with that same pretentious expectation that i criticize so much in every creature that isn't a duck), i would be so worried about protecting myself that this whole process of exploring reality would twist on itself i would become a liar... i would come up with some nonsense about how Søren Kierkegaard was actually a posthuman-figure-ante-litteram, because she anticipated the use of pseudonyms by certain transfeminist artists. Just to reclaim her(?) from the catholic education that taught me that they(?) were a great moral philosopher of the church... In other words, i would fall into fanaticism, into the excessive defense of a fort, like some kind of a human at war, without even an ounce of the grace of a bird who's fighting over the last piece of bread... which, ironically, is also bad for birds: please remember not to feed bread to birds.

Maybe it's because i miss italy, maybe it's because i miss a country where the absence of political violence is due to a sense of fatigue and not to some sense of western moral superiority, maybe it's the bad taste of pre-packaged pastasauces, but i was thinking about fascism... like, the concept of fascism, the definitions i learned in school, the word itself. While i believe the historians, and their ulterior motives, when they say that the word refers to a specific period linked to a specific person in a specific place, i also believe the post on twitter that calls any random zionist-journalist a fascist. And I realize how much this word really encapsulates the whole essence of the problem: not the problem of fascism, which i really hope doesn't need to be explained, but the problem of language. It's not its vagueness or bullshit like that, but its ability to attach itself to things like a leech. It's the absurd murderous rage after you hear a fascist guy being called "just a sensitive boy, because we are so anchored to the idea that sensitive is such a beautiful word... it's like an edgy guy who, as soon as you call him a fascist, just starts playing with words, as they become a refuge for stupidity and simplism... just as fascism itself is a refuge in the comfort of ignorance.

It's the problem of a tool that ceases to be a tool but enslaves: it's seeing our hands evolve to hold a hoe, and not the hoe getting shaped around the hand... and even if using words with this carelessness, the same carelessness with which a child learns to play, is certainly the right strategy, we cannot undo it all by falling into the trap of becoming attached to words and taking them so seriously. We just cannot play with the word fascist, but at the same time be afraid of it and still fill it with that almost sacred and adolescent meaning, which only plays into the hands of those who do not want to play... precisely, the fascist, the rigid, frightened kid on the internet who wins 3-0 the moment we throw a stone without conviction. The moment we forget that we have to make language scared again and not just the fascists.

As advertisements, notifications, algorithms and the sorts try to brainwash me, the only thing i can ask myself is whether this language, whose hypocrisy is increasingly evident, whether this tool, which more than any other is at the cornerstone of our species and our history, isn't just another proof that there is no instrument that will not be used to cause pain, to accumulate resources and power. Tell me, is there any tool that can be saved? Haven't we been going in the wrong direction ever since all it took to enslave someone was a sharp stone, a rope, or a plow? Today the tools of manipulation are more subtle, they have transcended moralism and the idea of the collective well-being, they have evolved, adapting to the new dignity plastered all over human life, just as malleable as water and the market, they have stopped seeking profit through explicit violence, but they continue to screw people over. So, at the moment, what screws you over is the legalization of sports betting, advertising, the millions thrown at influencers, lootboxes in children's games, sportwashing, rainbowwashing, the steady decline in journalistic standards, instagram algorithms... but these are just the latest evolution of a tool, a trend, which makes me wonder whether the chicken or the egg came first: capitalism or language? Such obsession with power or the most human of all tools? And perhaps once it was easier to understand that naive optimism of taking the scythe that the master put in your hand and cutting off his head, it was easier to imagine the anti-capitalist use of tools, their reappropriation. harder it is now to see how one reappropriates a slur or how my texts try to reclaim language, or how my failures have tried to reclaim print media. hardest is to reclaim money, advertising, the personal data we provide every day to apps and websites, the idea of selfishness as a cultural value, the filth with which we have so thoroughly covered a planet that has been crying out for centuries as no one is listening? Not even fire and blood could wash these spaces clean, not even the most rabid brutality can grasp the invisible hand, with which we are so good at crushing ourselves... But as long as nature reminds us of human limitations by constantly pelting us with rain and wind, as long as the universe violently strives for harmony, there's no harm in having the decency and the respect to keep on trying.

