

The origins of the unconscious

by Giuseppe Ferrandino

Chapter 1

In 2002, having published several novels and having become quite well known and earned quite a bit of money, I decided to work on seeking a stable state of abstraction. Abstraction is that state that artists seek in order to create their works without being subject to the whims, abuses and slips of the unconscious. When you're in a state of abstraction, you're happy. I wanted to perpetuate that state... The work of philosophers is carried out in a state of abstraction and it didn't seem impossible to obtain it on a permanent basis. But thinking about it all the time always brought me back to the same obstacle, the Oedipus complex, the primordial relationship between a child and his mother. I decided to imagine making love to my mother. I spent a whole night thinking about it and finally managed. But this was followed by many almost sleepless nights, for the first time, because I'd never had any trouble sleeping before... After a few months, I had to accept that there was another step to take: imagining being sodomised by my father. Obviously, this is already beyond the horror suggested by Freud... It took me about a week. And it was really hard. Even imagining my father taking me by the hand was almost impossible. After a few hours' work I was exhausted... But the following day, I was able to start again exactly from where I'd left off. I finally managed to complete the deed... Then I suffered from genuine insomnia for two months... I had nightmares and started using Lexotan, for the first time in my life, to try and get some sleep... I felt like there was still another step to take in order to understand the mystery of the unconscious, but I didn't know

what it was... Then all of a sudden it came to me one evening... All I had to do was imagine devouring my mother's tongue... And that's exactly what I did; I imagined biting off her tongue, which she'd thrust into my mouth, and swallowing it. It took just a second. I spent the next hour and a half feeling dizzy... And then it was all over. I started sleeping again. Even better than before... But then a few little physical problems began cropping up. The most obvious was a feeling of muscle tension that inspired me to go on long but wonderful walks. I've always been a walker so it wasn't something that bothered me. This tension in my joints, because I wouldn't know how else to describe it, went on for a few years. I didn't have any other problems. Five years later, I started suffering from muscle spasms in my sleep. I think they were slight epileptic fits. I'd jump on the bed, unconsciously trying to assume a foetal position. In other words, I think that this tension, probably like the awful dizziness during that first hour and a half, depended on my own acts of past aggression, which I was paying for. I'll talk about these aggressions and the "manners" in which, by attacking others, we see ourselves as devouring their tongues, later on. During my acts of aggression, I wanted to put myself in a foetal position inside the body of the person I was attacking. This truth becomes clear once we've taken the "test"... I use the word "test" to describe the act of imagining that you're devouring your mother's tongue.

Chapter 2

These things that I've said might sound absurd or as though they're the product of some whimsical invention. But they're real. The fact that we want to devour our mother's tongue, something that fills us with absolute horror at the very thought, is proven by this: when the tongue, the organ of the mouth, is slapped under our nose in a way that we define obscene, we are filled with horror. But why do we see it as obscene? What's obscene about it? It could just be playful... Yet it upsets us. Why? And what could possibly be the meaning of the protruding tongues of evil oriental and ancient western divinities like Medusa or the goddess Kali? And why hasn't psychiatric science ever investigated these mysteries? Psychiatric dictionaries make no mention whatsoever of the tongue. Isn't that amazing? The fact of the matter is that it generates a dreadful sense of horror. But it's only a puerile phantom. Which we can easily overcome and which I feel scientists should tackle. Afterwards, you really enter this permanent state of abstraction. Yes. After the unconscious, it no longer exists, apart from in dreams, but it's always quite easy to understand. Have I said enough to prove that we want to devour the maternal tongue? If nothing else, I think I've said things that prove that we find ourselves in severe difficulty when it comes to the tongue... But that protruding tongue must mean something... And the horror it generates must mean something too. The meaning lies here. When we're babies, lying in the arms of our mother, father or whoever it is that raises us, we witness this magic: we see the terrifying tongue in the adult's mouth, vibrating while they talk to us. Of all the mysteries of the adult world, the most frightening seems to be "talking". It's as though talking and life are the same thing. Every kind of human aggression, which is the only real aggression there is, as our odd behaviours are completely unknown and non-existent in the rest of nature, stems from this! We're terrified at the prospect that we'll never know

how to talk. We see our mother's tongue as the symbol of life. Our own tongue symbolises life too. Consequently, we want to devour our mother's tongue so that she, who we see as being so strong, will devour our tongue in exchange, keeping it safe forever, in the only place we recognise as a receptacle... the rectum! A child isn't required to know anything about the physiology of the opposite sex. And this is what shatters the whole Freudian theory. But obviously Freud progressed well for as long as he progressed. We want to sit like "poop" inside the rectum of our mother, father or whoever it is that raises us. This is where we start getting up to mischief. The first examples include pooping our pants when we've already learned how to control our sphincter muscles. But I have the feeling that we're already capable of aggression even before that, crying and screaming for no reason, for example... We imagine, during this aggression, that we're filling the adult's anus with our erectile genital organ, the penis or the clitoris. In exchange, the adult will fill ours, and may also fill our mouth, leaving us completely irresponsible. This is because we will no longer have to worry about swallowing and expelling food. We will be completely at ease in the next phase, when we have been devoured, when our tongue will have been devoured, inside the rectum. Absolutely irresponsible, as we were when we were in the foetal state. So, as I was saying, we imagine devouring the adult's tongue, and the adult devouring ours in exchange. The evil divinity with the protruding tongue embodies the act of aggression and the desire to be devoured. Other proof that the mother's tongue wants to be devoured by us, acrobatically, so as to speak, is the following. When a tongue is poked out, even involuntarily, it fills us with disgust. Why? Unless of course the gesture is playful, in which case it is tolerated. But there is only one such case I think. When a girl is playing around with, teasing, her boyfriend. Even a comedian pokes out his tongue a little when pretending to be sexually aroused, and he does so with particular attention, revealing just a small part outside his mouth, generating

revulsion among the laughs. Then there's the fact that the sight of a couple of lovers entwining tongues disgusts everyone other than the two people involved in the event. And aside from the sensuality and playfulness of invading a lover's mouth with your tongue, there is also the fact that the gesture stems from that phantom: from the desire to be devoured and to be kept safe forever inside the adult's body. In this case, the adult is the lover, who is so strong that they deserve our love. And lastly, the proof related to our mother or father: nothing horrifies us more than one of our parents showing us their tongue. Just think about it and then tell me I'm not right. Despite this horror originating from a simple, worthless childhood phantom, we are completely detached from this damned tongue. We want nothing to do with it. Nothing at all...

Chapter 3

At this point, let's say it becomes easy to understand what a dream is. A dream is a mechanism used to regulate the emotions experienced during the day, recently or throughout our life. We go through terrible emotional situations during our lives. And their aftereffects could drag on and on, making it impossible for us to sleep. I mean why should they ever stop? It's a well-known fact that while we are awake, even though we do everything we can to overcome it and put it to rest, a violent emotion continues to torment us, whatever we do. Only a good sleep can help us escape the anguish provoked by a death or even just by a problem. So why do we dream? Dreaming transforms the emotions experienced during the day or throughout our entire lifetime, some of which are harder to cope with, into something controlled and minimal. In other words, we dream so that we can sleep. And that's the only reason at all.

