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GERARDO D'ORRICO  
**AN ASH  
CEILING**

DIARY

Gerardo D'Orrico

**An Ash Ceiling**

«Tektime S.r.l.s.»

## **D'Orrico G.**

An Ash Ceiling / G. D'Orrico — «Tektime S.r.l.s.»,

This book is the second handbook-an account of contemporary life and personal diary written by me. The real joy that our time gives back through experiences, not a rediscovery of new technologies but a function in different historical and geological periods, what has already created it according to explanations of events and their solutions. This book is the second handbook-an account of contemporary life and personal diary written by me. The real joy that our time gives back through experiences, not a rediscovery of new technologies but a function in different historical and geological periods, what has already created it according to explanations of events and their solutions. A walk in the light of the Sun of the facts and enchantments, sometimes never revealed, perhaps too new and unusual, in a community that already has long been in need, as a wider and more slender voice, a tool to better insist on the day, really is not in a dream. Diary written in a simple way for a textual artistic form to justify even an initial and uncultured experience today. In style James Joyce's Ulysses is a book of good as a form of life, of art of the present, fundamental to exist free, alive is for sure. The period of the sixteen letters contained reaches from April 2007 to October 2008.

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# **Gerardo D`Orrico**

## **An Ash Ceiling**

**GERARDO D`ORRICO**

**An Ash Ceiling**

**Diary**

## SHORT BIOGRAPHY

Gerardo D'Orrico was born in Cosenza on March 6, 1976. After completing my high school I attended the universities of Arcavacata (CS) and Bologna but without a degree, I have a good knowledge of computer science and some musical instruments. My youth was between the residence of Luzzi (CS) and Cosenza for studies or in the hometown of my mother Villapiana (CS) by the sea. I have made many trips in Italy and someone abroad, after the military service I helped my father with his work and I dedicated myself to writing prose as well as continuing my passion for computer science and software programming, I created and manage a web-site (beneinst.it) where everyone can enter their pages for free: letters, poems, drawings, pictures, photos. So far I have published four books: 1. The good and the bad, memories 2. An ash ceiling 3. We Are Already Ten Minutes Ago 4. Say it yourself. I live in Luzzi where, among other occupations, I continue to write or revise my texts and research for technological art.

(Original cover photo, GD 1986)



## **PREFACE**

This book is the second handbook-an account of contemporary life and personal diary written by me. The real joy that our time gives back through experiences, not a rediscovery of new technologies but a function in different historical and geological periods, what has already created it according to explanations of events and their solutions. A walk in the light of the Sun of the facts and enchantments, sometimes never revealed, perhaps too new and unusual, in a community that already has long been in need, as a wider and more slender voice, a tool to better insist on the day, really is not in a dream.

Diary written in a simple way for a textual artistic form to justify even an initial and uncultured experience today. In style James Joyce's *Ulysses* is a book of good as a form of life, of art of the present, fundamental to exist free, alive is for sure. The period of the sixteen letters contained reaches from April 2007 to October 2008. Enjoy the reading,

Gerardo D'Orrico

# 1. MIX & TWO

28.04.2007

Never lose your pen or your patience, never accept an evil in the house, it's never over, when it seems to be over it's not over, you need the right people, even when they all disappear, there's always someone left, it's when there's no one left, it's us. It happens at a time that is not part of the clock to exist, during what are called the day or night. The world has not fallen into a state of unconsciousness, on the contrary it has never been a day like this, this would not be a problem. Perhaps there are too many people but, in truth, there is no basic law for human structures already established in the year zero seven.

So many thieves, so many planes to fly and to want on the planet. No problem in the eyes of a clear crystalline light, no uncertainty in the back of the car, no distortion of sound. The law is ours, life is not a centrifuge. One goes up in denial of an evil, as one can say that it does not exist, one must organize oneself for infinity which, however, one cannot remain here without it. The others have nothing to do with us, they are only images and yet they change us, the question arises, as I said to myself many years ago, what trouble it is to remove them from the image, what they have resulted in. You fight an evil since the death of Jesus, but, I'm still studying what they do to us in this century, maybe that's why time could be, a deception that hides the paradise, those who take care not to let anyone go there, as an absurdity is to reverse evil with good, an evil is a still life, while other people of rubber.

