

Naked, just like Saint Francis, who cast off the clothes and riches of the devil, and naked, just like his creatures in his *Canticle of the Creatures*: "Praised be You, my Lord... for our sister mother earth" and for these new creatures of the Future City that not even Giotto could fore-see or depict. They are no longer creatures from suffering cities of machines and cement, steel and dust. Here we have nine unique, yet identical examples of this humanity that will soon nail the old world to its disheartening smell of decomposition and junk. With shining pupils of rainbow light, and colored skins that mix, these nine children of ours are brother Sun and sister Moon, finally embracing and confused: young creatures of fertile rock, of soft stone who can be relied upon. Thanks to them colors will become innocent again: no more black witch offering the poisoned red apple to the snow-white girl. No more race war but the ethnic miracle with its wealth of familiar echoes, now at peace. Maybe the dark skin here is also from the Mount Sinai Bedouin, there are traces of Asia even in the eyebrows; and perhaps the light blue eyes have a Swiss chill to them, whereas the blue black eyes have the warmth of Greece, the mother of Europe, and maybe there is Somali Ethiopia in the slim, dark nose; I see imperial memories in silken hair and tribal hints in untameable curls, a touch of perfumed Italy in long eyelashes...there is even a Cuban rhythm in the image, which, it's true, is motionless, yet the creatures seem to move in a riffing canticle; moving, touching, clutching, with flashes of Africa and China in the reds and yellows of creative painting. This is a photo of the metamorphoses that are typical of imperial civilizations, of Augustan Rome, Presidential America, Globalization where everything passes into something else, contaminates and then mutates into its opposite. In this image there really is Michael Jackson who whitened black and we have the evolution of the Lumumbas, the Senghors and the Frantz Fanons, but also the Lenins and the Lin Biaos, there is a revolution which becomes confusion as it removes the undeniable identity of the East and West and con-fuses them, there is the Zoroastrian peacock which resembles the Cross of Rome, Ramadan which becomes an Easter banquet, camel milk which transforms into vine juice, the burka becomes transparent on Venus's body, and there is Fatima, Mohammed's daughter, who now has the features of Mary, the mother of Christ. Against civil war, against the mafia and urban violence of identity, against ferocious ethnic conflict, against religious wars and fault line wars, against terrorism and against all forms of resurgent racism there is this joyous con-fusion as a value, the *Canticle of the Creatures* which reaches the sky and humbles the World.

