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I live in my parents' house, but still poco/20

The thin line between madness and punctuality of the railways. Visit to the Borderline of Ravenna, train

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"Pretini background brown hooded" by Carlo Zinelli 1964

What a hoot friends. I'm at the station, the train is delayed and I lose the connection. No consolation, if not from a can of Peroni 66, but the most important, vital and constructive is: what distance exists between coincidence and fate? Minutes, meter stations? The temptation is there to throw a blowjob with chaos theory and destiny multiforme, and mazzingazeta occhidigatto, to be clever, I studied me, no no, but here are the FS (or *Trenimerdositalia*) in the middle, their terrifying dictatorship of the delay and many hours to manage. The guards his hat hold us back in the track two Castel Bolognese without us off, passes over an hour and feel the high-risk situation in which you are driving, so they disappear. A spontaneous motion free slavery, there are those who smoke, curse someone in a loud voice, who takes off his shoes, evil children make forays above the seats, the general breakdown reaches its climax when one shoots a line of coke on the table (it is still Saturday evening and certain rituals must be observed), one sbracamento demon that makes us feel no longer victims of coincidence, but masters, indeed, of our destiny. In my small way I try to incite a crowd of smokers to attack the dining car, razziarlo of beers and wine, imprison fat bartender in the bathroom, is the idea, but after the initial enthusiasm, after a couple of reassuring communicated Speaker, my band of partisans mushy and thirsty for beer regress to the stage of travelers whining. FS in fact, with a counter-strategy surprising, given the capitulation of at least four out of seven cars and suspecting that someone was plotting to kidnap the conductor and set it on fire, invites us to enjoy a drink and a snack at their expense. It is clear that the Italians are not ready for revolution if it is sufficient to tame a pack of Ringo.

The theme was not it, at all, trains are entered with force while writing, the subject was to be the borderline, you know? I was borderline on the artists in the exhibition of Ravenna, where, if you happen, you should pass. In many, visiting our military, we have been judged almost borderline, that "almost" (represented by a score) is not guaranteed us but leave at least one treatment-partisan, non-yourself embrace a rifle. *Trenimerdositalia*, for example, is definitely a corporation borderline. Okay, sorry, but I'm pissed off and if you do not make me come down even in the middle of the field my madness take over.

Let's go back to the borderline, serious ones. The exhibition. It was a beautiful display mainly because, as the great Basquiat, Bosch, Dali, Bacon, were virtually non-existent, which serve to attract ignorant like me, however, that, as a result, they discovered a world of fertile visionaries: Scottie Wilson, Gino Sandri, Carlo Zinelli, Tancredi Parmeggiani, Max Ernst, Frederick Adolf Wolfler or Saracens, were names that I did not say anything. So, the question of all time, who were the crazy ones? What do you pick up the outsiders to deform the real and corrosive process their prophecies?

It would be enough to take the story of Ligabue (Antonio!) chased him for a half-life in the solitude of a primitive diving bell, in a hut on the banks of the Po to carve logs, and then drew in a hurry in the human society to interpret the century of "I". Do you understand that contradiction? Even God would have been able to devise a plan so diabolical. Once they took him to see the Sistine Chapel, you know how to comment? "What kind of painter is one who does not draw even an animal?"

The crazies (before Levy MD) were also closed in asylums for more than twenty years and every so often, someone of them, gave brushes and cigarettes, and these, with no technique, created by spontaneity - which at times became paranoia - the mighty hammer with which felled the rules, art and costume. In fact, many of the artists in Ravenna coincide with the image of the self-brut, those that in his chest had a Gothic cinema in which, to put on film, were spirits, subjected to barbaric forms of life raw instincts, debtors of the paranormal, specialized in anguish, wide-eyed but, fuck, with a sensitivity caustic and elegant. At least I imagine them like this, with a complicated sentence and abstract, but ... I told you that a few minutes ago I tried to storm the dining car? In the various rooms you will find a nice account of nightmares: war, abandonment, loneliness, emptiness, childhood, the violence of the body and that of religion. Priests (indeed pretini) repeated to ship them spit out of his asshole, syringes, crows, oppressive masks, the same face of the doll, it turns out, is the portrait that the artist dedicated to the victims of his murder and, of course, the 'shadow of schizophrenia and suicide. Leggeretta fact.

Today obsessions which contaminate crazy? I ne discomfort may be in the form of a gray empty factory or hypnotic colors of a slot machine in the corner of a bar in the suburbs. To put it trivial. But the implosion of communication, these continuous tsunamis of news we reset, azzerandoci emotionally, emarginandoci with entertainment. Or the train safe. Oh, are only suggestions for all of you crackpots who were at home without making a fuck. Sure, you could always deploy some marker and bristol in the benches of parliament to analyze the madness of Italy, I doubt, however, that would come out works of art. By the way, I have already told you that I was hanged for the spring assaulting an Italian restaurant car? To be interned it takes a little, you know.