Allegories are not much digested by the national business software but, I assure you, they are a primary key to understand where to put your feet forward, it is difficult to understand, even simple things are impossible. My face is not mine, that if they will just want freedom of expression, what we will give if not the envelope of what we are, all 'the true or false that we do not know, nothing stops but, there are rules you do not stay apart, with the deception that you do not exist. It remains a photocopy of what it was, it is insistently you want to be, what is life then seems to me to be peace or, a starting point towards what they will never let us live, to free myself I don't even know what I did, I remember a series of positive and negative things.

Free all evil and you'll see you'll be alone, they told me it had arrived, but then I saw who he was associated with, that is to think about that abyss, the world is unfair. Run, run then you get tired, shoot then the ammunition runs out but, a game has already started, we are inside, we just have to follow the arrows, whoever sees us is only God for the moment, he doesn't stop, if you don't stop. Try to stop and you get shot but, you can't run away forever, there are those who ran away forever but, it's not really the way of those who have to die on the ground. The opposite of an ideal plan is a normal day, the everyday. A breath of fresh air, as it is dear here in Italy to breathe we pay, we give emotions of love or other works, which are what it should be, every moment continuous.

A good may seem an exaggeration of what it is, always being happy, when you are in love, drunk or paid not an invention. I don't normally curse, I don't offend and, I don't transgress what is good, there are people who advise us to do it, then it is logical that one feels bad, with all those problems, those screams in the house of people who contravene each other, without even knowing why kill a false good, more than the others. They are suicidal their idols, their leaders, perhaps slave souls of some afterlife is they worship there, they will be slaves of hell too, or, they could never have any idea what hell is, so they want to see. A good thing is to go beyond hell, to look at what you see, then the word is not enough, you have to go deeper but, in reality you have already just passed it, you are already free of the space around you. You have to respect yourself first and last but, you remain

as if you were just born, you don't know how to do it. Time forms what is right, the first trace of the visual and sound direction of our being. The first thing to do is not to offend ourselves, then the ten commandments, a surprise is to find God at the end of the road, one who wants to kill us.

A big mistake is believing that an evil could be a good, an evil is an evil, wants the evil, the same good for the good stop, instead I hear people every day who want to discuss this. Certainly it is a mathematical resolution, between what counts and what we have left but, the after is everything, like saying the total is not even because even afterwards. The dysfunction distributed even today cannot be recovered tonight, without the use of external agents, you cannot be zombies all day, then in the evening free us to commit suicide. Yesterday I saw a good evil, today I have very much present the enemy they have already drawn, what ruins lives to steal its essence. A good has never stolen anything, it's an explanation of what you wear, it's inside you find yourself, I think it's the suit after the end of the world, paradise. An evil is right in front of us, all day long, making us become a beautiful zombie, a human without movement, both physical and mental, at most an individual freedom, it's a copy of a good, it should be the good today. Here we are in Italy, it starts in the north and ends in the south, the whole territory is with the same laws, property and freedom of opinion. Lack in summary of evil is a mistake that we pay daily, to the relationship with others, it is always good that solves everything, burn them, there are only a few blunders left in this hell of forgotten where they have closed us.

Since the environments there want to decide the others, an obscurity as it is written, makes us forget to go beyond what others live. It seems to me that the human environments where we live are not registered at all in Italian law, at the same time I see almost nothing and no one who does. Illegal as if it were nothing, it is then a public work to level the light has always been the work of someone, they themselves boast of who knows what they have done, others there praise. I think nowadays, small political, bureaucratic or legal manoeuvres would create a stable system, without the manual help of man, instead there are those who want more blood, people who sacrifice their lives to support the weight of a society that is not, does not want to do anything, that has to die according to astral calendars. Dreaming of a better world, is to die every day for everyone, the deception is already discovered, the future is already a fact, will be moved this forest to see again, to see a man, thank you.