At this point, perhaps we can also clarify the reason why we laugh. Laughter is a mechanism of reaction to aggression! Used to keep it under control. A good belly laugh related specifically to an episode of aggression mitigates it and mitigates our suffering in relation to that aggression, making the aggressor feel ridiculous. We laugh about aggression because the aggressor wants to sit inside our rectum like "poop". This causes the muscles to relax and the expulsion of air from our lungs, while the whole body is titillated by the discovery of the truth! The effect is laughter. Or a smile, which is a summary of laughter.

Now, remaining in a permanent state of abstraction, I'm going to take the liberty of expressing my opinion on something even more mysterious than the reasons why we dream...! The origin of life. I have a theory all of my own. It came to mind while observing those ellipsoid or similar-shaped structures on the beach made up

of seaweed rolled around for ages and ages by the current on the seabed. These pieces of seaweed had come together to form quite compact objects as well-honed as pebbles. I thought about the fact that, in the warm, primitive sea, with the continuous tidal waves that generated incessant underwater currents, the amino acids were linked together with a frequency possibly superior to what we had thought up to now. At this point, perhaps we can explain the formation of DNA; and, if we want to speak in religious terms, even this seems predictable.

The first thing that comes to mind is a philosophical observation. And I'm going to say a few words about this too. For years we've concentrated on *being*, as a concept of something that possibly exists eternally, as proof of the eternal existence of God. It is clear that, in searching for a permanent state of abstraction, that state so well-represented by Raphael's cherub looking upward and to the left, we run into the problem of whether or not God exists. No proof exists and, according to Kant, it never will. And there's no reason why it should. If it did, Hegel's "game" of God with himself would no longer make sense. But *being* can be identified. It is *doing things well*. This is *being*. If we do things well, we obtain an eternal effect which reverberates throughout the cosmos. The order that is created for a moment, even while alone, carefully shaving in the morning, is immortal and always beats chaos in terms of power. Obviously, chaos can occur again, but it will be a different kind of chaos, which has to reckon with the order of the past. It will be a chaos infiltrated by the mechanisms of the small-scale past order and a chaos which can no longer manage without them, so it will be slightly less chaotic.

Lastly, to close the chapter, Good, often spoken about by the great Plato, is the demonstration of the power of God. *Doing things well*, something that we do in a state of abstraction, such as when we concentrate intensely on shaving (that's a state of abstraction too), is proof that God might exist. That something eternal exists. But this concept is already implicit in the concept of *being* and in

the proof that the *being* exists. What do we want to say here in relation to aggression and the mystery of the tongue and the unconscious? We merely want to say that Plato and Good are the mainstays of the work carried out on abstraction. And that, in conclusion, being in a state of abstraction helps produce important works and tackling this “test” of the devoured maternal tongue helps us become artists.

Chapter 4

At this point, a harsher and possibly harder to accept concept comes into play. We all have a sense of responsibility. But this varies from person to person. I think that this sense of responsibility, which can also be called “force”, is identifiable in every human being and that this is what lies behind the main form of aggression, being its target. So how do we recognise this “force”? Let me try and explain. I’d say that certain individuals are completely lacking in this kind of “force”, while others have it in maximum quantities. To make things easier, I’m going to call this maximum 10. And a sense of responsibility or a “force” of 10, whichever you prefer, is recognised by the following characteristics: the individual possesses the fundamental and unquestionable values of justice and duty. He is unable to cause anything other than occasional or minimal harm, responding like every other human being to the laws of aggression, but in a temperate and gentle manner. His aggressions are almost never aimed at another individual and if they exist, they are usually aimed at things. Balzac, for example, had a force 10, but his weakness was borrowing money left, right and centre. He lived with anguishing dilemma of how to repay the sums he owed, an anguish that probably took him to an early grave. He definitely had some mild form of mental illness, considering the explicit folly of his demands, which became more and more pressing the worse his appalling debt became. Yet he didn’t stop. He couldn’t stop. We also know that Dostoevsky had a force 10 and a weakness for gambling. In this case, the person he ruined was himself. But then again, Balzac ruined himself too. As far as we know, he didn’t ruin anyone else, apart from his mother, who wanted to be ruined, exaggerating of course. I’ve studied Balzac’s biography to some length and feel capable of mentioning said illations. Those who attack themselves are attacking the

economic or spiritual assets of others, and consequently those same others too, causing them anguish and sometimes obliging them to take out loans, or ruining their peace of mind. We can imagine the dreadful Dostoevsky with a capricious and evil smirk as he thinks of the countless “victims” of his stunts. All those people who would have liked to see him happy and content, but who knew that he was a slave to gambling. These are definitely aggressions but, as you can see, they are particular aggressions, closely linked to some form of psychological imbalance which was actually more folkloristic than harmful to others, despite being harmful to the perpetrator himself. Plato, another force 10 subject, appears to have had no weaknesses, yet his testament does reveal something, that he was paternalistic towards his servants, for example. Other signs of a “force” 10 individual are the absolute willingness to help others in need; absolute serenity; though it has to be said that this serenity is not enough to overcome the aggression of others. But the subject is undoubtedly happier than average. If we see this sign, we are looking at a “force” 10 individual. Above all, a person with a maximum sense of responsibility leaves us feeling absolutely at peace in his company. We aren't alert and we fear no aggression...! Naturally and unfortunately, these individuals are extremely rare, but I shall try to continue the list of qualities of people who are “force” 10. It might be a rather sickly list but it's necessary so that we can understand how to recognise them: they walk with great composure and eat with beautiful manners; if the individual is a writer, this is the easiest case to identify, because he will be very calm, with an ample and complete way of creating his sentences, in the sense that they never refer to other sentences. If you want to check this, you'll find that each sentence is complete in its own right. This still allows the existence of “force” 10 writers with very different styles, like Tolstoy, Celine and Hemingway. I realise that this concept of complete sentences is a little irrational, but what I want to point out is that the force 10 writer is the most

gifted at describing the facts as they are, with no embellishments; let's say it comes naturally to him, because it's obvious that every writer does his best to write like this! I have to continue the list of characteristics of the "force" 10 person, to allow you to understand how we can identify him. It's a boring list, but I don't know how to do it any other way. Another way of recognising the "force" 10 writer, and also the "force" 10 man on the street, is that he has a very attractive personality, as they say. He's friendly, neutral and humorous, using understated, calm and playful linguistic and facial expressions. The features of these force 10 writers and men on the street are relaxed, regular, attentive; and the "force" 10 individual perpetuates a great sense of peace. He, and I insist on sickeningly praising him, evokes this sense of peace because he's cautious, non-aggressive, open, cheerful, never ugly, or the contrary, if you like...he's always lively; very docile, approachable, ashamed of every form of conceit, humble and, above all, authoritative. He is a man, but there are also force 10 women, who doesn't mess about. And, of course, if he is so taken with justice and duty, he has to have a character capable of serving such high values! When we see him or hear his music, read his books or look at his paintings, as in the case of Michelangelo and Raphael, Renoir and Van Gogh, our mind is immediately stimulated to the limit by the need for a truce with the world. We know that we have absolutely no need to fear aggression, or that if there is any, it won't be serious. And it will probably, or even definitely, be more to his detriment than ours. We will be calm and at ease. No attempt will be made to make us feel inappropriate or evil: we know that just by looking at him in person or, if he's an artist, through his works. If we are mad with rage, no miracles will happen but, undoubtedly, we'll become calmer. And so on... This individual is recognisable because he is all of the above and more, because in our mind there are possibly receptive areas that instantly accommodate the characteristics of this person, in relation, I repeat, to his sense of responsibility. But probably, more

