

The Free Scene

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Shall we play dead?
Shall we run?
Shall we find the exit?
Shall we continue to dream?
Shall we honor the fallen?
Shall we storm the gates?
Shall we capture the flag?
Shall we wait?

Pause
Hesitate
Occupy

The coming together of the coming apart – the neighborhood torn at the seams – the bottles and the smiles, the sofa onto which he falls – the togetherness, the warm embrace, the disappointments and the longing that leads to crafting new bodies – this body, the one he hopes to give away – is this not the heart of the matter: the heart that wishes against the odds – he steals the opportunity, to create a context for sharing the deep innermost desire, the desire that pours out through the creativity that is living, to enwrap these together into the fragile community (the evicted and the expelled, the poor and the self-built) – the chairs gathered, from out of the backroom, marked and scraped, and placed together: that is the articulation of an aesthetic expressivity, the arrangement that says: *let us speak, let us listen* – the folded blankets, the banners they make at home, on the kitchen table – the scribbled notes, the captured archives sewn together into an assemblage: *he she them this, and others* – the newcomers which we all are – onto the scene, this scene of the new knowledge like a material – like a mixed tape pirated from the media streams and nocturnal listenings: *wait, I love this song....* – from the paintings taped together to the tables screwed into place, from the colors that speak of other worlds to the hand that reaches, suspended in mid-air as it constructs from nothing a body of thought, a resistant idea – I wish for a new conscience, the project of loving relations –

Shall we scratch the surface, or dig deep?
Shall we create another territory?
Shall we hold hands?
To carry the weight...
Together?

The street, the night, the hand, extending to float, to collapse, to exit the center only to come up again, to balance between the vague idea and the concrete form: what might such poor constructs provide onto the field of social activism and the needs of the many – upon a line that becomes a glowing thread, vibrating with the excitement of new conversation, the uncertainties of the project, and the compassion of heart-beating work – to lose, to find the brutal softness of nothing, and then everything – the tension of this thread, always on the verge of breaking – he tries to hold it, they try to sustain the practice, this fragile community: what he learned during walks through the night with his friends by the ocean, and the night birds with their silence and

loyalty, these sounds that would always make his heart stop, to dream and to give shelter to the fugitive idea – where are the rooms into which these sounds may find their reverberation, their resonant becoming, today – where are the cities that would shiver with the touch of this vibration, the thread that may become a street under his steps, and hers and the others, so close, closer – his friends always beside him, and he for them – that is the beginning, the first scene from which all the others emerge: the scene of love, and of rebellion –

Shall we turn the other way?
Shall we strike?
Shall we refuse to pay the rent?
Shall we build an underground culture, secret?

Shall we hold still?
Shall I tell you more?
To search for the critical narrative, under the tongue?

The stillness – the loss – the continual wishing, precarious, like a weak-strength – the weakness of this thought, nimble and resilient and persistent – expelled, evicted, and able to trespass, to flee: to fan the flames of the uncommon interruption: *he she them this, and others* – and to find a community of floating subjects – which teach and which provide the news, and which give the knowledge scratched onto the palms, opened on this occasion, born from the blisters of loss and making – held together, blister to blister – the exchange that is always a question of shadows and rage, and the daring to speak, what cannot be named and yet which intrudes, refuses to go away – the dirty figure, the dirty words, the dirty sound that speaks of contemporary life – she tells of what was left behind, she maps the territories of broken homes, she argues for new concepts of welfare and the commonwealth – he speaks of the squats, the poverty and the crowbar needed, and the neighborhood parties they would create – and the others question, and they grasp the pile of straw and the bag of crumpled papers, making pillows and vague constructs which become benches and shelves for the books – to make an arena of dialogue – an art of making do –

You say then
I say now
You say to produce
I say to have and to need
You say when
I say whenever
You say the time has gone
I say the time has come
You call it the service provider
I call it the apparatus, anxiety, control
You say the said
I say the saying, as if

The living, the breathing, the journey and the social formation, suddenly – the night walks, the shadow bodies, the new knowledge, the fragile community – the wishing and the dreaming, the losing and the forgetting, the construct of common spaces, pulled out from institutional parameters and the discourses that refuse entry – the

crafting from your experiences and the shared narratives of survival a glowing city –
where we may meet – to shelter from the perennial obligation of nothing and
everything – what may come from the glowing body more than itself –

Shall we disrupt, disappear?

Pause

Hesitate

Occupy