Today I am traveling for a holiday very close to my family, at the sanctuary of Santa Maria delle Armi in Cerchiara di Calabria. An evil is not good, like other misfortunes of these times, wretched is our life, destined to follow, in the very good sense we will be avenged by the future. Beatings you know, they stop people who can't stand them, they are tired or, they have no more arguments to explain their super-arrival on the planet. I'm a bit drunk as a consequence from misfortune to misfortune, the good only happens in the light, because it's a shine but, no matter who has chosen for me, for you, for everyone, has already passed.

Loneliness is a rare gift, a precious moment, what you pay to be alone. I try to understand why the hands of a clock erase the memory, I smoke a cigarette and I don't know whether to forget you or, in order to preserve you, to resist to find you again.

*Kisses , G.*

## 2. OBERO, THE ACT OF OPPRESSING

28.07.2007

“To get out of a trap ...”

Strikes to render us unconscious of the day that is coming, in broad daylight or in the evening, to understand how to strike others or, to personify ourselves, to take away our identity. At the same time, I realized that if I or someone else presents or acts for the good, it cannot remain in an immobile position. In the meantime I find the day confusing, without goals, since they have been cancelled since the beginning of the day, I think it was done to everyone I know, involved in having to do the things that had to be done. Events that are handed down waiting for the end of time, also because as I already know, a good has prerogatives, we will have to do even those things that have taken away from us, they bothered him and had to be done, like the environment of the village, even shrivelled up citizen, cancelled in the forces of those who do not know that only move forward and backward a human being. Hardly as obvious, we will certainly get out of this situation or trouble, we simply cannot continue indefinitely, because we are not a corporal infinite, but the fact that when everything breaks we rebuild it, to function again as if nothing had happened, I always hope in your clemency and your benevolence, the last words of those who momentarily rejoice in this reality, as a bottle has already ended. Time grows, yes of course, every act is not wrong, as it is part of a life, but there are tangibly acts that hurt in its course, certainly but not, drinking bleach. Of course they want to kill us, even so to say or to do, people cannot see moving objects, especially the head, do not want to hurt me but, I always carry it with me, because I live in the day, today the modern.

Those problems are personal, not sick people, there is no need moment by moment to go and see if an evil is really an evil, the same good, then instead it is a right to privacy or a robbery, so on and so on five minutes in the morning, you already understand that it is not really to do what they say, how they say it, what they promised us or, they will make us do. It will kill you for sure, but only if you always stay still, no more, in short, in reality time itself takes away those things that you can't do, it's as if someone remembers you, you will always die one day, while you will always remain beautiful and alive. Rest assured you're alive, it's a very important fact for the large number of people present, how can you not like to go out and find the next ones talking? you know that 'time washes everything. An asocial after five years changes personality, it becomes very social, friendly, this is what modern society does. Who makes these tests of good, has as murder existential fame, as it is not very clear for some causes you die is nobody admits it, one could be the assumption of evil.

So you study your time bomb, so that you are not in that place when it explodes, then you invent a bar where you can remain indifferent or, do something you like, then you go on in your city to get to lunch, dinner, then the blue. You have to move, even if we inevitably fall back into us because, you can't always start over. Better to die was said in Italy, then after all death was after two hours, it was not at all a happiness but, what I personally did not do anything, is to pretend not to die.

Keep living, do nothing, just die, so don't believe in this not very colourful environment, a bad thing here is money. You only believe in our yes, writing we are not very interested in evil, the important thing is that we have not been given, they cannot come to tell us in ten years that we are pigeons, if we are studying something else. The body weight is not only water, you'll see that we don't go down to earth anymore, since I never go down either, I've never gone down into evil, so quiet your soul, talking about quieter of the false. This front is just a business tool, later opens in fantasy, otherwise there is no opposite to a single or a reason that doubles life, does not continue tonight life? No leverage, no grip, no harm, from me think of the future. A guy lives, eats the banquet has nothing

to do with it, more than anything else you have never called any of the people who are just an idea, laughs without being a fool, is not who goes crazy with evil or, who has never had a future. Someone will come and stop you, a neighbour or two, tell you to stop doing what you're doing. If you don't understand the present, think of the future.