than receptive areas, our mind has the ability to compare the sense of responsibility of others with our own. There are infinite little signs that the senses send to the brain which enable us to identify the “force” 10 person. We can’t go wrong. The “force” 10 person, and I have to continue my vulgar list because I don’t know what else to do, is dynamic, powerful, exceptional compared to the norm, remarkably charming, usually very attractive, but not necessarily. The musician Renato Carosone, for example, is a “force” 10 individual, but you wouldn’t exactly call him handsome, and neither Plato nor Dostoevsky, judging by the iconography available, were much to look at either. But they definitely have something which appeals to the eye. Again, it could be their calm, coupled with irony, authority and a love of justice. Whatever, the “force” 10 individual is so rare that never once in my life have I met one on the street, apart from in England, where the sense of responsibility is by far the strongest on the planet, and is recognised by distinction. He has, and I continue with my compliments towards the subject, outstanding class, naturally, without even realising, and he has a well-developed sense of humour. “Force” 10 writers include comic mystery authors, Westlake and Charteris. He is very approachable, something that stands out immediately, as I mentioned earlier. Obviously, the “force” 10 individual is that who comes most frequently under attack. But we’ll talk about this later. For now, I insist that we have these receptors I was just talking about. An analogue system capable of instantly recognising the level of sense of responsibility of the person in front of us. Of course, we can be tricked momentarily if this is the aggressor’s intention. For example, many “force” 1 women tend to pretend that they’re “force” 7, which is a typical North American “force”. While “force” 8 is a typical English “force”. They pay more attention to the way they walk, calm and composed, with long strides, without giving themselves airs, preferably closed inside a jacket or a coat, letting their hair flow calmly and taking on a lively and humble

tone. They can trick us for a few moments, as I said, but those who are even better at tricking us are “force” 0 people. But we soon see through them. It should also be specified that the aggressor can sometimes trick us without intending to. He might be of a superior “force”, but when he attacks us, accelerating his car as he drives past us while we’re walking along a narrow stretch of road, for example, he becomes coarse and lethal, and, losing all dignity, honour and calm, he confounds us. Again, this misunderstanding doesn’t last long, as I said. Immediately afterwards, when the aggression is over..., our receptors are able to recognise with millimetric precision the “force” of the interlocutor. And they go to work with millimetric precision because, between two individuals of the same “force” but with the odd tenth or one hundredth of a difference, one being “force” 0.02 and the other “force” 0.03 for example, the former will more constantly raise his hands towards the face of the other or will cast him an unpleasant glance, or will lower his voice to force the other to ask him to repeat what he said or make a greater effort to hear. He will eat bad-manneredly, coarsely, or will shout suddenly in his ear. He’ll pretend to cough without covering his mouth with his hand, and so on, according to the well-known or quite well-known list of possible aggressions. I realise that I’m saying things that might annoy you or leave you, quite frankly, incredulous. Yet they are true and, if we try hard, we will see that we are able to make a distinction. This effort is frightening and the main fear is that of madness, but we can calmly try to compare ourselves with two different people and check which of the two puts us most at ease and towards which one we feel a little aggression. I was afraid of madness when I began the operation I’ve described up to now, in 2002. And I definitely had good reason, damn it. But madness doesn’t stem from putting our mind to the test. Madness stems from wickedness or being forced to endure it. I’m going to talk about this later on.

Chapter 5

The force 10 individual is tough when it comes to his claims for justice. He never backs down, that would be unthinkable. But is every “force” 10 individual a potential martyr, ready to be burnt at the stake of injustice and false philosophy? Does he unquestioningly accept death, like Giordano Bruno, who just happened to be “force” 8? Socrates, who was presumably force 10, got himself killed too and, in the works of Plato, his character “explains” why. His reasons aren’t all that far removed from those of Bruno. But this doesn’t mean that every force 10 individual will be burnt at the stake or take a dose of hemlock. Balzac would probably have run for his life. Celine would have blown a raspberry and Bukowski would have drowned his sorrows in drink. Being “force” 10 doesn’t mean being the same as another “force” 10. I’m sorry if I keep talking about the “force” 10 individual, but I have to make it clear, at least that’s my intention. Even between two force 10 individuals, one might attack the other. But he will do it blandly or playfully. But he can do it. The person isn’t made up of a sense of responsibility alone. And aggressions don’t depend solely on said sense of responsibility. They also depend on beauty, height, athleticism, elegance, wealth, culture and intelligence, which arouses terrifying aggression in those with a minimum force or force 0, and, although not in the same quantity as the previous qualities, on calm, cheerfulness, fame, judiciousness, composure, strength and sensuality, which arouses terrible jealousy in Americans towards Southern Italians, to the point where they see Italian food in general as something rudimentary and rough-and-ready, compared to formidable US cuisine, which, just to make a point..., no one is able to identify. But the Americans are the second most responsible population on the planet, so we have to forgive them. We have to

specify this detail to understand how aggression really knows no peace or truce, and can be triggered even in the most sane and aware individual. To be honest, Americans don't really possess a sense of self-awareness. Their sense of making love, which they call "having sex", as if they were talking about: "having a poop", "eating" or "spitting on the ground", is rough and naïve, almost like that of the Japanese. They worry so much about appearing far-removed from every sexual perversion involving children, to the point where they turn it into an illness even in their movies, yet they constantly strive to make their young girls look sexually provocative. This is a mistake that's never made in Italy... It would be ridiculous. A population either knows the most intimate truth in relation to some of its behaviours, or it doesn't. This is called the self-awareness of a population in relation to a certain fact.

The sense of responsibility developed by those who are "force" 10 leaves no room for shortcuts and creases. So why did I say that not everyone, and possibly very few or no one at all, would stand to be burned at the stake or take a dose of hemlock if they were asked to recant? Because nowadays these things are no longer essential, but there are many more reasons and the principle of those that are secondary is the following: we can be just as helpful without dying. If it used to be essential for human beings to die in order to preserve their dignity, now it isn't, at least not so definitely, because war, with its cruel need for immolation, is completely different, and may God forever protect us from it, and different again is the argument that a force 10 individual who's a scientist, an artist or a philosopher, can form today without dying to defend the human race; in other words, he can say: "No, thank you, I'm more use alive."