lens' zoom 72%

then 68%

then 60%

and so on, until i ask myself what kind of philosophy can be derived
from nights you spend like a cokehead on a downer
as you feel you still have to shit out some words, yet...
what is there to say? that as you wrote to a publishing house you felt vile,
even if you did it in jest, as a bdsm game?
that it hurts you not knowing if you're really that dog
that lives in her kennel waiting for a loved one to greet?
that as you hear that back home there's a rave and you cannot go
with who you love and it pisses you off,
but not as much as knowing,
you wouldn't have gone anyway?
In the end, you're still you, a brat, a misfit, an alien,
addicted to the tau proteins and cokezero.
And for a moment it makes sense to write like this, *demmerda*,
because for a moment your father and mother and every other person
that chose in their life a role as refuge, make sense,
like taking up a profession, a stereotype, a structure
to lean on, as you do now with poetry.
So, if my cradle sometimes are my words,
my thousand pseudonyms, the people
we sometimes idealize and find it hard to trust,
even though i'm the first to moan if they don't trust me,
either i'm the biggest hypocrite of this generation
or even in this there's retaliation,
a revolution, a way of repossessing
even the most hated, rejected tools,
the most superstructural superstructures
and allowing oneself to use them,
like a kid uses a ball
to play, to feel better, not to think,
just as one does drugs in the name of emancipation.

repossessing the tools of capital clearly does not justify doing who-knows-what, just because it is done in a post-ironic way: it's only the next step on the path, in the natural flow of the sillyotic stream. So what sense would it make, having discovered new uncontaminated beaches along the stream, starting to think about how to contaminate them and simply re-propose problems in less problematic places... how senseless would it be to reapply the power dynamics you transcended, just because you are now in a relationship that can handle them? Reappropriating a structure is not embracing it: you can love it without making love to it, as with an ex with whom you don't go back and do the same toxic things you used to do, which would make no sense, even though you may still love each other... and so, walking that fine line i've always walked, today i woke up thinking how wonderful it would be if my old books, the too structured stuff that smells stale to me, could become a movie, how wonderful if it could inspire someone to do something of their own. And maybe it's just the desire that no piece of paper went to waste, or maybe it's the desire to carry on inspire others after having been inspired myself... which is why many people have children, i guess, to give back some of the love they have received. And seen in this light, experienced in such a silly way, then these things make sense... they are no less hypocritical, but they are more malleable and potentially good. Potentially good are language, songs and films, but we already knew that... potentially good are roles, tasks, jobs, and certain structures, and that's no small thing.

