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Words to sounds —

»It is the highest talents, the most dedicated, who are driven to the dead end of 'pure' cinema – just as our painters are driven to obliterate the image, and a dramatist like Beckett to reduce words to sounds.

Cinema, I suspect, is going to become so rarefied, so private in meaning, and so lacking in audience appeal that in a few years the foundations will be desperately and hopelessly trying to bring it back to life, as they are now doing with theater. The parallel course is, already, depressingly apparent. Clancy Sigal's (admiring) account of Beckett's *Endgame* might have been written of Bergman's *The Silence*: "*Endgame*'s two main characters ... occupy a claustrophobic space and a deeply ambiguous relationship ... Outside, the world is dead of some great catastrophe ... The action of the play mainly comprises anxious bickering between the two principal characters. Eventually, Clov dresses for the road to leave Hamm, and Hamm prepares for death, though we do not see the moment of parting ... none of the actors is quite sure what the play is about, Beckett affects complete ignorance of the larger implications. 'I only know what's on the page,' he says with a friendly gesture."

Is Beckett leading the way or is it all in the air? His direction that the words of *Play* should be spoken so fast that they can't be understood is paralleled by Resnais's editing of *Muriel* so fast that you can't keep track of what's going on. Penelope Gilliatt writes, "You may have to go to the film at least twice, as I did, before the warmth of it seeps through ..."; Beckett has already anticipated the problem and provided the answer with the stage direction, "Repeat play exactly."«

[Pauline Kael: I lost it at the Movies — London: Jonathan Cape, 1966 — Seite 22-23 / Introduction / Zeitgeist and Poltergeist]

Zeitgeist, Poltergeist, Endspiel, Endzeit, Zeitende — vielleicht gabs das Theater ja schon mal, auf einer Weltraumbühne, vor Milliarden Jahren, und alles hat sich seitdem zigmal ereignet, ein Planet mit einem Lebewesen, das beste Existenzbedingungen hat, stattdessen aber den eigenen Wohnraum und sich selbst vergiftet und verseucht und die anderen Mitbewohner nach und nach ausrottet, bis irgendwann das Ende kommt, »the great catastrophe«, und alles in gleichbleibender Wiederholung, ein Theater-Planet mit dieser Regieanweisung seines Autors: »Repeat play exactly«.

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Lesen / Hören / Schauen

Samuel Beckett: Endspiel / Spiel ohne Worte / Alle, die da fallen (Suhrkamp Verlag, 1957).

Sun Ra: Nothing is . . . (ESP Disk / ZYX Music, 1966 / 1993).

arte — Sybille Schultz: Die Rückkehr der Rücke-Pferde (Kigali Films / WDR / arte, 2021).