There have been few famous "force" 10 individuals throughout history and they are the following: Aeschylus, Herodotus, Thucydides, Plato, perhaps Socrates, Plautus, Theocritus, Tu Fu, Po Chui, Dante, Michelangelo, Raphael, Cervantes, Shakespeare,

de Foe, Vico, Austen, Kant, Goldoni, Hegel, Schleiermacher, Smith, Mozart, Balzac, Pushkin, Dumas, Renoir, Van Gogh, Dostoevsky, Tolstoy, Celine, and Hemingway. The following less famous Italians are also “force” 10: Angiolieri, Monteverdi, Giannone, Nievo, Bandi, Garibaldi, about ten of Garibaldi’s men, Salgari, Carosone, Buscaglione, Edoardo Vianella, Fellini, Clucher, Mattoli, Lucio Battisti, Veraldi, the Giussani sisters, Gianluigi Bonelli, three translators, and three historians of Garibaldi, including Sacerdote; other “force” 10 individuals are a young man who had a moment of television fame, as a contestant of Italian “Big Brother”, Pietro Taricone, the actress Silvana Pampanini and two illustrators of “Diabolik”, Ieva and another whose name I don’t know.

Famous “force” 9 individuals are Euripides, Marlowe, Cezanne, Chekov, Flaubert, Conrad and few others. There are many force 8 individuals however, including Sophocles, Terence, Virgil, Catullus, Giotto, Beethoven, Gibbon, Liszt, Darwin, Freud and others. Other “force” 10 personalities are Christie, Chandler, Bukowski and about twenty-five more British and American crime writers. As you can see, there aren’t many “force” 10 people, and while lots of well-known people are force 0, none of them are really famous, because they simply don’t exist.

At this point, having explained how to identify the “force” 10 subject, it is easy to understand that a “force” 0 subject is exactly the opposite. And we can also identify people of “force” 1 or 2 and so on, through to decimals and beyond. Homer, for example, is a “force” 7.92. This precise indication might make disbelievers laugh. I could have avoided it and I could have avoided certain aspects of the discussion, in relation to the origins of the unconscious, which are harder to accept... But it was my duty to explain everything I’ve learned on the subject over a period of fifteen years. And if it might seem absurd, well then, so be it. However, if we are capable of recognising those with a greater or a poorer sense of responsibility than us, we are also capable of

grasping how much they differ from us. Hence the possibility to precisely indicate the “force” of others on a scale of 0 to 10.

Chapter 6

How do we become a certain “force”? I don’t have enough answers. But I can specify two things. The first is that I know not one single adult, including the most authoritative writers, who has increased his “force” in the slightest after reaching adulthood. Take Conrad for example. He wrote his first works with a sense of responsibility of 9.69, compared to a maximum of 10, and never increased this measure, not even after tackling terrible seas and terrible spiritual battles. And another thing; after the age of four or five, I don’t have anything, in the insufficient studies carried out, to suggest that it is possible to increase our “force”, and I think that, by that age, we already have the “force” that we will have as adults. How is it possible? What does it depend on? I don’t know. Evidently there is something rooted in the encephalon which houses the “force” developed until that time. But just what that is, I don’t know. And I don’t know how this “force”, this sense of responsibility, is housed. Perhaps the sense of responsibility is translated into a chemical mechanism which is stored until the site somewhere in the nervous system is completely sealed. I have no idea how that happens, but physiologists might be able to give us the answer some day...

What does the “force” depend on? This, on the other hand, is blatantly obvious. On our desire, on education and on the circumstances of our life. Those who end up being “force” 0 receive not even the slightest education towards responsibility. Those who become “force” 10 are exposed to facts that push them to take on maximum responsibility. Perhaps they are educated, but I know of many “force” 10 individuals who had very low “force” brothers or sisters. Of course, if you have a high “force”, you have probably been subjected to constant spiritual scuffles.

Those who are spoiled will necessarily have a very low or mediocre “force”. British and American families are capable of educating their children to acquire “force” 8 and “force” 7, respectively.

These populations are being asked to share the secrets of education, particularly the British, because the Americans don’t have enough self-awareness to involve them in such a complicated situation. And I allow myself to say something so harsh and nasty because their movies, which are seen the world over, to the point where they’re almost the only movies seen, and their television series too, never reveal any of the secrets of this education. On the contrary, they wickedly and constantly present youngsters and children who are rude to their parents, answering them back with frightening exclamations such as “I hate you”, or “Leave me alone”, and even “Go to hell.” This is crazy stuff. However, we have no British interviews on education either. We would particularly like to know more about aristocratic education. But perhaps the British don’t have sufficient material to tell us about these facts! The matter definitely deserves the attention of pedagogues. Perhaps the British, like the Americans, are instinctive and don’t know how to explain what they do. Otherwise there should be some sign. Some trace in their artistic production. There definitely is something there. Take *Courageous Captains* for example. But it’s not enough. It’s undoubtedly the duty of these two great populations to teach us.

Then there’s another question: when does the “force”, the sense of responsibility, start to develop? Again, I don’t know the answer. But I get the impression that it starts developing as soon as we are born. Babies who are taught to control themselves from birth become strong adults. The first noises, screams in the night, and crying come across to me as forms of aggression. But this definitely deserves further study... Without doubt, I’d go so far as to say that there are tiny babies, just a few months or even days old, that have already developed smidgeons of force. How does

that happen? Could it depend on adults, on the educational system? It's obvious that it depends on the outside world, but free will definitely isn't a fairy tale and we can't accuse the world of being wicked and of having been taught to be this way. The weak love being spoiled and the strong feel disgust. So, after very early childhood it is no longer possible to strengthen our level of responsibility, our "force".

Chapter 7

There is, however much that we can do for a second quality, and maybe even everything. A quality or a virtue that we all recognise with precision in others: nature. The ability to withstand the pain inflicted on us by the outside world, without backing down. It too has a maximum that we can call 10! And our nature develops every time we have the energy and the ability to be spiritually alone. I don't want to add any details. I think it's fair to say that everyone deals with it in their own way. I fear there's no way of offering help in this field. Those with a nature of 0 obviously lack personality and merely imitate the personality of those who are healthy: "force" 0 individuals, with 0 responsibility, also have a nature of 0. I could wax lyrical forever about those of "force" 0, but I won't. Let someone else deal with it. Sorry. Of course, when we look at a delinquent, an assassin, etcetera, we can't help wondering what sense of responsibility he has. And those with 0 sense of responsibility just can't build themselves a personality, a nature. They just imitate someone healthy. I use the term healthy to define people who don't have 0 sense of responsibility! You only become a 0 responsibility individual if you've been spoiled. Those with a nature of 1 have a nature that we could describe, not very kindly, but just to be clear, as *vacuous*. Those with a nature of 2, *insignificant*. Those with a nature of 3, *almost insignificant*. Those with a nature of 4, *almost interesting*. Those with a nature of 5, *interesting*. You might find it odd that I've assigned a mediocre score like five a definition of *interesting*. This condition is far from common, although the English (them again), are the only people in the world to have an average nature of 4, *almost interesting*. Other human beings average out with a nature of 1, 2 or thereabouts. And they have an average sense of

