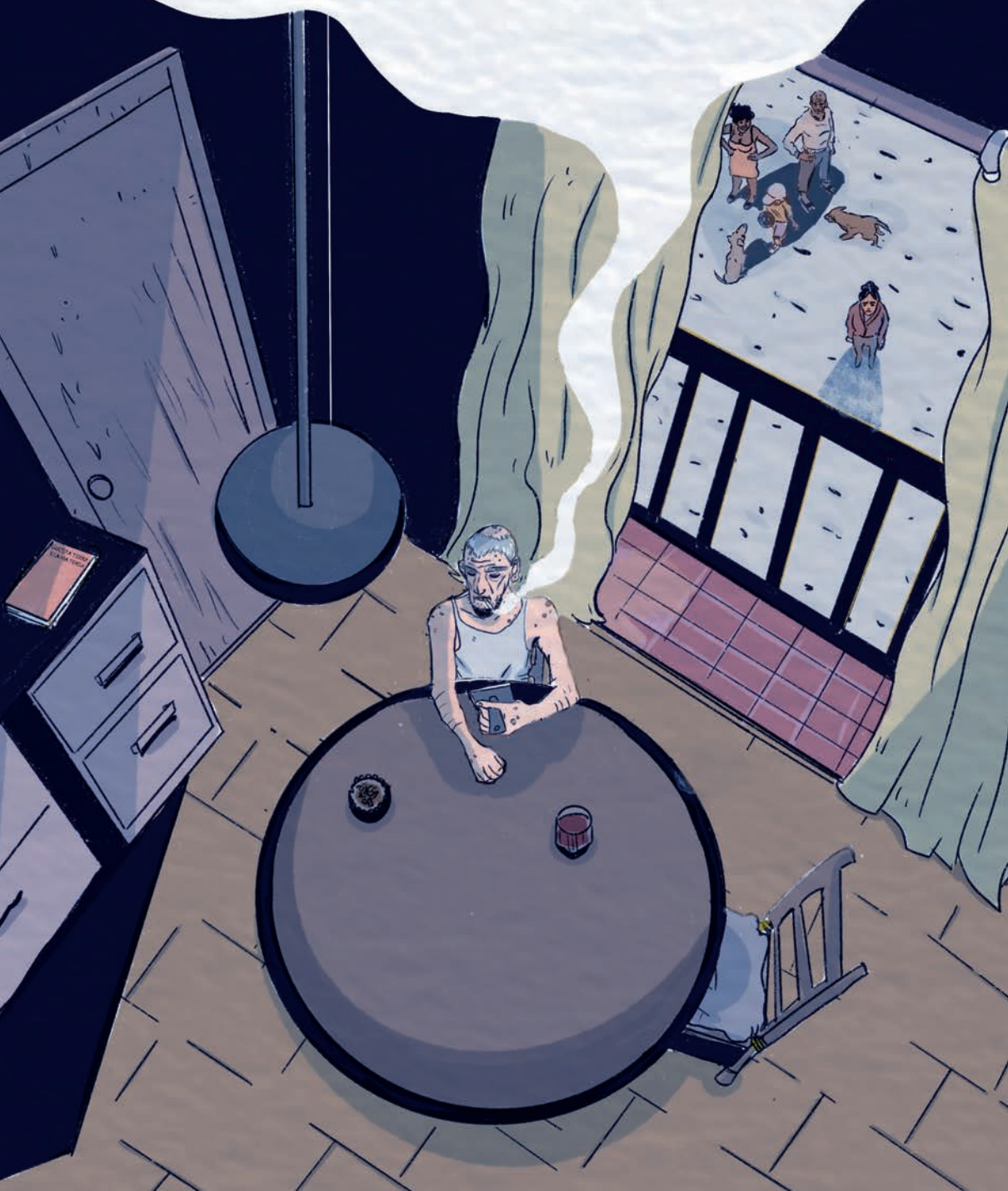


CANI

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CANI

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ELISA CASTELLANO



"CLOSE BY MILES, CLOSE BY SEASONS,
THERE'S A WAY AND A PLACE TO
DISCOVER THE BOUNDARY
IS MADE OF AIR AND LIGHT."

