

Preparations for common recognition

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*Title: Preparations for common recognition.*

*Place: Los Angeles, 1998. It is night.*

*The action takes place at a rock club, located in the neighborhood of Silver Lake. It is a small though important club, where a certain sub-cultural scene has developed in recent years: it is a venue where people gather to witness the emergence of the new.*

*We are located in the crowd, as part of the event.*

*The following dialogue takes place here, yet we must imagine that everything has stopped: the people, the music, the action. It is a frozen moment. Within this moment, three voices emerge: the band, the spectator, and the stranger. A conversation ensues.*

*They speak, to each other, at each other, around each other.*

*It is a conversation of interruption, capturing three contrasting perspectives onto the event of culture.*

*During this scene, the club transforms into an uncertain space – a type of research center, a type of archive, a space of references and diagrams, some sort of office dedicated to the theme of discord and disagreement emerges. We enter this space.*

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Spectator: Facing. Toward the front. Or what appears to be.

Stranger: To the side. And yet, also, here.

Band: To perform, as the object of attention. To occupy the central position.

Spectator: Me.

Band: No, me.

Spectator: No, me.

Stranger: And me.

Band: You mean, me.

Spectator: No, me.

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Spectator: I have been here before. I know this place. I have friends here. People I know. They are around me, also, occupying the space.

Band: We begin.

Spectator: But at times, I also feel alone. To stand toward the back, in the shadows, watching, wondering. Listening. All my attention is drawn, fixed. Toward the stage. Toward what I perceive as the reason.

Band: To perform: 1, 2, 3, 4...

Spectator: The reason for being here.

Stranger: Here. And there.

Band: No. Here.

Stranger: But there is always something to the side. Something always already waiting.

Spectator: Wanting. A certain longing. For the event. The planned project.

Band: The performance.

Stranger: Is there not an outside? A side to every event? A not I for every I.

Spectator: Do you hear something? What is that noise?

Band: 1, 2, 3, 4...

Stranger: 5, 6, 7, 8...

Spectator: Be quiet. I am listening.

Band: I am listening.

Stranger: No. I am listening.

Band: To this.

Spectator: To that.

Stranger: To what is in between.

Spectator: To what is present.

Stranger: And absent.

Spectator: Silence?

Stranger: The silence.

Band: You mean, the anticipation. Here.

Spectator: And here.

Stranger: Here, and not here.

Spectator: I.

Stranger: Not I.

Band: A space for experience. This is what's important.

Spectator: To witness.

Stranger: No, to encounter.

Band: A space for experiencing the work.

Spectator: Here.

Stranger: No.

Spectator: Yes.

Band: For the production of culture.

Stranger: And its disruption.

Spectator: What kind of conversation is this?

Stranger: One of excess.

Band: Shhh, I'm trying to perform.

Spectator: To listen.

Stranger: For what?

Spectator: For the confirmation of the event.

Stranger: How do you know what the event is? When it will appear? And where it will end up?

Band: The event is here.

Spectator: Here.

Stranger: And here.

Band: As an action.

Spectator: As an arrival.

Stranger: As an interruption.

Spectator: And what might come from such interruption?

Stranger: I see, you are searching.

Band: To understand the point.

Stranger: Which might be no point.

Spectator: But a point nonetheless. In front.

Band: On site.

Stranger: Or elsewhere. And then more. Like when you imagine yourself alone. At home for instance. The quiet. The order. That sense of what we call privacy. Maybe you make a coffee, or a tea; maybe you take off your shoes, put on something casual. You drift around, a bit aimless. To yourself. You imagine no one is watching. No one can hear you.

Spectator: And you talk to yourself, out loud.

Band: An amplification.

Spectator: A daydream.

Band: A possible reality. That is, a perspective.

Stranger: And still, a fantasy. That you are alone.

Spectator: Is there another? Someone else, in this room? Over there, or?

Stranger: There is, and there is not.

Band: Riddles.

Stranger: The production of an alternative.

Spectator: In the room.

Stranger: Yes, of course. Always.

Spectator: Are you talking of ghosts?

Band: The silence.

Stranger: Of ghosts, the spectre, the *thing*...

Band: Production.

Stranger: The monster, and the loneliness...

Spectator: To feel the intensity.

Stranger: To relish the possibility of something else.

