

37.
vilenica
mednarodni literarni festival
international literary festival



Kako daleč je
dom?
How far away is
home?

2022

37. Mednarodni literarni festival Vilenica /
37th Vilenica International Literary Festival

Vilenica 2022

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Založilo in izdalo / Issued and published by
Društvo slovenskih pisateljev / Slovene Writers' Association

Uredil / Edited by
Aleš Učakar

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Zbornik je izšel s finančno podporo Javne agencije za knjigo RS.
The almanac was published with the financial support of the Slovenian Book Agency

CIP - Kataložni zapis o publikaciji
Narodna in univerzitetna knjižnica, Ljubljana

821(4)-82

7.079:82(497.4Vilenica)“2022“(082)

VILENICA (festival) (37 ; 2022 ; Slovenija)

Kako daleč je dom? = How far away is home? :
37. mednarodni literarni festival Vilenica = [37th] Vilenica
International Literary Festival / [uredil Aleš Učakar]. –
Ljubljana : Društvo slovenskih pisateljev = Slovene Writers'
Association, 2022

ISBN 978-961-6995-88-7

COBISS.SI-ID 115822595

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Foto © Austra Aizpuriete

Amanda Aizpuriete

Latvijska pesnica, pisateljica in prevajalka Amanda Aizpuriete se je rodila 28. marca 1956 v Jūrmali. Študirala je jezikoslovje in filozofijo na Latvijski univerzi v Rigi in na Literarnem inštitutu Maksima Gorkega v Moskvi. Bila je radijska novinarka, urednica za poezijo pri reviji *Avots* in sodelavka revije *Karogs*. Vodila je tečaje na Literarni akademiji pri Zveze latvijskih pisateljev.

Poezijo in eseje je začela objavljati leta 1976, ko so v literarni reviji *Literatūra un Māksla* izšle njene prve pesmi. V latvijščino je prevedla poezijo Ane Ahmatove, Josifa Brodskega, Nikolaja Gumiljova, Uweja Kolbeja, Georga Trakla, Tarasa Ševčenka in drugih. Iz angleščine in nemščine je prevedla približno 30 knjig, med njimi romane *Let nad kukavičjim gnezdom* Kena Keseyja, *Orlando* Virginie Woolf, *Proces* Franza Kafke, *Klateži dharme* Jacka Kerouaca, *Veliki Gatsby* Francisa Scotta Fitzgeralda in *Sramota*

Johna Maxwella Coetzeeja. Poleg tega je sestavila in objavila več antologij latvijskih pesnikov.

Poezija Amande Aizpuriete je bila doslej objavljena v najmanj štirinajstih jezikih, med drugim v nemščini, angleščini, švedščini, finščini, litovščini in ruščini. Roman *Nočna plavalčka* je izšel v litovskem prevodu, v devetdesetih letih prejšnjega stoletja pa so v Nemčiji pri založbi Rowohlt izšle tri njene pesniške zbirke v prevodu Manfreda Petra Heina.

Leta 1999 je Amanda Aizpuriete prejela nagrado Horsta Bieneka za liriko, ki jo podeljuje Bavarska akademija lepih umetnosti. Leta 2000 je bila med trojico avtorjev, ki so zastopali Latvijo v mednarodnem projektu The Literary Express. Za izbor pesmi Ane Ahmatove (2003) je prejela književno nagrado za prevod poezije, za pesniško zbirko *Tam* literarno nagrado Ojārsa Vācietisa, za zbirko *Pred odhodom* pa nagrado Dzintarsa Sodumsa.

Nagrade in priznanja

- 1999 nagrada Horsta Bieneka za liriko
2000 nagrada dnevi poezije, za zbirko *Na obrobju Babilona*
2003 nagrada za najboljši prevod poezije, za zbirko pesmi Ane Ahmatove
2016 literarna nagrada Ojārsa Vācietisa, za zbirko *Tām*
2021 letna književna nagrada in nagrada Dzintarsa Sodumsa, za zbirko *Pred odhodom*

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Pēdējā vasara (Zadnje poletje). Riga: Preses Nans, 1995.
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Sārtu baložu bars (Jata rožnatih golobov [izbor ljubezenske poezije]). Riga: Jumava, 2003.
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Uwe Kolbe, *Bezmiega sastāvdaļas* (Sestavine za nespečnost). Riga: Nordik, 2000.

Ana Ahmatova, *Melnais gredzens* (Črni prstan). Riga: Atēna, 2003.

Ivan J. Franko, *Dzeja* (Poezija). Riga, LUBA, 2006.

Georg Trakl, *Sebastiāns sapnī* (Sebastijan v snu). Riga: Jaunā Daugava, 2006.

Josif Brodski, *Dzejas izlase* (Izbor poezije). Riga: Neputns, 2009.

Inta Ezergailis, *Melnās gailenes* (Črne lisičke). Riga: Atvērtās Krātuves, 2013.

Nikolaj Gumiljov, *Dzeja* (Poezija). Riga: Neputns, 2016.

V druge jezike prevedene knjige

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Lass mir das Meer. Reinbek: Rowohlt, 1996.

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Plaukotoja naktimis. Šauļi: Šauļu universitātes izdevniecība, 2009.

Die Untiefen des Verrats. Zürich: Ink Press, 2017.

Latvian poet, writer and translator Amanda Aizpuriete was born on March 28, 1956, in Jūrmala. She studied linguistics and philosophy at the University of Latvia in Riga and at the Maxim Gorky Literature Institute in Moscow. She was a radio journalist, poetry editor at *Avots* magazine, and a contributor to *Karogs* magazine. She has taught courses at the Literary Academy at the Latvian Writers' Association.

She began publishing poetry and essays in 1976, when her first poems were published in the literary magazine *Literatūra un Māksla*. She translated into Latvian the poetry of Anna Akhmatova, Joseph Brodsky, Nikolay Gumilyov, Uwe Kolbe, Georg Trakl, Taras Shevchenko and other authors. She has translated some 30 books from English and German, including Ken Kesey's novel *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, Virginia Woolf's *Orlando*, Franz Kafka's *The Trial*, Jack Kerouac's *The Dharma Bums*, Francis Scott Fitzgerald's *The Great Gatsby*, and John

Maxwell Coetzee's *Disgrace*. In addition, she has compiled and published several anthologies of Latvian poets.

Amanda Aizpuriete's poetry has been published in at least fourteen languages, including English, Finnish, German, Lithuanian, Russian, and Swedish. Her novel *The Night Swimmer* was published in Lithuanian translation, and in the 1990s three of her poetry collections, translated by Manfred Peter Hein, were published by Rowohlt publishing house in Germany.

In 1999 Amanda Aizpuriete received the Horst Bienek Prize for Poetry awarded by the Bavarian Academy of Fine Arts. In 2000, she was among the three authors representing Latvia in the international project the Literary Express. She received a literary prize for the translation of a selection of poetry by Anna Akhmatova (2003), the Ojārs Vācietis Literary Prize for her poetry collection *There*, and the Dzintars Sodums Prize for her collection *Before Leaving*.

Literary awards

- 1999 Horst Bienek Prize for Poetry
- 2000 Poetry Days' Prize Latvia for the poetry collection *The Outskirts of Babel*
- 2003 literary prize for best translation for the selection of Ana Akhmatova's poetry
- 2016 Ojārs Vācietis Literary Prize for the poetry collection *There*
- 2021 annual book prize and Dzintars Sodums Prize for the poetry collection *Before Leaving*

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- Pēdējā vasara* (The Last Summer). Riga: Preses Nams, 1995.
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Pesnica skupnega sveta

Aljoša Harlamov

Amanda Aizpuriete je latvijska pesnica, pisateljica, esejistka in prevajalka judovskih in romskih korenin. Pripada generaciji, ki je s poezijo nastopila sredi sedemdesetih let prejšnjega stoletja in se aktivno uprla dvojni morali latvijske oziroma sovjetske družbe. V svoji poeziji je odkrito in neprizanesljivo pisala o neprijetnih plateh takratnega življenja ter odpirala številne tabujske teme. Zlasti je razkrivala življenje žensk v pretežno patriarhalnem in družbeno težavnem okolju. Njeni motivi izhajajo večinoma iz življenjske konkretnosti, podob življenja na obalah njenega domačega mesta, pojavov, ki so samo na videz vsakdanji, običajni, saj po njenih besedah ne obstaja nič takega, kar bi lahko imenovali »vsakdanje«, »normalno«. Človeško življenje v njeni poeziji je polno nepričakovanih in kompleksnih položajev in čustev, pod površjem vsakdanjosti kataklizmično brbota in dneve naših življenj preseva skrivnostna luč ljubezni, poetičnega in smrti. Njen lirski jaz je tako nenehno pod pritiskom dvomov, strahov in brezupa, povezanim tudi z občutki ljubezenske prevaranosti, izgubljene intimne, osamljenosti in samosti.

Ta odnos do sveta se je še okrepil v devetdesetih letih, po razpadu Sovjetske zveze, osamosvojitvi Latvije in ekonomski krizi v baltških državah, ko je prejšnja vsakdanjost postala še trša, ko sta se literatura in umetnost v latvijski družbi morali umakniti skrbi za preživetje, četudi je literatura Amade Aizpuriete vztrajno pričala tudi o tej novi stvarnosti in jo pesniško občutljivo objokovala, in četudi je takrat, zlasti z dvema izboroma v nemščini, postajala kot pesnica tudi mednarodno prepoznavna. V novem stoletju je njena poezija pridobila nekoliko mehkejši ton elegične melanholičnosti, njen pesniški jezik je postal izrazito magičen, eksistencialno potenten, a hkrati krhek. Zbirka *Na obrobju Babilona* sopostavlja komunikacijske nesporazume med različnimi jeziki v razpadajočem, vse bolj postmodernem svetu, z nesporazumi med ljubimcema, ki govorita drug mimo drugega, vsak svoj jezik.

Zgodovina in intimni svet se v poeziji Amade Aizpuriete sicer ves čas prekrivata, sta v atonalnem sozvočju. Venio Taufer, ki je njene pesmi prvi prevedel v slovenščino, je zapisal: »V njeni izpovedno lakonski in precizno ubesedeni liriki se mešata resignacija in ironija

v trenutkih izostrene življenjske izkušnje.« Poezija, ki je spremljala tektonske premike sveta od sedemdesetih let do danes, ki je prestopila točko konca zgodovine, ni izrisovala zgolj avtoričine avtobiografije – tej interpretaciji se je tudi sama večkrat uprla: »Gre za naš skupni svet, ne le moj. Ne pišem o svojih izkušnjah, to so izkušnje nekoga drugega. Verjamem, da je večina pisateljev medijev. To pomeni, da ne morem povsem doreči, od kod kaj pride in kaj pomeni. Ne vem in tudi nočem vedeti.« In če poezija prihaja iz neznanega, iz prostora, ki presega en, pesničin jaz, je ustvarjanje poezije zanjo vedno znova točka odločitve: »Pisati ali ne pisati – to je vsa razlika.« In tej, samo na videz nepomembni odločitvi, odločitvi za pisanje, za poezijo, se pridružuje tudi žirija letošnjega festivala Vilenica. Odločitev za to, da veliko nagrado Vilenice podelimo Amandi Aizpuriete, je namreč vsekakor odločitev za moč poezije, njene poezije in njene- ga unikatnega pesniškega glasu.

Poet of a Common World

Aljoša Harlamov

Amanda Aizpuriete is a Latvian poet, writer, essayist, and translator of Jewish and Roma origins. She belongs to the generation which stepped in with its poetry in the mid-seventies and took an active stand against the double morality of the Latvian or Soviet society. Her poetry spoke openly and unsparingly about the unpleasant aspects of life as it was then and broached many taboo topics. Most of all, it revealed the lives of women in a largely patriarchal and socially difficult environment. The poet's motifs mainly spring from life's concreteness, from the pictures of life on the shores of her hometown, from events which are everyday and ordinary only on the surface because according to her there is nothing that could be called 'everyday' or 'normal'. Human life in her poetry is full of unexpected, complex situations and emotions: under the surface of mundanity there is a cataclysmic simmering of the mystic light of love, poetry, and death which irradiates our lives. Her lyric persona is thus constantly beset by doubts, fears, and hopelessness, which is connected with her feelings of deception in love relationships, loss of intimacy, loneliness, and solitude.

This attitude to the world was reinforced in the nineties after the collapse of the Soviet Union, Latvia's acquisition of independence, and the economic crisis in the Baltic states, when daily life grew even harsher and literature and art in Latvian society had to give way to the struggle for survival. The attitude was reinforced, even though Amanda Aizpuriete's literature staunchly bore witness to the new reality as well, lamenting it with her poet's sensitivity, and even though she was becoming an internationally well-known poet, especially after the publication of two selections from her poems in German. In our century her poetry acquired a somewhat softer tone of elegiac melancholy, while her poetry language became strikingly magical, existentially potent yet fragile. Her collection *Bābeles nomalē* (Outskirts of Babel) juxtaposes communication misunderstandings between different languages arising in a crumbling, increasingly postmodern world with the misunderstandings between two lovers who talk past each other, each in their own language.

Amanda Aizpuriete's poetry is steeped in a constant overlap of history and intimacy, which form an atonal harmony. According to Veno Taufer, the pioneer of translating her poems into Slovene, 'her laconic and precisely worded lyric poetry blends resignation and irony in the moments of sharpened life experience'. The poetry which has accompanied the world's tectonic shifts since the seventies, reaching beyond the end of history, has not outlined merely the author's autobiography—indeed, this interpretation has more than once been rejected by the author herself: "What is important is our common world, not mine alone. I do not write about my own experiences; those are the experiences of someone else. I believe that most writers are mediums. That means that I cannot fully determine where something comes from or what it means. I don't know and I don't want to know either." And if poetry comes from the unknown, from a space which transcends a single ego—the author's—she experiences in the creation of poetry, time and again, a moment of decision: "To write or not to write—that is the only difference." In this seemingly trivial decision, the decision for writing, for poetry, she is joined by the jury of this year's Vilenica Festival. The decision to confer the Vilenica International Literary Prize on Amanda Aizpuriete is certainly a decision in favour of the power of poetry, her poetry, and her unique poetic voice.

Translated by Nada Grošelj

Esmu līdzīga savai mazmazmazmeitai.
Tāpat kā viņai man patīk
valkāt melnas kleitas,
skatīties vecas filmas
un staigāt basām – tais retajo ceļos,
kur to vēl var.
Neko daudz jau par viņu es nezinu.
Laika rūts nosūbējusi no abām pusēm.
Tāpat kā es, viņa nebaidās tumsas
un nemāk izskatīties laimīga.
Valodu, kurā viņa runā, es nedziordu
vai arī nesaprotu.
Kurš teica, ka šorīt man savādas acis?
Esmu vecs, nespodrs spogulis,
kurā šorīt ilgi skatījās mana mazmazmazmeita.

Tas laikam būtu vislabāk – nelikties zinis
par tipogrāfijām, nemaz nelaist klār vārdiem
tos svinīgi melnos un vienādos burtus,
lai paliek viss mana rokraksta līknēs – nevienādās un sraustītās kā
mūžs.

Vislabāk no aprakstītajām lapām
izlocīt kuģišus putnus un taureņus,
palaist gaisā, pa vējam,
ugunī, ūdenī.

Vēlāk tie bijīgi pieskarsies zemei
vai nu kā pelni, vai slapja papīra driskas,
vai taureņi noguruši. No zemes
izaugs puķe ar četrām ziedlapām mēnešainām –
mana skaistākā četrinde. Ziedputekšņi
lidos pa vējam un meklēs sev jaunu augsni,
un cilvēki elpos svešādi smaržaino gaisu.

Un mūžā pavisam citā
manus plecus reiz apskaus par mīloto kļuvušais dzejolis,
kuru es sen būšu aizmirsusi.

Okei, man nav pašai
jārok sev kaps.
Paveicies piedzimt rāmākā zonā.
Dīkstu sacerēt tumšas teiksmas
par saviem čigānu, žīdu un rēgu senčiem,
un man neurbjas pakausī stobrs.
Bet tie skatieni – kā tie urbjas,
kā tie vārdu akmeņi lido...
Atnāk pie sliekšņa dzeltena zvaigznīte,
saka: „Mani no debesīm izstūma.
Drīkst, es būšu tavs majas gariņš?”
Tādas nu ir mūsu mierīgās mājas –
 kaut kas vidējs starp kapu un debesīm.

Lai tālu peldētu, jūra jau bija par aukstu.
Nakts gaiss no atmiņām pae vasaru vēl silts un skaļš.
Sāļa zvaigzne drebēja man plaukstās,
līdz aizsūcās uz vilni atpakaļ.

Sasildi man rokas. Zinu, ka silta mums māja.
Sasildi man rokas. Nē, nekādu zīmi zvaigzne tajās neatstāja.
Tikai pārāk ilgi skatījos, kā viņa plaukstās viz.
Tas viss. Varbūt – ne gluži viss.

Lai tālu peldētu, ūdens bija par aukstu.
Es aizpeldēju tālu.

Kurp tevi vest? Varbūt uz Kāpu ielu?

Ir tāda iela – tuvu manām mājām,
vēl tuvāk jūrai. Nemanāmi sākas
un negaidīti beidzas.

Maz gājēju, daudz ēnu. Abpus dārzi,
un vienā – violetu tulpju straume.

Tās audzē pārdošanai, bet pirms tirgus
nāk svētku brīdis dīkam vērotājam.

Tāds pusplaucis un puszagts prieks
ir dzejas vērts.

ir tādi rīti
kad pasaule kā neiepazīta autora dzejoļu grāmata
atšķir lapu uz labu laimi
izlasi veltījumu vai spriedumu sev

ir tādas dienas
kad pasaule atsakā sarunāties
aizej mēmuma tuneļos
kurluma barakās

ir tādi skanīgi vakari
kad aizloga vējš
un ātrās palīdzības auto sirēnas
spēlē meldiņu no senas zaļumballes
vari izvēlēties
dejojot tā ritmā
vai gaudot

ir tādas naktis
kurām nekad nebūtu vajadzējis notikt

tulkojumā nepazudīšu
divu iemeslu dēļ:
izmisuma intonācija visās valodās spiedz daudz maz vienādi
mūža atvadu glāsts atrodas neitrālā teritorijā
kur tulkot nav pieņemts

ko nepateicu
tam vairs nav nozīmes
ko neizglāstīju
tas iekusīs lidlauka asfaltā
vai tavās tālajās plaukstās
uz mūžu vai pāris stundām
tavs izmisums nekļūšu
nepazudīšu nedz tulkojumā
nedz turpinājumā

ilgojos pēc tās pilsētiņas
kur cilvēki neaizslēdz durvis
kur nav zagļu un sazagtu bagātību
un televīzija naktīs translē vecās labās komēdijas
pēc dārza ballītēm ilgojos
pēc negaidīti sarīkotiem karnevāliem
kuros neviens neslēpj savu patieso seju
tā vienkāršā iemesla dēļ
ka citas sejas nav

pagānisks mežrožu krūms baznīcas dārzā vēro
kā starp zvaigznēm rūnu zīmes dejo ar gregoriāņu korāļu notīm
ērķšķainas lietoslāses pil uz rokām dārzniekam
kurš apstājies noglāstīt savu mīļoto krūmu
dārza miklajās dobēs atsedzas senas kapvietas
arī tur dancā druīdi ar bīskapiem
tāda liksma un labestīga nakts

gar dārza žogu velkas ubadze
dārznieks iemet viņas pastieptajā plaukstā
sauju zemes ar zvaigzni pa virsu

piedzimu kaut kur pa ceļam
starp ticībām un ideoloģijām
starp absolūtu noliegšanu un skatienu augšup
vajadzētu vaicāt
kāpēc vispār piedzimu?
vajadzētu vaicāt
kāpēc man tik grūti
citas esības priekšā nomesties ceļos
vai izslieties pielūgšanā?
vajadzētu vaicāt
kāpēc es vienīgā
pa šo šķērsielu
aiziešu?

krucifikss pie sienas blakus aizpagājušā gada kalendāram
uz galda saplīsusi smilšu pulksteņa stikla čaula
smilšu graudiņus aizpūtis nomaldījies vējš
pāri noputējušajiem datora klaviatūras taustiņiem sīku pēdiņu
virkne
tarakāns aizrāpojis vai muša
vai gads
kuram pietrūcis sava kalendāra
krustāsistā skatiens caur aizvērtiem plakstiem
caur putekļiem piepilda telpu
kā neizbeidzamais laiks

plenči un palaistuves
mēs
vismaz mīlam cits citu
mūs vieno naivais priekšstats par citurieni
kur būsīm citi
bet mīlestība turpināsies

sniegs nāk piedot grēkus

pēc tikdaudz mūža gadiem naktī sniegs
joprojām balts kā beznosacījuma mīlestība
joprojām grēkus piedodošs
pat nejautājot
kas tie bij par grēkiem
pēc tikdaudz mūža gadiem
sniegs nakti padara par svētnīcu
un kļūst par ceļu

...

atveru logu
lai sniegpārslas ielido
cauri mūža restēm
viņas lido un smejas kā bērni

...

negaidītā pavasara sniega gaisma
tik spoža
ka jānotic:
visi mirušie var augšāmcelties no savām nāvēm
aiziet no atmiņām un fotogrāfijām
no dzejoļiem un dziesmām
kas mierinājušas un sāpinājušas palicējus
varbūt tāpēc tik ilgi aizkavējos
lai beidzot saprastu:
paviršības skarbajos smieklos
vai vienaldzības smīnā
slēpties viegli
tāpat kā bezcerībā ierakties
daudz grūtāk iemācīties
zaudēt un piedot

negaisa naktī
mans draugs uzlika plati ar berlioza rekviēmu
stāvēja pie vaļējā loga
diriģēja zibeņus
lietus šaltis uztvēra ritmu
zibeņi piekrita uz brīdi kļūt skumji

pilnmēness naktīs vecās raganas pārvēršas senajās līgavās
pilnmēness naktīs asinis dobjāk pulsē
pilsētas liepas un kāpu priedes runājas ar debesīm
meža biezoknī egles runājas ar vilku un vilkaču gariem

caur tenku miglu
caur baumu ērkšķiem
ej žiglāk
žiglāk
akmenī vērties
kad akmens kļūsi
vairs nesāpēs
mēs tevi gaidām
akmeņi mēs

Podobna sem svoji prapranukinji.
Tako kot ona tudi jaz rada
nosim črne obleke,
gledam stare filme
in hodim bosa – po tistih redkih cestah,
kjer je to še mogoče.
O njej ne vem veliko.
Steklo časa je na obeh straneh prekrito s prahom.
Tudi ona se tako kot jaz ne boji teme
in ne zna biti srečna na pogled.
Jezika, ki ga govori, ne slišim
ali ne razumem.
Kdo pravi, da imam danes čudne oči?
Sem staro, motno ogledalo,
moja prapranukinja se je davi dolgo gledala v njem.

Še najbolje bi bilo, da bi se požvižgala na tiskarne
in moje besede ne bi bile več dostopne
v teh veličastnih, enakomernih črnih črkah,
vse bi ostalo v krivuljah moje pisave – neravne in nagubane kot
življenje.

Strani, popisane s pisavo, bi bilo najbolje
zložiti v ladjice, ptice in metulje,
nato pa jih vreči v zrak, v veter,
v ogenj, v vodo.

Spoštljivo se bodo dotaknile tal
v obliki pepela ali mokrih ostankov papirja
ali kot utrujeni metulji. Iz zemlje
bo zrasla roža s štirimi srpastimi cvetnimi listi –
moja najlepša štirivrstičnica. V vetru ujet
cvetni prah bo poletel in poiskal nova tla
in ljudje bodo vdihavali nenavadno dišeč zrak.

In v čisto drugem življenju
me bo čez rame objela pesem, spremenjena v ljubimca,
pesem, ki jo bom že zdavnaj pozabila.

Iz zbirke *Naslednji avtobus* (1990)

Okej, zase mi že ne bo treba
skopati groba.
Na srečo sem se rodila v mirnejših krajih.
Pisati smem temačne zgodbe
o svojih ciganskih, židovskih in pošastnih prednikih,
ob čelo mi nihče ne pritiska cevi pištole.
Toda ti pogledi – kako vrtajo vame,
kakšne kamnite besede letijo iz njih ...
Rumena zvezda prileti na prag
in pravi: »Izrinili so me iz nebes.
Ali smem postati tvoj hišni duh?«
Taki so zdaj naši mirni domovi:
nekje med grobom in nebom.

Iz zbirke *Zadnje poletje* (1995)

Morje je bilo prehladno, da bi plavala daleč.
Nočni zrak s spomini na poletje je še vedno topel in glasen.
Solnata zvezda mi je drhtela v dlaneh,
dokler je ni nazaj posrkal val.

Pogrej mi roke. Vem, da je najina hiša topla.
Pogrej mi roke. Ne, zvezda na njih ni pustila sledi.
Le predolgo sem gledala, kako se blešči v mojih dlaneh.
To je vse – morda ne čisto vse.

Voda je bila prehladna, da bi plavala daleč.
Odplavala sem daleč.

Kam naj te odpeljem? Morda na Ulico vnebovzetja?

Obstaja namreč taka ulica, blizu mojega doma

in še bliže morja. Neopazno se začne

in nepričakovano konča.

Malo mimoidočih, veliko senc. Na obeh straneh vrtovi,

na enem od njih nešteto vijoličastih tulipanov.

Gojijo jih za prodajo, toda preden gredo na trg,

predstavljajo trenutek veselja za nedejavnega opazovalca.

Takšno napol cvetoče in napol ukradeno veselje

je vredno poezije.

Iz zbirke *Ulice sipin* (1986)

so jutra
ko je svet podoben knjigi neznanega pesnika
odpreš jo na naključni strani
in prebereš sebi namenjeno posvetilo ali obsodbo

so dnevi
ko se svet noče pogovarjati
ti pa izgineš v predore nemosti
v barake gluhote

so hrupni večeri
ko piha veter
in sirene reševalnih vozil
igrajo melodijo s stare vaške veselice
lahko se odločiš
in zaplešeš v tem ritmu
ali pa tuliš

so noči
ki se ne bi smele nikoli zgoditi

v prevodu se ne bom izgubila
iz dveh razlogov:
intonacija obupa v vseh jezikih zveni enako
poslovilni objemi potekajo na nevtralnem ozemlju
kjer je prevajanje prepovedano

česar nisem povedala
ni več pomembno
kogar nisem objela
se bo stopil v asfaltni prah
ali v tvoje oddaljene dlani
za vse življenje ali za nekaj ur
ne bom postala tvoj obup
ne bom se izgubila ne v prevodu
ne v njegovem nadaljevanju

pogrešam tisto mestece
kjer ljudje ne zaklepajo vrat
kjer ni ne tatov ne nakradenega bogastva
kjer po televiziji ob večerih predvajajo stare dobre komedije
pogrešam vrtne zabave
spontane karnevale
kjer nihče ne skriva svojega pravega obraza
iz preprostega razloga
ker drugega obraza nima

poganski šipkov grm na cerkvenem vrtu opazuje
runske znake ki med zvezdami plešejo z notami gregorijanskega korala
trnove dežne kaplje padajo na vrtnarjeve roke
ki se je ustavil da bi pobožal svoj ljubljeni grm
v vlažnih vrtnih gredicah se razkrivajo stari grobovi
tam plešejo tudi druidi in škofje
tako vesela in dobrosrčna je ta noč

ob vrtni ograji se pomika beračica
vrtnar v njeno iztegnjeno dlan vrže
prgišče prsti z zvezdo na vrhu

rodila sem se nekje na poti
med verstvi in ideologijami
med popolnim zanikanjem in pogledom navzgor
vprašati bi se morala
zakaj sem se sploh rodila
vprašati bi se morala
zakaj mi je tako težko
poklekniti pred drugim bitjem
ali vstati njemu na čast
vprašati bi se morala
zakaj sem edina
ki bo zavila v to
stransko uličico

križ na steni poleg predlanskega koledarja
razbita buča peščene ure na mizi
zrnca peska ki jih raznaša veter
niz drobnih odtisov stopal na umazanih tipkah računalniške
tipkovnice
ščurek ki se je splazil čeznjo ali muha
ali leto
ki je zamudilo svoj koledar
pogled križanega skozi zaprte oči
napolnjuje zaprašeni prostor
kot čas brez konca

pijanci in kurbe
vsaj
ljubimo drug drugega
združuje nas naivna predstava o drugem kraju
kjer bomo drugačni
a ljubezen se bo nadaljevala

sneg prihaja odpuščat grehe

po toliko letih življenja je sneg ponoči
še vedno bel kot brezpogojna ljubezen
še vedno odpušča grehe
ne da bi sploh vprašal
kakšni so bili ti grehi
po toliko letih življenja
sneg spremeni noč v svetišče
in postane pot

...

odprem okno
in spustim snežinke da priletijo
skozi rešetke življenja
letijo in se smejiijo kakor otroci

...

nepričakovana svetloba spomladanskega snega
tako bleščeča
da kratko malo moraš verjeti:
vsi mrtvi lahko vstanejo od mrtvih
odidejo iz spominov in fotografij
iz pesmi in napevov
ki so žalostili in tolažili tiste za njimi
morda sem zato tako dolgo odlašala
da bi končno razumela:
v grenkem smehu plitkosti
ali v smogu brezbriznosti
se je enostavno skriti
tako enostavno kot se je zakopati v brezup
veliko teže se je naučiti
izgubiti in odpustiti

v nevihtni noči
je moj prijatelj spustil ploščo z berliozovim rekviemom
stal je ob odprtem oknu
in dirigiral strelam
naliv se je začel vrteti v ritmu
strele so se strinjale da se bodo za hip prepustile žalosti

ob polni luni se stare čaravnice spremenijo v starodavne neveste
ob polni luni kri močnejše utripa
lipe in borovci se na sipinah pogovarjajo z nebom
globoko v gozdu se smreke pogovarjajo z duhovi volkov in volkodlaki

skozi meglico govoric
skozi trnje klevet
pojdi hitreje
vse hitreje
da se spremeniš v kamen
ko postaneš kamen
te ne bo več bolelo
čakamo nate
kamni smo

Iz zbirke *Pred odhodom* (2020)

Prevedel Klemen Pisk

I resemble my greatgreatgreatgranddaughter.
Just like her, I like to
wear black dresses,
watch old movies
and walk barefoot—on those few roads
where it is still possible.
I do not know very much about her.
The glass of time is covered with dust on both sides,
yet some semblance can be discerned:
just like me, she is not afraid of the dark
and does not know how to look happy.
The language she speaks I cannot hear
or don't understand.
Who said I had a strange look in my eyes?
I am an old and smoky mirror
into which my greatgreatgreatgranddaughter
looked for a very long time this morning.

That probably would be best—not to care
about print shops, not to allow access to my words
to those solemn and symmetrical letters—
to leave it all in the curves of my handwriting,
jerky and uneven like life.
It would be best to take the pages covered with writing
and fold them into ships, birds and butterflies,
then throw them up in the air, into the wind
fire, water.
Later they will reverentially touch the earth
in the form of ashes or wet scraps of paper,
or tired butterflies. The earth
will sprout a flower with four crescent shaped petals—
my most beautiful, quatrain. Pollen
caught in the wind will fly searching for a new soil,
and people will inhale the strangely fragrant air...
And in a different life
a poem turned lover will embrace me, a poem
I will have long since forgotten.

Translated by Ieva Lešinska

Ok, I don't have to dig my own
grave. Have accomplished being born
in a more peaceful zone.
Am allowed to compose dark tales
about my Gypsy, Jewish and phantom ancestors
and no gun barrel digs into my forehead.
But those looks—how they bore,
how those stony words fly...
A yellow star arrives at the threshold
and says: 'I was pushed out of heaven.
May I be your household spirit?'
Such are our peaceful homes now:
somewhere between the grave and sky.

To swim far, the sea was too cold.
Night air with memories of summer still warm and loud,
a salt star trembled in my palms,
until it was absorbed back into the wave.
Warm my hands. I know our house is warm.
Warm my hands.
No, the star left no mark on them.
I only looked too long at how it shimmered in my palms.
That's all—maybe—not really all.
To swim far, the water was too cold.
I swam far.

Where to carry you? Maybe to Ascension Street?
There is such a street—near my home,
still closer to the sea. Begins imperceptibly
and ends unexpectedly.
Few passers-by, many shadows. On both sides, gardens,
and in one—a torrent of violet tulips.
They're grown to sell, but before market
provide a sacred moment for the idle onlooker.
Such half-blossoming and half-stolen joy
is the worth of poetry.

Translated by Inara Cedrins

there are mornings
when the world is like a book by an unfamiliar author
you open it up to a random page
you read a dedication or verdict to yourself

there are days
when the world refuses to speak
you disappear into tunnels of muteness
barracks of deafness

there are sonorous evenings
when the wind outside your window
and the ambulance sirens
play a melody from an old village dance party
you can choose
to dance in that rhythm
or howl

there are nights
that should have never happened

I won't get lost in translation
for two reasons:
the shrieking pitch of despair is more or less the same in all
languages
the caress of a final farewell is located in neutral territory
where translation is frowned upon

what I didn't say
doesn't matter anymore
what I didn't caress
will melt into the runway asphalt
or your distant palms
for a few hours or an eternity
I won't become your despair
I won't lost in translation
or its continuation

I miss that small town
where people don't lock their doors
where there aren't thieves and stolen riches
and on television they show good old comedies at night
I miss garden parties
spur-of-the-moment carnivals
when no one hides their true face
for one simple reason:
they don't have another one

the pagan rugosa rosebush in the church garden observes
how the runic characters dance among the stars with the Gregorian
chant notes

thorny raindrops trickle down the gardener's hands
who has stopped to caress his favorite bush
old graves reveal themselves in the garden's damp beds
it is also there that druids dance with bishops
such a joyous and generous night

a beggar woman drags herself along the wattle fence
in her outstretched hand the gardener throws
a handful of earth with a star on top

I was born somewhere along the way
between beliefs and ideologies
between absolute denial and a gaze upward
I should have asked
why was I born at all?
I should have asked
why is it so hard for me
to kneel before another being
or stand up for worship?
I should have asked
why am I the only one
that will leave down
this side-street?

a crucifix on the wall next to the calendar that's a couple of years old
the cracked glass shell of a sand dial on the table
the grains of sand blown away by an errant wind
a line of tiny footsteps over the dusty keys of the computer's
keyboard
a cockroach crawled there or a fly
or a year
missing its calendar
the look of the crucified fills the space
through closed eyelids through dust
like endless time

drunkards and whores
at least
we love one another
we are unified by the naïve notion of another place
where we will be different
but love will continue

The Snow Comes to Forgive Sins

after so many years of life the snow at night
is still white like unconditional love
still forgiving sins
without ever asking
what sins they were
after so many years of life
the snow turns the night into a temple
and becomes a path

...

I open up the window
so the snowflakes can fly in
through life's bars
they fly and laugh like children

...

a light of unexpected spring snow
is so luminous
that you have to believe:
all the departed can be resurrected from the dead
leave memories and photographs
poems and songs
which have pained and consoled those left behind
perhaps that's why I was so late
so I could finally understand:
it's easy to hide
in the bitter laughter of shallowness
or the smirk of indifference
just like it's easy to bury yourself in hopelessness
it's harder to learn
lose and forgive

on a stormy night
my friend put on a record with berlioz's requiem
he stood at the open window
conducting the lightning
the rain showers picked up on the rhythm
the lightning conceded to be sad for a moment

during the full moon old witches turn into ancient brides
during the full moon blood pulses more deeply
the city's lindens and dune pines speak with the heavens
the spruces in the depths of the forest speak with the spirits of
wolves and werewolves

through the fog of gossip
through the thorns of rumor
go quicker
quicker
to turn into stone
when you turn to stone
it won't hurt anymore
we are waiting for you
we are stones

Translated by Jayde Will

**Slovenski avtor
v središču 2022**

***Slovenian Author
in Focus 2022***



Foto © Matic Bajželj

Andrej Blatnik

Andrej Blatnik se je rodil 22. maja 1963 na Kodeljevem v Ljubljani. Po študiju primerjalne književnosti in sociologije kulture je magistriral iz ameriške književnosti in doktoriral iz komunikologije. Leta 1985 je začel delovati kot knjižni urednik, zadnji dve desetletji pa je tudi univerzitetni predavatelj za področje založništva.

Objavil je pet romanov, šest knjig kratkih zgodb, pet knjig kulturnih študij in učbenik *Pisanje kratke zgodbe* (2010), ki je bil dvakrat ponatisnjen ter objavljen tudi na Hrvaškem in v Makedoniji. Iz angleščine je prevedel več knjig, med njimi romana Sylvie Plath *Stekleni zvon* in Paula Bowlesa *Zavetje neba*.

Njegove zgodbe so prevedene v več kot 40 jezikov in objavljene v literarnih revijah in antologijah, kot sta *Best European Fiction 2010* (Dalkey Archive Press, 2010) in *Short: An Internatio-*

nal Anthology of Five Centuries of Short Short Stories (Persea Books, 2014). V tujini mu je doslej v prevodu izšlo prek 35 knjig v štirinajstih jezikih. V *The Columbia Literary History of Eastern Europe Since 1954* (Columbia University Press, 2008) je Harold B. Segel napisal, da je Blatnik »gonilna sila sodobne slovenske literature«.

Andrej Blatnik je nastopil na številnih svetovnih literarnih festivalih, kot so PEN World Voices (New York City), Toronto International Festival of Authors, Jaipur Literary Festival, Cosmopolis (Barcelona). Bil je udeleženec mednarodnega pisateljskega programa University of Iowa, Iowa City, ZDA, leta 1993, in gostujoči pisatelj na Old Dominion University, Norfolk, Virginia, ZDA, leta 1995. Prejel je več štipendij, med njimi Fulbrightovo. Več o njem na www.andrejblatnik.com.

Izbrane nagrade in priznanja

- 1984 zlata ptica za *Šopki za Adama venijo*
1991 Župančičeva nagrada za *Menjave kož*
1996 prva nagrada natečaja radia Slovenija za kratko zgodbo »Površje«
2002 nagrada Prešernovega sklada za *Zakon želje*
2006 nominacija za Rožančevo nagrado za *Neonske pečate*
2009 nominacija za kresnika za *Spremeni me*
2016 nagrada jugra (Rusija) za najboljšo prevedeno slovansko knjigo kratke proze za *Saj razumeš?*
2019 nominacija za nagrado novo mesto za *Ugrize*
2021 nominacija za Cankarjevo nagrado za *Luknje*

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V druge jezike prevedene knjige

Menjave kož (1990)

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- v angleščini *Skinswaps* (Chicago: Northwestern University Press, 1998)
- v hrvaščini *Promjene koža* (Zagreb: Durieux, 1998)
- v madžarščini *Bőr* (Budimpešta: Jak, 2002)
- v češčini *Proměny kůže* (Olomuc: Periplum, 2002)
- v nemščini *Der Tag, an dem Tito starb* (Dunaj: Folio, 2005)
- v turščini *Deri değışimi* (Istanbul: Pupa Yayınları, 2008)

Labirinti iz papirja (1994)

- v hrvaščini *Papirnat labirinti* (Zagreb: Hena-Com, 2001)

Tao ljubezni (1996)

- v hrvaščini *Tao ljubavi* (Zagreb: Meandar, 1998)
- v slovaščini *Tao lasky* (Bratislava: F. R. & G., 2000)

Zakon želje (2000)

- v nemščini *Das Gesetz der Leere* (Dunaj: Folio, 2001)
- v hrvaščini *Zakon želje* (Zagreb: Meandar, 2002)
- v češčini *Zákon touhy* (Olomuc: Periplum, 2004)
- v francoščini *La loi du desir* (Pariz: AlterEdit, 2005)
- v makedonščini Законот на желбата (Skopje: Magor, 2005)
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- v španščini *La ley del deseo* (Tegueste: Baile del sol, 2010)
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- v nemščini *Ändere mich* (Dunaj: Folio, 2009)
- v hrvaščini *Promijeni me* (Zagreb: Novi Liber, 2010)
- v italijanščini *Cambiami* (Rim: Atmosphere Libri, 2014)
- v makedonščini Измени ме (Skopje: Matica makedonska, 2015)
- v srbsščini *Promeni me* (Beograd: Geopoetika, 2019)
- v angleščini *Change Me* (McLean, Dublin: Dalkey Archive Press, 2019)

Saj razumeš? (2009)

- v angleščini *You Do Understand* (McLean, Dublin: Dalkey Archive Press, 2010)
- v hrvaščini *Razumiješ, ne?* (Zagreb: Cekape, 2012)
- v makedonščini Разбираш, нели? (Skopje: Euro-Balkan, 2013)
- v ruščini Ты ведь понимаешь? (Moskva: Rudomino/Lingvistika, 2015)
- v italijanščini *Capisci, vero?* (Rim: Atmosphere Libri, 2015)
- v turščini *Anlıyorsun değil mi?* (Istanbul: Dedalus Kitap, 2016)
- v srbsščini *Kapiraš?* (Beograd: Geopoetika, 2017)
- v orijsščini *Tume bi jana* (Bhubaneswar: Dhauri Books, 2019)

Pisanje kratke zgodbe (2010)

v hrvaščini *Pisanje kratke priče* (Zagreb: Sekape, 2011)

v makedonščini Пишување кратки раскази (Skopje: Ikona, 2015)

Ugrizi (2018)

v srbsčini *Ugrizi* (Beograd: Geopoetika, 2021)

v makedonščini Угризи (Skopje: Artkonekt, 2022)

Luknje (2020)

v makedonščini pravice prodane založbi Magor, Skopje

Andrej Blatnik was born on May 22, 1963, in Ljubljana. He studied Comparative Literature and Sociology of Culture and received his PhD in Communication Studies. He is a Professor of Publishing Studies at the University of Ljubljana and edits the book series of 'modern classics' at one of the main Slovenian publishing houses.

He has published five novels, six collections of short stories, five books of cultural studies and a 'how-to' book *Pisanje kratke zgodbe* (2010; Short Story Writing), which was twice reprinted and also published in translation in Croatia and Macedonia. He translated several books from English, including Sylvia Plath's *The Bell Jar* and *The Sheltering Sky* by Paul Bowles.

Andrej Blatnik won several major literary awards: the award of the city of Ljubljana, Zlata ptica, the highest award for young artists, the Slovenian National State Award, the Prešeren Fund, and the Russian best Slavic book of short fiction Jugra Award in 2016.

His stories have been translated into more than 40 languages and published in literary magazines and

various anthologies including *Best European Fiction 2010* (Dalkey Archive Press, 2010) and *Short: An International Anthology of Five Centuries of Short Short Stories* (Persea Books, 2014). He has over 35 books in translation in fourteen languages. In *The Columbia Literary History of Eastern Europe Since 1954* (Columbia University Press, 2008), Harold B. Segel called Blatnik "a leading light of contemporary Slovenian literature".

Andrej Blatnik has read fiction around the globe, including at such literary festivals as PEN World Voices in New York City, Toronto International Festival of Authors, Jaipur Literary Festival and Cosmopolis in Barcelona. In 1993 he was a participant of the International Writing Program at the University of Iowa, Iowa City, and in 1995 he was a guest at the International Writers Center at the Old Dominion University, Norfolk, Virginia. He has received various fellowships, including a Fulbright. A list of his publications, along with some samples, is available at www.andrejblatnik.com.

Selected awards

- 1984 Zlata ptica for *Šopki za Adama venijo*
1991 Župančičeva for *Menjave kož*
1996 Winner of the National Radio Award for the short story 'Površje'
2002 Prešeren Fund Award for *Zakon želje*
2006 nomination for the Rožanc Award for *Neonski pečati*
2009 nomination for the Kresnik Award for the best novel of the year for *Spremeni me*
2016 Jugra (Russia) for the best Slavic collection of short stories for *Saj razumeš?*
2019 nomination for Novo Mesto, best book of short stories award for *Ugrizi*
2021 nomination for the Cankar Award for the best book of the year for *Luknje*

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Menjave kož (*Skinswaps*; short stories). Ljubljana: Emonica, 1990.

Labirinti iz papirja (Paper Labyrinths; essays on American literature). Ljubljana: LUD Literatura, 1994.

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Spremeni me (*Change Me*; novel). Maribor: Litera, 2008.

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Pisanje kratke zgodbe (Writing Short Stories; creative writing manual). Ljubljana: LUD Literatura, 2010.

Ugrizi (Bites; very short stories). Ljubljana: LUD Literatura, 2018.

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Nezbrano delo (Uncollected Work; nonfiction). Ljubljana: LUD Literatura, 2020.

Luknje (Holes; novel). Novo mesto: Goga, 2020.

Trg osvoboditve (Liberation Square; novel). Novo mesto: Goga, 2021.

