

# *I've got nothing to say and I'm saying it.*

*and that's poetry.*

Well, let's keep the poetry apart for a while .

A wonderful accident happens.

I've been dropped in a situation that, even with all careful anticipations I tried to have, overflows completely my ability to act as I would usually do.

And that's pretty obvious.

How one could pretend apply it's own models on everything.

There is this question about public space.

A public space is never created by an external force.

It is build by the ones who want it and care about.

Then it become the "community space".

You might enter it as in a house, humbly knocking the door and waiting for an answer that might never come.

So here I'm, standing in the Rahova-Uranus neighbourhood, my microphone in my hand, and a mess in my head.

I had many ideas rising and crashing down the next minute.

I hanged around, focusing my attention on the ongoing process developed by the community centre LaBOMBA.

Two actions appeared to be fundamental at that moment, the establishment of a park, with many different "game areas" regarding the wills and designs of the kids [The neighbourhood inhabitants are the everyday life experts.] and the music teaching and performances.

The (or my) very natural reaction was a naïve desire to give a hand to these projects.

But applies plans from a world that has other rules doesn't make any sense.

Do the kids needs someone to teach them how to make noise ?

I assume they manage that on their own well enough.

Perhaps Swiss kids are bored by a too structured environment and to open doors on free music or noise is as good thing for them.

But what about the kids here in Rahova ?

What do they need ?

What the music brings them ?

The answers revealed themselves into the active process itself, they might only come from the actors involve in it.

They know, I don't.

So, I just recorded the little things I could have access to.

I made a sound piece, as abstract and subjective as possible, that worst nothing, for the community.

You, listening to this piece right now, are as far as I was, and still is, from the reality.

I made it as a signature for this very short text where I tried to underline some very common issues about a colonial

and egocentric attitude from the art actors.

Definitely, the voice speaking shouldn't be mine.

**I am waiting for them to stop talking about the "other", to stop even describing how important it is to be able to speak about difference.** It is not only important what we speak about but how and why we speak. Often this speech about the "other" is also a mask, an oppressive talk hiding gaps, absences, that space space where our words would be if we were speaking, if there was silence, if we were there. This "we" is that us in the margins, that "we" who inhabit marginal space that is not a site of domination but a place of resistance.[...] Often this speech about the "other" annihilate erase...[...] Silenced. **We fear those who speak about us who do not not speak to us and with us.** We know what is like to be silenced. We know that the forces that silence us because they never want us to speak, differ from the forces that say speak, tell me your story, only do not speak in the voice of resistance. Only speak from that space in the margin that is a sign of deprivation [...]. Only speak your pain.

This is a [...] message from that space in the margin that is a site of creativity and power, that inclusive space where we recover ourselves, where we move in solidarity to erase the category colonized/colonizer. Marginality as site of resistance.

I was there, and that's it.

**Thank you that it hurts.**

Download the sound piece: <http://www.dincise.net/rahova>  
about laBomba: <http://www.labombastudios.blogspot.com/>

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Quotes are from *John Cage, La Bomba, & Bell Hooks*

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