

Modena, 24 May 2020

## ***THE DYSTOPIA IS NOW: IT'S CALLED SCIENTOCRACY!... AND IT'S ONLY THE BEGINNING.***

A distorted intellectual vision that runs in the good living rooms of the post-modern intelligenzia, considers dystopia as the bad end of a utopian ideal: you wanted a better world and instead came out a terrible one. This is not so. What the philosopher John Stuart Mill in 1868 called "dystopia", and that his master of utilitarianism - Jeremy Bentham (the inventor of the Panopticon) - fifty years earlier had called "cacotopia", does not describe the failure of a utopia, but its overturning: it describes the affirmation of an anti-utopia, of a counter-utopia that claims the value of social regression and human degradation as the foundation of society. Therefore, it is not the collapse of an idea that has fallen into disgrace and turned into a nightmare, but the ideological affirmation of the nightmare as a form of social relation/organisation/experimentation. All this, however, in the complete and widespread acceptance of this nightmare by its subjects.

Effectively, what characterizes dystopia (and makes it so) is not only the fact that it, by configuring a society that worse could not exist, represents the opposite of the perfect society embodied by Utopia, but also the fact that that terrible society is invoked by the population as the best possible society, the most just, the society superior to any other.

When unbearable life still claims its unbearability, an essential requirement for absolute brutality is missing: the consent of the victims of brutalisation. The transition from prisoners to slaves is not entirely complete. The slave, after all, does not complain about the restrictions imposed on him: he approved them, he considered them indispensable, he defended them; or at least he excused them, he freed them from that aura of aggressiveness that makes them harassing until they are no longer unbearable.

What we find, in these days of Phase 2, in the common speeches of those who analyze with indulgence the suspension of all human freedoms ordered by the governments of the world, often reflects this progressive decline in the justifiable destruction: "What could Conte have done in the face of the emergency of a world pandemic?", the succubus citizen asks himself. "Forget about our health and let everyone go free?" This is precisely the psychology of the slave, and it is thanks to such intellectual humus that society turns towards its dystopian form.

Without even caring to understand the general state of things, the slave does not ask questions, does not argue, does not rebel: he has faith in the government's word; he has faith in the government's reassurances; he also has faith in the government's resolving measures, which he even defends against the instinctive sense of rebellion

against the authority produced by abuse, and which he himself sedates within himself before the police can do it. The slave is always fine with what passes through the convent, and is not so much concerned about his own disgraced condition, but about the loss of image that the government suffers in the face of the unpopularity of its decisions: poor government, precisely! What could it have ever done?

The psychological vehicle that ferries the prisoner from captivity to slavery can therefore take various forms: that of the "spirit of endurance" to the extreme; the dedication to superiors and their decisions; the feeling of attachment to the values of the nation even before the satisfaction of its indispensable needs. But it can also take the form of the simple "loophole" that avoids tackling the causes of the problem; it can also take the form of the "vent valve" that lightens the burden of adaptation; it can take the form of the therapeutic use of people, things and nature that - through the logic of consumption of which it is made - seems to soothe the torment of suffering; it can take the form of the "illusion of happiness" that records the annulment of all awareness, guaranteeing the overcoming of the problem of resignation. At any rate, whatever is the form of what intimately transforms the prisoner into a slave, it always expresses itself externally in the anxious need to justify everything that is imposed by the jail administration.

Caged in this attitude of surrender, the prisoner ceases to see his imprisonment as a problem, and begins to tolerate it. He no longer cares about getting rid of it, but about being in it. He ends up accepting it and, by comparing it with other forms of imprisonment even worse than his own, he defends it. Without any loopholes, without any form of consolation, without any palliative remedies and other forms of mitigation of suffering, the suffering would demand an end to suffering. Thanks to these remedies of awe, on the other hand, it becomes lessened and more bearable.