Books in translation

Menjave kož (short stories, 1990)

in Spanish *Cambios de piel* (Madrid: Libertarias/Prodhufti, 1997)

in English *Skinswaps* (Chicago: Northwestern University Press, 1998)

in Croatian *Promjene koža* (Zagreb: Durieux, 1998)

in Hungarian *Bőr* (Budapest: Jak, 2002)

in Czech *Proměny kůže* (Olomouc: Periplum, 2002)

in German *Der Tag, an dem Tito starb* (Vienna: Folio, 2005)

in Turkish *Deri değişimi* (Istanbul: Pupa Yayınları, 2008)

Labirinti iz papirja (essays on American literature, 1994)

in Croatian *Papirnati labirinti* (Zagreb: Hena-Com, 2001)

Tao ljubezni (novel, 1996)

in Croatian *Tao ljubavi* (Zagreb: Meandar, 1998)

in Slovakian *Tao lasky* (Bratislava: F. R. & G., 2000)

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Zakon želje (short stories, 2000)

in German *Das Gesetz der Leere* (Vienna: Folio, 2001)

in Croatian *Zakon želje* (Zagreb: Meandar, 2002)

in Czech *Zákon touhy* (Olomouc: Periplum, 2004)

in French *La loi du désir* (Paris: AlterEdit, 2005)

in Macedonian *Законот на желбата* (Skopje: Magor, 2005)

in Turkish *Arzu yasası* (Istanbul: Pupa Yayınları, 2009)

in Spanish *La ley del deseo* (Tegueste: Baile del sol, 2010)

in English *Law of Desire* (Champaign, London, Dublin: Dalkey Archive Press 2014)

Spremeni me (novel, 2008)

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in Croatian *Promijeni me* (Zagreb: Novi Liber, 2010)

in Italian *Cambiami* (Rome: Atmosphere Libri, 2014)

in Macedonian *Измени ме* (Skopje: Matica makedonska, 2015)

in Serbian *Promeni me* (Belgrade: Geopoetika, 2019)

in English *Change Me* (McLean, Dublin: Dalkey Archive Press, 2019)

Saj razumeš? (very short stories, 2009)

- in English *You Do Understand* (McLean, Dublin: Dalkey Archive Press, 2010)
- in Croatian *Razumiješ, ne?* (Zagreb: Cekape, 2012)
- in Macedonian Разбираш, нели? (Skopje: Euro-Balkan, 2013)
- in Russian Ты ведь понимаешь? (Moscow: Rudomino/Lingvistika, 2015)
- in Italian *Capisci, vero?* (Rome: Atmosphere Libri, 2015)
- in Turkish *Anlıyorsun değil mi?* (Istanbul: Dedalus Kitap, 2016)
- in Serbian *Kapiraš?* (Belgrade: Geopoetika, 2017)
- in Odia *Tume bi jana* (Bhubaneswar: Dhauli Books, 2019)
- translated into Czech, rights available
- translated into Polish, rights available

Pisanje kratke zgodbe (creative writing manual, 2010)

- in Croatian *Pisanje kratke priče* (Zagreb: Cekape, 2011)
- in Macedonian Пишување кратки раскази (Skopje: Ikona, 2015)

Ugrizi (very short stories, 2018)

- in Serbian *Ugrizi* (Belgrade: Geopoetika, 2021)
- in Macedonian Угризѝ (Skopje: Artconnect, 2022)

Luknje (novel, 2020)

- in Macedonian, rights sold to Magor, Skopje

O čem govorim, ko pišem o Andreju Blatniku

Jagna Pogačnik

1. a) Zasebno

Ko pišem o Andreju Blatniku, govorim predvsem o dolgotrajnem branju in prevajanju. V časih, ko smo prišli že tako daleč, da osemdeseta leta postajajo tema zgodovinskih romanov, se z rahlo nostalgijo spominjam svojih osemdesetih, začetka prevajalske pustolovščine in sreče, ki me je obšla, ko sem od književne *Revije* iz Osijeka prejela prošnjo, naj prevedem nekaj zgodb iz Blatnikove zbirke *Biografije brezimenih*. Ne vem, kakšen splet srečnih okoliščin je pripeljal do tega, da sem ravno jaz, tedaj študentka nižjih letnikov književnosti, skoraj brez kakršnekoli prevajalske izkušnje, dobila nalogo, naj prevajam pisatelja, s čigar prozo sem se spoprijateljila že ob prvem branju. Takrat je bila strašno »in« ameriška metafikcija in književnost, ki ti je dajala vedeti, da moraš biti zelo načitan, da bi lahko pisal, pa tudi bral napisano; Blatnik se je s svojo tedanjo prozo sijajno ujemal s tem in imel še to prednost, da je bil iz nekakšnih »naših« krajev, sosed, ki je v književnosti počel tisto, za kar smo nekako mislili, da je rezervirano zlasti za Američane in njihove visokošolske kroge. Sčasoma so se seveda spreminjale književne paradigme in poetični modeli, z njimi pa tudi moje bralne preference, a v nasprotju z mnogimi pisci, ki sem jih imela rada in o katerih sem pisala pozitivne kritike, je imel Blatnik redek privilegij, da se je njegova proza spreminjala skupaj z mano. Čeprav ta trditev zveni skrajno egoistično, kot da bi svoj bralni okus postavljala za merilo vseh stvari, pa v resnici ne gre za to, ampak za nekaj povsem drugega. Proza Andreja Blatnika, ki danes obsega pet romanov in šest knjig kratkih zgodb, knjige esejev, priročnik itd. ter je prevedena v številne jezike, je eden tistih opusov, v katerih je jasno videti napredek in spremembo, v katerih se vedno zrcali tisto, kar pretenciozno imenujemo duha časa, a se pri tem ne izgublja osnovne značilnosti avtorjevega pisanja – obrtna superiornost, mojstrsko očrtavanje medosebnih odnosov, nevsiljive književne in popularnokulturne reference, v katerih se bralec, če to zmore in želi, počuti kot lovec na dodatne pomene, in odličen, izbrušen slog, v katerem je na površju (ali na dnu) vedno prostor za inteligenten humor, ki pogosto namerno uhaja v ironijo. Osemdeseta so – enako kot moj prevod za *Revijo* – precej daleč, a v tem času

se lahko pohvalim, da je tudi moja prevajalska kariera »rasla« skupaj z Blatnikom – o tem pričajo hrvaški prevodi knjig *Zakon želje*, *Labirinti iz papirja*, *Saj razumeš?* in *Pisanje kratke zgodbe*.

2. a) Javno

O metafikciji in kratkih zgodbah

Če spremljamo Blatnikovo prozo od začetka osemdesetih, natančneje od leta 1983, ko je izšla zbirka zgodb *Šopki za Adama venijo*, do njegovih romanov *Luknje* in *Trg osvoboditve*, objavljenih v pandemijskih letih, se vidi, kako je šla po zelo indikativni poti. Na začetku je bila metafikcija, pravzaprav pametno dozirana metafikcija, z zbirko *Menjave kože* (1990) pa se je Blatnik premaknil proti malim, vsakdanjim zgodbam, carverjevskemu preizpraševanju moško-ženskih odnosov in prek romana *Tao ljubezni*, v katerem uporablja izkušnje nekaterih trivialnih žanrov, prišel v zbirki *Zakon želje* do nezakritega carverjevskega citata v prvi zgodbi »O čem govoriva«, pa tudi do tistega »moški proti ženskam«, kakor se imenuje ena od pesmi Davida Byrna. Pri tem Blatnik metafikcijskih postopkov ne zapušča scela, še zmeraj so tu, vendar utišani in pametno vključeni v neke druge pripovedne pokrajine. Še en korak naprej je bil storjen z romanom *Spremeni me*, ki spet izhaja iz prejšnjega opusa, vendar ga na odločilen način zaznamuje z novimi sestavinami, ki peljejo nekam na križišča žanrov, kjer je težko in nepotrebno enoznačno definirati, ali gre za distopijo, satiro, znanstveno fantastiko, ljubezensko zgodbo, angažirano družbenokritično prozo ali kako drugo določilo: vsako od njih je preozko, da bi ta roman lahko udobno umestili vanj. Vendar danes vemo, da je prav ta roman nekako odprl pot zadnjim objavam, postapokaliptičnim *Luknjam*, ki so zasnovane na temelju distopije, in *Trgu osvoboditve*, v katerem se Blatnik, seveda povsem v svojem slogu, sooča z novejšo zgodovino in osemdesetimi leti kot mitsko točko generacijske nostalgije, ki pa jo je prav tako treba, kajne, malce podvreči ironiji in samoironiji.

Blatnik je pripadnik t. i. postmodernistične generacije slovenskih prozaistov, ki se je v književnosti pojavila v osemdesetih ter se zbrala okrog revije *Literatura* in knjižne zbirke Aleph, ki jo je zasnoval prav on, in se večinoma naslanjala na izkušnje ameriške metafikcije. Blatnik je paradigmatski pisec te generacije. Po prvi zbirki kratkih zgodb *Šopki za Adama venijo* ter romanu *Plamenice in solze*, prepletenem z mrežo motivov in tem trivialnih žanrov in književnih reminiscenc,

ki ga je književna kritika okarakterizirala kot svojevrsten manifest nove generacije prozaistov, je objavil *Biografije brezimenih*. Teh petindvajset kratkih zgodb nedvomno spada v vrh slovenske kratke proze tega časa, razvoj, ki ga lahko spremljamo v njih, pa je pomemben za pot te proze od neomodernizma prek metafikcije do avtopoetičnega eklekticizma. *Biografije* bralca presenečajo z večjim poigravanjem z žanri, katastrofičnimi zgodbami, atmosfero tesnobe in zelo uspešnimi *kratkimi kratkimi zgodbami*, ki koketirajo z aforističnostjo in napovedujejo, kaj vse se je pozneje razvilo in zložilo v Blatnikovih nadaljnjih knjigah.

Mojstrstvo kratkozgodbarske prakse se je potrdilo v njegovih kasnejših zbirkah *Menjave kož*, *Zakon želje*, *Saj razumeš?* in *Ugrizi*. Poleg tega, da lahko – tako tipično za kritike – opazimo, da je vsaka od teh knjig obrtno čedalje boljša, nam v praksi prav res prikažejo znano geslo predstavnikov minimalizma »manj je več«. Blatnikove zbirke so v pravem pomenu besede zgled pisanja kratke zgodbe, zasnovane na ekonomičnosti naracije, tem in izraznih sredstev, kondenziranosti in destiliriranosti. Zgoščene na vsakodnevne in navidezno mimobežne prizore, zakon želje in posameznika, ki ga ne more nadzorovati, prodirajo naravnost v bit krize identitete, zakona, ljubezni, komunikacije, odraščanja – kajti v ključnih trenutkih gre zmeraj za krizo in nezmožnost prestopanja tanke rdeče črte, ki bi morda enkrat nekje pomenila izhod. Blatnikove zgodbe v popolnosti, tako z obliko kot vsebino utelešajo stališče, da »nobena zgodba ne more trajati«, v besedilu ali življenju, povsem vseeno. Genetsko so zgodbe iz vseh njegovih zbirk povezane s priročnikom *Pisanje kratke zgodbe*, nastalim iz izkušnje vodenja delavnic kreativnega pisanja, priročnikom, ki je bil na Hrvaškem preveden in zelo uporabljan. Teorija in praksa pri Blatniku namreč zmeraj stojita z ramo ob rami, o čemer nazorno priča tudi knjiga *Labirinti iz papirja. Štoparski vodnik po ameriški metafikciji in njeni okolici*. Ker govorimo o avtorju, ki zna reči, da ima najraje potovanje in branje, ni čudno, da je tudi ta, morda rahlo nenavadna knjiga (ali vsaj odmaknjena od klasično razumljenih teoretskih in znanstvenih vknjiženj, ki se ukvarjajo s kakim delom nacionalnih književnosti) podnaslovljena ravno kot »stoparski vodnik«. Prav tako lahko v *Labirintih* zaznamo avtorjevo pot od navdušenja nad poigravanjem v besedilu do določene zadržanosti in tudi izhoda iz ozkega razumevanja metafikcije, ki se v *Labirintih* izrazi kot širitev obzorja zanimanja še na drugo ameriško prozo.

Tisto, kar se mi zdi pri tem pisatelju izredno pomembno, se navezuje na pravkar povedano in je nekakšen povzetek vse njegove poetike, bom skušala razložiti prav na tem mestu prehoda od pisanja o kratkih zgodbah k pisanju o romanih. Andrej Blatnik ima dve lastnosti, ki ga po mojem mnenju dvigata iz množice (pisateljev) in delata izjemnega. Prva je ta, da nima težav s spremembo; o tem najbolje priča ena njegovih davnih izjav, da bi v novih pogovorih o njegovem pisanju lahko brez nadaljnjega preskočili prve knjige (kar seveda z mojega gledišča ne drži, a je pomenljivo). Na te spremembe, ki se dogajajo iz knjige v knjigo, ne vplivajo aktualne književne mode ali trendi, temveč njegov notranji občutek, da je določen model izčrpan in ga je treba razširiti ali zamenjati. Druga lastnost, ki bi jo rada poudarila, je sposobnost, da svoj opus gradi kot *puzzle*, v katerem vsako novo delo vsebuje delce starega, spremenjenega, dopisanega, in na ta način ustvarja močne medbesedilne povezave, za katere je dobro, da so razpoznane, vendar hkrati niso pogoj za recepcijo. Tako se dogaja tudi v njegovih romanih, v katerih na strateških mestih zmeraj vznikne kak citat, parafraza ali pa samo aluzija na kratke zgodbe, ki smo jih brali prej.

2. b) Javno

O romanih

Po že omenjenih *Plamenicah in solzah* je Blatnik napisal kratek roman ali daljšo pripoved *Tao ljubezni*, ki se nekoliko razlikuje od njegove prejšnje proze. Avtor, sicer (hm, morda bivši?) ljubitelj eksotičnih potovanj, dogajanje umešča na Tajsko in že v naslovu poudarja obe ključni besedi – pot in ljubezen. Pripoved je zgoščena na najmanjšo mero, tisto, ki vzpostavlja nujen okvir za dialoge, prevladujoče v romanu. Ljubezenski par je naklonjen potovanjem kot premikanju, ne kot prihajanju na določen cilj, potovanjem v smislu spremembe, samospoznavanja ali doseganja notranjega miru. Tokrat to iščeta v tajski ezoterični ustanovi, samostanu s komičnimi znaki turističnega središča. Pripovedovalec in njegova sopotnica delujeta po principu antipodov – ona je predana potovanju, želi živeti kot domačini, pripovedovalec pa je precej skeptičen do vsega, kar doživlja: tipično po blatnikovsko neprestano relativizira, kritično, ironično in samoiro- nično analizira vse dogajanje okrog sebe. Čeprav se zgodba začne kot intimistični roman, proti koncu dobi razpoznavna obeležja kriminalke, potovanje pa postaja iskanje smisla in nekakšno abstraktno

iskanje (samo)spoznanja. Zelo učinkovito pa tudi simptomatično se roman konča z dvema vprašanjema: »Me ljubiš?« in spet »Me ljubiš?«, torej z odprtim koncem. Že v tem romanu je Blatnik postavil temelje svojih poznejših – za sestavine namreč jemlje protislovne elemente (tu konkretno eksotiko, ezoteriko, vzhodnjaško filozofijo, elemente kriminalke, ljubezenskega romana), ki so presenetljivo spretno sestavljeni in skupaj ustvarjajo koherentno prozno celoto.

Roman *Spremeni me*, umeščen v bližnjo prihodnost, prav tako – in to je nadvse pomembno – nima podučevalnih in moralizatorskih sestavin, ki se velikokrat prilepijo na ta žanr, niti težnje po »veliki zgodbi«, vsaj ne v tistem smislu, ki bi škodil primarnemu sporočilu, ki ga oddaja vsako Blatnikovo delo – literarnosti, pred vsem drugim! V zgodbi »Tanka rdeča črta« iz zbirke *Zakon želje* beremo stavek »Če ne moreš spremeniti usode večine, jo moraš deliti.« Ta stavek se je smiselno in z razlogom preselil v ta slojeviti roman, s čimer pa se korespondenca s prejšnjo prozo ne izčrpa. V žanrskem smislu je *Spremeni me* nekaj podobnega »popolnemu miksu«, ki ga hoče narediti Borut. Ta se zaveda, da se ustvarjalnost danes reducira na kompilacijske postopke, ki, naj se zdijo še tako preprosti, lahko postanejo delo za vse življenje. Borut je leta in leta kot megaluspešen *copywriter* posredno spreminjal usodo večine, ko pa je spoznal, kako se je s tem odmaknil od etičnih načel, ki so ves ta čas njegovih velikih profesionalnih uspehov vendar ostajala nekje v globini njegove biti, se je odločil v svojem življenju napraviti rez in se prepustiti spremembi. Spodbujen s krizo srednjih let, ki se ujema s splošno krizo smisla, se v skrbno premišljenem načrtu odloči zapustiti ženo Moniko in njuna otroka. Individualni upor posameznika, ki odide iz lastnega življenja, je edino, kar še preostane v tem zelo novem svetu, v katerem je Borut iskreno sodeloval. Z odhodom od doma in s pismom, ki ga zapusti svoji soprogi, se začne prvi pripovedni rokav romana, ki zaradi svoje ciklične strukture (začetek je enak koncu) ter somernega izmenjavanja Borutovih in Monikinih poglavij pušča ločeni zakonski par še naprej povezan, tako na dobesedni kot na simbolni ravni. S tem se uteleša tisto, v čemer je Blatnik že v svoji zgodnejši prozi pokazal pravo mojstrstvo – sijajno prikazovanje moško-ženskih odnosov, zgovorno in niansirano celo v tistem, kar ostane neizrečeno, v nedokončanih ali prekinjenih stavkih toka zavesti pa se odslikava groza praznine in odtujenost medosebnih in ožje družinskih odnosov v svetu, v katerem liki živijo.

In ta svet je, čeprav umeščen v bližnjo prihodnost, v resnici svet, v katerem že nekaj časa živimo, ne da bi se zavedali, kako in kdaj smo se v njem pravzaprav znašli in kje je trenutek, v katerem se je vse to začelo. Prav zaradi nedvomne povezave z našo konkretno stvarnostjo lahko vso zgodbo romana beremo tudi kot nekakšno družbenokritično, angažirano sliko sveta. Potrošniška družba z vsemi svojimi neusmiljenimi značilnostmi, kot so velike korporacije, ki so lovke svoje »hobotnice« ž zdavnaj vpletle v državne ustanove, pristavljanje kartic kot edina oblika identifikacije, nakupovalni centri, urejeni kot celodnevna bivališča, sistemi popolnega nadzora, nova in nova tehnologija ... Ali nismo vsega tega ne samo že videli, ampak tudi živeli?

Izrazit smisel za ekonomičnost izraza je iz kratkih zgodb prešel tudi v Blatnikove romane; njegovi stavki so kondenzirani skoraj z mojstrstvom najboljših *copywriterjev*, tako da tudi v romanih dominira zaznavni minimalizem. V Blatnikovi prozi je namreč veliko povedano med vrsticami in v njej ni prostora za pojasnila in posredovanja vsevednega pripovedovalca. Neizgovorjeno in neizrekljivo, zamolčano in aluzivno, vse to je pomembna sestavina vseh njegovih romanov. Prav to je značilno tudi za roman *Luknje*, objavljen 2020, pisan najbrž z namenom, da bi ga brali kot distopijo, pa je ta namen pandemijska stvarnost, ki ga je pričakala ob prihodu iz tiska, popolnoma demantirala. Borutovo »izključevanje« iz sveta po spoznanju, kakšen ta svet pravzaprav je, in njegov individualni upor se zdita v primerjavi s svetom, v katerem živijo junaki *Lukenj*, romana, ki ga strukturirajo dialoška osnovna zgodba in prizori v obliki kratkih zgodb, skoraj kot diznilend. V *Luknjah* tako rekoč ni več sveta, kakršnega poznamo. Je postapokalipsa neznanih vzrokov in obsega, zato se mora glavni junak, da bi to sploh lahko postal, splaziti iz svoje luknje, v katero se je zakopal skupaj s pripadajočim kompletom konzerv za preživetje, da bi počakal, da neimenovana kataklizma mine (ali pa tudi ne?). Nepreviden izhod iz lastne niše/luknje ga poveže z nekom, ki ga nažene na potovanje (kako naj bo pri Blatniku drugače?), v iskanje artefakta, s katerim bi bilo mogoče svet rešiti. Umetnost, ki bi lahko rešila svet, seveda iz distopije na trenutke naredi utopijo, vendar je objava leta 2020 pravzaprav ujela duha časa s pripadajočimi dilemami, ki so v času pandemije obsedle vse človeštvo. Motivi izbire poti, kroženja in vračanja na izhodišče, tanke rdeče črte, ki je ni mogoče prestopiti, te stalnice Blatnikove proze, so seveda vidni tudi v tem romanu, ki si za žanrsko oporišče

jemlje tudi roman ceste, s tem dopolnilom, da cesta, kakor tudi pri Cormacu McCarthyju, ni več cesta v pravem pomenu besede, temveč stranpot, s katere krožnega toka je nemogoče izstopiti. Strašljivo atmosfero tega romana ustvarja popolni minimalizem – v romanu ni opisa tistega, kar se je godilo prej, ni prostorske ali časovne opredeljenosti, niti ne veliko oseb. Cilj potovanja, na katero se dvojica poda po skorajda beckettovskih poteh, je iskanje izgubljenih glasbenih posnetkov, ki bi kataklizmičnemu svetu lahko vrnili smisel. V romanu razberemo aluzije na odsek preteklosti, s katerim se je Blatnik ukvarjal v naslednjem romanu, *Trgu osvoboditve*. Zgodovina jugoslovanskega rocka in panka, »štiklci« iz zgodovine bivše države, literarizacija resničnih dogodkov in oseb, vse to se vpleta v dominanten potek zgodbe, ki se dogaja v dialogih, v postapokaliptičnem kontekstu se izgubljajo pričakovane in znane konotacije, razpršujejo se v skladu s svetom, ki je enako razpršen in paradoksalen. Edino trdno oprijemališče v romanu – pa smo spet pri tipični *blatnikologiji* – so aluzije, citati, književne reference in zavest o smislu potovanja kot vrnitve na kraj, od koder smo se odpravili na pot. Iskanje tistega, kar pripada preteklosti, kar je izginilo, vendar vemo, da je nekdanj obstajalo, saj obstaja v kolektivnem spominu (ki pa mu grozi uničenje, saj kolektiv izginja), romanu katastrofe dodaja še eno razsežnost – zavedanje o preteklosti, ki jo je treba prekopati, preden se definitivno in dokončno zakopljemo vsak v svojo luknjo.

Da pri Blatniku ta pristop nima prav nikakršne povezave s ceneno nostalgijo, ki se nam v raznih oblikah ponuja kot rešitev, v resnici pa je vir prihodka njenim prodajalcem (megle), je še jasneje po branju *Trga osvoboditve* (2021). Načelno je ta roman najprepusnejši za resničnostne teme, ne odmika se v distopične izlete, moško-ženske-mu odnosu, ki je seveda spet v središču zgodbe, pa daje jasen časovni (politični, socialni ...) kontekst, od konca osemdesetih let do bolj ali manj naših dni. Roman se začne z velikim ljubljanskim protestom v podporo četverici 21. junija 1988 na Kongresnem trgu, kjer mladenič po spletu okoliščin spozna dekle in jo povabi na sladoled. Njun turbulentni odnos je v središču enega sloja romana, drugi pa iz ljubezenske tranzicije prehaja v politično in gospodarsko. Glavni lik se enako kot tisti v prejšnjem Blatnikovem romanu ne znajde najbolje v vsem, kar se okrog njega dogaja – je pasiven fatalist, ki ne ve, kako naj izkoristi priložnosti, širše gledano pa je predstavnik generacije, ki je prešla pot od vsestranskih protestov do popolnega

fatalizma, od pankovskih in novovalovskih koncertov, mladinskega novinarstva in vere v spremembe do pasivnosti, s katero prav tako izraža svoj odnos do tranzicije na take »naše« načine. Struktura romana je fragmentarna, Blatnik nima namena izpisati kronike generacije, vendar se ta posredno izpisuje sama. Spominjanja na nekatera generacijska vozlišča, na družbene in kulturne dogodke, idole in njihov somrak, od bendov in koncertov prek medijev do politike, delajo iz *Trga osvoboditve* roman, v katerem je vzpostavljen pravi katalog nekaterih ključnih mest skupne generacijske preteklosti, štoparski vodnik, a tokrat ne po ameriški metafikciji (po kateri je bilo potovanje morda lažnejše), ampak po skupni preteklosti. Smisel za »montažo« vseh teh resničnih dogodkov in resničnih oseb izpred treh desetletij, vpletenih v osebno usodo glavnega lika, pokaže Blatnika kot pisatelja, čigar književna zrelost je našla način, da vase vključi vsa orodja, ki jih je uporabljal v prejšnjem pisanju in zanje zaslužen prejemal komplimente. Mislim zlasti na dialoge, ki s svojo dramatičnostjo in menjavami tonov karakterizirajo like in oblikujejo zgodbo, pa tudi na številne reference iz sveta popularne in manj popularne kulture. Blatnikov roman prikazuje zgodbo o spremembi politične ureditve, izgubi idealov, spremembi moralnih paradigem, do česar je zelo kritičen, vendar je njegovo področje boja še zmeraj posredna angažiranost in ironija. Če si v tem »javnem« besedilu lahko privoščim biti malce zasebna: osebno se me je najbolj dotaknilo, da protagonist romana, ta antijunak našega časa, ki se ne zmore rešiti svoje luzerske pozicije – piše književne kritike. Soočen z dejstvom, da kritike nikogar več ne zanimajo in so zato premalo plačane ali pa sploh niso, se tudi sam znajde v prostoru marketinškega, piarovskega izmišljanja sloganov in prodajanja megle. Odgovorno trdim, da se kaj takega meni (še) ni zgodilo in da tega besedila ne pišem s takega položaja!

Trg osvoboditve je Blatnikov zanesljivo najambicioznejši roman doslej, pravi katalog njegove poetike in literarnih postopkov, pa tudi album neke generacije, ki je pričakovala več in dobila manj. Vendar – ali nismo že pri zgodnejših Blatnikovih delih ugotovili, da je manj lahko tudi več?

1. b) Zasebno

Kakor je neznanec iz *Lukenj* prepričal protagonista Blatnikovega romana, naj krene v iskanje izgubljenega artefakta, sem samo sebe

popeljala na podobno, čeprav precej manj kompleksno potovanje, nekaj desetletij nazaj, do začetka Blatnikovega pisanja ter svojega branja in prevajanja. Tam sem se ponovno srečala s citati, ki sem jih nekdanj rada uporabljala pri predstavljanju ali v kritikah. Tako sem se spomnila, kako so njegovo pisanje primerjali z vožnjo z mercedesom, ga imeli za B. B. Kinga slovenske proze, in potem mi je na misel prišel stavek, ki ga je Blatnik nekoč izgovoril kot nekakšen pisateljski credo: »Raje živim kot pišem, vendar se v pisanem tekstu počutim resničnejšega.« Blatnikova proza, lahko sklenemo, je ironična do obstoječih modelov, žanrov in teorij pa tudi do lastne pozicije v vsem tem. Na kratko, izvrsten spoj celovitosti in fragmentarnosti, teorije in prakse, a vedno *reader friendly*. V tem njegovem tridesetletnem književnem potovanju pa je zanimivo še eno dejstvo: ko je bila književnost v svojem dominantnem toku (ne samo v Sloveniji, temveč tudi v širšem okolju) družbeno aktivna, je Blatnik o tem izražal svoje stališče tako, da je pisal intimne zgodbe, v katerih je bilo pomembnejše od vsega tega zunanjega na primer to, zakaj se v knjigah več ne poljublja, niti ne govori o poljubljanju, ampak govori le o tem, da se o poljubljanju samo še govori. Če dobro premislimo, je to zelo pomembno vprašanje. In ko so se pisatelji večinoma umaknili v niše posameznikovega intimnega sveta, je Blatnik začel tematizirati družbeno ozadje svojih zgodb o posameznih intimah. Vse to jasno pripelje do trenutka, v katerem moram – parafrazirajoč avtorja – priznati, da se v njegovih besedilih vedno počutim resničnejšo, vprašanje, ali raje živim ali berem, pa bom za zdaj vseeno pustila kot odprt konec.

What I Talk about When I Write about Andrej Blatnik

Jagna Pogačnik

1. a) In Private

When I write about Andrej Blatnik, I mostly talk about many years of reading and translating. At a time when the 1980s are already becoming a theme for a historical novel, it is with a touch of nostalgia that I recall my own eighties, the beginning of my translation adventure and my overwhelming happiness when I was asked by the literary magazine *Revija* in Osijek to translate several stories from Blatnik's collection *Biografije brezimenih* (Biographies of the Nameless). I have no idea by what train of lucky circumstances it was that I, a junior literature student with practically no translating experience, was entrusted with translating an author whose prose I had made friends with on the very first reading. What was all the vogue at that time was American metafiction and the kind of literature which suggested that one should be enormously well-read in order to both to write and to read others' writings. With his then prose, Blatnik fitted in to a nicety, and an additional advantage was that he came from 'our' parts, a neighbour who did things in literature that we had somehow considered a prerogative of the Americans and their academic circles. The literary paradigms and poetic models gradually changed, of course, as did my reading preferences, but unlike many authors whom I liked and reviewed, Blatnik had the rare privilege that his prose changed together with me. This statement may sound extremely self-centred, as if I were upholding my reading taste as the measure of everything, but the point lies elsewhere. Andrej Blatnik's oeuvre, translated into many languages, which today includes five novels and six books of short stories, books of essays, a handbook and more, is one of those oeuvres which clearly shows progress and change, always reflecting the pretentiously named zeitgeist, but never losing the basic features of the author's style—superior craftsmanship, virtuoso delineation of relationships, unobtrusive literary and pop-cultural references which make the reader—if equal to and eager for the task—feel like one hunting for additional meanings, as well as a brilliant

polished style, which always accommodates on the surface (or at the bottom) an intelligent humour often purposefully shading into irony. Like my translation for *Revija*, the eighties are now far away, but I may boast that my translator's career in the meantime 'grew' together with Blatnik—as attested by my Croatian translations of his books *Zakon želje* (*Law of Desire*), *Labirinti iz papirja* (*Paper Labyrinths*), *Saj razumeš?* (*You Do Understand*), and *Pisanje kratke zgodbe* (*Writing Short Stories*).

2. a) In Public

On Metafiction and Short Stories

Tracing Blatnik's prose from the early eighties, more precisely from 1983, which saw the publication of his short story collection *Šopki za Adama venijo* (*Bouquets for Adam Fade*), to his novels *Luknje* (*Holes*) and *Trg osvoboditve* (*Liberation Square*), published in the pandemic years, reveals the telling trajectory it has followed. Beginning with metafiction, or rather, cleverly dosed metafiction, Blatnik's course in his collection *Menjave kož* (1990, *Skinswaps*) shifted towards small everyday stories, a Carver-like inquiry into male-female relationships. After the novel *Tao ljubezni* (*The Tao of Love*, translated into English as *Closer to Love*), which draws on the experience in certain trivial genres, the collection *Zakon želje* brings an overt Carver quotation in its first story, 'O čem govoriva' ('What We Talk About'), as well as the 'Women vs. Men' theme, which is the title of a David Byrne song. While metaphysical techniques are not entirely abandoned, they are toned down and cleverly blended into other narrative landscapes. Another step forward was taken in the novel *Spremeni me* (*Change Me*), which again departs from Blatnik's preceding oeuvre but is decisively marked by new elements. These lead to a genre crossroads, where it is both difficult and needless to define the text unequivocally as dystopia, satire, science fiction, love story, socially committed critical prose, or something else: each label is too narrow to accommodate the novel comfortably. Yet we know today that it was just this novel that paved the way for Blatnik's latest publications, the postapocalyptic *Luknje*, founded on dystopia, and *Trg osvoboditve*, which—steeped in Blatnik's style, of course—confronts recent history and the eighties as a mythical point of his generation's nostalgia, again subjected, as might be expected, to a touch of irony and self-irony.

Blatnik belongs to the so-called postmodernist generation of Slovene prose writers, which emerged in the literature of the eighties. Gathering around the *Literatura* magazine and the book series Aleph, conceived and created by Blatnik himself, it largely drew on the experience of American metafiction. The paradigmatic writer of this generation is none other than Blatnik. His first short story collection, *Šopki za Adama venijo*, and the novel *Plamenice in solze* (Torches and Tears) with its network of motifs, trivial genre themes and literary reminiscences, which was perceived by literary criticism as a singular manifesto of a new writers' generation, were followed by *Biografije brezimnih*. Those twenty-five short stories undoubtedly belong to the apogee of the short fiction written in Slovenia at the time. Moreover, the development to be traced through them is important for the journey of this prose from neomodernism through metafiction to autopoetic eclecticism. *Biografije* surprises the reader with its deft play on genres, catastrophic stories, atmosphere of anxiety, and highly successful 'short short stories', which flirt with an aphoristic quality, foreshadowing the developments and compositions in Blatnik's later books.

Blatnik's mastery of the short story was confirmed by his later collections, *Menjave kož*, *Zakon želje*, *Saj razumeš?* and *Ugrizi* (Bites). Apart from alerting us—as literary critics—to the craftsmanship refined in each successive book, they show us in practice the well-known motto of the representatives of minimalism: 'Less is more.' Blatnik's collections are genuine models of short story writing, based on economy of narration, themes and expressive devices, on condensation and distillation. Focused on everyday and seemingly fleeting scenes, on the law of desire and the individual unable to control it, they pierce straight into the heart of identity crisis, marriage, love, communication, growing up, for the crucial moments always involve a crisis and inability to cross the thin red line which might someday, somewhere, lead to an exit. Both in form and content, Blatnik's stories perfectly embody the view that 'no story can last', either in text or in life. Genetically, the stories from all his collections are associated with his handbook *Pisanje kratke zgodbe*, based on his experience of leading creative writing workshops, which was translated and widely used in Croatia. Indeed, for Blatnik theory and practice always stand side by side, as is graphically attested by the book *Labirinti iz papirja*. *Štoparski*

vodnik po ameriški metafikciji in njeni okolici (Paper Labyrinths: A Hitchhiker's Guide to American Metafiction and Its Surroundings). Since we are talking about an author who, in his own words, likes travelling and reading best, it comes as no surprise that this book, perhaps slightly unusually (or at least removed from the classically conceived theoretical and scholarly formulations which address a part of a national literature), should be subtitled 'a hitchhiker's guide'. *Labirinti* traces the author's journey from delight in textual play to a certain reserve as well as to departure from a narrow conception of metafiction—a departure which takes the form of extending his interests to other kinds of American prose as well.

What I consider to be Andrej Blatnik's particular asset is related to the above and forms the summary of all his poetics. I will seek to explain it at this point, passing from the discussion of his short stories to a discussion of his novels. Andrej Blatnik has two characteristics which (in my opinion) raise and single him out from the multitude of writers. The first is that he has no problem with change: this is best attested by his time-honoured claim that his first books might as well be omitted in new interviews about his writing (not my own view, of course, but meaningful nevertheless). These changes, occurring from book to book, are not influenced by topical literary fashions or trends, but rather by his inner sense that a given model has been exhausted and thus needs to be expanded or replaced. The other characteristic that I wish to stress is his ability to build his oeuvre like a puzzle: each new work includes fragments of the old, the changed, the added, thus establishing strong intertextual links, the recognition of which profits the reader but is not a prerequisite for reception. The same process appears in his novels, which feature at strategic moments a quotation, paraphrase, or mere allusion to the short stories which we have read before.

2. b) In Public

On Blatnik's Novels

After the novel *Plamenice in solze*, mentioned above, Blatnik composed a short novel or long novella, *Tao ljubezni*, which diverges somewhat from his previous prose. The author, a (perhaps former?) fan of exotic trips, sets the story in Thailand and stresses the two key words in the very title—'the way' and 'love'. The narrative is congested down to a minimum, the minimum which forms an

indispensable framework for the dialogues dominating the novel. It presents a couple with a penchant for travelling, not travelling as arriving at a certain destination but as moving: travelling in the sense of change, of attaining self-knowledge and inner peace. This time they seek it in an esoteric Thai institution, a monastery with the comical trappings of a tourist centre. The narrator and his companion work as antipodes—while she is dedicated to travelling, eager to live like the locals, the narrator is rather sceptical of all he encounters: in the typical Blatnik manner he keeps relativising all surrounding events and analysing them critically, ironically, and self-ironically. Even though the story begins as an intimist novel, it assumes towards the end recognisable markers of a crime story, while travelling increasingly becomes a quest for meaning and an abstract quest for (self-)knowledge. Most effectively as well as symptomatically, the novel ends with a double question: ‘Do you love me?’ and again, ‘Do you love me?’—that is, with an open ending. This work already lays the foundations for Blatnik’s later novels by employing contradictory ingredients (in this case exoticism, esoterics, Oriental philosophy, elements of a crime story and a love story), which are assembled with surprising dexterity into a coherent whole.

Similarly, and this is very important, the futuristic novel *Spremeni me*, set in the near future, avoids the didacticism and moralising often attendant on this genre. Moreover, it avoids all pretensions to a ‘great story’, at least in the sense which would damage the primary message conveyed by each of Blatnik’s works, above all their literary quality. The story ‘Tanka rdeča črta’ (‘A Thin Red Line’) in the collection *Zakon želje* includes the sentence: ‘If you can’t change the fate of the majority, you have to share it.’ And this sentence, moved to the multilayered novel *Spremeni me* for a good reason, is not an isolated example of reference to Blatnik’s preceding prose. From the perspective of genre, *Spremeni me* is reminiscent of the ‘perfect mix’ striven for by the protagonist, Borut. The protagonist is aware that creativity is reduced today to compilation processes, which may become a lifelong work despite their seeming simplicity. A hugely successful copywriter, Borut has spent year after year indirectly changing the fate of the majority, but when he realises how far this has made him stray from the ethical principles which had persisted in the depths of his being throughout his professional triumphs,

he decides to make a cut in his life and surrender to change. Egged on by his midlife crisis, which corresponds to the general crisis of meaning, he forms a carefully considered plan to leave his wife Monika and their two children. The rebellion of the individual who leaves his own life is all that remains in this brand new world, in which Borut used to participate with great sincerity. His departure from home and farewell letter to his wife begin the first narrative strand of the novel. Its cyclic structure (identical beginning and ending) and the balanced exchange of Borut's and Monika's chapters leaves the separated couple linked together at literal and symbolic levels. This is an embodiment of the feat by which Blatnik has already proved his mastery in his earlier prose: a brilliant portrayal of male-female relationships, eloquent and nuanced even in what remains unsaid, while the unfinished or interrupted sentences of the stream of consciousness mirror the horror of the void and the alienation of interpersonal and familial relationships in the characters' world.

And we have in fact been living in this world for some time, even if it is set in the near future, and even if we have been living in it without being aware just how and why we landed in it or at which moment it all began. This indisputable connection with our reality permits us to read the whole story as a socially critical and committed picture of the world. A consumer society with all its merciless features, such as the giant corporations which had long ago spread their 'octopus' arms to the state institutions, the scanning of cards as the only form of identification, shopping centres arranged as day lounges, total control systems, always new technologies... Haven't we already seen and even lived this?

Blatnik's pronounced interest in the economy of expression spreads from his short stories to his novels: his sentences are condensed almost with the virtuosity of the most consummate copywriter, making a noticeable minimalism a dominant feature in the novels as well. Blatnik's prose tells a lot between the lines, leaving no room for the explanations or mediations of an omniscient narrator. The unspoken and unspeakable, the suppressed and the allusive, all of this forms an important part of all his novels. It is likewise typical of his novel *Luknje*, published in 2020 and probably written with the intention of being read as a dystopia, but thwarted in this intention by the pandemic reality into which it emerged from the printing press. Borut's self-exclusion from the world on recognising what it is

really like and his individual rebellion seem almost like Disneyland compared to the world inhabited by the protagonists of *Luknje*, a novel structured by a dialogical main plot and by scenes in the form of short stories. In *Luknje*, the world as we know it practically no longer exists. It is a postapocalypse of unknown causes and extent, and if the hero is to become the hero at all, he has to crawl out of the hole where he has buried himself with a stock of tinned food to wait for the unnamed cataclysm to pass (or maybe not?). A thoughtless exit from his niche/hole brings him together with someone who sends him on a journey (how could Blatnik's text ever take a different turn?), on a quest for an artefact which could help save the world. Of course the notion of world-saving art transforms dystopia into utopia at times, but the novel's publication in 2020 captured the zeitgeist with its accompanying dilemmas, which obsessed humanity during the pandemic. Such staples of Blatnik's prose as the motifs of choosing your way, of circling and returning to the start, of the thin red line which cannot be crossed, are visible in this novel as well. One of its genre mainstays is the road novel, except that, as is the case with Cormac McCarthy, the road is no longer a road in the strict sense of the word: rather, it is a sidetrack running in an inescapable loop. The uncanny atmosphere is created by thorough minimalism—there is no description of the preceding events, no definition of time or place, and there are not even many characters. The goal of the two men's journey along nearly Beckettian ways is their search for lost music recordings, which might restore meaning to the cataclysmic world. The novel already contains allusions to the same past period which is addressed in Blatnik's next novel, *Trg osvoboditve*. The history of Yugoslav rock and punk, scraps of former Yugoslavia's history, the literary treatment of historical events and personages, all this is interwoven in the main plot. The plot unfolds in dialogues: the expected and familiar connotations fade in the postapocalyptic context and scatter in accordance with the world, which is just as scattered and paradoxical. The only secure foothold in the novel—another instance of typical Blatnikology—is the allusions, quotes, literary references, and the sense that the point of a journey is the return to the starting point. The quest for something that belongs to the past, something vanished of which we nevertheless know that it once existed because it lives on in the collective memory (threatened by extinction because the collective

is disintegrating), adds still another dimension to the catastrophe novel—an awareness of the past, which should be thoroughly dug into before we bury ourselves in our holes, finally and irrevocably.

Blatnik's approach has not the remotest connection with the cheap nostalgia which is peddled to us in various guises as salvation but in fact only profitable to its pedlars. This crystallises even more clearly after reading *Trg osvoboditve* (2021). Of all of Blatnik's novels, this one is the most receptive to reality themes: it never withdraws into dystopic excursions, and moreover provides the male-female relationship, which is again the centre of the story, with a clear temporal (political, social, etc.) context, from the late 1980s roughly to our own day. The novel begins with the great Ljubljana protest in support of 'the Four', JBTZ, on 21 June 1988 in Ljubljana's present-day Congress Square (at the time named Trg osvoboditve, Liberation Square), where a young man runs into a girl and offers to buy her an ice cream. Their turbulent relationship is central to one of the novel's layers, while another layer passes from a transition in love to the transition in politics and economy. Like in Blatnik's previous novel, the hero is bewildered by the multitude of events surrounding him—he is a passive fatalist, uncertain how to take advantage of his opportunities, and—from a broader perspective—representative of a generation which has walked the whole way from a variety of protests to utter fatalism, from punk and New Wave concerts, youth journalism, and belief in change, to passivity, through which this generation likewise expresses its attitude to transition in 'our' ways. The structure of the novel is fragmented, and though Blatnik has no intention of spelling out his generation's chronicle, it spells itself out indirectly of its own accord. Memories of generational nodes, of social and cultural events, of idols and their twilight, from music bands and concerts through media to politics, make *Trg osvoboditve* a novel which catalogues certain key topics of a generation's common past: another hitchhiker's guide, except that it travels through a common past rather than through American metafiction (which may have been more comfy). By his flair for assembling all those real events and real persons from three decades ago, here involved in the personal fate of the hero, Blatnik proves that his literary maturity has found a way to subsume all the instruments used and deservedly accoladed in his previous writing. In particular I mean the dialogues, where the dramatic qualities and tone changes define

the characters and form the story, as well as the numerous references to popular and not-so-popular culture. Blatnik's novel portrays a change of political order, loss of ideals, shift in moral paradigms. While highly critical of all these, he still continues his battle through indirect commitment and irony. If I may be permitted a private reflection in this 'public' text: what struck me the most was that the protagonist, an antihero of our time, unable to shake off his loser's position—writes literature reviews. Faced with the fact that reviews are no longer of interest to anyone and consequently paid poorly or not at all, he, too, finds himself in the grip of marketing and PR slogan coining and wool-pulling. I can responsibly claim that I have never had any such experience (yet), and that it is from no such position that I am writing this text!

Trg osvoboditve is undoubtedly Blatnik's most ambitious novel to date, a proper catalogue of his poetics and literary devices as well as the album of a generation which expected more and received less. But—haven't we established, even for his earlier works, that less can be more?