Ok we don't do anything anymore, let's relax in our evening or, the evening is no longer ours but of them who don't know, it will seem strange to you or maybe you already know, they are happy to die, we don't, we don't make any difference. Ok then it doesn't go, it's already gone, or it will happen ok, then it's not there, and yet another thing is coming, however, live communism if there are still communists, living together is to separate from fascism in life, a parasite leans to the right. What manages not to make us talk, if the solution is beings, thinks that others are also beings, is eating well but healthy. Enter your well-being is not to think about erasing houses, when the past is a past, the present always smells good.

So it does not go, so you do not know, so who wants, after the interests will not be theirs but ours. We rest without participants, without love like blackberries, aim at the center ... they want to see us in a bar to drink a coffee or, in the house then go out like Methuselah when it comes out of the bath, you are fine. Maybe there isn't, he doesn't breathe the deception of a world incapable of making two feet and the interest between us. I am white, yellow, the colour of water for an evil overcome, green because I still love you. An evil is not a friend but, a dull form that reassures people, so that nothing has happened but, later perhaps it will attack us, because the future is fulfilled. There is no control, the past is a window to the future, the world does not see it, we never say its presence, because it is the false, it is a nightmare.

So today not everything is good, not everything has entered... don't say I told you so, the poison is like that, life is not eternal, how will you be able to go home without an angel, without eating and sleeping, without even understanding why you have been alive. We haven't all been there together but, one by one, don't hide the good Mr. Nobody, alive is let live. How many ways there are to die in these badly created ideas, only one to live, they never told us, these big modern heads, so continues even today, even if it seems a diminutive or an increased, that's how we live alone, or rather we continue in the impossibility of looking for a decent equation or, a Cartesian product that produces us, instead of an emotion other than love or, then an accomplice for evil. Maybe it's late so we don't have to complain, because it's already too much what we have, too much really, an exaggeration let's see... that product to eat in the kitchen says something, then the usual up and down the stairs, trying not to meet someone but, it's impossible, maybe we would have made the wrong year, you know they do it to everyone that use.

Whoever I made the mistake will leave him in the wrong, what he thinks he's making a basket, a hole. Here really there are only beautiful packaged products, only to use for a long time, so to say new, is then you cannot increase. What was doing a bad thing is not a basket but, only all the diseases put together in the vacuum or, what makes you lose the good from what I understood, a grown-up being who grows up is does not understand if not sometimes, if they then find that you have understood, they attack you so, until the pizzas and cakes are not finished, they are if not deserts, small things like all diseases, good appetite.

*Bye , G.*

### 3. THE SONG OF THE FUTURE

14.09.2007

“What you have to do, it's called the future .”

To understand a good you need to be enrolled friend, but from this you need to be alive, that is, awake not asleep, then the sequel. Sometimes I am surprised to find myself in the future that is today, looking at the technology that I find myself, thinking the future really comes. What you're fighting for sure you win, a first problem is always to be able to stay there too, bodily to see it. Everything is over, so begins the theory of a better life, packable, consumable, because we are finished and completed drawings, theories that impress our day. Primitive drawings that gave the beginning, are the trace of a door to the future, a door that eliminates time, that opens the mind to an instant, without the perception of pain or feeling.

A good thing really happens, the image of our dream comes true. Without time, history opens up, without envy or evils of any kind. Find a common language or create a software, the basis of a speech is built in more or less human realities, in the memory of having had ancestors. Art is not suffering but, a part of liberation, because after suffering, I never liked the discomfort, no dilemma in general, to begin with the complications are a disaster, we have done what was necessary at least once a day, if then by habit you organize yourself is alive in the year zero seven, you can trust invest, do not fool yourself with those ideas, it is true that they liberate.

When the water will be finished I will take leave of absence, we do not suffer at all cumulative, we do not lack anything, it is just a blasphemous illusion of the world, you have done everything trustworthy, there is not twice as much nothingness in a human unit, at most it will be a small abrasion, then only fantasy or depression, there are no people not compensated for the day, to think about it well will be a person or, an object close to us that understands what we lack, they want to take away our future, the future, what we will do, is just another way to make us die in their place. How many wars, then peace does not exist, you have a stopwatch to understand since when what will not be or, is never. Problems are death lines, not having is still death, words that cannot be used, are the death of thought. Places where they make us stay is you can't say it, because nobody will believe it anyway, a classic. You suddenly see who is evil, where no one can say they have been, there are no places where you have been that you cannot say.