Thus, by dint of mitigating instead of breaking, by dint of enduring instead of getting angry, by dint of always excusing everything instead of questioning what is there, we have lost the ability to imagine freedom behind the invisible bars of this intolerable world, and we are only concerned with improving it by trying to make the intolerable more tolerable. And it is also in this way that we find ourselves accepting the crumbs of what we once enjoyed by taking it for granted (well-being; health; possibility of movement, reunion, manifestation of thought), giving up our weapons for good. The domestication, with its progressive course, comes to an end. Dystopia is the perfectly domesticated, perfectly civilized society; and the mitigation of suffering is the most immediate vehicle of subjection to the acceptance of dystopia: its consecration on the altar to the end of that reactive capacity that still made the unacceptable feel unacceptable.

The great moloch that presides over the process of loyalty to the unacceptable is the idea that the state of affairs is inevitable. Against the inevitable there is only resignation, continuous adaptation, accommodation, and endurance. Weapons are

surrendered, therefore, not so much by spontaneous surrender, but by induction to believe that there is nothing more to be done to radically change the state of things. Indeed, to the extent that the improvement of things still makes people believe in a possible change, dragging the prisoner towards the consolidation of the status quo and thus towards a gradual fall into slavery, the considered impossibility of radically changing the course of things immediately closes the gates of the battle by signing the unconditional surrender of the prisoner towards the acceptance of dystopia.

If, as someone said, at the time of capitalism "it is easier to imagine the end of the world than the end of capitalism", then it is necessary to adapt to capitalism: full stop. That slogan so dear to Margaret Thatcher, There Is No Alternative, and now taken up by the Left (which considers a life outside capitalism unthinkable), pervades everything and everyone without interruption. Max Fisher called it "capitalist realism", and it is this ideology of unconditional surrender (which some people simply call postmodernism) that asks everyone to continuously adapt to the world as it is, to its values, to its categories considered absolute, to its powers considered insuperable, to its institutions that have passed as universal, and that induces everyone to resign themselves to everything: to the cynicism that rages, to the despair that silently bubbles under the emptiness of which an increasingly superficial and mechanical existence is composed; to the squalor of a survival passed for freedom and plunged into the most total social inequality and the most aggressive destruction of all that is natural. "As I conceive it", wrote Fisher, "capitalist realism [...] is more an atmosphere that pervades and conditions not only cultural production but also the way work and education are regulated, and acts as a kind of invisible barrier that limits both thought and action."<sup>1</sup> Behind this invisible barrier that does not allow excursions of any kind, every liberating pathos is nipped in the bud, eroded in its foundations, dull in its vitality.

So what moves this capitalist realism? What activates the unconditional adherence to Thatcher's slogan to the point of making a life outside civilization unthinkable? It is the sublimation of atavistic forms of the individual's relationship with himself and with the natural world that domestication exploits, reproducing them in cultural form, to put everyone against the wall.

Let me explain it better. In Nature it is normal to think that if it rains today we must accept the dreary day: we can organize ourselves in a certain way or another, but that the rain falls is not questionable. In Nature if an individual is dead, he is dead; if that river bend is dangerous to cross, it is dangerous; if a plant is poisonous, it is poisonous and therefore it is not at all healthy to pretend otherwise or try to oppose it. Again: in Nature, if our epiglottis did not close when we swallowed, we would choke ourselves: there can be no epiglottists to support this thesis and no anti-epiglottists to deny it.

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<sup>1</sup> M. FISCHER, *Realismo capitalista* (2009), Nero, Roma 2018, page 50.

Taking advantage of our congenital inclination to accept as a fact what exists in Nature, the process of domestication induces us from childhood to consider as inevitable everything that Culture has to offer us: from the Family to Monogamy; from Authority to Government; from Economics to Technology; from Fashion to Social Costume established by a certain mentality. Just as in a capitalist system it is unthinkable to imagine the end of capitalism, in the Islamic system it is unthinkable the end of Islamism just as in the medieval Christian system it was impossible to think of the end of Christianity. To put it simply, in a civilized world we are all educated to believe that life outside civilization is unthinkable. And within this perspective that has occultly driven our hearts from an early age, even Science and Medicine, just as if they were an inevitable rain or a loving feeling towards someone, seem to us to be part of the natural order of things: there ready only to be considered as an "inevitable" part of our lives.

