

A Lot Had Happened: A Five Act Play

by Fiona Sze

For him, whom my love manifests in time and space.

Act I

Something has happened. And so it happens that we are part of the happening.

The happening is in us but we are not in the happening though we are of the happening and the happening is of us.

The hall is in silence and silence is in us though we are not in the silence. I hear him drop a handkerchief not because he drops the handkerchief but because the handkerchief drops. I hear the drop of the handkerchief because the hall is silent, but the hall is not silent enough not to hear the handkerchief drop and is silent enough to hear the drop.

I wait to sit down.

I sit down. I wait.

I sit down and I wait. Sitting while waiting. Waiting while sitting.

Now I am sitting down to wait.

And now I am sitting and waiting.

Act II

That is a cry that cries and cries a cry. Someone is crying that cries the cry of many cries.

Why is crying not a cry and a cry always crying?

That is the lady who is crying and cries when her cry cries for crying. She is crying what she is crying, when her crying is in her cries and her cries in her crying.

Can you see her tears? They tear and tear the tears of many tearing tears. I tear and I tear when she tears because her tears tear and tear.

A tear in a cry and a cry in a tear. A tear with a cry and a cry with a tear.

A cry tears and it is tearing to tear a tear.

She is crying. She is tearing.

It is tearing.

Act III

An old lady asks me a question that asks for another question. I answer an answer that answers another answer. What cannot be questioned is what her question is and what cannot be answered is what my answer is.

She wants to know why she is here when she knows that she is here where she is.

I say that I do not know and that I know I will not know because I know what I can never know.

I do not know because I am very confused.

What confuses me is not confusing when I am so confused. Confusion is confusion and confusing is well confusing. I am confused only because confusion confuses me and not because I confuse what is confusing about confusion.

You know, I also know that everyone else is also confused.

Act IV

What is he doing? He is making a speech.

All these seem theatrical when he stands so high and we sit so low. We are so attentive and he is so narrative. That always happens when one narrates what is narrative when narration is so narrative.

A speech and only speech and narration, quite narrative, only speaks when we listen to what is spoken, that is spoken, and what can be spoken.

We are listening to what he is saying because he is saying what we are listening to. Is he saying what he is listening to inside himself when we are not saying what is outside of us? We are not saying because we are listening, but is he saying because he is not listening?

We are listening to what is spoken, but he is speaking what is not spoken and what cannot be listened to! Words will never speak for themselves when they cannot listen to what they speak. Listening to themselves cannot speak a word for them.

Oh, we must use theatre to make drama, and not drama to make theatre! And how about life? Life is drama, and life is also theatre! In life we have drama that theatre has in life when life has its drama. When life is dramatic, it is theatrical but not dramatically theatrical or theatrically dramatic. When life is theatrical, it is dramatic but not theatrically dramatic or dramatically theatrical.

Life what is life when theatre is drama and drama is theatre, but theatre is not drama and drama is not theatre. Life is what life is when drama is theatre when theatre is drama when drama is life when life is theatre.

You know, I am honest in believing honestly that no other bomb will be bombing in the near future which does not seem so near. It is not an easy thing to do again when someone had already done such a big thing to put things out of everyone.

Act V

I am walking and I walk out.

If to forget is not to remember, to remember is not to forget, then what exactly do I want to forget and what exactly do I want to remember? If I forget, will I not remember? If I remember, will I not forget?

I forget that a lot has happened, I remember that a lot has happened.

A cry is a cry that cries a cry can a cry cry more cries.

A tear is a tear that tears all tears can tears tear a tear tearing tear.

I forget that a lot had happened, I remember that a lot had happened.

And I forgot that a lot had happened, I remembered that a lot had happened.

I walked out and I am walking now that I have walked out. I will walk out of what I had walked out of when I was walking as I walked out.

Now they walk out and they are walking now that they have walked out.

New York City, 11 November 2001