



ON THE RHETORICAL THIRD STREET

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I decided to start this journey in an autumn morning. While Sofia was sleeping, because autumn is the best season for this kind of things. You take the thin jacket, worn soled shoes, the black ones, and there you can leave. Out, out of this house with too little rooms and sad furniture, the thick carpets, the mahogany. Through the world's megabytes, among the characters and the colours of the deformed states on the map of your own room as a kid, the one in which you used to daydream about the girl next door as if she were Edwidge Fenech, beautiful, dark-haired, hard – you go, without any limit at all. Leaving your faeces in the toilets round the world. Passing sign, crawling against the stations' coarse paper, when you find it. Long threads of memory and desire unravelling, among the streets of great new countries on a collision course as black and white keys under Tullius' wrist. There, yes, America, smoke-filled clubs and smuggling of strong drinks produced in tubs. JAZZ and Bird forever. Keys hit on plastic keyboards, a bit dirty on their sides, by wrinkled fingers that could have once hold those PEACE & LOVE placards, and now find themselves forcing down keys in covered living rooms of some rest home in Montana. They call their relatives. George, take the tablet. They apply themselves to read the e-mails in the common computer, their grandsons' mails. Grandma dad always screams at the neighbours. Old people from Montana dribbling while putting in their false teeth from the bottom of a cup, on the bedside table. America. Jack and Corso's amazing dream. The bomb updating – from long to oil bomb – and, quick-fire released, renewing the world itself. Hosanna, the coalition troops easily beat the Iraqi army, so that on the 1st May 2003 the American President Bush declared the military operations on a large scale settled, in Heaven above. And how can you honour a country or a history in such a short time?

The journey time, the web's wave time. The cobweb. I shift fast on the wires, cables all around the globe. You never eat into the same bar, you go your own way without any friend to visit. From one side to the other, leaving your own paper marks, your own strips. And from this side the earth's surface rises to the supreme complexity. You confront it face downwards. Quick, looking for a sense with downcast eyes inside huge buildings' cities, other mushroom clouds, adults' magazine. Red and suffused and dazzling lights. There goes Mun Zi Chon Li Chi, beyond the earth and brick wall and great reserves of Washington liquid in safes protected by the state secret. Who goes there? The world's producers. The ones that, if you turn the net over, you'll find their brand in the empty space suspended among the lines, those that jack around with anybody and smell of frying, of basement. You stand open-mouthed, to be filled with misunderstanding and spring roll. I contemplate. I follow Miles repeating himself between his Bitches Brew's legs. But my journey is important, I knock on the eyes of someone who can still count for something, straight in the eyes of those who shoot and fall, stopped, and immediately resurrect. I follow Arabian geniuses getting to work, hands weaving and mixing colours, and make them dry in the sun, among sickening smells and narrow alleys, that seem to bring to the sea, you turn the corner, expect it and it doesn't come, houses' low walls as Creuze de Ma but planted in the middle of the desert. Where life slowly flows. I pass this way, too, I throw up words and leave signs on the white walls under the sun. Sperm-shaped points nailed over this system englobing everything and holding nothing in its wide nets. Madrasahs into which the one personal redemption skill is practised among slaughtered goats and foreign dressing-downs.

Great mosques. Markets where fabric is always there and car bombs blow up on the plates at the eight o'clock of our cutlet. Blood on the face. I left Sofia sleeping because autumn is the best season for these things. Leaving, letting the leaves fall to see through the white spaces. The comprehension spaces. The holes between the net's cables. George, take the tablet. I leave marks, as long as I can. I see, without a Neil to talk to, I travel. I would like a very long roll and a free Sudan. The banishment of firearms. I would like to leave even more sings, to scuttle away a little ball all around the globe along axes of immeasurable beauty. Not to stop anywhere, just carry this placard along, in order to be seen, to be read, here too, on this big metal fair tower. The Camanber? Who cares! Guide us towards the great Brotherhood ideal before anything else. Poets! Artists! Down the valleys cutting the Iberian Peninsula in half, by horse, towards the ocean, towards freedom! I want to jump on a sacred cow and run in the streets of Bombay yelling, pulling its little horns and overriding its snorts. I want to bring her in the presence of the most respectable lords of the world, and in your presence, Mister: right in front of you a cow, a mad man, a sacred cow, a god, an amphitheatre of challenges. AND ANY SOLUTION YOU WILL SUGGEST IS GOING TO FAIL. Because there is no solution. Neither for me, nor for the cow. You don't know us. You never tried to know us. But I daren't do anything. Years spent to read and to long for leaving, with laces on the knees and milk on the lips. Everything prepared for me, for us. Roads that have been levelled among a thousand troubles and eight o'clock cutlets, ready. And I think about Jack, about his car, and about all the brothers' hands holding others.

Joint fingers, between the empty spaces: filling them up. And to the illusion of being able to understand something without that gesture. Wandering the global net's holes, among scattered words. Without sense, just apparent sense. I think about all these things from here. And I understand that it's time to go out, in the street, to fill the spaces and be done with it.

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