



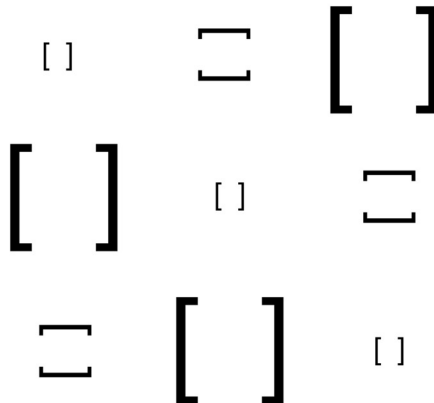
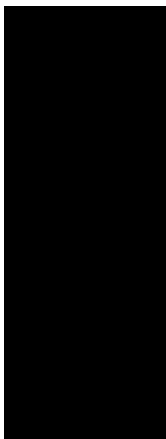
Beckett in a Bucket, Bunker and Well (N. Brønn). Recordings made in Bosa/Sardinia

“On. Say on. Be said on. Somehow on. Till nohow on. Said nohow on.
Say for be said. Missaid. From now say for missaid.

Say a body. Where none. No mind. Where none. That at least, A place.
Where none. For the body. To be in. Move in. Out of. Back into. No. No out.
No back. Only in. Stay in. On in. Still.

All of old. Nothing else ever. Ever tried. Ever failed. No matter. Try again. Fail again. Fail better.

First the body. No. First the place. No. First both. Now either. Now the other.
Sick of the either try the other. Sick of it back sick of the either. So on.
Somehow on. Till sick of both. Throw up and go. Where neither. Till sick of there. Throw up and back. The body again.” (S. Beckett, *worstward ho*).



A visual pattern of permutation approximating a magic square: system used for mashup of *worstward ho* in Kasbah Wandering I & II (Steinar Laumann & Theodor Barth)

In this flyer, the notion—launched in #01—that a container can operate as an excavation-device of readable content, is further explored. On the front page [recto] the first lines of Samuel Beckett's piece *worstward ho* is quoted in citation. It is often classified as a *novella*. But is it readable as such?

The text was published in 1983, and is today available in a book-volume along with *company* and *ill seen ill said*. The following reflections spring from my own experience. I found the text unreadable, in the sense of being unable to embody the contents while reading the novella line-by-line.

"Perhaps, it would help with a bit of staging..." I thought. So, I attempted to read the text out loud. But even the container defined by the sound of my voice, couldn't be sustained for more than a few paragraphs, before I became exhausted. It certainly would not be a vessel for the entire text.

In sum, I had a direct experience of what could be called a shattering of vessels: if the text had a light in store, it could not be held by my voice alone. Which is why I reasoned "I must have more than one vessel: if I change the vessel when it is about to break, perhaps I can make it through."

So, I decided that I would cut up the text paragraph-by-paragraph and read it into 3 different containers: a bucket, a bunker and a well—a well in Norwegian is *brønn*, which also provided me with a likeable [alliteration on beckett](#): thereby amplifying my capacity of embodying my own project.

But then I reasoned that I would end up with a file-set of recorded fragments: to make these work as parts of a body I would need a way of bringing them together (like in a composition, or even a [mashup](#)). My hang up with the body reflects topic of the *worstward ho* piece throughout.

Yes, indeed, it had now no longer could be reduced to a text, and had to be considered a piece: like a musical piece, a theatre piece or simply a piece of work. So, I included a visual element—to complement something which was now better said with something better seen: a graffiti piece, a mashup.

The lower visual element on the front page is a visual approximation of a magic square—tables with numbers yielding the same sum in all directions (under the bell in Albrecht Dürer's [Melencolia I](#)): it strings the same elements whether it is read horizontally, vertically and diagonally (only one diagonal).

'Adding to the same' in all directions could be a metaphor of the *body*: the body relates differently to the front, sides and back it still is the same body. So, it adds to the same, in that sense. But there is a very important feature of this visual/drawn version of the magic square: it contains an exception.

The diagonal from top left to bottom right does not add up the same three elements but only contains the small square bracket shape. Which means that it does not close entirely on itself—as a closed system—as does the regular magic square. Combining the recordings in this way yielded a [body](#).