

Apocalypse fantástico

On the road sign pointing to the airport I saw the drawing of an aeroplane that mysteriously resembled a flying mackerel. I imagined it had been drawn by a surveyor at the town hall, some poor wretch who had scribbled the final layout for the printers on his sandwich wrapper; or perhaps the poor man had copied it from the signs of other countries or, more likely, of other planets, where aeroplanes could fly and plunge into the sea as they pleased.

I was travelling next to an old Ukrainian woman, two young girls, the wolf man and a family of Egyptians; they were all going away, far away, perhaps to find a hurricane.

We had to go past the ugly houses built in the sixties, a time when architects enjoyed planetary immunity and were omnipotent, a time when Italy was full of empty space and nobody knew how to fill it, so long as the nothing was annihilated — "better ugly than grass", they thought — a time when everyone was asking God to open them a hiding place outside nature.

We grow fonder of an ugly artifice than of a fine piece of shit.

Anarchic Nature frightens us more than aseptic ugliness, and so we build ugly things to reassure us.

The immortality of nature, its being there always and forever, its eating the asphalt with the roots of trees, its destroying and generating force that feeds the universe, makes us uneasy; but it is the unease of feeling ourselves passengers on this earth, the awareness that nature will sooner or later take us back into itself...

[Continues in the PDF, 13 pages]

Luca Motolese · Lisbona 2016

motolese.com — Original text in Italian