

NATURE WILD

by

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(concept, video set design, lyrics, music & performance)

in cooperation with

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co-produced between

Nordic Performance Art
Den Fynske Opera
DEFINE Festival

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NATURE WILD

SCENE 01. CAMPFIRE & intro

SCENE 02. Lullaby

SCENE 03. Diary #1 / Explode

SCENE 04. Count Down / the bomb

SCENE 05. Soldiers Wife

SCENE 06. Diary #2

SCENE 07. Lullaby theme

SCENE 08. Not me Anymore

SCENE 09. Diary #3

SCENE 10. My Wife's Bed

SCENE 11. Diary #4

SCENE 12. We Are Forever Changed

SCENE 13. Diary #5

SCENE 14. Brand Tower Falters

SCENE 15. Diary #6

SCENE 16. Leaves Falling

SCENE 17. And I Walk

SCENE 18. Triggers

SCENE 19. From Paradise to Ashes

SCENE 20. Diary #7

SCENE 21. Safe Song

SCENE 22. Magic Door

* From Black to Colours (Song for Land Art Object)

SCENE 02

NATURE WILD – LULLABY *Lyrics, music and arr.: Tine Louise Kortermund. Co-arr.: John Kristensen. Stringers: Alskvartetten*



Feel for me
Comfort me
Thrill me - like only you do
Rock me to sleep
I will reveal pleasant dreams for you

Like me
Like you
Love me – don't leave me

Feel for me
Comfort me
Rock me to sleep

Seven month - us and mommy alone
Seven month - with daddy in the warzone

Daddy everyday I count down - waiting for your letters
Never know if you're dead or alive - after hanging up the phone

After your voice is gone – All I feel is pain inside
After your voice is gone - I don't know if you're dead or alive

I will cope - but little sis she cries - in mommy's arms tonight

Daddy is this our last goodbye?
Daddy will I ever see you again?

The day you came back we all cried - of relief and deprivation
You cried the most

Like me like you - love me don't leave me

After that day - all you wanted was - to be alone



SCENE 03

DAGBOG – CITAT # 1

Mandag den 10. maj Dag 5 i PB Clifton

Jeg sover næsten ikke, ved den mindste lyd vågner jeg. I nat eksploderede granaterne udenfor vores camp og i min halve søvn troede jeg at Taliban angreb os med morter og RPG.

Men nu er min pistol hængt op på venstre side af sengen. Ladt og klar hvis der skulle komme nogen for tæt på – det er min sidste livsforsikring.

Usikkerheden i ikke at kunne sove trygt er i gang med at ødelægge mig. Jeg vil ikke hjem, selvfølgelig vil jeg meget gerne hjem til DK og Duen men jeg vil gerne kunne gå ud af ankomsthallen om 3 måneder med hovedet højt vel vidende at jeg gennemførte min mission og kan sætte det kryds i bogen over drømme.

DIARY – QUOTE # 1

Monday the 10th of May Day 5 in PB Clifton

I hardly sleep at all. I wake up at the slightest sound. Last night I heard grenades exploding. I was half asleep and I thought the Taliban were attacking us with mortars and RPGs.

Tonight I'm going to hang my gun on the left side of my bed. It's loaded and ready if anyone comes too close. That's my last safeguard.

The anxiety from not sleeping is beginning to get to me. I don't want to go home – naturally I want to go home to Denmark and Dove – but I want to walk out of the Arrival Hall in three months with my head high, knowing that I completed my mission. Then I can check that off in my book of dreams.

EXPLODE *Music and arr. by Aku Raski*



SOLDATEN

*Der var støv og lugten af diesel og hydraulik i luften
Og støv den var så tyk ... så du ku kun se 20-30 cm ud*

Og så var der bare stille

*Og jeg ligger og scanner nogle bygninger der ligger langt ude mod vest
Og så hører jeg min kører sige til vognkommandøren ...
"Der ligger en stenbunke derover ...
Må jeg køre mere til venstre?"*

Og så går der et par sekunder, hvad der føles som en evighed

(Sekunder sekunder)

*Der mangler ikke nogen kropsdele (Sekunder)
Jeg får klappet mig ned og så er jeg hel ... så er jeg hel*

som en evighed

(sekunder sekunder)

SCENE 04

COUNT DOWN / The Bomb

Lyrics, music and arr. by Tine Louise Kortermund

I can't move my legs
I'm chained to this place

I can't move my legs
(som en evighed) it hurts and aches

Who is enemy, who is friend?

when its says boom ... I go boom

When I loos control, I loos myself

(sekunder ... så er jeg hel....som en evighed)

now I'm the one ... on the stretcher

Don't want to be a burden

In the next couple of seconds
Its my turn to fly

uhhh ...