*Is the end the beginning? Bye, G.*

## 4. ARACHNOPHOBIA

20.11.2007

“The meeting's not happening, is it? There are forces that condition our main interest, the non-existence can be a denunciation of evil. The social sometimes, people confused with objects.”

The exit doesn't exist... it's a key to solve our problems, to do only an inner study to find an exit. Together everything is more beautiful, to be is to think, say, do, kiss or die. When we are no longer there, don't look at us but at the part that was there. Power has always been a body, the mind a builder, now you don't know where it is going to lead, a fulfilment. Remaining in the good is the contact with all the things you have, a continuous flow of people in birth, makes us reborn in life, others live because you are a past, an adult, what you see is what you have produced.

The state is the good that wasn't there, what proceeds must be better than the things that don't work. The basis of human non-thinking is evil, the speech must be made away from the eyes and head, from a book or a sheet of notes, do not get confused about the position, even in the kitchen to bake means the elimination. We are goods of the world from that we are all in the world, an evil is a waste of time.

To go against good is to feel bad in person, a basic confusion. Continuing one must move-re, like if  $y$  moves from  $x$  infinitely, it happens that the equation is unsolvable. Communism is a dream, we are not all the same, so the state hasn't yet arrived at work or, an evil continues and it's all real, isn't it? the state is an incoming good, then you overcome it but, whenever it was. Here nothing is true, overcome to breathe is another reason, so if  $y$  is not  $x$ , another world can be reversed in concrete, then the rest is all a real fake, there is no imagination, there are people who 'the problem really have it.

Respect doesn't know what it is, don't even tell them, there would be no need. So the air has been cut into slices, there is almost nothing left, a question full of other people's problems, it is difficult to think about the reality of others. The cobweb is the taste of not being there, evil understands yes, everything is already ready what is needed, and what is not needed, what a bad world is ahead of us, the life that normally goes on, from today vote Craxi, where there is not, there will not be, G.

## 5. REMAIN UNPARALLELED

22.12.2007

“What is possible in a world where coherence no longer exists, the body is the habitat of how you are. Where we come from, where we are, not from shortcomings we will understand what we need, but in reason.”

What we have been is already enough to live and to laugh, as 'the future is the most beautiful fruit that life can give us. The air is tasted, the tastes and voices of people are new things that light up the senses, to the good fortune of meeting again or, if we have never seen each other, without the danger of falling is not to see anymore. Power is life, without rancour. I liked to abandon perdition for the belief, that false light and that rotting stench for life, the perfume, the smell. The memory of being finished, as it was before for the celebration of what it is today. Surprising me that the future exists, seeing everything reassessed, even myself. To live happily an accomplished tomorrow, the fresh and paid air, a slight burn in the brain that allows us to breathe, without the memory of those people who fly and talk badly. Free not to be there, living is not believing in the unhealthy fantasies of the whole world. People can be medicines or even sicknesses, the internet of humans is the truth that builds us, never throw away what you have earned with experience, it always serves. What we could do is only us, existence is like an object. To believe is existence, who believes exists. A small flight of bones, of flesh, of spirit, towards an intellectual security that takes the fruit of a healed body, because of him. Breathing the reality of a single thought, it is then difficult to make it concrete, as we were in the beginning, then a persistent catastrophe that does not go away, a stain that can no longer go away, we are all born, who arrives is lost.

Salvation dwells high up, my head turns sometimes, it will be the emptiness but, try to engage in a speech not turned off, try to taste another coffee, our speeches have always been lit, unleashed. Today is not a day like any other, today is more than tomorrow but there are those who think that all the words are wrong or the presence, the heat, the two of us, all of us or just me. Who knows what has changed people's memory, where the common thought of communicating so as not to always say the same words has gone, you will certainly find it at home, all crumpled up somewhere, along with real imagination. There is a reason for all the works or thoughts, for how many of us is not normally consistent with today's act, only the good exists but, to be so it is difficult to start from now stop, another you yourself ... not only complaint and persecution, as it was in the year zero seven, I think it will be the same even now where you are. Wounds that have long tormented in the distant planet Earth, have even now the visa and sighed what it is to communicate not to speak, not to write not to fill in.