Culture is not inevitable at all. What we call Culture, namely symbology (i.e. the substitution of the real with symbols such as words, numbers, time, art, rite, myth, religion, money, power, etc.), is not a "natural fact", but an ideological superstructure which, as such, is essentially based on detachment from immediacy (the substitution of the real with symbols). Culture, John Zerzan analyzed, "with the distortion [that it imposed] and the consequent distancing, is ideological in a primary and original sense; every subsequent ideology is an echo of this"<sup>2</sup>. This ideological system of representation of the real, the very essence of civilization, while destroying the natural world that lives outside us with its technological advances, also invades our inner world, making any other cognitive perspective impossible. Precisely for this reason Culture is conformist in its deepest meaning: that is, it serves to conform everyone to the ideas, values, categories, and mentality established at that given moment and in that given place; in short, it serves to keep us in the ranks of a certain way of seeing things.

Unlike Nature, therefore, Culture is never a welcoming and caring mother who takes care of her children, but a wicked and ruthless stepmother who aims to overlap Nature itself to put it aside. That is to say, it forces everyone to continuously repudiate the real, including even our animal nature, in favour of a reality more and more symbolically defined (the State, the System, the common good, the law, public order, wealth, the new man, etc.). This last evidence, if once weaved the hidden plot of symbology, today that we live in the world of "virtual reality" and "artificial intelligence" it is much easier for us to grasp it. Culture, which has become techno-culture, has removed the mask. Its purpose is no longer invisible and occult: to take Nature out of the way and replace it with a totally artificial universe that reproduces its characters and features, so as to allow that part of humanity that has proclaimed itself the Lady

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<sup>2</sup> J. ZERZAN, *Senza via di scampo? Riflessioni sulla fine del mondo* (2002), Arcana, Roma 2007, page 22.

of the Earth, to hold it in its hands and manipulate it better, to control it all, to manage it directly with its own instruments and power. Dystopia, which is precisely the perfectly domesticated society, is first of all a society completely freed from all that is natural, including the human soul, the living heart, the open mind, the receptive and sensitive body.

The social distancing, the hospital mask on the face, the plastic gloves on, the indication to wash your hands with the Amuchina (which is diluted varechina) or to sneeze strictly in the tissue and then throw it in the garbage before someone falls ill, are all rituals of awe that have no health function. They only serve to impress on our conscience a conviction: that the human being is incapable of natural life. If the human being wants to live without risk - says the Culture - he must wear technological devices, take medicines, listen to the prescriptions of accredited specialists and adopt prescribed behaviour even if unnatural. The kiss, the handshake, the embrace are lethal; the miraculous ointments, the confinement in the house far from the rays of the sun, the patches on the mouth that prevent breathing, the substances synthesized by chemistry to cure and sterilize are instead saving solutions. Moreover, the very idea of "hygiene" understood as "sterilization", says it all about the deadly power of Culture: life is vitality, not sterility; sterility is the death of life.

Like so many other garrisons given for granted over time (from clothes covering nudity to the use of money), the prescriptions of Culture serve to make us believe that we cannot live without Culture. And we, who are almost overwhelmed by symbolism (by now we even use symbols to try to understand the meaning of symbols), believe this great lie: the human being is incapable of natural life; if he were not continually manned, helped, supported, cared for by Culture, which intervenes to fill the gaps of poor Nature, he would be doomed. If the human being wants to live without being constantly at risk, at fault or simply in front of his own unbearable organic and physiological limits, he must appeal to Culture: that is, he must learn to think symbolically, wear technological devices, take medicines, listen to the prescriptions of accredited specialists and adopt the prescribed behaviours, even if unnatural, repudiating his own animality.