responsibility of 0.02. Those with a nature of 6 are *more than interesting*. Those with a nature of 7 are *almost almost important*. A nature of 8 equates to *almost important*. A nature of 9 is *important*. And those with a nature of 10 are *very important*. We can precisely recognise the nature of others because we measure it against our own, or because we have receptors that enable us to recognise it. I know of only two people in the history of the world with a nature of 10, Plato and Balzac. I know of four people with an *important* nature of 9: Dante, Shakespeare, Mozart and Hegel. Twelve with an *almost important* nature of 8, and these are worth mentioning: Herodotus, Thucydides, Plautus, Tu Fu, Cervantes, Austin, de Foe, Kant, Garibaldi, Bandi, Nievo and the historian Sacerdote. There are quite a few individuals with a nature of 7, *almost almost important*, wandering around. Our nature can be strengthened throughout our life. It isn't a matter of surviving inenarrable tests in woods and forests; there's a guy who makes documentaries in which he constantly proves that he can survive in the worst possible conditions, but his nature is absolutely *vacuous*. Healthy individuals have at least a nature of 1. This is all I have to say about this second virtue, which we recognise instinctively and which I, possibly erroneously, call "nature". But I really don't know what else to call it... What I can add, is that nature too generates considerable amounts of jealousy. The Americans are usually jealous of those with a more vigorous nature. The Brits on the other hand tend to respect them. To be honest, there's a third virtue which I ought to mention. I call this one, and I hope I won't be confusing anyone here, "character". I can't really say much about it... But character can be strong or weak, up to a maximum of 10, and is sometimes different in value from nature, but not always. A person with an *interesting* nature can have a *vacuous* character and viceversa. So, what is the difference between nature and character? Character can change constantly! A person can behave with a certain level of character for a few days or throughout their whole life. They can

suddenly lose all their strength of character and behave vacuously, or, thanks to an energy boost, shoot from having a vacuous character to being vigorous. However, we have receptors or other systems to recognise an individual's nature and character, along with the precise level of both. So, the sense of responsibility doesn't change after early childhood, nature can only be strengthened, and character can oscillate constantly.

I have nothing to say about the other virtues. Other than this, with regard to beauty: it develops as we take on each new experience without lying. To continue with Plato's train of thought, every time gastronomy and cosmetics start to be taken seriously instead of remaining the light relief they really are, the number of ugly people in circulation rises. As does the risk of tyranny. Because, as Plato clearly explains, these two "practices", gastronomy and cosmetics, will sooner or later be accompanied by rhetoric and sophistication; and both movies and literature are full of examples of sweetly sick and vacuous rhetoric, and examples of shameless and idiotic sophistication! It seems somewhat paternalistic and moralistic. I can't do anything about it. Those who want to believe it can. And vice versa. See Plato's *Gorgia* for further clarification. It is one of the finest works in humanity and is worth wasting time over. Ugliness in general stems from lying and adopting vulgar behaviours: eating coarsely, using foul language, failing to respect our elders and those who deserve such respect, corrupting, stealing and so on, lead to dirtiness. And practicing these actions, which are aggressions, obviously and undoubtedly leads to sickness. Those with a clean conscience live long and healthy lives, as we've always known. Although we're all in the hands of fate.

Chapter 8

Now let's move on to the most dreadful chapter of this little book. The chapter that's perhaps the hardest to write and accept to be true. What happens when we face the "test" by the outside world? I'll explain shortly. By "test" I mean the moment in which we imagined devouring our mother's tongue. It's obvious that, if we have enough drive, we could skip the previous two steps, in which we sodomise our mother and are sodomised by her... Making love with your mother, and being sodomised by your father can be translated, in terms better suited to the infantile mind, into sodomising our mother and being sodomised by her. As I said earlier, a baby isn't familiar with the genitals of the other sex. All it knows is that it has a genital organ which might give the impression of swelling up, and that's exactly what it does, despite this swelling being almost imperceptible, in a baby, and that it has an anus and a rectum. That's as far as its awareness of physiology goes!... Therefore, in the ElectraComplex, a little girl's attraction for her father, it is not necessary to understand the origins of the unconscious. There is no need, in relation to the genesis of said unconscious, to distinguish between males and females. Both suffer from the "tongue complex" in relation to the adult that takes care of them and raises them. If a child is brought up by animals, as has apparently happened in the past, it develops the characteristics of the animals in question, because it doesn't learn a language, it doesn't learn to use its tongue to express itself through speech, and consequently it doesn't develop human aggression. I haven't studied these cases in great enough depth. To be honest, I haven't studied them at all, because I'm not interested, but the general information available on the matter states that no specific study of the characteristics of these subjects has ever been carried out. Animals are not aggressive, at least not in the sense in

which I have focused on aggression in this book. Human beings attack others for no reason, purely out of jealousy, while animals attack for a precise reason: to control a greater area of territory, more sources of food, females, and so on. So, strictly speaking, nor is the Oedipus Complex indispensable to the development of the unconscious. We can cite the case, and it has definitely been cited in the past, of children who have been raised in wild, remote areas by their father, a male, and have never seen a woman, possibly remaining in this situation until a quite advanced age. Whether or not this has really happened isn't important. But it's obvious that it could have. And in this case, what would we have had? A perfect individual with no unconscious, who never did anyone any harm? No. In this case too, he would definitely have developed a minimal tendency towards aggression, because I suspect that aggression is somehow innately linked to human instinct and will never be weakened. It can be restrained but not overcome. And perhaps in the development of our virtues, there has to be a pinch of healthy aggression. This said, the battle for the territory, for a better home, a better job, for that particular girlfriend, eliminating the competition, is healthy and normal. Here we're in an area of conflict that animals share with us. Yet I get the impression that there are other forms of aggression that are specific to healthy humans and can never be completely eliminated... Such as simulation in order to make people laugh! And there are other countless forms for countless reasons. When writing a novel, shooting a film or inventing a story, we have to imagine some kind of aggression at some point during the plot, maybe even several... Now let's get back to the fact that the Oedipus Complex isn't essential to the development of the unconscious. Just like the Electra Complex. The child sees the adult who takes care of it and imagines sodomising that adult, being sodomised in return, taking the adult's organ into its mouth and having its own organ taken into the adult's mouth and, lastly, devouring the tongue of the adult who then devours the child's. I

refer to the mother's tongue for ease, but I imagine that the father's tongue can be equally effective when it comes to imaginary devouring. So, I think we can skip the previous steps, which I described in the first chapter. It isn't necessary to imagine sodomising the father, the mother or the putative parent, and being sodomised by him. All you have to do is imagine devouring the mother's tongue, or whoever's tongue you like; your head will immediately start to spin violently, at least that's how it was for me, and the image of "your own" tongue captured and devoured vanishes. But I think that when we imagine devouring the tongue of the adult who's raised us, in our unconscious, our own tongue is devoured too. Unfortunately, I can't add anything else on this subject. All I can say is that, when I "devoured"; or imagined devouring, my mother's tongue, the task was over and I had no need to seek or achieve anything else in relation to the subject. So why do we need two steps in relation to the imagined sodomy, one in which we imagine possessing and the other in which we imagine being possessed, while we only need one in relation to the devoured tongue, swallowing it after biting it off? I don't have an answer. I probably don't have enough details. However, the presence of the teeth leads me to think that this fantasy about swallowing the maternal tongue comes after our teeth have come through, and we've learned that they are sharp. So, are the aggressions that I've mentioned acquired from birth? I still don't have an answer. Maybe I'm going wrong somewhere. Maybe teeth aren't essential and you only have to have swallowed your mother's milk once, gaining awareness of the body's ability to swallow. Whatever, the passage between us devouring someone else's tongue and having our own tongue devoured is immediate. Now that we've gone over that again, let's get back to the subject of this chapter. What happens after we've taken the "test"? I've already said that there's a bland tension in the joints that encourages us to walk a lot. There are also less dignified things to confess, particularly the "windiness" that occurs immediately after

the “test”, while we’re asleep, for a few nights. They’re stupid things, obviously. The big problem, the huge problem, is something else altogether. And it’s endless, terrifying and absurd, incredibly hard to believe, but real nevertheless. We suffer aggression!