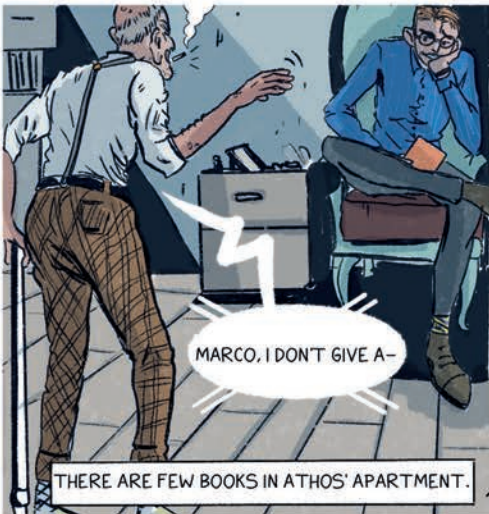
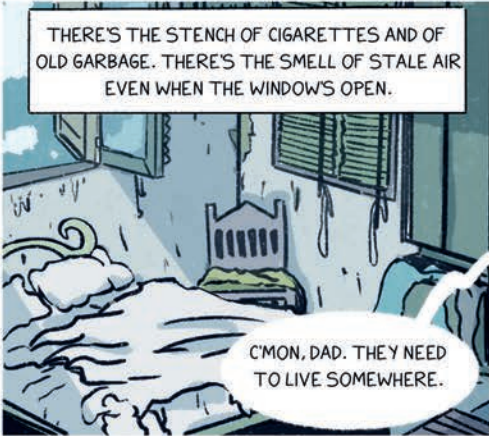
Close, CSI.

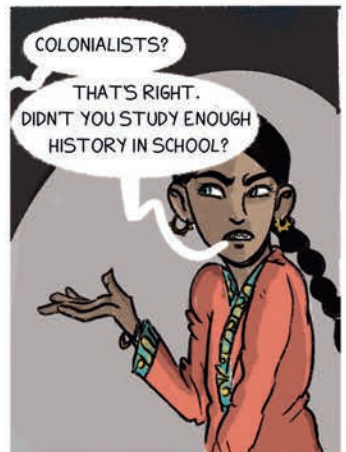


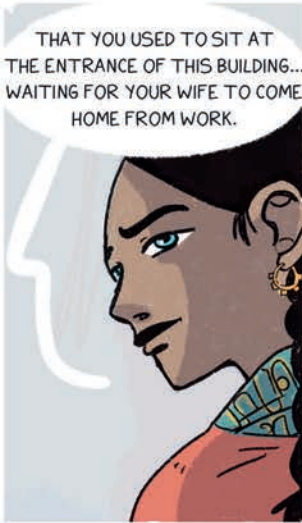
THIS IS WHO WE ARE.

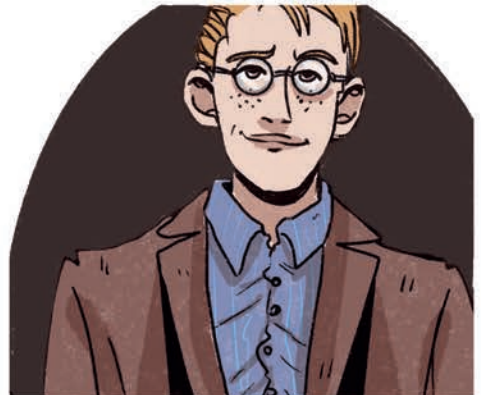
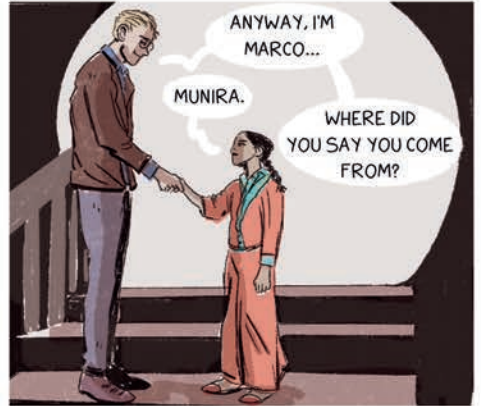
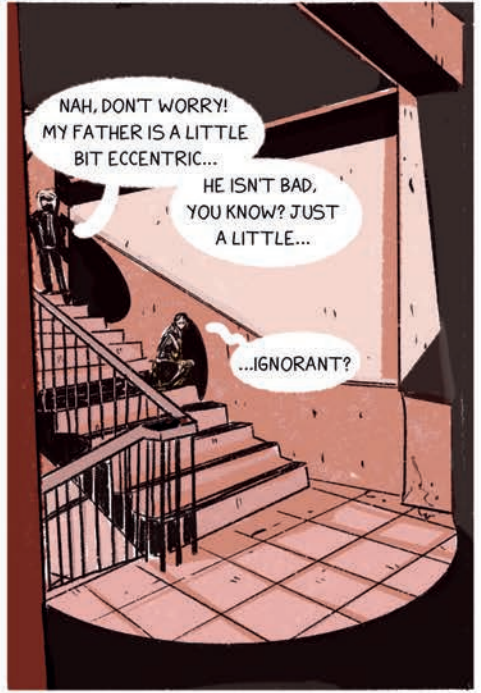