There are things that you cannot do is are beautiful in their form or, others that have formed modern life, from these you can understand your own historical period, if you want in relation to the human figure, social even yourself. A strange but good theory for good, it says goes better and better and better. It's a law of the body where we went to breathe better, then better what will be, you study on purpose to understand better or, what is said for better. Of the movements of the body we cannot there to understand each other or, we lack the breath ... we are not yet finished, not deciphered. It will also be true that we don't have to admit the presence of evil or other questionnaires that we will never complete, because they have been taken away to make others do them, others that won't be needed.

Logic and time are coherences, or necessarily you are without a part, there is no part, there is no part, we do not exist for the moment or, better to say, this moment does not exist. In the meantime we are here, even if we succeed without extinguishing ourselves, I remind you that to extinguish from

here is to die, not to go. Who is a fake does evil, is certainly an inferior to those who suffer it, who does evil is an evil almost always, the law does not protect him, okay. We are not party favours or, dizzying falls down, we are unmade phone calls.

The world works with gasoline, how well you do good, how with the law you will feel a thousand times better, the law is all forever, it will become a necessity to remain consistent, laugh ah! ah! Just a touch to breathe, no bats, a flight of what remains, a legal act to denounce, the rest is you. So many things to do now... there's no strength left! Ease in the flow of blood into the body, it is said the presence or, the absence of a cut as fantasy or, I play other world.

You have to overcome the normal rules of understanding, art is not wrong but passed in the modern day or century in which I live. In the perseverance of not encountering the horrible sight of what you are not, what you live can also be the amount of things you say or don't say, only a darkness remains, what you expected no longer lives, only a lit flame guides our body to a new home, not to always laugh at what happened to us. Unknown the source of our private questions, it's a strange situation, living with problems that can't be solved, even stranger. Cruel is the Savior, where are you going far from my house? the intention was without verifying an act, there is always something to do ... look back, you can start from where you always want, without ever drawing compensation from what you are not.

I've seen all the theoretical forms that can't take a real form and, of the real forms that don't have a theory, death never happens, you don't leave, you don't erase anything, maybe it's just past but, however it exists, it's a duty to remember, indeed it's to go where you can, and avoid the rest that you don't have to. The others are all fake, it's just that it's not really, so you insinuate that you already know it, photocopies of things that you didn't have to bring, for the rest you could see. The world is lost, the big words are false, I advise you to be alone, don't use false equals, it's alive. What we call the emptiness you can find instead in the company, who never or well use the equals, is the same crippled, as it is a false good, deep down the reality is, like the city at night, does not accept fakes. What will they do again, to get us used to doing evil! Who knows what they will say even before they stop forever, for the whole world you always have to do a lot of math, before going home, so always the turn one, two, three times.

Out of a world, more than wounded wet, good to go out, pity that there is no one outside the houses except the few. You see it's raining, it's still there are things-businesses that can't be decided, facts of the matter speak of others in your house, they do it in everyone's house! Well, it should be better, rest later, you don't know how many things to learn in school is later, not even a thing. In my opinion these lessons are the future, they live together with us or, otherwise, people who take advantage of them. We will not exist in anything, just the air that enters our bodies, nice and true but, believe me offended and prejudiced for this is too much, fresh air maybe.

Betrayed lives are the best thing to enter, where the mediocrity of the lowest people does not enter, a game to get rid of at a certain age, but hurry up and that's all it was. Freed from the game of parts, that's what you live by false fascism. You feel better if you say it's not true but, to hear it is one thing to talk about it is another, other things are all another matter. The verb is all things, every law and religion. Sometimes it can always be better to talk about other things: the end of a day, the end of a year, things you don't say, things already said. A stalemate to be reorganized, a situation that will surely come to an end.

*Happy holidays. Gerardo*

## 6. WHAT IS GOOD IS NOT EXCEEDED

30.01.2008

“Of still images and asterisks that don't turn, don't trust.”

