

FRANCESCO PEDRAGLIO

FABIO

FLASH 500

Suppose I was to begin by saying that my leading character might be nothing but a two-dimensional rendering of colours, shapes and volumes unloaded onto the flat surface of my computer screen.

Suppose I was to speak this as though it were a confession.

Suppose I suddenly whisper.

Suppose I have to behave as such – I HAVE to whisper – because, apparently, I'm shamelessly making public something that was told to me in form of a strictly personal admission... so you might conclude I'm ripping someone off here, maybe a friend... hence the whispering.

Suppose she was nervously shredding her napkin as she spoke these very same words I'm now murmuring back to you.

Suppose from the moment she spoke, I'm still figuring out what REALLY is the difference between something most commonly referred to as a vectorial image and something defined as rasterised.

Suppose I'm applying this knowledge back to my main character, I'm talking in digital image terms here.

And finally, suppose you know as little as I do about digital image terminology, this being a good point... some common ground between us. Getting closer. Tighter.

Whether you decide to believe me or betray me, I'm using her confession as the base for my fiction. I move through it slowly, like your eyes would do in front of vast sceneries. Because that's what this should be all about, that's what my leading protagonist is: a panorama... a view... total exteriority to be gazed at.

So... green and grey shades of digitally reconfigured matter constitute the room's walls and ceiling, what one would call the peripheral features of my character. Still you would not be able to guess their exact colour, as the flash reflected onto the mirror brutally flattened it all out, rendering our figure nothing but a pathetic silhouette. All around, scattered like punctuation on a page and creating a psychological portrait of our man, a series of worthless items for the modern living... furniture and ornaments, abstract and of a non-prescriptive nature.

In the midst of all this, a human figure. Male, medium height, slim, dressed casually... nothing really to capture our attention if not for the fact that his Carhartt light-blue jeans seem to be pulled down at his knees, revealing a rhomboid-shaped patch of hair just beneath a crimson underwear mark. The figure's unnatural posture, like an equestrian sculpture defrauded of its young buck, well... it scarcely conceals the fact that, precisely at the Cartesian centre of the whole vectorialised or rasterised image, it seems to be displaying a half erected cock leaning slightly to the left – so to the right of the figure itself – resting on two average-sized testicles, one of which, the right one, appears to be slightly hidden by the sudden curve the dick itself seems to draw halfway down the glans... like a colourless rainbow... a flashy parabola.

She blushed while telling me about it. She admitted her mistake.

Clearly that email wasn't addressed to me.