

Stranger Recordings (October 2016 – June 2017) / Notes

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Episode 1: Paris

The door opens: it begins, or so we think – a thinking on the run, stumbling at times.

We find our subject alone and in a particular city; it is night, or so we believe – *we may believe as far as possible...elsewhere*. This is of course the lesson our subject works to deliver: from afar, and coming so close, this interruption. The night.

Can you hear his breathing?

What does our subject tell us today? What might we find in this strange diary? It seems, it is only a series of digressions, stumbling, speaking on the run, restless. And yet, I would suggest that we suspend judgments, for suspending is precisely the point of our subject – No, its position: to suspend the moment of arrival, while lending, through a certain intensity, to the wish for a new unconscious. The bats.

The periphery.

The door opens: it begins, or so we think –

Episode 2: Zagreb

The trajectory, the *transversal*: our subject is found once again on the move – it is a body that flees, it is a figure that escapes; a subject of loneliness, and that is drawn to the lonely: lonely ideas, and lonely streets.

*Is this not how undercover agents operate?
To appear from out of nowhere...*

For today, we are brought into a zone of noise, of being lost amidst the crowd: our subject – *we are starting to feel close, are we not, to this figure?* And yet, we can never get too close: he is always evading our touch – as I was saying: for today, we must reposition ourselves, toward a listening from below: the Stranger is a subject drenched in the Under.

Here, what might we hear? Certainly not an under-standing, but quite possibly: a standing-under.

Episode 3: Bergen

The travel continues: this itinerant figure out of place, who does not know where to go, who does not understand the language, and who utilizes *not knowing* as an opportunity – for being otherwise, for being aligned with the not-yet.

Today, where is our subject? We find him far in the north, shifting the solid ground underneath to that of vibration, a poetical vibration that, as our subject suggests, is shuddered by the *elsewhere, here*.

The elsewhere, here: where? To there.

Let us follow our subject then – while he may run from us, it is clear this a project of affiliation, and for crafting a new solidarity: one that explodes into a thousand rays of a thousand new stars.

Episode 4: Istanbul

As the sun drips, everything comes alive: this is what our subject encounters today, as he follows the voices around, and the cats, and the dusty corners of a hidden garden. But I am saying too much – I should not speak on behalf of our subject, instead one must get lost, as he does; this is one of the essential lessons the Stranger provides: he is always tensing the borders of language, of accountability.

To speak through a language of delirium – is this not what our subject creates: a language of delirium?

And so I will refrain from saying more, or I will say it as he would say it: with a great deal of uncertainty and pleasure and probing curiosity, especially as a way of instigating this tender project of minor acoustics.

Episode 5: Bern

We may find it difficult to reach our subject today: he is in a foul mood, and yet, there is direction, desire; there is this recording that still reaches us, captured from somewhere and during a form of journey; in other words, our subject speaks even while trying to evade the act. What we may hear then is a figure caught within a certain paradox, a creative dilemma.

How to remain autonomous while searching for ways to connect and commune; for this is a project which has no desire to be capturable, communicative, or to be inscribed within the record books. In short: the Stranger is a figure whose transmission wants to exceed the limits of hearing:

Where might it go, this sound? How might it agitate the borders of all this speaking with its festive beauty, its restless prophecies, its tangential poetry?

As our subject seems to suggest through a notion of the undead, there is always the alien and the alienated looking for ways to break the door down.

Episode 6: Athens

The journey continues; in fact, he cannot stop, that is, our subject. Our subject is perennially on the move; it is a subject of movement itself – flights and escape routes, drifting and dreaming, in search and out of breath. If I dare say, it is a subject of vitality: in this regard, he is somehow always ahead of or behind himself – our subject is never where he should be.

For today, we discover this condition: of always being ahead of or behind himself – we might call this a type of *deja-vu*, out of sync: do we not know this experience increasingly today? As the world spins, and time and space accelerate to a point of exhaustion, do we not often pause, to wonder aloud:

have I not been here before?

I was here before; was it me, or another – this me as another?

These are the questions that define the Stranger, and which we might hear today as a form of delay: the delayed subject.

Episode 7: Aarhus

Suddenly, things acquire a certain stillness: stillness, softness – a kind of soft wind that makes us sway, bend, fall asleep even. Can you hear it, this wind?

Today, our subject brings us into an extremely vague territory, a city bent by the soft wind and the soft thoughts of a body losing itself: it becomes a question of form, I believe – the Stranger delivers an entirely different concept of aesthetics: a form always shaped by a relation to the *elsewhere, here*: a tender project of not knowing and which leads to narratives in which I speak in the third person. A third body – a third form of listening.

Shall we enter, to let ourselves disappear into the wind, and the echoes of a certain gray city?

Episode 8: Madrid

The destitution and the hardships, and what needs to be spoken of: the blisters on the hand and the hands that keep hold; with the creativity that is living and breathing in and around all this loss: and that leaves its mark on the walls and the homes made of cardboard and scrap in which some gather: You, Me, This Other.

Today, we encounter such threadbare stories, with our subject finding himself inside: he has gone inside, specifically where he should not be: the abandoned buildings within a losing city.

What does he find there? What strange creatures does he encounter? What sounds emerge from out of the dusty corridors? To capture the imagination.

Let us join our subject as he enters, as well as exits – withdraws – to construct for himself a maze of possibility.

Episode 9: Berlin

We have reached the end of our program today; and as a concluding entry in this diary of the Stranger we are brought closer to home: we find our subject right under our nose sort of speak – he has become radio itself, and as such, he speaks a trembling narrative. Of being a shattered body – one that may give insight into the cosmic and community force of transmission: our subject has in a sense showed itself for what it is: the alienated figure existing in the charged ether of transmission; and like all transmissions, our subject is a sonic excess, a brimming joy and sinister intrusion. An intruder.

What does this intruder want from us?

He creeps up on us – what is it up to? This ethereal fleshy monster, this unconscious force that is radio – can you feel it, as it brushes our lips with its vibrations?

And so I want to suggest that finally, we must hear our subject as an intruder who ultimately wants nothing but to set us free. To enable us to be the free sound that we are.