

SILENCE

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I have always known that silence was a big theme of my writing. I have always used it to underline clue moments or actions of my characters.

Footsteps in the distance. Chloe and Peter look at each other. Silence. -Did you hear?-

But I never thought about using that silence as a character itself, as a permanent presence of the story.

I watched *The Passenger* by Michelangelo Antonioni last summer. I asked myself what spoke to me about that story, what was that thing that drove me back to it five more times. Then, I realized there was something that *The Passenger* had in common with another movie that had shaped me, *Paris, Texas* by Wim Wenders.

The loud silence of the desert.

The Sahara Desert that will keep existing in David Locke through the silent dead soul of Robertson. The desert landscape of West Texas which will keep thunder in the illusion of finding a memory, a woman, a property in Paris that remained untouched through the passing of time.

In both of these movies, the environment from which the journey begins, becomes a necessary condition for the success of David Locke/Robertson and Travis's characterisations. It is a continuous exchange of information between the surrounding countryside and the internal conflict of the man.

The thin line appears imperceptible to the audience but it fills a distance between the personal life of the spectator and the fantasy created by the moving picture, that no word sounds could cover.

It's a philosophy of writing, a cult to the use of Silence that, once you worship, it will always come back as a shadow, as an invisible feeling of your story.

I believe we could extend it to the writing itself, to the style of it, to the blank spaces left between one word and another. It is a statement of humility, a concept of writing whose only demand is to listen and give voice to the unspoken.

This is what I belong to. This is what I do. This is what I write.

There was this writer who used to say that if you live and write in the city, then your text can't escape the wildness of a New York life. Your line can't survive the passage of the subway, your dialogue can't avoid the crowded streets, your desired kiss between the characters can't make it through the "stand clear of the closing doors please".

I wondered where I could find the Silence. Where was it hidden?

I found it in the unsaid words of a young love, in the pain of the poverty I saw on the streets, in the injustice of choosing a color over a title, in the fear of being born a woman.

I found it on the moon, homeland of our dreams, that if you are lucky, you can glimpse through the buildings of New York City.