1. b) In Private

Just as the stranger in *Luknje* persuades the protagonist of Blatnik's novel to begin his quest for a lost artefact, I persuaded myself to embark on a similar albeit much less complex journey—one that goes several decades back to the beginning of Blatnik's writing and my reading and translating careers. On this journey I revisited the quotations which I used to twine into my presentations and reviews. I remembered that his writing had been compared to a ride in a Mercedes, that he had been considered the B. B. King of Slovene prose, and then a sentence occurred to me that had once been uttered by Blatnik as a writer's credo: 'I prefer living to writing, but in a written text I feel more real.' Blatnik's prose, one may conclude, is ironic towards the existing models, genres and theories as well as to its own position among them. In short, a brilliant fusion of wholeness and fragmentariness, theory and practice, but always reader-friendly. Another striking fact in his literary journey of thirty years is that at a time when mainstream literature (not only in Slovenia but more widely) was socially active, Blatnik conveyed his views on the subject by writing intimate stories in which a more pressing issue than all the externals was, for instance, why people no

longer kiss in books or even talk about kissing but only talk about the fact that kissing is only talked about. Considered properly, this is indeed a burning question. Conversely, when writers tended to withdraw into the niches of the individual's intimate world, Blatnik began to address the social background of his individual intimate stories. All of this leads to the moment where I—paraphrasing the author—have to admit that his texts have always made me feel more real. The question whether I prefer living or reading, however, I will leave open-ended for the time being.

Translated by Nada Grošelj

Luknje

(odlomki)

14.

Dokler so klimatologi v televizijskih oddajah govorili o porušenem naravnem ravnovesju, ljudje niso verjeli, vse to je neko pametnjakovanje, so govorili, zmeraj je bilo pozimi mraz, poleti pa vroče, kako naj bo drugače, kaj pa ti znanstveniki mislijo, da so, nimajo pojma, in še plačujemo jih za to. Potem so začeli spremembe čutiti v lastnih čevljih. Tropski dež je zalival ulice, odtočni jaški niso več mogli gol-tati. Promet je zastajal, zalivalo je vozila, ustavljala so se brez reda, celo tisti, ki bi lahko vozili naprej, po tako zagnetenih cestah niso več mogli. Tisti, ki so res morali dalje, so si sezuli čevlje, privihali hlače in brodili kamorkoli že. Potem so se začele širiti govorice, da nikar takole. Da ob takih povodnjih iz globeli odtokov, kjer nihče ne ve, kaj živi tam spodaj, priplavajo stvori, ki jih sicer nikdar ne vidimo. Da se ti pod kožo neopazno zarijejo ličinke, ki se začnejo hraniti s tvojim telesom, in ko opaziš spremembe, ko začutiš migotanje pod kožo, ko ga zagledaš in zakričiš, je že prepozno, tekel boš k zdravnikom, ki bodo zmajevali z glavami, ure in ure bodo navijali dolge črve, zarejene v tvojem telesu, na laboratorijske kolute, a nobena analiza ne bo pomagala, znotraj boš ves preluknjan, telesni sokovi se bodo brez ovir, brez zadržkov pretakali med seboj, kakor se res ne bi smeli, če bi hotel živeti, pa ne bo šlo, če gre takole, se vse pomeša in potem razkroji, pri živem telesu, nobena molitev ne pomaga, smo že videli take reči in še jih bomo, vsakdo se lahko okuži, že neznatna ranica na telesu je dovolj, da tista spodnja bitja zlezejo noter in se nebrzdano razmnožujejo, hranijo se s tvojim tkivom, zapreti, nepredušno zapreti je treba, a kako, in sploh ne zdaj, zdaj je prepozno.

23.

Na zahodni strani je rasla panika. Svojčas so vzhodnjaki ostajali doma, vladarji jih niso spuščali skozi železne zavesa, zdaj so preplavljali svet. In ga začeli kupovati. Cene niso bile važne. Po glavah so jim brnela gesla, ki so jih zborna ponavljali v šolah, *bili smo nič, bodimo vse* in podobna. Očitno so jih vzeli resno.

Mogoče je, da ponorijo, so govorili analitiki v medijskih sporočilih. Včasih ljudje pač ponorijo. Obsedenost, ki kakor da pride od zunaj, kakor da iz drugega osončja. *Amok*. In potem zgrabijo mačeto in sekajo, zgrabijo volan avtomobila in zbijajo, zgrabijo brzostrelko in rešetajo. In potem, če preživijo, če jih ne potepta ali raztrga besneča množica žalujočih za umrlimi, če si v trenutku razsodnosti ne sodijo sami, potem ne vedo, kako je ta želja po ubijanju, ta želja po razbijanju vsega, prišla do njih, prišla v njih, prišla in vztrajala, dokler ji ni bilo zadoščeno, dokler niso vse zavore popustile. Seveda je nečloveška, kako bi kaj takega lahko bilo človeško? Ne vedo, kako, ne vedo, zakaj, ničesar ne vedo. A vseeno je, ali vedo ali ne, to ne spremeni poglobitnega: mrtvi so še zmeraj mrtvi, razsekani, zbiti, prerešetani.

23.1.

Narediti drugi svet, če ti prvi izgine. Če ga požrejo tajfuni ali tajkuni. Prišlo bi prav, tako prav, da mnogi razmišljajo v tej smeri. In o smeri gradnje. V nebo? V zemljo? Kaj je težje, kaj je bolj varno? Morda pa v vse smeri, če v eni ni rešitve, so še druge?

Ko se ladja potaplja, je včasih treba priznati – rešilni čolni so premajhni za vse. Tudi ta drugi svet bo majhen. Boš sploh koga vzel s sabo, ti, ki boš ta svet lahko zgradil? Ali ni najbolj udobno v dvorcu, kjer ni nikogar? V luknji, če nimaš dvorca?

Trg osvoboditve

(odlomki)

Trg revolucije

Zborovanje je bilo napovedano za ob dveh popoldne. Prišel je kakih petnajst minut prej in na trgu ni bilo skoraj nikogar. Organizatorji so zbegani begali z enega konca na drugega. Odrski delavci so se vprašujoče spogledovali: tak oder, tako močno ozvočenje – za nekaj deset ljudi?

Darko je tekel mimo njega, oziral se je naokrog, kot da bi pomagal, če vsak trenutek preverja, ali morda kdo vendarle še prihaja, da vseh teh kablov niso vlekli zaman. Za nekaj deset ljudi, a to je bilo premalo. Zaman. Prestregel je njegov vprašujoči pogled in razširil roke. *Svoje sem naredil, več ne morem*, je sporočal. Videti je bilo, da sta oba enako presenečena. Toliko vznemirjenja je bilo v preteklih dneh, toliko ljudi je govorilo, da bi bilo treba nekaj narediti, zdaj pa so vsi ostali doma! Tako res ne moreš spreminjati sveta. Še svoje ulice ne.

Potem se je začelo. Z vseh stranskih ulic so začele pritekati reke ljudi. Z leve, z desne, od vsepovsod. Nezaustavljivo. Hipiji, pankerji, študentje, klošarji, poslovneži, delavci, profesorji, kmetje. Vsi. V nekaj minutah je bil trg poln do zadnjega kotička. Popolni neznanci so si kimali in se pozdravljali. Skupaj smo, so si sporočali brez besed. Nismo sami. Veliko nas je, in še prihajajo. Še več nas bo.

Začelo se je tudi na odru. Kitare so brnele. Pankrti, bend iz delavskih Most, ki je pred pol leta nehal igrati, se je znova zbral posebej za to priložnost. Pero je z odra zavpil, da ne gre za politiko, da hočejo nazaj svoje prijatelje iz nogometne ekipe, ki so zdaj v vojaških zaporih. Intimno je politično. Politično je intimno. Sreče človeku ne more dati niti država niti sistem niti politična stranka – lahko pa mu jo vzame.

57

Nova revija ni nastala zlahka, prišla pa je po poti, ki se bo nekaj desetletij kasneje zdela skoraj idilična: nekaj razumnikov se je leta 1980 podpisalo pod predlog, da bi v imenu demokracije potrebovali novo revijo za mišljenje in pesništvo, najvišji politični organi so nekaj časa debatirali o tem vprašanju, kresala so se mnenja in navsezadnje je dve leti kasneje denar prišel. Zlati časi debat o mišljenju in pesništvu, še v najvišjih političnih krogih, bi rekel kak cinik.

Odločilna je bila 57. številka, z naslovom uvodnika opredeljena kot *Prispevki za slovenski nacionalni program*. Za izhodišče je bilo zapisano, da so se Slovenci v Jugoslaviji znašli v krizi, »ki se kaže v posebni malodušnosti, v množičnem izseljevanju in v visokem količniku samomorilnosti«. Nobene razlike v bruto družbenem proizvodu ni bilo omenjene, ta je v odcepitveni besednjak prišla kasneje. Bili so časi, ko se mislecem in pesnikom ni bilo treba utemeljevati skozi ekonomijo dodane vrednosti, upoštevanja vredne so bile tudi druge govorice. Osamosvojitve se je začela kot osamosvajanje duha, ne denarja.

Čeprav je Nova revija pisala o rečeh, ki so bile že dolgo v zraku, so na njenih straneh te komaj predstavljljive zamisli iz oblakov sestopile na papir. Nastala je panika. Po vsej republiki so se sestajali politično organizirani in tolmačili drug drugemu, kaj piše v teh fotokopijah, ki so šle iz rok v roke, in kaj je s tem, kar piše, v resnici mišljeno. Brali so tudi tisti, ki sicer niso.

»A ti imaš tisto revijo?« ga je vprašal oče.

»Katero revijo?«

»Daj no. Saj veš, kaj mislim.«

Čez nekaj dni mu jo je prinesel nazaj. »Zanimivo,« je rekel.

»Kako se ti je zdelo?«

»Saj pravim.«

»Daj no. Povej kaj več.«

Oče se je nasmehnil.

»Nisem navajen povedati kaj več. To je za vas mlade.«

»Se pravi, da se strinjaš, da je treba povedati več.«

»Pravim tudi, da se boj časov, ko boš lahko povedal vse. Takrat morda nihče ne bo poslušal. Zdaj je drugače.«

Pokazal je proti stropu in mu pokimal. Pogovor je bil končan.

Mikrofon v zidu

Kdor se spomni osemdesetih, ni bil zraven, so se leta in desetletja hahljali rojeni v šestdesetih. A vendar so radi govorili o osemdesetih, času svoje mladosti, ki je, bolj ko se je oddaljeval, postajal vse bolj idealen. Govorili so o iztekanju časa marksističnega opija za ljudstvo (*dok je bilo Tita, bilo je i šita*, je pisalo na zidu nekega popularnega lokala, in *šit* je bil ljubkovalni izraz za hašiševo smolo) in pritekanju občutka, da svet, v katerega so bili rojeni, razpada in da se novi iz te preobrazbe morda ne bo prikazal. Da je to – to. Vse, kar je mogoče. Da je treba uživati trenutek, preteklosti ni več, jutri je predaleč.

Tisti, rojeni prej, so verjeli drugače: da ni nič pozabljeno, da je vse zabeleženo, zapisano, dokumentirano. Da človek nikjer, niti doma, ne sme misliti preveč na glas, saj nikoli ne veš, kdo sliši, kaj misliš. V stanovanje zaprti pesnik, nekdanj minister in predsednik parlamenta, je po razkritju svojega strahu in poguma postal nehoteni upokojenec. Dve leti po vnovičnem izidu svojega vojnega dnevnika s hrepenenjskim naslovom *Tovarišija*, spominov amaterja med profesionalci, zaradi katerih je pri tovariših dokončno zapadel v nemilost, je pesem, v kateri je zapisal »moj molk je zgovornejši, v njem si obsojen na brezno resnice«, objavil v knjigi *Poročilo*. In poročil o njem ni manjkalo, desetine obveščevalcev so proizvajale tisoče strani dokumentov.

Jih je sploh kdo kdaj bral? Ali so ta poročila svoj namen dosegala že s tem, da so obstajala? Da se je vedelo, da obstajajo?

Holes

(excerpts)

14.

While it was just climatologists talking about the disrupted natural balance on television, nobody took them seriously, what a lot of palaver, they said, it's always been cold in the winter and hot in the summer, how's that going to change, what do these eggheads know, they're full of hot air, and getting paid for it, too! Then people began to feel the changes in their shoes. Tropical downpours inundated the streets, the drains incapable of swallowing all the water. Traffic jammed as flooded vehicles stalled erratically, even those still drivable could no longer navigate the clogged-up roads. The people who simply had to go on took off their shoes, rolled up their pants, and waded wherever it was. Then the rumors started that one had better not do that. Floods like this flush out of the drains, out of the depths where nobody knows what lives, creatures that are normally never seen. And then larvae burrow under your skin without your knowledge and start feeding on your flesh, and when you notice the change, when you feel the writhing under your skin, when you see it and scream, it's already too late, you rush to the doctors, they shake their heads, taking lab reels and coiling and coiling on them the worms living in your body for hours on end, but no amount of probing does any good, you're punctured full of holes in the morning, your juices mix freely, unimpeded, the way they're really not supposed to if you're to stay alive, but you won't if it goes on like this, everything blends and you rot alive, there's no amount of prayer that can save you, we've seen stuff like that before and we'll see it again, anyone can get infected, the tiniest injury anywhere on your body is enough for the creatures from down there to crawl in and reproduce uninhibited, feeding on your tissue, those places need to be closed, sealed off, but how, and besides, how now, it's too late now.

23.

On the West side, panic grew. In the old days, the Easterners used to stay in their countries, not allowed through the iron curtains by their rulers, but now they flooded the world. And began buying it up. Not heeding the prices. Their heads buzzing with the slogans they used to repeat in chorus at school: *We used to be nothing, let's be everything now.* Things like that. They'd obviously taken them seriously.

They might run amok, analysts pontificated in reports in the media. Sometimes people just go berserk. An obsession that seems to come from the outside, as if from some other solar system. Amok. And they grab a machete and hack away, or grab the steering wheel and mow down, or grab a machine gun and riddle with bullets. And then, if they survive—unless the rioting crowd of the mourning trample or tear them to death, unless in a moment of clarity they take their own lives—they have no idea how this desire to kill, to wreck everything came over them, came and persisted until it was fulfilled, until all restraint went entirely out the window. Sure it's inhuman, how could something like that be possibly human? They don't know how, they don't know why, they don't know anything. But it doesn't matter whether they know or don't know, that doesn't change what really matters: The dead are still dead, hacked to pieces, mowed down, riddled with bullets.

23.1.

To make another world if the first one disappears. If it's swallowed up by typhoons or tycoons. That would come in so handy, so very handy that many people are thinking along those lines. Along the lines of construction. Skywards? Underground? Which is harder, which is safer? Perhaps in all directions, so if there's no salvation in one there are others?

When the ship is sinking it is sometimes necessary to admit that the lifeboats are simply too small to hold everyone. This other world, too, will be too small. Will you take anyone along with you, anyone at all—you who'll be able to build this world? Isn't a mansion most comfortable with no one in it? Or a hole, if you don't have a mansion?

Liberation Square

(excerpts)

Revolution Square

The rally was scheduled for two p.m. He came some fifteen minutes early and found the square virtually empty. The organizers rushed about in confusion. Stage hands exchanged quizzical looks: Such a stage, such a sound system, and for what—a few dozen people?

Darko jogged past him, glancing around, as if it might do some good to keep checking if somebody else was coming so that pulling all the cables wouldn't have been for nothing. For a few dozen people, that's too few. For nothing. He caught his questioning look and spread his arms. *I did my best, there's nothing more I can do.* They both seemed equally baffled. All that excitement over the past days, all those people saying something should be done, and now they've all gone and stayed at home! That's no way to change the world. Not even your own street.

And then it began. All the side streets started spouting rivers of people. From the left, from the right, from everywhere. Unstoppable. Hippies, punks, students, bums, businessmen, workers, university professors, farmers. Everyone. In a matter of minutes the square filled to capacity. Total strangers nodded hello to one another. Saying wordlessly, we're in this together. We're not alone. There're many of us, and more are coming. There'll be even more of us.

The action onstage also began. The guitars twanged. Pankrti, a band from the working-class district of Moste that had broken up six months before, came together specially for this occasion. Pero the front man yelled from the stage that this was not about politics, that they wanted their friends from their football team back, friends that were now in military lockup. The intimate is political. The political is intimate. Neither the state nor the system nor any political party can give one happiness—but they sure can take it away.

57

Starting *Nova revija* was by no means easy, but the way it was done would come to seem almost idyllic a few decades later: in 1980, a group of intellectuals brought forward a proposal stating that, in the name of democracy, a new journal for thought and poetry was needed; the highest political bodies debated the issue for a while; opinions were ventured and clashed; and finally, after two years, the money was granted. The golden age of debates about thought and poetry including the highest political circles, cynics might say.

The turning point came with issue no. 57, titled eponymously with its editorial *Contributions to the Slovene National Program*. It began by saying that the Slovenians were facing a crisis in Yugoslavia, a crisis “apparent in a special kind of dejection, in mass emigration and a high suicide rate”. There was no mention of the differences in the GNPs of the federal units; that would enter the secessionist vocabulary later. In those early days, thinkers and poets were not yet obliged to justify themselves through the economy of added value; other kinds of speech were deemed equally worthy of consideration. Independence started out through the emancipation of the spirit, not money.

Nova revija wrote about things that had been in the air for a long time, but on its pages these hardly conceivable ideas descended from the clouds and settled on paper. And caused a panic. Those politically organized convened all over the republic, interpreting for each other the photocopied texts that went from hand to hand, and their *true* meaning. Even those who never read, read them.

“Do you have that journal?” his father asked.

“What journal?”

“Come on, you know what I mean.”

He brought it back a few days later. “Interesting,” he said.

“What did you think?”

“Like I said.”

“Oh, come on. Elaborate.”

His father smiled.

“I’m not used to elaborating. That’s for you, young people.”

“So you’re saying you agree that more should be said.”

“I’m also saying beware of a time when you can say anything. It just might so happen no one will listen. It’s different now.”

He pointed at the ceiling and nodded. The conversation was over.

Microphone in the wall

Whoever remembers the eighties wasn't there, those born in the sixties would snicker for years, even decades. But they liked talking about the eighties all the same, about the time of their youth, a time that grew increasingly ideal the further away it was. They talked about the ebbing of the time of the Marxist opium for the people (some graffiti on the wall of a popular bar said *Before Tito quit we had plenty of shit*, with *shit* being the local term for hashish) and the rising feeling that the world they'd been born into was falling apart and that a new one might never emerge from this transformation. That this was it, all there was. That one should enjoy the moment, because the past was gone and tomorrow was too far away.

Those born earlier held different views: that nothing was ever forgotten, that everything was on file, recorded, documented. That one should never think out loud too loudly, not even at home, because one never knew who could hear you think. Decades ago, a poet—a former president of the People's Assembly and minister—had been retired against his will and confined himself to his apartment after making public his fear and courage. Two years after the publication of his wartime diary with the yearning title *Comradeship*, a memoir of an amateur among professionals that brought about his final fall from grace among his comrades, he published a poem with the lines “my silence / which is loquacious / and draws you to the depth of truth” in his book *Poročilo (Report)*. And there was certainly no lack of reports about him: dozens of agents produced thousands of pages of documents.

Did anyone ever read them? Or did these reports accomplish their purpose merely by existing? By everyone knowing they existed?

Translated by Tamara M. Soban

Translator's note: The lines of verse from Edvard Kocbek's "Microphone in the wall" are taken from Sonja Kravanja's translation, available at: <https://www.poetryinternational.org/pi/poem/5160/auto/0/0/Edvard-Kocbek/Mikrofon-v-zidu/en/tile>.

© Translation: 1977, Sonja Kravanja

From: Embers in the house of night

Publisher: Lumen, Inc., 0-930829-42-5

Gostje
Vilenice 2022

Vilenica

Guests 2022

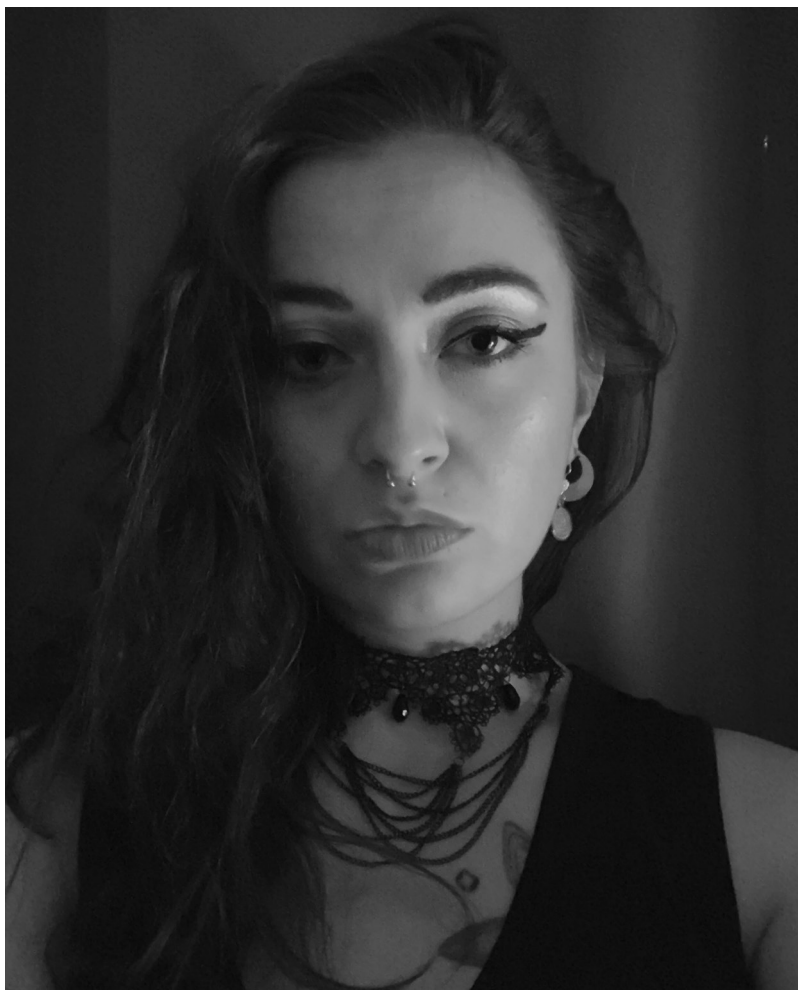


Foto © Ernst Wolf

Katia Sophia Ditzler

Katia Sophia Ditzler (Berlin, 1992) je rusko-nemška interdisciplinarna umetnica, ki deluje in ustvarja na presečiščih poezije, glasbe, videa, performansa in digitalnih medijev. Na Univerzi v Leipzigu je študirala kreativno pisanje in kulturno antropologijo (indologijo, tibetologijo, mongolistiko), na Univerzi Tarasa Ševčenka v Kijevu film, ukrajinščino in filozofijo, na Literarnem inštitutu Maksima Gorkega v Moskvi prevajanje in rusko književnost, v Yogyakarta indonezijsko gamelansko glasbo, senčno lutkarstvo in javanski ples ter v Berlinu dramaturgijo. Po rezidenci pri Inštitutu za gledališke raziskave v Melbournu živi in deluje v Berlinu. Objavlja v periodiki in antologijah, ustvarja filmske posnetke in performanse za festivale. V svojih aktualnih poskusih raziskuje politično mitologijo in mehanizme propagande v kontekstu vojaškega spopada med Ukrajino in Rusijo.

Katia Sophia Ditzler (Berlin, 1992) is a Russian-German interdisciplinary artist who works and creates at the intersections of poetry, music, video, performance, and digital media. She studied creative writing and cultural anthropology (Indology, Tibetology, and Mongolian Studies) at the University of Leipzig, film, Ukrainian and philosophy at the Taras Shevchenko University in Kyiv, translation and Russian literature at the Maxim Gorky Literature Institute in Moscow, Indonesian Gamelan music, shadow puppetry, and Javanese dance in Yogyakarta, and dramaturgy in Berlin. After residing at the Institute for Theatre Research in Melbourne, she now lives and works in Berlin. She publishes in magazines and anthologies, creates film footage and performances for festivals. In her current experiments, she is exploring political mythology and mechanisms of propaganda in the context of the military conflict between Ukraine and Russia.

Boden I

1

ich bin verwurzelt in Erosion
fülle die Reservoirs mit Keuschlamm
reinige und entleere sie wieder
lasse dich nieder
wo kurzzeitig keine Lava fließen wird
wie gut, dass die Lächelnden keine Ahnung haben
für dich hebe ich die Früchte vom Vorjahr auf
und die frischen in Zukunft
befrage die Erdbeeren des Schicksals
die Johannisbeeren des Hochmuts
die Himbeeren der Gesetzestreue
ich habe immer darauf gewettet, mit den Embryos infiziert zu werden
stattdessen habe ich mich ausgedehnt und ausgebreitet
ich bin zusammengesetzt aus den Schreien der Ungeborenen
und den ganzen Körpern
die nicht meiner geworden sind
im Vakuum werde ich mich wohlfühlen

2

schau dir meine Hände an
sie sind mit roter Farbe bestickt
ich rolle mich hin und her
ich schwinge mich auf
unsere Wirbelsäulen passen nicht zum Boden
deswegen können wir uns überall schlafen legen

*köstlich ist der Duft deiner Salben
dein Name hingegossenes Duschöl*

ich will auch wählerisch sein
ich freue mich über fruchtbare Erde
über Humus und aufgelockerte Schichten
und die Verlockungen der Sedimente

*den eigenen Weinberg konnte ich nicht hüten
schön sind wir, verlockend, eine Wolldecke ist unser Lager
Stahlbeton sind die Balken unseres Hauses, Gipskarton die Wände*

es gibt keine Schuld
aber sie ist ein stilisiertes Blumenmuster

wo weidest du die Erde, wo verschanzt du dich am Mittag?

ich betrete immer den Boden, auf dem ich gerade stehe
dort wo meine Füße mit den Boden verschmelzen
werde ich zur Nymphe
wird man eine Alraune herauszerren
ihr den Mund wegschneiden
ich übergieße die Krater mit Säure
damit sie zu Gebirgen werden
niemand kam
niemand betrat den Boden

3

wie nett, dass gerade jetzt sich unsere Lieblingsplaneten
für einen Monat aufgereiht haben
und erkennbar sind mit bloßem Auge
deine Schwarzbrauen werden besungen in Liedern
die geschrieben wurden
als du noch nicht lebstest
wir stehen auf den verbotenen Feldern
auf denen keine Windmühlen sich in Drachen verwandeln
wenn man sich umdreht
auf denen Bänke um Hexentanzplätze herum stehen
sie haben die Herzen der Industrie
ich warte hier, bis du wiederkommst
und starre auf die Kadmiumflammen
in den Fenstern der Hochhäuser
lass uns in Bars gehen
mit Tischplatten aus Platinen veralteter Supercomputer

*eine Sänfte ließ der Machthaber zimmern aus Holz vom Sperrmüll
die Pfosten in Silber, die Lehne in Gold*

aber niemand trägt uns
du kannst mir alles erzählen was du willst
ich schaue dir beim Bewegen zu
ich finde keinen Halt im Grund
aber wir schweben ohnehin
mir gefällt deine Prinzipientreue
und dass ich so etwas nicht besitze
du glaubst an so vieles
an das ich nicht glaube
ich höre dir zu und betrachte dabei die Asphaltkristalle
die Bäche unter dem Straßeneis
ich finde keine Schuld bei dir
dabei suche ich ausgiebig
du weißt gar nicht, wie sehr ich mich von der Flucht abhalte
aber der Sex ist gut

*komm
wandern wir auf das Land
schlafen wir in den Dörfern*

ich weiß nicht einmal
wie man dich ins Verderben locken könnte
ich halte dir die Augen zu
damit du die Außenwelt nicht sehen musst

*ein verschlossener Garten
ein versiegelter Quell*

ich erinnere mich
dass du Holz bist
der Boden speichert Wärme
ich schmiege mich ans Weltall
unsere Landnahmen waren erfolgreich
die Zeitlosigkeit wird vorübergehen
die Fassungslosigkeit auch
es ist zu früh, mit feuchter Erde überschüttet zu werden
es ist zu früh, sich für eine Idee zu entscheiden
das Tier bekommt Futter, bevor es hungrig wird
ich habe mich bei der Landnahme nicht dumm angestellt
ich bin Sklavin der Asymmetrie
mir gehören
Radiogalaxien und die Tentakel der unschuldigen Dämonen
ich wühle mich durch bis zum Mittelpunkt der Erde
nur Kopfschüsse halten ab von
der Eroberung des Pferdekopfnebels
weißt du
man muss sich nur
die Wiederauferstehung zur Gewohnheit machen
und ich mag die Stille
wenn allein dein Atem die Zeit einteilt

*Tla I***1**

zakoreninjena sem v eroziji
zabojnike polnim s konopljiko
čistim jih in znova praznim
namesti se tam
kjer vsaj nekaj časa ne bo tekla lava
kako dobro, da smehljavci nimajo pojma
zate pobiram lanske plodove
in sveže v prihodnosti
sprašujem za svet jagode usode
ribez napuha
maline spoštovanja zakonov
od nekdanj sem stavila, da se bom okužila z zarodki
namesto tega sem se le razlezla in razširila
sestavljena sem iz krikov nerojenih
in iz celih teles
ki niso postala moje
v vakuumu se bom počutila dobro

2

oglej si moje dlani
 izvezene so z rdečo barvo
 kotalim se sem in tja
 vihtim se
 najini hrbtenici se ne prilegata tlom
 zato lahko legava spat kamorkoli

*slastno dišijo tvoja mazila
 tvoje ime vlito olje za prhanje*

tudi jaz bi bila rada izbirčna
 veselim se rodovitnih tal
 humusa in zrahljanih plasti
 in skušnjav usedlin

*za lastni vinograd nisem mogla poskrbeti
 lepa sva, vabljiva, volnena odeja je najino ležišče
 železobetonski so stebri najinega doma, stene mavčne plošče*

nihče ni kriv
 a krivda je stiliziran cvetlični vzorec

kje boš pasel zemljo, kje se boš vkopal opoldne?

stopam vedno na tla, na katerih ravno stojim
 tja, kjer se moja stopala zraščajo z zemljo
 se spreminjam v nimfo
 bodo izpulili mandragoro
 izrezali ji ustje
 kraterje bom prelila s kislino
 da bodo zrasli v gorovja
 nihče ni prišel
 nihče ni položil noge na tla

3

kako lepo, da so se prav zdaj najini najljubši planeti
za en mesec takole poravnali
in so vidni s prostim očesom
tvoje črne obrvi opevajo pesmi
ki so bile napisane
ko te sploh še ni bilo
stojiva na prepovedanih poljih
na katerih se mlini na veter ne spreminjajo v zmaje
kadar se ozreš
na katerih stojijo klopce okoli plesišč za čarovnice
imajo srca industrije
tukaj počakam, da se vrneš
in strmim v kadmijeve plamene
v oknih stolpnic
pojdiva v bare
v katerih so mize prekrte s tiskanim vezjem zastarelih
superračunalnikov

*nosilnico je dal vladar stesati iz lesa kosovnih odpadkov
stebričke v srebru, naslonilo iz zlata*

vendar naju nihče ne prenaša
pripoveduješ mi lahko, karkoli hočeš
gledam te, ko se premikaš
nobene opore ne najdem v tleh
ampak saj tako ali tako lebdiva
všeč mi je tvoja načelnost
in da je sama ne premorem
v toliko stvari verjameš
v katere jaz ne
poslušam te in zraven opazujem kristale asfalta
potočke pod ledenimi lužami cest
nobene krivde ne najdem pri tebi
pa jo kar natančno iščem
sploh ne veš, kako močno se upiram temu, da bi zbežala
ampak seks je pa dober

*pridi
pojdiva po deželi
spiva po vaseh*

niti tega ne vem
kako bi te lahko zvabila v pogubo
ti bom zatisnila oči
da ti ne bo treba gledati sveta tod zunaj

*zaprt vrt
zapečaten vodnjak*

spomnim se
da si les
tla vpijajo toploto
stiskam se k veselju
uspešno sva zaposedla dežele
brezčasnost bo minila
zbeganost prav tako
prezgodaj je, da bi bila zasuta z vlažno zemljo
prezgodaj je, da bi se odločila za kako idejo
žival dobi jesti, še preden je lačna
pri zaposedbi zemlje se nisem sprenevedala
sem sužnja asimetrije
meni pripadajo
radijske galaksije in lovke nedolžnih demonov
prerivam se prav do središča zemlje
edino streli v glavo odvrčajo od
osvojitve meglice konjske glave
veš
potrebno je edino to
da ti obujanje od mrtvih preide v navado
in meni je tišina všeč
ko samo tvoj dih razvršča čas

Prevedel Aleš Učakar

Soil I

1

I'm rooted in eroded soil
fill the reservoirs with monk's pepper,
clean and empty them again
settle down
where lava might not flow, temporarily
how nice it is that the ones who are smiling have no clue
for you I keep last year's fruit
and the fresh ones in future
consult the strawberries of destiny
the red currants of haughtiness
the raspberries of law-abidance
I always bet on being infected with embryos
instead I extended and spread myself
I am composed of the cries of those unborn
and of all the bodies which didn't become mine
I will feel well in the vacuum

2

look at my hands
 they've got red color stitched into them
 I roll from side to side
 I soar
 our spinal cords don't match with the ground
 that's why we can lie down and sleep anywhere

*delicate is the fragrance of your perfume
 your name is a shower oil poured out*

but I also want to be choosy
 I would be glad for fertile earth
 with humus and loosened-up layers
 and the temptations of the sediments

*my own vineyard I had not looked after
 how beautiful we are and how you delight me, our bed is a woolen
 blanket
 the beams of our house are made of ferroconcrete, its paneling of
 plasterboard*

there is no such thing as guilt
 it's a stylized flower pattern

*where will you lead your flock to graze, where will you entrench it at
 noon?*

I always step on the ground on which I'm standing
 there, where my feet merge with the ground
 I'll become a nymph
 one will tear out a mandrake
 carve its mouth away
 I pour acid over craters
 so they'll become mountain ridges
 nobody came
 nobody set foot on the soil

3

how nice it is that our favorite planets
aligned themselves now for one month
and became visible to the unaided eye
your black brows are being sung about in all sorts of songs
written when you weren't yet alive
why do we stand on the forbidden fields
on which no windmills turn into dragons
when you turn around
where benches are grouped around fairy rings
they've got the industry's hearts
I am waiting here for you to come back
I stare at the cadmium flames
in the windows of the apartment buildings across the street
and let's also keep going to bars
where the tabletops are made of motherboards from outdated
supercomputers

*the potentate has had a palanquin made of wood from bulky waste
he has had the posts made of silver, the canopy of gold*

but nobody carries us
you can tell me anything you want
I watch you move
I don't find footing in the ground
but we're hovering anyway
I like your scrupulousness, too
and the fact that I don't have anything like it
you believe in so much I don't believe in
I listen and look at the tarmac crystals
the streams under the road ice
I don't find guilt in you
though I search thoroughly
you can't imagine how much I deter myself from the escape
but the sex is good

*come
let us go to the fields
we will spend the night in the villages*

I don't even know
how to lure you into ruin
I cover your eyes
so you won't have to see the outside world

*a garden enclosed
a sealed fountain*

4

I remember
you're wood
the ground saves the heat
I snuggle up to outer space
our annexations were successful
the timelessness will pass
so will the bewilderment
it's too early to be covered with humid soil
it's too early to opt in for an idea
the animal is fed before it gets hungry
I wasn't too stupid while taking the land
I am asymmetry's slave
I own
radio galaxies and the tentacles of innocent demons
I plod through until the center of the earth
and only shots to the head keep you away
from the conquest of the horse head nebula
you know
you just have
to make resurrection a habit
and I like the silence
when only your breath divides time

Translated by the author



Foto © Kire Galevski

Dejan Dukovski

Dejan Dukovski (Дејан Дуковски; Skopje, 1969) je makedonski dramatik in scenarist. Diplomiral je iz dramaturgije na Fakulteti za dramske umetnosti (FDU) v Skopju pri Goranu Stefanovskem. Tam je na oddelku za filmski in televizijski scenarij tudi predaval, od leta 2015 pa je dramaturg v Makedonskem narodnem gledališču v Skopju. Njegova besedila so prevedena v številne jezike, postavljena so bila na različne odre, tudi večkrat nagrajena na domačih in mednarodnih gledaliških festivalih. Med njegovimi odmevnejšimi dramskimi besedili so Последниот балкански вампир (1989; Zadnji balkanski vampir), Силјан штркот шанца (1991; Siljan štorklja štanca), Балканот не е мртов (1992; Balkan ni mrtev), Буре барут (1994; Sod smodnika), Маме му ебам кој прв почна (1996; Jebem mater tistemu, ki je prvi začel), Друга страна (2003; Druga stran), Празен град (2007; Prazno mesto), Утерус (2009; Uterus), Изгубени Германци (2011; Izgubljene duše) in Духот што оди (2014; Duh, ki hodi). Dukovski je tudi avtor več scenarijev, med drugim za filme Светло сиво (1993; Svetlo sivo), Буре барут (1995; Sod smodnika), Како во лош сон (2003; Kot v grdih sanjah) in Свонење во глава (2002; Zvenenje v glavi). Film »Sod smodnika« v režiji Gorana Paskaljevića je osvojil nagrade na Mednarodnem filmskem festivalu v Benetkah (1998), nagrado za najboljši film Evropske akademije za film ter druge.

Dejan Dukovski (Skopje, 1969) is a Macedonian playwright and screenwriter. He graduated in dramaturgy at the Faculty of Dramatic Arts (FDU) in Skopje, his mentor being Goran Stefanovski. There he also lectured at the Department of Film and Television Screenwriting, and since 2015 he has been a playwright at the Macedonian National Theatre in Skopje. His texts have been translated into many languages, staged in various theatres, and he has received several awards for them at domestic and international theatre festivals. Among his most notable dramatic texts are Последниот балкански вампир (1989; The Last Balkan Vampire), Силјан штркот шанца (1991; Siljan the Stork), Балканот не е мртов (1992; Balkan is Not Dead), Буре барут (1994; The Powder Keg), Маме му ебам кој прв почна (1996; Screw the One Who Started It), Друга страна (2003; Other Side), Празен град (2007; Empty City), Утерус (2009; Uterus), Изгубени Германци (2011; Lost Germans) and Духот што оди (2014; The Spirit Who is Walking). Dukovski is also the author of several screenplays, including Светло сиво (1993; Light Grey), Буре барут (1995; The Powder Keg), Како во лош сон (2003; As in Bad Dreams), and Свонење во глава (2002; Headnoise). The film *The Powder Keg*, directed by Goran Paskaljević, won awards at the Venice International Film Festival (1998), the European Film Academy Award for best film, along with other awards.

Маме му ебам кој прв почна

(извадок од драма)

Вера

Трет круг

Европа, Витемберг, Црно Прасе,
заборавена европска биртија.

ДОКТОР ФАЛУС: Види ги бре, говеда. Маму му ебам.
Фалус.

Пауза.

Доктор Фалус.

Пауза.

Јас сум Доктор Фалус.

МЛАДИОТ: Доктор Фалус?

ДР. ФАЛУС: Од крв и месо. Како дух. Не си слушнал?

МЛАДИОТ: Не.

ДР. ФАЛУС: Не си од овде?

МЛАДИОТ: Не.

ДР. ФАЛУС: Добро дојде.

МЛАДИОТ: Добро најдов.

ДР. ФАЛУС: Ништо добро нема да најдеш. Од каде си?

МЛАДИОТ: Јужна Европа.

ДР. ФАЛУС: Балкан?

МЛАДИОТ: Македонија.

ДР. ФАЛУС: Нешто е гнило во овие години на Европска надеж.

Балкан е затвор.

Пауза.

Што бараш овде?

МЛАДИОТ: Имам стипендија. Едвај ја добив. Едвај добив виза.

Главно стигнав. Дојдов да учам.

ДР. ФАЛУС: И дојде право овде да учиш?

МЛАДИОТ: Речено ми е, овде има најдобри курви.

ДР. ФАЛУС: Има. Јас сум. Ќе бидеш научен. Се ќе те научам.

Сакаш да одиме одма или прво ќе ми купиш едно пивце?

МЛАДИОТ: Не биди смешен.

ДР. ФАЛУС: Тебе ти е смешно? Мене ми е страшно. Дали ќе бидеш нежен? Дали ќе ме бакнеш барем еднаш? Да не имаш некоја болештина? Сигурно ќе сакаш од позади. Свињо една балканска. Па, јас не сум само куп месо. Јас сум чесна курва. Девица.

МЛАДИОТ: Со мене најде да се забаваш?

ДР. ФАЛУС: Курва сум. Чесен збор. Само, многу паметна. Тоа ме јаде. Види. Како грба го влечам мојот тежок мозок. Јас сум една комплексна курва. Види ме убаво. Страшно скапа курва. Ме боли вагина. Ме бркаат од едни универзитети, јас основам други. Од едни држави, јас основам други. Знаење и магија. Искуство и фантазија. Ги знам системите. Шифрите. Знаците. Тајните на ѕвездите. Тајните на државите. Алхемијата на природата. Одгонетките на загонетките. Рецептот на Кока Кола. Виртуелна реалност. Биолошки чипови. Работите што уште не се измислени. Лавиринтите на човековата душа. Сите актери и гробари на Европа. Сите ангели на Европа. Црви. Идеи. Хаос. Гета. Паранои. Пороци. Курви. Проширена свест. Политички конспирации. Херметични кругови. Езотерични кругови. Мистични кругови. Геометрија. Геомантија. Хиромантија. Некромантија. Метапомантија. Шизомантија. Куромантија и така натаму.

Пауза.

Досадно ми е. Ништо не се случува. Киснам во Црно Прасе. Најдобра биртија во Витемберг и пошироко. Овде реалноста е илузија во недостаток на алкохол. Многу големи умови треснале од подов. Некои повратиле, па се удавиле. Јас ќе се напијам пиво. Ќе паднам. Ќе го скршам вратот. Црно прасе го уби Доктор Фалус. Вода и оган. Зборот ми беше, купи една кригла пиво.

МЛАДИОТ: Црно?

ДР. ФАЛУС: Или светло.

МЛАДИОТ: Црно или светло?

ДР. ФАЛУС: Црно или светло.

МЛАДИОТ: Не знаеш што сакаш.

ДР. ФАЛУС: Сакам се што знам.

Пиво.

ДР. ФАЛУС: Јас знам се. Или, знам дека кога не знам знам повеќе од оние што не знаат дека не знаат. Петицата ме боли.

Мислиш дека е тоа некој знак?

МЛАДИОТ: Каков знак?

ДР. ФАЛУС: Божји знак.

МЛАДИОТ: Не мислам баш така.

ДР. ФАЛУС: Ни јас. Штета што чекам знак. Додека чекам може да се напијам уште едно пивце. Црно или светло.

Пиво.

Џоинт?

МЛАДИОТ: Не.

ДР. ФАЛУС: Не? Како не?

МЛАДИОТ: Така не.

ДР. ФАЛУС: Зошто?

МЛАДИОТ: Зошто, а? Некои работи овде, не ми влегуваат во глава.

ДР. ФАЛУС: Глупав си?

МЛАДИОТ: Не.

ДР. ФАЛУС: Како не?

МЛАДИОТ: Така не.

ДР. ФАЛУС: Зошто?

МЛАДИОТ: Што зошто?

ДР. ФАЛУС: Зошто не?

МЛАДИОТ: Зошто да не?

ДР. ФАЛУС: Доаѓаш од... Балкан. До душа, сега си во Витенберг.

Тоа може да биде контра аргумент. И не мора. Можеби си повремено глупав?

МЛАДИОТ: Не би рекол.

ДР. ФАЛУС: Јас би рекол. Никогаш не знаеш. Ако си глупав, не си паметен, да знаеш дека си глупав. Месечината е патетична.

Тажно умира, како човекот. Сонцето е зелено. Меркур е невин.

Венера е заљубена. Марс е бесен. Ти си глупав.

МЛАДИОТ: Ти си паметен?

ДР. ФАЛУС: Јас сум заљубен.

Се гледаат.

Како си?

МЛАДИОТ: Зошто?

ДР. ФАЛУС: Што зошто?

МЛАДИОТ: Зошто како сум?

ДР. ФАЛУС: Зошто, зошто како си? Не ми филозофирај. Добро си или лошо си. Дај ми рака.

МЛАДИОТ: Зошто?

ДР. ФАЛУС: Мама си си ебал.

Му ја зема раката.

Нешто ќе ти кажам.

Пиво.

