

Några anteckningar kring arbetet med Pyramiderna då och nu.

Vi vet att mörkret är ljusets nödvändighet.

Kanske kan chaos and order, dessa motsatta principer ses som en formens motsvarighet i verket Pyramiderna. Tonsättaren Steve Reich har i sitt verk "Music for 18 musicians" arbetat med detta motsatspar och med fasförskjutningar dem emellan som kompositionsstruktur. Detta var en utgångspunkt och inspiration tillsammans med idéer om en talseriebaserad scenografi, av den norske skulptören Bård Breivik, i vårt samarbete inför Pyramidernas koreografiska form.

En annan var Samuel Becketts texter och dramer, som för mig, blottlägger närvaron och det oavvisliga hos bägge dessa existentiella storheter. Andetag för andetag reducerar Beckett nästan allt yttre, han väljer bort den traditionella dramaturgin, handlingen äger i stället rum inuti språkets egen kropp. Denna språk-kropp osäkras i omtagningar där det till synes betydelselösa övergår i betydelseglidningar som omprövar våra referenser. Just i gränssnittet chaos/order arbetar Beckett med "matematisk" precision och framkallar en passionerad polaritet mellan rörelse och orörlighet.

En tredje inspiration för min så kallade "egyptiska" trilogi om TIDEN (Life Boat 1976) RUMMET (Pyramiderna 1979) och ENERGI (The Opening of The Mouth 1988) är naturligtvis det antika Egyptens mytiskt och matematiskt baserade arkitektur och konst som utövat sin skönhet och gåtfullhet genom årtusenden och påverkat människan i forntid och nutid.

Det överraskande med de minimalistiska formspråken i Pyramiderna är att de idag möter samtidens matematiska byggnad: datorn.

Margaretha Åsberg
September 2001



akrobat

SVART
JOKER

BECKETT

Ur "Fizzles/Foirades", 1976
av Samuel Beckett

I gave up before birth,

it is not possible otherwise, but birth there had to be, it was he, I was inside, that's how I see it, it was he who wailed, he who saw the light, I didn't wail, I didn't see the light, it's impossible I should have a voice, impossible I should have thoughts, and I speak and think, I do the impossible, it is not possible otherwise, it was he who had a life, I didn't have a life, a life not worth having, because of me, he'll do himself to death, because of me, I'll tell the tale, the tale of his death, the end of his life and his death, his death alone would not be enough, not enough for me, if he rattles it's he who will rattle, I won't rattle, he who will die, I won't die, perhaps they will bury him, if they find him, I'll be inside, he'll rot, I won't rot, there will be nothing of him left but bones, I'll be inside, nothing left but dust, I'll be inside, it is not possible otherwise, that's how I see it, the end of his life and his death, how he will go about it, go about coming to an end, it's impossible I should know, I'll know, step by step, impossible I should tell, I'll tell, in the present, there will be no more talk of me, only of him, of the end of his life and his death, of his burial if they find him, that will be the end, I won't go on about worms, about bones and dust, no one cares about them, unless I'm bored in his dust, that would surprise me, as stiff as I was in his flesh, here long silence, perhaps he'll drown, he always wanted to drown, he didn't want them to find him, he can't want now any more, but he used to want to drown, he usen't to want them to find him, deep water and a millstone, urge spent like all the others, but why one day to the left, to the left and not elsewhere, here long silence, there will be no more I, he'll never say I any more, he'll never say anything any more, he won't talk to anyone, no one will talk to him, he won't talk to himself, he won't think any more, he'll go on, I'll be inside, he'll come to a place and drop, why there and not elsewhere, drop and sleep, badly because of me, he'll get up and go on, badly because of me, he can't stay still any more, because of me, he can't go on any more, because of me, there's nothing left in his head, I'll feed it all it needs.