This lesson, hard to be understood by those subjects who still claim their human condition, with the Great Staging of the coronavirus has obtained a decisive advancement of consensus. In fact, today even more than yesterday, we not only accept to live in a context made more and more artificial and sterile, but we invoke that same context a little more. That seems even more familiar to us. That is, we feel reassured that there are these industrial solutions that save our lives, that allow us life and that protect us from Evil (Amen!). We are grateful that Progress has given us all these delights: that they have been thought up, invented, produced and sold. And we have recourse to them not because a power imposes them on us, but because we are intimately convinced that humanity could not live without them (even today, if we

exclude the Campania Region, hospital masks are not obligatory outside the premises open to the public, and yet most people - including many anti-system "revolutionaries" - spontaneously adopt them everywhere).

"Fear is ninety", an Italian proverb says. Taking advantage of our fear, but also of that instigated distrust to Nature that Culture (through the process of domestication) guarantees us (and that flows into faith towards Culture itself), we find ourselves to be the first to give our indispensable contribution to the Great War that for ten thousand years has taught us precisely this: Nature is malignant, dangerous, murderous, treacherous; it must therefore be bent, overwhelmed, replaced, improved by Culture and its remedies. It is exactly the *Regnum hominis* imagined by Francis Bacon and described in the first dystopian novel of Western history: *The New Atlantis* (1627).

That armed troop that aims to submit to its power all that exists, and that we call Culture-Civility, so continues undisturbed to ring victories. The Great Coronavirus staging is precisely the last, but also the finest and deepest, of these campaigns with a triumphant outcome: the one that will leave on our skin the most indelible marks and the biggest wounds.

If until yesterday, as a matter of fact, it was the killer trees that killed the motorists coming off the road with their cars; if until yesterday it was the enemy sky that was at war against the tourists when the weekend started with a storm; if until yesterday we had the granitic conviction that it had been an iceberg the problem of the Titanic and that it was a tidal wave that created the nuclear disaster of Fukushima, today we have no doubt: the viruses, these phantom beings well represented in the photographs of the electron microscopes of the scientists who have found them from their secret hiding places (where they surely seemed to be), bring infectious diseases, attack them to humans and other living beings just to kill them; and against these unexpected, sudden, inevitable and unusual attacks there is no way to oppose anything natural. Health is not a matter of individual responsibility, but of luck: whoever is caught by the virus, can do nothing except resort to shamans in white coats and hope that with their hospitalizations and treatments (inspections, poisoning, mutilation, maiming even) it is possible at least to avoid death. Against the wickedness of Viruses, which is the wickedness of the whole Nature, only the Pharmaceutical Industry, the Holy Science, the Magic Medicine, and therefore the Holy World Health Power, will be able to defend us. Or, at most, an Alternative Pharmaceutical Industry with its Holistic Science, its Non-Conventional Medicine and its Holy Counter-Healthy Democratic Power.

The advent of the Scientocracy, which definitively elevates Science to the rule of the world, makes dystopia no longer an imaginary reference in the literature of the past, but something current and that we can begin to feel today on our skin. The possibility of going so far as to love the system of harassment and restrictions imposed by the government in the days of the coronavirus is no longer an unthinkable

prospect. In order to be made possible, an full-scale health terrorisation intervention was necessary. Health is not a matter of individual responsibility, but of luck: whoever is caught by the virus, can do nothing except resort to shamans in white coats and hope that with their hospitalizations and treatments (inspections, poisoning, mutilation, maiming even) it is possible at least to avoid death. Against the wickedness of Viruses, which is the wickedness of the whole Nature, only the Pharmaceutical Industry, the Holy Science, the Magic Medicine, and therefore the Holy World Health Power, will be able to defend us. Or, at most, an Alternative Pharmaceutical Industry with its Holistic Science, its Non-Conventional Medicine and its Holy Counter-Healthy Democratic Power.