Spectator: Passion.

Stranger: Friendship.

Band: Energy.

Spectator: Dada.

Band: Hip hop.

Stranger: Cairo.

Spectator: Do you mean the Metropolitan Indians?

Stranger: The one's that run out into the streets, the buffoon, the animals...

Band: The dum dum boys.

Spectator: Molloy?

Stranger: Malone.

Spectator: What?

Stranger: No, Watt.

Spectator: Are you trying to confuse me?

Stranger: No, me.

Band: Me, I said.

Spectator: And me.

Band: Malone?

Stranger: I hope so.

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Spectator: I've forgotten the time. Will it start soon? The event.

Band: We are waiting for a bigger crowd.

Spectator: But I came here with someone. We came together. Already, as a couple. This is already enough.

Band: Us.

Stranger: And them.

Spectator: Together. Togetherness.

Stranger: But still, you enjoy being in the crowd.

Spectator: Yes, of course.

Band: The crowd. In front.

Stranger: To the side.

Spectator: Together.

Stranger: And apart.

Spectator: Are you intentionally trying to cause trouble?

Stranger: Of course.

Spectator: Go back to Cairo. Go back to Bologna. Go back to Watts.

Stranger: I am waiting.

Spectator: Me too.

Stranger: For Otto Dix. For Godot. For the band of gypsies.

Spectator: For what my friends call, "the circle".

Band: 1, 2, 3, 4...

Stranger: 5, 6, 7, 8...

Band: To break the night with the crack of the drum, the electronic amplification, the gathering of such intensity.

Spectator: Yes.

Stranger: Or.

Spectator: In front.

Stranger: To the side.

Spectator: Who are you anyway? I've never seen you here before? Where are you from?

Band: Part of the crowd.

Stranger: Part of the city.

Spectator: From the street?

Stranger: From next door.

Band: A fan.

Stranger: A body.

Spectator: A body separate from me.

Stranger: Definitely.

Band: Part of the masses. Out there. In the dark.

Stranger: You will forget me. As soon as I leave.

Spectator: I think so.

Stranger: And I will forget you.

Band: I don't even see you.

Spectator: But you know I am here. I have been here before.

Band: You are all the same. The public.

Spectator: But still, I matter.

Stranger: Only in so far as I matter.

Spectator: Together.

Band: Separate. Here, and there. Face to face.

Stranger: And more. The dark.

Spectator: Won't you sing for me? To play that song, once again? The one I love to hear, especially now. In such moments of uncertainty. Of disruption.

Band: Production. A connection.

Stranger: Always already a rupture.

Spectator: Fulfillment.

Stranger: Which is immediately incomplete.

Band: Until the next show.

Spectator: The next album.

Stranger: The next alternative.

Spectator: To listen.

Band: To perform.

Stranger: To speak.

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Spectator: You pull me apart.

Band: You disrupt my narrative.

Stranger: You ruffle my feathers.

Spectator: Me.

Band: No, me.

Spectator: Malone?

Stranger: No, Molloy.

Band: I can't go on.

Spectator: Yes you can.

Band: I've lost my way.

Spectator: Try again. I'm sure you'll find it. That is, the thread. The energy.

Band: The direction.

Spectator: The purpose.

Band: Of being here. In front.

Spectator: Yes, a sort of architecture. The making of form. Where I can dwell.

Band: The object.

Spectator: The space.

Band: To focus.



Spectator: To build.

Band: To gather.

Spectator: I have dreamt of this before. It occupies my body, like a rhythm. A phantom. Moving forward. In time. One with time.

Stranger: Interrupting time.

Spectator: But we need a structure.

Band: A plan.

Stranger: For opening up the night.

Spectator: To feel the rhythm as it takes over.

Stranger: To take a walk, under the stars. You turn left, past the drug store, and then up the hill. There is an empty field. There used to be dogs there. A whole pack, living in the streets. We camped there once, when he had to run, to leave home. The dogs were everywhere.

Spectator: A place for gathering.

Stranger: There was nowhere else to go.

Band: Shhh! I'm concentrating.

Spectator: On the rhythm.

Stranger: I'm speaking.

Spectator: Me too.

Stranger: No you're not.

Spectator: Yes I am. You just don't hear.

Band: To hear. This might be the end result. The point of arrival. The completion of the circle.

