

The Noble Destiny of A Piece of Shit

We shall disregard all societal disciplines. They are simply political tools enacted to establish new figures of power and consequently of slaves. Likely, they are inevitable and we should only make use of them for the time being, this while constantly being aware of our own discipline. In our technological society, we must admit, discipline is reduced to the individual and all forms of socialization are a mere display of vanity and, unfortunately, of power. It is hard to know how dangerous this power is; it certainly slows down and upset the potential of our technological age, namely our personal disciplines, the technologies of the Self, as Foucault once called them.

The struggle is great; on one hand the individuals naturally willing to establish and pursue their willing and on the other the artificial imposition of those elders attempting to set moral directions. In our age more attention should be instead devoted to the youth. As technology keeps changing, it is in the young individuals that a naturalization can be observed and understood. Youth should be guided in their intuitive undertaking. It is in this undertaking that humanity can rediscover its human side and its pathos. In turn, the old establishment keeps attempting to control its offspring. Dogmas are enforced, the intuition lost and with it, its poetic. Elders should accept the idea of obsolescence.

Among elders, and generally among humans, circulates the obsession of framing. While social framing have devastating results, what should be facilitated is simply that the youth can conceive their own personal framing from their own undertaking alone. In this respect standardization will be avoided and a ground can be created for a more natural pollination. It is human fear at last to partially take over, creating the necessity for a frame to frame the frames. In this respect, inevitably, spontaneous frames are always out of the frame and should stay autonomous to reflect on the values of our contemporary being, a being that has to constantly deal with a technological evolving creature.

There is anew challenge however; as technology gains intelligence and grows, spontaneous disciplines should be regarded as the only phenomena that can domesticate it and provide a means of human communication rather than the means of power and destruction which the older establishment apply on them. The main threat here lays in a schooling system assessed from above, from the very establishment as it standardizes and hinders the intuitive maturation of a youth born to save us from the faceless monster. Meantime, monsters with a face are provided by the very

establishment, through the very faceless technology. These are the mainstream celebrities to which the youth is taught to idolatrously worship as if in a cave of stupidity, the ever deeper abyss of humanity now fully artificially lightened.

What is to be avoided in order to re-emerge to the natural light are any fixed notions, the heavy bites that keeps the youth anchored in the stomach of the technological creature. Rather than being vomited in its own acid, the way out, in this respect is to slowly undertake the dark and solitary walk through the labyrinth of its intestine, this without turning back to all the vibrating excitement of its stomach. Us youth ought to understand the labyrinth, as cartographer we ought to create a way out for ourselves without the illusion to make to its equally intricate brain only to find ourselves at its service. Our discipline is really this of explorers, orienting oneself to latter suggest orientation to others.

In other words, we ought to accept our destiny of pieces of shit, we ought to give up the sense of pride emerging from our elevation from the stomach chaos into the dogmatic sterility of this creature's brain. Our duty as pieces of shit is most noble; we are required out of the technological creature in order to make new fermentation at its feet, new maneuver for a natural regeneration to come. Like a parasitic plant we will then take over the machine. If possible, however, we ought to get defecated out of it not drained of our resources, but contrary to other shit, we shall attempt to make it out of it filled with all possible nourishment, becoming real explosives of new life and makers of a new human brain, the organic new brain emerging from technology's ass.

In this respect we can find a parallel between the brain and the intestine. While everyone aspires to the brain of the technological creature, the creature becomes stitic and its intestine hard to traverse. The brain instead becomes pollulate of many big intestines, that of the governors who. on the other hand keep devouring, retaining little substance but much fat. While the brain emits its vocal orders and vomits out and eats up those who are left outside, as a kamikazee we worship the god of the wind, a fart that can let us out at the feet of this creature. What will happen then when it will see its own pooh? Will it stop eating and reflect? Eventually this will allow a period of human recreation.