I count down the
days when we will meet again
You are always on my mind

Doped with morphine
dust in my eyes
air thick of dessert sand
Blurred my mind

Silence
tick tock
tick tock
tick tock

I count down the (I count down)
days when we will **(meet again)**
meet again



SCENE 05

SOLDIERS WIFE

Lyrics, music and arr. by Tine Louise Kortermant

The - dessert sand
is somehow - the image of our lives

(you...) The - dessert sand (are my dove ...)
is somehow – **(the image of our lives)**

Dry (you ...) and deserted (are my love ...)
We live our separate lives (I miss you so)
with each our wishes, hopes, needs (I count the days)

I'm the soldiers wife
And I - hunger
for him to fulfil - my needs
(But I must wait patiently) (uhhh....)

I'm the soldiers wife (uhhh....)
And I share my life with a person who's not there (uhhh....)
even when he's there (ehhh....)
he just sits - in his chair - and stare (ehhh....)

he's a man with a bomb inside
and there is nothing - I can do
but wait **(patiently)**

I'm the soldiers wife
but he can't be with us
can't be a father
can't be a husband
still I keep our marriage alive (uhhh...)

for 7 month I've been waiting (uhhh...)
I live my live like a single mom (I'm proud of you)
And I miss him so (you are my dove) strongly (the angel of my life)

I love my man
his sensitivity
his high morals
his decency
his boyishness (uhhh...)
and bright blue eyes
and carefree smile (uhhh...)

And I miss him so (and I must wait ...) strongly (patiently...)

(uhhh...)

and I must wait **(uhhh... uhhh..)**
(and I must wait patiently)
and I must wait (patiently)
patiently



SCENE 06

DAGBOG – CITAT #2

Mandag den 17. maj

*** 82 dage tilbage ***

Viby er min gode ven, så det var rigtigt hårdt at se ham ligge på båren – Det gjorde faktisk ondt helt ind i maven, men jeg fik lige sagt på gensyn til ham og lovede ham tæsk hvis han ikke kom tilbage – så lo vi begge og jeg klappede ham på skulderen og sagde ”vi ses” og gik ...

... Jeg Savner Danmark og Duen! Men har jeg sagt A og så siger jeg fandeme også B. Og når jeg har gjort det her har jeg også gjort mig fortjent til mit liv derhjemme ...

Jeg glæder mig helt vildt til at kunne tage hende op i mine arme og svinge hende rundt, jeg glæder mig til at kunne komme hjem og være hendes mand og give hende alt det hun fortjener.

Jeg savner Vibys humor. Kolding ryger hjem nu ... det er jo ikke livsnødvendigt at skulle gennemføre denne mission, men jeg føler virkelig et behov for at gennemføre – jeg er bare et svin at jeg gør det, for Duen sidder derhjemme og bekymrer sig over hvordan jeg har det.

DIARY – QUOTE # 2

Monday the 17th of May

*** 82 days left ***

Viby is my good friend, so it was hard to see him on the stretcher. I felt empty inside ... But I said, “See you later” and promised to beat him up if he didn’t come back – we laughed and I patted him on the shoulder and said, “See you” and walked away...

I miss Denmark and Dove! But when I start something, I damn well finish it. And when I’m done here, I’ll deserve my life back home ... I can’t wait to put my arms around her and lift her up and swing her around. I can’t wait to get home and be her husband and give her everything she deserves.

I miss Viby’s sense of humor. And now Kolding is on his way home ... I have to go through with it ... Being here makes me an asshole, ‘cause Dove is at home worrying how I am.

SCENE 07

LULLABY THEME – choir

Lyrics, music and arr. by Tine Louise Kortermund

Feel for me
Comfort me
Thrill me - like only you do
Rock me to sleep
I will reveal pleasant dreams for you

Like me
Like you
Love me – don't leave me

Feel for me
Comfort me
Rock me to sleep

DATTER TIL SOLDATEN

*Den tid han var udsendt ... Det er en del af en selv, som man mangler ...
som man har brug for og man gerne vil have tilbage.*

*Det er som om at de har lånt en del af en, og man venter bare på
at den del skal komme tilbage til én. Så derfor er ens krop nærmest død.*

*Man har ikke lyst til at bevæge den ... ja jeg ved ik'.
Det gør ondt i kroppen.*