Stranger: And the point forever in the distance.

Spectator: Right in front. The rhythm. In the body. Here.

Band: To continue.

Stranger: To leave, and to come back, at the same time.

Spectator: The making of an event.

Band: Production.

Stranger: Mistakes.

Band: 1, 2, 3, 4...

Stranger: 5, 6, 7...

Spectator: I locate myself here. I take up a position. I wait for the rhythm.

Band: A figure in the dark.

Stranger: Where are the dogs now? Out there, roaming the streets? Do you hear them?

Spectator: Close the door.

Band: Turn out the lights.

Stranger: Who are you?

Spectator: Who are you?

Band: To be the center. The main perspective.

Spectator: In front.

Stranger: And behind. Or to the left. So as to escape, or to take better aim.

Spectator: Everything gathers together. Like a ball of wool, held tight.

Band: Structure.

Spectator: Energy.

Stranger: Entropy.

Band: To appear.

Spectator: To make a spectacle.

Stranger: To drift.

Spectator: Where to?

Stranger: Here.

Band: Here.

Stranger: And there.

Spectator: To return?

Stranger: Maybe.

Band: Definitely.

Spectator: To dream?

Stranger: Without regret.

Band: Precisely.

Stranger: Where are the dogs? Now?

Spectator: The lights.

Band: The darkness.

Stranger: Both. Together. Unsteady.

Spectator: There were times when I thought the night would never end. That something had changed, forever. In the midst of all of this. The vibrancy. The infinite. That everything would disappear.

Band: Beauty.

Spectator: Everything seemed to stand still, and to move at the same moment. The rhythm. The energy, all together. As if everything would burst.

Band: Unity.

Spectator: That feeling... What can I call it?

Band: Harmony.

Spectator: That sense of something more, of magic.

Band: Transformation.

Spectator. When all things come together, and the night seems to disappear.

Stranger: To deepen. Like a void. An emptiness. Don't you see it? The blackness?

Spectator: Are you talking about shadows? Like a dark flower, full of softness.

Band: The darkness.

Spectator: The lights.

Stranger: The bar, the girl standing over there, the pool table, the smell. What is that smell?

Band: To stop.

Spectator: Now.

Band: In time.

Spectator: Without time.

Stranger: Of time.

Spectator: And to continue, yes?

Band: We must continue. To perform again.

Spectator: The making of reason. A line to follow. This is what I look for, here, in front.

Stranger: And to look again, to what is possible, a line that is also a narrative.

Band: The main character.

Spectator: The witness.

Stranger: The protagonist.

Spectator: We need a scene.

Band: We need a stage.

Stranger: And a conflict.

Spectator: To resolve.

Stranger: To prolong.

Band: The hero.

Stranger: The stranger.

Spectator: And the one who tries to bring everyone together.

Stranger: To remain outside.

Spectator: Inside.

Band: In front.

Spectator: What do we call this situation, this scene, this relation?

Band: The event.

Spectator: The night.

Stranger: The dogs. The rats.

Spectator: The boomtown rats?

Band: The inhuman.

Stranger: The animals.

Spectator: I see, for creating connections?

Band: For creation, that is enough.

Spectator: Within this room, now.

Stranger: To be irrational, to make an irrational space.

Spectator: Don't be a fool.

Stranger: But I am.

Spectator: Why don't you leave?

Stranger: But I need you...

Spectator: Quit pestering me.

Stranger: We are closer than you think.

Spectator: Molloy?

Stranger: Malone.

Band: The lights go out. Everyone waits. There is expectation. A murmur. A nervousness. Excitement. To enter and to take over. Everything comes forward, to us. All eyes, all ears, all bodies, directed here, to the front. Something stirs, a motion, a movement. Then, it happens. The cut in time and space. Everything is directed toward a specific point. Toward a specific end.

Stranger: What are you talking about?

Band: The creative act.

Spectator: To make a space for coming together.

Stranger: For coming and going.

Band: In front.

Spectator: Here.

Stranger: There.

Spectator: What is this exchange? I'm tired of this scene.

Stranger: It is a type of labor, to be human.

Spectator: I know: a history of words. So many words.

Band: Performances, yes, performances of the unexpected.

Stranger: I hope so.

Band: Of me

Stranger: And not me.