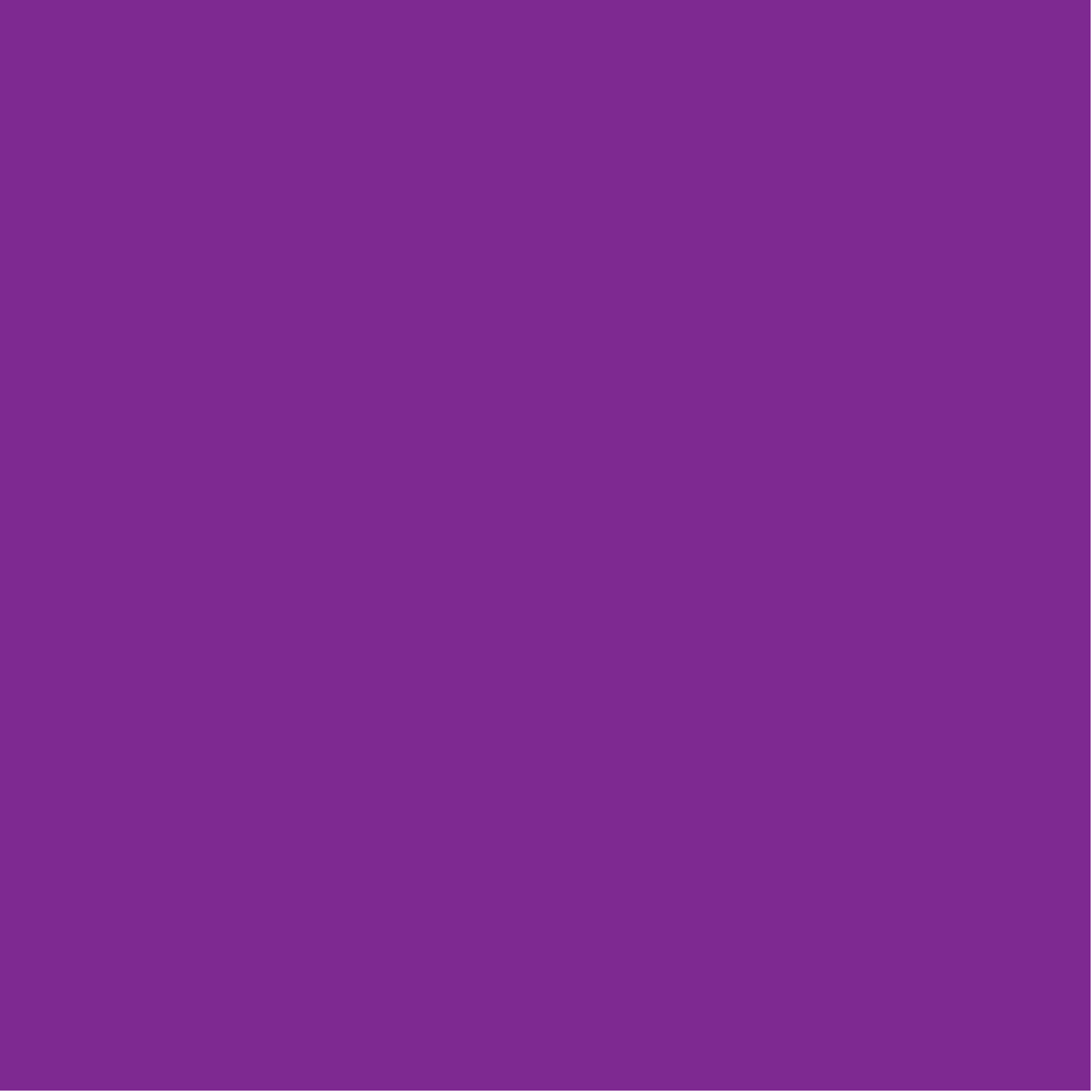
This was always the criticism you heard when you said you were an anarchist as a teen, that destroying and criticizing gets you nowhere. Yet destruction has been (and will be) the starter motor, criticism the fuel, and the result seems (and will seem) to be a journey worth taking. Having transcended idealism, the fine line has now migrated and rented a place between method and dogma... but in the end, the conflict is still there, in the human tendency towards laziness. In the fire beneath our asses that something will have to fuel forever.

It bothers me a little to just show how the sausage is made, but the big challenge in these pages is always managing to unite in my head worlds that seem very distant, different things that happen here and far from here, either to me or to strangers, hoping that something clicks, that the experience behind everything somehow emerges... the fucking AIs would say, in their human-human language, that i'm trying to implement the sillyotic method, and if they want to call it that, fine: i've seen much worse in any newspaper article that dealt with so-called 'sensitive' issues. So what is the connection between the team with the highest budget winning the world series and the day i fully just spent watching zerocalcare's stuff on netflix? How does all this relate to me sitting here drinking another coffee, listening to the birds singing, recording voice memos in which i try to write a script, and dissociating myself more and more from myself, from the desire to see others, because things like sports and squats and riots and art seem more important and seem to fill me more... and everything that reminds me of the country where i was born makes me feel like no one here can really understand what a community center or a fascio is, just like the reviews on imdb and the facebook comments don't get it. But at the same time, what do i know about the east of rome, what do I know about the suburbs that are more like cimiano and less like dergano? And the idea of making art and having a voice, even if no one gives a shit about me, still speaks to me, and i wonder what i would say if the market really took me on... i'd say even less than i do now, yet the result would be the same. Maybe all you really have to do is riot, maybe that's the last definitive structure to embrace in order to be truly post-human and truly felt and welcomed and heard. You know, the whole rethoric of being a herd animal... And i put it in this way, because how else should i put it? This is the path, the rhetoric, the language that these pages have constructed: there could be no other keys to reality. What i really hope and sincerely wish is that if someone were to take my words (and print them) and read them, that they would then place them on their bedside table next to some religious texts and like a history book, but one of those pseudo-revisionist works with slightly christian-democratic undertones. That they would find a way to complement and add to what they read, that they transcended the very little that can be said when you have something to say. Because the greatest truth to be reclaimed in all this is one's own limitation, in the least cynical sense of the universe. That's the ultimate goal: silence. Get it twisted.