*Så jeg havde det ikke godt og det var det samme med mine søskende
Vi havde det ikke godt.*

*Jeg tror generelt jeg er rimmelig tuff, og jeg kan klare meget.
Men sådan var det ikke for alle. Min lillesøster på 10 år ...
Det tog rigtigt hårdt på hende.*

*Hun græd hver dag.
Så mor sang for min søster og hun vuggede hende i søvn.*



SCENE 08

MOR TIL SOLDAT

Da han kom hjem fra Afghanistan sidste gang, der ku jeg se det med det samme at han ikke havde det godt. Hvor jeg tænkte hvor er mit barn henne? Jeg kunne slet ikke genkende ham ... Men han kom lige hjem til et rigtigt kirkebryllup. Så det arrangerede vi her. Så han landede nærmest lige og så var der bryllup.

Og soldaterkammeraterne kom og stod parade oppe ved kirken. Og de havde uniformer ... Så det var nogle af de der elementer der var rigtig vigtige for ham.

Og vi havde da en fin aften, men han var her uden at være her. Han blev lidt sårbar. Han blev taknemlig ... nej ikke taknemlig ... fraværende. Fraværende i sin måde at være sammen med os andre på. Han trak sig. Jeg kan jo se det på ham – at øjnene ligesom forsvinder. Så var han træt. Træt hele tiden. Trist tristhed. Men han så sindssygt flot ud samtidig. Han var solbrændt og trænet.

Så var det sådan noget med at han trak sig i sociale sammenhænge. Havde ikke lyst til at være sammen med sine børn.

... Tomhed. Han prøvede at være glad. Men jeg kunne se han slet ikke var glad. Han var slet ikke tilstede. Og så var der de her angstanfald som også begyndte at komme.

Jeg savner hans nærvær. Som natur, som hovedtræk har han altid været en meget udadvendt og glad personlighed. Men jeg slog det lidt hen og tænkte hmm.. han er træt. Altså hvis du spørger ind til ham ... hvordan gik dit bryllup, så tror jeg ikke han ved det. Han var her uden at være her.

Kunne jeg alligevel have gjort noget, der gjorde at han blev hjemme?

Jeg tror det har forandret mig som mor. Fra at kunne dele alt. Fra at snakke om så at sige alt ... til at tænke ej. Tør jeg egentlig dele det her med ham? Forværrer jeg hans situation hvis jeg deler det her med ham? Fordi jeg tænker ... ej han har rigeligt. Kan jeg stille de samme krav til ham som før? Og det har jeg ikke gjort.

I alt det her er der kommet den her afstand imellem os. Jeg følte at han flyttede sin familie over i militæret i stedet for at være her. Han talte rigtigt meget om det her fællesskab. Og det har han gjort for hver gang han har været udstationeret. Og havde meget brug for at debattere og snakke om, hvor vigtige de her tiltag i militæret er. Og hvor godt vi har det ... Husk lige hvor godt du har det. Nej siger jeg. Nu har jeg jo ikke været der ... Min verden er jo her! Han skulle hele tiden sammenligne med at være udstationeret. Livet gik jo videre herhjemme ...

NOT ME ANYMORE

Lyrics, music and arr. by Tine Louise Kortermund

*Just like that
everything went black
Memories all gone
Hated the colour of my uniform*

*Just like that
everything went black*

Can't eat

Can't sleep

Anxiety

*Not the one
I used to be*

*Just like that
everything went black*

SCENE 09

DAGBOG – CITAT # 3

Onsdag den 2. juli

Day 13 i Bridzar / Dagen derpå

*** 66 dage tilbage ***

Hansen gik på en IED på omkring 5 kg. Den tog begge hans ben. Jeg har prøvet at skrive en væg til væg besked til Hansen på hans FB. Det var rigtigt svært. Men jeg fik det da gjort. Jeg tror på at han nok skal klare den, han er en stærk person og han er fyldt med gejst. Den skal han nok finde igen.

Lejren er præget af en trykket stemning. Det er forståeligt nok – men der er også en god gang sort humor omkring os – Det er vores måde at takle hele denne situation på.

klokken er 23.45 her og dagen derpå ... vi bliver hentet af busser og kørt ud på landingsbanen for at være med til Ramp ceremonien, hvor vores kammerat skal ud på sin sidste rejse og hjem til sit sidste hvilested.

Der er ingen tvivl om at alt det her har bragt delingen mere sammen – vi passer meget på hinanden lige nu.

Vi har oplevet det vi skal. Nu skal vi bare færdiggøre vores mission og komme hjem alle sammen i god behold.

