

“But so delicious, so delicious”

Shit loves to be close to shit – it’s a fact. Whether it’s because it came out of the same asshole or because it floats in the same sewer, that’s how it is. But *certain* shit – in subversive environments, the supporters of alternating conflictuality – also loves to be close to chocolate, or at least would like to have it understood. To boast of being a nutrient is not enough, it isn’t sufficient.

To give examples, certain workers’ power leaders might even go so far as to present their old organization as favorable to autonomy and permanent conflictuality, but would you want to believe them? Believe who? The one who gave “red cards” to the stalinists of the PCI (Italian Communist Party) and was moved when he clasped the hand of its secretary, who marched beside the killer Vidali in Spain in 1936? The one who begged for amnesty from the state? Come on

In the same way, certain on-and-off anarchists might even flaunt their support of an autonomous projectual action hostile to politics, but would you want to believe them? Believe who? The ones who accepted every compromise so as to head out and come back together with mayors, local authorities, priests, judges, police informants? Come on

No, to have any possibility of being appreciated, this fetid material needs to show itself to be close to someone whose dough is composed of sweet material. The opportunities, for mystification or confusion or naïvete, are not lacking. When they don't happen by themselves, they are expressly created. Then one wipes the sludge off the display case and sprays the aroma of cocoa around the premises. A good publicity stunt, and play is made. The hope is that some glutton can be deceived and go into the sewer mistaking it for a pastry shop. And it is a deception that in fact rather often works, between guffaws and embarrassment. But, let's tell the truth, it is a deception that can't go on for long. Only those who want to be deceived can go on being deceived. With best wishes to the shit-eaters.

Sometimes a turd ends up in the middle of a rum cake. Other times a rum cake ends up in the middle of turds. Most often and gladly, it simply happens that the turds make a lot of noise after being sprinkled with some rum cake crumbs. Of course, it is disgusting to see all those parasites swarming around what one loves. But these are things that have always occurred. *Shit happens*, precisely. If there are contaminations, have patience, we'll throw everything out and start over from the beginning. As to the misunderstandings, really, they have short lives.

As they say under Vesuvius, it is useless to go on adding
rum: turds don't become rum cake.

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