

Movement 1 & 2

Movement 1:

The youth walks briskly, cutting through the muggy summer night air. It is near midnight. Their countenance, like a naked rat, draws some ire. They are called faggot out of a moving car, and it pleases a dark corner of their psyche. They are, in this moment, nobody, without the burden of having to be anyone in particular, freed from the demands of having to be someone with a personality, thoughts, or feelings. Or, rather, having to be seen to be these things to anyone else; they are just Faggot. Anonymized.

The youth meanders north like a floating lucid dreamer, along a highstreet lined with chimeric buildings, both at once colonial and postmodern. It is named for a king. The citrine of streetlights, the ruby of the occasional brake signal, the emerald of the traffic signal saying “go” to no one, simply for its own enjoyment, dance against the black bitumen like an aurora against the night sky.

A man, his appearance hidden by yellow hi-vis bearing the words 熊猫外卖, appears at a barren intersection on a scooter, made to stop for no one at all. The youth and the man do not enquire about each other's names. They do not ask about each other's lives, their worries, their careers, illnesses, interests, recent deaths in the family, or anything whatsoever. They do not ask each other why they are out at this hour, for it is obvious that they are both travellers. The youth silently acknowledges the man, grateful for his presence. What the man thinks is unknown as the content of another person's mind is fundamentally unknowable. The traffic light blinks green, and the youth and the man never think about each other again.

Movement 2:

The youth, that is, the Faggot, sits on a train, luxuriating, meditatively taking in everyone and everything. As is well known, gazing too long upon the interior architecture of a train sends one mad. One will soon realise its smooth plastic contours, the hyperbright lights, the uncomfortable seats that make one wonder when the last time they were cleaned, are utterly unhuman, inorganic, non-euclidian. Nothing living can linger here for long. Countless people fill the train but they do not make their lives here. They are each on their own lowstakes pilgrimage, with the train merely facilitating. No one talks to each other, all absorbed in phones, books, and other some such. Some older folks make a point of sitting politely and staring straight ahead instead of reading the newspaper like they used to. This is not a place of honour.

The youth observes, scrutinises, each person, one after the other. Every single one of them has a story, a reason, a life, facilitated by the train, all silent in their anonymised

solidarity. That woman, over there, perhaps she is a lawyer, or a teacher, or a janitor? The man across from her, perhaps he is a politician, or a sex worker? For each person they repeat this. Perhaps the woman across from them is going to meet a friend, or her dying father. They faintly wonder if comprehension of every individual's pilgrimage would drive them insane. The youth turns to look out the window, towards the setting sun, out towards the concrete buildings basking in the warmth. They faintly wonder if anyone else is observing them, and, if so, if anyone else would find their life interesting. They may not. They would not.