

# TAZM Silence of Light



Dedicated to Dobrochna Ratajczakowa

The performance is based on  
Tahar Ben Jelloun's book  
*This Blinding Absence of Light*,  
which is a literary adaptation of an account by a person  
imprisoned for 18 years in the darkness of Tazmamart  
– a dungeon in Morocco.



Photographs Jakub Wittchen, 6 June 2012



Actors Maria Bohdziewicz (Tebebt)  
and Maciej Zakrzewski (Salim)

Directed by Grzegorz Ziółkowski

Text by Grzegorz Ziółkowski  
based on Tahar Ben Jelloun's book  
*This Blinding Absence of Light*  
Polish translation by Małgorzata Szczurek  
Karakter, Kraków 2008

Fragments of Albert Camus' *The Stranger*  
Polish translation by Maria Zenowicz-Brandys

Drama inspirations  
*Le nombre d'or* by Matila C. Ghyka  
*The Niche of Lights* by Al-Ġhazāli

Music fragments  
*The Remote Viewer* by Coil  
Henryk Górecki's *Quasi una fantasia*  
performed by Kronos Quartet





SILENCE (fragment)

When you go through an ordeal,  
the simplest things seem to be the peak of dreams...

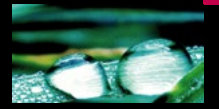
Silence! Silence... wraps me up...  
It falls on my shoulders like a gentle hand...

Silence...  
A mirror reflecting the soul.  
Silence – it never weighs me down.  
I become silence myself.  
My breath, heartbeat, inner nakedness...  
My mystery... Mystery.  
OF THE HEAD-A BULLET-IN THE BACK!

Silence.  
Quiet hours; absolutely indispensable.  
Silence in which our companions were leaving.  
Silence: a sign of grief.  
Silence of the slow motion of blood.  
Silence in which you could hear the movements of  
scorpions.  
Silence-oppression.



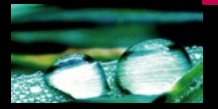






## NIGHT

Night  
will be my companion,  
world and cemetery.  
Night.  
A cover of frozen dust,  
a carpet of black trees.  
Night.  
A queen of suffering.  
It does not fall here – it is all the time.  
Night is not a night anymore,  
because stars, moon and sky do not exist here.  
Night – a well without a bottom, a tunnel bored in hope for a ray of light.  
Night – my body is made of it, and my breath, and heartbeat,  
and hands wandering on walls.  
Night – wet, blackened, dirty, sweaty, stinking with urine.  
Night. It arrives on a grey horse...  
Night! Accompanied by a pack of wild hounds.  
Night! It throws a heavy coat of wet sand on my face.  
Night! When I touch it I lose the skin of my fingertips.  
10, 10... From the night of 10 June 1971 I have no age.





## ASTROLABE

My garden is modest.  
Some orange trees,  
one or two lemon trees,  
in the centre a well with clean water,  
thick grass,  
a room where I can take a nap,  
when it is cold or it rains.

The room is empty,  
only a sleeping mat,  
a quilt and a pillow.

The walls are covered with blue plaster.  
When the daylight fades away, I light a candle and read.  
In the evening I eat vegetables from the garden;  
an old woman from a nearby village  
brings me bread every day at the same time.

I am a quiver,  
fire,  
word

FIRE-WORD.

I live in the thoughts which wound.

I am  
TRANS-  
-PARENCY!

