

Umano Disumano vol. II — Prologue by Gio Montez

After Umano Disumano vol. I, I became persuaded that a prologue like this was necessary, in the first person singular omniscient universal. Yes, it is urgent! I have convinced myself of it. I am writing it with my left hand because my right one still hurts. It took a nasty knock. A trauma struck it when, over there in the goatish vineyard, celebrating, I slipped into a hidden ravine. With the global warming I have reached in this ill-starred inferno, among tortured blazing lips and dancing sexless creatures in heat, it is absolutely indispensable that I depart to reach unexplored summits of glaciers by now defrosted and all but non-existent; to press my boot into the muddy ground among millions of fossils of millions of years and boiling waters at last flowing again in a descending motion, granting new depths to the abyss. I write with my left hand because the right is busy accelerating along the tortuous paths of religious monks who emerge and thus surface around the naked mountain. And between one peak and another, high up, the tightrope-walker's rope hangs taut, suspended, so that if need be we may find ourselves up there on the mountain celebrating existence, united only by the solitude of being alone. Virtuous me, writing with my left hand to alter my handwriting and confuse the stream of consciousness, so that on rereading myself it will seem that everything was written by somebody else — even though in the end it will all have been typeset and there will be nothing left to read. Leftwards I also wheel the sense of guilt that will not let me laugh at myself and make fun of that retard I am, and always have been. Indeed, I have understood only now that the Japanese have no sense of humour, and that in order to play you must be at least two. Topologically one must consider that a mountain with a peak has a valley too; or that there is at least one other, a woman; and that a woman has at least two peaks besides the valley! And so on and so forth... To get over this tragic fall into the bog of fossils and mud one must learn to laugh it off — riderci. I meant to write riderci, but ruderci, 'to ruin it off', might do just as well. One must make oneself, or rather make children, and let them play together, letting them inhabit the defrosted summits and piss down onto the heads of the much-praised retards. With disenchantment and lightness, the children will inhabit those places where everything is sacred and where the most sacred text preserved is a practical manual entitled "how to fart without shitting yourself". So let us meet up there on the child-mountain, to make lofty fun of those retards who push the motorbike in a straight horizontal line while making the wheels turn round the other way. Those left behind are frantic progressives defeated by inertia, who run at photonic speed in a straight line as rocket-missiles do, never changing trajectory except when they buckle, crushed by the weight of the atmosphere, making seven and a half turns of the globe per second only to return always and forever to the very moment in which they had accelerated in order to move from there. And then I am sure that sooner or later the retard will ask himself whether pushing

the motorbike causes the retardation, or whether it is because he is retarded that he pushes the motorbike. Who knows. Luckily there is always something to learn and to take as an example. Motolese's legendary motorbike, for instance, is different from the others if you look closely. Highly evolved futuristic bio-mechanical technology forbidden to those over 6, with a tiny fairing scaled for a Lilliputian and little atomic buttons like those of the StarTAC, the mobile telephone with which it is impossible to decide which number to dial. I am arch-certain that it is a technology produced in that place some call «Japan», where the irony of fate decreed that they should use it to learn how to make prank calls; and I am also certain that it dates back to the post-imperialist era, at least thirty years after the celebrated harakiri of General Nogi, at the time of the economic boom sprung from the destruction of Phoenix. In short, this technology is paradoxically set in motion by pressing a single button. Push. Zak Zak Tumb Tumb. And off it goes. Starting first time, it turns into a rocket-missile that hurtles between the peaks and upwards, and then descends a little, until it strikes Montecitorio. It is told that the lower mountains are sacrificed by the savage ferocity of technology gone mad, while human intelligence will know how to take refuge on far higher peaks. Besides, this motorbike is an entity deficient in initiative, a means like any other, and its attributes depend on the use made of it. In any case, meanwhile, I lean out a little, at least to see whether the rocket-missile worked. It worked. Montecitorio now looks more like a pantheon. The recession advances among woods of outstretched arms, tubes, levers, brakes and clutches; but also thanks to bananas and to rocket-missiles on palaces and churches. The world has finally reopened to the feminist vision, so that I think I speak for everyone when I say that I too am a little bit Giorgia. Yes, that's how it is! But what a fine castle, Marcon Diron Dirondello! That is why I rack my brains, said the lady with the tinsel. But the principle is always the same: if you know there is something you cannot do, act while refraining from speaking. And so I have convinced myself that I am convinced I want to found a feminist and evolutionary party of action, which we shall call in chorus «fallo» — do it / the phallus. I must always remember to carry a banana with me; or rather not behind me, perhaps I shall put it in my clutch bag, which is more comfortable and graceful, because you never know: should they mistake me for a Japanese road pirate I could always show them this or that evolution, and I would be sure they would recognise me. When I speak of evolution and of giraffes my nerves rise to the surface of my skin. I immediately become a Darwinist; or rather a Darwinian, because I prefer to reason with my backside. If I think that giraffes evolved over time I lose my temper. It seems that in the beginning they were a sort of bastard, fortuitous cross between a hinny and a tortoise which, without going into too much detail, would mate, giving rise to a rare species — because almost always sterile — of short-necked Somali giraffe. Creatures well-nigh mythological, slow, of little use for anything, not even for making broth. They were cruelly ill-treated by the colonists who found them in their path after the great horizontal Atlantic crossing towards the left. Such animals were good

only as beasts of burden, and so the colonists pulled their necks, making them haul great loads of gold, diamonds, frankincense, myrrh, corncobs and sugar cane right up to the great ships at berth, and then leaving them ashore exhausted, since with that neck stretched by toil they would not fit in the ship's hold — which is, indeed, a technology certainly conceived in the Orient. And so here on the summit of this mountain, while I piss, I contemplate in ecstasy the wonder of the twilight hour, when all creatures seem busy and there is a great movement in the air and the mosquitoes fly among the last lines of sun which, withdrawing, deepen the half-light where the bats draw circles in low-flying circular motion, and the woodpecker hurries to deliver its last hammer-blows, quickening the drumming rhythm, and the war cries of green parrots stirring among the rocket-missiles, while it is already time to migrate once more towards new horizons. Now, if you are still smiling without knowing why, this is the right spirit in which to approach this marvellous reading. You are ready to turn the page.

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