DIARY – QUOTE # 3

Wednesday the 2nd of July

Day 13 in Bridzar

*** 66 days left ***

Hansen stepped on a twelve-pound IED. It took off both his legs. I tried to write a message on his FB page. It was hard, but I did it. I'm pretty sure he'll make it. He's a strong guy with a lot of spirit. He'll pull through.

It's a quarter to midnight here ... they're going to pick us up in busses and drive us to the airfield to take part in the ramp ceremony sending our buddy home to her last resting place.

This has certainly brought us closer together – we have to watch out for each other now.

We have seen it all ...

Now we just have to finish this mission and get back home safely as a unit.



SCENE 10

MY WIFE'S BED

Lyrics by Kortermant & Ekman-Bekker. Music and arr. by Kortermant

I can't sleep in my wife's bed
can't touch her long beautiful hair
her strong mind on silk sheets
I miss intimacy
I miss spontaneity

I can never have it back
I'm bewitched with shame
I am not a man
I am not your man
I am not a man

Shameful you'll see me weak
helpless on the floor with
froth around my mouth
walls implodes and covers me in shame
I am not a man

PTSD – like carrying
30 kg on my back
a backpack I can never take off
it crushes me and drags me to the floor
it fills me with anger, fear and shame

When I get up - in the morning – (I'm wearing it)
When I eat my breakfast – (I am wearing it)
When I take the kids to school – (I'm wearing it)
When I am on the job – (I am wearing it)

War is 1000 miles away, but I brought it with me home
My backpack is filled with things you can not see

Every night I am bewitched
I wake up in a fight – like
in combat I grab for my magazine
PTSD is under my skin, it drags me away from my wife

SCENE 11

DAGBOG – CITAT # 4

Onsdag den 3. juli
Dag 13 i Bridzar

*** 65 dage tilbage ***

I morges da jeg lå i min seng, lød 2 knald så tæt på at støvet faldt ned fra loftet. Eksplosionerne var udenfor lejren ... Jeg tror ikke der er nogen som frygter at TB skyder på os, det er de lorte IED'er som vi alle er bekymret for.

Det er jo en stor leg af Jorden er giftig. Man kan jo fandeme ikke bevæge sig nogen steder uden at der er en risiko ... og risikoen er stor.