In my case, the attacks began a few hours after taking the test. A force 0 man, possibly Slav, just so you know, pretended to run me over with his car while I was walking along the road to Nepi. He steered straight towards me. There was no pavement and he veered away from me right at the last moment. A few days later, it happened again with someone else, from Mazzano; another force 0. Then the attacks gradually increased. In Ischia, where I’d moved to from Tuscina in the province of Rome, the threats of being run over, even while I was walking along the pavement, always by force 0 individuals, rose to 20 or 30 a day. And the attacks didn’t end there... I was thrown out of nightclubs, for no reason, and from supermarkets (this happened in Paris), merely because the force 0 manager felt like it. These things are hard to believe and you might think that I’m making them up, and wonder why? Yet they really happened. I was having difficulty in finding somewhere to live for very long, and was kicked out for no reason, with the excuse, for example that the landlord needed the house. This didn’t just happen with “force” 0 individuals, but they always had a low level of force, in keeping with their sense of responsibility, reaching level 3 or 4 at the most. Almost no one would return my “Good morning”. I gave up in the end. I developed intermittent delirium and, after nine years, I finally shut myself in the house and stopped going out. For three years. I lived an ugly kind of existence and my mother, poor woman, was forced to bring me something to eat once a week. The whole thing came to an end in the most inglorious way!... But it had to happen... I’d become so crazy and was living in such deplorable conditions that I could have died. My relatives had me sectioned, and I spent five months in “rehabilitation”. Let’s just say that the madness

gradually began to subside. And now I'm fine. But every now and then I have a slight but noticeable relapse, if I read the things I wrote at the time, for example. I no longer suffer dreadful attacks, and I'll try and explain why later. But I'm still isolated. People still find it hard to respond to my "Good morning". About one in fifteen people answers me. Not that I provoke everyone I meet, challenging them to say "Good morning" to me, but over time I've managed to work it out, and yet I still inadvertently and pointlessly say hello when I'm out for my four-hour walk every morning... I just want to mention that, in Britain and in the United States, where I lived for quite some time during these horrendous years, there are fewer attacks. But they can be more dangerous and you have to watch out with every step you take.

Attacks in Ischia, in the South of Italy, are minimal. More serious events, like the threat of being run over by a car, don't happen anymore. I've become calm enough to weather the storm so to speak. And if the occasional serious attack happens every now and then, I've become spiritually strong enough to cope without feeling delirious. Or perhaps I should say that the delirium returns but to a lesser extent, and I notice it mainly when I reread what I've written in the meantime: everything's full of anacolutha, and I have to acknowledge that, on those days, without realising it, I was obviously delirious! I can also state that many people encounter this delirium due to other people's aggression. But we also encounter delirium and dementia as a result of remorse for the monstrous things we do. These are two different types of delirium: healthy delirium is benign and full of wonderful things, while the evil version is terrifying.

Why, after taking the "test", did I suffer so many attacks? The "test" obviously results in the acquisition of qualities. Perhaps, if I might say so, it even makes you look more virile. And these other qualities make people jealous. I had already known the aggression of others, particularly that of "force" individuals, but I'd never come across the kind of physical aggression that, in a town which

tends to be somewhat backward in terms of justice and a sense of respect for the law, with the frequent diabolical presence of criminal bands, is almost normal. No one had ever insulted me so violently in the street and I swear that no one had ever treated me, again in the street, with disrespect. The attacks almost always began with more or less fake jokes or misunderstandings. I was accused, for example, of having done something or other, or told that I looked like this or that rather ugly person, and so on.... There's no point in listing them all. After the "test", I even suffered terrible physical attacks. For example, one of the four bodyguards of a well-known politician came up behind me in a desert square and violently elbowed me in the back, for no reason at all. I had water thrown at me more than once. Often someone in a passing car would spit on me. And so on. This was a whole new experience for me. I don't regret it. It was actually fun in some ways. And it had to happen to someone. All I want to say to those who follow me and who take the "test", and I hope there'll be many, is to keep calm, and that, in order to avoid the terrible spasmodic delirium, you have to consider that "force" 0 individuals are like animals whose bite cannot hurt you. These awful people don't reason! As regards the others, who aren't "force" 0, and particularly those who are closer to you for various reasons, it's much harder to ignore their aggression. But friends, if you manage to overcome the horror of the others, you'll gradually manage to overcome the horror of these too. Anyway, it's the aggression of the "force" 0 individual that's really dangerous and which causes severe delirium. The "force" 0 individual is always really aggressive and I know of no exceptions. Sometimes he's capable of controlling himself, to the point of seeming almost normal. But every now and again he'll lose control. At least that's my experience. Immediately after that...the individual with a *vacuous* nature is aggressive. But as far as I've seen, he never goes as far as making real death threats, though he might stupidly play around with your safety; for example, he'll never pretend to run

you over with his car, but he'll actually come towards you, laughing, and continue to torment you, turning the handlebar while saying that he's only joking. But others too, and even those with an *almost almost important* nature can be really aggressive. Obvious you can see why it's hard to advise someone to take the "test". It's highly likely that they'll be pushed to delirium! But artists have to bravely run the risk. The advantages are endless. And even delirium can turn out to be an interesting experience, not to mention the mental asylum. The more of us there are the more we can help each other and maybe we won't even encounter any delirium. This is a state that occurs due to the isolation imposed and to the violent incredulity, the really incredibly, incredibly, aggressive incredulity of others. After the first times, I learned never to talk to anyone about the things that happened to me and the threats I received. I knew it would only lead to more aggression, along with accusations that I was making it all up. But why did the attacks, at least the most severely murderous ones, come to an end? I think it depends on this: as a child and later as an adult, I did some rather questionable things and so, when I took the "test", I became vulnerable, due to my sense of guilt. The "test", taking me back in time, probably with that famous feeling of dizziness I told you about several pages ago, quick and dry, like a cassette being rewound, forces us to reckon with our unconscious and the shameful acts we've committed. In my case, these including shitting my pants about ten times after I'd learned to control myself, if I remember correctly, and peeing myself twice; as a child, I *set up a bar* with my cousins and was made responsible for managing the profits. Since I lived a long way away from them, I spent the lot on ice creams; when I was a teenager, my schoolfriends and I went six or seven times to steal from the vegetable gardens; I once stole the saddle of a Vespa which belonged to someone I disliked; another time I stole the cap off the petrol tank of a motorbike which belonged to someone else I disliked, and threw it away. As an adult, while writing for

comics, I copied, or almost copied, three stories. These are my aggressions. Of course you have to add the swearwords I used in front of some guy, but that wasn't real aggression: this bloke was incredibly jealous and, to defend myself and put him at ease, I use to use obscene words. Lying or committing other questionable acts to save yourself from aggression isn't aggression! Over the years, having taken the "test" of devouring my mother's tongue, I've evidently learned to face up to my guilty past and I've somehow overcome the anguish of having to remember the awful things I've done. This has led me to be less vulnerable, in the way I express myself and do things, and the worst attacks have stopped. But I'm still isolated and have no friends, despite having loads before, all over the place.

