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OPERNDORF
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In box, Sidiki Yougbaré

Theater

In box

Sidiki Yougbaré

(Translated from French by Kibsa Anthony Ouedraogo)

Monolog

Bad Ischl February 2023



In box, Sidiki Yougbaré

A man appears on stage, in his late fifties. He is surrounded by dolls and figurines of all kinds. It is a part of introspection on life and the world during which, the man calls on dolls and figurines to witness.

The man:

When?

When, I wonder

When I think to myself

I have insomnia

When?

Questions swarm in my head

Ants of questions

Head full of questions

Introspective questions

Personal questions

Perhaps trivial questions

But yes, questions all the same

When will the World, I wonder

When will Humanity, I wonder

When will the Man, I wonder about

It's just a matter of introspection

I ask myself so many questions that don't give me a glimpse of the answer, that it scares me.

Yes, that worries me a lot

Like a gold miner who shouts on arid land with the certainty of unearthing a grain of gold, brandishing it and shouting...

That's it!!!

I got it!!!

Yes, I finally have it!!!!

I also cry my lungs to ask myself certain obvious questions whose answers escape me.

I feel weariness gaining on me

I feel her fighting me fiercely

A little bit more every day

It can't be seen but I can see it

Alone in my flesh, like a church rat who's in perpetual struggle with his hunger

With his daily misery

Despite the songs and praises that resound there

I feel it in every little portion of my flesh

I ask myself too many questions

Maybe I should stop

Life is not just about questions

But how can we live without questions

How can we project ourselves without questioning

Living without questions that give us guidelines to follow

Questions that push us to reach new heights

To move mountains

To move towards excellence

Reference questions

Questions that take us back to a common past

Which push us to better focus on the present in order to intrinsically address these areas of turbulence that the future is preparing for us



In box, Sidiki Yougbaré

It's not a wish, far from it, but the future will be a boomerang for us
 I guarantee it to us, if we are not careful!
 If we don't change the shoulder gun of our dreams
 It is undeniable that we are asking ourselves the good questions today
 Everyone at their own level
 Let us ask ourselves in the momentum of this much-maligned uniqueness
 Let us pose them with uncovered faces
 Let's put our masks down
 It is true that certain questions stick uppercuts in our faces to the point that we often lose our
 bearings, but that is not a sufficient reason to dodge them.
 We will never be able to live without questioning.
 I have insomnia
 Questions swarm in my head
 Ants of questions
 I ask myself too many questions
 Humanitarian issues
 Reporting questions
 Societal questions
 For every man who dreams of freedom for all
 Who dreams that the wind blows for everyone and in all directions
 Who dreams of rain for all
 Who dreams that the sun shines for everyone without exception, it's normal
 Yes, I know, I'm not the only one
 It turns out that I have my own little head and my own questions
 I worry about what bothers me
 Of what eats away my sleep
 I refuse to wallow in the obvious
 Yes, I have insomnia.
 Ants of questions in my mind
 Day and night
 We all have questions we ask ourselves
 We all have concerns
 Yes, legitimate concerns
 Whether you are tall or short
 Whether we are wet or dry
 We all have dreams that we incubate like ostrich eggs
 Dreams that are dear to us
 Each of us has a dream
 Each of us has a concern
 Because each of us has a life
 Only one life
 And when we know that we only live once, well, we dream
 Obviously!
 We make certain questions concerns
 Have you ever read a corpse's typescript?
 No, because he is dead and buried
 All his dreams with
 His concerns with
 Death eats us one by one
 And we are buried with our wildest aspirations



In box, Sidiki Yougbaré

Our most pressing concerns

I hardly sleep anymore

I have insomnia

Questions swarm in my head

Ants of questions

I cannot stand it anymore

I'm exasperated

Many times, I have tumbled down the stairs that lead straight to the canary hidden deep in my soul, drawing even a few droplets of tears to free myself, but the canary is always dry and I always go back up on the surface

I return to the surface with my little body invested with my ants of questions

I go back with my little head loaded with my battalion of questions

Charged with all my Yes

Of all my *No's*

Of all my *does*

For what?

Does this mean that?

Yes, but when?

Do you think that?

What do you want from?

Do you think that?

Can we, do it?

Do we have the right?