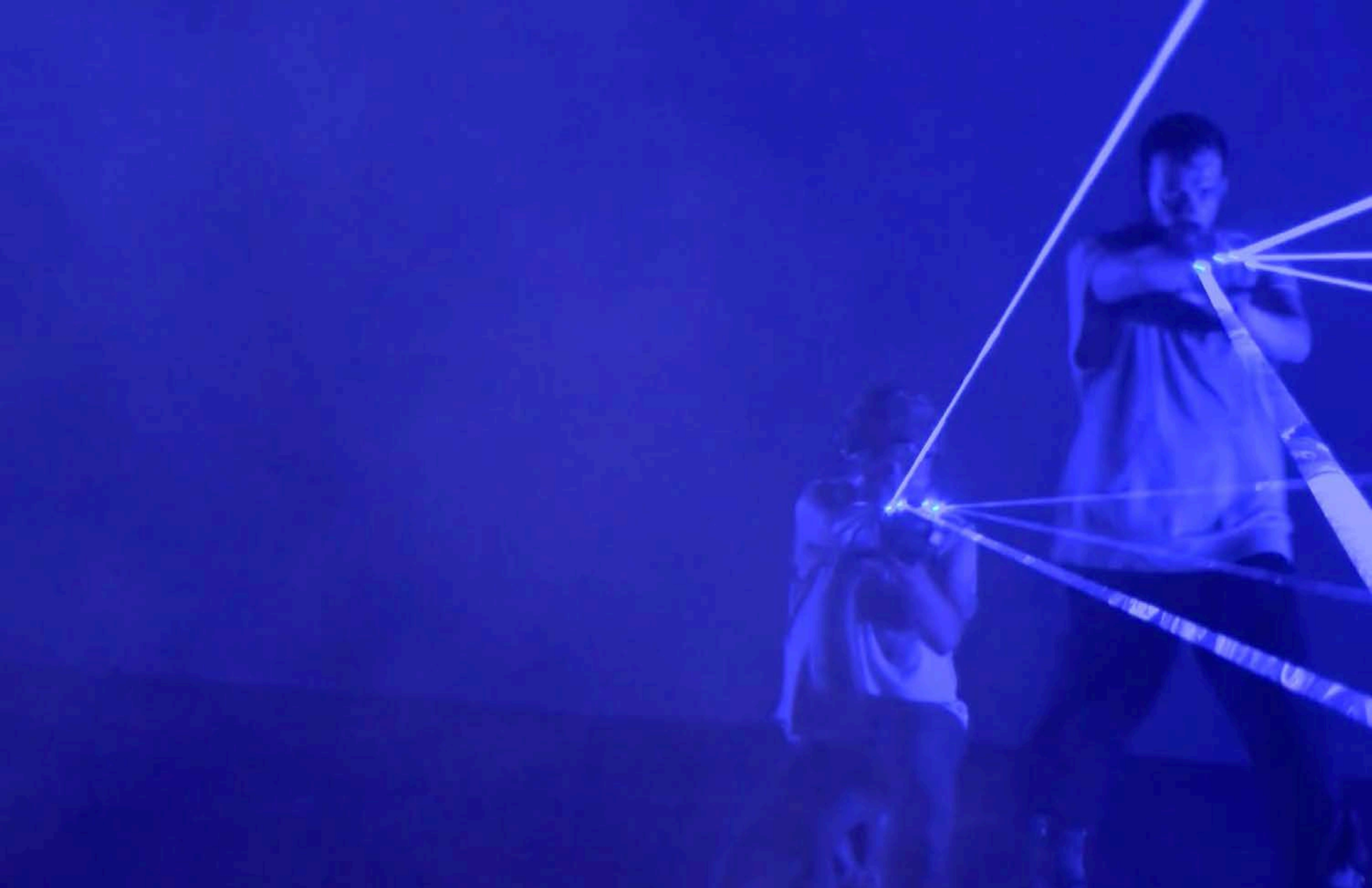
DIARY – QUOTE # 4

Wednesday the 3rd of July
Day 13 in Bridzar

*** 65 days left ***

This morning when I was lying on my cot, I heard two explosions so close by that dust fell from the ceiling. The explosions came from outside the camp ... I don't think any of us are afraid that the Taliban are going to shoot at us. What scares us are the fucking IED's.

It's like a huge game of "The Floor is Lava". You can't take a single step without worrying about them - and for good reason, too.



SCENE 12

WE ARE FOREVER CHANGED

Lyrics, music and arr. by Tine Louise Kortermund

My profound friend
Together we got strength
when you're asleep – I'm awake
I take good care of you

My profound friend
I've seen you
blown up to pieces
the horror that is out there

My profound friend
We tried our first big thing
Gives us strength but pushes us to the edge
Now we are forever changed

My extended arm
Never let go of the grip
You are my work tool, my last safeguard
My negotiation tactic

My profound friend
In our minds – we never leave this camp
in the end you're the only one I can trust
and now we are forever changed

Changed ...

SOLDATEN

Improvised explosive device

Usynlig linie

Vejsidebomber

Usynlig linie

*Den der accept at når man træder ud af den der port
så kan det være din sidste dag*

Improvised explosive device

Den begyndte at fylde mere og mere for mig ...

og så kan det være min sidste dag

så kan det være din sidste dag

Battle mind ...

SCENE 13

DAGBOG – CITAT # 5

Tilbage i Clifton. Dag 1

*** 23 dage tilbage ***

Vi har fået Viby, Højstrup og Jensen tilbage, de kom med forsyningslastbilen i går omkring 1800. Det var super fedt at være samlet igen, Vi fik rigtig hyggesnakket en masse og da vi skulle lægge os til at sove begyndte snakken igen – det var som at være på lejrskole med dem fra folkeren. Fuck det var fedt ... den aften glemmer jeg nok sent.

Så har mine shorts mistet sin glød. Jeg har måtte vaske dem efter at folk har opfordret mig til det – de var også ret klamme jeg har ikke vasket dem i over 3 mdr. Og her den sidste tid har de kunne stå selv. Så nu er den magiske glød væk.

Der var en hel kasse med små Citronmåner.
(Yes den fra Dancake. Den vi alle elsker og holder af)
Der er ikke nogen der ved hvem de er til. Så jeg skyndte mig at suge. Jeg spiste 2 ½ i går og der ligger en i min taske som jeg gemmer til en dag, hvor Citronmåner er det eneste der kan redde dagen, når man ikke har en Due i nærheden.

DIARY – QUOTE # 5

Back in Clifton. Day 1

*** 23 days left ***

Viby, Højstrup and Jensen are back. They came in with the supplies truck yesterday around 6 PM. It was great to be together again. We talked for a long time, and when we turned in, we began talking again – it was like being on a school trip when we were kids. It was so nice! I won't forget that evening for a long time.