I still have epileptic fits following dreadful or sudden attacks. I don't know how I can better explain the links between these aggressions and the fits. But I definitely think that my old guilt has something to do with them. In other words, aggressive behaviour by others reminds me of when I wanted to curl up into a foetal position, like a "piece of poop" inside someone else's rectum, and my body twitches in order to relax. I don't know how else to put it.

Taking the "test" is hard, but it has to be done. You enter a state of abstraction, in which you can create countless works, come to terms with your past, sleep like a log, which - according to doctors - is a sign of youth, and you're always happy and in a good mood. In the future, children will grow up already knowing the truth about the mystery of the "tongue", thanks to fairy tales, speeches and legends. And maybe one day, far off into the future, every child will be encouraged from birth to gain a sense of responsibility of 10. For example, they could be told something like: "Son, you have to develop a maximum sense of responsibility." Or finding a better way to achieve the aim. The classical Greeks and ancient Romans had an average force of 9,

and *amore thaninteresting* nature. Judging by the work of historians and other things...

Chapter 9

The force 0 individual is *apure aggressor*, in that he doesn't need a reason to attack. He'll bump into you on purpose while walking

along the road, without even pretending to be distracted. He doesn't reason, as I said before, and only our spiritual strength and society's ability to protect itself can save us from his attacks. From what I hear, there's currently a lot of talk about this at home and in schools. But women, the elderly and children are at risk of being attacked and insulted by these people, even on the street when a society overly permissive, and bad people aren't punished. The *pure aggressor* is a force 0 individual and is taught to take absolutely no responsibility whatsoever. He can, however, suffer family tragedies that toughen him up in some way, but after the damage has been done, so after the age of about four or five, when he's already become the completely irresponsible individual we've just described. In other words, after he's already become an individual with 0 sense of responsibility and a nature of 0, he might suffer family problems, such as the loss of his mother or father, which make him capable of success in fields which might even be exceptionally difficult to excel in, such as films and music. Yes, a *pure aggressor* can become famous! In other words, he can become a mediocre musician, director or whatever, who, with a little "help" as they say nowadays, can even be considered important. He might even become a writer. The *pure aggressor* is jealous of the virtues that I listed in an earlier chapter and is unable to reason. He has to be bad, as bad as possible, in relation to his character, in relation to society and its permissiveness. An individual with a considerable "force", isolated and already attacked by others, becomes the preferred victim. If the police don't defend him, he's in trouble and, sooner or later, delirium will set in, whether he's taken the "test" or not. The *pure aggressor* wants to be a "piece of poop" in the rectum of the person he attacks. So, he attacks people who are strong but who, for some reason, are vulnerable at that particular time. Only the *pure aggressor* wants him and attacks him more violently than others; so his behaviour is open to much bigger laughs than the behaviours of other aggressors. The *pure aggressor* is usually

extremely funny and is often used as a character in comedies. However, the *pure aggressor* defends himself from the society that wants to punish him when he commits his ill deeds; and he does so with the help of his *pure aggressor* friends; *pure aggressors* defend each other instinctively. And they help each other. But can a *pure aggressor* kill another *pure aggressor*? Of course he can, unfortunately. Despite both being “force” 0, in this case it won’t be the superior sense of responsibility that causes jealousy. It will be beauty, intelligence, elegance, etcetera and, last but not least, wealth. Wealth triggers dreadful jealousy. Entire populations are hated by *pure aggressors* because of their wealth. The *pure aggressor* is also maniacal in his hatred, and he organises himself.

But he also arouses tremendous jealousy in the *pure aggressor* and the virtue of courage in other aggressors: many of the survivors among Garibaldi’s Thousand ended up committing suicide or going mad. Were they the weak ones? I don’t know if any psychiatrist or sociologist has done any research into the subject.

Chapter 10

Summarising. The unconscious originates from the desire to devour someone else’s tongue, in order to be devoured and find ourselves in a foetal position, like “pieces of poop” inside the rectum of the stronger individual. The stronger person in a relationship is the one with a greater capacity for a certain quality than the other, who consequently, feeling “weak”, attacks them.

A person's sense of responsibility, their "force", is developed in early infancy and reaches a maximum level.

Nature, the capacity to weather life's storms alone, particularly those that are most spiritual, develops throughout our entire life and it too has a maximum beyond which we cannot go.

Character is a fake kind of nature. You can spend your whole life manifesting a certain type of character while having a completely different nature. But character, unlike nature, changes easily and all the time. For example, after insulting someone violently, for no reason, you might suddenly find yourself with a *vacuous* character.

Once you've taken the "test", having imagined devouring your mother's tongue, you live in a permanent state of abstraction. And we recognise the "force", the sense of responsibility of others. We usually recognise this sense of responsibility anyway, but we do it instinctively. I don't know whether, after reading these pages, you'll be capable of recognising the virtue of "force", in the sense of responsibility, even without having taken the "test". To be honest, I suspect you will, that it's possible, especially for artists and other individuals, like scientists, who are used to the mechanisms of abstraction. The greatest authors are already capable of recognising the sense of responsibility of an individual and other virtues, or part of them, at a glance; just like they're capable of recognising criminals, abject individuals and their vices!

The difficulties that they encounter when taking the "test" are laughable. There's really nothing to worry about. If you start right from imagining that you're devouring your mother's tongue, skipping the previous two steps, of sodomising and being sodomised by your mother, you have to progress slowly, making an effort to imagine, using a photo if it helps, seeing your mother, then seeing her mouth move closer towards us, possibly holding our arms, and so on. It'll only take a few weeks. But obviously, kidding ourselves that we can tackle this third step directly, with

the sole purpose of avoiding the horror of the previous two steps, makes no sense whatsoever... The horror has to be experienced in its entirety. You really can't do anything about it. Otherwise you won't be able to work your way out of this terrifying trap of the unconscious. And a modern, evolved society, which wants to overcome evil, has to succeed once and for all in defeating the puerile demands of the unconscious. It's possible. And it isn't hard. All it takes is a little bit of courage, nothing awful is going to happen to us during the "test".

Of course the problem of other people's aggression continues to frighten us once we've tackled the test. You could even have a nervous breakdown. So, we have to be careful, remembering that in certain countries, which I've already mentioned, there are fewer aggressions, as people have more respect for the law and its adamant consequences; the South of Italy is one of the most aggressive places in the West, with a high number of *pure aggressors*, which I'd estimate at one in every twenty people, and very little respect for the law. But in stronger countries, the attacks can be more wicked and dangerous. So, you never have to let your guard down. If you're unlucky and experience delirium, just remember that it passes. More than that, I can't say. But you have a duty to take the "test".