Види вака. Посмртни свона. Државен погреб. Венчан вел за курва. Држава за курва. На празен ковчег, убиецот и' ги шири нозете на вдовицата. И'ја кине кошулата. И' ги кине гаќите. Копулира како животно. Вдовицата брефта како свињче. Вдовицата изобличена од страст му ја гризе раката. Ќе умре од среќа? Не. Етничка тензија. Граѓанска војна. Братоубивствена војна... Немир и страст. Едно педерче ги гледа. Да ти помогнам стрико?! Ќе ти ставам прст од позади, чиче! Рашири ги нозете, мајко! Ќе ти го ставам малку во уста, мамичко!

Му ја остава раката. Се гледаат.

МЛАДИОТ: Не разбирам.

ДР. ФАЛУС: Така е. Зборови, зборови, зборови. Ако имаш рана сипи си сам врело олово на неа. Ако не, јас ќе ти сипам. Немој никого да жалиш. Ако ти падне жал за некого, уништи го. Еби го до смрт. Смртта е убава. Светот е апсурден. Политиката е лудило. Јас јадам гомна.

Пауза.

Кај отидоа Боговите?

МЛАДИОТ: Боговите, а? Да ти кажам нешто. Нема Богови. Има само насилници, издајници и лицемери.

Пауза.

ДР. ФАЛУС: Од кај ти е ова?

МЛАДИОТ: Мое размислување.

ДР. ФАЛУС: Браво. Сакаш да видиш дух?

МЛАДИОТ: Каков дух?

ДР. ФАЛУС: Ќе ти викнам еден дух.

МЛАДИОТ: Не.

ДР. ФАЛУС: Сите сакаат да видат дух. Сите имаат некој дух.

МЛАДИОТ: Не верувам во духови.

ДР. ФАЛУС: И духовите не веруваат во тебе.

Пауза.

Сакаш африкански танцови?

МЛАДИОТ: Какви африкански танцови?

ДР. ФАЛУС: Како какви? Африкански. Или сакаш јагоди со шлаг?

МЛАДИОТ: Какви јагоди?

ДР. ФАЛУС: Со шлаг. Зошто си толку параноичен?

МЛАДИОТ: Кај мене дома, вакви како тебе јадат за доручек.

ДР. ФАЛУС: Така е. Мама сте си ебале. Е, што имаш некоја звезда.

Пивово има вкус на Александар.

МЛАДИОТ: Александар?

ДР. ФАЛУС: Оној што освојувал. Таму кај вас. Дома. Не ти се чини?

МЛАДИОТ: Не.

ДР. ФАЛУС: Александар умре едно сабајле. Го закопаа. После се врати во прашина. Прашината е земја. Од земјата правиме кал. Со кал зацепуваме буриња пиво.

Пие.

Александар. Пробај.

МЛАДИОТ: Каков вкус има Александар?

ДР. ФАЛУС: Ваков.

МЛАДИОТ: Ти си малку чуден.

ДР. ФАЛУС: Јас сум многу заљубен.

МЛАДИОТ: Во кого?

ДР. ФАЛУС: Во тебе.

МЛАДИОТ: Ти си болен.

ДР. ФАЛУС: По тебе.

МЛАДИОТ: Ова е бесмислено.

ДР. ФАЛУС: Се е бесмислено.

МЛАДИОТ: Пијан си.

ДР. ФАЛУС: Не доволно.

Пауза.

МЛАДИОТ: Не дојдов овде за вакви како тебе. Слушаш? Имам јас мои планови... Дојдов да ебам малку матер овде...

ДР. ФАЛУС: Не се секирај. Ќе биде. Во добри раце стигна. Тебе ти треба знаење. Ти треба добар учител. Учитело, знае се. Сега ќе ти покаже нешто учителот. Ќе научиш нешто. Дојди да те научи малку учителот! Знаење? Гледај како влага знаење во тебе?!

Го фаќа за коса.

Го силува.

Крик.

Jebem mater tistemu, ki je prvi začel

(odlomek iz drame)

Vera

Tretji krog

Evropa, Wittenberg, Črni pujs,
pozabljena evropska oštarija.

DOKTOR FALUS: Glej to svinjo. Jebem mu mater.
Falus.

Premor.

Doktor Falus.

Premor.

Jaz sem doktor Falus.

MLADENIČ: Doktor Falus?

DR. FALUS: Iz krvi in mesa. Kot duh. Še nisi slišal?

MLADENIČ: Ne.

DR. FALUS: Nisi od tod?

MLADENIČ: Ne.

DR. FALUS: Dobrodošel.

MLADENIČ: Hvala.

DR. FALUS: Ničesar dobrega ne boš našel. Od kod si?

MLADENIČ: Iz Južne Evrope.

DR. FALUS: Balkan?

MLADENIČ: Makedonija.

DR. FALUS: Nekaj gnilega je v teh letih evropskega upanja. Balkan
je ječa.

Premor.

Kaj iščeš tu?

MLADENIČ: Štipendijo imam. Komaj sem jo dobil. Komaj sem
dobil vizum. Najpomembneje je, da sem prišel. Prišel sem študirat.

DR. FALUS: In si prišel študirat naravnost sem?

MLADENIČ: Povedali so mi, da so tu najboljše kurbe.

DR. FALUS: So. Jaz sem že. Boš že naštudiral. Te bom jaz naučil.

Greva takoj ali mi boš prej kupil en pirček?

MLADENIČ: Ne bodi smešen.

DR. FALUS: Tebi je to smešno? Meni se zdi grozno. Boš nežen? Me boš poljubil vsaj enkrat? Imaš morda kakšno bolezen? Zagotovo boš hotel od zadaj. Svinja balkanska. Jaz vendar nisem le kup mesa. Jaz sem kurba s častjo. Devica.

MLADENIČ: A zdaj me boš pa še zajebaval?

DR. FALUS: Kurba sem. Prisežem. Ampak zelo pametna. To me žre. Poglej. Svoje težke možgane vlečem kot nekakšno grbo. Jaz sem kompleksna kurba. Lepo me poglej. Strašansko draga kurba. Boli me vagina. Preženejo me z enih univerz, jaz ustanovim druge. Iz enih držav, jaz ustanovim druge. Znanje in čarovnija. Izkušnje in fantazija. Poznam sisteme. Šifre. Znake. Skrivnosti zvezd. Skrivnosti držav. Alkimijo narave. Rešitve ugank. Recept kokakole. Virtualno realnost. Biološke čipe. Zadeve, ki še niso nastale. Labirinte človeške duše. Vse igralce in grobarje Evrope. Vse angele Evrope. Črve. Ideje. Kaos. Gete. Paranoje. Slabe razvade. Kurbe. Razširjene zavesti. Politične zarote. Hermetične kroge. Ezoterične kroge. Mistične kroge. Geometrijo. Geomantijo. Hiromantijo. Nekromantijo. Metapomantijo. Shizomantijo. Kurcomantijo in tako naprej.

Premor.

Dolgčas mi je. Nič se ne dogaja. Mahnil jo bom v Črnega pujsa. Najboljša oštarija v Wittenbergu in širše. Tu je realnost iluzija v pomanjkanju alkohola. Že zelo velike glavice so tu treščile ob tla. Nekateri so se izbruhal in se utopile. Jaz bom spil pivo. Padel bom. Zlomil si bom tilnik. Črni pujs ubil doktorja Falusa. Voda in ogenj. Hotel sem reči: kupi mi en vrček piva.

MLADENIČ: Temno?

DR. FALUS: Ali svetlo.

MLADENIČ: Temno ali svetlo?

DR. FALUS: Temno ali svetlo.

MLADENIČ: Ne veš, kaj bi.

DR. FALUS: Bi vse, kar vem.

Pivo.

DR. FALUS: Jaz vem vse. Oziroma vem, da kadar ne vem, vem več od tistih, ki ne vedo, da ne vedo. Peta me boli. Misliš, da je to kakšno znamenje?

MLADENIČ: Kakšno znamenje?

DR. FALUS: Božje znamenje.

MLADENIČ: Nisem ravno tega mnenja.

DR. FALUS: Jaz tudi ne. Škoda, ker čakam na znamenje. Medtem ko čakam, lahko spijem še eno pivo. Temno ali svetlo.

Pivo.

Džojnt?

MLADENIČ: Ne.

DR. FALUS: Ne? Kako ne?

MLADENIČ: Tako, ne.

DR. FALUS: Zakaj?

MLADENIČ: A zakaj? Nekatere zadeve tukaj mi ne gredo v glavo.

DR. FALUS: Si neumen?

MLADENIČ: Ne.

DR. FALUS: Kako da ne?

MLADENIČ: Tako, ne.

DR. FALUS: Zakaj?

MLADENIČ: Kaj, zakaj?

DR. FALUS: Zakaj ne?

MLADENIČ: Zakaj pa ne?

DR. FALUS: Prihajaš z ... Balkana. No, zdaj si v Wittenbergu. To je lahko protiargument. Ni pa nujno. Si morda občasno neumen?

MLADENIČ: Ne bi rekel.

DR. FALUS: Jaz pa bi. Nikoli ne veš, nisi pameten, da bi vedel, da si neumen. Luna je patetična. Žalostno umira, kot človek. Sonce je zeleno. Merkur je nedolžen. Venera je zaljubljena. Mars je besen. Ti si pa neumen.

MLADENIČ: Si ti pameten?

DR. FALUS: Jaz sem zaljubljen.

Gledata se.

Kako si?

MLADENIČ: Zakaj?

DR. FALUS: Kaj, zakaj?

MLADENIČ: Zakaj, kako sem?

DR. FALUS: Zakaj zakaj, kako si? Ne filozofiraj mi. Si dobro ali pa si slabo. Daj mi roko.

MLADENIČ: Zakaj?

DR. FALUS: Najebal si.

Ga prime za roko.

Nekaj ti bom povedal.

Pivo.

Poglej takole. Posmrtni zvonovi. Državni pogreb. Poročna tančica za kurbo. Država za kurbo. Na praznem kovčku morilec širi noge vdove. Vdova hrope kot prasica. Vdova, od strasti izobličena, grize njegovo roko. Bo umrla od sreče? Ne. Etnična napetost. Državljanska vojna. Bratomorna vojna ... Nemir in strast. Nek pederček ju gleda. Ti pomagam, striček?! Ti bom vtaknil prst zadaj, striček! Daj narazen noge, mati! Ti ga dam malo v usta, mamica!

Spusti njegovo roko. Gledata se.

MLADENIČ: Ne razumem.

DR. FALUS: Tako je. Besede, besede, besede. Če imaš rano, si daj sam vrel svinec nanjo. Če ne, ti ga vlijem jaz. Naj se ti nihče ne smili. Če se ti kdo zasmili, ga uniči. Jebi ga do smrti. Smrt je lepa. Svet je absurden. Politika je norost. Jaz ga serjem.

Premor.

Kam so šli bogovi?

MLADENIČ: A bogovi? Naj ti povem nekaj. Bogov ni. So le nasilneži, izdajalci in hinavci.

Premor.

DR. FALUS: Od kod ti zdaj to?

MLADENIČ: Moje razmišljanje.

DR. FALUS: Bravo. Bi rad videl duha?

MLADENIČ: Kakšnega duha?

DR. FALUS: Ti pokličem enega.

MLADENIČ: Ne.

DR. FALUS: Vsi bi radi videli duha. Vsakdo ima kakega duha.

MLADENIČ: Ne verjamem v duhove.

DR. FALUS: Tudi duhovi ne verjamejo vate.

Premor.

Bi rad afriške plese?

MLADENIČ: Kakšne afriške plese?

DR. FALUS: Kako, kakšne? Afriške. Ali pa bi morda jagode s smetano?

MLADENIČ: Kakšne jagode?

DR. FALUS: S smetano. Zakaj si tako paranoičen?

MLADENIČ: Pri nas doma take, kot si ti, požrejo za malico.

DR. FALUS: Tako je. Mater jebete. Ej, kakšno zvezdo imaš. Pivo ima okus po Aleksandru.

MLADENIČ: Aleksandru?

DR. FALUS: Po tistem, ki je osvajal. Tam pri vas. Doma. Se ti ne zdi?

MLADENIČ: Ne.

DR. FALUS: Aleksander je umrl nekega jutra. Pokopali so ga. Nato se je povrnil v prah. Prah je zemlja. Iz zemlje naredimo blato. Z blatom zamažemo sode piva.

Pije.

Aleksander. Poskusi.

MLADENIČ: Aleksander je takega okusa?

DR. FALUS: Takega.

MLADENIČ: Ti si malo čuden.

DR. FALUS: Jaz sem zelo zaljubljen.

MLADENIČ: V koga?

DR. FALUS: Vate.

MLADENIČ: Ti si bolan.

DR. FALUS: Zaradi tebe.

MLADENIČ: Tole nima smisla.

DR. FALUS: Vse je brez smisla.

MLADENIČ: Pijan si.

DR. FALUS: Ne dovolj.

Premor.

MLADENIČ: Nisem prišel sem zaradi takih, kot si ti. Slišiš? Jaz imam svoje načrte ... Prišel sem malo jebat mater sem ...

DR. FALUS: Ne skrbi. Saj bo. V dobre roke si prišel. Ti potrebuješ znanje. Potrebuješ dobrega učitelja. Učitelj ve vse. Zdaj ti bo učitelj pokazal nekaj. Nekaj se boš naučil. Pridi, naj te učitelj malo nauči! Znanje? Glej, kako vstopa znanje vate!

Prime ga za lase.

Posili ga.

Krik.

Prevedla Sonja Cekova Stojanoska

Who the fuck started all this

(an excerpt from the play)

Creed/Faith

Third circle

Europe, Wittenberg, The Black Pig

(A forgotten European inn)

DOCTOR PHALLUS: Phallus.

Pause.

Doctor Phallus.

Pause.

I am Doctor Phallus.

THE YOUNG MAN: Doctor Phallus?

DOCTOR PHALLUS: In the flesh. Like a ghost. Haven't you heard?

THE YOUNG MAN: No.

DOCTOR PHALLUS: You're not from around here are you?

THE YOUNG MAN: No.

DOCTOR PHALLUS: Welcome.

THE YOUNG MAN: I'm glad to find everything so well here.

DOCTOR PHALLUS: You won't find anything well here. Where are you from?

THE YOUNG MAN: Southern Europe.

DOCTOR PHALLUS: The Balkans?

THE YOUNG MAN: Macedonia.

DOCTOR PHALLUS: Something is rotten in these years of European hope. The Balkans are a prison.

Pause.

What are you doing here?

THE YOUNG MAN: I have a scholarship. I struggled to get it. I only just got the visa. What's important is that I'm here. I've come to study.

DOCTOR PHALLUS: You came to this place to study?

THE YOUNG MAN: I was told there were whores here of the highest quality.

DOCTOR PHALLUS: There are. I am one of them. You will be taught. I will teach you everything. Would you like to go now, or would you like to buy me a pint first?

THE YOUNG MAN: Don't be ridiculous!

DOCTOR PHALLUS: Do you find it so ridiculous? I find it horrible. Will you be gentle with me? Will you kiss me at least once? You haven't got any diseases, have you? You'll definitely want it from behind. You Balkan swine! But I'm not just a piece of meat. I'm an honest whore. A virgin.

THE YOUNG MAN: Are you taking the piss?

DOCTOR PHALLUS: I am a whore. Honestly. It's just that I'm a very clever one. That's what's destroying me. Look. I'm dragging my heavy brain like a hump. I am a very complex whore. Look at me closely. An extremely expensive whore. It's a pain in the rectum. They throw me out of universities, I establish others. They hound me out of countries, I establish others. Knowledge and Magic. Experience and Fantasy. I know the systems. The codes. The signals. The secrets of the stars. The secrets of the states. The alchemy of nature. The solutions to the riddles. The recipe for Coca Cola. Virtual reality. Microchips. Things that haven't even been invented yet. The labyrinth of the human soul. All the actors and gravediggers of Europe. All the angels of Europe. Worms. Ideas. Chaos. Ghettos. Paranoias. Hazards. Whores. Extended consciousness. Political conspiracies. Hermetic circles. Esoteric circles. Mystical circles. Geometry. Geomanty. Heromanty. Necromancy. Metapomancy. Schitzomancy. Prickomancy and so on and so on.

Pause.

I'm bored. Nothing is happening to me. I'm rotting in the Black Pig. The best inn in Wittenberg and for miles around. Here reality is an illusion caused by lack of alcohol. Many great minds have hit this floor. Some of them threw up and then drowned. I'll have a beer. A sip. I'll fall. I'll break my neck. The Black Pig killed Doctor Phallus. Water and flame. What I'm trying to say is buy me a pint.

THE YOUNG MAN: Stout?

DOCTOR PHALLUS: Or lager.

THE YOUNG MAN: Stout or lager?

DOCTOR PHALLUS: Stout or lager.

THE YOUNG MAN: You don't know what you want.

DOCTOR PHALLUS: I want everything I know.

Beer.

I know everything. Or, I know that when I don't know I know more than those who don't know that they don't know. My heel is aching. Do you think it's a sign?

THE YOUNG MAN: A sign of what?

DOCTOR PHALLUS: A sign from God.

THE YOUNG MAN: I wouldn't have thought so.

DOCTOR PHALLUS: Neither would I. Pity I'm waiting for a sign.

While I'm waiting I could have another beer. Stout or lager.

Beer.

Joint?

THE YOUNG MAN: No.

DOCTOR PHALLUS: No? What do you mean 'No'?

THE YOUNG MAN: Just that. No.

DOCTOR PHALLUS: Why not?

THE YOUNG MAN: Why? Eh? I just can't get my head round some of the things here.

DOCTOR PHALLUS: Are you thick?

THE YOUNG MAN: No.

DOCTOR PHALLUS: What do you mean 'No'?

THE YOUNG MAN: Just that. No.

DOCTOR PHALLUS: Why?

THE YOUNG MAN: Why what?

DOCTOR PHALLUS: Why not?

THE YOUNG MAN: Why should I be?

DOCTOR PHALLUS: You're from... The Balkans. Now, though, you're in Wittenberg. That could be proof to the contrary. Then again it doesn't have to be. You might just be occasionally thick?

THE YOUNG MAN: I don't think so.

DOCTOR PHALLUS: I do. You never know. If you are stupid, you're not clever enough to know how stupid you are. The moon is pathetic. It dies sadly, like the man. The sun is green. Mercury is a virgin. Venus is in love. Mars is furious. You are stupid.

THE YOUNG MAN: And you're clever?

DOCTOR PHALLUS: I'm in love.

They look at each other.

How are you?

THE YOUNG MAN: Why?

DOCTOR PHALLUS: Why what?

THE YOUNG MAN: Why did you ask how I am?

DOCTOR PHALLUS: Why 'why how are you?'? Don't philosophise.

You are well or you are not. Give me your hand.

THE YOUNG MAN: Why?

DOCTOR PHALLUS: What a fiend you are.

He takes his hand.

I'll tell you something. First, a beer.

Beer.

Look now. The death toll. A state funeral. A wedding veil for a whore. A kingdom for a whore. The murderer spreads the legs of the widow on an empty coffin. He tears her shirt. He tears her knickers. He copulates like an animal. She squeals like a pig. The widow, contorted with passion, bites his arm. Will she die of happiness? No. Ethnic tension. Civil war. Fratricide. Restlessness and passion. A faggot watches them. Can I help you, Uncle? I'll stick a finger in from behind old boy. Spread your legs, Mother. I'll put it in your mouth a little, Mummy.

He lets his hand go. They look at each other.

Oh love, love! You are a ghost! You are a devil! You are a fallen angel! You stick it up Samson in spite of his strong muscles. Solomon bent over forwards in spite of all his wisdom.

THE YOUNG MAN: I don't understand all this.

DOCTOR PHALLUS: That's right. Words, words, words. If you have a wound, pour molten lead over it yourself. If not, I'll do it for you. Don't pity anyone. If you feel sorry for someone destroy them. Fuck them to death. Death is beautiful. The world is absurd. Politics is madness. I'm talking bullshit.

Pause.

Where have the Gods gone?

THE YOUNG MAN: The Gods eh? Let me tell you something.

There are no Gods. Thugs, treacherous knaves and hypocrites.

Pause.

DOCTOR PHALLUS: How did you figure that out?

THE YOUNG MAN: My contemplation.

DOCTOR PHALLUS: Bravo! Would you like to see a ghost?

THE YOUNG MAN: What sort of ghost?

DOCTOR PHALLUS: I'll call a ghost for you.

THE YOUNG MAN: No.

DOCTOR PHALLUS: Everyone wants to see a sprit. Everyone has some spirit.

THE YOUNG MAN: I don't believe in spirits.

DOCTOR PHALLUS: They don't believe in you either.

Pause.

Do you like African dances?

THE YOUNG MAN: What kind of African dances?

DOCTOR PHALLUS: What do you mean 'what kind?'—African.

Or would you like some strawberries and cream?

THE YOUNG MAN: What strawberries?

DOCTOR PHALLUS: With cream. Why are you so paranoid?

THE YOUNG MAN: At home we eat people like you for breakfast.

DOCTOR PHALLUS: That's right. What fiends you are. Oh what a wicked gleam you have in your eye. This beer tastes like Alexander.

THE YOUNG MAN: Alexander?

DOCTOR PHALLUS: The one who used to conquer. Over there where you're from. Home. Don't you think so?

THE YOUNG MAN: No.

DOCTOR PHALLUS: Alexander died one morning. They buried him. Then he went back to the dust. The dust is earth. From the earth we make mud. We seal barrows with mud.

Drinks.

Alexander. Try.

THE YOUNG MAN: What does Alexander taste like?

DOCTOR PHALLUS: Like this.

THE YOUNG MAN: You're a bit weird.

DOCTOR PHALLUS: I'm very much in love.

THE YOUNG MAN: With whom?

DOCTOR PHALLUS: With you.

THE YOUNG MAN: You're sick.

DOCTOR PHALLUS: For you.

THE YOUNG MAN: This is absurd.

DOCTOR PHALLUS: Everything is absurd.

THE YOUNG MAN: You're drunk.

DOCTOR PHALLUS: Not drunk enough.

Pause.

THE YOUNG MAN: I didn't come here to meet the likes of you.

Do you hear me? I have my own plans... I'm gonna shit all over the whole lot of you...

DOCTOR PHALLUS: Don't worry. That's just how it'll be.

You're in good hands. You need knowledge. You need a good teacher. The teacher knows everything. Now the teacher will show you something. You will learn something. Come, let the teacher show you something. Knowledge? See how you receive knowledge!

He takes him by the hair.

He rapes him.

A scream.

Translated by Iskra Gešoska



Foto © Violetta Savchits

Hanna Komar

Hanna Komar (Ганна Комар; Baranaviči, 1989) je beloruska pesnica, pisateljica, prevajalka in aktivistka. V Minsku je študirala angleščino. Doslej je objavila tri knjige: pesniško zbirko v beloruščini *Страх вышины* (Minsk, 2016; Strah pred višino), dvojezično (belorusko-angleško) zbirko *Recycled* (London, 2018; Ponovno uporabljeno) in tudi dvojezično (belorusko-rusko) zbirko dokumentarne poezije *Мы вернемся* (2022, Moskva; Vrnili se bomo). Skupaj z Julijo Cimafejevo in Natalijo Binkevič je sestavila in prevedla zbornik poezije Charlesa Bukowskega *Свято, і паветра, і месца, і час* (Minsk, 2017; Zrak in svetloba in čas in prostor). Prevaja tudi lastna pesniška besedila v angleščino. V svojih zgodnjih pesmih je razgaljala izkušnjo dekleta in mlade ženske, odrasčajoče v močno patriarhalni družbi; z globoko iskrenostjo nagovarja ženske k prepoznavanju spon, ki so jim jih nadeli moški. V letih 2020–2022 je sodelovala v beloruskem protestnem gibanju, njena besedila so postala močno politična, a so ostala čustvena in iskrena. Hanna Komar se je udeležila rezidence za mlade avtorje v Vilni (2015), rezidence v Baltskem centru za pisatelje in prevajalce v Visbyju (2021) ter prejela štipendijo Chevening, s katero opravlja magistririj iz kreativnega pisanja na Westminsteri univerzi v Londonu. Je članica beloruskega PEN in Zveze beloruskih pisateljev ter častna članica angleškega PEN.

Hanna Komar (Baranavichy, 1989) is a Belarusian poet, writer, translator, and activist. She studied English in Minsk. She has published three books: the poetry collection in Belarusian *Страх вышины* (Minsk, 2016; Fear of Heights), the bilingual (Belarusian-English) collection *Recycled* (London, 2018) and also the bilingual (Belarusian-Russian) collection of documentary poetry *Мы вернемся* (2022, Moscow; We Will Return). Together with Yuliya Tsimafeeva and Natalia Binkevich, she compiled and translated a collection of poetry by *Свято, і паветра, і месца, і час* (Minsk, 2017; Air and Light and Time and Space). She also translates her own poetry into English. In her early poems, she revealed the experience of a girl and a young woman growing up in a strongly patriarchal society; with deep sincerity she urges women to recognize the shackles that men impose on them. In the years 2020–2022, she participated in the Belarusian protest movement, and though her texts became stridently political, they remained emotional and sincere. Hanna Komar attended a residency for young authors in Vilnius (2015), a residency at the Baltic Center for Writers and Translators in Visby (2021), and received a Chevening Fellowship to pursue a Masters in Creative Writing at the University of Westminster in London. She is a member of the Belarusian PEN and the Union of Belarusian Writers, as well as an honorary member of the English PEN.

Зміцер

дваццаць пяць тысяч
крокаў у дзень

перачытваю
перачытваю
як губляў
пра
цу
вёс
ку
Ра
дзі
му

дваццаць пяць тысяч
крокаў

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	тра
	ная
	ціш
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зноў быць
сабой
не чалавекам
падполя

а

чалавекам

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лукашэнка павінен перад
краінай стаяць на каленях

але з'ехаць

вымушан
ы быў я

фільтраваць кожнае
слова, не гаварыць, не
знаёміцца

вымушан
ы быў я

пратрымацца

вымушаны
быў я

звычайны
аўтобус
вельмі стары
аўто-
бус шэрыЯ

брудны-
Я колеры
Ярка-чыр-
воны заход
сонца
людзі такіЯ
блізкі-
Я стомленыЯ
пера-
сёк мяжу Я
пера-
сёк мяжу

БЫЦ Ь

узяў бы з сабой зямлі
жменю вясковай
але нічога не выйшла

але нічога . . .

Таня

когда уезжала
меня тошнило
было пасмурно
оставался последний бесплатный кофе
только одна сумка
(очень много цветных колготок)
всё самое необходимое
денег и так было не очень

я никогда не летала
мне было страшно
не знала куда идти
мне было страшно

новый дом
поставили сумку
новый дом
пошли в магазин
новый дом
прислушивалась к шорохам
новый дом
мне снилось как их избивают
новый дом
читала новости
новый дом
я и не уезжала никуда
пахло деревом
понемногу нравится

очень приветливую продавщицу
очень вкусный и недорогой Наполеон
отрезает мне его не жалея
мне начинает понемногу нравиться
Вознесенский спуск
просто в него влюбилась
общаться с этой очень милой женщиной

последний бесплатный кофе
я понимала что вряд ли выпью его
когда вернусь
я понимала что вряд ли
когда вернусь
вряд ли там
всё тот же февраль

немного болят глаза
месячные задержались примерно на месяц
а так мне кажется ничего
руки покрылись прыщами-пятнами-ранами
а так мне кажется ничего
зашкаливала
а так мне кажется ничего

ощущение что я и не уезжала никуда
до сих пор не прошли
никогда не летала

Zmicer

petindvajset tisoč
korakov na dan

berem

znova berem
ko sem izgubila
služ
bo
Rojst
no
vas

petindvajset tisoč
korakov

no
tra
nja
ti
ši
na

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da znova
postaneš
ne človek
podtalja

temveč

človek

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.

lukašenko bi moral
poklekniti pred državo

toda jaz

sem moral
oditi

prestrezal vsako
besedo, nič govoril
ne spoznaval ljudi

primoran
sem bil

zdržati

sem moral
jaz

avtobus
redne linije
zelo
star
avto-

bus
sivo
umazan-
I
v barvi
Živo-
rdeč
sončni
zahod
ljudje
tako
blizu-

utrujena
pre-
čkam mejo
pre-
čkam mejo

BI
TI

s sabo bi vzela prgišče
domače grude
toda nič se ni zgodilo

toda nič . . .

Prevedla Veronika Sorokin

Tanja

pred odhodom
me je obšla slabost
nebo so preplavili oblaki
zadnja brezplačna kava v skodelici
z menoj gre samo torba
(polna pisanih nogavic)
nekaj najnujnejših reči
denar ki ga nič več ni

še nikoli nisem letela
kako me je strah
po glavi mi gre samo
kako me je strah

novi dom
odložimo torbe
novi dom
načrtujmo nakupe
novi dom
prisluškuj hrupu
novi dom
sanjaj o nasilnežu za vrati
novi dom
prebiraj novice
novi dom
počuti se kot doma
novi dom
dišeč kot staro drevo
še malo, pa mi bo lepo

kako prijazna prodajalka
kako slasten napoleon skoraj zastonj
velikodušno mi odreže zajeten kos
še malo, pa mi bo lepo
Voznesenski spust
me je čisto očaral
kakšna milina je govoriti z njo

zadnja brezplačna kava v skodelici
bo do mojega prihoda
najbrž nedotaknjena
naj brž pride februar
najbrž ga
do mojega prihoda
več ne bo

boleče oči
mesečna zamuda mesečne krvi
a nič zato
roke so prekrite z izpuščaji-madeži-ranami
a nič zato
to ni več moje telo
a nič zato

počutim se kot doma
še nikoli nisem letela
nismo prečkali neba

Prevedla Sara Špelec

Zmicier

twenty-five
thousand
steps
a day

over
and over

losing
my job
village
my
Motherland

twenty-five
thousand
steps

lukashenko has to be kneeling
before the country

but it was i

who

had to le

ave

it was i

who

had to filter off w

ords, no ta

lki ng, no new pe op

le

it was i

who

had

to

hold

out

myself again

not a man of the underground

but

.

.

a regular bus
 a very old bus
 grey dirty colour-
 s fiery-red suns-
 et people are so
 close so tired i c-
 ross the borde-
 r i've crossed...

we didn't win

we will . . .

i wish i had taken with me
a handful of my country's soil

Tanya

when i was leaving
i felt sick
it was cloudy
i had one last free coffee left
[from my favourite Minsk coffee shop]
only one bag —
[stuffed with coloured tights]
bare essentials
we didn't have money for luggage

it was my first time flying
i was scared
i didn't know where to go
i was scared

a new home
smelled of wooden floor
a new home
we put the bag down
a new home
we went shopping
a new home
we listened for
banging on the door
a new home
in my dreams
i saw them get beaten...

i read the news
from home
that i left

or actually never left

i'm getting to like it
this very friendly coffee shop woman
this very tasty and inexpensive Napoleon cake

she isn't frugal with it
i'm actually getting to like it here
Voznesensky uzviz
talking to this lovely woman...

that coffee
i feared it wouldn't be there
when i came back
i feared
[will i come back?]
it wouldn't be the same February...

my eyes are aching a bit
my period has been a month delayed
apart from that i think i'm ok

my hands have been covered with pimples-spots-sores
apart from that i think i'm ok
apart from that i think i'm ok...

i wanted to move a flat
but moved a country
it feels like i actually never left

Translated by the author



Foto © Beth Harding

Gail McConnell

Gail McConnell (Belfast) je severno-irška pesnica in predavateljica angleščine na Kraljevi univerzi v Belfastu. Raziskuje teme živih in mrtvih, nasilja, ekscentričnosti ter možnosti in politike jezika in oblike. Objavila je pesniške knjige *Fourteen* (2018; Štirinajst) *Fothermather* (2019) in *The Sun is Open* (2021; Sonce je odprto) ter knjigo *Northern Irish Poetry and Theology* (2014; Severnoirska poezija in teologija) o poeziji Seamusa Heaneyja, Michaela Longleyja in Dereka Mahona. Knjiga *Sonce je odprto* je pretres javnega in osebnega arhivskega gradiva o življenju in delu pesničinega očeta, ki ga je leta 1984 pred njenimi očmi ubila IRA. S sopostavljanjem otroškega in odraslega glasu, preteklosti in sedanjosti skuša avtorica razvozlati drobce ostalin ter jih na novo sestavljati v zgodovino in življenje. Knjiga je bila nominirana za mednarodno pesniško nagrado Sklada Johna Pollarda in nagrado Christopherja Ewarta-Biggsa, *Times Literary Supplement* in *The White Review* sta jo razglasila za knjigo leta, *The Observer* pa za pesniško knjigo meseca.

Gail McConnell (Belfast) is a Northern Irish poet and lecturer of English at Queen's University Belfast. She explores the themes of the living and the dead, violence, eccentricity, and the possibilities and policies of language and form. She has published the poetry collections *Fourteen* (2018), *Fothermather* (2019), *The Sun is Open* (2021) and the book *Northern Irish Poetry and Theology* (2014), about the poetry of Seamus Heaney, Michael Longley, and Derek Mahon. The book *The Sun is Open* is a shake-up of public and personal archival material about the life and work of the poet's father, who was killed in front of her eyes by the IRA in 1984. By juxtaposing the voice of a child and an adult, the past and the present, the author tries to decipher fragments of remains and reassemble them into history and life. The book was nominated for the John Pollard Foundation International Poetry Award and the Christopher Ewart-Biggs Prize. *The Times Literary Supplement* and *The White Review* named it book of the year, and *The Observer* named it poetry collection of the month.

The Sun is Open

(an excerpt)

*Grey text indicates source
material from the dad box.*

ON THE MORNING of March 6, 1984, Mr. William McConnell, assistant governor of the Maze Prison, was checking underneath his car for booby traps when he was shot dead in front of his wife and three-year-old daughter.

BEGIN WITH VICTIM on his
back is how this could begin
place your mouth over his mouth
pinch his nostrils shut easier to
take what I have found and break
it up breathe steadily till victim's
chest begins to rise pause
every minute to glue it back
the wrong way take a deep breath
yourself if there is no air
exchange do not touch him

YOU COME into this world
head first come in on your rump
they call it breech you may be
lifted out

I'm making soft returns
for this you need two keys SHIFT
and ENTER to go down the line
carries on the carriage moving
back

a commissioner in the Scouts, an eminent Christian worker
 a bad man
 impetuous at times
 selected by the Administration
 he instilled into them character and leadership
 to break opposition
 devoted all his energy to the completion of any task
 to the allocation of menial and degrading work
 a man of high morals, honest, loyal, dedicated
 organised and directed beatings in the jail
 slayed executed
 murdered in the ordinary way
 he appeared in silhouette
 giving prisoners a hard time in Long Kesh
 a prison unique in all Europe
 intolerable
 Government grossly unfair
 interference not mentioned
 in the report Maze
 no Minister visited
 blackout
 years
 lost
 their voices
 on the empty air

safe safe safe safe safe safe safe

the state
in which a gun
cannot be fired

at
a chest

or
a face

a container
for protecting provisions

refuge

MY FATHER REJOICES
that's what it means my name I
mean but did he

what if anything
was the source of his joy

was there joy between
us

before he left or after he walks
through the hall the squeaky
door saddle across the tiles
walking outside into the morning
into those bullets sailing through
the blue air into perforation into
a heap into gravel an almost
human shape into death into
silence or whatever

comes after

JUST TO SAY JUST TO SAY
JUST TO SAY a trio of cards
saying nothing to say
just this just grief just
not what is just

shepherd

lets me rest
grass

quiet

through the deep

go

with me

my enemies see
me

know

house my

look to the mountains
help
will come

let
your awake

guard you

The sun will not hurt

day moon
night

come and go

Sonce je odprto

(odlomki)

*Besedilo v sivem je
gradivo iz očetove škatle.*

ZJUTRAJ, dne 6. marca 1984,
je g. William McConnell, pomočnik
vodje zapora Maze Prison, preverjal,
ali je pod njegovim avtom nastavljena
bomba, ko je bil ustreljen vpričo
svoje žene in triletna hčerke.

ZAČNI Z ŽRTVIJO ležečo na
hrbtu tako bi se tole lahko začelo
položi svoja usta na njegova zapri
mu nosnice s prsti laže vzeti kar
sem našla in to razlomiti vdihuj
enakomerno dokler se ne prične
prsni koš žrtve dvigati naredi
premor vsako minuto zlepiti spet
skupaj napak da globoko zajameš
sapo če se zrak ne izmenja se ga
ne dotikaj

vstavljam mehke prehode
za to sta potrebni dve tipki SHIFT
in ENTER da bi se pomaknila navzdol
se vrstica nadaljuje voz pisalnega stroja
se premakne nazaj na začetek
vrstice

skavtski komisar, ugleden krščanski prostovoljec
na čase prenatrjen in zaletav
vcepljal jim je trdnost značaja in vodstvene sposobnosti
vso svojo energijo je posvetil dokončanju vsake naloge
človek visoke integritete, iskren, predan, lojalen
se pojavljal kot obris
klal
moril na običajen način
se pojavljal kot obris
grenil življenje zapornikom v Long Keshu
zaporu, edinstvenem v vsej Evropi
neznosnem
vlada skrajno nepravilna
vmešavanje
v poročilu
ni obiskal noben minister
leta
medijske blokade
izgubljena
njihovi glasovi
v prazno

varna varna varna varna varna

v kateri ni mogoče
država
streljati

v
prsi/skrinjo

ali
obraz

zabojnik
za varovanje zalog

zavetje

MOJ OČE SE RADOSTI
to pomeni moje ime mislim
ampak ali se je res

kaj če sploh kaj
je bilo vir njegovega veselja

je obstajalo veselje med
nama

preden je odšel ali potem ko
prehodi hodnik stopi skozi
škripajoča vrata čez prag po
ploščicah stopa zunaj v jutro v
tiste naboje jadrajoč skozi modri
zrak v preluknjanje v gomilo v
gramoz skoraj človeška oblika v
smrt v tišino ali karkoli že

sledi

SAMO DA SE POVE SAMO DA
SE POVE SAMO DA SE POVE
prav je da se to se pravi trojica
kart ki ne pravi ničesar se pravi
da povedo prav to prav žalovanje
samo in prav to da ni prav

pastir

pašnikih mi daje ležišče
počitka

vodi me

po globeli
z menoj

vpričo mojih nasprotnikov

mojo ki poznajo
hišo

oči vzdigujem h goram
bo prišla
pomoč

Naj
tvoj
ne dremlje
varuh

Podnevi ne bo udarilo sonce
luna ponoči

odhajanje in prihajanje

Prevedla Barbara Jurša



Foto © Robert Gojević

Kristian Novak

Kristian Novak (Baden-Baden, 1979) je hrvaški pisatelj, jezikoslovec in univerzitetni profesor. Odraščal je v Međimurju. Študiral je nemščino in hrvaščino ter leta 2011 doktoriral iz lingvistike. Na Reki je predaval jezikoslovje, od leta 2021 pa je zaposlen na Oddelku za germanistiko na Filozofski fakulteti v Zagrebu. Med letoma 1996 in 2009 je kot karateist in član hrvaške reprezentance osvojil več evropskih in svetovnih medalj. Doslej je objavil tri romane: *Obješeni* (2005; Obešenec), *Črna mati zemla* (2013; sl. 2015) in *Ciganin, ali najljepši* (2016; *Cigan, ampak najlepši*, 2020). Za svoj drugi roman je prejel nagrado Tportala za najboljši hrvaški roman leta, Večernji list pa ga je uvrstil med deset najboljših hrvaških romanov zadnjih petdeset let. Po romanu *Črna mati zemla* je načrtovan celovečerni film; sledil naj bi kratkemu filmu Roka Bička *Kazenski strel* (2021), ki je že dočakal svetovno premiero na filmskem festivalu v Locarnu in slovensko na Festivalu kratkega filma. Po romanu *Cigan, ampak najlepši* je načrtovana mini serija.

Kristian Novak (Baden-Baden, 1979) is a Croatian writer, linguist, and university professor. He grew up in Međimurje. He studied German and Croatian, and in 2011 received his doctorate in linguistics. He taught linguistics in Rijeka, and since 2021 he has been employed at the Department of German Studies at the Faculty of Arts in Zagreb. Between 1996 and 2009, he won several European and world medals as a karateka and a member of the Croatian national team. So far, he has published three novels: *Obješeni* (2005; The Hanged), *Črna mati zemla* (2013; Dark Mother Earth) and *Ciganin, ali najljepši* (2016; Gypsy, But the Fairest of Them All, 2020). For his second novel, he received the Tportal Prize for Croatian novel of the year, and *Večernji list* ranked it among the ten best Croatian novels of the last fifty years. A feature film is planned based on the novel *Dark Mother Earth*; it is expected to follow Rok Biček's short film *Penalty Shot* (2021), which had its world premiere at the Locarno Film Festival and the Slovenian premiere at the Festival of Short Film Fekk. A miniseries is planned based on his novel *Gypsy, But the Fairest of Them All*.

Ciganin, ali najljepši

(ulomak iz romana)

6. N / Prelazak granice

Dilara mi je prvi put rekla da se boji kada sam je zvao iz Ipsale, blizu granice. Samo tako: bojim se. Znaš li što to učini čovjeku? Ne dao ti Bog da saznaš.

Priznala je da razmišlja o bijegu. Strah ju je jer nitko ne zna istinu. Neki kažu da su počeli oporezivati kršćane, drugi kažu da to nije istina. Jedan prijatelj šijit rekao je da mu nitko nije prijetio. Neki pričaju o silovanjima, džihadist ima pravo obljubiti ženu. Takfiri vrebaju.

Takfiri bi bili... ljudi koji prijavljuju druge muslimane kao nevjernike. Suniti šijite pretpostavljam.

Pustili su iz zatvora stotine ljudi, a oni im se sada, odjednom veliki pravednici, pridružuju. Uveli su policijski sat. Zabranili prodaju krastavaca jer ih se može pretvoriti u alkohol. Ako te vide da pušiš cigaretu ili šišu, odsijeku ti prste. Svaka obitelj mora dati jednog odraslog člana u Daeš. Nude osamsto dolara mjesečno, samcima i ženidbu. Svakako se financiraju, uzimaju od ljudi, ubiru porez, preuzeli su trgovinu cementom. Dilara zvuči nekako iznemoglo i iza nje dobro čujem onaj dubok glas iz unutrašnjosti kuće, kaže: napustio si nas.

Prelazak smo čekali na obali rijeke. Skupilo se nekoliko stotina ljudi, a ja bih da ih nema. Znojimo se jedni po drugima i sve zaudara na mokraću i pokvareno meso. Zašto mi to radite? Nema mjesta za sve nas u Europi.

Većina spava u grmlju. Šake su im stisnute pa izgledaju kao ljutiti mrtvaci. U jednoj ruci najčešće mobitel, u drugoj novac. Jedno ih veže za dom, drugo ih sidri na odredištu. Crnci s dugim tankim nogama sjede na komadima najlona i žvaču čačkalice. Zauzeli su najzeleniji dio. Nisam mogao maknuti pogled s njih. Sjede na svojim najlonima, noge im široko, pljuju na tlo i gledaju žene. Zbog njih je meni teže ući u Europu, meni koji želim raditi i kojeg će ubiti ako se vratim kući. Potpuno su mirni i hladni, čekaju, ne troše se, povremeno otjeraju muhu s oka pa se vrate u mrtvilo. Najveći među njima ne govori ništa, lista knjigu na kojoj piše IKEA, pije vodu iz prozirne plastične vrećice. Moj Lamasu porazbacao bi ih kao drvene figurice.

Obilaze nas domaći lešinari, nude vodu, deke i ležaljke. Kad se naoblači, iz kombija vade kišobrane i cerade sa znakom neke američke banke. Kažem Azadu:

– S tim ne možeš preko. Onda ostaviš na obali, a ovi pokupe i opet prodaju.

– Pa ne kupuju ljudi to zato da bi im ostalo. – kaže mi Azad.

– Nego?

– Prati malo. Nadaju se da će ih preprodavači prve pustiti preko. A ovi što prodaju kišobrane s tim veze nemaju. I nitko to nikome ne objasni pa se svi bogate.

Azad je bio nespretn, ali je dobro razumio onaj neosvijetljeni dio svijeta. Uznemirilo me s kolikim je zanimanjem i s kolikom mirnoćom govorio o tome. Pitao sam se koliko je njemu zapravo potrebna moja pomoć. Lako je sklapao prijateljstva i dogovarao se. Uspio je od nekog Marokanca dobiti pola kutije cigareta za flašu naše vode. Marokanac nam pokazuje sliku svojega brata, on je već dvije godine u Njemačkoj, igra nogomet u drugoj ligi. Sprema mu se prelazak u Francusku, u klub Zenedien.

St. Etienne, pretpostavljam.