Faced with the lack of adequate responses, I feel the need to bite into my duvet and empty myself

Roll up the windows in my car, turn on the music loud and clear myself out

Placing my face against the icy belly of a lake and clearing myself out completely

Yes cry

Just cry

Because they say that crying liberates

Crying provides a feeling of liberation

Maybe I should stop

But how can you stop when questions arise like that out of the blue

They say that a life without questions is not a life

That when we live, we must adopt the philosophy of the termite mound which is that of adding earth to earth

Because this is how the termite mound grows and reaches the heights

And then I wonder

Day and night

When are we going to add our piece of world to this WORLD

Each of us being a world into ourselves

Each of us being a universe in its own right

When shall we add our part of questioning, to the questions that founded this crumbling world, to put it back on its feet

So that he doesn't go to waste, as the expression says, go crazy

I have insomnia

Questions swarm in my head

Ants of questions

When

When I wonder



In box, Sidiki Yougbaré

When will it really be possible for us to follow our dreams to the end, without a little black feather fluttering from nowhere, to come and erase them and force us to start again from zero or even no longer have time to take them back

Yes, I wonder

Day and night

When will it be possible for us to reach the end of our aspirations, without there being this obscure desire, dirty like a worm which comes to nibble on them and fade them away?

When will it truly be possible for us

I'm talking about the possible

Possibility of reconciliation

Possibility of cherishing a common aspiration

Possibility of building a common world

To reach out and hug us

To direct our gaze towards new horizons

To contemplate a new sun

An even sun that will not go hand in hand with our individual fantasies which pollute our common well-being

Possibility of exploring new spaces

All this, together

well, I said: together

by the word TOGETHER I am not talking about globalization which has only been a great fiasco

In the word TOGETHER I do not mention this insulting globalization project

No, these are not these shameless concepts, insidiously cut and plated like troubadour costumes which fit no body other than those of their designers, that we are talking about

I am talking about the possibility of overall action

I am talking about the possibility of participatory action

I am talking about the possibility of common action

Where you give a little piece of yourself

Where I give a little piece of myself

Where he gives a little piece of himself

That in the end everyone feels there

That in the end each of us finds ourselves there

When

When will the sky of possibility be dotted with clouds of opening

I feel us too withdrawn

Will there soon be a new rain falling on us?

Will a new wind blow on this planet earth?

Will it be possible for us to dot it with our fingerprints

From east to west

From North to south

When will it become this giant canvas that would attract attention

Which would arouse many desires

Will it soon wear tunics in the colors of our dreams?

What are our individual dreams for this planet

Our common aspirations for the planet

What is the common project that we have for this humanity?

For human being

I have insomnia

Questions swarm in my head

Ants of questions



In box, Sidiki Yougbaré

May the barriers be lifted from now on
 May the padlocks be unlocked
 So that like the birds, we can melt in with each other and travel our world without fear
 May paths inevitably be traced for us
 By the land
 From the skies
 By the waters
 And I will say amen
 And you will also say amen
 It's a very pious wish
 Let us all now leave
 May we all be allowed to come and go from now on
 Besides, you have to come to my place
 Yes, you have to come to my house
 The doors of my land are open to you
 The doors of my heaven are open to you
 Come see the whiteness of the stars in my sky when the night swallows the universe
 Come witness the imperial rising of my *sunking* every morning when it is light
 For a very long time, my earth and my sky have been waiting for you
 Just take a step
 You always promise you will come but you never do
 Why don't you want to come
 It's like you're afraid of something
 Why don't you open up
 Why do you stay locked up
 For what
 I feel like I'm forcing your hand
 If only you went out a little often
 If only you were willing to open the portal of your life from time to time
 If only you admitted that diversity is food for every soul
 But no, you reject everything
 You say but you don't do it
 If you weren't so reluctant, I would have invited you to a painting party
 Here
 There
 Yes, now
 I have a big project in mind
 I dream of one day becoming a painter
 A libertine painter
 I dream of drawing a world and dimensioning it to my comfort
 Not on a canvas but in real life
 I have a vision of a world that the one I live in does not embody
 I will invent a new vocabulary in which certain words would not exist

Mess

Confinement

Order

Undergo

Crumble

Despot

Bloodthirsty



In box, Sidiki Yougbaré

Authoritarian

Colon

Totalitarian

Imperialist

Thief

Colonize

Dictatorship

Monarch

Tyranny

Raid

Disdains

Minority

Low people

Interference

Greed

Destruction

Awareness

Mutilated

Let the reign of diktats end

I don't really care who thinks what

Who will say what about what

I just dream of it being like this

May the streets of heaven slip from their hands

May this small portion of the sky belong to us all by right

We all have dreams

We all have concerns

I have insomnia

Questions swarm in my head

Ants of questions

When

When I wonder

When are we going to stop hiding behind thoughts and apprehensions that don't hold water

