

THE "I" THAT THINKS

The "I" that thinks is the first of the three-episode collaborative writing project associated with Zones of Sensitivity for the Transart Triennale 2016. The idea is that we dissolve the singularity of authorship, in keeping with the TT16 theme of The Imperceptible Self.

Authors were invited to add a sentence to a text that we wrote together in the span of twelve days between June 3 & June 15 in response to the following text:

She/He travels feverishly, constantly and inevitably between the "I think" concept and the "it thinks" of the body. So fast she/he moves between the two, that she/he can not gather all of her/him Self before leaving for the other shore. And so it is that she/he dissolves. Yet something remains. What is it?

Episode 1: the "I" that thinks

People go to the Lake to smoke. I have never joined them, but today I take off my shoes (as I've watched them do) and pick over the rocks barefooted, making little mock gasps of pain (as I've heard them do). And then I realize, I will do what I want. I pick up a rock, slightly larger than a ball, run my thumb over its one uneven ridge. I draw back my arm and with a half turn release the rock into the air. There it stopped; as if no force was affecting anymore its existence and have become free. I stood there, looked at the stone. It appeared as if it had held some childhood memory of mine. I could not put my finger on it, but it had me mesmerized and I could not move for some minutes. I layed on my back waiting for the stone to fall down; a stone will break the water. As time dilates, I dissolve. As I dissolve, memories of mine are connecting with the surroundings transforming into something greater. I become the lake, the trajectory of the rock, the crackle of the red leaves under the children's bare feet, the worm in the raven's beak, the shadow of the pines.

When did all of these happen; can one understand an event that cannot be measured, and if not, how could one build a relation with that event. In my memory, the rock is still traveling, never hitting the water, as if this ungraspable fragment of event kept on being rewinded. I heard them say that in those tiny holes I will perceive when putting my eyes just in front of its dark and rough surface, deep inside the stone, just in there they have enough space to live. I couldn't stop myself of being somewhere else. That somewhere matters.

My brain was over stimulated and I was feeling useless in the face of data; the speed of its multiple flows was making impossible to fully understand what was happening.

The noise is really high. Every inch of skin rejects the sound of my surroundings until the craving stops. I 'come to my senses', abandon myself to the present, to a state of non-memory, observing the raucous behavior of all the impish 'I's within me. I drowned. Now I can see the lake sitting on the sofa in my living room.

Contributors in alphabetical order:

Alma Gačanin
Anne Lesley Selcer
Cătălina Gubandru
Dan Allon
Francesca da Rimini

Giulia Crispiani
Ladan Yalzadeh
Luanda Casella
Marie Dann
Monica McFawn
Robyn Thomas
Sarah Bushra
Silvia Amancei & Bogdan Armanu