... And my shorts have lost their glow. I finally had to wash them after people kept asking me to – I have to admit they were pretty gross. I hadn't washed them for three months. Lately they could stand on their own. Anyway, now the magic glow is gone.

There was a whole box full of small lemon cakes.
(Yes, the ones from Dancake that we all love!)
No one knows who they are for. So I just stuffed myself. I ate 2 ½ yesterday, and I have one in my bag. I'm saving it for a time when the only thing that can save the day is a lemon cake ... when Dove is far away.



SCENE 14

BRAND TOWER FALTERS

Lyrics, music and arr. by Tine Louise Kortermund

He is a man
He is his job
When he puts on his uniform
I look at him and think
my lovely man

But the price is too high
And everytime he takes off
he chooses his other family – the barrack life – above us

But the price is too high
And everytime he takes off
he leaves himself on the sidetrack – while we carry on with our own lives

If he died – my life would'nt really change
'cause I carry the family on my shoulders
But oh I would miss him so

If he died
my life would'nt really change
But oh I would miss him so
I would miss him so

Uhhh... uhhh
uhhh uhhh

Opposite me
I know he's proud of me

I'm only proud of him when he becomes a family man
I'm the one who needs to be capacious
'cause he can't give anything in return

So I take power at home
You got to stand up and fight
Brand tower falters
It is nuanced and complicated

If he died
my life would'nt really change
But oh I would miss him so
I would miss him so



SCENE 15
DAGBOG – CITAT # 5

Søndag den 8. august (in the air)
*** 7 ½ time til vi lander på dansk jord ***

Så fik vi den sørgmodige nyhed. I går kørte vores Søster kompagny på en IED. To er døde, 4-5 alvorligt såret og 4-5 medium såret. De havde kørt på "sikker" vej.

De var ligesom os. På vej hjem – de havde bare lige et par dage endnu og så skulle de vende snuden mod Bastion og dernæst hjem til Danmark.

DIARY – QUOTE # 5

Sunday the 8th of August (in the air)
*** 7 ½ hours before we land in Denmark ***

We just received the sad news. Yesterday our sister company drove over an IED. Two dead, four or five seriously injured and four or five moderately injured.

They were driving on a so-called "secure" road. They were on their way home just like us – they just had a couple of days left before driving back to Camp Bastion and then home to Denmark.

SCENE 16

LEAVES FALLING *Voicework by Taneli Törma & Arr. by Tine Louise Kortermant*



SCENE 17

AND I WALK

Lyrics and music: Tine Louise Kortermant

You are alone in the wild

Nobody will hear you
Nobody

and I walk
I walk
and I walk - into the wild

and I walk

just you and nature wild

SCENE 18

TRIGGERS *Music and arr. by Aku Raski*



SCENE 19

FROM PARADISE TO ASHES

Lyrics, music and arr. by Tine Louise Kortermund. Co-arr. Aku Raski

(triggers)

From Paradise to Ashes (to ashes)

tri tri tri ..

The change

triggers tri tri tri ..

Loud noises made me wrench in fear

(triggers triggers)

... it was just a car

(triggers triggers)

In the summer nights we couldn't grill

Because the smell is too intense of burnt flesh.

I started medicating myself with beers and sleeping pills

Slowly I became a zombie

And I started to yell

And wrench in fear ...

Even though it's just a door – slamming

I tried to start on a new
Court up in dark depression
Flashbacks and nightmares

All pillars of my life was overturned

My wife didn't understand
that I couldn't take over
after she's been alone for 1½ year

All I wanted was to be alone ...

I was resigned from my job
I got divorced
I couldn't pay the rent
The house got sold

I was hospitalized
Dark depression
I started to crimp
Nothing mattered anymore

Ahhh

SCENE 20

DAGBOG – CITAT # 7

Hvordan fortæller man historien om alt dette?

6 måneder i Afghanistan ...

Hvordan fortæller man nogensinde hele historien?

Jeg har set børn lege uden for Sangeren nede ved Baseline hvor det er farligt land for os – der legede de som om, at der intet var hændt, som om at krigen ikke var der – om det er uvidenhed eller uskyldighed er lige meget – de lever i deres egen trygge verden, hvor vi andre kæmper for at holde os i live længe nok til at komme hjem til vores kære igen.