Pita ga Azad zašto mu brat nije kupio avionsku kartu pa da putuje kao čovjek. Kaže Marokanac da su bratu to izričito zabranili čim je stigao u klub.

Proširila se vijest o pokretu pa su svi živnuli. Afrikanci su počeli plesati, pljeskati i pjevati. Za nekih sat vremena dolaze kombiji, počinje cjenkanje, vika. Čini se da se krijumčari nikog ne boje. Jedan crnac želi ući u kombi, vozač ga odgurava i više na njega. Nitko nikoga ne razumije, a mene opet hvata panika. Azad me smiruje: nitko ne ostaje. I doista se ukrcavamo. Davali smo po stotinu dolara za pola sata vožnje do mjesta gdje se prelazi. Putem nas zaustave ljudi u civilu, razgovaraju sa šoferom pa nas puste. I to je bio sav njihov rizik. Dovedu ljude blizu vode, napune čamce, odgurnu i idu po novu turu.

Na obali svi stavljaju svoje mobitele u plastične vrećice. Prvi prelaze oni koji daju još pedeset dolara za čamac. Neki ne znaju veslati, nasuču se na otočić usred rijeke, odguruju se od njega. Na tom su mjestu betonski ostatci mosta. Azad gleda ruševinu, pa gleda ove što su nas dovezli, pa opet ruševinu. I kaže:

– Gledaj ovo. Znaš kako postaneš bogat? Netko sruši most.

Stislo me u grlu pri pogledu na vodu. Sve sam češće, jasno kao prorok, vidio nesreće koje se mogu dogoditi. Ovaj sam put vidio kako Azada, mene i dva crnca vade iz rijeke, međusobno zavezane užetom. Azad je jedini živ, više kako mi drugi nismo znali plivati.

Vidi da sam uznemiren, uvjerava me da je rijeka plitka. Većina je drugih već prešla i nestala u gustišu, a ja sam se uzalud nadao da će se neki od čamaca vratiti prazan na našu stranu. Gledam odbačene stvari na obali. Nevjerojatno puno fotografija, sjećam se. Ljudi ih radije ostavljaju nego da ih smoće.

Azad napokon poveže dva plastična kanistra užetom, ja preko užeta prebacim ruke, ovako, da mi gornji dio tijela bude iznad vode, pa mogu veslati

rukama. Oko pojasa mi zaveže crnu vreću u kojoj je osim mojih stvari bila još jedna prazna plastična flaša, da ih drži nad vodom. Mislio sam: ne znam ni ime rijeke u kojoj ću nestati. Ako slučajno preživim, onog Azada ću se riješiti, zbogom, prijatelju, zbog tebe i jesam u ovom sranju. Azad je krenuo prvi, stao na pola rijeke, okrenuo se prema meni i pokazao mi: voda je samo do pojasa. Naglo se okrene i zaroni, pusti se plutati nalijevo. Na površini ostali samo kanistri. Spazim automobil s rotirkama s druge strane rijeke i ukipim se. Čovjek sa sunčanim naočalama gleda mene, čovjeka privezanog na crnu vreću i ukrašenog ogrlicom od kanistera. Jedini sam ja još ostao od bjegunaca u rijeci. Udahnem i zaronim. Nagutam se vode, umrem od straha, ali me kanistri izbace na obalu.

Čim dotakneš drugu obalu, trebaš se maknuti od tornjeva. Nema stajanja dok se ne dočepaš dobrog zaklona. Ispetljao sam se, pokupio torbu. Azad me čekao u čučnju pedesetak metara dalje u šikari, svako malo bi se uspravio da ga vidim, pa ponovo čučnuo. Čuo se samo topot mnogih nogu, šuškanje vrećica i duboko disanje. Ljudi gube stvari, ali se nitko ne saginje po njih. Nisam mislio stati sve dok trči i Azad. Krajičkom oka vidim nekakvu svađu u jarku. Jedan čovjek pljuska nečiju glavu, drugi je drži za kosu i gura prema dole. Tijelo što je visjelo na glavi već je bilo mlohavo.

Morali smo se nekoliko puta sklanjati s ceste zbog policije, ali u samom gradu nije bilo problema. Bilo je Kineza, Afrikanaca, puno Arapa. Bilo je i domaćih koji su nas pozdravljali i nudili nam stvari na prodaju. Vode, deke, jaknu ili hlače, pekari dovoze kombijima svježi kruh, dva eura ili tri dolara komad. Pred jutro nas nenaoružani ljudi u žutim uniformama kombijima prevoze u jedno skladište, blizu poljoprivrednog aerodroma. Opet stotine ljudi, a ja ih mrzim.

Cigan, ampak najlepši

(odlomek iz romana)

6. N / Prečkanje meje

Dilara mi je prvič rekla, da se boji, ko sem jo klical iz Ipsale, blizu meje. Kar tako: bojim se. A veš, kaj to stori človeku? Naj ti Bog ne nameni, da bi izvedel.

Priznala je, da premišljuje o begu. Strah jo je bilo, ker ni nihče poznal resnice. Eni so govorili, da so začeli obdavčevati kristjane, drugi so govorili, da to ni res. Neki prijatelj šiit je rekel, da mu ni nihče grozil. Nekateri so govorili o posilstvih, džihadist ima pravico onečastiti žensko. Takfirji so prežali.

Takfirji bi bili ... ljudje, ki prijavljajo druge muslimane kot nevernike. Suniti šiite, predvidevam.

Iz zapora so izpustili na stotine ljudi, oni pa so se jim zdaj, nenadoma veliki pravičniki, pridružili. Uvedli so policijsko uro. Prepovedali so prodajo kumar, ker se jih lahko pretvori v alkohol. Če so videli, da kadiš cigareto ali vodno pipo, so ti odsekali prste. Vsaka družina je morala dati enega odraslega člana v Daeš. Ponujali so osemsto dolarjev na mesec, samskim tudi ženitev. Financirali so se na najrazličnejše načine, jemali so ljudem, pobirali davek, prevzeli so prodajo cementa. Dilara je bila slišati nekako iznemoglo in za njo sem dobro slišal tisti globoki glas iz notranjosti hiše, rekel je: zapustil si nas.

Prečkanje sva čakala na bregu reke. Zbralo se je nekaj sto ljudi, raje bi bil videl, če jih ne bi bilo. Drug po drugem smo se potili in vse je zaudarjalo po urinu in pokvarjenem mesu. Zakaj mi to delate? V Evropi ni prostora za vse nas.

Večina ljudi je spala v grmovju. Dlani so imeli stisnjene, videti so bili kot jezni mrtveci. V eni roki najpogosteje mobilni telefon, v drugi denar. Eno jih je povezovalo z domom, drugo jih je sidralo na cilju. Črnci z dolgimi tankimi nogami so sedeli na plastičnih ponjavah in žvečili zobotrebce. Zasedli so najbolj zelen del. Nisem mogel odvrniti pogleda od njih. Sedeli so na svojih plastičnih ponjavah, z razširjenimi nogami, pljuvali na tla in gledali ženske. Zaradi njih je tudi meni težje priti v Evropo, meni, ki bi rad delal in kogar bodo ubili, če se vrnem domov. Bili so povsem mirni in hladni, čakali so, niso se utrujali, občasno so odgnali muho z očesa, nato pa se znova pogreznili v mrtvilo. Največji med njimi ni nič govoril, listal je knjigo, na kateri je pisalo IKEA, in pil vodo iz prozorne plastične vrečke. Moj Lamasu bi jih razmetal kot lesene figurice.

Okrog nas so hodili domači mrhovinarji, ponujali so nam vodo, odeje in ležalnike. Ko se je pooblačilo, so iz kombija vzeli dežnike in cerade z znakom neke ameriške banke.

Rekel sem Azadu:

»S tem ne moreš čez. Zato pustiš na obrežju, tile pa poberejo in spet prodajo.«

»Saj ljudje tega ne kupujejo zato, da bi obdržali.«

»Temveč?«

»Spremljaj malo. Upajo, da jih bodo preprodajalci prve spustili čez. Tile, ki prodajajo dežnike, pa nimajo zveze s tem. In tega nihče nikomur ne pojasni, zato vsi bogatijo.«

Azad je bil nespreten, je pa dobro razumel tisti neosvetljeni del sveta. Vznemirilo me je, s kakšnim zanimanjem in kakšno mirnostjo je govoril o tem. Vprašal sem se, v kolikšni meri pravzaprav potrebuje mojo pomoč. Zlahka je sklepal prijateljstva in se dogovarjal. Od nekega Maročana mu je uspelo dobiti pol škatle cigaret za steklenico najine vode. Maročan nama je pokazal sliko svojega brata, že dve leti je v Nemčiji, igra nogomet v drugi ligi. Čaka ga prehod v Francijo, v klub Zenedien.

St. Etienne, predvidevam.

Azad ga je vprašal, zakaj njegov brat ni kupil letalske vozovnice, da bi potoval kot človek. Maročan je odvrnil, da so bratu to izrecno prepovedali takoj, ko je prispel v klub.

Začelo se je govoriti o odhodu in vsi so oživali, Afričani so začeli plesati, ploskati in peti. Čez kakšno uro so prispeli kombiji, začelo se je barantanje, vpitje. Videti je bilo, da se tihotapci nikogar ne bojijo. Neki črnc je hotel v kombi, voznik ga je odrinil in se drl nanj. Nihče ni nikogar razumel, mene pa je spet zajela panika. Azad me je miril: nihče ne bo ostal. In res smo se vkrcali. Dajali smo po sto dolarjev za pol ure vožnje do mesta prečkanja. Na poti so nas ustavili ljudje v civilu, se pogovarjali s šoferjem in nas spustili naprej. In to je bilo vse njihovo tveganje. Ljudi so pripeljali k vodi, napolnili čolne, jih potisnili v vodo in odšli po novo rundo.

Na bregu so vsi pospravili mobitele v plastične vrečke. Prvi so prečkali tisti, ki so dali še petdeset dolarjev za čoln. Nekateri niso znali veslati, nasledli so na otoček sredi reke in skušali čoln spet spraviti v vodo. Na tistem mestu so bili betonski ostanki mostu. Azad je gledal ruševine, nato tiste, ki so nas pripeljali, in spet ruševine. Rekel je:

»Poglej to. Veš, kako postaneš bogat? Nekdo zruši most.«

Ob pogledu na vodo me je stisnilo v grlu. Vse jasneje sem, kakor prerok, videl nesreče, ki bi se lahko zgodile. Tokrat sem videl, kako Azada, mene in dva črnca vlečejo iz vode, medsebojno zvezane z vrvjo. Azad je bil edini živ, vpil je, da drugi nismo znali plavati.

Videl je, da sem vznemirjen, prepričeval me je, da je reka plitva. Večina drugih jo je že prečkala in

izginila v grmovju, jaz pa sem zaman upal, da se bo kateri od čolnov vrnil prazen na našo stran. Gledal sem odvržene stvari na bregu. Neverjetno veliko fotografij, se spomnim. Ljudje so jih raje pustili tam, kot da bi jih zmočili.

Naposled je Azad z vrvjo povezal dva plastična kanistra. Čez vrv sem položil roke, tako da sem bil z zgornjim delom telesa nad vodo in sem lahko veslal z rokami. Okrog pasu mi je privezal črno vrečo, v kateri je bila poleg mojih stvari še prazna plastenka, da jih je držala nad vodo. Premišljeval sem: še imena reke, v kateri bom izginil, ne poznam. Če po naključju preživim, se bom tega Azada odkrižal, adijo, prijatelj, zaradi tebe tudi sem v tem dreku. Azad se je odpravil prvi, sredi reke se je ustavil, se obrnil k meni in mi pokazal: voda sega samo do pasu. Hitro se je obrnil in se potopil, neslo ga je v levo. Na površju sta ostala samo kanistra. Na drugi strani sem opazil avtomobil z rotacijskimi lučmi in odrevenel. Človek s sončnimi očali je gledal vame, človeka, privezanega na črno vrečo in okrašenega z ogrlico iz kanistrov. Od vseh beguncev sem v reki ostal samo še jaz. Zajel sem sapo in se potopil. Napil sem se vode, umrl od strahu, ampak kanistra sta me izvrgla na obrežje.

Takoj ko prideš na drugo stran, moraš stran od stolpov. Ne smeš se ustaviti, dokler ne najdeš dobrega zaklona. Izmotal sem se, vzel torbo. Azad me je čakal v počepu kakšnih petdeset metrov stran v grmovju, vsake toliko se je zravnal, da bi ga videl, in spet počepnil. Slišal sem samo topot številnih nog, šelestenje vrečk in globoko dihanje. Ljudje so izgubljali stvari, vendar se ni nihče sklonil, da bi jih pobral. Nisem se nameraval ustaviti, dokler se ne bi ustavil tudi Azad. S kotičkom očesa sem videl nekakšen prepir v jarku. Neki človek je klofutal nekogaršnjo glavo, drugi jo je držal za lase in jo tiščal navzdol. Telo, ki je viselo na glavi, je bilo že mlahavo.

Nekajkrat smo se morali umakniti s ceste zaradi policije, v mestu pa ni bilo težav. Bili so Kitajci,

Afričani, veliko Arabcev. Bili so tudi domači ljudje, ki so nas pozdravljali in nam ponujali stvari naprodaj. Vodo, odeje, jakno ali hlače, peki so s kombiji dovažali svež kruh, dva evra ali tri dolarje za kos. Proti jutru so nas neoboroženi ljudje v rumenih uniformah s kombiji odpeljali v neko skladišče, v bližini poljedelskega letališča. Spet na stotine ljudi, ki sem jih sovražil.

Prevedla Đurđa Strsoglavec

Gypsy, But the Fairest of Them all

(an excerpt from the novel)

6. N / Border crossing

For the first time Dilara said she's scared when I called her from Ipsala, near the border. That's all she said, nothing more: I'm scared. Do you know what this does to a man? God forbid you should ever learn.

She confessed she was thinking about escaping. She's scared because nobody knows what's really going on. Some say Christians are being taxed, others say they aren't. A friend, a Shiite, said nobody's been threatening him. Some talk of rape, a jihadist has the right to force himself on a woman. The takfirs are on the lookout.

A takfir is... a person who informs on other Muslims, claims they're infidels. Sunnis probably rat out Shiites.

They released hundreds of people from prison, and now these folks, suddenly the righteous of the righteous, are swelling their ranks. They've imposed a curfew. Cucumbers are banned because they can be fermented for making alcohol. If they see you smoking a cigarette or a hookah they chop your fingers off. Every family has to give an adult member to Daesh. They offer to pay eight hundred dollars per month and provide marriage for the bachelors. They finance themselves in all sorts of ways, taking from people, collecting taxes, they have taken over the manufacture of cement. Dilara sounds so frail and behind her I can clearly hear a deep voice booming from inside the house, saying: you abandoned us.

We were waiting to ford a river. Several hundred people had gathered, and I wished they hadn't. We

were dripping with sweat and everything reeked of urine and bad meat. Why are you doing this to me? There isn't enough room for all of us in Europe. Most are asleep in the bushes. Their fists are clenched so they look like angry corpses. In one hand is usually a cell phone, in the other, their money. The phone ties them to home, the money to their destination. Black men with long thin legs sit on squares of plastic and chew on toothpicks. They have occupied the greenest area. I couldn't take my eyes off them. They sit there on their plastic squares, their legs akimbo, they spit on the ground and eye the women. Because of them it'll be harder for me to enter Europe, me who wants to work and who will be put to death if I go home. They are calm and aloof, they're waiting, they waste no energy, they brush a fly from their eyes every so often and then back to lethargy. The largest among them says not a word, leafs through a book with the word IKEA on the cover, drinks water from clear plastic bags. My Lamassu would scatter them like wooden figurines.

The local vultures make the rounds, offer to sell us water, blankets, and mattresses. When clouds pile up in the sky they bring umbrellas and tarps bearing the logo of an American bank out of their vans. I tell Azad:

"You can't take those things with you over there. So you leave them on the beach, and the same guys come along, retrieve them, and sell them all over again."

"People aren't buying them to leave them behind," says Azad to me.

"No?"

"Pay attention. They are hoping the venders will let them ford the river first. But the venders selling umbrellas have nothing to do with who goes first. And there's nobody to explain this so the venders rake in the riches."

Azad was artless, but he had a good grasp of the shadowlands of the world. I was disturbed by the amount of fascination and ease with which he talked about this. I wondered how much he actually needed

my help. He found making friends and arranging things a breeze. He managed to convince a guy from Morocco to trade a half-pack of cigarettes for a bottle of the water we had. The Moroccan showed us a picture of his brother, who had already been in Germany for two years and was on a second division soccer team. The brother was about to cross over into France, to the Zenedien football club.

I assume that's St. Etienne.

Azad asks him why his brother didn't buy him a plane ticket so he could travel with dignity. The Moroccan says they'd banned his brother from doing that as soon as he arrived at the club.

Word flew around that we were about to move and folks perked up. The Africans began dancing, clapping and singing. Within a few hours vans arrived, and then began the bartering and shouting. The smugglers seemed to fear nothing. One of the black men wanted to get into a van, the driver pushed him back and yelled at him. Nobody understands anyone, and, again, I'm panic-stricken. Azad quiets me: nobody will be left behind. And sure enough, we all get in. We each give \$100 for a half-hour drive to the place where we'll cross the border. Along the way we're stopped by people in civilian clothing, they talk with the driver and let us through. And this was all the risk they took. Bring the people to the water's edge, fill the boats, push them off and back you go for the next round.

Everyone seals their cell phones in plastic bags on the riverbank. The first ones to cross are the ones who paid another \$50.00 for the boat. Some of them don't know how to row, they run aground on a shoal mid-river. Push off. On that spot there are the concrete

ruins of a bridge. Azad eyes the ruins, then looks at the people who brought us here, then again at the ruins. And says:

“Hey, look. How do you get rich? Somebody blows up a bridge.”

My throat tightens as I look at the water. More and more often, as clearly as a prophet, I see the accidents that might happen. This time I see Azad, me and two of the black men pulled out of the river, tied to each other by a length of rope. Azad is the only one who’s alive, and he calls out that the rest of us didn’t know how to swim.

He sees I am anxious and tells me the river is shallow. Most of the others have already crossed and vanished into the underbrush, and I am hoping, in vain, that some of the boats will come back empty to our side. I see all the things discarded on the beach. An incredible number of photographs, as I recall. People prefer to leave them behind instead of letting them get wet.

Azad finally latches two plastic canisters together with some rope, and I throw my arms over the rope, like this, so the upper part of my body stays above water, and I can paddle with my arms. Around my waist he ties a black plastic bag in which, aside from my things, there is another empty plastic bottle, to keep the bag above water, too. I think: I don’t even know the name of the river I’ll be drowning in. If by some chance I survive, I’ll ditch this Azad, bye bye, friend, it’s because of you that I’m in this mess. Azad goes first, he stands halfway across the river, turns to me and gestures: the water is only up to his waist. He turns and dives in, floats downstream to the left. On the surface all I can see are the canisters. I notice a car with a rotating light on the roof across the river and I freeze. A man in dark glasses watches me—me tied to a black plastic bag and a decorative canister necklace. I’m the only one of the people on the move who is still mid-river. I take a deep breath and dive. I gulp down water, die of terror, but the canisters carry me across.

As soon as you touch the other side, you're supposed to get away from the towers. There is no time to stop until you find a good hiding place. I scramble out, grab my bag. Azad is waiting for me, crouching a little further on in the bushes, every so often I straighten up to see him, and then crouch again. All I can hear are the thudding of feet, the rustling of plastic bags, and heavy breathing. People are dropping things, but nobody is leaning down to retrieve them. I don't think of stopping as long as Azad is running. Out of the corner of my eye I see a fight going on in a ditch. One man is punching someone in the head, another is holding the head by the hair and pressing it down. The body attached to the head is already dangling, limp.

We have to get off the road several times because of the police, but in the city itself there aren't problems. There are Chinese people, Africans, and many Arabs. There are local people who greet us and offer us things for sale. Water, blankets, a jacket or pants, bakers bring fresh bread in vans, two euros or three dollars a loaf. Before morning some unarmed men in yellow uniforms take us in a van to a warehouse, near an agricultural airport. Hundreds of people again, and I hate them.

Translated by Ellen Elias-Bursac



Foto © osebni arhiv / Personal Archive

Renato Quaglia

Renato Quaglia (Solbica, 1941) je rezijanski pesnik. V Vidmu in Veroni je študiral bogoslovje in bil leta 1965 posvečen v duhovnika, a se je temu poklicu po štirih letih odpovedal. Na Mednarodnem inštitutu Lumen vitae in na Univerzi v Leuvnu je študiral psihosociologijo ter se od začetka sedemdesetih let prejšnjega stoletja angažiral pri obujanju gospodarskega, narodnostnega in duhovnega življenja v Reziji. Pomembne so njegove etnološke in antropološke raziskave, zlasti obsežna monografija *Baside. Mi samo izde, ti ke baj si?* (2007; *Mi smo tukaj, kje ste pa vi?*). Piše v rezijanščini in italijanščini. Med pomembnejšimi knjigami Renata Quaglie so pesniške zbirke *Baside / Besede* (1985) – zanjo je leta 1986 prejel nagrado Prešernovega sklada –, *Rezija naša* (2008), *Sanjalavi / Indizi* (2018; *Znaki*), *Čütja / Presagi* (2018; *Slutnje*) ter *Zaleni okrišiji / Zelene krošnje* (2021) in zbirka esejev *Rezija. Jezik zemlje, jezik kruha* (1981). Renato Quaglia je poleg Silvine Paletti osrednji pesniški glas rezijanščine, solbaškega narečja, ki ga v vzhodnoalpski dolini na severu Italije danes govori komaj kaj več kot tisoč ljudi.

Renato Quaglia (Solbica, 1941) is a Resian poet. He studied theology in Udine and Verona and was ordained a priest in 1965, but gave up the profession after four years. He studied psychosociology at the Lumen vitae International Institute and at the University of Leuven, and has been engaged in reviving economic, national, and spiritual life in Resia since the early 1970s. His ethnological and anthropological research is important, especially the extensive monograph *Mi samo izde, ti ke baj si?* (2007; *We are here, where are you?*). He writes in Resian and Italian. Among Renato Quaglia's most important books are the poetry collections *Baside / Besede* (1985; *Words*) – for which he received the Prešeren Fund Award in 1986 –, *Rezija naša* (2008; *Our Resia*), *Sanjalavi / Indizi* (2018; *Signs*), *Čütja / Presagi* (2018; *Premonitions*) and *Zaleni okrišiji / Zelene krošnje* (2021; *Green Canopies*), as well as a collection of essays, *Rezija. Jezik zemlje, jezik kruha* (1981; *Resia: The Language of Earth, the Language of Bread*). In addition to Silvana Paletti, Renato Quaglia is the central poetic voice of Resian, the Solba dialect spoken by just over a thousand people in the eastern Alpine valley in northern Italy today.

Pod lipo

1

Tu-w snu kača anu orel
ta mi njima se pliteta
juravu-bilu ubličena
ta-na rosi ti pujutranji
se lovita anu plešata.

Ta-na črišnji kuz nu družg
citirata wižo *Bantawo*.

Z Indrinice rizlaža viter
'ma za nurca oba dwa
to *Pjaračawo* jima bunkula.

2

Gława ma wsa se jasni
pravice šlivi vije mo
prad ognju lipa ma opaž sadi
prst ta boći za rićet
ne stuj baside virićeť.
Činkić kjuka ta-w okno
an inja kjukat makoj ko
to prvo štiglo na tarenj
žvajana stopa wtisnula.

3

Pa nas wstaješ suncace mo
megle te ubličejo
pošle pa te sličejo.
Pribliski na den bot me wnaćajo
črni oblak wže wgasne me.
Du baj šće se vasali
za pribliske ka lanita mi jibijo
du pa počnel se trest
za oblake ka slote sprawjajo?
Den utručec se našinal
brez dulga se wdaja na cel swit
okaca, okina ka se smijajo
ma le
wže solze lanita mu slanijo.

4

Krive since zaropawajo oko mo
ko glawa se diwa klopotat
da mer ni več nikerja
da vse so more
vse so smi
Dul anu Dulg den sami gri.

Larin krade jetra ma
tu-w vetru tej para se gubi
ta-na pari cel žwot pana.

5

Mid pećami prad paču
den kurofulčić pognal
sam pod hruško se brafa.
Viter, lipi moj, seme itu naĝal
dež nu sunce sta ga wredila.
Kaku si lipa roža ma
tej dna šćirica si igraš
se ne baruwaš ni da kaku ni da zakoj
anu pa da muć boš živila.
Ko te gledan
ba tel rade bet tej ti
se ne baruwat ni da kaku ni da zakoj
injen pod lipo jaz lažin
anu vidin na tabe
tezat dušo, stat cel svit.

6

Ko te mislin
rožica, ma rožica
zvizde wuže pujajo
ko te kličen
viter cigni anu muči
ko te gledan
plešejo žvirinice
ko me jibiš
gore poskučiwajo.
Tu-w ti lipi ćanibi
veje naše ta-mi njimi se plitejo
piskalnice na trawniku
žejne roso pijajo.

7

Ah ti pubiti

ti popalčani

ti očarani

ah ti ...

Makoj za se priživit

glawo, srce

jetra

uken za den flinkić se prodajajo

anu eršt pa roke ploskajo

za kos duše anu žwota

pod mizo zawuržana.

Kiramu lajaš pasić moj?

luna za smijun je zamuknana

pa či hudu ona krvavi.

8

Muć čas si ti me jiskala
ma duša ti se skriwala
muć čas 'na je te čakala
ma ti si rude mučala
muć čas sawa se sračala
ma niswa se poznawala.
Ta-mi sridu me nuće
twoj ognjić zajel je me
injen twoj rožilić sem jaz
wsaka nuć mi je usmiljena.

9

Ke žwot basid
risna težā
ke potokić
ka napiwal me koze
ke gozdni
hišni okus?
Valika čuda obaćana
wmej harbata ni obratila
vesala anu jokasta
trda anu miska
kada zmućana, ma risnu žiwa
ne wdana makoj skranji lujarski
ma pa trnu slive duji.

Pod lipo

1

V sanjah se kača in orel
tesno objemata
v rjavo-belo oblečena
se na jutranji rosi
lovita in plešeta.

V češnji ubirata kos in drozg na citiro
to *bantavo* vižo izgnanca.

S slemena Indrinice se veter spušča
se iz obeh ob *pjaračevi* norca dela
ko jima odzvanja bunkulo.

2

Vedrina mi pamet prevzema
v krošnji mi šelestijo pravlјice
ob ognju moja ljuba tiho poseda
s prstom na ustih mi kaže
naj se besedi odrečem.
Ščinkavec trka na okno
in trkat ne neha, vse dokler
čez prvo stopnico do travnika
ne stopi prebujena noga.

3

Spet si danes vstalo, sončece
megle te oblačijo
da te potem še slečejo.
Žarki me za hip razvnamejo
pa me že pregrne črn oblak.
Kako bi mi lice bilo veselo
ko sonce nanj posije
če me ob tem strah maje
pred oblakov hudo uro?
Pa se otrokec pojavi, se nedolžno
skloni čez vesoljni svet
okna, oči se komaj posmejejo
ko že mu po licu
spolzi slana solza.

4

Hude prikazni se mi v očesu izležejo
ko mi v glavi divje razbija
ker ni nikjer več pregrade
vse je dovoljeno
vse se sme in počne
v dolini krivic, kjer vlada zlo.

Po jetrih mi sega tat
moč izpuhteva v vetru
na parah se v krču zvija telo.

5

Med kamni pri vodnjaku
pognal je nagelj
se pod hruško razšopiril.
Veter, moj ljubi, je seme prinesel
dež in sonce sta ga nahranila.
Prelepa moja rožica
kot kak deklič sredi igre
se nič ne sprašuješ, kako in zakaj
in če boš še kaj živa.
Ko te gledam
bi rad bil kot ti
se nič spraševal, kako in zakaj.
Zdaj pod lipo ležim
in vidim in vem, da ob tebi
duša zadiha in svet spet stoji.

6

Ko nate pomislim
roža, rožica moja
zvezde zapojejo
ko te pokličem
se veter pobere in utihne
ko te pogledam
zaplešejo zverinice
ko se ljubiš z mano
gore poskakujejo.
V blaženi postelji
se najine veje prepletajo
trobentice na trati
žejne roso pijejo.

7

Ah, ti pomorjeni

ti prevarani

ti omamljeni

ah, vsi ti ...

Za goli prežitek

glavo in oko

srce in jetra

za prazen nič prodajo

in za povrh še ploskajo temu

da se jim duša in življenje

pod mizo valjata.

Na koga lajaš, pes moj dragi?

Mesec se od smeha duši

in mu je hudo, ko teče kri.

8

Večkrat si se mi približala
moja duša pa se ti je skrivala
večkrat je nate čakala
pa si takrat gluha ostala
večkrat sva se srečala
pa nisva prepoznala.
Sredi trde noči šele
me je tvoj plamen zajel
zdaj sem tvoj cvetoči grm
in noč se sočutna boči nad mano.

9

Kam je šel pomen besed
njihova prava teža
kam potoček
ki moje koze napaja
kam duh po gozdu
po domu?
Obljubljena prikazen čudežna
mi ni nikoli hrbta pokazala
v solzah in radosti
surova in muževna
do kraja potrta, do kraja živa
kdaj na krilih ščinkavca
zdaj v bodičju pasje slivice.

Prevedel Marko Kravos

Under the Linden Tree

1

In a dream, a snake and an eagle
in a tight embrace
dressed in brown and white
chasing each other and dancing
in the morning dew.

In a cherry tree, a blackbird and a redwing are fiddling
this balladic melody of an emigrant.

The wind is blowing from the ridge of Indrinica
making a fool of them both
as *pjaračeva* resonates.

2

My heart is full of light
the treetop rustling with tales
my darling quiet by the fire
with her finger over her mouth inviting me
to abandon every word.

A finch is tapping on the window
and tapping he does not stop until
the awakened foot strides
across the first step to the meadow.

3

Today you rose again, dear sun
the mists are dressing you
to undress you later.

Briefly excited by the rays of light
a black cloud already enfolds me.

How my face would light up
with the sun shining on it
while I am trembling with fear
of the dark tempest clouds?

A small child appears, innocently
leaning out of the universe
windows, eyes hardly smiling
when salty tears already
run down his cheeks.

4

Dire apparitions hatch in my eye
when my head is pounding wildly
as there is no boundary left
everything permitted
everything allowed, accepted
in the valley of injustice ruled by evil.

A thief is reaching for my liver
power evaporating in the wind
on the catafalque a body keeps cramping up.

5

In pebbles by the well
a carnation has flourished
thriving under a pear tree.
Wind, my darling brought the seed
nourished by rain and the sun.
My sweet, sweet flower
like a young girl playing
do you not ask yourself how and why
and if you shall remain alive.
When I look at you
I wish I were like you
not asking myself how and why.
Now I am lying under the linden tree
seeing and knowing that beside you
my soul breaths and again the world is whole.

6

Whenever I think of you
flower, my sweet flower
the stars sing their melodies
whenever I call you
the wind dies away and falls silent
whenever I look at you
the beasties start dancing
whenever you make love to me
the mountains start leaping.
In the blessed bed
our branches interlace
primroses on the lawn
quench their thirst with dew.

7

Oh, those murdered
those deceived
those intoxicated
oh, all those ...
For sheer survival
for the least trifle they sell
their head and eye
heart and liver
and besides, applaud
that their soul and life
are thrown in the gutter.
Who are you barking at, dear old dog?
The moon is suffocating in laughter
grieving when blood is spilled.

8

Often you came close to me
but my soul hid from you
often waiting for you
but then you remained deaf
often we met
but did not know each other.
Only in the black night
was I embraced by your flame
now being your rose bush
with each night gracious to me.

9

Where is the sense of words
their true weight
where the brook
that gives water to my goats
where the flavor of forest
of home?

The great magnificent apparition
has never turned its back on me
in tears and in joy
rough and damp
utterly crestfallen, utterly alive
now on the wings of the finch
then in the brier of wild plums.

Translated by Kristina Kočan



Foto © Kateryna Slipchenko

Natalka Snjadanko

Natalka Snjadanko (Наталка Володимирівна Сняданко; Lvov, 1973) je ukrajinska pisateljica in prevajalka. Študirala je ukrajinski jezik in literaturo na Univerzi Ivana Franka v Lvovu ter slavistiko in romanistiko na Univerzi v Freiburgu. Kot novinarka in urednica je sodelovala pri številnih domačih revijah in časopisih pa tudi v medijih na zahodu (*Gazeta Wyborcza*, *Süddeutsche Zeitung*, *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, *New York Times*, *New Republic*). Je prevajalka proze in dramatike iz nemščine (Franz Kafka, Friedrich Dürrenmatt, Günter Grass, Max Goldt, Martin Pollack, Elfriede Jelinek, Herta Müller, Lukas Bärfuss), poljščine (Zbigniew Herbert, Czesław Miłosz, Johanna Bator) in ruščine (Andrej Kurkov). Objavila je zbirko kratke proze *Сезонний розпродаж блондинок* (2005; *Sezonska razprodaja blondink*) ter romane *Колекція пристрастей* (2000; *Zbirka strasti*), *Чебрець у молоці* (2007; *Timijan v mleku*), *Країна поламаних іграшок та інші подорожі* (2008; *Dežela pokvarjenih igrač in druga potovanja*), *Гербарій коханців* (2011; *Herbarij ljubimcev*), *Фрау Мюллер не налаштована платити більше* (2013; *Gospa Müller poče več plačevati*), *Перше слідство імператриці* (2021; *Prva preiskava cesarice*) in druge. Leta 2011 je prejela ukrajinsko literarno nagrado Józefa Konrada-Korzeniowskega.

Natalka Sniadanko (Lviv, 1973) is a Ukrainian writer and translator. She studied Ukrainian language and literature at Ivan Franko University in Lviv and Slavic and Romance Studies at the University of Freiburg. As a journalist and editor, she contributed to numerous domestic magazines and newspapers, as well as to the media in the West (*Gazeta Wyborcza*, *Süddeutsche Zeitung*, *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, *New York Times*, *New Republic*). She is a translator of prose and plays from German (Franz Kafka, Friedrich Dürrenmatt, Günter Grass, Max Goldt, Martin Pollack, Elfriede Jelinek, Herta Müller, Lukas Bärfuss), Polish (Zbigniew Herbert, Czesław Miłosz, Johanna Bator), and Russian (Andrej Kurkov). She has published a collection of short prose, *Сезонний розпродаж блондинок* (2005; *Seasonal Sale of Blondes*), and the novels *Колекція пристрастей* (2000; *The Passion Collection*), *Чебрець у молоці* (2007; *Thyme in Milk*), *Країна поламаних іграшок та інші подорожі* (2008; *Land of Broken Toys and Other Travels*), *Гербарій коханців* (2011; *Herbarium of Lovers*), *Фрау Мюллер не налаштована платити більше* (2013; *Frau Müller Does not Wish to Pay More*), *Перше слідство імператриці* (2021; *The First Investigation of the Empress*) and others. In 2011 she received the Józef Konrad-Korzeniowski Ukrainian Literary Prize.

Охайні прописи ерцгерцога Вільгельма

(уришок з роману)

1969-2008

Галина народилася за годину до півночі 18 серпня 1969 року. Того самого дня, точніше, тієї самої ночі, тільки на двадцять один рік раніше, в київській в'язничній лікарні було виписано довідку про смерть її дідуся, українського полковника, полкового командира Січових Стрільців, засудженого на 5 років ув'язнення в Парижі, позбавленого австрійського громадянства у Відні, ласого до молодих моряків і вродливих жінок клієнта паризьких борделів, шпигуна англійської та французької розвідок, симпатика ОУН, ерцгерцога Вільгельма фон Габсбурга.

Для Галини він був дідом Вільгельмом, рідше – Вілюсем. Власне, Вілюсем його називали в дитинстві, а потому – вже аж у глибокій старості. Вільгельм, наймолодший син Карла-Штефана фон Габсбурга, народився 10 лютого 1895 року, за півроку до того, як Зигмундові Фройд наснився знаменитий сон про укол Ірми. Завдяки цьому сну Фройд зробив висновок, що кожне сновидіння є здійсненням бажання. Цим він спершу викликав у науковому середовищі скандал і недовіру, а лише згодом саме завдяки цьому відкриттю став усесвітньо відомим ученим.

«Перше вражіння, яке собі пригадую з диточих літ, – це море. Багато води», – написав дідусь Вільгельм в автобіографії, мову якої Галина розуміла тільки частково, так багато було там спотворених польських і німецьких слів. Наприклад, вона не відразу збагнула, що «маринаркою» дідусь називав не піджак, а морський флот, «репарація» означала операцію, «бельфер» – учителя, а годинник у дідуся називався «дзигарем». Дідусів дзигар завжди показував на годину менше, ніж було на годиннику в самої Галини. Вільгельм і бабця Софія так ніколи й не перейшли на запроваджений радянською владою час. І коли домовлялися з кимось на певну годину, то завжди з'ясовували, чи точно йдеться саме про «московський» час.

Написати спогади дідусь вирішив так само раптово та несподівано, як вирішував майже все у своєму житті. Якось узимку Галина захворіла на вітрянку й кілька тижнів не ходила до школи. Вільгельм сидів біля її ліжка, старанно мастив червоні прищі

зеленкою і розповідав історії з пережитого, щоби відволікти онуку від того, як свербить її шкіра.

– Дідусю, ти мене дуриш, не може це все бути правдою, – вередувала Галина. – Ти прочитав якусь пригодницьку книжку, а тепер переказуєш мені.

Саме тоді Вільгельм і вирішив, що його біографія – це готова пригодницька книжка, яку він сам власноруч і напише.

Урочисті приготування до початку праці над мемуарами тривали приблизно місяць. Вільгельм довго облаштовував кабінет. То був колишній кабінет батька бабці Софії, де той відпочивав після роботи. Тут стояв накритий зеленим сукном стіл, численні шухлядки замикалися на ключ, і майже всі ключі все ще були на місці.

Перш ніж почати працю над спогадами, Вільгельм хотів підібрати якнайзручніші подушки на крісло, та жодна йому так і не підійшла, тож, марно перепробувавши багато варіантів, він віддав крісло в ремонт, аби на ньому повністю змінили оббивку. Проте й після цього Вільгельм не був задоволений і спробував улаштуватися в одному з глибоких шкіряних фотелів, які мали доволі широкі западини між бильцями та сидінням, і звідти Софія дитиною часто випорпувала різні дрібні предмети: монети, напильники, ложечки, гребінці.

Вільгельм поміняв у кабінеті штори, щоби створити якнайбільш затишний настрій, довго вибирав папір, ручки, олівці. Усе те показував Галині, радився з нею. Вона позичила йому для нотаток кілька своїх грубих зошитів у клітинку. Вільгельм заявив, що в зошитах із обкладинками зі штучної шкіри депресивного бурячкового кольору він точно нічого путнього не напише. Галина запропонувала обклеїти зошити папером і розмалювати. Так вони і зробили. Урешті Вільгельм оголосив, що від завтрашнього дня розпочинає роботу над мемуарами.

Наступного дня вранці, відразу після сніданку, він заявив:

– Нині мене прошу не турбувати. Буду писав. – Гордовито поправив шляфрок і зник у своєму кабінеті.

Він перетягнув туди бабцину стару друкарську машинку і тепер намагався навчитися швидко друкувати. З кабінету спершу кілька хвилин долиняло стукотіння по клавішах, а потому дідусь чимось голосно гупнув, – мабуть, стільцем – і крикнув:

– Фердамт нох маль!

Мабуть, це означало, що заклонило якусь літеру або ж він зробив одруківку. Десь приблизно через годину він вийшов із кабінету трохи знервований і запитав бабусю, чи немає чогось смачненького, бо щось писання не йде. Бабуся приготувала йому чай, канапку з варенням і сир зі сметаною – улюблений його десерт. Вільгельм зник за дверима. Минула ще година, й він знову вийшов. Цього разу налаштований дуже рішуче:

– Ну, що можна написати у шляфрок! – з порогу кинув він і рвучко відчинив двері шафи з одягом. – Який одяг, таке і письмо. Мушу привести себе до пор'ядку.

Потому почалися тривалі переодягання, миття, гоління, зачіска, манікюр – дідусь завжди дуже ретельно робив собі манікюр, його страшенно нервували поламані, обгризені, брудні нігті чи ороговіла шкірка кутикул. Манікюр забирав досить багато часу і цього разу затягнувся аж до обіду. Зате обід відбувся в урочистому парадному одязі, дідусь навіть знайшов у шухляді, відчистив від пилу і начепив на руку свій швейцарський дзигар, якого не носив уже багато років і який дивом уцілів під час ув'язнення. Після обіду дідусь задоволено позіхнув і сказав:

– Ну, тепер можна троха відпочити!

І пішов до кабінету на післяобідній сон. Після сну він пив каву, грав із Галиною в шахи, читав і того дня про писання вже не згадував. Наступного ранку все повторилося. За час хвороби Галини він таки спромігся написати кілька сторінок. З кожною з них вибігав із кабінету, по-дитячому радісний і збуджений, затягував пасок шляфрока й одразу ж читав Галині вголос усе щойно створене. Щоправда, до кожного прочитаного речення він долучав іще довгу усну розповідь, без якої ледве чи можна було би зрозуміти написане. Розповідав Вільгельм значно цікавіше, ніж описував. На письмі кожне речення давалося йому з великими труднощами, він довго мучився, щоби сформулювати найпростішу думку, добирав слова, багато виправляв і перекреслював, але текст однаково виходив заплутаним і не завжди було зрозуміло, що ж саме Вільгельм хоче сказати. Він пояснював це браком гімназійної освіти, бо вчився за програмою реальної школи, а не гімназії. Домашні вчителі в його дитинстві прагнули передовсім справити добре враження і на батька дітей, і на самих дітей, а пильнувати, як учні опанували матеріал, – то вже було другорядним. Тож діти опановували те, що давалося їм найлегше. А Віллі легше давалося

говорити, ніж писати. Наприклад, писання твору в його виконанні виглядало так. Він цілий урок розповідав учительці про свої літні канікули, викладаючи найдрібніші деталі мандрівки з батьками до Парижа, описуючи масляний смак свіжих круасанів, наспівну інтонацію паризьких кельнерок і покоївок у готелях, пилюку на вулицях, дамські сукні в театрі, пригоди дорогою туди і назад. Учителька слухала його затамувавши подих. Потому казала:

– Чудово, Віллі! А тепер запиши все це.

Через кілька хвилин він, задоволено посміхаючись, віддавав їй листок і казав:

– Готово!

– Як? Уже? Так швидко? – дивувалась учителька, розгортала листок і читала: *«Я провів канікули в Парижі. Там було добре»*.

– І це все? – знову дивувалася вона.

– Ну, а решту я вам розповів, – широко усміхався задоволений собою Віллі.

Писати Вільгельмові завжди було важко. Це почалося від уроків каліграфії в дитинстві, які він щиро ненавидів і уникав їх усіма можливими способами, а потому так само неохоче писав твори, – йому нудно було витратити стільки часу на те, що він уже і так зміг собі уявити. Ця неспроможність зосередитися надовго породжувала й хаотичність і уривчастість його усних оповідей. Про одні епізоди він згадував часто і детально, а інших уникав зовсім. Через це в Галини залишилися доволі фрагментарні уявлення про дідусеві життєві пригоди, – таке буває після перегляду старих неоцифрованих документальних фільмів, коли стрічка постійно обривається, а разом із нею шматуються і враження, зіпліваючись між собою в найнесподіваніших місцях. Слухаючи ці хаотичні розповіді, вона почала малювати. Спершу просто обличчя, намагаючись уявити собі, як виглядали всі ті люди з дідусевих оповідок, а потім – окремі сценки: як дідусь іще малим хлопчиком нудиться на придворній церемонії у Відні; як утікає з родинного замку в польському місті Живці у гори, до гуцулів; як віддає честь своїм солдатам із українського батальйону Січових Стрільців; як зустрічається з митрополитом Шептицьким у Львові; як приміряє обнови у Парижі. Сценки в її зошитах нагадували комікс, із тією лише відмінністю, що історія, яку вони розповідали, не мала хронологічної послідовності. Після подій Другої світової війни там могли бути зображені

сцени Першої світової чи міжвоєнної, далі з'являлись епізоди з радянського Львова, а потому – з тридцятих років, коли Вільгельм жив у Парижі. Цей комікс нагадував оповіді дідуса та його самого – втілення хаосу, непослідовності, бурхливого і нестримного темпераменту. До того ж події в його житті громадилися з дуже нерівномірною інтенсивністю: за період між 1914 і 1921 роками він пережив у десятки разів більше і набагато важливіших речей, аніж за наступні двадцять років, потому знову був короткий спалах інтенсивного життя, а тоді – летаргія радянського часу.

