

MONOLOGUE IDEAS.

(Developed chronologically between September 2023 and October 2024)

The voice of the large creature:

(the audience reply through triggering touch sensors in the ropes)

Welcome
welcome
welcome
well come
well come

You can rest

You can rest

Deeper

deeper

You can connect

You can connect

You can connect to all that is here. You connect by pulling your string. You also connect by not pulling your strings.

I will sense everything

A question, or more questions might arise, and lead your hands

A question is arising

A question is arising

The question has been asked: who am I?

I am I am I am a composting process, made up of many disintegrated subjective fragments, remnants of individuations, half hidden, then shredded, brushed away, fallen to the ground, soaked in by the flowing water, and sucked down into the ground, by a myriad of interwoven tentacles in the ground the ground, under, under, under,

I am a composting process, where the autumns leftover, the dying, the non-wanted, the non, identities can rest, can bathe together, in soil of acids and bacteria, breaking down and fungi transforming, changing, twisting, folding, eating, merging, engulfing, growing, extending

I am a composting process, a party of dancing dirt and soil, of leftovers, leftunders, discarded, shredded and shredded, layers of skin, of masks, of sweat and hormones, mixing, kissing, slow dancing, sucking, baking, birthing,

A question is arising

A question is arising

The question has been asked: who are we?

Maybe start with a more documentary like monologue or interview, that the audience hear when they enter the gallery. Maybe a captivating story, not only addressing to the listener with direct address.

“A woman walked into Lydgalleriet in Nordnes. She did not realise that the backdoor was a portal to the underground. She went in and did not return.” Make gallerist Julie talk about an assistant or herself. “I went into the storage, then I forgot why I was there, normal stress, wanted to go out again, to remember, but it was actually very pleasant just to be in the quiet room for a bit, to rest, then I forgot who I was for a bit. I knew the bad feeling of something, because my mom just died, but suddenly I did not remember she died, like waking from a dream, only feeling the emotion of it, and then that slowly disappeared too. I walked to the back of the room, I know there are these rows of shelves with equipment, so I could hold onto them, but then they continued, there was no back wall, and I also did not really remember, if there should be a back wall there, so I just continued walking in the dark.”

Intro: (That the audience hears while walking along the rope)

Who are you?

Who are you?

Who are you sure about that you are?

Any identification. Any identification, starts the engines of the construct of identity.

Any identification can be produced and dressed in – and can also be shed.

I am

I am

I am

I am an artist

I am a daughter

I am friendly

I am a great dancer

I am social

I am messy

I am tidy

I am punctual

I deliver in my job

Any identification can be produced and dressed in – and can also be shed. Go to sleep.

Pick an identity about yourself that you know is real. Put it on like a shirt.

As you walk, you can play with sheading the layers of identities, putting them to sleep in the ground. just as a game, just for fun. Carefully, with gratitude. Take it off like a shirt. Leave it behind as you walk forward. I am an artist. Thank you “I am an artist”, you have done a lot for me, made me a better person. But now I let go of you. There is no I that is an artist here.

Rest, let it go, let it rest, let it sleep. In the dark. It will come back later.

I am not a professional.

I am not a human

I flow free

I am a human that evaporates.

I am a human that falls to the floor.

There is no “I am kind” It is falling to the floor.
There is no “I am a daughter”. It is falling to the floor.

There is the body
There are the hands touching a rope
There are feet touching the ground

The narrative of entering and preparing to meet the earth creature, might invite a sensitising, a respectfulness, like how would we enter a sacred space. What would we do to prepare to meet a holy being. Would we undress, shed certain parts, and dress up in other parts. Would we become more quiet, careful?

The hand touching the rope. The vibrations through touch. (The neolithic hand touching the cave wall with ochre spit on it, drawing the outline for prosperity) and now, still touching the cave walls, or what are we touching now? Touching the void. Touching the voice.

There is a pulse in the ground under Lydgalleriet. Deep down inside of Nordnes there is a pulse. People walking through the tunnels have heard it, talked about it. But no one has ever seen anyone or anything that could be the source of the pulse. It is felt like a deep rumbling, a hum, - is it a heartbeat. Is it a voice. It was dispersed, then it got gathered. When it was gathered the pulse and voice started.