Then I explained that dreams are a mechanism used by the mind to deal with all the emotional upheaval we experience while we're awake and which would otherwise prevent us from sleeping.

Laughter is another mechanism which the mind uses to transform things that might cause us anguish and fear into hilarity, cheerfulness, fun and entertainment. Laughter defends us from the delirium that aggression can cause; a single act of aggression probably won't trigger delirium, but if it's really evil, and perhaps perpetrated by a friend, then it most definitely will! So, laughter helps us control our spirit and ward off evil.

I've also explained that *being*, this age-old mystery, is *doing things well*. If we do things well, we do things that have an effect forever.

I've also advanced a theory about the genesis of life. In the hot primordial ocean, full of horrendous underwater currents, within the space of just a few square metres, numerous peptidyl links took place between amino acids; and not just for chemical reasons, but for physical reasons too, thanks to the assemblies triggered by the aforesaid currents. In this way, I think that the chances that the DNA, from which life originates, could be formed were so high, that they became certainties.

A “force” 10 individual, with a sense of responsibility of 10, hard to find in a crowd but occupying a place among the most important authors, is recognised because he's mild-mannered and because he looks after others.

A “force” 0 individual, *apure aggressor*, is recognised by the fact that he only thinks about himself, and his features reveal his perfect selfishness.

Healthy individuals, who are never “force” 0, can strengthen their nature throughout their life, striving to exist on their own with their convictions.

Chapter 11

In conclusion. Imagining devouring your mother's tongue is the end of the unconscious. Which remains only in your dreams, which become more or less transparent. It isn't true that we're all wicked. Some people know how to control themselves; and populations that are stronger, with a more refined sense of

responsibility, are instinctively populations that defend justice, freedom and democracy. In a war, they will always fight against tyranny...! And at individual level too, those who are less aggressive are less wicked and there's no doubt about it, being aggressive towards someone merely because they have qualities that we don't, is wicked. Even if the aggression is as simple as farting, one of the most typical insults that we endure after taking the "test". With the attack coming from the most unlikely sources, including women... There should only be healthy, let's call it competitive, aggression, like that between honest artisans who make pasta. Or to create entertainment and art.

Being seems to have nothing to do with our discussion on the unconscious, other than as a trigger to do well and to take the "test". That is exactly the way it is, but we must also consider that if *being* really means *doing things well*, and for now there is nothing to prove otherwise, the unconscious and *being* come into contact every time we remember that we've taken the "test". After taking the "test" we become artists, and if we are already artists, we become copious and unstoppable. The amount of work we do can be amazing. At this point we can also fulfil an old request by Kant for a law for all other laws; "Put yourself in the other person's shoes". This universal law is to the unconscious and its origins as good is to evil. We mustn't forget that the unconscious originates in the deadliest evil, the most vulgar aggression and the will to organise things, people, adults, to start with, we ourselves being children. When we cry as babies, or soil ourselves, we aren't putting ourselves in the other's shoes at all. On the contrary! We're doing exactly what we want, obeying an unhealthy and absurd, ridiculous fear. The adult world terrifies us, we don't want anything to do with it and we behave as a consequence, being aggressive. There's nothing we can do about it; this cowardice is the cowardice of the wicked. We have to teach children not to be cowards.

The aggression of the *pure aggressoris* also upsetting because it is wicked beyond compare, perfect in its own right. But if we understand that the individual in question isn't normal, isn't healthy, then we can overlook it, the way we overlook a dog's attempt to bite us. In this case, the *pure aggressor* no longer scares us. We'll just be careful every time we step off the pavement. But we have to be careful on the pavement too because the *pure aggressor* could be caught up in a rage and suddenly mount it with a fast-moving vehicle and aim straight for us. You have to watch your back all the time, when you take the "test", wherever in the world you happen to be. In my experience, the earliest years are the worst. The attacks gradually die down, but they can become more "general" perpetrated by absolutely everyone. I don't want to frighten you, the "test" has to be taken. If you stay calm and never react, keeping quiet, possibly with your head down, everything fades and you find the strength to deal with it, transforming it all with that famous laughter, possibly laughing between your teeth, to yourself, but it helps a lot and it saves you from delirium, or at least from the worst of it. You have to be humble, really humble. I reacted physically, I got involved in loads of fights and nothing good came of it. Try and make use of my experience. I think that what triggers delirium in a healthy individual is the fact that the pain triggered by the aggression could kill, crushing the heart. So, we let our imagination run wild, giving the aggression another meaning, a positive one, and we gradually create a non-existent and wonderful world.

The *pure aggressor* cannot prevent us from taking the "test"... I want to use these last pages to add some other discoveries I've made and which require further investigation. Someone lacking virility, defined in the English language as a nonentity, is someone who has never experienced an act of courage in his lifetime, and is incredibly dangerous. He can feel devastating hatred for a virile person. There are three types of hatred, apart from jealousy, and these are minimum hatred, medium hatred and maximum hatred.

There's nothing in between. There are three types of respect too: minimum respect, medium respect and maximum respect. The way I see it, seven people throughout history deserve maximum respect, for their outstanding virility: Thucydides, Plato, Dante, Raphael, Shakespeare, Mozart, Balzac and Garibaldi. But I think that one day, we'll all deserve maximum respect. The nonentity is incapable of any type of respect. We, on our part, feel indifference towards him. Rhetoric would like to overturn this physiological truth, the way it would like to overturn many other things: the meaning of good and evil, of beauty and ugliness, of art and ignorance. However, even a virile person can feel maximum hatred and absolutely no respect for another virile person. It is also possible to have a high level of force and nature while being a nonentity; but naturally an individual like this will be more controlled. Then there's the big problem of wickedness; this is proven to exist and it has a maximum, that of Hitler and some few gangsters. As far as I'm aware, a force 10 individual doesn't have a trace of wickedness. Lastly, to close this short paragraph on what we would be better off studying in the future, perhaps we need to say that, while there's a lot of talk about bullying at school and in the workplace, nothing is ever said about what I feel to be the worst form of bullying, because it takes place at home!... At home, or among close relatives, a nonentity, or two or three of them, capable of maximum hatred and maximum wickedness, can push their particularly virile victim to become delirious or commit suicide.

I think and I hope that, one day, the words on these pages will be seen as declarations of the obvious. Then children will be taught from being tiny to remember that every aggression hides a desire to be devoured, and that the world knows. And then taking the "test" will be commonplace and taken for granted. People will probably do it on the day they reach adulthood. Perhaps when they enrol in university they'll gain access to this mystery of the mind too. What's certain is that, in the meantime, we'd be best off

avoiding all evil aggression. Whether we take the “test” or we don’t, we still have to bear the weight of the bad things we’ve done, of the vile ad vulgar things, because they never leave us. In actual fact, the “test” helps us to offload them. It goes without saying that the fewer bad things you’ve done, the easier the “test” will be.

And of course, I hope that the truths expressed in this little book find their path.

The End Giuseppe Ferrandino