

Character:

The Becoming Subject

Location:

The container

Stage directions:

The scene opens with a panoramic view of the city capturing all the locations: the square with its coffee shops and narrow corners, the public library hosted by a grandiose 19th century neo-gothic building and the park filled with more people than trees.

At first glance the site appears very tranquil and innocent as always, but this might just be the surface. Although the city infrastructure is stable, the movements within are more frantic. Rubbish bins are turned over, elderly people hurry along the pavement in various directions, the post office is on fire, buckets filled with water are lined up. A flow of messages and fragments of text arise: the scene makes place for language, the city is speaking in one voice.

The set turns black. Spotlight on the Becoming Subject sitting in the corner facing the radiator on the wall in front of him. The room is empty. There is no table, no chairs, no sofa nor any other sign of inhabitation. Though it doesn't feel as if this emptiness stretches from an un-lived environment. It is rather the Becoming Subject who incorporates the characteristics of this absence in his persona. He holds pen and paper, we follow his words and read while he is writing.

Dear Stranger,

This letter might come as a surprise as you never requested it. As always you might never answer back, but I might as well never send it. That's our unspoken, unwritten convention and we both comply with it.

As you probably expect, I'm at home, as usual, staring at the radiator. I try to capture its imperceptible movements and sounds despite its apparent stillness and lack of mobility. Under my eyes, it becomes malleable. It is my only distraction and point of focus. As it strives to get the humidity out, it also keeps me slightly warm.

But today I'm distracted as there is a growing noise outside that challenges all my attempts to concentrate and isolate my thoughts. Did you also hear the sound? It has an uneven, thick, excessive ensemble of textures, a polychoral composition lacking control and direction. It's hard to determine whether it is the sound of fury or pure enjoyment. Certainly there is an intensity of emotions.

I'm tempted to stay in and do what I can fail less. I want to speak to you. I want to use my words to rehearse realities, imagine alternative scenarios instead of engaging in a competition of arguments, in a flow of statements – all words that 'just break down into sounds'. *SSssHhhh, the wind is in the trees and the leafs are falling – a pushchair going slightly too fast in front of my home, on the right hand side a pigeon is passing accompanied by a rooster or is it children playing? On my left there is somebody crying or is it just laughter? I see my house standing in the middle of an ocean of events.* Describing is insufficient and I'm not participating, I'm not reacting, maybe I'm just not...

Though the radiator is still working and I'm still writing. My words might not have an immediate resonance, they might escape direct references and float in between worlds carrying meaning from one situation to another and gain a life of their own. Someone once told me through words one could construct hypotheses, experiment and test possibilities, build a constellation of thoughts, gain agency. Anyway there is nothing to lose and hope might emerge along the process. The noise becomes louder now as if it would be entering my room. I'm surrounded and emerged but blind and deaf.

I try to picture the sound, to make it visible. It's as if you caught someone in an extreme reaction but can't pinpoint whether it stems from grief or pleasure. *There might be kids playing, hide and seek, running around and screaming as if they want to attract everyone in their game.* And it's weird how this incidental, disturbing situation triggers latent questions and thoughts that I couldn't articulate before. What would you do now? Would you step outside the door? You might answer that you would rather engage directly with the state of things,

observe and participate rather than hibernate in the comfort zone of non-action.

Meanwhile I will use the words until the meanings clash, collide, break their structure, introduce a new logic which is not necessarily rational, but it's not arbitrary either. I need to create a new language. *So maybe more people join the game. Are the neighbors playing as well? In a moment of exhilaration, they gave up their responsibilities and went out for fun.* As my head starts tilting due to all this action, I would still prefer to act as the radiator, be slow and steady. But I can't stop to project all my fantasies onto this invisible situation. And when you are living this so intensely you might actually believe that you cause something that you might have simply imagined. 'When the real and the parallel worlds coincide, no single particle knows whether or not itself or another particle is real or parallel. The external assessment is cancelled because they have all become internal. They're trapped in one and the same world. A world from which one never more emerges.'

I will stay in... but my non-action is not driven by lack of concern or engagement, it's still active as with everything else we do. We don't have to get into it. We are already right in the midst of it. I will carry on speaking. Is it conceivable to exhaust the possibilities of language? If I feel I reached this point, if I feel that I said everything, I will remain silent like you. You know, your silence never hurts me. It leaves a void for me to fill.

Talk soon,

The Becoming Subject