THERE'S A WALL, IN ATHOS' APARTMENT.



TIME, HISTORY AND LONELINESS MIXED IT'S CEMENT.



ITS BRICKS ARE MADE OF FEAR.

AN ANCIENT FEELING, LIKE AN UNKNOWN SMELL.



AND THERE'S ANGER, IN ATHOS' APARTMENT.



THAT WALL IS ACTUALLY A MIRROR.









There in Eastern Africa / A land he doesn't come from,
goes the fascist soldier / to "import colonialism".



«What a strange word: / not English, but Italian?»
the little soldier asks himself / in his little black coat.



«Forget the questions, / there's still a lot to do!»
answers the General, / taking up an arsenal.



And so, on with the flames / upon villages and huts,
here's gas, bomb, bacterias / from the bellies of the planes.

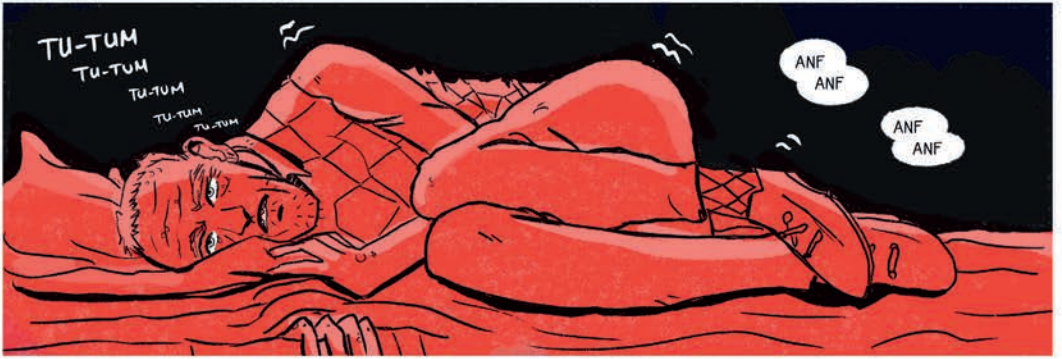


With phosgene and mustard gas / we cut down many lives,
who remains goes to the fields / with the others, to die.



Little soldier, isn't this / illegal immigration?
Criminal and murderous, / the good Italian soul?











"WELL, AS FAR AS I REMEMBER, THIS PLACE WAS BUILT RIGHT AFTER THE WAR, IN '46 OR '47...



...I MOVED HERE WITH MY PARENTS WHEN I WAS 3. THEY OWNED A DINER ON THE GROUND FLOOR. IT WAS NAMED AFTER MY MOTHER, "CHEZ MARISA". MANY BLUE-COLLAR WORKERS ATE THERE, EVEN SOME LAWYERS...



...WHEN I WAS A TEENAGER MY MOTHER DIED AND I HAD TO HELP MY FATHER WITH THE DINER. BUT AS SOON AS I COULD, I GOT A JOB AS A MECHANIC. COULDN'T STAND THAT DINER JOB.