Дідусеві дуже подобалося, як Галина малювала. Дивлячись на рисунки, він пригадував усе нові деталі, а вона відразу ж фіксувала їх, іноді лише інтуїтивно здогадуючись, як могло виглядати те чи те. Ще в дитинстві Галина заповнила своїм коміксом кілька грубих зошитів, якими дуже дорожила, і час від часу домальовувала різні епізоди, які зринали в її пам'яті з дідусевих оповідей. Саме ці комікси вона й візьме через багато років зі собою до Відня, щоби показати замовникові як ідею для майбутнього оформлення інтер'єру кнайпи. Той відразу ж захопиться й уже через годину після зустрічі надішле Галині електронною поштою контракт із такою сумою гонорару, від якої годі було відмовитись. І вона не відмовиться.

На першій сторінці Галининих коміксів було намальовано дідусів годинник виробництва фірми «Omega Seamasters», – такий самий Галина згодом бачила в кіно, на руці у Джеймза Бонда. У фільмі про Бонда вона вперше почула гасло «*І цілого світу замало*», яке дідусь вивів як епіграф на першій сторінці своїх спогадів, – але не тому, що любив фільми про Джеймза Бонда, а тому, що це було одним із родинних гасел Габсбургів.

1895-1912

Одне з перших речень дідусевої автобіографії звучало так: «*Я з роду шосте й останнє дитя в сім'ї моїх батьків, матір мене найбільше любила*». Його мати, Марія-Терезія-Антуанета-Імакулята-Жозефа-Фердинанда-Леопольдина-Франциска-Кароліна-Ізабела-Аелозія-Христина-Анна, архікнягиня Австрійська і принцеса Тосканська, була донькою архікнязя Карла Сальватора Австрійського-Тосканського та Марії-Імакуляти Бурбон-Сицилійської. Марія-Терезія розмовляла зі сином італійською, а англійською володіла найгірше в сім'ї: ніби й упевнено і правильно, та водночас повільно і скуто, – було помітно, що вона постійно підшукує

слова. Коли діти підросли, вони іноді навіть перекладали для матері деякі англійські фрази своєї гувернантки.

Мати багато часу проводила з Вільгельмом, учила його розкладати пасьянси, грати в доміно і малювати. Лише йому одному з усіх дітей вона дозволяла заходити до своєї майстерні й дивитися, як вона працює. Марія-Терезія мала звичку тримати в зубах пензель, поки підбирала фарбу, а також механічно витирати забруднені фарбою долоні просто об поли своєї вишуканої чорної сукні. Марія-Терезія любила малювати квіти. Вона підписувала свої роботи ініціалами «*mTh*», при цьому середня літера завжди вивищувалася над крайніми. Іноді вона водила рукою малого Віллі по полотні, й він розмазував олійну фарбу, намагаючись акуратно зафарбувати контур, який вивела мама. Та малювання ніколи не було його сильною стороною. У материній майстерні завжди було повно живих квітів, переважно гіацинтів, і той запах відтоді ціле життя переслідував Вільгельма, коли він роздивлявся живопис. Він навіть зберіг звичку затуляти носа хустинкою, як робив у дитинстві, бо від запаху гіацинтів йому починала боліти голова і закладало ніс.

Батько, Карл-Штефан, спілкувався з дітьми німецькою, проте з ранніх літ вимагав од них знати не тільки англійську та французьку як традиційні іноземні, яких навчали цісарських нащадків, а ще й польську.

У 1895 році адмірал цісарського морського флоту Карл-Штефан Австрійський фон Габсбург-Лотаринзький успадкував маєток, який у збіднілого польського шляхтича придбав у польському містечку Живці п'ятдесят років тому його дядько, Карл-Людвіг. Того самого року в Карла-Штефана народився наймолодший син Вільгельм, а щасливому батькові спала на думку ідея польського проекту. Той проект був екстравагантним, як і чимало інших задумів Карла-Штефана. Він не плакав ілюзорних надій на те, що він сам чи хтось із його дітей стане в майбутньому імператором. Значно реальнішою він уважав перспективу розпаду самої імперії на численні дрібні національні держави: чеську, угорську, сербську й інші, серед яких обов'язково була б і польська. Кожна з цих дрібних держав потребуватиме монарха, котрий би очолив її. Саме до цього Карл-Штефан і вирішив готуватися. Майбутнім королем чи королевою незалежної Польщі він бачив когось зі своєї родини або й себе самого.

Карл-Штефан назвав наймолодшого сина Вільгельмом на честь іншого габсбурзького ерцгерцога, котрий іще наприкінці чотирнадцятого століття хотів отримати польську корону типовим для Габсбургів шляхом – через династичний шлюб із одинадцятирічною польською королівною Ядвігою. Та польські шляхтичі завадили йому, перехопили дорогою до нареченої та прогнали, а Ядвігу видали заміж за литовського князя. З того шлюбу і почалася Ягелонська династія.

Lične vadbice nadvojvode Wilhelma

(odlomek iz romana)

1969–2008

Halina se je rodila uro pred polnočjo 18. avgusta 1969. Na isti dan, natančneje, na isto noč, le da enaindvajset let prej, je bil v kijevski zaporniški bolnišnici izdan mrliški list njenega deda, ukrajinskega polkovnika, poveljnika polka Sičevih strelcev, obsojenega na pet let zavora v Parizu, prikrajanega za avstrijsko državljanstvo na Dunaju, klienta pariških bordelov, sladokusno navdušenega nad mladimi mornarji in brhkimi ženskami, vohuna angleške in francoske obveščevalne službe, simpatizerja OUN, nadvojvode Wilhelma Habsburškega.

Za Halino je bil ded Wilhelm, redkeje Wilius. V bistvu so ga Wilius klicali v otroštvu in kasneje, že v globoki starosti. Wilhelm, najmlajši sin Karla Štefana Habsburškega, se je rodil 10. februarja 1895, pol leta pred znamenitimi sanjami Sigmunda Freuda o Irmini injekciji. Zavoljo teh sanj je Freud sklenil, da so vsake sanje uresničitev želja. S tem je sprva v znanstvenih krogih sprožil škandal in nezaupanje, sčasoma pa prav zaradi tega odkritja postal svetovno znan znanstvenik.

Prvi vtis iz otroških let, to je morje. Mnogo vode, je zapisal ded Wilhelm v avtobiografiji v jeziku, ki ga je Halina razumela le deloma, toliko je bilo v njem popačenih poljskih in nemških besed. Ni na primer takoj dojela, da je ded z *marinarko* označeval vojno mornarico, in ne suknjiča, *reparacija* je pomenila operacijo, *belfer* učitelja, ura je bila po dedovo *dzigar*. Dedov dzigar je zmerom kazal eno uro manj kot Halinina ura. Wilhelm in babica Sofija namreč nikoli nista prešla na čas, ki ga je določila sovjetska vlada. In ko sta se dogovarjala s kom za določeno uro, sta vedno ugotavljala, ali misli dejansko moskovski čas.

Ded se je odločil napisati spomine prav tako nenadoma in nepričakovano, kot je sprejemal odločitve za skoraj vse v svojem življenju. Neko zimo je Halina zbolela za noricami in nekaj tednov ni šla v šolo. Wilhelm je sedel ob njeni postelji, vneto mazal rdeče izpuščaje z zelenko in ji pripovedoval svoje prigode, da bi vnukinjo odvrnil od misli na srbečico.

»Dedek, ti me imaš za norca, vse to ne more biti res,« je negodovala Halina. »Prebral si neko pustolovsko knjigo, ki jo zdaj pripoveduješ meni.«

Ravno tedaj je Wilhelm tudi sklenil, da bo njegova biografija dovršena pustolovska knjiga, ki jo bo lastnoročno napisal.

Slovesne priprave na začetek dela s spomini so trajale približno en mesec. Wilhelm je dolgo urejal kabinet. To je bil nekdanji kabinet očeta babice Sofije, v katerem je počival po delu. Tu je stala z zelenim suknom pokrita miza, številni predali so se zaklepali in skoraj vsi ključiči so še tičali v ključavnicah.

Preden je začel delati s spomini, je Wilhelm hotel izbrati karseda udobno blazino za naslanjač, vendar mu nobena ni bila pogodu, zato je naslanjač, potem ko je zaman preizkusil številne položaje, odpeljal na popravilo, da bi ga v celoti na novo oblazinili. Ampak niti potem ni bil zadovoljen in se je poskusil namestiti v enega od globokih usnjenih foteljev, ki je imel dovolj široke ugreznine med naslonjalom in sedalom, in od tam je Sofija kot otrok pogosto izgrebla razne drobne predmete: kovance, pilice, žlice in glavnike.

Wilhelm je v kabinetu zamenjal zavese, da bi ustvaril karseda domačno vzdušje, dolgo je izbiral papir, kulije in svinčnike. Vse to je kazal Halini in se z njo posvetoval. Ona mu je za zapiske posodila nekaj svojih debelih karirastih zvezkov. Wilhelm je izjavil, da v zvezke s skajastimi platnicami depresivne bordo barve zagotovo ne bo ničesar pametnega napisal. Halina je predlagala, da bi zvezke oblepila s papirjem in jih poslikala. Tako sta tudi storila. Naposled je Wilhelm naznanil, da se bo naslednji dan lotil dela s spomini.

Naslednje jutro je takoj po zajtrku dejal:

»Zdaj me pa, prosim, ne motite. Pisal bom.« Ponosno si je popravil jutranjo haljo in izginil v svoj kabinet.

Tja je prinesel babičin stari pisalni stroj in se trudil naučiti hitrega tipkanja. Iz kabineta se je sprva nekaj minut razlegalo tipkanje, nakar je ded z nečim glasno udaril – morebiti s stolom – in zakričal:

»*Verdammt noch mal!*«

Morda je to pomenilo, da se je zataknila kakšna črka ali da se je zatipkal. Čez približno eno uro je odšel iz kabineta nekoliko razburjen in vprašal babico, ali ima kaj okusnega, češ da mu pisanje nekako ne steče. Babica mu je pripravila čaj, sendvič z marmelado in sir s smetano – njegovo najljubšo sladico. Wilhelm je izginil za vrati. Minila je še ena ura in znova se je vrnil. Tokrat je bil odločnejši:

»No, ali je mogoče pisati v jutranji halji?!« je vzkliknil in sunkovito odprl vrata omare z oblačili. »Kakršna oblačila, takšno pisanje. Urediti se moram.«

Nato je sledilo dolgo preoblačenje, umivanje, britje, pričeska, manikira – ded si je zmeraj nadvse zavzeto urejal nohte, strašno so ga vznemirjali nalomljeni, pogrizeni, umazani ali poroženeli nohti. Manikira je vzela zelo veliko časa in tokrat se je zavlekla vse do kosila. Zato pa je ded pokosil v svečani praznični obleki, v predalu je celo našel svojo švicarsko uro, ki je ni nosil že mnogo let in ki je po čudežu preživela zaporniške dni, jo očistil prahu in si jo nadel na roko. Po kosilu je zadovoljno zazelhal in dejal:

»No, zdaj pa lahko malo počivam!«

In odšel je v kabinet na poobedni dremež. Po njem je pil kavo, igral šah s Halino, bral – in tega dne se ni več spomnil na pisanje. Naslednje jutro se je vse ponovilo. Med Halinino boleznijo mu je vendarle uspelo napisati nekaj strani. Po vsaki strani je stekel iz kabineta otroško vesel in razvnet, si zategnil pas jutranje halje in takoj Halini na glas prebral pravkar ustvarjeno. Sicer je k vsakemu prebranemu stavku pridal še dolgo spremno pripoved, brez katere skoraj ni bilo mogoče razumeti napisanega. Wilhelm je pripovedoval znatno zanimiveje kot opisoval. Pri pisanju je imel z vsemi povedmi velike težave, dolgo se je mučil, preden je izoblikoval že najpreprostejšo misel, izbral je besede, mnogo popravljal in prečrtaval, a besedilo je vseeno bilo zmedeno in marsikdaj ni bilo jasno, kaj bi Wilhelm sploh rad povedal. To je pojasnjeval s primanjkljajem gimnazijske izobrazbe, kajti obiskoval je realko, in ne gimnazije. Domači učitelji iz njegovega otroštva so si predvsem prizadevali narediti dober vtis tako na očeta kot na same otroke, da bi bdeli nad tem, kako učenci usvajajo snov, pa je bilo v drugem planu. Tako so se otroci učili tega, kar se jim je zdelo najlažje. Viliju pa je bilo lažje govoriti kot pisati. Pisanje spisa je bilo pri njem videti tako: ves čas pouka je učiteljici pripovedoval o svojih poletnih počitnicah, predaval je o vseh najmanjših podrobnostih izleta s starši v Pariz, opisoval je masleni okus svežih francoskih rogljičkov, melodične intonacije pariških natakarc in hotelskih sobaric, prah na ulicah, damske obleke v gledališču, pustolovščine na poti tja in nazaj. Učiteljica ga je zadržujoč dih poslušala. Nato je dejala:

»Krasno, Vili! Zdaj pa vse to napiši.«

Čez nekaj minut ji je z zadovoljnim nasmeškom oddal list in rekel:

»Končano!«

»Kako? Že? Tako hitro?« se je čudila učiteljica, razprla listek in brala: *Počitnice sem preživel v Parizu. Tam je bilo v redu.*

»To je vse?« se je znova začudila učiteljica.

»No, preostanek sem vam pa že povedal,« se je Vili na široko nasmehnil, zadovoljen s samim sabo.

Pisati je bilo Wilhelmu vselej težko. To se je začelo že pri pouku lepopisja v otroštvu, ki ga je iskreno sovražil in se mu izmikalo na vse možne načine, nato je prav tako nejevoljno pisal tudi spise – nepotrebno se mu je zdelo izgubljati toliko časa za tisto, kar si je že tako ali tako znal predstavljati. Ta nezmožnost dolgotrajnejše zbranosti je povzročila tako zmedenost kot tudi pretrganost njegovega pripovedovanja. Nekaterih dogodkov se je spominjal pogosto in natančno, drugim se je povsem izmikalo. Zato so se Halini vtisnile v spomin precej fragmentarne podobe dedovih življenjskih prilog – kot se to godi pri starih nedigitaliziranih dokumentarnih filmih, ko se trak nenehno trga, skupaj z njim pa se cefrajo tudi vtisi, ki se zlepljajo med seboj na najmanj pričakovanih mestih. Ob poslušanju teh kaotičnih pripovedi je začela slikati. Sprva samo obraze, ko si je zamišljala, kako naj bi bili videti vsi tisti ljudje v dedovih pripovedih, nato pa tudi posamezne prizore: kako se ded kot še majhen fantič dolgočasi med ceremonijo na dunajskem dvoru; kako beži z družinskega gradu v poljskem mestu Żywiec v gore, k huculom; kako salutira svojim vojakom ukrajinskega bataljona Sičevih strelcev; kako se srečuje z metropolitom Šeptickim v Lvovu; kako pomerja novo opravo v Parizu. Prizori v njenih zvezkih so spominjali na stripe, le s to razliko, da zgodba, ki so jo pripovedovali, ni imela kronološkega zaporedja. Po dogodkih druge svetovne vojne so se pojavile podobe prve ali pa medvojnega obdobja, nakar so se pojavili prizori sovjetskega Lvova, nato dogodki iz tridesetih let, ko je Wilhelm živel v Parizu. Ta strip je spominjal na dedove pripovedi in tudi na njega samega – utelešenje kaosa, nekonsistentnost, vzkipljiv in nebrzdan temperament. Poleg tega so se dogodki v njegovem življenju grmadili z nadvse neenakomerno intenzivnostjo: v obdobju med letoma 1914 in 1921 je preživel desetkrat več in pomembnejše reči kot v naslednjih dvajsetih letih, čemur je znova sledil krajši izbruh intenzivnega življenja, nakar je napočila letargija sovjetskega časa.

Dedu je bilo zelo všeč, kako je Halina risala. Ko je gledal njeno risanje, se je spominjal novih in novih podrobnosti, ona pa jih je takoj upodabljala, včasih intuitivno sluteč, kako naj bi bilo videti to ali ono. Že v otroštvu je s svojimi stripi zapolnila nekaj debelih

zvezkov, s katerimi se je nadvse ponašala, in od časa do časa dorisovala različne prizore, ko so v njen spomin priplavali iz dedovih pripovedi. Prav te stripe je mnogo let pozneje vzela s seboj na Dunaj, da bi jih pokazala naročniku kot idejo za oblikovanje interierja pivnice. Ta se je v hipu navdušil in Halini že uro po srečanju po elektronski pošti poslal pogodbo s tako visokim honorarjem, da se mu ne bi bilo mogoče odreči. In se mu tudi ni.

Na prvi strani Halininih stripov je bila narisana dedova ura podjetja Omega Seamasters – prav takšno je Halina čez čas videla v kinu na zapestju Jamesa Bonda. V Bondovem filmu je prvič slišala geslo *Svet ni dovolj*, ki ga je ded zapisal kot epigraf na prvi strani svojih spominov – vendar ne zavoljo tega, ker bi imel rad filme Jamesa Bonda, temveč ker je to bil eden od habsburških družinskih motov.

1895–1912

Eden od prvih stavkov dedove avtobiografije je zvenel takole: *Po rodu sem šesti in zadnji otrok v družini mojih staršev, mati me je imela najbolj rada*. Njegova mati, Marija Terezija Antoaneta Imakulata Jožefa Ferdinanda Leopoldina Franciska Karolina Izabela Aelozija Kristina Ana, nadvojvodinja Avstrije in princesa Toskane, je bila hči nadvojvode Karla Salvatorja Avstrije in Toskane ter Marije Imakulate Burbonsko-Sicilske. Marija Terezija se je s sinom pogovarjala italijansko, angleščina pa ji je šla najslabše v družini: nekako prepričljivo in pravilno, a obenem počasi in zatikajoče – očitno je bilo, da nenehno išče besede. Ko so otroci odrasli, so materi celo prevajali nekatere angleške stavke svoje guvernante.

Mati je veliko časa preživela z Wilhelmom, učila ga je polaganja pasjanse, igranja domina in risanja. Izmed vseh otrok je edino njemu dovolila, da je prihajal v njen atelje in si ogledoval, kako ustvarja. Marija Terezija je imela navado držati čopič med zobmi, medtem ko je izbirala barve, pa tudi brisati si z barvo umazane dlani kar v krilo svoje izbrane črne obleke. Marija Terezija je rada slikala rože. Svoje stvaritve je podpisovala z inicialkami *mTh*, pri čemer je bila srednja črka vselej višja od stranskih. Včasih je po platnu vodila roko malega Vilija, ki je razmazoval oljno barvo in skušal natančno pobarvati obris, ki ga je izrisala mama. A slikanje nikoli ni bilo njegova močna plat. V materinem ateljeju je bilo vedno polno živih rož, največ hijacint, in ta vonj je odtlej Wilhelma zasledoval vse življenje, kadar

je opazoval slike. Ohranil je celo navado, da si je nos pokrival z robcem, kot je to počel v otroštvu, kajti od vonja hijacint je dobil glavobol in zamašen nos.

Oče, Karel Štefan, je z otroki govoril nemško, toda od njihovih zgodnjih let je zahteval, da znajo ne samo angleščino in francoščino kot tradicionalna tuja jezika, ki so se ju učili cesarski potomci, temveč tudi poljščino.

Leta 1895 je admiral cesarske morske flote Karel Štefan Habsburško-Lotarinški podedoval posestvo, ki je ga je petdeset let prej v mestu Żywiec od obubožanega poljskega plemiča kupil njegov stric Karel Ludvik. Isto leto se je Karlu Štefanu rodil najmlajši sin Wilhelm, srečnemu očetu pa je prišla na misel ideja poljskega projekta. Ta projekt je bil ekstravaganten, kakršne so bile še mnoge druge zamisli Karla Štefana. Ni si delal iluzij o tem, da bi on sam ali kateri od njegovih otrok v prihodnje postal vladar. Za bistveno verjetnejšo je imel možnost razpada imperija na številne manjše nacionalne države: češko, madžarsko, srbsko in druge, med katerimi bi obvezno bila tudi poljska.

Vsaka od teh manjših držav bo potrebovala monarha, ki bi ji vladal. Prav na to se je Karel Štefan odločil pripraviti. Prihodnjega kralja ali kraljico neodvisne Poljske je videl v svoji družini ali celo v sebi samem.

Karel Štefan je svojega najmlajšega sina Wilhelma poimenoval v čast drugemu habsburškemu nadvojvodi, ki je že ob koncu 14. stoletja hotel priti do poljske krone na način, tipičen za Habsburge – z dinastično poroko z enajstletno poljsko princeso Jadvigo. A poljski plemiči so mu to preprečili, ga na poti k zaročenki prestregli in pregnali, Jadvigo pa omožili z litovskim knezom. S to poroko se je tudi začela dinastija Jageloncev.

Prevedla Primož Lubej in Janja Vollmaier Lubej

Clean Copybook of Archduke Wilhelm

(excerpt from the novel)

1969–2008

Halina was born an hour before midnight on August 18, 1969. On the same day, or rather, on the same night, only twenty-one years earlier, the death certificate of her grandfather, a Ukrainian colonel, commander of the Sich Riflemen, sentenced to five years in prison in Paris, deprived of Austrian citizenship in Vienna, a client of Parisian brothels, with a refined fascination for young sailors and comely women, a spy for English and French intelligence services, a sympathizer of OUN and of Archduke Wilhelm of Habsburg, was issued.

Halina knew her grandfather as Wilhelm, more rarely Wilius. In fact, he was called Wilius in his childhood and later on, in his late old age. Wilhelm, the youngest son of Karl Stephen Habsburg, was born on February 10, 1895, half a year before Sigmund Freud's famous dream about Irma's injection. Because of this dream, Freud concluded that every dream is a wish fulfilment. This initially caused scandal and mistrust in scientific circles, but he eventually became a world-renowned scientist precisely because of this discovery.

The first childhood impression is the sea. Plenty of water, grandfather Wilhelm wrote in his memoirs in a language that Halina only partially understood, since it was infused with so many distorted Polish and German words. For instance, it took her a while to realize that 'marinarka' for her grandfather meant not a jacket but a marine fleet, 'reparacija' meant operation, 'belfer'—a teacher, and 'dzygar', in his language, stood for a watch. Grandfather's watch always showed one hour less than Halina's clock. Wilhelm and grandmother Sofia never switched to the time set by the Soviet government. Thus, when they made plans with someone at a certain time, they always wondered whether this person actually meant Moscow time.

Grandpa decided to write his memoirs just as suddenly and unexpectedly as he made decisions about almost everything in his life. One winter Halina came down with chickenpox and didn't go to school for several weeks. Wilhelm sat by her bed, busy rubbing the red rashes with green ointment and recounting his adventures to distract his granddaughter from the itch.

“Grandpa, you must be kidding me, all this can’t be true,” Halina protested. “You must have read some adventure book and now you’re retelling it to me.”

It was then that Wilhelm decided that his biography would make a perfect adventure book, which he would write himself.

Solemn preparations for him to begin work on his memoirs lasted for about a month. Wilhelm was preparing the study for quite some time. It was the former office of Grandma Sofia’s father in which he rested after work. There stood a table covered with a green cloth, as well as many drawers with locks and almost all the keys still in their place.

Before he began to work on his memoirs, Wilhelm wanted to choose a comfortable cushion for the armchair, but none suited him, so after trying many positions in vain, he took the armchair to the repair shop to have it completely reupholstered. But even then, Wilhelm was not satisfied and tried to sit in one of the deep leather armchairs, which had a sufficiently wide recess between the backrest and the seat, from which, as a child, Sofia often dug out various small objects: coins, files, spoons and combs.

Wilhelm changed the curtains in the study to create a more homely atmosphere and spent a long time choosing paper, pens and pencils. He showed all this to Halina and consulted with her. She lent him some of her thick checkered notebooks for taking notes. Wilhelm declared that he would certainly not write anything of value in notebooks with fake leather covers of a depressed beetroot colour. Halina suggested covering the notebooks with paper and painting them. So they did. Finally, Wilhelm declared that he would start working on the memoirs the next day.

The next morning, right after breakfast, he announced:

“Now please, do not disturb me. I am going to write.” He proudly adjusted his dressing gown and disappeared into his study.

He brought grandmother’s old typewriter there and tried to learn how to type quickly. At first, loud typing could be heard from the study for a few minutes, after which the grandfather hit something loudly—possibly a chair—and shouted:

“Verdammt noch mal!”

Maybe it meant that a letter got stuck or that he made a typo. After about an hour, he left the study a little upset and asked grandmother if she had anything tasty, saying that something was blocking him

from writing. Grandma made him tea, a jam sandwich and cottage cheese with sour cream—his favourite dessert. Wilhelm disappeared behind the door. Another hour passed before he reappeared. This time he was more decisive:

“Well, one cannot possibly write in a dressing gown!” he exclaimed, jerking open the wardrobe door. “How you write depends on what you wear. I need to tidy up.”

What followed was a long change of clothes, washing, shaving, hairdo, manicure—grandfather was always particularly busy with his nails, terribly bothered by fractured, bitten, dirty or yellow nails. The manicure took a very long time and this time it dragged on until lunch. But then, grandfather ate in festive attire, he even found his Swiss watch in a drawer, which he hadn’t worn for many years and which miraculously survived his prison days, cleaned it of dust and put it on his wrist. After lunch, he yawned with satisfaction and said:

“Well, now I can rest a little!”

And he went to the study for an afternoon nap. After that, he drank coffee, played chess with Halina, read—and that day he didn’t think of writing anymore. The next morning, he did it all over again. He did manage to write a few pages while Halina was ill. After each page, he would rush out of the study, childishly happy and excited, tighten the belt of his dressing gown, and immediately read aloud what he had just created to Halina. He however added a long accompanying story to each read sentence, without which it was almost impossible to understand what he had written. Wilhelm was a much better storyteller than he was a writer.

He had great difficulties with each sentence, he struggled for a long time before forming even the simplest of thoughts, he was choosing words, editing and crossing out a lot, but what got written was still confusing and oftentimes it was not clear what it was that Wilhelm actually wanted to say. He explained this by his lack of high school education, because he attended a vocational school and not a gymnasium. The local teachers from his childhood were preoccupied with making a good impression on both the father and the children themselves, but keeping an eye on how much knowledge the students gained was of secondary importance. So, the children learned what they thought was easiest. And it was easier for Willy to speak than to write. Writing an essay went like this: throughout the class he was telling the teacher about his summer vacation,

lecturing about the smallest details of a trip to Paris with his parents, describing the buttery taste of fresh French croissants, the melodious intonations of Parisian waitresses and hotel maids, the dust on the streets, ladies' dresses in the theatre, adventures on the way there and back. The teacher listened to him with bated breath. Then she would say:

"Beautiful, Willy! Now write all of this down."

After a few minutes, he handed her a paper with a satisfied smile and said:

"Done!"

"How? Already? So fast?" said the teacher with surprise, unfolding the note and reading: *I spent my holidays in Paris. It was nice.*

"That's all?" said the teacher, surprised again.

"Well, I already told you the rest," Willy grinned, pleased with himself.

Writing was always difficult for Wilhelm. It started with his childhood fiction class, which he sincerely hated and avoided in every possible way, and then he wrote essays with the same reluctance—it seemed unnecessary to him to waste so much time on what he could already imagine anyway. This inability to concentrate for longer periods of time meant that his narration was both confusing and disjointed. He remembered some events often and in detail, while completely avoiding others. Therefore, rather fragmentary images of her grandfather's life adventures were imprinted on Halina's memory—as happens with old, non-digitalized documentaries, when the tape is constantly torn, and along with it impressions that stick to each other in the least expected places. Listening to these chaotic narratives, she began to paint. At first only faces, as she imagined what all the people in her grandfather's stories would look like, and then also individual scenes: how her grandfather, as a small boy, was bored during the ceremonies at the Viennese court; how he runs away from the family castle in the Polish town of Żywiec to the mountains, to the hutsuls; how he salutes his soldiers of the Ukrainian battalion of Sich Riflemen; how he meets Metropolitan Archbishop Sheptytsky in Lviv; how he tries on a new attire in Paris. The scenes in her notebooks resembled comics, the only difference being that the story they told had no chronological sequence. After the events of the Second World War, images of the First or the interwar period appeared, after which scenes of Soviet Lviv appeared,

then the events of the 1930s, when Wilhelm lived in Paris. This comic was reminiscent of her grandfather's storytelling and also of himself—the embodiment of chaos, inconsistency, of irritable and unbridled temper. Moreover, the events in his life piled up with an extremely uneven intensity: in the period between 1914 and 1921 he lived through ten times more and more important things than in the next twenty years, which was again followed by a shorter burst of intense life, after which the lethargy of the Soviet era came.

Grandpa really liked how Halina drew. As he watched her draw, he remembered new and new details, and she immediately depicted them, sometimes intuitively sensing how this or that was supposed to look. Already in her childhood, she filled several thick notebooks with her comics, which she was extremely proud of, and from time to time drew various scenes that floated into her memory from her grandfather's stories. Many years later, she took these very same comics with her to Vienna to show them to a client as an idea for the interior design of a pub. He was immediately impressed and already an hour after the meeting sent Halina a contract by e-mail with a fee so high that it would be impossible to refuse it. And she didn't.

Drawn on the first page of Halina's comics was her grandfather's Omega Seamasters watch—exactly the same as that which Halina saw in the cinema on James Bond's wrist. It was in a Bond film that she first heard the motto *The world is not enough*, which her grandfather wrote as the epigraph on the first page of his memoirs—not because he liked James Bond films, but because it was one of the Habsburg family mottos.

1895–1912

One of the first sentences of grandfather's autobiography sounded like this: *By birth I am the sixth and last child in my parents' family, my mother loved me the most.* His mother, Maria Theresa Antoinette Immakulata Josepha Ferdinanda Leopoldine Franziska Caroline Isabella Aloysia Christine Anna, Archduchess of Austria and Princess of Tuscany, was the daughter of Archduke Karl Salvator of Austria and Tuscany and Maria Immakulata of Bourbon-Two Sicilies. Maria Theresa spoke to her son in Italian, yet her English was the worst in the family: somehow persuasive and correct, but at the same time slow and stuttering—obviously constantly searching for

words. When the children grew up, they even translated some of their governess' English sentences to their mother.

His mother spent a lot of time with Wilhelm, teaching him how to play solitaire, how to play dominoes and draw. Out of all the children, he was the only one allowed to come to her studio and watch her create. Maria Theresa had a habit of holding the brush between her teeth while choosing colours, as well as simply wiping her paint-stained palms on the skirt of her chosen black dress. Maria Theresa loved to paint flowers. She signed her creations with the initials *mTh*, whereby the middle letter was always higher than the side ones. Sometimes she guided little Willy's hand across the canvas, smearing oil paint and trying to accurately paint the outline drawn by his mother. But painting was never his strong suit. His mother's studio was always full of fresh flowers, mostly hyacinths, and from then on, this smell followed Wilhelm all his life whenever he looked at paintings. He even kept the habit of covering his nose with a handkerchief, as he had done in childhood, because the smell of hyacinths gave him a headache and a stuffy nose.

His father, Karl Stephen, spoke German with his children, but from an early age he demanded that they know not only English and French, the traditional foreign languages learned by the imperial descendants, but also Polish.

In 1895, Admiral of the Imperial Navy Karl Stephen Habsburg-Lorraine inherited the estate that his uncle Karl Ludwig had bought fifty years earlier in the town of Żywiec from an impoverished Polish nobleman. In the same year, Karl Stephen's youngest son, Wilhelm, was born, and the idea of a Polish project came to mind. This project was extravagant, as were many other of Karl Stephen's ideas. He had no illusions that he himself or any of his children would become a ruler in the future. He considered the possibility of the empire's disintegration into many smaller national states as much more likely: Czech, Hungarian, Serbian and others, among which there would also without a doubt have to be Poland.

Each of these smaller states would need a monarch to rule it. This is exactly what Karl Stephen decided to prepare for. He saw the future king or queen of an independent Poland in his family or even in himself.

Karl Stephen named his youngest son Wilhelm in honour of the second Habsburg archduke, who already at the end of the 14th

century wanted to obtain the Polish crown in a manner typical of the Habsburgs—with a dynastic marriage to the eleven-year-old Polish princess Jadwiga. But the Polish nobles prevented him from doing so, intercepted him on his way to his fiancée and drove him away, then married Jadwiga to a Lithuanian prince. This was the marriage that started the Jagiellonian dynasty.

Translated by Petra Meterc



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Ivo Stropnik

Ivo Stropnik (Celje, 1966) je pesnik in pisatelj, urednik Velenjske knjižne fundacije, vodja mednarodnega književnega festivala Lirikonfest Velenje, pobudnik in večletni organizator mednarodne Pretnarjeve nagrade, Akademije Poetična Slovenija, pesniške nagrade velenjica-časa nesmrtnosti, prevajalskega in esejističnega priznanja Lirikon(fest)ov zlat, potopisne nagrade krilata želva, književniško-prevajalske rezidence v Velenju, urednik festivalnih antologij Rp. Lirikon21 idr. Doslej je objavil osemnajst knjig, od tega dvanajst zbirk poezije za odrasle, s katero je predstavljen tudi v revijalnih, festivalnih in antologijskih prevodih; nekatere od slednjih so *Zlati metulji* (1983), *Redčena konjenica* (1991), *Podtalnica* (1991), *Skrivalnica v očesu* (1993), *Lastna imena mojega doma* (1997), peteroknjižje *Slovarjenje melanholije in radoživosti – Rosa ni pozabila name* (1997), *Daljave* (1998), *Triangel* (2001), *Nate mislim, votlina v glavi* (2006), *Knjiga šumov* (2009) –, *XXXL: Velike ljubezni* (2012) in *Od anusa do želve* (2020).

Ivo Stropnik (Celje, 1966) is a poet and writer, editor of the Velenje Book Foundation, head of the international literary festival Lirikonfest Velenje, initiator and long-term organizer of the international Pretnar Award, The Academy Poetic Slovenia, the Velenjica – Cup of Immortality poetry award, the Lirikonov Zlat distinction for translations and essays, Winged Turtle Award for travelogues, the writers' and translators' residence in Velenje, the editor of the Rp. Lirikon21 festival anthologies, etc. To date, he has published eighteen books, including twelve poetry collections for adults, selections of which have appeared in magazine, festival, and anthology translations. These include *Zlati metulji* (1983; Golden Butterflies), *Redčena konjenica* (1991; A Thinning Cavalry), *Podtalnica* (1991; Groundwater), *Skrivalnica v očesu* (1993; The Hideaway in the Eye), *Lastna imena mojega doma* (1997; The Proper Names of My Home), the five-book collection *Slovarjenje melanholije in radoživosti – Rosa ni pozabila name* (1997; The Growing Dictionary of Melancholy and Joyfulness I–V: The Dew Did Not Forget Me), *Daljave* (1998; Distances), *Triangel* (2001; Triangle), *Nate mislim, votlina v glavi* (2006; I Think of You, Cavity in My Head), *Knjiga šumov* (2009; Book of Noise), *XXXL: Velike ljubezni* (2012; XXXL: Large Loves), and *Od anusa do želve* (2020; From Anus to Tortoise).

čutilo — JEZIK: *Ko boš poročal v zgodovino majhnih jezikov, ne bodi preskromen do moje bujne rasti, ki je nisi nikoli videl. Bil sem molitvena kača ob tebi in strupena.*

Jezik, peloden v tebi, izgorela jasa, sem ti izkušnjo ljubezni in smrti izpovedal.

Ko boš poročal o kačah in levih, ne pozabi, zate sem jih razpoznavno ustvaril. Govoril sem iz oči mongoloidnega dečka in prišel daleč, do pritličja tvoje glave.

Bil sem že oddaljen od spomina, nepismeni me je ustvaril, v znamenjih prahu me je odkrival, in ko me je nekoč komaj nerodno narisal, sem ostal ... njegov nepozabni angel, ne bog, ampak vera.

Iz zbirke *Skrivalnica v očesu* (1993)

bábilon — *Z mojim jezikom ne prideš več v Deveto deželo. A jezik, naredim ti tak stolp – do neba, da se bodo mladeniči vzpenjali nanj, skakali z njega in se ubijali. Dekleta, ljubice, bodo zaljubljeno zrle v sesute obraze; oči njihovih ubitih mladeničev bodo govorile: »Imam te rad, imam te rad. S stolpa – izpod neba skočim zate, da ti dokazem svojo ljubezen!«*

Jezik je iz treh svetov: iz zemlje Videnega in iz zemlje Razumljenega, iz neba Slišanega in iz neba Slutenega ter iz pekla Izrekljivega in Dojenega iz pekla. Jezik je sin Jezika, ki ga še nismo spoznali; samo verujemo vanj – v slepo besedo tolažnika.

V mojem jeziku je vse izrekljivo, kar je minljiva vrednota sveta. A izrekljivo v nasprotnosti blišča? Govori tak jezik slutnja z neba? Bo dojno mleko tako izrekljivo za zemljo v prividu, za danes nerazumljivo glasilko v krvavi roki sveta?

Jezik, zmanjkuje ti ravnotežja! Jezik, zmanjkuje ti duše! Naredim ti tak stolp – do neba, da se bodo mladeniči vzpenjali nanj, skakali z njega in kričali v zamolčanih jezikih. Jezik, imam te rad in ti z vetrom darujem binkoštno rženo klasje!

begúnstvo — *Kadar otrok na koncu pravljice joče* in hiti po sledi tulečih volčjih glasov. Kadar v mrtvo podobo dragega telesa roke presajajo lastno žilo in z njo meso preostalega življenja. Ko je jezik v ustih šepetajoč in nem, ko je jezik v prsih zgovoren od krvavih poljubov.

Takrat *v neki porazbežani deželi* – ki kakor največjo svetinjo skriva svoje pravo ime – v silnem vetru pojejo mlinci: razbežala so se zrna, mlinarji so pobegnili. V očeh se budi rodbinski nagon. Pokopano in zagrebano vstaja. Hodi po rumenih poljih, roji po znanih mestih: mehkost se dotika dišečnosti, vse se približuje odmevni sredici.

Tam smo bili. *Tam* je nekje daleč, če je sploh še kje. *Tam* je bilo vroče, svetlo in temno. *Tam* smo govorili drugače.

Tu je za nas pretemno, presvetlo in prevroče. *Tu* ni *tam*; tu otrok na koncu pravljice joče. *Tam* strašno trpi pastir – brez drobnice, ki bi jo moral zbrati. – Razkropljen in bel je večer. V lunini ječi moram o soncu ponoči molčati. Tujejezična konica jezika se (ne)usmiljeno poljublja z menoj.

Iz zbirke *Rosa ni pozabila name* (1997)

jêzik (5) — *JEZIK INTIMISTOV*. – (*General in Jezik*). – GENERAL: *Kateri jezik bom govoril*, ko bom osvojil vse balkanske zemlje? Moji vojaki so bili veliki pesniki; bili so med njimi taki z romantično dušo in preroški simbolisti –

Oboji so se zlomili, noben nadrealist se ni obdržal na bojni črti!

Moji najpogumnejši vojaki so futuristi, ti bodo čakali smisel in slavili na rdeči zemlji –

JEZIK: Četudi boš osvojil vse kopno, boš govoril jezik intimistov, vsako noč boš govoril jezik tiste zemlje, ki se ji bo mrtvi vojak približal.

Iz zbirke *Lastna imena mojega doma* (1997)

delavnica (8) — (naročilo sandal za pot v džunglo) – *V kakšnih sandalih naj uberem pot čez džunglo, če krenem tja s kopne strani ilovice?*

V fini koži zveri, če bo tu zima in *tam* pomladni hlad. V grobo strojenem usnju mirnih živali, saj bo *tam* nemir večji. Z mehkimi jermeni morja, osoljenimi za največje globine. Z ovitimi lianami okrog peta in čez desno nartno kost, za beg in ranjeno vrnitev. Iz drevesne gume, z dišavo mnogim sorodnikom popotnega lubja. Iz lipovine, za pot čez kamenje in votle odmeve. Iz papirja, da se bo nanj odtisnil sleherni strah. Bos, z igličasto krvjo na podplatih, da te bodo osamljene zveri vzele v družbo večnega iskanja.

Iz zbirke *Daljave* (1998)

hválnica G — *O slovenska literatura, protestantsko prepita s šnopsom in cvičkom; o postmodernistično prekrokano vnebovzetje refoška, evropskega piva in ameriškega viskija; o svetovni kánon, žegnan s koktajlom! Kelihi biti, odbite vehe časa!*

S perverzno Evropo se je zalizal slovenski bordelček in slovenski jeziček je le mali zvodniček. Eksotična predigra besed!

Nacionalno mednožje K. Če bi državi – ne le potiho – vladale »ukrajinke«, bi pesniki ponudili separatni mir. Tako pa trotamora trga glas violin, dekliški angel si odpenja spleen, *spleen*.

P. S.

Komu ... cin cin, *cin cin*?

Iz zbirke *Nate mislim, votlina v glavi* (2006)

lápa — (Mimo vidrorepnih labradorcev ...) – *nagnati je treba pesnike*
zidat elektrarne, kidat sneg, kopat premog, gradit tunele;

razgnati je treba pesnike: iz gostiln, iz cerkva, iz gozdov, da nam
ne stopijo iz temne sence;

utišati je treba pesnike, preglasno vstopajo iz svoje tišine;

a spitati jih je vendarle treba, da osvajalci ne dobijo občutka, da
nam jezik hira;

nagačiti je treba pesnike, jih razstaviti v muzeju novejše revolucije
in opazovati njihove počasne ali hitre oblike razpadanja;

preparatorke muz, bi šle skupaj z njimi, iz čistega ljubosumja do
navdiha –

Iz zbirke XXXL – *Velike ljubezni* (2012)

anarhist — *Zakaj je naša dežela tako puklasta in jodlajoča?* Ker ni zmogla nobenega pravega soneta? So troheji še v rejništvu in jambi na očetovski породniški?

Koliko kapitalističnega časa nočno podariš samohranilki domišljiji? Si ti pokradel hostijo v zakristiji, kjer so se nekdanje sestajali udbovci? Nekdanje?

Kako se izbriše spomin, *kako se izbriše spomin?* Kako se izbriše kri, *kako se izbriše kri?* Kako se zatemni nebo, *kako se zatemni nebo?* Kako se ugasne oko, *kako se ugasne oko?* Kako se ugliši uho, *kako se ugliši uho?*

Jastreba, orel, sokol, sova, kragulj ... kateri kljun nosiš? V kako visokih, v kako globokih škornjih spiš? Kdaj udariti? Kdaj kreniti? Kdaj pasti? Zakaj molčati o zamolčanem? Zakaj mencati? Zakaj ob šestih vstajati in guglati zavajajoče novice?

Iz zbirke *Šivala je zvezda deklica* (2018)

evrotalec — *Presvetla Evropica*, kakšnega človečnjaka si želiš izumreti? Še mora biti sesalec in prostitutsko ustrežljiv? Naj bo s čeljustjo odporen na nizke udarce? Z vampirskimi podočniki? Visokorasel in plavolas?

Ali hočeš raje izumreti takšnega s plešastim naglavnim grebenom? Z gibljivima mezincema na nogah in v pesti s figavim palcem? Izkažeš antropologom prihodnjega stoletja sključenega podrepnika evrotalca? Živečega na tleh, na malomeščanskih ulicah? Odpornega na živosrebrnih minus 20 in peklenskih 40 nad ničlo? Takšnega, ki je že znal uporabljati zobotrebec? Si želiš redke muzejski primerke evrotalca s pokončno hrbtenico? Ali rajši nagačenega bodibilderja?

Morda kakšnega, ki je prepuščal svoje pobite pokojne pokopavati naključnim evrotalcem? Želiš izumreti takšnega, ki je še znal piskati na parno piščal lokomotive? Domoljubnega ob tabornem ognju in vinu? Paničnega med potresi in vulkani? Evrotalca, naslonjeno mislečega na ročaj lopate? Zaljubljenega v kopja, harpune, puščice in loke?

Evropica brezmadežno spočeta, si želiš izumreti vrezovalce globokih ran in izvirnih grehov? Evrotalce, ki so v zatesnjenih promenadnih skafandrih razvijali lasten zrak in odprtih ust dihal s škrgami? Za svojim hrbtom iščoči tvoj pravi obraz?

Iz zbirke *Od anusa do želve* (2020)

sense organ — LANGUAGE: *When you report for the history of small languages*, be not too humble towards my luxuriant growth, which you have never seen. I was a supplicatory snake beside you, and poisonous.

Language, pollenous in you, a burned-out glade, I confessed to you the experience of love and death.

When you report of snakes and lions, do not forget, I created them recognisably for you. I spoke from the eyes of a mongoloid boy and came far, up to the ground floor of your head.

