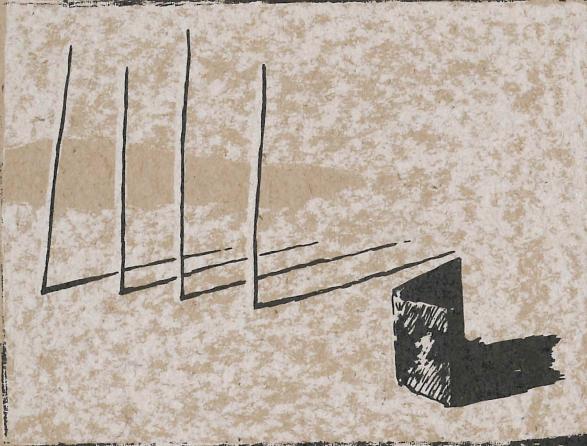


BOREAS TEATER



Portraits in the sand

Neruda's Poems

1989

"PORTRAITS IN THE SAND"

"Portraits in the Sand" tar utgangspunkt i 9 dikt skrevet av den chilenske dikteren Pablo Neruda. Forestillingen er en reise inn i dikterens verden hvor Boreas Teater har utforsket og omarbeidet diktets spesielle uttrykksform til en musikalisk, poetisk og visuell teaterforestilling.

Forestillingen har ingen grunnleggende dramatisk historie men består av 9 uavhengige etyder/dikt som beveger seg fra surrealistiske bilder til humoristiske menneskeskildringer til dødens groteske figurer.

"Portraits in the Sand" er blitt utarbeidet i samarbeide med Johannes Theron fra The Roy Hart Theatre hvor han har vært skuespiller og regissør siden 1974. Han har bl.a. satt opp den prisbelønnede forestillingen "Kaspar" (Prix des Rencontres Charles Dullin, Paris - 1984).

Pablo Neruda:

Pablo Neruda ble født i 1904 i Chile. I 1920 dro han til Santiago og ga ut sin første diktsamling "La Cancion della Fiesta". Siden har han utgitt mer enn 40 diktsamlinger og bøker og blir regnet som en av Latin-Amerikas største diktere. I 1971 vant han Nobels Pris i litteratur for sine dikt og fra 1970 -73 arbeidet han som chilensk ambassadør i Paris under Salvadore Allende. Pablo Neruda døde i 1973 kort tid etter kuppet i Chile mot Allende.

Memory

I have to remember everything,
keep track of blades of grass, the threads
of the untidy event, and
the houses, inch by inch,
the long lines of the railway,
the textured face of pain.

If I should get one rosebush wrong
and confuse night with a hare,
or even if one whole wall
has crumbled in my memory,
I have to make the air again,
steam, the earth, leaves,
hair and bricks as well,
the thorns which pierced me,
the speed of the escape.

Take pity on the poet.

I was always quick to forget
and in those hands of mine
grasped only the intangible
and unrelated things,
which could only be compared
by being non-existent.

The smoke was like an aroma,
the aroma was like smoke,
the skin of a sleeping body
which woke to my kisses;
but do not ask me the date
or the name of what I dreamed –
I cannot measure the road
which may have had no country,
or that truth which changed,
which the day perhaps subdued
to become a wandering light
like a firefly in the dark.

from *Memorial de Isla Negra* (1964)

Poetry

And it was at that age . . . Poetry arrived
in search of me. I don't know, I don't know where
it came from, from winter or a river.
I don't know how or when,
no, they were not voices, they were not
words, nor silence,
but from a street I was summoned,
from the branches of night,
abruptly from the others,
among violent fires
or returning alone,
there I was without a face
and it touched me.

I did not know what to say, my mouth
had no way
with names,
my eyes were blind,
and something started in my soul,
fever or forgotten wings,
and I made my own way,
deciphering
that fire,
and I wrote the first faint line,
faint, without substance, pure
nonsense,
pure wisdom
of someone who knows nothing,
and suddenly I saw
the heavens
unfastened
and open,
planets,
palpitating plantations,
shadow perforated,
riddled
with arrows, fire and flowers,
the winding night, the universe.

And I, infinitesimal being,
drunk with the great starry
void,
likeness, image of
mystery,
felt myself a pure part
of the abyss,
I wheeled with the stars,
my heart broke loose on the wind.

Young homosexuals and girls in love,
and widows gone to seed, sleepless, delirious,
and novice housewives pregnant some thirty hours,
the hoarse cats cruising across my garden's shadows
like a necklace of throbbing, sexual oysters
surround my solitary home
like enemies entrenched against my soul,
like conspirators in pyjamas
exchanging long, thick kisses on the sly.