When are we going to stop always wanting to elevate ourselves above others to leer at them like animals

When will the end of this paternalistic look that we dare to have on each other

Sisters, brothers

There are barriers to break now

Borders to be twinned in all haste

Stereotype eggs to crack

It is high time that together we think about what is best for the planet

It is high time that together we dream of what is best for human being

Let us concern ourselves with the essence and meaning of life

Let us worry about the trunk and the sap

Because as they say "*the greenery of the foliage is only decoration*"

These are seasonal effects and seasons always follow one another

We embarked on a gearing project that lasted too long

My dearest sister, are you not tired of being there gossiping about life

To run behind an untouchable ideal

While right next to you, a hand is extended to you

My brother, are you not tired of being there polluting the air with your sighs



In box, Sidiki Yougbaré

A step towards the other is therefore not possible
 Getting out of your supposed comfort zone is no longer a possible dream
 We have life yes of course, but we do not live it
 Let's open our shutters to the external winds
 Watch as we finish from the inside
 As we look at each other like earthenware dogs
 Everyone thinks and believes in their gaze
 And it's very palpable
 That one is better than the others
 That he doesn't need the others
 That a solitary life is better for him than being in company
 It's a wrong feeling that unfortunately grows day by day.

From year to year
 From century to century
 It's a very harmful feeling
 A feeling that distances us from the Human project
 We have to stop it
 We have to scold him
 Not only do we have to deal with this feeling of mutual rejection
 But also, to face the tyranny of time
 Who attacks us from everywhere
 Who attacks us from all directions
 And the time that weighs with all its weight on us
 The death that comes to take us away one by one like prisoners who are taken from their
 holding jail to be slaughtered far away
 It seems that the fall of the Berlin Wall did not serve as a lesson to us
 Since we are building many others, worse than the physical wall
 I have insomnia
 Questions swarm in my head
 Ants of questions
 When
 When I wonder
 Our internal living space is crumbling
 Our aspirations fade away like pollen
 Let's give ourselves the strength to laugh
 Let us give ourselves strength to live
 To jump all these padlocks that assign us to fear
 Let's dare to live simply
 Let's not stop ourselves
 Let's take a step towards life together
 There are so many paths that lead us there
 Come on, let's dare to go out
 Let's all get out of here
 Let's take the big leap
 I understand us
 I understand us perfectly
 I understand us because in the past, so much winds have punished our faces and forbidden us
 to laugh
 So much winds by their violence have pushed us to confine ourselves to our interior spaces



In box, Sidiki Yougbaré

To confine each of us to our own homes
 To confine ourselves behind fragments of fabric
 To hide ourselves in fear
 In fear of self
 In fear of the other
 In fear of everything
 To entrench ourselves in the boxes of incommunicability
 While dreaming of a world of fusion
 While dreaming of a world of colors
 How can this be?
 Can we talk about fusion when everyone retreats into their inbox
 It is true that there was a time when laughing at your neighbor was impossible, even a taboo.
 In the past, it was almost forbidden to pronounce certain words

Compel

To like

Mom

Humanity

Strive

Dream

Light

Dad

Caress

Freedom

Come

Leave

Sun

Happiness

Laugh

Glow

Love

Humility

Well yes, I understand us
 But it seems to me that now
 It is from this cocoon that we must extricate ourselves
 From this straitjacket that we must escape
 For a long time, we went around in circles
 For a long time, we dreamed but superficially
 Questions swarm in my head
 Ants of questions
 When then
 When will we dare to go deeper into our dream for humanity

When will we dare sink the roots of our dream for humanity, for Human, all the way to the water
 table