ONE DAY I MET REGINA ON THE STREET. SHE WAS AN APPRENTICE HAIRDRESSER, WORKED NEARBY... WE GOT MARRIED IN '68. A COUPLE OF YEARS LATER, MARCO WAS BORN.

THE PLACE WAS ALREADY STARTING TO FILL UP WITH FOREIGNER, MAINLY FROM THE SOUTH: PEOPLE FROM NAPOLI, FROM PUGLIA... EVEN ONE FROM SICILY!"



"IN 1981 MY FATHER DIED AND I COULD FINALLY SELL THE DINER TO A GUY FROM CATANIA...

IT WAS THEN THAT I STARTED TO WAIT FOR REGINA HERE. IF CERRI, THE "LIGURE", PASSED BY, WE SMOKED A CIGARETTE TOGETHER.

THE DINER BECAME A PIZZERIA OWNED BY A COUPLE FROM SALERNO. FIVE YEARS AGO, IT BECAME A CHINESE BAR. I THINK THE OWNER'S NAME IS HU BUT HE WANTS TO BE CALLED MARCO. NONSENSE!

IN THE MEANTIME, ALL THE ITALIAN RESIDENS MOVED AWAY, THEN YOU GUYS CAME, FROM AFRICA, FROM EASTERN EUROPE, FROM INDIA. AND THEN..."

THEN REGINA DIED. MARCO WAS ALREADY WORKING IN MILAN AND ATHOS WAS LEFT ALONE. THE LAST ITAUAN IN ~~THE~~ THE BUILDING!

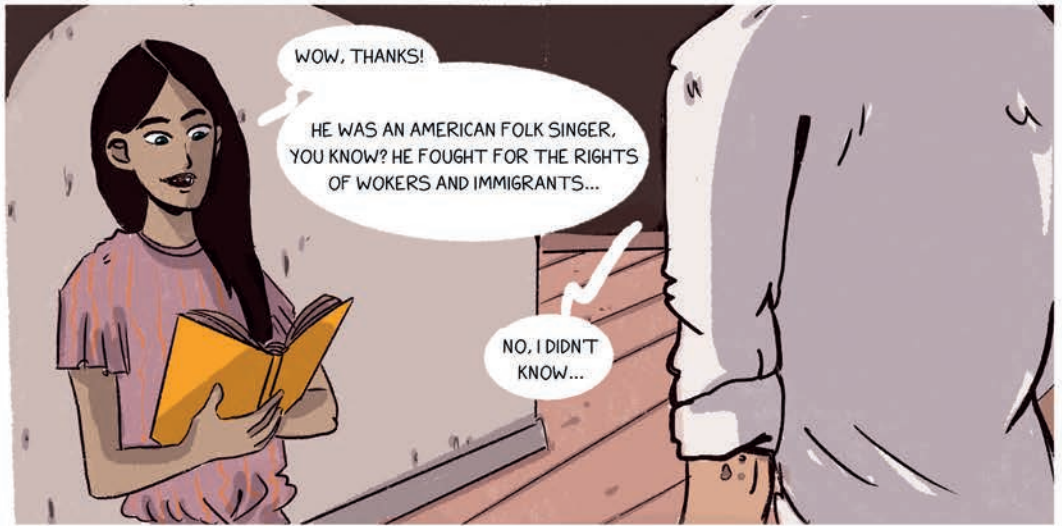


WE NEED TO CALL THE POLICE TO BRING THOSE STRAYS TO THE KENNEL!









ATHOS LEFT LIKE THAT, ON THAT NIGHT, WHILE THE WALL INSIDE HIS HEART STARTED TO CRACK...



WHILE THE FUTURE FLOODED HIM AND SOME OF HIS FEARS WERE WASHED AWAY...



I UNDERSTOOD THAT THIS IS WHO WE ARE. SUSPICIOUS ANIMALS SNIFFING ONE ANOTHER...

LISTENING, WATCHING.



SOMETIMES, WE PULL OUT OUR TEETH. WE SNARL.



...WHILE SOME OTHER TIMES...



...WE TOUCH EACH OTHER DEEPLY.





THE END.

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