The radiant summer entices lovers here
in melancholic regiments
made up of fat and flabby, gay and mournful couples:
under the graceful palm trees, along the moonlit beach,
there is a continual excitement of trousers and petticoats,
the crisp sound of stockings caressed,
women's breasts shining like eyes.

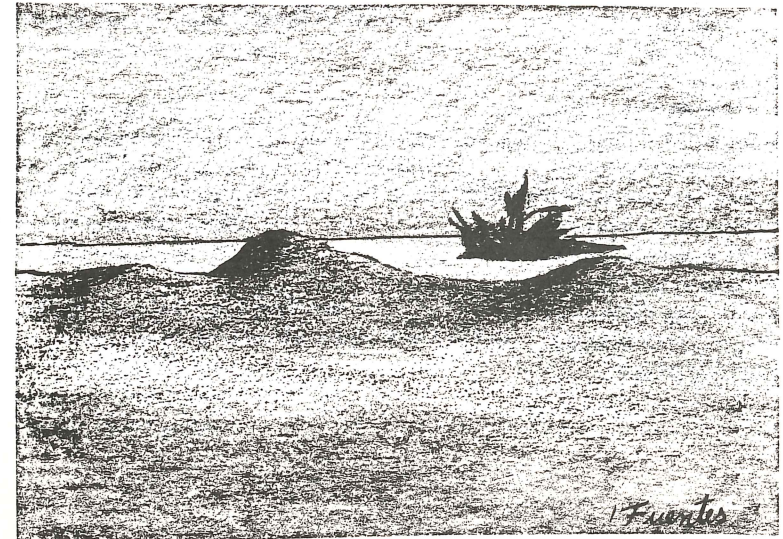
It's quite clear that the local clerk, bored to the hilt,
after his weekday tedium, cheap paperbacks in bed,
has managed to make his neighbour
and he takes her to the miserable flea-pits
where the heroes are young stallions or passionate princes:
he caresses her legs downy with soft hair
with his wet, hot hands smelling of cigarillos.

Seducer's afternoons and strictly legal nights
fold together like a pair of sheets, burying me:
the siesta hours when young male and female students
as well as priests retire to masturbate,
and when animals screw outright,
and bees smell of blood and furious flies buzz,
and cousins play kinkily with their girl cousins,
and doctors glare angrily at their young patient's husband,
and the professor, almost unconsciously, during the morning hours,
copes with his marital duties and then has breakfast,
and, later on, the adulterers who love each other with real love,
on beds as high and spacious as sea-going ships –
so for sure and for ever this great forest surrounds me,
breathing through flowers large as mouths chock full of teeth,
black-rooted in the shapes of hoofs and shoes.

from *Residencia en la tierra, I* (1933)

Fable of the Mermaid and the Drunks

All these men were there inside
when she entered, utterly naked.
They had been drinking, and began to spit at her.
Recently come from the river, she understood nothing.
She was a mermaid who had lost her way.
The taunts flowed over her glistening flesh.
Obscenities drenched her golden breasts.
A stranger to tears, she did not weep.
A stranger to clothes, she did not dress.
They poked her with cigarette ends and with burnt corks,
and rolled on the tavern floor with laughter.
She did not speak, since speech was unknown to her.
Her eyes were the colour of faraway love,
her arms were matching topazes.
Her lips moved soundlessly in coral light,
and ultimately she left by that door.
Scarcely had she entered the river than she was cleansed,
gleaming once more like a white stone in the rain;
and without a backward look, she swam once more,
swam toward nothingness, swam to her dying.



The Lion

A great lion came from the distances.
It was huge as silence is,
it was thirsty, it was after blood,
and behind its posturing
it had fire, as a house has,
it burned like a mountain of Osorno.

It found only solitude,
it roared, out of uncertainty and hunger –
the only thing to eat was air,
the wild foam of the coast,
frozen sea lettuces,
air the colour of birds,
unacceptable nourishment.

Wistful lion from another planet,
cast up by the high tide
on the rocky coast of Isla Negra,
the salty archipelago,
with nothing more than an empty maw,
claws that were idle
and a tail like a feather duster.

It was well aware of the foolishness
of its aggressive appearance
and with the passing of years
it wrinkled up in shame.
Its timidity led it on
to worse displays of arrogance
and it went on ageing like one
of the lions in the Plaza,
it slowly turned into an ornament
for a portico or a garden,
to the point of hiding its sad forehead,
fixing its eyes on the rain
and keeping still to wait for
the grey justice of stone,
its geological hour.