Tanken om at komme hjem er gylden, tanken om at kunne stå op om morgenen i ro og mag tænde radioen og sætte noget kaffe over, nyde det ellers så stille liv i Danmark sammen med Duen. Hun er sgu så dejlig, hun gør mig så lykkelig og hun er grunden til at jeg kan komme igennem den sidste tid hernede i Afghanistan.

Den sandstorm vi havde for 2 dage siden valgte at tilsmudske mit nye maskingevær men sådan er gamet hernede. Camp Bastion er en stor sandkasse med vægge og telte i massevis. Det eneste du har hernede er din feltseng. Og det er det! Vi kommer til at lære hinanden at kende rigtigt godt.

Vores camp er måske 80.000 m2. Og efter sådan en dag, hvor vi har været ude og patruljere i 75 grader i solen og med fuld oppakning på ryggen, og i samme øjeblik vi træder ind bag muren igen, er det ligesom at komme hjem og sætte sig for at slappe af i sofaen ... men her nede er sofaen ørkensandet bag væggene i vores camp.

Det bliver godt at komme hjem og ikke skulle tænke på, at der er folk ude på den anden side af ens bolig, som ønsker at slå dig ihjel, ikke at skulle tænke på, hvor man kører eller træder, at man ikke behøver et våben hele tiden og at man ikke behøver at holde øje med hvert et hjørne ...

DIARY – QUOTE # 7

How can I tell this story?

Six months in Afghanistan...

How can I ever tell the whole story?

I've seen children playing outside Sangin down by the Baseline, which is dangerous country for us. They were playing as if nothing had happened, as if there wasn't a war going on.

It makes no difference if it is out of innocence or just not knowing what is going on – they live in their own safe world while the rest of us fight to keep alive long enough to return to our loved ones.

The thought of home is golden. The thought of waking up at my own pace, turning on the radio and brewing coffee, and just enjoying the quiet life in Denmark with Dove. She's so wonderful. She makes me so happy, and she's the reason I can make it through the last part of my mission here in Afghanistan.

The sandstorm two days ago dirtied my new gun, but that's just the way it is here. Camp Bastion is a great big sandpit with walls - and tents everywhere. All you have is your cot. That's all! We get to know each other pretty well.

Our camp is about 80.000 square yards.

And after a day patrolling in 160°F out in the sun with a full pack on your back – well, the minute you walk through the gate in those walls, it's like coming home and relaxing on the couch ... except down here the couch is the desert sand behind the walls of our camp.

I look forward to going home and not having to worry about people wanting to kill me, sneaking around outside the walls of my house ... not having to worry about where I step or drive, not having to carry a weapon, and not having to keep an eye on every corner...

SCENE 21

SAFE SONG

Lyrics, music and arr. by Tine Louise Kortermant

Just this night
I woke up blown to pieces
in a dark nightmare
so vivid it seemed for real

I went out
in the garden to smoke ...
I closed my eyes
and in just that second
I was back
in the camp
my safe harbour

On the night watch
just me alone in the darkness
The only one awake
me and the guards who have their turn
to take care of - all of us
surrounded by these high walls
our safe harbour

Slowly you get used to the danger
Its part of the conditions

Every Sunday I would call her at home
she would tell me the watertank broke ... in the house
And I couldn't care less

Cause we've been shot at - 3 days in a row
But of course I couldn't tell her that
So the picture I painted was a slight romantic

But if I told her the truth
I would have drowned her in a powerless situation
I felt obligated not to make her life miserable

So to heal my self I started writing this diary
It was a big pressure not being able to tell her
what really happened down here

... but its part of the conditions
and if you can't take that you cant be a soldier



SCENE 23

THE MAGIC DOOR

Lyrics, music and arr. by Tine Louise Kortermund

I prepare myself for the night
Snowflakes falling

Darkness covers the trees
Branches and resin scent

Darkness covers me
Lay down on my bed of resin scent

Darkness shields me from the modern world
No unpredictable man - can surprise me

Out here no modern man - can survive me
Back to basic
Back to simple life

Like an animal
I enter the world of sound and light discipline

Nature is the magic door
Nature is the magic door

Snowflakes falling like small lamps
Raw on my cold skin
The world is frozen

Snowflakes falling
I'm a mummy in a sleeping bag
And life continues
with or without me

Next season
dandelion seeds are flying
And life continues
with or without me

Rift in time

Nature is the magic door
Nature is the magic door



FROM BLACK TO BRILLIANT COLOURS *(Song for Land Art Object)*

Lyrics, music and arr. by Tine Louise Kortermant

Darkness

In the stillness of the night
At dusk the dew is heavy
Fresh forest melting

Just before the sun burst darkness
white light cracks the forest
Like a door that opens wide
and give colours to the world

mmhh ...
mmhh ...

