

The Free Scene, A Free Acoustic

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Shall we play dead?
Shall we run?
Shall we find the exit?
Shall we continue to dream?
Shall we honour 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 neighbourhood 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 a fragile community (the evicted and the expelled, the poor and the self-built, those susceptible to the push and pull of gain and loss) – the chairs gathered from out of the backroom, marked and scraped, and placed together, giving way to the articulation of an aesthetic expressivity, the arrangement that says: *let us speak, let us listen, let us find a way* – the folded blankets, the banners they make at home, on the kitchen table – the scribbled notes, and the captured archives sewn together into an assemblage: *he she them this, and others* – the newcomers that we are – onto the scene, this scene of the new knowledge – the tonalities of collective invention taking shape – like a mix-tape pirated from the media streams and nocturnal listening: *wait, I love this song ... from out of nowhere* – from the paintings taped together to the tables screwed into place, from the colours 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?

As the words resound across the parking lot, he pulls the threads, draping them through the chain-link fence,

fastening in place signs for tomorrow, the blue messages sent from across the networks, planting their transmissions and horn-blasted calls so as to give way to a mutational future, as he pulls again the threads, aligning the near and the far, the black unicorns and rainbow churches, into coalitional frameworks, the solidarity economies ... which she sketches onto the side of the building, the words resounding across the parking lot.

The street, the night, the hand, extending to float, to exit only to come up again, to balance between the vague idea, this hopeful activity, and the concrete form: what might such poor constructs provide for the scene of social movement and the needs of the many – upon a line that becomes a glowing thread vibrating with the excitement of new dialogue, intimacy, the uncertainties of the project, and the compassion of heart-beating work – to lose, to grapple with the brutal weight of nothing, and then everything: *he she them this, and others* – 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 noise, the whispers, and the deep silence, the tidal force of togetherness, these sounds that would always make his heart stop, to dream and to give shelter to the fugitive idea – *O, teach me how to be vulnerable* – where are the rooms in which such sounds may find their reverberation, their resonant lessons – where are the cities that might shiver with the touch of this vibration, the thread that may become a street under his steps, hers and the others, close, closer – his friends beside him, and he for them – that is the

beginning, the first scene from which all others emerge: the scene of love, and of rebellion, of intimate rhythms and wild synchronizations – *this body that grates against the lines of legality* –

Shall we turn the other way?

Shall we strike?

Shall we refuse to pay the rent?

Shall we build an underground culture, secret?

Within this scene of togetherness and threadbare hope, improvisation and joint attention, he listens into the darkness, the wind, into language and the voices of others, each sound a defiant guide – this listening that gives way to a new social body: the punctuated timing and multiplied spacing, the horizontal caring and attending, to each and the other, a heated breath passed from lung to lung – this passionate listening as the basis for what some call ‘redemocratisation’ and that he overhears, pronounced like a dizzying refrain sent here and there, within the unrest that captures life and the body and the hidden planetary rhythms – drawing together, with-drawing – into a composition of fragments: *being-with-with* – the others speak of self-determination, universal beings, the pressures of the global project, the city of signals and disposable buildings, the economy of the event which exhausts the imagination with its feverish productions and channels of distressed longing – this speaking that proliferates and that searches for ways to enter while staying out of bounds, on the move – edges that fray under the push and pull of gain and loss, threaded into a coming together, the outlaw neighbourhood, of pink streets and caravans of the erased, self-made gardens and open

parks – this resistant togetherness figuring soft thresholds and another tongue – vocabularies of dissonance and stillness, of affection and the sounding out of vague territories, queer orientations and tender gestures that collect in their sweet vibrations other worlds: the law of ecosophical actions that rework the space of appearance – ducking undercover and through, alongside and with, into regions of interconnection, the tensed and fecund arenas of restless discourses, humming, punctuating, the erotic becoming that flows the common body in and around the barriers and the abandoned – birthing a soulful imaginary –

Shall we hold still?

Shall we escape?

To give way to the utopian ideas held between?

He does not know which way to turn, along this street, as she taps out another rhythm with her steps, sounding out the materials underneath, the acoustic below, to listen across its surfaces, its chambers, like vessels trafficking in differentiating echoes, scratching the lines of this dominant form, this scene of struggle, with the elsewhere suddenly here, within and without, frequencies of alien life always already upsetting the border regimes, and the bounded frontiers, to weave from pulled threads and wet whispers, the restless formation of a general vitality, a distributive agency that he and she carry, give away, making of the city a scene of thresholds, of slowness and creative passages – the fair hearing (of this, of that, those and them: a tribunal of the street) that nurtures a more-than-human movement: the immediate crafting of solidarity, for that which staggers the decrees of independent life with its pirate care.

The square, the circle, the rounding dance, those that spin into the night – the emergent networks – the continual drive, precarious, like a weak-strength – the weakness of this thought, this body, resilient and persistent – to trespass: to fan the flames of a polyphonic interruption, an acousticking act: *he she them this, and others* – a scene of floating subjects, threads – to give way to the knowledge found on the palms, held, carried and opened on this occasion, born from blisters of loss and making – clasped together, blister to blister – the incursions that are always a question of love and rage, law and the legible, and the daring to speak, to proliferate the named, the counted, the heard – as the absolute intruder, this which refuses to go away – the trans-figuring mix, the bright words, the dirty sound that captures contemporary life as it is – she tells of what was left behind, she maps the territories of broken homes, she argues for new concepts of science and the commonwealth – he speaks of the squats, the poverty and the crowbar needed, and the neighbourhood parties they would create – and the others question, grasp the pile of straw and bags of crumpled paper, making pillows and vague constructs that become benches and shelves for the books – to make an arena of dialogue, this proliferating echo – as if –that gives way to an art of noticing of crafting –

They say then

We say now

They say to produce

We say to have and to need

They say when

We say whenever

They say the time has gone
We say the time has come
They call it the service provider, the benefits
We call it the apparatus, anxiety, control
They say the said
We say the saying, as if

The living, the breathing, the journeys and the anarchic formations, suddenly – the night walks, border academies, the fragile community – wishing and dreaming, losing and singing, threading constructs of common space pulled from institutional parameters and the discourses that refuse entry – the crafting from your experiences (your touch...the touching, ear to ear, hand to hand) and the shared narratives of survival a free city – the free zones, and the free articulations given traction – an acoustic care in support of other orientations, the reverberations – where we may meet – to shelter from the perennial pace of everything/nothing, gain/loss – what may come from the open body more than itself – the wild ontologies founded on the right to listen –

Shall we disrupt, disappear?
 Shall we interrupt, attune, and realign the sightlines of justice?
 To look out for others, to hold this scene?
 For the resonating reach of the not-yet ...

Pause
 Hesitate
 Occupy