Death Alone

There are lone cemeteries,
tombs full of soundless bones,
the heart threading a tunnel,
a dark, dark tunnel:
like a wreck we die to the very core,
as if drowning at the heart
or collapsing inwards from skin to soul.

There are corpses,
clammy slabs for feet,
there is death in the bones,
like a pure sound,
a bark without its dog,
out of certain bells, certain tombs
swelling in this humidity like lament or rain.

I see, when alone at times,
coffins under sail
setting out with the pale dead, women in their dead braids,
bakers as white as angels,
thoughtful girls married to *NOTAIRES*,
coffins ascending the vertical river of the dead,
the wine-dark river to its source,
with their sails swollen with the sound of death,
filled with the silent noise of death.

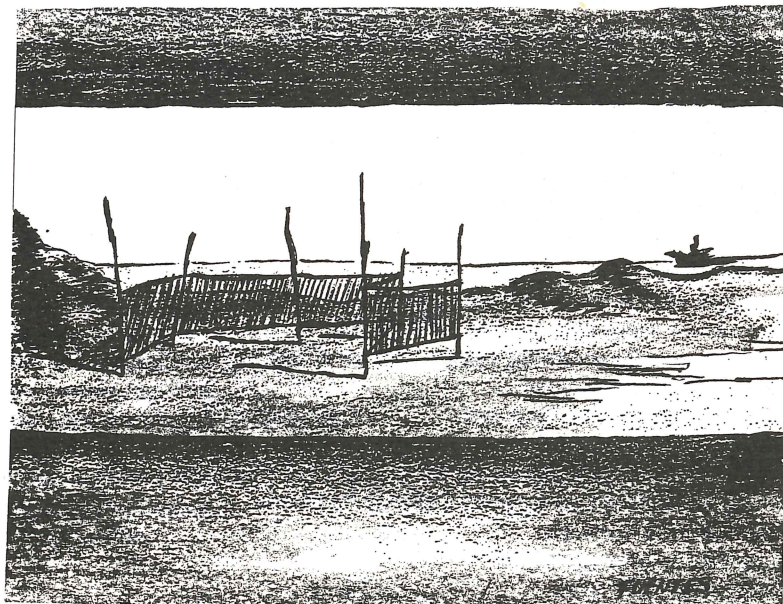
Death is drawn to sound
like a slipper without a foot, a suit without its wearer,
comes to knock with a ring, stoneless and fingerless,
comes to shout without a mouth, a tongue, without a throat.
Nevertheless its footsteps sound
and its clothes echo, hushed like a tree.

I do not know, I am ignorant, I hardly see
but it seems to me that its song has the colour of wet violets,
violets well used to the earth,
since the face of death is green,
and the gaze of death green

But death goes about the earth also, riding a broom
lapping the ground in search of the dead –
death is in the broom,
it is the tongue of death looking for the dead,
the needle of death looking for thread.

Death lies in our cots:
in the lazy mattresses, the black blankets,
lives at full stretch and then suddenly blows,
blows sound unknown filling out the sheets
and there are beds sailing into a harbour
where death is waiting, dressed as an admiral.

from *Residencia en la tierra, II* (1935)



I'm Explaining a Few Things

You are going to ask: and where are the lilacs?
and the poppy-petalled metaphysics?
and the rain repeatedly spattering
its words and drilling them full
of apertures and birds?

I'll tell you all the news.

I lived in a suburb,
a suburb of Madrid, with bells,
and clocks, and trees.

From there you could look out
over Castille's dry face:
a leather ocean.

My house was called
the house of flowers, because in every cranny
geraniums burst: it was
a good-looking house
with its dogs and children.

Remember, Raúl?

Eh, Rafael?

Federico, do you remember
from under the ground
my balconies on which
the light of June drowned flowers in your mouth?

Brother, my brother!

Everything
loud with big voices, the salt of merchandises,
pile-ups of palpitating bread,
the stalls of my suburb of Argüelles with its statue
like a drained inkwell in a swirl of hake:
oil flowed into spoons,
a deep baying
of feet and hands swelled in the streets,
metres, litres, the sharp
measure of life,

stacked-up fish,
the texture of roofs with a cold sun in which
the weather vane falters,
the fine, frenzied ivory of potatoes,
wave on wave of tomatoes rolling down to the sea.

And one morning all that was burning,
one morning the bonfires
leapt out of the earth
devouring human beings –
and from then on fire,
gunpowder from then on,
and from then on blood.
Bandits with planes and Moors,
bandits with finger-rings and duchesses,
bandits with black friars spattering blessings
came through the sky to kill children
and the blood of children ran through the streets
without fuss, like children's blood.

