

## **The Frankenstein Breakthrough**

In a 1970s television debate between various Italian intellectuals, the writer Alberto Moravia stated that his friend Pier Paolo Pasolini would have never been assassinated in a different country where the respect for men of culture is higher. Pasolini himself had very little respect for the Italian middle class itself, a class completely standardized into a gray mediocrity by the recent wave of consumerism. In many instances the Italian poet and film maker went as far as claiming that the Fascist regime of the 1920s and 30s had in no way touched the essential moral tissue of Italians.

It was the catastrophic change occurred with capitalism in the 1960s to have forever altered this tissue. Sensing this drastic change into a vulgar and ignorant middle class that lost their farmer like innocence, Pasolini repeatedly claimed that the Italian drive was not a progress aimed to build a better society, but a development merely aimed to provide Italians with trifle commodities. While originally a Marxist with a hope for social change, under this view Pasolini begun to identify himself as a apocalyptic anarchist.

Now while still considering the past Fascists criminals, and the present Democrats pigs, Pasolini, as a poet deeply living the destruction of the Italian soul brought forth by consumerism, became more or less the Socrate of his time. Perhaps he was conscious of being a Socrate often hanging out with young boys as in the ancient Greek costume yet most certainly like many other prophets of their ages he was repeatedly sentenced, put in trials and imprisoned till at last those who so much hated him killed such a disturbing element, the element speaking the truth not so much through an analytical detached context as the meaningless truth generated by the institutional left but a truth experienced by a man with a great sensitivity fully immersed in the tragedy of his time, fully living it.

In this respect I am not sure I would agree with his writer friend Moravia that it is just a matter of increasing the general culture level of a country so that men of culture are respected as in other countries like France. I believe that for culture to be made or for prophecy to take their effect the sacrifice of white lambs had to be in some respect made. Without the spilling of Pasolini's blood, without the tragedy that has characterized many other prophets who, in their honest innocence have dared to speak the truth for the rest of humanity, without this the prophecy wouldn't have come true. Pasolini himself and his life becomes thus one great tragedy the tragedy in which he is both the mother and the father of a shameless Oedipus, the people of Italy raping and killing him.

Under this line of thoughts I am spilling on the table without any particular

embellishment nor any stiff academic rigour, I come to wonder whether Pasolini and his work were not but the only possible culture of his time. I wonder then if there can be a culture that is not as blunt and exposed as that of Pasolini, a flower of a poet under the constant accusation of his nightmare, the petty bourgeoisie, the fake Christians now turned to other sort of ethical commodities who still cannot grasp the significance and the preciousness of any poetic soul.

It is true that in the sort of regime we are experiencing now, a regime that wants the industrial society to get going, this very flower poet can be the very element getting the whole social gears stuck for a moment. This very moment is utterly dangerous, a moment in which the social members of all classes can come to reflect and perhaps even doubt the need for such a great globalized consumption. Sadly my opinion is that even if a flower would interrupt for whatever millisecond such a mechanism there are way too many pervasive media nowadays to obfuscate the possible critical thinking of any of the standardized social members.

Thus it is not so much a poetry like that of Pasolini providing some moment of interruption from the consumeristic flow that I am thinking about here. On top of this consumeristic flow now taken care of by millions of enslaved Asians and their oligarchs, the westerners are growing more and more astray and obfuscated. Thus I think that the poetic to pursue here is that of bringing a lucid and well shaped mirror of reality to emerge from the gray electrified fog completely embracing and squeezing us. The human brain can only wake up from this horrific project of totally disjuncted flashes of surreality by facing a total one joint representation of reality.

Reality ought to emerge like the top of a mountain in the mist of what we got so used to conceived as simply and only fog. This is the vision that might give some kind of Dostoevsky type of hope to the highly intoxicated perception the western human mind detached from its natural body is acquiring. The more this intoxication takes effect the more culture ought to stand stoically above it as once again a mountain crashed by clouds climbing right against it. In our acknowledgment of this state of humanity, a state of depraved incriminations turning the moderating platforms ever more powerful, in these arena in which the worst of the human soul is shown, as men and women of culture we cannot partake in such a gladiator spectacle.

We cannot even pretend to stand as referees of this spectacles. Pasolini's operation was that of representing it and bringing it back in all its grotesque absurdity. He was to some extend privileged to do so but yet now the culture industry in itself is undertaking this role of ridiculing society and turning it most demented. Perhaps then the cultural shift is that of producing a monolithic silent alternative outside these human arenas of

depravation. In other words I believe it is high time for culture to depart from society, break with it, break with all the forms of subsidies and incentives and anything that so much keeps it as a mere unnecessary extension of a social body pretending to think but in fact disabling its very human agents to do so. It is important now to begin to think of culture as monsters, dinosaurs standing on their own and to this end yes bring the due respect Moravia was pointing out in reference to Pasolini's assassination.

In this improvised text I might have then found what I was looking for in relation to my silent attitude for so much malicious attack against my artistic operation. This is exactly that of not partaking in a society shaped by the media but to attempt to erect a fully functional Frankenstein like monster a Troy horse able to produce a new kind of respect not so much for the man or woman of culture who has anyway dedicated his or her life to the creation of such creature but for the creature itself, a most monstrous one where no simplistic nor vulgar comments can be applied.

For our Frankenstein creation I like it, I don't like it will not be sufficient. Frankenstein will have to stand and alter the vulgar trend of emotions of the many micro conformists the ever more established social arenas are generating. Frankenstein ought to be brutal in its manner of representing an unpolished reality in its rudimentary brain of no simple digits. My wish is that in this Frankenstein like representation of reality perhaps the state of a self-assured humans channeling themselves into mainstream standardizations can be broken and with that the chains that only becoming acquainted with this Frankenstein creation can be broken.

After all it was Socrate himself, the archetype of the social prophet to invite the philosopher to firstly and outmostly get to know the monster within our human nature. Perhaps too much time has been wasted attempting to inflate a social body and too much time is now wasted to make it politically correct. It is time to counterbalance this energy, this increasingly unnatural force but simply bringing out the disgusting little alien we have so much repressed within us. How surprise we will be to find that in the depth of all its circuit its heart is a living flower.