



I remember everything kind of rather murky, very much like misty -a heavy fog, you couldn't see anything, not even shadows, I swear, sir- ... very much like in the nebula that oppresses him who wants to unearth a secret he's keeping hidden deep into himself.

I am seven and play hide and seek with my little sister; she is like my poor eldest brother, but a girl. Seven, six, five, two... Go! I know you're there, behind the bell. And you know how I hate bells, sister; how they frighten me, always ringing for the dead; spinning around non-stop until the nausea comes and rises into a mouthful that I can hardly suppress. Disgust, how much disgust I feel; how much bells disgust me! And you, sister, you're hiding under that one, that is so huge and makes me vomit as I see it still, there... moving relentlessly, damned (fucking) bell. Its clapper is like twenty times Dad's head, but, you know, poor brother fell over, sister, fell over from the belfry, didn't you hear? How didn't you hear? ...Of course! You were under the bell, hidden. By the way ... I've got you! And that's why I push you over and you fall from the top of the church tower. The bang and the crash of your bones on the pavement haven't been heard..., not yet. Poor, little sister ... so much like poor old brother. But, who are you? Your face rings a bell. But I can't really see it ... "If you do not get up right now, I will get you to school with a kick on your ass!" Mum? Weren't you dead, too? ... Weren't you?

And it's all just a dream, ooh God!... and I'm not seven, I'm forty-four and I've got a pasty mouth and no brothers or sisters; I never had any. Shit dreams. What a time with a good pack of shit dreams; and a shitty corridor. I never liked houses with corridors, all those ones I had.

Straight into the bathroom. I open the tap, put my mouth underneath, rinse, spit, underneath, rinse, spit, underneath, rinse, almost swallow, spit... The mirror can't be more disheartening. It is as if a sharp glass arm out from nowhere went through you without compassion, fast and cold, pierced the center of your chest, like tight tissue paper. And all that morning air escaping, slowly but steadily; escaping from the chest, to be swallowed, wolfed down, by this treacherous mirror. All that energy you had rescued from within the clutches of the shitty dreams, to face another painful day in the Gorgeous City, goes directly into the other side of the mirror! The ritual piss, of course.

It's not working day, today..., bland leisure day.

I should do the cleaning. Well, O.K. A book? Hmm ... Blab, blab, ble, ble ... Puff ... No. Should I go down to the street? And take the rubbish. A shower? No, I better get dressed and have a shower when I'm back.



To begin, some cereal with honey from the orange box; a bit bitter after all this time opened in front of the television. Kids' programs, a documentary on monkeys. Perfect. They remove their lice, pull their penises, kiss each other, suckle, play, hit, jump, intercourse; here the loner, there the Casanova, the shy, the funny wanton you would eat... No, you wouldn't, too furry; no, not even cooked, too cute. Oh, wonderful! An American series on reconstructions of solved real crimes. After the first one, comes the second. At the third episode we switch to mega-constructions. Dad won't have to go out and spend his time looking at how others work. For me, it is perhaps too much. Off, the TV! The bowl and the spoon to the sink. Silly, the whole morning!

Plastic and left-overs, it's your turn. Should I squeeze the bottle? It takes less room. Yes, it's time won, I'll crush the bottle. Ssshhh ... Keys. Keys, wallet... Keys, wallet, mobile... Tobacco. Keys, wallet, mobile, tobacco... and rubbish. Let's make a move.

Not even a neighbor, to talk about the weather in the lift. Lucky day? It doesn't look like. Hay, see you ... Yes, for a walk. Yes, taking down the rubbish. Yes, lazy Sunday. Good morning to you, too ... (you witch!).

I take a walk till the market stalls. LPs and old books, disgusting porcelain figurines, November tourists all around, granddad's binoculars. Vermouth for one? Why not? I can't think of anything better. Eating somewhere out. Yes, you can always think of something better.

The afternoon slips away and you know not how. An elliptical afternoon.

I get back home, watch a movie, take a shower, get two sandwiches ready, put on Billie Holliday and eat them; spend the time checking the mail and reading the morning headlines. O.K.! I'm going to bed, there won't be an I tomorrow. Before I fall asleep, I think... and fucking think, what the hell my life's come to be. And my head is full of smoke; thick foggy, little by little; brings me the picture of a puppy with a flower in his mouth, I saw in the market. And I accept it's maybe better if I change, I'm still on time. But how bad the spicy hot potatoes were and how yummy the strawberry ice cream with cream. And you, pay attention, please, fucking head: have it clear, something is not going well! And that must change! ... But tomorrow you've got to get up early to the job and... how unlucky the chap... Do you remember how nice he was?

Yeah, I remember lots of fog, rather troubled dreams... I remember he wanted to change.