

[Unsettled]



[] Unsettled frames point, in a metaphoric way, to the worldwide phenomenon of industrial expansions and its consequences. Taking the Belgian village Doel and the surrounding polder as a starting point, this series questions the international tendency of global shifts and the way they manifest themselves to the people and their surroundings.



■ SPOOKS

by FABRIZIO ALLIONE Get up, Eric. Go to the window. What do you see? Your hair, Marie. They are falling off. The wind whirls them up, in the air, weightless. Blond. They are old. Close the window, it's cold. Go downstairs. Michael? I wrote down all the words I knew on the house walls, and I looked at them and read them out loud walking from one room to the other. Get undressed. What's that again? I said: Get undressed. You're hurting me. The skin, opening up, wavers. Come on, all together: Our Father, who art in Heaven. I'm making a list of the things Eveline doesn't believe in: the end of the universe, afterlife, the protests of 1968, women's orgasm, secularization of the Church, Barack Obama, monogamy, Walt Disney, Fidel Castro alive, the Nobel prize awarded to Philip Roth, the future, parents' love, the existence of a Jewish lobby, Chinese nail varnish, love in general, push-up bras, talent-shows. I don't know how to break away from it anymore, Alice. I close my eyes and see numbers. One after the other, in sequence, one greater

than the previous one. Every now and then a name appears. It's money, they are humans, it's about things I don't know how to do, it's lexicon for other type of ethics. Stop. Look. It's snowing over the house roofs, it's been an hour already and it's beautiful, Eric. Masterless dogs cross the street and leave footprints on the white pavement. Crosses spring up from the earth guarding over the dead to come. Are we dead, Eric? There are no dogs. Alice, once more: there are no dogs. I meant shoes. Do you know what I mean, Michael? Shoes like hands without a form, and matter that pug earth, concrete and bones, mixing them up and making them into one whole thing. I think I've fallen in love with you. Where do you work? I love you. My mother lost one arm, it's a funny story. Class of Theory of Knowledge, the programme of the exam: Writing and the difference of Derrida, The black spider by Jeremias Gotthelf, the number 347 of the New Yorker, The Enchiridion of Epictetus, any given book written by Michel Foucault, any given book written by

Umberto Eco, The Lord of the Rings, The Book of Ecclesiastes. Our parents worked in a factory, I will never do that. Steve Jobs. Fuck me. 17, horizontal (8 letters): the biggest fear. I'm pregnant. We haven't made love in ages. I know, I'm pregnant. When are you graduating? A new club's opening tonight. Matt is standing in the grass, has a Ph.D. in Biotechnologies, he's homosexual, takes Zolof. He's not depressed, he's stressed. Why is your ex-boyfriend still writing to you on Facebook? Let's get married. Name: M., Surname: O.; date of birth: 17/01/1983, place of birth: V.; grade at the end of the fifth year of secondary school: 97/100, Bachelor of Science in Philosophy 107/110, master's degree in Philosophy and History of Ideas 110/110 with honours; work experience: tutoring, outbound call-centre operator, stacking shelves, substitute teacher in History and Philosophy, tourist animator, unpaid internship at Human Resources, internship at Human Resources with expense reimbursement, business agent of a real-estate firm, inbound call-centre

operator, substitute teacher in Philosophy; describe yourself: I am dynamic person with excellent team building capacities. I have excellent dialectic abilities and problem solving skills. Outstanding general knowledge. I am a naturally curious person. I love travelling. We make love, still, all we want is kill each other, die. If I could fly over the city and bring you with me, when lowering our heads, tell me, could it be that you see the most complete, graceful and neat expression of what we mean by Todestrieb, a death wish? MacBook Air, 1,86 GHz i-Core7 dual core, 4 GB RAM, 256 GB flash memory, online price: 1.663,00 €. Robespierre or Danton? A new treatment for Lou Gehrig's disease, a new treatment for prostate gland cancer, a new treatment for rheumatoid arthritis, a new treatment for Duchenne muscular dystrophy. Eric. Huh? Don't you feel guilty? What the fuck's that question for? Don't know. You don't know? No. Do you? If I feel guilty? Yes. I believe I do. Why? You don't know. You never know a fucking thing. Yeah. Is it for your



father? Maybe. Debris and insects swarm over stagnating puddles, water that eats up the shore of the sea water, dark waters, new cradle of life and forms yet to be born in the mind of a God, the alpha and the omega, the creator of everything. A dream: there were three people playing cards, one was Benjamin's ghost, one turned away, and I couldn't recognize him although I think it was Trotsky. They were telling jokes on the Pope, Benjamin turned towards me, pointing his index finger at me as if it were a gun and shot, moving his thumb first down and then up again, and smiled. He asked me for a whisky. When I got closer he showed me his cards, he had a full and patted me on the shoulder. Oh, monkeys, sperm, ailment, blood, literature, pain! Jacopo and Karin broke up. Newly graduated in economics and law wanted, experience not a requirement for back office duties; full time; excellent knowledge of the English language and of the

three main operative systems essential; smart appearance essential; expense reimbursement, 3-month short-term contract offered. Your skin, Marie. Ikea: all the sofas of the Ektorp line at half-price in December. Where are you going? We can't afford a dog. Marc stops in front of a mirror. He's wearing well ironed khaki coloured trousers, and a blue and light-blue squared shirt. His legs are long and skinny, not fit for sprinting but good for resistance. I'm talking about hard work. Hard work, Eveline. Tecnocasa (T.N.). Cristiano Ronaldo. A brief summary on Hegel's aesthetic concept: we're all brothers and sisters. It's something very simple, Michael: evolution. Like in that Chaplin movie, Marie. You and I, hand in hand along a desert road with cracks in it, fragile shadows at the light of dusk. Ruins behind us. Beauty. Dostoyevsky, the Internet, Fiat. Breath in, abandon any thought, forget, run. What is the Earth?



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