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Dystopia, as such, is not in the foreseeable future, but here and now.

Enlisted for good in the Great War against Nature, we no longer think about the fact that we ourselves are nature. There is no more delirious logic than the war upon oneself against oneself. An ideology that pushes individuals to hate themselves as enemies of themselves is a suicidal ideology, which can certainly lead to nothing good. Culture-civilization is this self-hatred ideology, and the insane result of this drive to hate everything that satisfies our natural needs (from freedom to privacy, from dignity to sociality, from personal identity annulled by the masses to the simple possibility of living) was perfectly imagined and described by Evgenij Zamjatin, master of dystopian fiction (and precursor of Huxley and Orwell), when he completed his novel *Noi [Us]* (1919-1921, published only in 1924 in English).

Compared to the other texts of his Renaissance forerunners and his twentieth-century successors, Zamjatin described the dystopian world not from the perspective of the external observer, but from the perspective of the possessed protagonist (D-503). What emerges to those who still manage to grasp its heartbreaking meaning is an unreal reality that could not be conceived any worse: a world no longer of individual and unrepeatable individuals, but of alpha-numbers, happy to live in total transparency towards power, flattered to be able to sing the Hymn of the One State, to read the daily Odes to the Benefactor, to celebrate the Day of Unanimity, and endowed with a single and inalienable right: to be punished. A world ruled by the Machine of the One State, governed by a dictator with the features of a great Spider (and called

the Benefactor), and sown by Guardians intent on maintaining order. A world in which D-503, perfectly inserted in its unlivable context, thinks in this way: "Benefactor, Machine, Cube, Pneumatic Bell, Guardians: all this is good, all this is magnificent, beautiful, noble, elevated, pure in a crystalline way. **Because this protects our lack of freedom, or rather our happiness**"<sup>3</sup>.

In the society described by Zamjatin, freed from pity, from the fever of fantasy and marching like an automated mechanism according to the eternal rules of the truth of numbers, total control of people is not only accepted, but felt as reassuring: "**It is so pleasant to feel someone whose watchful eye lovingly protects you from the smallest mistakes**, from the smallest unwanted steps"<sup>4</sup>. The denunciation is not rehearsed, but perceived as a social duty: "There is the smell of lily of the valley and there is the disgusting smell of henbane. Both are odors. There were spies in the ancient state and there are spies in our... Yes, spies. I'm not afraid to use that word. But one thing is clear: one time the spy was a henbane flower, today he's a lily of the valley"<sup>5</sup>. "Even the loss of any personal identity is experienced by alpha-numbers as a privilege: "we have the two scales: on one is a gram, on the other a ton; on one - "I", on the other "We", that is the One State. [...] To admit that "I" can claim "rights" against the State, and to admit that one gram can be equal to one ton, is exactly the same thing. Hence the following distribution: to the ton - rights; to the gram - duties; and the natural way that leads from insignificance to greatness is to forget that you are a gram and feel like a millionth part of the ton"<sup>6</sup>.

Under the well-established blows of Progress, domestication continues its course towards the definitive cancellation of all sensibilities, all drives, all instincts of preservation. We too, like D-503, know how to sing national hymns, repeat odes to our benefactors, celebrate national and religious anniversaries. It is only a matter of time for world power to unite even officially in a single institution, so that we can begin to address all together those prayers and thanks without federalist dispersion. And in any case, we are already practising lily of the valley today and we have long since become alphanumbers: alphanumbers of identity cards, tax numbers, registration numbers, number plates and even bed alphanumbers in hospital wards. But also just numbers: percentages of voters, for example; but also exit polls, share data, market research values, participation shares, consumption indexes, demographic survey surveys and even the millionth lucky visitor to the site who deserves recognition. And, so as not to forget, we already speak of "common good", "general interest" or "collective security" to which we attribute all the rights by accepting to feel the millionth happy part of that "ton".