From black to brilliant colours
a little green spot ...
and all of a sudden colours everywhere
a world appears, that didn't exist

a world appears, that didn't exist

Just until the sunbeam strikes me
Warmth ... And I forget that I froze - just a while ago

The sun moves the world
and starts up a big machine of sounds

And when the sun is low
and darkness falls
Slowly - one by one - the sounds disappears
The fox moves stealthily and disappears
The owl in the dead of night – one last voice

Everything that was, becomes nothing again
Everything that was – from brilliant colours to black

Darkness





STOR TAK

Forestillingen er skabt med udgangspunkt i interviews med 5 hjemvendte soldater og pårørende familiemedlemmer til soldater. Tusind tak fordi I alle ville give et indblik i jeres oplevelser og hverdagsliv.

Stor tak til korleder Yvonne Schouenborg og pigerne fra Odense Musikskoles Kor "Cantabile" samt pigerne fra Sønderjysk PigeKor, marchtrommepigen Anemone Skytte, violinpigen Victoria Havers. Vandkamp-drengene Asmus, Lucas, Tobias og Ludwig. John Kristensen medarrangør på Nature Wild Lullaby stryger-arrangement. Alskvartetten der spillede i Gråstenskov og blev filmet af Rico Feldfoss samt ass. Ludwig Feldfoss Kortermænd, Poul Dinsen for indtaling af dagbogscitater, Paul Banks for oversættelse af dagbogstekster, Claus Thyregod for hjælp med landart objekterne i parken, elever fra de 13 skoler som turde følge med under processen, Spejderne Mogens Hvidkjær Rasmussen, Anders Rasmussen, Jena og Niels Weber fra Sortebrøderne for bål og servering af varme drikke i Mosen, Hanne og Jørgen Feldfoss for syopgaver og diverse. Frivillige hjælpere Jette Pedersen og Jytte Jakobsen, vores 2 praktikanter Kati og Natalia, Camilla Hansen for at skære 'postkort' i rafter og brændemærke. Kristoffer Ovesen for teknisk support, En stor tak til min familie samt Nordic Performance Arts bestyrelse Camilla Haustrup Hermansen, Tyge Mortensen, Miriam Frandsen, Lars Seeberg og Mads Graves. Samt tak for gode råd undervejs af tidligere bestyrelsesmedlemmer Lene Burkard, Katrine Ring og Anneline Köhler Juul medopstarter af NPA. Tak for godt samarbejde med tidligere operachef Jesper Buhl og den nuværende bestyrelse for Den Fynske Opera og Karen Andersen/DEFINE festival.

Uden jeres alles deltagelse var denne forestilling ikke mulig.

STOR TAK TIL FONDENE

Statens Kunstfond
Bikubenfonden
Beckett-Fonden
Fra Gade til By
Dansk Komponist Forenings Produktionspulje og
KODA's Kulturelle Midler
Odense Kommune, By- og kulturforvaltningen
Sponsor: Public Intelligens

MEDVIRKENDE PÅ SCENEN

Kontratenor Daniel Carlsson (S)
Danser og koreograf Taneli Torma (FI)
Video- lyd- og performancekunstner Tine Louise Kortermænd (DK)

Desuden Alskvartetten (DK), Odense Musikskoles Kor Cantabile, Sønderjysk PigeKor, Anemone Skytte, Victoria Havers, Asmus, Lucas, Tobias og Ludwig, Poul Dinsen samt stemmer fra de 5 veteraner og pårørende familiemedlemmer til soldater.

PRODUCER

Nordic Performance Art
i samarbejde med Den Fynske Opera og DEFINE festival.

KOMPONISTER

Elektronmusiker Aku Raski (FI)
Lydkunstner & sangskriver Tine Louise Kortermænd (DK)

KOREOGRAF

Taneli Torma (FI)

KOREOGRAF KONSULENT & MEDINSTRUKTØR

Sofie Christensen (DK)

VIDEOSCENOGRAF, KUNSTNERISK LEDER & ISCENESÆTTER

Tine Louise Kortermænd (DK)

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PRESSE- OG DOKUMENTATIONSFOTOGRAF

Rico Feldfoss /Feldfoss Visual Media

GRAFIKER

Semi Seven Brylle

KONTOR OG BOGHOLDERI mm.

Jette Pedersen og Jytte Jakobsen

LIVE TRAILER: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=mUxVKsLz0PM>