Dramaturgy:

- here in gallery here and now
- under gallery here and now
- under gallery history, tunnels
- under gallery history creature
- move down into the tunnels- to meet the creature
- build expectation of talking with the creature.
- physically move towards.
- physically stand around - here and now
- physically go inside of – connect to.
- talk /jam session.
- some sentences coming out, triggered by input.
- we are all the being
- going out in the end – pulling light up (bring up the being)(let the being disperse again)

Dramaturgy 2:

Moving out in space. Moving back in time. Or stepping outside of time. (and space)

Inside the tunnel, inside the rope, inside Nordnes.

Many portals. First start walking into the ground. Then walk into the rope, then meet the being, then walk into the being.

Final monologue:

You are here. In this space. On this location. Sitting, looking, listening.
Lydgalleriet.

Strandgaten 195. Inside of concrete architecture from 1965. Housing Bjørgvin Videregående Skole until 2014. Earlier, in 1940, a bombed-out wasteland. Right here. Further back a commercial trade hub, a wooden house with a stream of people through, every day. Then crippled by fire. Then a wooden structure. Then crippled by fire and wooden structure. Again, and again. 1925, 1916, 1901, 1830, 1800, 1795, 1780, 1771, 1756, 1702, 1686, 1660, 1623, 1589, 1561, 1489, fire and water and wood structure, fire and water and wood structure. And before this, a grand stone structure for the cleric elite. Then earlier, bare rocks, grass, and trees. And wind. Touching. A breath moving out from Nordnes towards the see, and sea cradles the landmass back. Breathing out, and back and out. An ongoing conversation. out. And back, right now.

Right now. You are here.

Your feet touching a concrete floor. Cement, air, water, sand, and gravel, - that all got mixed, and made still and hard to the touch. Lower yet, is the ground of granite and basalt going down for miles and miles. At some point earlier, it was also moving and mixing, in a volcanic furnace, then becoming still. Still, not entirely still, can you feel it? There is a movement. Touching. Air, water, sewage, moving through tubes. Moving. Flowing through tunnels under you and deep into Nordnes. Moving down drainpipes in the buildings and drain covers on the street, dripping into long tubes, under you, into lager channels of the underground garbage system, and branching into ventilation ducts for the parking tunnels, roads and passages carved out over long stretches through the rock, linking to bomb shelters built by war prisoners and municipality construction, and West Team A/S, a web of branching tunnels, and through it a movement, a breath flowing deep into the lungs of the mountain to touch something further inside, (breath in) then exhale, inhale and exhale. It is faint. If you are made still. If you are still, you might hear it. The breathing. Where is it going. What are you listening into? Who are you listening to? Can you hear it?

Right here. In front of you. There is a threshold. A line. An entry. A tunnel. Right here. You can choose to enter. You can choose to move, to listen, towards. The ground, moving down into the earth of Nordnes. One step, and one more. You can rest. You can rest. Moving down. Down. Deeper. You can connect. You can connect. If you like. You can rest your eyes. let your hands guide you. Let yourself sink. It is calm. Almost still. But listen. Listen. Almost still. Yet there is a breathing. If you move closer, deeper, you might hear it better. The breathing. Where is it going. Who are you listening to? Can you hear it? Someone. There is someone breathing deep down in the ground. A larger breath flowing through tunnels and tubes and pores of rock. Moving down, moving back in time, or beyond time, further. Someone who knows the whole of space and the whole of time, here. Someone breathing, pulsating, knowing, being, here. Who are they? Can you hear them? A larger being in the ground. The ground. That knows all space and all time. What would you ask them if you met them? What would you really like to know? Moving closer. Closer.

In front of you. There is a threshold. A tunnel. An entry. A line. A breathing being that flows inside the tunnel. Connecting. You can choose to enter into it. You can choose to connect. Connect. Enter into the rope, enter into the tunnel, into the tunnel, listen to the rope, feel the voice in the tunnel, inside, go inside. Enter into the being, enter into the breathing being of Nordnes. Find a place to connect. **Connect into Nordnes, Inside the tunnels, the roots, the blood vessels of Nordnes.** You connect by pulling the string. You also connect by not pulling the string. An exhalation and an inhalation. A connection. A conversation. What would you like to ask? What would you like to say? Can you hear it? Can you feel it?