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<sup>3</sup> E. ZAMJATIN, *Noi [Us]* (1919-21), Mondadori, Milan 2018, pages 60-61.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibidem*, page 65.

<sup>5</sup> *Ibidem*, page 36.

<sup>6</sup> *Ibidem*, page 111.



Therefore, let it be clear: the process of reducing humanity to its insignificant essence is underway. The war that civilization has declared for ten thousand years to Nature (and therefore also to our human nature) will not end with the coronavirus: these trials of imprisonment and isolation will be followed by others; other abuses, other prevarications, other forms of reducing everyone to slavery. In the future, let's expect to find ourselves again soon plugged at home by force, from day to night, with the bale of some other influence, without being able to circulate/reunite/manifest our thoughts.

But the most chilling thing about all this will not so much be the imprisonment itself as the fact that, precisely because the process of reducing the millionth part to insignificance is underway, it will happen that we will gradually adapt ourselves to this snap-of-the-finger restriction of freedom, until we consider it normal and welcome. Just as the lions that have been caged for years in the zoos of the Righteous World are no longer able to escape, even when the bars of the cages are left open; just as the Jews deported to the Nazi concentration camps stopped trying to escape from those internments and when the Russians and Anglo-Americans arrived and found them simply intoxicated and totally surrendered and enslaved to the SS, the worldwide deportation of humanity to the extermination camps of civilization/housing will also run its course, and we too will come in progressive stages to become intoxicated in the same way.

Of course, today the jump they made us take is great. The pill they forced us to swallow is big and sugar-free: going from a conception of the person (and of his inviolability) consolidated in over seventy years of constitutional papers to house arrest brutally imposed on everyone from day to night, has been tough. Someone was disappointed. Someone would never have said so. Someone believed they had already seen the worst having lived through the days of Fascism and World War II. Someone, in fact, resented it. Someone, on the other hand, was upset because they couldn't stand the scoundrel. And someone else lost his mind (in Italy alone, there have been three hundred thousand more patients with mental disorders linked to the conditions of forced restriction imposed throughout the world, reported Massimo di Giannantonio and Enrico Zanalda, presidents of the SIP - Italian Society of Psychiatry)<sup>7</sup>. But if we do not immediately stop the delusional trend assumed by civilization, it will only be a matter of time to justify this abuse as necessary.

Already today, it was said, many have begun to justify what happened. The social reassures who in recent months have displayed rainbow banners from their balconies with the words "Everything will be all right", are joined by the drifting justifiers: "What should the government have done? By the time the next round of forced

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<sup>7</sup> See RAINNEWS, *Coronavirus, Oms: it is also alert for mental health*, in: "rainews.it" of 7 May 2020. Reported in: [http://www.rainews.it/dl/rainews/articoli/allarme-oms-aumento-disagi-mentali-a-causa-coronavirus-048b25f9-c8c2-4e01-9c4b-87b9ada8c58f.html?refresh\\_ce](http://www.rainews.it/dl/rainews/articoli/allarme-oms-aumento-disagi-mentali-a-causa-coronavirus-048b25f9-c8c2-4e01-9c4b-87b9ada8c58f.html?refresh_ce)