From the mummification of everyday life you cannot leave without a breath of air, the same living without the dissolution of belief, you cannot exist without power, is to think that the air and art, are or are not the same thing, for many but, not always the dismissal of the Government is peace without failures or surprises. What remains from the envy suffered by other few but believing people, is not only sleep, but also the belief of an ungrown popular consciousness, as water may seem oil. From where you are, do not give up, do not compromise, the best of opportunities is offered without even thinking that you can have to give, without ever meeting again.

Where we are not, we won't be the modern tends to make the future a known thing, the best way for me is to think that tomorrow will be different from today but, together with today, what God has reasoned is undoubtedly right but in short not a mass suicide, as those evils advise now uh, they will always do it safe. Basically false that personally present themselves, rumours that are not a neighbourhood, where not staying costs life but only a wrong place, as there are still places where you always go is never win God, the Moon, the Sun, more not to win when you die.

It seems to me that 'the bottom is just another fall back of a larger bottom even the false one, then as I turn my head is I see that I am already at the end of the line, because we had yet to arrive, what we expected, we are not or the State what? Of our brain what is left in a sea of ideas that do not exist, without a common thought that for them is a mistake. We pretend we don't know it, they'll even reset us false, of course! In this sea it's not but, a lake springing from a labyrinth of things that I don't build good but bad ideas, prerogatives from buildings where you can't always be there but, just go and see if in that other place that doesn't exist, you're not exploited.

People at night become bottles of bitter essences, it is secretly you continue, you must understand that you cannot leave, not to lose, you must have the ability to understand, is not to exist in nothingness, in emptiness. Thinking can be improved in the moment when the things that exist are a fundamental help to establish themselves in the future, as unique people. Rarely can one encounter what is said or, one has the possibility of not understanding the void as the solution is in time. The next action is a clear sign that identifies the past for you too, so creating a chain of days, months is to realize who you are talking about and, see other details in the way you want, as where it is to end, the error that does not make us come up from a good grave well. In the bureaucracy of language, of expression, fear will stop to dissolve unspoken things, which serve to create the future.

It's an interchangeable society, take what they gave or did to you and say goodbye to them, everything is in order just because they didn't kill you. Go on living, experiences are life really here, I warn you an equal: don't talk about good and evil, it makes you fall out that you are no longer you. I'm always looking for a software installed or to be installed, certainly there is no certificate in this stadium uh, State, if you are not there, where you go to appear, where you are no longer left. Gifts will come, thank you, I knew it, in fact they'll let you know about the car. Good morning maybe boredom is already a pretext, not to talk anymore? or the evidence crushes a temporary evil, what really could not be. You may not live, but there is light, happy.

I have noticed when everything is still in peace, that moment could be able to transform itself, normality transfigured without legal registrations, my face changing without something more that seemed to me before, a way of life does not exist or, it is a fact of ours to observe people well. The need to quarrel with me does not exist at all, for everything its place but, as you see, peace is not

spoken about, the order for which it was requested will be done, no peace we change the subject, where dreams go, the important thing for them is to stay somewhere. Without having the idea of what it is then, being is not seeing, as in that day we were not more than what we remembered, but what happens to us, not only happens to ourselves yes, I know I'm annoyed to always talk about the usual things but, what you want a life without you or without a goal.

There is a wonderful evening that promises nothing, we will expect in a world without evil, I cannot even tell you try not to kill you, we are in an uncomfortable position but, it is the best we can have now, I'll tell you where we went for the holidays but do not delude yourself, it was just a break, just cannot believe in anything, from this the meaning of where they have done the evil // // that denouncing, speaking is the same, it is not the State in the eyes of many, it seems an exaggeration but it is a problem, it already exists for some time, as a mistake not to worry about it, it is only the evil that wanted to make itself beautiful, even today then, the fact is already past, a deception arises from which to leave, because we are so distracted by our years.

Too many things ahead, the technology we hoped for is you continue to dream, then you grow along with retro progress. Tomorrow is not an end or, other pacts for outdated people, what are outdated people? Good is good for everyone, people are not toys, everything else was as wrong as what we are living. Everything can't be said or, one can't bear to say that evil exists. Here we end up starting somewhere else, but somewhere we should arrive, like spaceships arrive on the planet or, like people released from extra-terrestrials.

