

GIULIA





Volta owes Galvani everything, who, with his frog, had intuitively sensed the electrical force of the muscles. In order to increase animal energy he constructed a battery: once upon a time, there was a battery, nowadays we have step and fitness in every gym. The Divine Comedy of the bum muscles, the biceps, the triceps together with the firming up of the breasts.

This empty energy, though, “puffs us up” with a certain empty shape, without thought: St. Augustine wrote *Contra Pneumaticos* against this type of heresy of stupidity.

But, energy is neither created nor destroyed, it is translated and is forever the same as Einstein said.

Art may, indeed, be born of the limb, which is the hand that allows us to bend and flex, as well as to take hold of objects.

The vampire is the artistic animal par excellence. It is he who knows to suck the energy of the others with art and great elegance, since most people do not much notice it or else they think that Prostitution is just as beautiful as the Mona Lisa.

In this sense, Manzoni’s shit has given expression to the greatest form of energy, while all the rest is dispersed just like the trickling of a broken toilet, out of which comes piss.

But since the firemen and plumbers and the parasites and algae and fungi and pimps and brown-nosers and middlemen immediately recognise when there’s food to be downed, everything else left after all that shit has become pure energy.

Viva viva viva Chernobyl.

Gulp, I gotta get away from here in my car to Duckburg.