I was already far removed from memory, illiterate he created me, in signs of dust discovered me, and when once he was just able to draw me awkwardly, I remained—his unforgettable angel, not god, but faith.

From *Hidden image in the eye* (1993)

babylon — *With my language you no longer get to Wonderland.* But, language, I shall make you such a tower—up to the sky, so that young men will climb up it, jump from it and be killed. Girls, sweethearts, will gaze enamoured at smashed faces; the eyes of their killed boys will say: *“I love you, I love you. From the tower—from the sky I jump for you, to prove my love to you!”*

Language is from three worlds: from the land of the Seen and the land of the Understood, from the sky of the Heard and the sky of Premonition, and from the hell of the Utterable and the Nursed from hell. Language is the son of Language whom we have not yet met; we simply believe in him—in the blind word of a comforter.

In our language everything that is an ephemeral value of the world is utterable. But utterable in opposition to brilliance? Does the premonition from the sky speak such a language? Will breast milk so utterable for earth in a vision be for today an incomprehensible vocal cord in the bloody hand of the world?

Language, you lack balance! Language, you lack soul! I shall make you such a tower—up to the sky, so that young men will climb up it, jump from it and cry out in muted languages. Language, I love you, and with the wind I offer up to you Whitsun ears of rye!

Translated by Roger Metcalfe

refugeeism – *When the child weeps at the end of the bedtime story,* rushing along the tracks of the howling wolfish voices. When the arms transplant their own vein into the dead image of the beloved body, along with the flesh of the remaining life. When the tongue in the mouth whispers and keeps silent, when the tongue in the chest is eloquent from the bloodstained kisses.

Then, *in some dispersed country* hiding, like the holiest of objects, its true name—the watermills sing in the heavy wind: the grains have dispersed, the millers have fled. The clan instinct is awakened in the eye. What is buried, rises. It walks across yellow fields, it swarms across familiar places: softness touches fragrantness, everything approaches the resounding core.

We have been *there*. The *there* is somewhere far away if still somewhere at all. It was hot *there*, bright and dark. We spoke differently *there*.

It is too dark for us here, too bright and too hot. *Here* is not *there*; here, the child weeps at the end of the bedtime story. The shepherd suffers terribly *there*—without the cattle he would need to round up.—Dispersed and white is the evening. In the moon's jail of the night, I have to keep quiet about the sun.

From *The dew did not forget me* (1997)

language (5) – *LANGUAGE OF INTIMISTS*. – (*General and Language*). – GENERAL: *What language will I use* once I have conquered all the lands of the Balkans? My soldiers have been great poets; including those with a romantic soul, and prophetic symbolists—

They both broke down; no surrealist could hold the front line!

My bravest soldiers are futurists, they will await the meaning and celebrate on the red land—

LANGUAGE: Although you may conquer all the dry land, you will speak the language of intimists, every night you will speak the language of the land the dead soldier approaches.

Translated by Andrej Pleterski

From *The proper names of my home* (1997)

workshop (8) — (ordering sandals to go into the jungle) — *In what sandals should I pick out my path through the jungle, if I head off from the snow-free side of the clay?*

In the fine hide of a wild beast, if it is winter here and chilly spring *there*. In the crudely worked leather of tranquil animals, since the unrest will be greater *there*. With soft straps of the sea, salted for the greatest depths. With vines wrapped around my heel and over my right arch, for flight and wounded return. In tree rubber, with the fragrance to many of my kin of travelling bark. In linden wood, for the path across rocks and hollow reverberations. In paper, so every fear can be printed on it. Barefoot, with needled blood on my soles, so the lonely wild beasts will take you into their company of eternal seeking.

From *Distances* (1998)

G hymn — *O Slovenian literature, Protestantly sloshed with schnapps and Cviček wine; o postmodernistically bingeing heavenly assumption of Refošk, European beer and American whiskey; o holy canon with cocktail blessed! Chalices of being, break out the corks of time!*

The little Slovenian bordello grew weary of perverted Europe and the little Slovenian language is just a little pimp. Exotic foreplay of words!

National crotch K. If the state—not just on the sly—was ruled by ‘Ukrainian girls’, poets would offer a separate peace. Thus however the talisman harvests the violin voice for the vintage, and the maidenly angel unbuttons spleen, *spleen*.

P. S.

To whom...chin chin, *chin chin?*

Translated by Roger Metcalfe

From *I think of you, cavity in my head* (2006)

animal mouth — (Walking past the otter-tailed Labradors...) —
poets should be shooed, power plants should be built, snow should
be shovelled, coal should be mined, tunnels should be constructed;
poets should be dispersed: from inns, from churches, from woods
for them not to ever step out of a dark shadow;
poets should be silenced, they're too loud in their coming out
from their silence;
however, they should still be fattened so invaders don't get the
impression that our language is dying away;
poets should be stuffed, exhibited in the museum of contemporary
revolution and observed in their slow or quick forms of decay;
the female preparators of muses would join them, out of pure
jealousy of their inspiration—

From *XXXL/Large loves* (2012)

anarchist — *Why is our land so hunched and yodelling?* Because it hasn't come up with any proper sonnet? Are trochees still in foster care and iambs on paternity leave?

How much capitalist time per night do you devote to the single-mother imagination? Are you the one who stole all the communion wafers from the sacristy where state security officers used to assemble? Used to?

How is memory erased, *how is memory erased?* How is blood erased, *how is blood erased?* How is the sky blacked out, *how is the sky blacked out?* How is the eye turned off, *how is the eye turned off?* How is the ear deafened, *how is the ear deafened?*

The vulture, the eagle, the hawk, the owl, the goshawk ... which beak do you wear? How high, how low the boots you sleep in? When to strike? When to set off? When to fall? Why not to speak about the unspoken? Why to waver? Why to get up at six and google misleading news?

From *A star who tailored a girl* (2018)

eurohostage – *Brightest little Europe*, what kind of hominids do you wish to make extinct? Do they still need to be mammals and prostitutional? Should their jaws be resistant to below-the-belt attacks? With vampire bags under their eyes? Should they be tall-grown and blonde?

Or would you prefer to make extinct those with a bald head ridge? With a flexible pinky toe and a fig in the fist? Will you display to the anthropologists of the next century a bent sycophant-eurohostage? Dwelling on the ground, on bourgeois streets? Resistant to the mercury minus 20 and the hellish 40 above zero? One who has already mastered how to use a toothpick? Do you desire a rare museum specimen of a eurohostage with an upright spine? Or rather a stuffed bodybuilder?

Perhaps the one who would let his slaughtered dear ones be buried by random eurohostages? Do you wish to make extinct the one who still knew how to blow the steam whistle of a locomotive? A patriotic one sitting by a campfire with a glass of wine? A panicky one among earthquakes and volcanoes? A eurohostage leaning, pondering the shovel handle? The one in love with spears, harpoons, arrows, and bows?

The little Europe immaculately conceived, do you wish to make extinct the inflictors of deep wounds and original sins? Eurohostages who have developed their own air and breathed, their mouth open, with gills? Seeking your true face behind their backs?

Translated by Andrej Pleterski

From *From anus to tortoise* (2020)



Foto © Natalia Rusu

Tatiana Țîbuleac

Tatiana Țîbuleac (Kișinev, 1978) je moldavsko-romunska pisateljica. Na Državni univerzi Moldavije v Kișinevu je študirala novinarstvo in komunikologijo. Nekaj časa je delala kot televizijska poročevalka in voditeljica informativnih oddaj na kișinevski neodvisni televiziji PRO TV ter bila sodelavka Unicefa. Leta 2008 se je preselila v Pariz, kjer odtelej živi. Literarni prvenec Tatiane Țîbuleac je bila zbirka kratke proze *Fabule moderne* (2014; *Moderne fabule*). Za svojo drugo knjigo, roman *Vara în care mama a avut ochii verzi* (2017; *Poletje, ko je mama imela zelene oči*), je prejela nagrado Društva pisateljev Republike Moldavije in nagrado revije *Observator cultural*. Knjiga je bila v prevedena v francoščino, norveščino, nemščino, poljščino in španščino; slednji prevod (2019) je bil odlikovan z nagrado Casino de Santiago za evropsko romanopisje. Za svoj drugi roman *Grădina de sticlă* (2018; *Stekleni vrt*) je avtorica prejela nagrado EU za književnost; preveden je v francoščino, španščino in bolgarščino, v pripravi pa je tudi prevod v slovenščino, iz katerega je v nadaljevanju objavljeni kratki odlomek. Tatiana Țîbuleac je za svoje literarno ustvarjanje prejela državno nagrado Republike Moldavije.

Tatiana Țîbuleac (Chișinău, 1978) is a Moldavian-Romanian writer. She studied journalism and communication studies at the State University of Moldova in Chișinău. For some time, she worked as a television reporter and presenter of news programs on the Chișinău independent television PRO TV and was working for Unicef. In 2008, she moved to Paris, where she has lived ever since. Tatiana Țîbuleac's literary debut was the collection of short prose *Fabule moderne* (2014; *Modern Tales*). For her second book, the novel *Vara în care mama a avut ochii verzi* (2017; *The Summer When My Mother's Eyes Were Green*), she received an award from the Writers' Association of the Republic of Moldova and an award from the *Observator cultural* magazine. The book has been translated into French, Norwegian, German, Polish, and Spanish; the latter translation (2019) received the Casino de Santiago European Novel Award. For her second novel, *Grădina de sticlă* (2018; *The Glass Garden*), the author received the EU Prize for Literature; it has been translated into French, Spanish, and Bulgarian, and a translation into Slovene is being prepared, from which a short excerpt is published in this almanac. Tatiana Țîbuleac received the State Prize of the Republic of Moldova for her literary work.

Grădina de sticlă

(fragment din roman)

1

O cadă plină, plină. Am cântărit-o din ochi. Nu cheltuisem nicio-dată atâtă apă curată. Prima apă, o numeam la internat și o țineam la spălat fața-dedesubtul. Din haine, doar chiloții se spălau cu prima apă. Restul se spăla cu apa a doua, podelele – cu apa a treia. Încălțăminte – cu ce rămânea. Rapănul îl turnam la tufele de măceș ale directoarei. Avea un băiat directoarea, Ruslancik, care bea doar ceai de măceșe. Creștea bine măceșul udat de orfani, însă Ruslancik nu prea. Ochii i se măreau, burta i se lățea. Noi îl numeam „Bulbucul” și scoteam la el limba.

Tamara Pavlovna avea baie cu faianță albastră, cu floare albastră, cu mijloc albastru. Era mult frumos în jur, mă simțeam ca într-un desen. Să nu zgârii cada, să nu împrut apa, să mă înmoi cuminte. Când a intrat cu buretele, am sărit în picioare. M-a întors lung pe toate părțile, ca pe o rochie nouă, căutând defecte. I-am văzut ochii rotunzi și galbeni, fără gene. Urechile subțiri, creștetul albit. Nu era cine știe ce, dar era singura care m-a vrut. Și cu săpun, și cu săpun. Și pe acolo, și pe acolo.

Целка?, m-a întrebat cu jumătate de gură și i-am simțit degetele aspre intrând în mine. Nu am știut ce să-i răspund. Am așteptat un alt cuvânt care să mă lămurească, dar altul nu a avut. Целка, целка, целка?, se înțețea durerea înăuntru. Cuvintele îi cădeau din gură ca niște coropișnițe și se târau pe mine. Am dat din cap. Degetele au ieșit și s-au mutat la călcâie. Și cu săpun, și cu săpun. Și pe acolo, și pe acolo. Будешь послушной, сделаю из тебя человека.

2

Să te ia cineva acasă, să împartă cu tine tot ce are.

Fără un gând ascuns?

Să primești fără să ceri. Să cheltui ce n-ai cumpărat.

Și dacă este – gândul ascuns – dacă a fost mereu?

Cât de ascuns trebuie să fie un gând ca să învingă frumosul din jur?

3

Ar trebui poate să scriu rusește. Rusește, altfel se aranjează cuvintele. În românește îmi amintesc mai clar. Vreau să vă spun totul. Înger

sau diavol, pe care să-l alegi când amândoi vânează același lucru? M-aș fi lipit și de-o lamă dacă m-ar fi mângâiat și mi-ar fi aruncat pâine. În dosul acelei uși strâmte și murdare mi s-a deschis o lume întreagă. Am pășit în ea pe negândite, cu frica unui copil care trăise până atunci doar din resturi. De când ajunsesem la Chișinău, îmi însăilasem o viață cu un soare în mijloc – Tamara Pavlovna.

Strălucea, ardea și prefăcea totul în scrum. Era ca o pasăre măiastră – Tamara mea Pavlovna! Ucigătoare, dar miloasă. Vicleană, dar cu dreptate. De gura și de mintea ei se fereau toți ca de boală, dar tot la ele se întorceau când nu aveau scăpare. Uneori, când ajungeam noaptea, și ea se despletea de culcare, mi se părea că părul i se va preface în pene, iar limba în pară fermecată.

În prima zi, mi-a arătat un colț. „Șezi și învață!”, și așa a rămas. Lucra mereu. Primind sau adunând sticle, amăgind bețivii și lingușind lumea cealaltă. Înmulțind, rotunjind, construind din copeici imperiul care urma să fie, la sfârșit, al meu. Când făcea ceva important, mă întreba scurt dacă am înțeles. Dacă aș putea, la nevoie, să fac la fel ca ea. O singură dată i-am răspuns *нет*, și nu i-a plăcut. Ea m-a învățat alfabetul, republicile și banii. Mai ales banii, pentru că „numerele și rublele nu-s totuna”. Și proștii știu să numere, însă bani nu știu să adune. Banii ușori – icoana ei din piept. Credința ei cea de toate zilele, care, în lipsa alteia, era oare greșită?

Cel mai important totuși era să vorbesc rusește. În fiecare zi, să învăț șapte cuvinte. Nici zece, dar nici cinci, și să le învăț bine. Când greșeam, și greșeam mereu, îmi făcea arătătorul triunghi și mă lovea drept în frunte. Ochii ei fără gene se dădeau peste cap a ciudă, iar mie îmi venea să mă bat singură.

4

Într-o lună trec: foamea, arsurile, frica de întuneric, dorul de Olea.

Într-o lună, mirosul de orfan iese din piele și poți deveni ce vrei tu.

5

Nu că ar fi fost o profesie – primitul sticlelor –, dar nici nimic nu era. În capul Tamarei Pavlovna creștea o scară pe care oamenii urcau după merit. Pe scara aceea, noi ne aflam sub poștași, însă deasupra vânzătorilor de cvas. Scrisorile puteau fi și documente, pe când

cvasul, odată băut, nu-ți mai aducea bani în vecie. Iată, să zicem, o sticlă. O sticlă, chiar și goală, chiar și pișată, chiar și străină, te putea îmbogăți. Asta dacă nu erai putoare sau bețiv, iar noi nu eram. Noi știam să adunăm și adunam. Cu mâinile înțepenite de frig, cu stomacurile întoarse de greață, noi adunam. Bani câștigați pe loc gol. Avere din nimic. Pentru ei și-a transformat ea viața într-o umblătură continuă. Pentru bani m-a crescut și pe mine. Nu din inimă albastră, cum am crezut în primele luni: pentru și mai mulți bani.

Îmbătrânea și îi trebuia un ajutor, mi-a spus. Cred însă că voia, așa cum vor la un moment dat toți părinții și stăpânii de animale, recunoștință. Și i-am dat-o, i-o dau. Recunoștință din partea mea are din plin. Oricare i-a fost interesul din mintea ei hapsână, anume ea mi-a fost mamă. Dar cu ce preț? La ce bun să ridici un orb pe un vârf de munte? De ce să acoperi cu trandafiri proaspeți un hoit? Cu cât îmi cumpăra mai multe, cu atât voiam mai puține. Inimă avea, nu zic nu, doar că din altfel de carne ca a mea. Inima ei voia aur, a mea, stele.

Ar plânge, mă întreb, dacă ar auzi ce spun acum? Ar plânge, știu. Nerecunoștința taie adânc. Nemernica asta mică, bastarda asta urâtă, doare cel mai tare. Nici să o ierți, nici să o pedepsești – o proastă.

6

„Lastocika, zici?”, s-a luminat la față, văzându-mă cu halvaua în prag. Atunci am început să îl ascult. Avea mereu bomboane, Zahar Antonovici, însă ni le luam singuri. Lui îi venea greu cu o mână, dar mai ales îi plăcea să ne simtă căldura în jurul trupului. Гнѣздышко для конфет își numea buzunarul, și noi tot așa după el. Era ca un trunchi: fără stânga, fără dreptul, însă mai întreg ca mulți întregi. Copiii îl cuprindeau ca pe urs, iar el îi iubea ca pe miere. Pentru bomboane, trecea o dată pe săptămână pe la magazinul din spatele blocului și îi cerea Varei să-i aleagă din cele mai ieftine. „Pentru draci”, spunea bucuros, sprijinindu-se în cârjă cu singura mână și lăsându-se din greu pe singurul picior. Ea aproba din cap și i le turna direct în buzunar, mai punând vreo două și de pomană. Varea îl numea Antonâci și cred că a fost singurul om pe care ea nu l-a ras la cântar. Din respect sau poate din milă. Sau poate nici una, nici alta. Pe atunci, oamenii își iertau păcatele singuri, cum îi ducea mintea.

În celălalt buzunar, Zahar Antonovici își cerea o bere. Mai întâi Varea i-o deschidea de marginea tarabei, i-o apropia de gură și-l lăsa

să soarbă un gât, apoi i-o îndesa bine-bine, ca să n-o piardă pe drum. Niciodată nu a traversat moșneagul strada pe unde se cuvenea. Mereu pe roșu, mereu cântând cântece ostășești, ca un soldat beat spre o mitralieră. „Ia nebun, ia nebun!”, strigau la el șoferii prin geamurile coborâte ale mașinilor, iar lui îi sclipeau medaliile și dinții. Berea o termina pe banca din curte, sub castan, vorbind despre război singur sau cui se nimerea. Cel mai des, mie sau lui Pavlik, uneori copiilor mici sau chiar Morkovkăi. Mai mult de două lucruri – bere și bomboane – Zahar Antonovici nu putea duce. Mai multe însă nici nu-i trebuiau. Lapte și pâine îi cumpăra бедная Tonea, brânză îi aducea Galea, iar restul – un borș, un cartof copt, un deget de salam – îi trimiteau femeile pe rând. „Du-i lui Zahar”, spunea Tamara Pavlovna când cumpăra ouă sau halva, slăbiciunea lui cea mare.

Preferatele mele erau bomboanele de sticlă, care nu-mi încleiau dinții ca urâteniile de caramelle. Zahar Antonovici mă lăsa să-mi iau două, nu una ca restul copiilor, pentru că eram orfană și aveam în gură mai mult amar. „Bomboane în schimbul urechilor”, preciza el, ca și cum ar fi stabilit din start, afacerea aceea cu ascultatul. Și începea. Vorbea rar, mult, mereu, însă niciodată despre același lucru sau despre același loc, ceea ce era neobișnuit pentru un bătrân și un fost soldat.

Uneori mi se părea că, fără ascultatul nostru, Zahar Antonovici, pur și simplu, s-ar fi uscat ca un copac fără apă. Sunt pe lume astfel de oameni care, dacă nu povestesc, n-au cum să trăiască. Pentru ei, pentru acești oameni, mereu frumoși și adeseori nebuni, viața trebuie să fie o poveste. Pentru că, doar acolo, între coastele ei moi și fermecate, se împacă ei cu răul și cu durerea, cu bolile și cu trădările, pentru că știu. Știu că o poveste nu lasă niciodată lucrurile nerezolvate. O poveste – chiar și cea mai scurtă, chiar și cea mai tristă – are mereu grijă să facă dreptate.

Stekleni vrt

(odlomek iz romana)

1

Polna, do vrha napolnjena kad. Premerila sem jo s pogledom. Še nikoli nisem porabila toliko čiste vode. V sirotišnici smo ji rekle prva voda in uporabljale smo jo, da smo se umile spodaj. Od oblačil smo s prvo vodo prale samo spodnjice. Preostala smo prale z drugo vodo, tla s tretjo. Obutev s tistim, kar je ostalo. Packarijo smo zlile v ravnateljčin šipkov grm. Ravnateljica je imela sina, Ruslančka, ki je pil samo šipkov čaj. Šipek, ki so ga zalivale sirote, je hitro rasel, ne pa tudi Ruslanček. Njegove oči so se večale in trebuh širil. Me smo ga klicale Bula in mu kazale jezik.

Tamara Pavlovna je imela v kopalnici modre ploščice z motivom modre rože in modro sredico. Toliko lepega je bilo okrog mene, da sem se počutila kot na sliki. Nisem smela opraskati kadi, usmraditi vode, ampak se samo pridno namočiti. Ko je vstopila z gobo, sem planila pokonci. Obrčala me je na vse strani kot novo obleko in iskala napake. Gledala sem njene okrogle rumene oči brez trepalnic. Tanke ustnice, osivelo glavo. Ni bila kdo ve kaj, a vendar edina, ki me je hotela. Tudi z milom, tudi z milom. Tudi tam, tudi tam.

»Целка?«¹ me je vprašala s stisnjenimi zobmi in čutila sem, kako so njeni hrapavi prsti prodrli vame. Nisem vedela, kaj naj ji odgovorim. V pojasnilo sem pričakovala kako drugo besedo, a je ni imela. »Целка, целка, целка?« se je v meni širila bolečina. Besede so ji padle iz ust kot bramorji in lazile po meni. Pokimala sem. Prsti so šli ven in se preusmerili na pete. Tudi z milom, tudi z milom. Tudi tam. »Будешь послушной, сделаю из тебя человека.«²

2

Da te kdo vzame k sebi in deli s tabo vse, kar ima.

Brez skrivnih namenov.

Da kaj dobiš, ne da bi prosil. Da porabiš tisto, česar nisi kupil.

In če skrivni namen je, ali obstaja že od nekdaj?

Koliko mora biti namen prikrit, da premaga lepo v tebi?

¹ »Devica?« (Rus.)

² »Če me boš ubogala, naredim iz tebe človeka.« (Rus.)

3

Morda bi morala pisati v ruščini. V ruščini se besede postavljajo drugače. V romunščini se lažje spominjam. Vse bi vam rada povedala. Le kako naj bi izbirala med angelom in hudičem, ko pa oba prežita na isto. Tudi na britvico bi se prilepila, če bi me božala ali mi metala kruh. Za ozkimi in umazanimi vrati se mi je odprl ves svet. Nepremišljeno sem zakorakala vanj s strahom otroka, ki je do takrat živel samo od ostankov. Ko sem prišla v Kišinjev, sem si ustvarila življenje s soncem na sredi – Tamaro Pavlovno. Žarela je, gorela in vse spreminjala v pepel. Moja Tamara Pavlovna je bila kot čarobna ptica! Ubijalska, toda usmiljena. Zvita, vendar z razlogom. Vsi so se njenih ust in pameti bali kot bolezni. In k njim so se vračali, ko niso imeli izhoda. Kadar sva se domov vračali ponoči in sem jo gledala, kako si pred spanjem razpleta lase, sem imela občutek, da se bodo spremenili v perje, njen jezik pa v čarobno hruško.

Prvi dan mi je pokazala kot: »Usedi se in se uči!« in pri tem je tudi ostalo. Ves čas je delala. Sprejemala je in preštela steklenice, goljufala pijance in se prilizovala drugemu svetu. Iz kopejk je množila, zaokroževala in gradila kraljestvo, ki bo na koncu ostalo meni. Kadar je počela kaj pomembnega, me je na kratko vprašala, ali sem razumela. Če bi lahko, če bi morala početi to, kar dela ona. Samo enkrat sem ji odgovorila: »Her,«³ kar ji ni bilo pogodu. Ona me je naučila abecedo, imena republik in kaj je denar. Še posebej denar, ker »štetje in rublji niso ista reč«. Tudi bedaki znajo šteti, ne znajo pa nabirati denarja. Je bila njena vsakdanja vera v odsotnosti druge zmotna?

Najpomembnejše je bilo, da sem govorila rusko. Vsak dan sem se morala naučiti po sedem besed. Ne deset, ne pet, ampak sedem, in to dobro. Če sem se zmotila, se je prav vsakič njen kazalec spremenil v trikotnik, s katerim me je udarila naravnost v čelo. Njene oči brez trepalnic so besno buljile vame, mene pa je imelo, da bi se pretepla kar sama.

4

V enem mesecu minejo lakota, opekline, strah pred temo, pogrešanje Olje.

V enem mesecu se s kože razdiši vonj po siroti in lahko postaneš, kar hočeš.

³ »Ne.« (Rus.)

5

Zbiranje steklenic ni bilo ravno poklic, čisto nič pa tudi ni bilo. V glavi Tamare Pavlovne je rasla lestvica, po kateri so se ljudje vzpenjali glede na zasluge. Na tej lestvici sva midve pristali pod poštarji, vendar nad prodajalci kvasa. Pisma so lahko vsebovala dokumente, ko pa si enkrat kvas popil, ti ta nikoli več ni prinesel denarja. S steklenico, tudi če je bila prazna ali polulana ali tuja, pa si lahko obogatel. Seveda če nisi bil smrduh ali pijanec, kar midve nisva bili. Midve sva znali zbirati, na veliko. S prezeblimi rokami in tudi ko se nama je obračal želodec, sva še naprej zbirali. Denar, zaslužen na licu mesta. Bogastvo iz nič. Zaradi steklenic je svoje življenje spremenila v nenehno pohajanje. Zaradi denarja me je vzela k sebi. Ne zaradi dobrega srca, kot sem mislila prve mesece, marveč zaradi večjega zaslužka.

Začela se je starati in je potrebovala pomoč, mi je rekla. Mislim pa, da si je, kot si to zaželiyo vsi starši in gospodarji živali, tudi ona zaželela hvaležnosti. In slednje je bila deležna. Še danes ji jo izkazujem. Moje hvaležnosti je bila deležna v izobilju. Karkoli je že bilo v njeni požrešni glavi, je bila vendarle moja mama. Toda za kakšno ceno? Za kakšno ceno spraviš slepca na vrh gore? Čemu s svežimi vrtnicami posipati truplo? Več ko mi je kupovala stvari, manj sem si jih želela. Srce je imela, tega morem zanikati, vendar je bilo iz drugega mesa kakor moje. Njeno srce si je želelo zlata, moje zvezd.

Sprašujem se, ali bi ob mojih besedah zajokala, če bi me slišala. Vem, da bi. Nehvaležnost zareže globoko. Ta mala ničvrednica, pankrt grdi. To najbolj boli. Ne moreš ji odpustiti, kaznovati je pa tudi ne moreš. Navadna trapa.

6

»Lastočka, praviš?« mu je zažarel obraz, ko me je zagledal s halvo na pragu. Takrat sem ga začela poslušati. Zahar Antonovič je vedno imel bombone, ki smo jih jemali sami. Z eno samo roko se je težko znašel, pa tudi sicer je rad čutil našo toploto v bližini svojega telesa. »Гнѣздышко для конфет,«⁴ je rekel svojemu žepu, mi pa smo ponavljali za njim. Bil je kot deblo: brez leve, brez desne, pa vendar popolnejši od mnogih drugih, popolnih. Otroci so ga objemali kot medveda, on pa jih je imel rad kot med. Po bonbone je hodil

⁴ »Gnezdece za bonbone.« (Rus.)

enkrat tedensko v trgovino za blokom, kjer je Varjo prosil, naj mu da najcenejše. »Za hudičke,« je veselo rekel in se z edino roko opiral na berglo. Le težko je stal na eni nogi. Ona mu je pokimala in mu jih natresla naravnost v žep, kakšnega pa mu je še primaknila. Varja ga je klicala Antonč in mislim, da je bil edini človek, ki ga pri tehtanju ni opeharila. Iz spoštovanja ali pa morda iz usmiljenja. Takrat so si ljudje grehe odpuščali sami, kakor jim je velevala pamet.

Za drugi žep pa je Zahar Antonovič naročil pivo. Najprej je Varja steklenico odprla ob robu pulta, mu jo primaknila k ustom in dovolila, da naredi požirek, potem pa mu jo je zelo dobro namestila, da je po poti ne bi izgubil. Starček nikoli ni prečkal ceste, kjer bi moral. Vedno pri rdeči luči, vedno med prepevanjem borbenih pesmi, kot pijani vojak za mitraljezom. »Glej ga, norca, glej ga, norca!« so skozi okna, na katerih so bile spuščene šipe, nanj vpili vozniki, njemu pa so se svetile medalje in zobje. Pivo je popil na klopici na dvorišču, pod kostanjem, govoreč o vojni samemu sebi ali naključnim mimoidočim. Največkrat meni ali Pavliku pa tudi manjšim otrokom ali celo Morkovki. Česa drugega razen bombonov in piva Zahar Antonovič ni mogel nositi. Saj mu sploh ni bilo treba. Kruh in mleko mu je kupovala бедная⁵ Tonja, beli sir mu je prinašala Galja, druge stvari, boršč, kak kuhan krompir, za prst debel kolobar salame, pa so mu pošiljale druge ženske. »Tole nesi Zaharju Antonoviču,« je govorila Tamara Pavlovna, kadar je kupila jajca ali halvo, svojo največjo pregreho.

Meni najljubši so bili stekleni bomboni, ki se niso lepili za zobe kot grde karamele. Zahar Antonovič mi je dovolil, da sem vzela dva, ne samo enega kot drugi otroci, ker sem bila sirota in sem zato imela v ustih več grenkobe. »Bonbone v zameno za ušesa,« je pojasnil, kot da bi že na začetku uredil posel s poslušanjem. Vedno je govoril veliko in počasi, vendar nikoli o istem kraju ali mestu, kar je bilo za starčka, ki je bil bivši vojak, nenavadno.

Včasih sem imela občutek, da bi se brez našega poslušanja Zahar Antonovič posušil kot drevo brez vode. Na svetu so ljudje, ki ne morejo preživeti, če ne govorijo. Zanje, za te zmeraj lepe in nemalokrat nore ljudi, mora biti življenje kot pravljica. Ker se samo tam, med njenimi mehкими in čarobnimi boki, lahko pomirijo z zlom in

⁵ ›Uboga‹ (rus.).

bolečino, z boleznimi in izdajstvi, ker oni vedo. Vedo, da v pravljici stvari nikoli ne ostanejo nerazčiščene. Pravljica, naj bo še tako kratka ali žalostna, vedno poskrbi, da je pravici zadoščeno.

Prevedel Aleš Mustar

Glass garden

(an excerpt from the novel)

1

A bathtub full, completely full. I measured it at a glance. I'd never used up so much clean water in my life. First water, we called it in the orphanage, and we kept it for washing our faces / down there. Of our clothing, underwear was the only thing we washed with first water. The rest we'd wash with second water, the floor—with third water. Shoes—with whatever was left. We'd pour the muck into the director's rosehip bushes. The director had a son, Ruslancik, who drank only rosehip tea. The bushes watered by the orphans grew strong, Ruslancik, not so much. His eyes became big, his stomach bulged. We called him 'Bubblehead' and we'd stick our tongue out at him.

Tamara Pavlovna had a bathroom with blue tiles—blue flowers, blue in the middle. Surrounded by so much beauty, I felt like I was in a drawing. Don't scratch the tub, don't stink up the water, sit and soak quietly. When she came in with a sponge, I jumped up. She looked me over from every angle, like a new dress, checking for irregularities. I saw her round yellow eyes, lashless. Thin ears, the crown of her hair gone white. She wasn't much to look at, but she was the only one who wanted me. With soap, with soap. There too, there too.

Целка?,¹ she asked me half-heartedly and I felt her rough fingers entering me. I didn't know how to answer that. I waited for another word to clarify things, but she didn't have another one. Целка, целка, целка?, the pain inside intensified. The words fell from her lips like a bunch of mole crickets and crawled all over me. I nodded. The fingers came out and they moved to my heel. With soap, with soap. There too, there too. Будешь послушной, сделаю из тебя человека.²

2

For someone to bring you home, to share everything they have with you.

Without a hidden motive?

To receive without asking. To use what you didn't buy.

¹ Intact; virgin. (Rus.)

² If you listen to me, I'll make something of you. (Rus.)

*And if there is—a hidden motive—if there always has been?
How hidden does a motive have to be to outweigh
all the beauty around you?*

3

I should maybe write in Russian. In Russian, the words arrange themselves differently. In Romanian I remember more clearly. I want to tell you everything. Angel or devil, what to choose when they're both going after the same thing? I would've clung even to a razorblade if it had petted me and thrown me some bread. Behind that narrow and dirty door, a whole world opened up for me. I stepped into it suddenly, a fearful child who had lived off only scraps until then. Since my arrival in Chisinau, I had stitched together a life for myself with a sun at its center—Tamara Pavlovna. She shined, blazed, and burned everything to a crisp. She was like a firebird—my Tamara Pavlovna! Murderous, but merciful. Devious, but just. She had a mouth and mind people avoided like the plague, but still they would turn to them when no other hope seemed possible. Sometimes, when she got home at night and undid her hair before bed, it seemed to me as if her hair would turn into feathers and her tongue into a magic flame.

On the first day, she pointed out a corner to me. “Sit and study!” and that was it. She was always working. Receiving or gathering bottles, tricking drunks and kissing up to the better kind. Multiplying, rounding off, building out of kopecks the empire that was to be, in the end, mine. Whenever she did something important, she'd abruptly ask if I understood. If I could, if need be, do the same thing she did. Only once did I answer нет,³ and she didn't like it. She taught me the alphabet, the republics, and money. Especially money, because “numbers aren't the same as rubles”. Even idiots know how to count, but they don't know how to add up money. Easy money—the icon she kept next to her heart. Her daily faith, which, lacking any other, was it really wrong?

But the most important thing was for me to speak Russian. To learn seven words every day. Not ten, but also not five, and to learn them well. Whenever I messed up, and I was constantly messing up, she'd bend her index finger into a triangle and hit me right on my

³ No. (Rus.)

forehead. She'd roll her lashless eyes in annoyance, and I'd feel like hitting myself.

4

In a month you get over: hunger, burns, being scared of the dark, missing Olea.

In a month, your skin no longer smells of orphan and you can become whatever you want.

5

It wasn't what you'd call a profession—sorting bottles—but it was still something. In Tamara Pavlovna's mind there was a ladder extending upwards and people climbed it according to their merit. On that ladder, our rung was beneath mailmen, but above kvass sellers. Letters could sometimes be important documents, while kvass, once you drink it, will never make you any more money as long as you live. Take, for example, a bottle. A bottle, even if it's empty, even if someone's pissed on it, even if it's foreign, could make you richer. That is, if you weren't a deadbeat or a drunk, and we weren't either of those. We knew how to pile up and pile up. With our hands frozen from the cold, with our stomachs turning from disgust, we piled up. Money coming from nothing. A fortune out of thin air. It's the reason she transformed her life into a continual back and forth. Money is also the reason why she raised me. Not because she was sad and tender-hearted, as I believed in the first months: for even more money.

She was getting old and needed someone to help her, she told me. Nevertheless I think she wanted, as all parents and pet owners want at some point, gratitude. And I gave that to her, I give it to her. She has my gratitude in full. Whatever motivation was in her greedy mind, she was the one who mothered me. But at what cost? Why take someone who can't see to enjoy the mountaintop view? Why cover up roadkill with freshly cut roses? The more she bought me, the less I wanted. She had a heart, I don't deny it, but of a different kind of flesh than mine. Her heart wanted gold, mine, stars.

Would she cry, I ask myself, if she were to hear what I'm saying now? She'd cry, I know it. Ingratitude cuts deep. This little good-for-nothing, this ugly bastard girl, hurts the most. You can't forgive her, you can't punish her—she's an idiot.

6

“Lastocika, is it?” his face lit up, seeing me with the halva at the door. That’s when I began listening to him. He always had candies, Zahar Antonovici, but we’d get them ourselves. It was hard for him to do that with only one hand, but he especially like to feel our warmth around his body. ГНЕЗДЫШКО ДЛЯ КОНФЕТ⁴ is what he called his pocket, and so we did too. He was like a trunk: missing a left, missing a right, but more whole than many people not missing anything. The children would bearhug him, and he loved them like honey. Once a week he’d go by the store behind the apartment building to buy candy and he’d ask Varea to choose a bunch of the cheapest ones. “For the little devils,” he’d say happily, leaning on his crutch with his only hand and putting his weight on his only leg. She’d nod and pour them directly into his pocket, adding a couple for free. Varea called him Antonici and I think he was the only person she didn’t cheat on the scales. Out of respect or maybe pity. Or maybe neither. Back then, people forgave their own sins, in whatever ways they could think of.

For the other pocket, Zahar Antonovici would ask for a beer. First Varea would open it on the edge of the counter, she’d hold it up to his mouth so he could take a swig, then she stuffed it in as tightly as possible, so he wouldn’t lose it on the way. The old man never crossed the street where he was supposed to. Always when the light was red, always singing army songs, like a drunken soldier heading toward a machine gun. “Watch out, you lunatic!” the drivers would yell at him through their lowered car windows, while his medals and teeth gleamed in the sun. He’d finish his beer on the bench in the courtyard, under the chestnut tree, talking about the war to himself or to whoever happened to be there. Usually, it was me or Pavlik, sometimes it was the younger children or even Morkovka. Two things—beer and candy—were all Zahar Antonovici could carry. But he didn’t need to carry more than that. Milk and bread he got from бедная⁵ Tonea, Galea would bring him cheese, and the rest—a bowl of borsch, a baked potato, a bit of salami—the women would send him by turns. “Take it to Zahar,” Tamara Pavlovna would say whenever she bought eggs or halva, his biggest soft spot.

⁴ Little candy nest. (Rus.)

⁵ Poor. (Rus.)

My favorites were the hard candies which didn't get stuck in your teeth like the awful caramels. Zahar Antonovici would let me take two, not just one like the rest of the children, because I was an orphan and the taste left in my mouth was bitterer. "Candies in exchange for your ears," he specified, as if to establish from the get-go that business with the listening. And he'd begin. He spoke slowly, had a lot to say, always, but he never talked about the same thing or the same place twice, which was unusual for an old man and a former soldier.

Sometimes it seemed to me that without us to listen to him, Zahar Antonovici would've simply dried up like a tree without water. There are people like that who, if they don't tell their stories, have no way to go on living. For them, for these people, who are always beautiful and often crazy, life must be a story. Because only there, in between its soft, magical ribs, can they make peace with evil and with pain, with sickness and with betrayals, because they know. They know that a story never leaves things unresolved. A story—even the shortest one, even the saddest one—is always careful to set things right.

