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My project is an effort to seek out new strategies and methods in my writing of performative texts and texts for the stage.

In this endeavour, I want to leave the dilemmas of the individual as a focus point, and look at what happens when individual needs collide with the collective structures that shape our lives, culturally, environmentally and economical.

This work will go through different stages.

The first half year of my artistic research I have been exploring different methods of writing. Among them has been a series of workshops developing methods for collective writing techniques. I have also working with dramatic and performative texts that has been looking at entities like topos, imperative addresses, hybrid compositions and shared story-telling as a starting point, instead of focusing on the development of storylines, situations and characters.

I have been, working alone and collectively. I have tried to bounce off other types of texts: Historical material, geographical material and news stories/fun facts that are easily available in the news and social media.

My theoretical inspirations has been Hanna Arendts definition of what it means to be a political human being, Deleuze theories around time and space, the crystalized time and duration - and his and Felix Guattaris understanding of space, through definitions like smooth space and striated space.

I have also been working with ideas from system-theory and the concept of polyvocality as understood by Paul C. Castagno.

My starting point for this work was my play «S O A R E».

I wrote «S O A R E» in 2012-2013.

The structure of the and the topic I investigated in it, opened new perspectives for me.

Through then moved on to look closer at collaboratal writing strategies. The project

«Barcode» offered an opportunity.

«Barcode» was instigated by the scenographer Tormod Lindgren, and had the concept of the super-city as a starting point.

The topic of the work was: How does the city shape us?

The practical starting point was a workshop. Together the team drew up the site of Bjørvika. The artistic collective consisted of the scenographer Tormod Lindgren, one architect, three actors and five playwrights. We looked at the place from a historical and a city-planning perspective. We work towards creating a polyvocal and visually based text-univers that could span time and deal with the structures that shape the city, and bring to life the specificities of the mundane everyday life of the people living in it.

The process happened on site, through research, in the scenography, with the actors - and I also worked alone as a writer with the text, inspired by the work we had done together.

The first workshops were in April and June 2015 - and after that I did a follow up workshop with two actors and a sociologist this in November last year and the work continues.

I include in this short presentation an extract, a passage, for the text that I have written and that we think might work as a prologue for the performance. This as an example of the writing I have been doing.

I also enclose some pictures from workshop in June 15, and of the playwriting team doing research in Bjørvika.

First there is an English version of the text. Then the Norwegian original text.

BARCODE – A POSSIBLE PROLOGUE

A stage

A rectangular floor

Covered by sand maybe

or grit

Silence

or barely silence

A low humming

The city

the Highway

and a man enters

He is sweeping the floor

As he sweeps he starts to reveal sketches

patterns maybe

lines zoning in a city to be

Streets

parks

motorways

the sewage

the harbor

the city centre

and the sun rises

A long shadows arches its way across the street

as the man continues to sweep

Its snowing now –

The city is growing

Houses shooting up like trees

Streets reaching into acers of pine forets

a shoppingsentre

a cathedral

an ice-cream parlor

a multistore carpark

and a library

its swings spread out along the harbor

its storages reaching deep into the ground

its stairwells leading the public to shelves swelling with fiction

with non-fiction

with children's books and manuals

Further east

in a derelict building

a poets sits by his desk

biting into his boredom

His girlfriend has left him

put him aside

like a woman

he walks the streets

enters the coffee shops

Put a side

he leans over his notebook

he answers a forgotten letter

printed into the palm of his hand

an ashtray

a mug

a breast

a bowl of fruit

as if paper was never invented

And the city keeps on growing

spreading along the shores of the riverbed

oozing up into the hillside

down towards the docks - and night is falling

In a picture book

drawn by an architect

the moon gets anchored

on a wire

stretched out between two skyscrapers

And the poet writes

and the architect sketches his drawings

and the man sweeps as smoke rises from two enormous cooling towers

just north of the city

as people hurry down the street towards the subway

pulling their overcoat tight against the cold

The room is filled with shadows now

The architect stands under sheets of iron

He builds bridges of glass

bridges blackened by ink

and spit

he is playing this game

of naming

and re-naming

the streets

the shops

the avenues

the city itself

it's called Leningrad

Belgrade

Akka

Baku

Beijing

Et rektangulært scenegulv

Grus kanskje

Eller sand

Stille

Eller bare nesten stille

Lyden av -

Dur fra tunellene

Trafikkmaskiner i det fjerne

Kort pause

En mann kommer inn

Han begynner å feie vekk sand

Under sanda kommer det fram noen tapete linjer

En grovt skissert reguleringsplan

Gater

Parker

Trafikkmaskiner

Et kloakkrenseri

Sola går opp

Husene kaster lange skygger

Mannen fortsetter å koste

Det snør

Og byen vokser

Gater vokser fram lik trær

Trafikkmaskiner sprenger seg vei inn i pinjeskogene

Et shoppingssenter kommer til syne

En katedral

An ice cream parlour/

Et enormt bibliotek med

tre fløyer ut mot fjorden og et underjordisk lager

sprengt inn i grunnfjellet

Reoler med allmen litteratur

med faglitteratur

med teknisk litteratur

med billedbøker

med barnebøker

I et kvarter øst i byen

sitter en poet og biter i seg kjedsomheten

Kjæresten hans har forlatt ham

Han sitter igjen

Som en kvinne

går han ned gatene

går han inn i kafeene

sitter han lent over arkene der han besvarer et glemt brev

skrevet inn i hans egne håndflater

skriver han det han skriver

på en kopp

en vase en frukt

som om papiret aldri var blitt oppfunnet

planter han en vimpel

i brystet

Og byen vokser fram

sprer seg langs elveleiene

Opp åssidene

Ned mot kaiene

Og det er natt

I en billedbok
tegnet av en arkitekt
er månen festet i en vaier
spent ut mellom to enorme skyskrapere

Poeten skriver
arkitekten tegner
Røyk driver inn fra store kjøletårn nord i byen
En mann drar frakken sin tettere om seg
Arkitekten ruller en rull med gråpapir utover gulvet
Han fyller den med skygger
Han står under metallspennet
Han bygger en bro av glass
Han bygger en bro av kull
og spytt
Og byen vokser fram som trær
som armer
De er laget av kitt og blekk
De heter
Beograd
De heter Akka
Og Baku