Jackals that the jackals would despise,
stones that the dry thistle would bite on and spit out,
vipers that the vipers would abominate!

Face to face with you I have seen the blood
of Spain tower like a tide
to drown you in one wave
of pride and knives!

Treacherous
generals:
see my dead house,
look at broken Spain:
from every house burning metal flows
instead of flowers,
from every socket of Spain
Spain emerges
and from every dead child a rifle with eyes,
and from every crime bullets are born
which will one day find
the bull's eye of your hearts.

And you will ask: why doesn't his poetry
speak of dreams and leaves
and the great volcanoes of his native land?

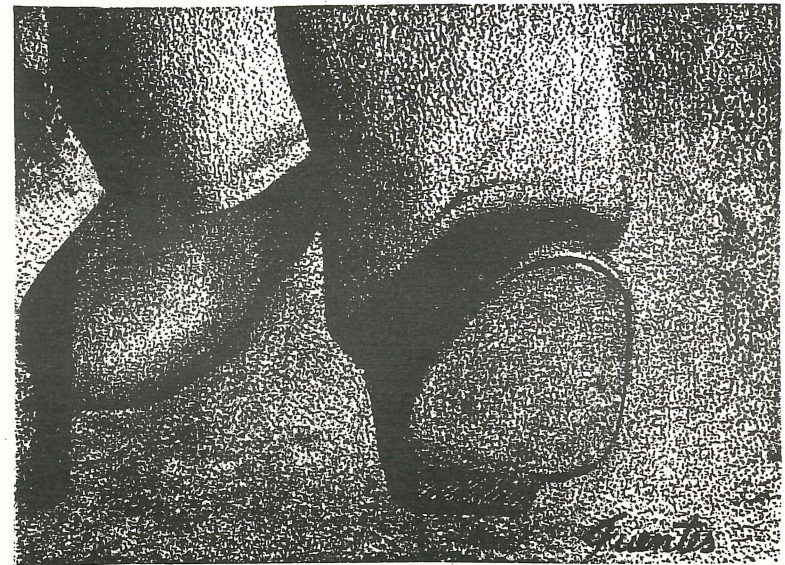
Come and see the blood in the streets.
Come and see
the blood in the streets.
Come and see the blood
in the streets!

from *Tercera Residencia* (1947)

Oh Earth, Wait for Me

Return me, oh sun,
to my wild destiny,
rain of the ancient wood,
bring me back the aroma and the swords
that fall from the sky,
the solitary peace of pasture and rock,
the damp at the river-margins,
the smell of the larch tree,
the wind alive like a heart
beating in the crowded restlessness
of the towering araucaria.

Earth, give me back your pure gifts,
the towers of silence which rose
from the solemnity of their roots.
I want to go back to being what I have not been,
and learn to go back from such deeps
that amongst all natural things
I could live or not live; it does not matter
to be one stone more, the dark stone,
the pure stone which the river bears away.



DE SOM ER MED:

Skuespillere: **Annalisa Dal Pra**
 Birgitte Fjeld-Johnsen
 Guandaline Sagliocco

Regi: **Johannes Theron**

Musikk: **Patrick Shaw-Iversen**

Scenografi: **Flor Maria Fuentes**

Kostymer: **Reidun Angell**

Lysdesign: **Cristophe Forey**

Plakat/Program: **Flor Maria Fuentes**

Tore Brunborg, saksofon på "Memories" og "Death Alone".

Tusen takk til:

Ragnhild Sørvig, Kathrine Tolo, Elin Bakke, Jon Paulsen og Flor Maria Fuentes.

Forestillingen er utviklet med støtte fra Oslo Kommune og Norsk Kassettagiftsfond.

BOREAS TEATER

Med forestillingen "Portraits in the Sand" feirer Boreas Teater også sitt 5-års jubileum som frittstående teatergruppe i Norge. Gruppen ble etablert i Oslo i 1984 og har til nå produsert 7 forestillinger i løpet av sin levetid.

Gruppens kunstneriske ledere er skuespilleren Annalisa Dal Pra og musikeren Patrick Shaw-Iversen. Boreas Teater er spesielt kjente for sitt arbeide med å utforske møtepunktet mellom moderne musikk og teater i sine forestillinger samt for sitt fysiske og visuelle uttrykk.

Boreas Teater har blitt invitert til å vise sine forestillinger i Polen, Vest-Tyskland, Italia, Frankrike og Sverige. I tillegg har de turnert over hele Norge.

Boreas Teater mottar støtte fra Kultur- og Vitenskapsdepartementet.

BOREAS TEATER

SØRBYHAUGEN 16 B

0377 OSLO 3

Tlf: 02 - 39 71 66