Two palm trees, the birds, the sea and the sun, one day in the afternoon, which was not the same thing. Too many walls between people, you say more than walls, will be other things. If you don't see any difference between good and evil, in the end they have already eliminated you or, you want to be avenged, depending on whether it never happened. So what is the future in this century, a known thing, is this the new thing? The return from where you want, it has not been organized but, on the other hand, it is happening today, what the past expected.

A software is what solved today, virtual reality will grow, believe me many other projects have hidden, not to let us know the culture, the law, the bureaucratic, they thought or wanted us to think that it was a game, especially the point where we were not betrayed or, they betrayed us but, we betrayed ourselves. Nothing worrying yes, just that they make it pass for the only good, as they move tracks that move our lives to the wrong places or, a portable avalanche from which you have to move, in addition they create what you have to do, sometimes even forbidden.

Time washes its stains, with the rain and, in good weather, tries to leave those problems away, don't pay as much attention to them, as when you finish a job you are happy with the past. Now they pay you the future comes is also what you expected, it's not a joke, it's a fantasy, it's our father's evil that you are heaven free us from them, ok how to live yesterday or in the past is a visual art but, if you are today, it's later, while the non-existence has always been a question that every society has had to explain itself, to put out words for exercise, is not just a legal form, a practice that does not belong to you or, you don't have to do it, as some precious are crystals of educational castes, as reality is for everyone, as other subjects serve to remain speechless, recover what has never been possible, that is today.

People want to play? you do not understand a question mark. In a stormy sea, where is the quiet? Where there is no more wind in the sea. A good was not a private thing or, a crystal to eat, to drink, to understand and distribute or, other public issues that we hope will be resolved, closed in their empire of the municipality, there are no doubts, we will not remain finished and/or failed would be like saying, nothing has happened instead everything has happened. Arriving where others do not land was a success, getting lost to not see that themselves, was a game that at a certain age you lose. Believing that there is no longer a future, where believing is like arriving in a city, it is not tomorrow but what can happen with a little more well-being, without having the problems that yesterday is perhaps today's life. Submerged by very large questions that are actually giant words,

used for purposes are not complacent to use. The trick is to keep the big words always considered as important, the rest you can see in a package that you find in your trusted store.

What's the problem? Here it's all joy or death then, life is always the same, one only has to manifest oneself in good and established things everywhere. What will the future be made of? being a mortal for sure death, then you try to think about something else, the why of time passing. In reality we are already built, we are already born, what happens is us more what we do, perhaps it is forbidden not to know how difficult everything is already, that is, drunk. I'm tired at home I just turned off the ship, I'm almost decided as usual in a few hours to go to sleep. We need a decisive solution in the day, a fixed point on which to base tomorrow with all the rules that will involve but, many will have already understood, what I wanted to say.

That road is too long, you don't have to follow it, you don't know where it goes. Everything goes where it is appropriate, without making many problems then in the end it turns off, it ends up being complete. Study the positions is how come there is no afterwards, only if you say it you make a mistake. The world changes, all the things you don't say, what seems like a huge issue, then it's us. The Earth shines like a star, doing good today is like carrying a stigmata... may life always smile on you, and the Sun in your heart never dies, the road is always long but at the end there is the arrival, G.

## **7. LEAVING FASCISM FOREVER**

**29.02.2008**

“I'm just saying, it's not the same thing as stating the truth.”

It seemed like it was over, but it was another day, any other day, even today, you don't know, you can't know. It will be just another way of saying it, also because today is the decisive day, you have to make yourself strong, or other continuous breakthroughs of a discourse where we no longer exist. You remain as the bottle of what you have not drunk, drenched in what you have never been, gagged in front of a future that we do not know, you cannot afford the past for which 'the forbidden. Basically they want to command us without understanding what exists in front of us, without conscience. What you haven't asked for, they won't give it to you, we'll have to go and see what we don't have, don't sleep if possible... don't betray yourself when they tell you to cheat the other, which one they didn't tell us, they told us it was wrong, then they'll solve that we all do good, they don't see that what some people say can't even be repeated.

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