

*Gerardo D'Orrico*

## Memory, experiences



Letter from the book:

**“Good and Evil, Memories”**

<https://beneinst.eu/>

Copyright © 2024 Beneinst.eu | All rights reserved

I am an awake computer, peace. Horrible would it be to descend into evil; better to say content with that. Everything is understood for what it is worth; a good is very concrete, contrary to what one might think. Indeed, sometimes imagination seems evil, without tangibility. I never fall, or almost never; you say I still create evil myself. I say: no one has stopped; history has moved on. An evil even later becomes the same horror, but also the same person; tomorrow no one sees it. I like living without all those crowns they make you wear; no ornament is enough. Only the body matters; then, if those in charge don't make the machine work, it means nothing works.

A philosophical, political issue is cunningly asserted; but what is seen is just a gift received when one was a child. The difference is fascism, the greatest enemy ever invented; I can never imagine anything worse for what parasites, friends, humans make into a

government. They live on our imagination, they harm us, and we must consent to what is wrong for us. False fascism: that's what you can call evil, even if it's something else. Let them be; furthermore, a good military company is needed. The world is very, very different from what is being created today; for starters, it's over. The future knows today; then I'll tell you other things, the memory, the memory of what we do. We await the end of the world; it's the best cure ever. Being afraid of big things is not recommended; they are the most beautiful and they don't hurt.

A philosophical discourse is about the natures of good, evil; what is seen is always an excuse to talk about it or the reason, as the human internet network involves us in such a way that we are forced to take positions not publicly considered but, given the almost total written declaration, what can happen is infinite. We need to rely on mathematics, have trust

and fly; nothing can be turned off. The power of decisions, the freedom that completes art: we move with it.

Enter into an already recognized software, become part of it like one of them; power is gained in the image, or in a photocopy of belonging, of presence-being. Watch out for potholes and emptiness as you return home. Wake up; the Sun couldn't tell you better. Look, the blindness of people wasn't a dream. Whoever wishes evil is sick; we came into the world only once, not just smoke. A subtle threshold of difference, while nothing is as it was before. Gaining speed makes the picture enigmatic; but I discovered the game: speed wasn't natural, sometimes even body temperature was different. How many things can happen in one day; I open the window. There is substance to create a new life, the end of the world; everything is available as if already established; then instead not, well, what is normal in the Christian year

zero six. We resist; one cannot live without a concreteness to build on. How can one endure evil is not normal; not everything must exist, the future eliminates things that are surplus from many and other points of view. A very different present can be drawn from how people live it. What is very important for communism is a broader personal peace; living with them seems like living in a dream, uh. Then they killed us; it happens to everyone, even to the right. Evils do so with everyone; there they kill, that is, they are a disappointment to me.

Today's power must be changed to install what today's reality is, a radical change of level or the gradual elimination of evil; not a definitive dysfunction for the life that this society offers us. Someone hopes for a peace without thorns, and yet it's possible. It can be compared to any person who has a computer at home and carries out normal activities sitting on their own chair. Poor great then

rich evil you are in conical spirals, extinguished souls that extend from one community to another; then others also of various kinds, from study associated with banker to public office in a heap of people accumulated all for one. Why does the other live as in the mountains? They called it paradise, those pagans; they praised it with their children and in public. They kept it hidden as the most beautiful thing; they governed us because it was the good life above; then it was and is an infection, an illness; and ten percent of the population, those who want me to assume evil, never is it impossible.

The return of objects and individuals, in the same place but at a different time, is the most powerful function that can exist. What does the State hide if it is in possession of it? It's not certain that it's something they have, but usually the result explodes in our face. What is complete power is touched by the powerful, so-called in our world. I tell you

everything in a low voice: 'good is forbidden, absurd; it's like saying nothing can be done, only die. You'll see a way will be found. It's said that for every place there's a road to get there. The others are not real points. Thousands of years hidden, of infinite treasures. Then you have to be careful not to dedicate yourself to individual people. It's true: we are all buried. But believe me, it will all be our fault.

I have a huge project for the future to live; I am fully aware of what we are. We have already done everything; think about when a day ends; we end with it. You see, for me, the world has changed with us; but no one wants to admit anything. How much false power, insufficient and unhealthy, hides every day; they will be uncovered and eliminated, this is promised to us by the return of things. Humans, what should they believe in, if they are surrounded 24/7 by evil? Someone needs to declare. Believe me, almost all the ugliness within us is outside of us. That

yours or not yours instead is evil, a lesser power that forces us into silence. Accommodation is a decisive phase in determining the master; a social stratification is endowed with all the qualities to be resolved by all. It is not dedicated to a few people or to waging war to get there first or alone. This world is the opposite; how can one create! It's not a personal matter to find oneself but, collectively. By eliminating others you find yourself, like everyone except one; in the future we will become individuals, we will diminish.

First of all, I stopped; I said: we must eliminate all competition. Peace is achieved only by presenting oneself; then, for what is ours not stealing to return later. Last night the discussion took on traits even about the fact that ultimately evil triumphs over good, the exact bottom or how one always returns to the same positions, in a necessary circle, without a way out, an opinion I'm not quite in agreement with.



Of course, personal effort is needed to win; but whoever is evil is not after another or, our normal friend. Good exists in another point; the function moves in one direction. It's not a static or dead form; nature never dies forever. A great mistake was not recognizing evil in person; identifying that person with certainty, not titling classes in a framework of progressions. This is prohibited from cataloging in Italy as in the rest of the world, I believe to not allow the use of a good or, the good for oneself. It creates discomfort; diseases reign in this world. Then, it transforms as noticed into a precarious state that ends only with words and explanations.

Memory is not a story, but a fruit of existence. What is alive is not decided by you or me; but it will be a condition of existence in which we are. Just a mask, a pattern, well; I'm going to buy cigarettes; I have to do other work in my room, in peace. A horror of the modern is the word of man falsified, imprisoned,

commanded in the end; sometimes what appears is the false or the all false, from a false equalization never occurred. An evil that covers us is the ugly everyone; a pond unhealthy as obvious, so it seems that things are still and people are unwelcome, disliked because they are unique. It seems that those in charge hate; it seems an abandoned nature for this too much haste; try to slow down and then stop; it's a great exercise. A good demand a certain preparation, based on the fact that one exists and is equipped with eyes, limbs, and senses; not instead a shell, a void. Alternatively, a State is needed that directs work, clarifies the situation, manages subjects, in short, a good that does not exist today. It's a task.



Gerardo D'Orrico

*Contatti:*

[SitoWeb](#) | [Facebook](#) | [Pinterest](#) | [YouTube](#) | [WhatsApp](#)