

GHOSTLAND

When we were children we were told that ghosts could go through walls. Who could!



What they didn't tell us is that their best ability is to build borders. Even the most courageous and friendly, the ghost of communism, broke the world

in two. In Europe we like to play ghosts. One after another, they cross this tiny continent drawing with chalk new boundaries we cannot cross. Europe conquered the world by putting boundaries to what could be thought.

Today Europe is no longer only afraid of the other. It's afraid of itself. Fear of infection. Fear of the abyss. Fear of the outside. Fear of tomorrow. The Fortress-Europe, where we believed ourselves safe and privileged during these last decades, is now a minefield. In minefields the boundaries are everywhere. Fear sows every



square meter; it gets inside the houses and sterilizes the soil. The enemy, intangible unassailable, announces the pace and movement of every step we can take. Violence then, with no barricades or trenches, has no target. It's the bomb we detonate between our own legs.

In this new environment of fear, Europe itself is the ghost. "Europe will come", they say ... "We need more Europe", they add ... and we tremble with terror.



Men in black, memoranda, reforms, interventions, evictions, police brutality and the multicolour fiction of the Eurocup. Are we

witnessing the macabre funeral of the old idea of Europe? Is it time to celebrate its end? Anti-Europeanism raises again the flag of identities and nations, while other voices, half-heartedly, defend a battered ideal: humanism, guarantees, liberties, welfare state. Can we only be their advocates? Can we only fight for the fiction of a loss?

Defending Europe: I feel that this is the real trap. In this war between ghosts, there is nothing to defend. Any kind of defence is already a defeat. Against the bloodless shadow of the ghost, there is only one position:



place the body. Put the voice. Expose to infection. Bodies have the truth of their hunger and their solidarity, beyond any abstract idea of citizenship. Voices have the

impure wealth of their accents, beyond all legitimacy.

The 27th of June 27, 2011, as the police was clearing Plaza Catalunya in Barcelona, a poster appeared in Plaza del Sol saying: "Si Barcelona no tiene miedo, Madrid no té



por". With this bastard sentence the limits of what could be thought were deleted. Multiplied throughout all cities, this is the slogan of the only

world we want for ourselves and in which we want to live.

With this sentence, our bodies will go through walls.

* "If Barcelona is not afraid, Madrid is not afraid" the sentence is written half in Spanish (when referring to Barcelona) and half in Catalan (when referring to Madrid).