displacement for all comes, the devastating impact it will have on our sensibilities will probably already be different. Some will protest less. Someone else, anticipating the end-of-course justifications, will say that they saw it coming. The clever ones will have prepared themselves in the meantime: certainly not to fight abuse, but rather to bear it better. And when the magnanimity of the World Health Power, our Benefactor, in his angelic commitment to protect the human species, will give us his third, and then his fourth and fifth round of imprisonment, we will no longer even notice that it is a round of imprisonment. His Guardians, already thanked in these months with flash mobs of applause from the windows, will be acclaimed as heroes: *as defenders of our lack of freedom, that is, of our happiness*. The Pneumatic Bell inside which we will be deported *will ensure that a watchful eye will lovingly protect us from our smallest mistakes*. And while the smell of the lily of the valley of denunciation will become even more fragrant, freeing each one of us from pity and the fever of fantasy, the Great Machine, the most refined and complex expression of Culture (as well as an instrument of impeccable governance of defective and mortal human souls), will stand out as the Only source of salvation, with its Universal Law, its Thought shared by all, its immortal Science and Technology. And it will allow us to make the effort to reach the point of understanding that *the "I" cannot encamp "rights" against the State: only duties*. Except, of course, the right to be punished. Because *the natural way that leads from insignificance to greatness is to be able to forget about being a gram and feel like a millionth part of a ton*.

To oppose this madness, we have no more time to lose. After all, if this process of anthropological redefinition of our species is to be achieved through progressive efforts to adapt adult humanity, everything will be much simpler for the new generations. For them, who will have grown up with hospital masks on their faces, latex gloves on their hairnet, anti-splash goggles on their noses, disposable handkerchief in their pockets, sterile shoes on their feet, Amuchina shower and hands up their asses, there will not even be an obligation to make an effort. Not having had a chance to compare their regimented life with the one before the coronavirus, they won't even notice anything. This is how domestication has been going on for ten thousand years.

Obviously, these young people will bring the loss of Freedom as a void in their hearts. But it will be a weight as unbearable as it is incomprehensible: an unknown weight that will manifest itself in the form of further suffering to be medically sedated, to be treated therapeutically, to be further nipped in the bud, to be eradicated, to be eradicated. And as it will be increasingly difficult to understand the causes of this suffering, these young people will meekly allow themselves to be sedated, treated, repressed, eradicated and uprooted.

On the other hand, the Holy Public Medicine will already have its pills, its miraculous ointments, its magic injections and its Democratic Health Treatments ready to cure these defective and animalistic beings who will still perceive the evil of their

alienation. But also to cure all those who will continue stubbornly to feel that segregation intolerable, and will react instinctively by refusing to have their feet on their heads, handcuffs on their wrists and leash on their necks. Not only that: the remedies of Holy Public Medicine will serve, even more resolutely, to cure all those who, even more thankless and ungrateful, should even denounce these inevitable restrictions as abusive, perhaps reminding their peers, as an absurd example of preferable life, the terrible one that was once, when in those primitive past few decades ago existence was all a brutal and daily war for survival. Just imagine: an existence without protective masks, without latex gloves, without a hairnet, without anti-splash glasses, without sterile shoes, without Amuchina shower and without hands up the ass... Unthinkable!

That's why we must rebel straightaway. We must do so now that we still have the perception of the injustice they have done to us. Dictatorships do not stop themselves, and even dystopias do not have reconciliation programmes. Civilization, on the other hand, with its diversions, its induced sublimations, its fake comforts, its forms of propaganda, its manipulation techniques (including those of alternative self-manipulation), but also with its force of intervention and the power of its institutions, has the ability to proceed relentlessly, changing us day after day, of what little is enough not to upset us, but making us less and less free, less and less safe, less and less human.

They're turning us into machines. No longer natural beings endowed with heart, but mechanical gears of a Great Machine that from a terrible world-eating device is increasingly presented as the Benefactor: long live the One State! Long live the One System that protects us from disease!

If we want to avoid being reduced to machines that carry out the orders given, and that exist only as gears indispensable to the operation of the Great Machine, we must assume the precise awareness of this reduction. It is no longer enough simply to theorize freedom: even the Fascist Salvini, even the Brother of Italy Meloni, even Renzi, Zingaretti, Conte and the Transversal Pact for Science speak of freedom. Just like General Pappalardo with his "march on Rome" or Andrea Libero Gioia with his Resistance-Resilience Italian Party 2020.

