

## Trond Reinholdtsen *Gianni Peng VI*

What has changed a little bit the last ten years (or maybe more gradually the last fifty, or rather, DRASTICALLY the last two) is that Gianni Peng has gone from being a vague and open concept – that only a so called "chosen few" could relate to and, in some instances, celebrate – to becoming the standardized norm. What used to be some kind of secret, abstract potential, some even claimed it represented a progressive force, has now somehow become part of the fabric of routine contemporary consumer life. Well, to say the truth, Gianni Peng is now in many ways the very MOTOR of the Social Apparatus System, and what now lies ahead is nothing less than to come up with a strategy to KILL Gianni Peng.

We live in an era of paranoia. So it is recommended, that we, for now, keep cool heads and only very gradually start building up our confidence (because it is very low at the moment).

To say, as some still do, that Gianni Peng is "a phenomenon, not a person: a new identity, unlikely but real, to be treated as an abstract concept" is not absolutely correct. I can testify to you, dear readers, that Gianni Peng is very much a person. I once actually did meet Gianni Peng. And the experience was truly horrifying.

It was in the remote countryside of Sweden, but I do not exactly remember the hour or time of day. As one would suspect, it was rather darkish and foggy. My first reaction upon seeing Gianni Peng was obviously one of surprise. (To even think of Peng as a person used to be taboo in certain academic circles, as already mentioned above.) I had heard so much about Gianni during my professional life and I have read nearly all the literature on the subject, but to see Peng in flesh and blood filled me with utter nervousness, not to say fear. This was not the moment for hesi-

tation, though. I called out: "Gianni! Gianni Peng!" Gianni Peng didn't react at first. "Peng! Peng! Peng!"

Then, a miracle!

Gianni, who apparently is an amateur opera singer (but prefers "opra"), slowly turned towards me with the characteristically huge round yellow head, and sang the most sad and beautiful aria I have ever heard (although Gianni's voice struck me as somewhat strained and pathetic), which, in this very tense circumstances, came forward as a form of diagnosis of our times: "Postmoderne hengemyr!" which is Norwegian for "Postmodern marsh!" or maybe "Postmodern mire!" How to get out of the postmodern marsh? Is it at all possible? And what would be Gianni Peng's alternative? But let's not quarrel over philosophy when much bigger matters are at stake: Why was Gianni Peng dressed up as a postman? Could it be that Peng wanted to make a rather blunt joke on the "post-ness" of contemporality (as we instead are all already invaded by the diktat of the Future, but still unable to imagine new Utopias) that signals an allegiance to the ideology of dark "accelerationism"?

Ah, by the way: Luckily, I managed to record the Peng incident with my cell phone, so it should be possible to interpret the message for yourselves. Some musicologists have recently discovered that if one plays the song backwards it is almost possible to detect the words: "Kill me, kill me!"

<http://bit.ly/pengVI>