I once took an exam on the psychology of the masses and it was all absurd because the course was like reading a series of philosophers and every one of them seemed to me to be quite right, yet none stood out as being much more right than the others. However, their tone was always the usual arrogant tone of the emancipated scholar who sees the masses and judges them, and this is probably a superstructure that is so deeply rooted in us that asking us to let it go would be like asking us to let go of language... yet we are letting go of language, having criticized it, but still that sense of arrogant self-importance seems more sacred than any other dogma... so every session with the post-trauma therapist is a reconstruction of one's self and one's defenses. Flow, the super experience we all aspire to, is defined as the pinnacle of intrinsic motivation, a celebration of human capacity... but for me Flow is when the team sponsored by (perhaps doped by the uae doesn't win a race, when the team supported by economic doping loses a game, when some artist makes a movie or a series del porcodio and i am not there, yet i feel so full: not because someone is listening to me, but because someone is listening... and that someone is not me. Because someone knows how to use their privileges for something is pretty good... and that someone is not me. Because the common good and the good of the species are not equivalent, but for a moment they align, and the good of the species has been transcended and is no longer that logic of survival, but that logic of well-being for all... far from the individual and in which the individual is just nothing... So today my dream really is to do my best to inspire others, to write stuff that someone else can pick up without having to bear me and my weight, and to have children with whoever i happen to have children with, to grow a vegetable garden on whatever patch of land, to live in whatever suburb of whatever italian city... and the defenses and the ego and the words and the mouth and the tongue and the body and sex and orgasms just don't matter... but who cares. And emotions and ears and taste buds, had already been double-transcended long ago. And brother sigmund was right: this is the death instinct, but not the selfish western capitalist death that is just obsession with life, with the self, with leaving a mark... here we live through a death, which is the loss of form and just vibing on the same frequency as everything else. This is why i exist: for the flow, the loss... death, not the tragic kind but the real, beautiful, constant, post-human, post-ego, post-linguistic, post-post kind. Post-post,
blank pages,

coloured pages,
a silly playful language,
often unnecessary, you know:
limited.
sometimes some images, drawings,
like in cartoons.

Yes, now the concerts,
the rallies, and the sorts really start to make sense.
It's so absurd that psychologists and anthropologists
were so close,
when they said it all boils down to the parent who lives for the child
and the child who lives for the parent:
they just had to say it better.





appendix

What really ends up fucking you with all of this philosophy crap is that need you get of having to explain everything, that admittedly cool feeling that new things make sense and integrate with each other thanks to that half-structure you learned to use... so you end up, as a random day winds down, thinking about what makes a youtube video either cringe or non-cringe, or in what contexts is overyapping allowed and in what other contexts it's not, and you realize you're just doing that overly pretentious human thing of giving everything a label. that you either sat on your pretty laurels or you are so anxious about being understood and making sense of everything and not having a single drop of energy go to waste that... poof, you just turned into that exact cringe you were trying to understand (le cringe c'est moi), talking out of asses you don't have. And if the truth of the matter is that humanity should quiet down a little, that includes you, you stupid yellow duck-like-alien that you are...

And there's something beautiful in giving yourself, at times i think it's the only thing that really makes sense to do (while at other times i avoid being so dramatically orthodox), like you living for others... and not in that awful teen-lesbian relationship way, but in a way that makes sense and you don't end up in an hospital bed everytime you look at someone in the eyes. Still, this giving also fucks you, when it doesn't stop being a slave to the part of you that still hopes to make art for a living, that still links profit and progress and sees both as something purely positive. And it fucks you when you give yourself through a poem or a song or a random thought as you walk the streets at night, or through a text that tries to give itself structure with a title and a beginning and an end and a silly theme like philosophy... and you just get anxious about having said everything perfectly and having offered the interpretation of things you really wanted to offer. And often we really are capable of doing things like that, for the love of game, seeing the beauty in that table you built yourself, on which you spent a weekend, after which it collapsed almost immediately... but more often than not we really are not capable of it. My hope is to become more and more like the sun, who decided to shine amidst the rain, and just leave behind whatever i happen to leave behind... might that be sunshine or shit or strands of hair in the sink or bad song covers left unrecorded or bookies with something in them or books with nothing in them, and just leave them there, without that weight that simply doesn't belong... doesn't belong to me, doesn't belong to us, and doesn't exist and is just so silly.