The latter sly men, like so many others who today pose as liberating messiahs of reclusive humanity (then proposing the same model of society already in place, but only a little better), immediately jumped on the bandwagon of formal opposition to this government. Riding the wave of popular exasperation following the reopening of homes, they conducted their worn-out power battles in order to gather masses of consumers to rehabilitate not Freedom (which in one mass remains stifled by insignificance), but the Constitution. Yet, today it should be clear to everyone that rights guarantee nothing. If in the blink of an eye all the constitutional charters of the world, the universal declarations of human rights, the international conventions ratified by

states and used by the governments in office as toilet paper, it is quite clear that Freedom is not in rights but in our hearts. It is only from there they cannot eradicate it. As long as we take it out of our hearts to place it in the rights, it will remain suspended at will by those who command it.

It is no longer enough to theorize about Freedom, nor is it necessary to simply rinse your mouth with its undoubtedly melodious sound. It is necessary to begin to organize oneself to really practice freedom: to practice it in the body, in the head, in the heart.

It is precisely the heart that has been ripped out of us in all these years of democratic numbness. As humans we are not logical-rational animals: we have rationality, but first and foremost we have a heart (which is often much more important than reason). Against authority, for example, against abuse and oppression, we respond first of all with our hearts. And instead, over the years we have really exhausted the capacity to feel injustice, oppression, authority. We have often practiced it ourselves against ourselves, and now we no longer even recognize it as a problem.

Precisely because the heart is the main victim of these postmodern times, perhaps we could try to recover starting from there. Rationality is fine, but approaching it only with the brain risks strengthening the logic of this civilized, scientist and male-dominated world. That is, we risk becoming bureaucrats: cold, precise, formally impeccable; but lifeless. It is life instead that they are taking away from us, not only freedom or health. The entire life: the Joy of Living!

Against this possibility there is only one possible prospect: to resist! But not in mass party format that gathers crowds just to rehabilitate the System. But to find the individual who is in each of us (individuum, undivided), and thus rehabilitate our humanity, our sensitivity, our dormant vitality. Knowing that we are not alone in this resistance perspective is crucial.

Of course, the path that can bring us back to a recovery of our original ability to live sensibly and independently in our natural environment is not a way that can be done overnight, but it is a possible one. We are told of more than three million years of primitive life in which all humans who led their lives before the advent of cultivation enjoyed a free life in perfect harmony with the Planet and with others. And all without any need of Laws, State, Bureaucracy, Economics, Energy, Science, Technology and, just think a little bit, even without the caring health care of Burioni & Co and their charitable/missory universal vaccination projects.

It's true: we may not be able to become primitive hunter-gatherers again, but if we can consider that example as a healthy model of viable life, and learn something from their experience that has been handed down and told to us, we could recover at least in part that lost wild self-determination of ours, and restore meaning back to our lives by closing with the blind alley perspective that we have in front of our eyes nowadays. But we need to start to take this pathway: If we don't begin to change direction right away, **taking the one opposite the route set by Culture-civility** (and which is heading

us towards the precipice) we won't have any escape. Any attempt to improve the world "as it is" will merely legitimize the direction taken by putting us all on the precipice.

It is therefore necessary to mobilise to rehabilitate oneself, not to rehabilitate the System. It is necessary to take action to begin as soon as possible to reunite with that part of us that has not yet been tamed or made dependent on the Megamacchine and that is just waiting to be revived. We need to go back to being vivid and wild individuals, aware and determined, responsible and respectful, joyful and full of desire again.

As Zerzan recalled: "Specialization, domestication, mass society, techno-culture... this is the Progress: its completion is presented [today] in an increasingly unequivocal way. The imperative of control is clearly revealed [...]. These terrible times can also reveal new and invigorating perspectives of thought and action. When everything is at stake, one must face everything and change it. At this moment there is the possibility of doing so".<sup>8</sup>

Enrico Manicardi

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<sup>8</sup> See J. ZERZAN, *Il twilight of machines* (2008), Nautilus, Turin 2012, p. 9.