When

When I wonder

We must dare

Because we need it

And it's an imminent need

If we do not dare, we will have to suffer



In box, Sidiki Yougbaré

Others will dare to take the step
 They will dare to take the step and we will follow them
 We will follow them how far they go
 Perhaps there is something ordinary to be found but something beautiful
 Something about sound
 Of the order of the gaze
 On the order of the touch
 Something that would sprint in between the palpable and the metaphorical
 I do not know!
 Something that would in any case bring a lot to our humanity
 To human being, what he needs to open up and smile like a flower in the sun
 On the rail paths that populate our cities, there is perhaps a unifying anthem to be found
 In the middle of this vast field of flour which liquefies on the mountain peaks, there is indeed a
 cuddle to be found
 But I feel doubtful in us
 I feel us wanting one thing and its opposite
 I feel us wanting to walk while not wanting to get the soles of our feet dirty
 I feel us wanting to hug each other vigorously while not wanting to extend our arms
 I feel us colliding in mutual fear
 With always around the hips this dirty feeling
 This feeling of *I'm enough for myself*
 No, no one will be enough alone
 I have insomnia
 Questions swarm in my head
 Ants of questions
 I feel tired
 Completely exhausted
 I need to get out of there a little
 I want to take a little recreation
 Close my eyes and export myself far away
 Go far out there in the Caribbean
 Inhale the smell of the sea
 Listen to music
 The rustle of the Amazon
 I've had enough of these questions that narrow me down

What if you took me for a ride
 Breathe the fresh air
 And if you told me about your city
 If you told me your region in a tale
 Brag to me about your mother's prowess
 Your father's achievements
 Do they still live together or have each picked up their clicks and clacks?
 I understand them
 In other words, we will say that they each deconfined themselves from a life project that no
 longer smelled of incense
 These cases are legion on earth
 Life projects are never easy to maintain
 Short !
 Take me for a ride



In box, Sidiki Yougbaré

Tell me a bit about yourself
 Tell me your story
 You still have one
 Each of us has a story
 I'm not talking about personal experience
 I'm talking more about the one that was bequeathed to us
 Where did your ancestor come from, where did he go before coming to settle here
 Tell me this story
 You never showed me the map of your city with precise explanations, no you prefer to keep quiet
 What these immense mountains which connect to the sky via the clouds
 They were formed like this
 How many years are they each?
 You gave them names
 Can you climb them?
 It must give a feeling of invincibility once you reach their peaks
 I find them imposing
 Much too imposing
 You and the mountains manage to communicate
 To maintain good relationships
 I find them docile too
 What are all these fields of rails that populate this city?
 It's desired
 You need this much scrap
 Or maybe it's have-you-seen-me
 I'm kidding!
 I like the whiteness of your city
 Although the fear of your sun to take his responsibility exasperates me
 I would have loved to see him a little more every day
 Why is he hiding behind the clouds
 He's like that all the time
 Your sun does not dream about freedom
 I like suns that take their independence
 The suns that take responsibility
 Which are displayed
 There is no such thing as an independent sun
 I also and above all love the relaxing silence of your city
 I like its nocturnal whispers
 A silence that is far from being a song of mourning
 I hardly hear anyone talking
 I hardly hear anyone laughing out loud
 People are all as silent as the city
 Even insects well known for their shrill annoying cries tone down once night falls
 You'd think you were in a No man's land
 Sometimes I feel like I'm on Mars
 Lying in a tent watching for a mountaineer to pass by to ask me about news from the earth
 I like all of it
 I'm going to go out and walk under the street lights
 Walk along these long cold streets
 Take a bath of silence



In box, Sidiki Yougbaré

Stretch out my arms and feel the caresses of the air
 Clear my head a little
 I want to say goodbye to my questions for today
 Take leave of my insomnia
 From my ants of questions
 Tomorrow is a new page
 Tomorrow is another day
 And I know that my questions will resurface first thing tomorrow
 They will besiege me from daybreak
 And for that I have to clear my head tonight
 And for that the air must caress me with its cold hands
 Then a short poem that I love to read every night before going to bed
 Before going to frolic with the saints, archangels, angels and cherubim

To our world heritage
 To the dying inheritance received
 The renewed surge of welfare conservatives
 To the head-up generation
 To distraught aesthetes
 To housewives of egalitarian approaches
 To the precursors of debauchery
 To all real estate agents of nothing and almost nothing
 To all the burned heads on the planet
 To the promoters of senseless wars
 To the shitty Senators
 To those entitled to the worst
 To all those who strive to make the human species disappear
 To the idiot presidents
 To the breakers of paternalistic patterns
 To the pathetic activists of colonial ideals
 To gardeners who fight for the sowing of participatory attitudes
 When?
 That I wonder
 Can you tell me
 Bad Ischl little city of lights?

THE END