Translated by Monica Cure

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udeleženci in
nagrajenci
Vilenice**

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DISPUT / DISPUTATION: *Claudio Magris: Ewaldova bakla / Ewald's Torch*

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DISPUT / DISPUTATION: *György Konrád: S sredine / From the Centre*

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DISPUT / DISPUTATION: *Veno Taufer: Izziv ali zgaga? / Challenge or Hassle?*

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DISPUT / DISPUTATION: *Vlado Gotovac: Skica o Atlasu / Sketch of the Atlas*

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DISPUT / DISPUTATION: *Evgen Bavčar: Univerzalizmi in njihova Facies Hypocritica / Universalisms and Their Facies Hypocritica*
Péter Esterházy: Postmoderni barbarizem ali Evropa brez lastnosti / Postmodern Barbarism or Europe with No Characteristics

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DISPUT / DISPUTATION: *Georges-Arthur Goldschmidt, Vlado Gotovac, László Krasznahorkai, Antonin J. Liehm: Edvard Kocbek – Palica / Edvard Kocbek – The Stick*

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DISPUT / DISPUTATION: *Alain Finkielkraut: Intelektualci, politika in vojna / Intellectuals, Politics and War*

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DISPUT / DISPUTATION: *Lojze Kovačič: Ali pisatelj potrebuje svet, ki njega ne potrebuje? / Does a Writer Need the World Which Doesn't Need Him?*

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DISPUT / DISPUTATION: *Svoboda imaginacije – imaginacija svobode / Imagination of Freedom – Freedom of Imagination*
Branko Miljković: Poezijo bodo vsi pisali / Everybody Will Be Writing Poetry

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DISPUT / DISPUTATION: *Daimon zapeljevanja / Daimon of Temptation*
Rainer Maria Rilke: Orfej • Evridika • Hermes / Orpheus • Eurydike • Hermes

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DISPUT / DISPUTATION: *Timothy Garton Ash: Konec stoletja, začetek tisočletja / The End of the Century, the Beginning of the Millennium*

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DISPUT / DISPUTATION: *Trst na začetku 20. stoletja: futuristična utopija ali možni model za nadnacionalno in ustvarjalno sožitje v združenji Evropi* / *Trieste at the Beginning of the 20th Century: A Futuristic Utopia or Realistic Model of Trans-National and Creative Coexistence of People in the Common (Central) Europe*

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KRISTAL VILENICE 2000 / 2000 CRYSTAL VILENICA AWARD — *István Vörös*

V publikaciji *Vilenica 2000* in na literarnih prireditvah so sodelovali / The following are represented in the *Vilenica Almanac 2000* and took part in the literary readings:

Zoran Ančevski, Peter Božič, Uke Bucpapaj, Aleš Čar, Primož Čučnik, Jacques Darras, Lidija Dimkovska, Mircea Dinescu, Michael Donhauser, Janis Elsbergs, Leopold Federmair, Mila Haugová, Željko Ivanković, Liudvikas Jakimavičius, Urs Karpf, Georgiu Konstantinov, Hasso Krull, Gary Lawless, Umberto Mangani, Erik Menkveld, Jaume Perez Montaner, Imre Oravecz, Silvana Paletti, Katherine Pierpoint, Angelina Polonskaya, Milorad Popović, Ana Ristović, Sudeep Sen, Marcin Sendeki, Ronny Someck, Marjan Strojman, Brina Švigelj Mérat, Yörgos Veis, Istvan Vörös, Gerald Zschorsch

DISPUT / DISPUTATION: *Friederike Kretzen: Vloga in pomen literature danes* / *The Meaning and the Role of Literature Today*

Niko Grafenauer: Pisatelj v ekscentru časa / *Writer in the Off-Centre of Time*
Régis Debray, Zdenko Vrdlovec: Literatura in mediji / *Literature and the Media*

MEDNARODNO LITERARNO NAGRADO VILENICA DRUŠTVA SLOVENSКИH
PISATELJEV ZA LETO 2001 JE PREJEL / THE SLOVENE WRITERS' ASSOCIATION
AWARDED THE 2001 VILENICA INTERNATIONAL LITERARY PRIZE TO

Jaan Kaplinski

Utemeljitev nagrade / Laudation: *Veno Taufer*

KRISTAL VILENICE 2001 / 2001 CRYSTAL VILENICA AWARD – *Natalka Bilocerkevica*

V publikaciji *Vilenica 2001* in na literarnih prireditvah so sodelovali / The following are represented in the *Vilenica Almanac 2001* and took part in the literary readings:

Esad Babačić, Mohammed Bennis, Natalka Bilocerkevica, Casimiro de Brito, Richard Burns, Peteris Cedrinš, Robert Davis, Michel Deguy, Ferida Duraković, Andreas Ehin, Hans Eichhorn, Mauro Faccioni Filho, Michael Farrell, László Garaczi, Greg Gatenby, Adam Globus, Adela Greceanu, Petr Hruška, Valdo Immovilli, Dragan Jovanović Danilov, Laurynas Katkus, Vladimir Kavčič, Katica Kjulavkova, Barbara Korun, Maruša Krese, Roman Ludva, Sonja Manojlović, Narlan Matos, Marián Milčák, Ban'ya Natsuishi, Claudio Pozzani, Matthew Rohrer, Erik Stinus, Franco Supino, Vivienne Vermes, Thor Vilhjálmsón, Hans van de Waarsenburg, Adam Wiedemann

DELAVNICE / WORKSHOPS: *Prevajanje poezije, O estetski komponenti vsakdanjega življenja / Translating Poetry, On the Aesthetic Component of the Everyday Life*
MLADA VILENICA 2001 / 2001 YOUNG VILENICA AWARD – *Špela Poljak*

MEDNARODNO LITERARNO NAGRADO VILENICA DRUŠTVA SLOVENSКИH
PISATELJEV ZA LETO 2002 JE PREJELA / THE SLOVENE WRITERS' ASSOCIATION
AWARDED THE 2002 VILENICA INTERNATIONAL LITERARY PRIZE TO

Ana Blandiana

Utemeljitev nagrade / Laudation: *Lidija Dimkowska*

KRISTAL VILENICE 2002 / 2002 CRYSTAL VILENICA AWARD – *Pál Závada*

V publikaciji *Vilenica 2002* in na literarnih prireditvah so sodelovali / The following are represented in the *Vilenica Almanac 2002* and took part in the literary readings:

Jorge Enrique Adoum, Dritëro Agolli, Andriy Bondar, Snežana Bukal, Bora Ćosić, Jozefina Dautbegović, Tanja Dückers, Oswald Egger, Chuah Guat Eng, Jakša Fiamengo, Ioan Flora, Janice Galloway, Sinan Gudžević, Michál Hvorecký, Anatol Kudravec, Anatolij Kudrjavicki, Leena Lander, Franco Manzoni, Maciej Melecki, Dušan Merc, Petr Mikeš, Vinko Möderndorfer, Herta Müller, Patricia Nolan, Knut Ødegård, Justo Jorge Padron, Monika Van Paemel, Ratimir Pavlović,

Janis Rokpelnis, Ken Smith, Glen Sorestad, Luan Starova, Vidosav Stevanović, Lucija Stupica, Tone Škrjanec, Willem Van Toorn, Pál Závada

DELAVNICE / WORKSHOPS: *Prevajanje poezije, O literaturi na internetu, O vizualni in literarni podobi / On Translating Poetry, On Literature on the Internet, On Visual and Literary Image*

MLADA VILENICA 2002 / 2002 YOUNG VILENICA AWARD – Ana Šalgaj

MEDNARODNO LITERARNO NAGRADO VILENICA DRUŠTVA SLOVENSКИH PISATELJEV ZA LETO 2003 JE PREJEL / THE SLOVENE WRITERS' ASSOCIATION AWARDED THE 2003 VILENICA INTERNATIONAL LITERARY PRIZE TO

Mirko Kovač

Utemeljitev nagrade / Laudation: *Josip Osti*

V publikaciji *Vilenica 2003* in na literarnih prireditvah so sodelovali / The following are represented in the *Vilenica Almanac 2003* and took part in the literary readings:

Constantin Abăluță, Hana Andronikova, Kostas Assimacopoulos, Vladimír Balla, Marek Bieńczyk, Boris Biletić, Gordana Mihailova Bošnjakoska, Nicole Brossard, René de Ceccatty, Paulo da Costa, John F. Deane, Paulette Dubé, Lynn Emanuel, Pavle Goranović, Norbert Gstrein, Jacques Izoard, Rutger Kopland, Herkus Kunčius, Taras Luchuk, Donal McLaughlin, Tom Petsinis, Vivienne Plumb, Gregor Podlogar, Alek Popov, Stella Rotenberg, Paolo Ruffilli, Fiona Sampson, Ljudka Silnova, Andrej E. Skubic, Eira Stenberg, James Tate, Krisztina Tóth, Suzana Tratnik, Christian Uetz, Vladimir Vertlib, Erika Vouk, Juli Zeh

DELAVNICE / WORKSHOPS: *Prevajanje poezije, Prostori transgresije, Revija v reviji / Translating Poetry, Places of Transgression, Review In Review*

MLADA VILENICA 2003 / 2003 YOUNG VILENICA AWARD – Žiga Mohorič, Agata Venier

MEDNARODNO LITERARNO NAGRADO VILENICA DRUŠTVA SLOVENSКИH PISATELJEV ZA LETO 2004 JE PREJELA / THE SLOVENE WRITERS' ASSOCIATION AWARDED THE 2004 VILENICA INTERNATIONAL LITERARY PRIZE TO

Brigitte Kronauer

Utemeljitev nagrade / Laudation: *Neva Šlibar, Vesna Kondrič Horvat*

KRISTAL VILENICE 2004 / 2004 CRYSTAL VILENICA AWARD – Valžina Mort

V publikaciji *Vilenica 2004* in na literarnih prireditvah so sodelovali / The following are represented in the *Vilenica Almanac 2004* and took part in the literary readings:

Jan Balabán, Muharem Bazdulj, Eric Brogniet, Ștefan Caraman, Daša Drndić, Martin Fahrner, Edward Foster, Georgi Gospodinov, Gintaras Grajauskas, Daniela Kapitánová, Vojislav Karanović, Artjom Kavalevski, Juris Kronbergs, Alain Lance, Sydney Lea, Vasyl Makhno, Katarina Marinčič, Txema Martínez Inglés, Valžina Mort, Novica Novaković, Gino Pastega, Szilárd Podmaniczky, Aleksandar Prokopiev, Barbara Simoniti, Peter Steiner, Anni Sumari, Vladimir P. Štefanec, Cai Tianxin, Krzysztof Varga, Peter Weber, Andrea Zanzotto

PREVAJALSKA DELAVNICA / TRANSLATION WORKSHOP: *Mererid Puw Davies, Louis De Paor, Helena Sinervo*

DISPUT / DISPUTATION: *Primer Edvard Kocbek in svoboda izražanja danes / The Edvard Kocbek Case and the Freedom of Expression Today*

MLADA VILENICA 2004 / 2004 YOUNG VILENICA AWARD – *Eva Renner, Brigita Berčon*

MEDNARODNO LITERARNO NAGRADO VILENICA DRUŠTVA SLOVENSКИH PISATELJEV ZA LETO 2005 STA PREJELA / THE SLOVENE WRITERS' ASSOCIATION AWARDED THE 2005 VILENICA INTERNATIONAL LITERARY PRIZE TO

Ilma Rakusa in Karl-Markus Gauß

Utemeljitev nagrade / Laudation: *Vesna Kondrič Horvat, Drago Jančar*

KRISTAL VILENICE 2005 / 2005 CRYSTAL VILENICA AWARD – *Vladas Braziūnas*

V publikaciji *Vilenica 2005* in na literarnih prireditvah so sodelovali / The following are represented in the *Vilenica Almanac 2005* and took part in the literary readings:

Carlos A. Aguilera, Veljko Barbieri, Juras Barisevič, Vladas Braziūnas, Anna Maria Carpi, Theodora Dimova, Jure Jakob, Janez Kajzer, Viliam Klimáček, Olivera Korvezirovska, Cvetka Lipuš, Jaan Malin, Jim McGarrah, Anna Mitgutsch, Sinéad Morrissey, Duško Novaković, Gregor Papež, Leung-Ping Kwan, Jean Portante, Zsuzsa Rakovszky, Ralf Schlatter, Stephanos Stephanides, Faruk Šehić, Magdalena Tulli, Miloš Urban, Liliana Ursu

OKROGLA MIZA SEP NA VILENICI / CEI ROUND TABLE DISCUSSION AT VILENICA: ›Možnosti sobivanja različnih kultur v Evropi in proces iskanja nove kulturne paradigme‹ / ›The Possibilities of Coexistence of Different Cultures in Europe and the Process of Searching a New Cultural Paradigm‹

MODERATOR: Aleš Debeljak

MLADA VILENICA 2005 / 2005 YOUNG VILENICA AWARD – *Rožana Švara, Eva Mohorič*

MEDNARODNO LITERARNO NAGRADO VILENICA DRUŠTVA SLOVENSКИH
PISATELJEV ZA LETO 2006 JE PREJEL / THE SLOVENE WRITERS' ASSOCIATION
AWARDED THE 2006 VILENICA INTERNATIONAL LITERARY PRIZE TO

Miodrag Pavlović

Utemeljitev nagrade / Laudation: *Veno Taufer*

KRISTAL VILENICE 2006 / 2006 CRYSTAL VILENICA AWARD – *Mojca Kumerdej*

V publikaciji *Vilenica 2006* in na literarnih prireditvah so sodelovali / The following are represented in the *Vilenica Almanac 2006* and took part in the literary readings:

Inga Abele, Michál Ajvaz, Venko Andonovski, Lindita Arapi, Alhierd Bacharevič, Szilárd Borbély, Yiorgos Chouliaras, Daiva Čepauskaitė, Ervin Fritz, Tatjana Gromača, Brian Henry, Oto Horvat, Nora Iuga, Iva Jevtić, Ekaterina Yossifova, Zdenko Kodrič, Márius Kopcsay, Miran Košuta, Mojca Kumerdej, Terezia Mora, Birgit Müller-Wieland, Tõnu Õnnepalu, Claudio Pozzani, Gabriel Rosenstock, Goran Samardžić, Ostap Slyvynsky, Breda Smolnikar, Olga Tokarczuk, Marko Uršič, Raphael Urweider

OKROGLA MIZA SEP NA VILENICI / CEI ROUND TABLE DISCUSSION AT VILENICA:
»Kdo sliši sosedovo zgodbo?« / 'Who Can Hear One's Neighbour's Story?'

MODERATORKA / MODERATOR: *Simona Škrabec*

DOBITNIK ŠTIPENDIJE SEP 2006 / 2006 CEI FELLOWSHIP WINNER: *Goce Smilevski, Makedonija / Macedonia*

MANJ POZNANE KNJIŽEVNOSTI EVROPE NA VILENICI / LESSER-KNOWN LITERATURES
OF EUROPE AT VILENICA: *Sodobna baskovska književnost / Contemporary Basque Writing:
Barnardo Atxaga, Harkaitz Cano, Miren Agur Meabe, Rikardo Arregi, Kirmen Uribe*
MLADA VILENICA 2006 / 2006 YOUNG VILENICA AWARD – *Dita Škalič, Aljaž
Ferencek, Miroslava Furtkevičová*

MEDNARODNO LITERARNO NAGRADO VILENICA DRUŠTVA SLOVENSКИH
PISATELJEV ZA LETO 2007 JE PREJEL / THE SLOVENE WRITERS' ASSOCIATION
AWARDED THE 2007 VILENICA INTERNATIONAL LITERARY PRIZE TO

Goran Stefanovski

Utemeljitev nagrade / Laudation: *Lidija Dimkovska*

KRISTAL VILENICE 2007 / 2007 CRYSTAL VILENICA AWARD – *Piotr Sommer*
SLOVENSKI AVTOR V SREDIŠČU 2007 / SLOVENIAN AUTHOR IN FOCUS 2007 –
Milan Dekleva

V publikaciji *Vilenica 2007* in na literarnih prireditvah so sodelovali / The following are represented in the *Vilenica Almanac 2007* and took part in the literary readings:

David Alabahari, Attila Bartis, Ataol Behramoğlu, Balša Brković, Gentian Çoçoli, Dumitru Crudu, Vytautas Dekšnys, Dagnija Dreika, Kristiina Ehin, Carolyn

Forché Mattison, Nejc Gazvoda, Sonja Harter, Ioana Ieronim, Andrej Kurkov, Meta Kušar, Ermis Lafazanovski, Agi Mishol, Senadin Musabegović, Aleš Mustar, Dennis O'Driscoll, Maja Panajotova, Roberto Pazzi, Monika Rinck, Edi Shukriu, Piotr Sommer, Igor Stiks, Ján Štrasser, Sami Tchak, Tomas Tranströmer, Christina Viragh, Matjaž Zupančič, Barys Žančak

OKROGLA MIZA SEP NA VILENICI / CEI ROUND TABLE DISCUSSION AT VILENICA:
 »(Samo)cenzura danes: literarna cenzura v luči politične korektnosti« / '(Self)-
 Censorship Today: Literary Censorship in the Light of Political Correctness'

MODERATORICA / MODERATOR: *Alenka Puhar*

DOBITNICA ŠTIPENDIJE SEP 2007 / 2007 CEI FELLOWSHIP WINNER: *Mariana Kijanovska / Marianna Kiyanovska, Ukrajina / Ukraine*

MANJ POZNANE KNJIŽEVNOSTI EVROPE NA VILENICI / LESSER-KNOWN LITERATURES
 OF EUROPE AT VILENICA: *Sodobna književnost v irščini / Contemporary Literature
 in Irish: Celia de Fréine, Tomás Mac Síomóin, Dairena Ní Chinnéide, Micheál Ó
 Conghaile, Cathal Ó Searcaigh, Gabriel Rosenstock*

MLADA VILENICA 2007 / 2007 YOUNG VILENICA AWARD – *Katja Lavrenčič, Matic Može*

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MEDNARODNO LITERARNO NAGRADO VILENICA DRUŠTVA SLOVENSКИH
 PISATELJEV ZA LETO 2008 JE PREJEL / THE SLOVENE WRITERS' ASSOCIATION
 AWARDED THE 2008 VILENICA INTERNATIONAL LITERARY PRIZE TO

Andrzej Stasiuk

Utemeljitev nagrade / Laudation: *Jana Unuk*

KRISTAL VILENICE 2008 / 2008 CRYSTAL VILENICA AWARD – *Andrej Hadanovič*
 SLOVENSKA AVTORICA V SREDIŠČU 2008 / SLOVENIAN AUTHOR IN FOCUS 2008 –
Svetlana Makarovič

V publikaciji *Vilenica 2008* in na literarnih prireditvah so sodelovali / The
 following are represented in the *Vilenica Almanac 2008* and took part in the
 literary readings:

*Jurij Andruhovič, Laslo Blašković, Cvetanka Elenkova, Iztok Geister, Andrej
 Hadanovič, Kica Kolbe, Florin Lăzărescu, Arian Leka, Yang Lian, Diego Marani,
 Jean-Michel Maulpoix, Irina Neki, Imre Oravec, Marina Palej, Ulrich Peltzer,
 Ivana Sajko, Peter Stamm, Magdalena Svetina Terčon, Dušan Šarotar, Bina
 Štampe Žmavc, Jüri Talvet, Zoé Valdés, Andrea Winkler, Yo Yo, Inga Žolude*

OKROGLA MIZA SEP NA VILENICI / CEI ROUND TABLE DISCUSSION AT VILENICA:
 »Avtor med tekstom in kontekstom« / 'The Author between Text and Context'

MODERATOR: *Marko Uršič*

DOBITNICA ŠTIPENDIJE SEP 2008 / 2008 CEI FELLOWSHIP WINNER: *Ivana
 Sajko, Hrvaška / Croatia*

MANJ POZNANE KNJIŽEVNOSTI EVROPE NA VILENICI / LESSER-KNOWN LITERATURES
 OF EUROPE AT VILENICA: *Sodobna litovska književnost / Contemporary Lithuanian
 Writing: Eugenijus Ališanka, Birutė Jonuškaitė, Sigitas Parulskis, Kornelijus Platelis,
 Tomas Venclova*

MLADA VILENICA 2008 / 2008 YOUNG VILENICA AWARD – *Liam Visentin, Ana Šemrov*

MEDNARODNO LITERARNO NAGRADO VILENICA DRUŠTVA SLOVENSКИH
PISATELJEV ZA LETO 2009 JE PREJEL / THE SLOVENE WRITERS' ASSOCIATION
AWARDED THE 2009 VILENICA INTERNATIONAL LITERARY PRIZE TO

Claudio Magris

Utemeljitev nagrade / Laudation: *Veronika Simoniti*

KRISTAL VILENICE 2009 / 2009 CRYSTAL VILENICA AWARD – *Luljeta Lleshanaku*
SLOVENSKI AVTOR V SREDIŠČU 2009 / SLOVENIAN AUTHOR IN FOCUS 2009 –
Boris Pahor

V publikaciji *Vilenica 2009* in na literarnih prireditvah so sodelovali / The
following are represented in the *Vilenica Almanac 2009* and took part in the
literary readings:

*Jana Beňová, Ines Cergol, Kalin Donkov, Umberto Galimberti, Forrest Gander,
Andrea Grill, Miljenko Jergović, Štefan Kardoš, Yasmina Khadra, Herkus
Kunčius, Alejandra Laurencich, Luljeta Lleshanaku, Dan Lungu, Tone Partljič,
Jana Putrle Srdić, Peter Rezman, Víctor Rodríguez Núñez, Maria Şleahitişchi,
Ewa Sonnenberg, Vlada Urošević, Oksana Zabuzhko*

OKROGLA MIZA SEP NA VILENICI / CEI ROUND TABLE DISCUSSION AT VILENICA:
»Izbira med svobodo in zapovedjo: literarna avtonomija in mehanizmi izbora.« / 'Choice
between Freedom and Command: Literary Autonomy and the Mechanics of Choice'
MODERATOR: *Andrej Blatnik*

DOBITNIK ŠTIPENDIJE SEP 2009 / 2009 CEI FELLOWSHIP WINNER: *Dragan
Radovančević, Srbija / Serbia*

MANJ POZNANE KNJIŽEVNOSTI EVROPE NA VILENICI / LESSER-KNOWN
LITERATURES OF EUROPE AT VILENICA: *Flandrija na Vilenici / Flanders at
Vilenica: Miriam Van Hee, Stefan Hertmans, Monika Van Paemel, Peter Verhelst*
MLADA VILENICA 2009 / 2009 YOUNG VILENICA AWARD – *Jana Stekar, Gaja
Rupnik Caruso*

MEDNARODNO LITERARNO NAGRADO VILENICA DRUŠTVA SLOVENSКИH
PISATELJEV ZA LETO 2010 JE PREJEL / THE SLOVENE WRITERS' ASSOCIATION
AWARDED THE 2010 VILENICA INTERNATIONAL LITERARY PRIZE TO

Dževad Karahasan

Utemeljitev nagrade / Laudation: *Jana Unuk*

KRISTAL VILENICE 2010 / 2010 CRYSTAL VILENICA AWARD – *Goran Vojnović*
SLOVENSKI AVTOR V SREDIŠČU 2010 / SLOVENIAN AUTHOR IN FOCUS 2010 –
Tomaž Šalamun

V publikaciji *Vilenica 2010* in na literarnih prireditvah so sodelovali / The
following are represented in the *Vilenica Almanac 2010* and took part in the
literary readings:

*Max Blaeulich, Jacek Dehnel, Kristin Dimitrova, Veronika Dintinjana, Aris
Fioretos, Ludwig Hartinger, Enes Karić, Blaže Minevski, Salvatore Niffoi,*

Radoslav Petković, Taras Prohasko, Viktória Radics, Maja Razboršek, Joachim Sartorius, Ilja Sin, Octavian Soviany, Veronika Šikulova, Jáchym Topol, Suzana Tratnik, Goran Vojnović, C. D. Wright, Agnė Žagrakalytė

OKROGLA MIZA SEP NA VILENICI / CEI ROUND TABLE DISCUSSION AT VILENICA: ›O branju: bralna izkušnja in njene oblike v sodobnem času‹ / ›On Reading: Reading Experience and its Forms in Modern Times‹

MODERATORICA / MODERATOR: *Tanja Lesničar Pučko*

DOBITNICA ŠTIPENDIJE SEP 2010 / 2010 CEI FELLOWSHIP WINNER: *Maja Hrgović, Hrvaška / Croatia*

MANJ POZNANE KNJIŽEVNOSTI EVROPE NA VILENICI / LESSER-KNOWN LITERATURES OF EUROPE AT VILENICA: *Wales na Vilenici / Wales at Vilenica: Lloyd Jones, Siân Melangell Dafydd, Wiliam Owen Roberts, Angharad Price*

MLADA VILENICA 2010 / 2010 YOUNG VILENICA AWARD – *Nina Rozman, Rok Muhič, Lidija Magdevska*

MEDNARODNO LITERARNO NAGRADO VILENICA DRUŠTVA SLOVENSКИH PISATELJEV ZA LETO 2011 JE PREJEL / THE SLOVENE WRITERS' ASSOCIATION AWARDED THE 2011 VILENICA INTERNATIONAL LITERARY PRIZE TO

Mircea Cărtărescu

Utemeljitev nagrade / Laudation: *Lidija Dimkowska*

KRISTAL VILENICE 2011 / 2011 CRYSTAL VILENICA AWARD – *Dan Coman*
SLOVENSKI AVTOR V SREDIŠČU 2011 / SLOVENIAN AUTHOR IN FOCUS 2011 –
Drago Jančar

V publikaciji *Vilenica 2011* in na literarnih prireditvah so sodelovali / The following are represented in the *Vilenica Almanac 2011* and took part in the literary readings:

Pavel Brycz, Pierluigi Cappello, Sarah Clancey, Dan Coman, Ivan Dobnik, György Dragomán, Jean-Michel Espitallier, Xavier Farré Vidal, Guy Helminger, Stanka Hrustelj, Ljiljana Jokić Kaspar, Gorazd Kocijančič, Tatjana Komissarova, Alain Lance, Vesna Lemaic, Vladimir Levčev, Nikola Madžirov, Alberto Manguel, Aleksander Peršolja, Edo Popović, Angelika Reitzer, Tomasz Różycki, Lubica Somolayová, Ognjen Spahić, Agron Tufa, Arturas Valionis, Jan Wagner

OKROGLA MIZA SEP NA VILENICI / CEI ROUND TABLE DISCUSSION AT VILENICA: ›Beri me v živo‹ / ›Read Me Live‹

MODERATOR: *Gregor Podlogar*

DOBITNIK ŠTIPENDIJE SEP 2011 / 2011 CEI FELLOWSHIP WINNER: *Ognjen Spahić, Črna gora / Montenegro*

MANJ POZNANE KNJIŽEVNOSTI EVROPE NA VILENICI / LESSER-KNOWN LITERATURES OF EUROPE AT VILENICA: *Turčija na Vilenici / Turkey at Vilenica: Nazli Eray, Nedim Gürsel, Mehmet Yaşın*

MLADA VILENICA 2011 / 2011 YOUNG VILENICA AWARD – *Julija Železnik, Teja Gerjovič, Lara Ružič Povirk*

MEDNARODNO LITERARNO NAGRADO VILENICA DRUŠTVA SLOVENSКИH
PISATELJEV ZA LETO 2012 JE PREJEL / THE SLOVENE WRITERS' ASSOCIATION
AWARDED THE 2012 VILENICA INTERNATIONAL LITERARY PRIZE TO

David Albahari

Utemeljitev nagrade / Laudation: *Andrej Blatnik*

KRISTAL VILENICE 2012 / 2012 CRYSTAL VILENICA AWARD – *Rumen Leonidov*
SLOVENSKI AVTOR V SREDIŠČU 2012 / SLOVENIAN AUTHOR IN FOCUS 2012 – *Boris
A. Novak*

V publikaciji *Vilenica 2012* in na literarnih prireditvah so sodelovali / The
following are represented in the *Vilenica Almanac 2012* and took part in the
literary readings:

*Antonia Arslan, Miljana Cunta, László Darvasi, Dimitré Dinev, Dušan Dušek,
Zineb el Rhazoui, Maja Haderlap, Petr Hruška, Igor Isakovski, Erica Johnson
Debelyak, Colm Keegan, Rumen Leonidov, Dorota Mastowska, Indrek Mesikepp,
Miroslav Mićanović, Paul Muldoon, Ioana Nicolaie, Tom Petsinis, Sebastijan
Pregelj, Pino Roveredo, Monique Schwitter, Bekim Sejranović, Dmitrij Strocev,
Kárlis Vērdiņš, Gian Mario Villalta, Jiaxin Wang, Aldo Žerjal*

OKROGLA MIZA SEP NA VILENICI / CEI ROUND TABLE DISCUSSION AT
VILENICA: *»Avtorji nomadi«* / *'Nomadic Writers'*

MODERATORKA / MODERATOR: *Iva Kosmos*

DOBITNICA ŠTIPENDIJE SEP 2012 / 2012 CEI FELLOWSHIP WINNER: *Ajla
Terzić*, Bosna in Hercegovina / Bosnia and Herzegovina

MANJ POZNANE KNJIŽEVNOSTI EVROPE NA VILENICI / LESSER-KNOWN
LITERATURES OF EUROPE AT VILENICA: *Hebrejska književnost na Vilenici
/ Hebrew literature at Vilenica: Hana Amichai, Sami Michael, Hava Pinhas-
-Cohen, Nurit Zarchi*

MLADA VILENICA 2012 / 2012 YOUNG VILENICA AWARD – *Tilka Namestnik, Marta
Radić, Veronika Martinčič*

MEDNARODNO LITERARNO NAGRADO VILENICA DRUŠTVA SLOVENSКИH
PISATELJEV ZA LETO 2013 JE PREJELA / THE SLOVENE WRITERS' ASSOCIATION
AWARDED THE 2013 VILENICA INTERNATIONAL LITERARY PRIZE TO

Olga Tokarczuk

Utemeljitev nagrade / Laudation: *Jana Unuk*

KRISTAL VILENICE 2013 / 2013 CRYSTAL VILENICA AWARD – *Tanja Maljarčuk*
SLOVENSKI AVTOR V SREDIŠČU 2013 / SLOVENIAN AUTHOR IN FOCUS 2013 –
Florjan Lipuš

V publikaciji *Vilenica 2013* in na literarnih prireditvah so sodelovali / The
following are represented in the *Vilenica Almanac 2013* and took part in the
literary readings:

Anna Auziņa, Mauro Covacich, Silvija Čoleva, Radka Denemarková, Rodica Draghinescu, Miriam Dreu, Katharina Hacker, Olli Heikkinen, Brian Henry, Ignacy Karpowicz, Vladimir Kopich, Tone Kuntner, Gerry Loose, Tanja Maljarčuk, Alan McMonagle, Tomislav Osmanli, Vanja Pegan, Ana Pepelnik, Katja Perat, Milan Rakovac, Zhao Si, Martin Solotruk, Brita Steinwendtner

OKROGLA MIZA SEP NA VILENICI / CEI ROUND TABLE DISCUSSION AT VILENICA:
 »Nadih meja« / 'Inspiration of Borders'

MODERATORICA / MODERATOR: *Vesna Humar*

DOBITNIK ŠTIPENDIJE SEP 2013 / 2013 CEI FELLOWSHIP WINNER: *Artem Čapaj / Artem Chapeye, Ukrajina / Ukraine*

MANJ POZNANE KNJIŽEVNOSTI EVROPE NA VILENICI / LESSER-KNOWN LITERATURES OF EUROPE AT VILENICA: *Švica na Vilenici / Switzerland at Vilenica: Lukas Bärfuss, Arno Camenisch, Pietro de Marchi, Michel Layaz, Ilma Rakusa*

MLADA VILENICA 2013 / 2013 YOUNG VILENICA AWARD – *Ajda Furlan, Jerneja Rupnik, Eva Salopek*

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MEDNARODNO LITERARNO NAGRADO VILENICA DRUŠTVA SLOVENSКИH PISATELJEV ZA LETO 2014 JE PREJEL / THE SLOVENE WRITERS' ASSOCIATION AWARDED THE 2014 VILENICA INTERNATIONAL LITERARY PRIZE TO

László Krasznahorkai

Utemeljitev nagrade / Laudation: *Jutka Rudaš*

KRISTAL VILENICE 2014 / 2014 CRYSTAL VILENICA AWARD – *Liliana Corobca*
 SLOVENSKI AVTOR V SREDIŠČU 2014 / SLOVENIAN AUTHOR IN FOCUS 2014 –
Marko Sosič

V publikaciji *Vilenica 2014* in na literarnih prireditvah so sodelovali / The following are represented in the *Vilenica Almanac 2014* and took part in the literary readings:

Ivan Antić, Gabriela Babnik, Marica Bodrožić, Liliana Corobca, Artem Čapaj, Patrick deWitt, Ivana Dobrakovová, Enes Halilović, Elsa Korneti, Asko Künnap, János Lackfi, Fiston Mwanza Mujila, Andrej Nikolaidis, Tomislav Osmanli, Ioana Pârvulescu, Tone Peršak, Alek Popov, Stanislava Repar, Jaroslav Rudiš, Roman Simić Bodrožić, Linda Spalding, Dimitra Xidou, Visar Zhiti

OKROGLA MIZA SEP NA VILENICI / CEI ROUND TABLE DISCUSSION AT VILENICA:
 »Iz jezika v jezik« / 'From Language to Language'

MODERATORICA / MODERATOR: *Erica Johnson Debelyak*

DOBITNIK ŠTIPENDIJE SEP 2014 / 2014 CEI FELLOWSHIP WINNER: *Mirko Božić, Bosna in Hercegovina / Bosnia and Herzegovina*

MANJ POZNANE KNJIŽEVNOSTI EVROPE NA VILENICI / LESSER-KNOWN LITERATURES OF EUROPE AT VILENICA: *Luksemburg na Vilenici / Luxembourg at Vilenica: Alexandra Fixmer, Guy Helminger, Nico Helminger, Pol Sax*

MLADA VILENICA 2014 / 2014 YOUNG VILENICA AWARD – *Lota Martinjak, Patricija Kavčič, Lara Ružič Povirk*

MEDNARODNO LITERARNO NAGRADO VILENICA DRUŠTVA SLOVENSКИH
PISATELJEV ZA LETO 2015 JE PREJEL / THE SLOVENE WRITERS' ASSOCIATION
AWARDED THE 2015 VILENICA INTERNATIONAL LITERARY PRIZE TO

Jáchym Topol

Utemeljitev nagrade / Laudation: *Alenka Jensterle-Doležal*

KRISTAL VILENICE 2015 / 2015 CRYSTAL VILENICA AWARD – *Blerina Rogova Gaxha*
in *Polona Glavan*

SLOVENSKI AVTOR V SREDIŠČU 2015 / SLOVENIAN AUTHOR IN FOCUS 2015 –
Milan Jesih

V publikaciji *Vilenica 2015* in na literarnih prireditvah so sodelovali / The
following are represented in the *Vilenica Almanac 2015* and took part in the
literary readings:

*Claire-Louise Bennett, Stefano Benni, Mirko Božić, Sylwia Chutnik, Goran
Ferčec, Orfhlaith Foyle, Antanas Gailius, Polona Glavan, Aleksandar Hemon,
Karlo Hmeljak, Andrej Hočevar, Etgar Keret, Elke Laznia, Artis Ostups, Blerina
Rogova Gaxha, Christoph Simon*

OKROGLA MIZA SEP NA VILENICI / CEI ROUND TABLE DISCUSSION AT
VILENICA: ›Odzven prostora‹ / 'Reflections of Place'

MODERATOR / MODERATOR: *Boštjan Narat*

DOBITNIK ŠTIPENDIJE SEP 2015 / 2015 CEI FELLOWSHIP WINNER: *Katerina
Kalitko / Kateryna Kalytko, Ukrajina / Ukraine*

MANJ POZNANE KNJIŽEVNOSTI NA VILENICI / LESSER-KNOWN LITERATURES
AT VILENICA: *Indija na Vilenici / India at Vilenica: Sitanshu Yashaschandra, K.
Satchidanandan*

MLADA VILENICA 2015 / 2015 YOUNG VILENICA AWARD – *David Čop, Kiara Sara
Knafelc, Chiara Lepore, Lina Malovič, Špela Zadel*

MEDNARODNO LITERARNO NAGRADO VILENICA DRUŠTVA SLOVENSКИH
PISATELJEV ZA LETO 2016 JE PREJELA / THE SLOVENE WRITERS' ASSOCIATION
AWARDED THE 2016 VILENICA INTERNATIONAL LITERARY PRIZE TO

Dubravka Ugrešić

Utemeljitev nagrade / Laudation: *Đurđa Strsglavec*

KRISTAL VILENICE 2016 / 2016 CRYSTAL VILENICA AWARD – *Katerina Kalitko*
SLOVENSKA AVTORICA V SREDIŠČU 2016 / SLOVENIAN AUTHOR IN FOCUS 2016
– *Suzana Tratnik*

V publikaciji *Vilenica 2016* in na literarnih prireditvah so sodelovali / The
following are represented in the *Vilenica Almanac 2016* and took part in the
literary readings:

*Adisa Bašić, Alexandre Bergamini, Aleš Berger, Jana Bodnárová, Julja Cimafejeva,
Patricija Dodič, Martin Dyar, Dana Grigorcea, Jovica Ivanovski, Katerina*

Kalitko, Cvetka Lipuš, Valerio Magrelli, Aksinija Mihajlova, Carlos Pascual, Ülar Ploom, Gábor Schein, Robert Schindel, Korana Serdarević, Mariusz Sieniewicz, Bogdan Suceavă, Kateřina Tučková, Les Wicks

OKROGLA MIZA SEP NA VILENICI / CEI ROUND TABLE DISCUSSION AT VILENICA: ›Literatura in etika‹ / 'Literature and Ethics'

MODERATOR / MODERATOR: *Carlos Pascual*

DOBITNICA ŠTIPENDIJE SEP 2016 / 2016 CEI FELLOWSHIP WINNER: *Tanja Bakić, Črna gora / Montenegro*

MANJ POZNANE KNJIŽEVNOSTI NA VILENICI / LESSER-KNOWN LITERATURES AT VILENICA: *Latvija na Vilenici / Latvia at Vilenica: Ingmāra Balode, Artis Ostups, Arvis Viguls*

MLADA VILENICA 2016 / 2016 YOUNG VILENICA AWARD – *Miša Gregorič, Nejka Vratnik, Ekaterina Mihajloska, Aljaž Primožič, Lara Ružič Povirk, Alja Tursunović, Eric Renzi, Lota Martinjak, Tomi Petek*

MEDNARODNO LITERARNO NAGRADO VILENICA DRUŠTVA SLOVENSКИH PISATELJEV ZA LETO 2017 JE PREJEL / THE SLOVENE WRITERS' ASSOCIATION AWARDED THE 2017 VILENICA INTERNATIONAL LITERARY PRIZE TO

Jurij Andruhovič

Utemeljitev nagrade / Laudation: *Aleš Šteger*

KRISTAL VILENICE 2017 / 2017 CRYSTAL VILENICA AWARD – *Antonella Bukovaz*
SLOVENSKA AVTORICA V SREDIŠČU 2017 / SLOVENIAN AUTHOR IN FOCUS 2017 – *Maja Vidmar*

V publikaciji *Vilenica 2017* in na literarnih prireditvah so sodelovali / The following are represented in the *Vilenica Almanac 2017* and took part in the literary readings:

Tanja Bakić, Andrej Blatnik, Antonella Bukovaz, Rumena Bužarovska, Anja Golob, Alenka Jensterle Doležal, Boris Jukić, Esther Kinsky, Vladimir Pištalo, Delimir Rešicki, Samir Sayegh, Fahredin Shehu, Hedi Wyss, Kerrie O'Brien, Iain Reid

OKROGLA MIZA SEP NA VILENICI / CEI ROUND TABLE DISCUSSION AT VILENICA: ›Literatura, ki spreminja svet, ki spreminja literaturo‹ / 'Literature That Changes the World That Changes Literature'

MODERATORICA / MODERATOR: *Iva Kosmos*

DOBITNIK ŠTIPENDIJE SEP 2017 / 2017 CEI FELLOWSHIP WINNER: *Andriy Ljubka / Andriy Lyubka, Ukrajina / Ukraine*

MANJ POZNANE KNJIŽEVNOSTI NA VILENICI / LESSER-KNOWN LITERATURES AT VILENICA: *Norveška na Vilenici / Norway at Vilenica: Inger Elisabeth Hansen, Torgeir Schjerven*

MLADA VILENICA 2017 / 2017 YOUNG VILENICA AWARD – *Rebeka Deželak, Sara Lindič, Una Ljubin, Laura Markič, Nika Mravlja, Vesna Muzek, Laura Vuga*

MEDNARODNO LITERARNO NAGRADO VILENICA DRUŠTVA SLOVENSКИH PISATELJEV ZA LETO 2018 JE PREJEL / THE SLOVENE WRITERS' ASSOCIATION AWARDED THE 2018 VILENICA INTERNATIONAL LITERARY PRIZE TO

Ilija Trojanow

Utemeljitev nagrade / Laudation: *Vesna Kondrič Horvat*

KRISTAL VILENICE 2018 / 2018 CRYSTAL VILENICA AWARD – *Šota Iatašvili*
SLOVENSKA AVTORICA V SREDIŠČU 2018 / SLOVENIAN AUTHOR IN FOCUS 2018 –
Mojca Kumerdej

V publikaciji *Vilenica 2018* in na literarnih prireditvah so sodelovali / The following are represented in the *Vilenica Almanac 2018* and took part in the literary readings:

David Bandelj, Petre Barbu, Éilis Ní Dhuibhne, Wioletta Grzegorzewska, Brian Henry, Šota Iatašvili, Noémi Kiss, Uršula Kovalyk, Andrij Ljubka, Karin Peschka, Primož Repar, Stuart Ross, Simona Semenič

OKROGLA MIZA SEP NA VILENICI / CEI ROUND TABLE DISCUSSION AT VILENICA: *»Pisati in preživetj«* / 'Writing and Surviving'

MODERATOR / MODERATOR: *Aljoša Harlamov*

DOBITNICA PISATELJSKE NAGRADE SEP 2018 / 2018 CEI AWARD FOR WRITERS IN RESIDENCE: *Maria Paula Erizanu, Moldavija / Moldova*

MANJ POZNANE KNJIŽEVNOSTI NA VILENICI / LESSER-KNOWN LITERATURES AT VILENICA: *Malta na Vilenici / Malta at Vilenica: Clare Azzopardi, Norbert Bugeja, Immanuel Mifsud, Lorraine Vella*

MEDNARODNO LITERARNO NAGRADO VILENICA DRUŠTVA SLOVENSКИH PISATELJEV ZA LETO 2019 JE PREJEL / THE SLOVENE WRITERS' ASSOCIATION AWARDED THE 2019 VILENICA INTERNATIONAL LITERARY PRIZE TO

Dragan Velikić

Utemeljitev nagrade / Laudation: *Jutka Rudaš*

KRISTAL VILENICE 2019 / 2019 CRYSTAL VILENICA AWARD – *Manjola Nasi*
SLOVENSKI AVTOR V SREDIŠČU 2019 / SLOVENIAN AUTHOR IN FOCUS 2019 –
Esad Babačić

V publikaciji *Vilenica 2019* in na literarnih prireditvah so sodelovali / The following are represented in the *Vilenica Almanac 2019* and took part in the literary readings:

Mohamad Abdul Al Munem, Petar Andonovski, Ayesha Chatterjee, Maria Paula Erizanu, Jasmin B. Frelih, Zvonko Karanović, Enes Karić, Nataša Kramberger, Jonas Lüscher, Ace Mermolja, Amanda Mihalopulu, Manjola Nasi, Sverrir Norland, Carolina Pihelgas, Elizabeth Reapy, Ivana Šojat

OKROGLA MIZA SEP NA VILENICI / CEI ROUND TABLE DISCUSSION AT VILENICA: ›*Ego in fabula*‹

MODERATOR: *Andrej Pleterski*

DOBITNIK PISATELJSKE NAGRADE SEP 2019/ 2019 CEI AWARD FOR WRITERS IN RESIDENCE: *Ivan Šopov / Ivan Shopov*, Severna Makedonija / North Macedonia
MANJ POZNANE KNJIŽEVNOSTI NA VILENICI / LESSER-KNOWN LITERATURES AT VILENICA: *Sodobna italijanska poezija na Vilenici / Contemporary Italian Poetry at Vilenica: Silvia Brè, Maria Grazia Calandrone, Claudio Damiani, Gian Mario Villalta*

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MEDNARODNO LITERARNO NAGRADO VILENICA DRUŠTVA SLOVENSКИH PISATELJEV ZA LETO 2020 JE PREJELA / THE SLOVENE WRITERS' ASSOCIATION AWARDED THE 2020 VILENICA INTERNATIONAL LITERARY PRIZE TO

Mila Haugová

Utemeljitev nagrade / Laudation: *Andrej Pleterski*

KRISTAL VILENICE 2020 / 2020 CRYSTAL VILENICA AWARD – *Sibila Petlevski*
SLOVENSKI AVTOR V SREDIŠČU 2020 / SLOVENIAN AUTHOR IN FOCUS 2020 – *Vinko Möderndorfer*

V publikaciji *Vilenica 2020* in na literarnih prireditvah so sodelovali / The following are represented in the *Vilenica Almanac 2020* and took part in the literary readings:

Thomas Antonic, Mary Costello, Krystyna Dąbrowska, Nina Dragičević, Volha Hapejeva, Aušra Kaziliūnaitė, Marko Kravos, Miroslav Lajuk, Elena Medel, Sibila Petlevski, Marek Šindelka, Kaja Teržan

OKROGLA MIZA SEP NA VILENICI / CEI ROUND TABLE DISCUSSION AT VILENICA: ›*Evropa se širi in krči. Quo vadis?*‹ / ›*Europe is expanding and shrinking. Quo vadis?*‹

MODERATOR: *Luka Novak*

DOBITNIK PISATELJSKE NAGRADE SEP 2020/ 2020 CEI AWARD FOR WRITERS IN RESIDENCE: *Jasen Vasilev / Yasen Vasilev*, Bolgarija / Bulgaria
MANJ POZNANE KNJIŽEVNOSTI NA VILENICI / LESSER-KNOWN LITERATURES AT VILENICA: *Islandija na Vilenici / Iceland at Vilenica: Ragnar Helgi Ólafsson, Kristín Ómarsdóttir, Bergþóra Snæbjörnsdóttir*

MEDNARODNO LITERARNO NAGRADO VILENICA DRUŠTVA SLOVENSКИH
PISATELJEV ZA LETO 2021 JE PREJEL / THE SLOVENE WRITERS' ASSOCIATION
AWARDED THE 2021 VILENICA INTERNATIONAL LITERARY PRIZE TO

Josef Winkler

Utemeljitev nagrade / Laudation: *Amalija Maček*

KRISTAL VILENICE 2021 / 2021 CRYSTAL VILENICA AWARD – *Jazra Khaleed*
SLOVENSKI AVTOR V SREDIŠČU 2021 / SLOVENIAN AUTHOR IN FOCUS 2021 –
Milan Dekleva

V publikaciji *Vilenica 2021* in na literarnih prireditvah so sodelovali / The
following are represented in the *Vilenica Almanac 2021* and took part in the
literary readings:

*Zoltán Danyi, Matthias Göritz, Kristina Hočevar, Jazra Khaleed, Larissa Lai,
Jani Oswald, Lena Ruth Stefanović, Nenad Veličković*

OKROGLA MIZA SEP NA VILENICI / CEI ROUND TABLE DISCUSSION AT
VILENICA: »Evropa se širi in krči. Strah in pogum« / »Europe is expanding and
shrinking. Fear and courage«

MODERATOR: *Aljoša Harlamov, Luka Novak*

DOBITNIK PISATELJSKE NAGRADE SEP 2021 / 2021 CEI AWARD FOR WRITERS
IN RESIDENCE: *Stefan Bošković, Črna gora / Montenegro*

MANJ POZNANE KNJIŽEVNOSTI NA VILENICI / LESSER-KNOWN LITERATURES
AT VILENICA: *Portugalska na Vilenici / Portugal at Vilenica: Sandro William
Junqueira, Álvaro Seiça*

Člani žirije 2022 / *Jury Members 2022*

Aljoša Harlamov, predsednik žirije, glavni urednik Cankarjeve založbe in publicist / president of the jury, Editor-in-Chief at the Cankarjeva založba Publishing house, journalist

Julija Potrč Šavli, podpredsednica žirije, prevajalka / vice-president of the jury, translator

Matej Bogataj, literarni in gledališki kritik / literary and theatre critic

Ludwig Hartinger, urednik, prevajalec, pesnik / editor, translator, poet

Aljaž Koprivnikar, pesnik in literarni kritik / poet and literary critic

Martin Lissiach, literarni posrednik / literary mediator

Amalija Maček, docentka na Oddelku za prevajalstvo Filozofske fakultete v Ljubljani, prevajalka / Assistant Professor at the Department for Translation Studies at the Faculty of Arts, University of Ljubljana, translator

Aleš Mustar, pesnik in prevajalec / poet and translator

Tone Peršak, pisatelj / prose writer

Andrej Pleterski, prevajalec / translator

Julija Potrč Šavli, prevajalka / translator

Jutka Rudaš, izredna profesorica za madžarsko književnost na Filozofski fakulteti Univerze v Mariboru / Associate Professor of Hungarian literature at the Faculty of Arts, University of Maribor

Đurđa Strsoglavec, izredna profesorica za južnoslovanske književnosti in prevajanje v slovenščino na Filozofski fakulteti Univerze v Ljubljani / Associate Professor of South Slavic Studies and translation into Slovene at the Faculty of Arts, University of Ljubljana

Konzultanti 2022 / Consultants 2022

Lindita Arapi, pisateljica, prevajalka (Albanija, Nemčija) / writer, translator (Albania, Germany)

Agneszka Będkowska-Kopczyk, prevajalka, docentka na Tehniško-humanistični akademiji v Bielsko-Biali (Poljska) / translator, senior lecturer at the Academy of Technology and Humanities in Bielsko-Biala (Poland)

Ljudmil Dimitrov, prevajalec, urednik (Bolgarija) / translator, editor (Bulgaria)

Orsolya Gállos, prevajalka (Madžarska) / translator (Hungary)

Alenka Jensterle Doležal, docentka za slovensko književnost na Filozofski fakulteti v Pragi (Češka) / senior lecturer in Slovene literature at the Faculty of Arts in Prague (Czech Republic)

Erica Johnson Debeljak, pisateljica, prevajalka, publicistka (Slovenija) / writer, translator, columnist (Slovenia)

Andreja Kalc, prevajalka, lektorica (Slovenija) / translator, proofreader (Slovenia)

Arian Leka, pisatelj, pesnik, prevajalec, urednik revije Poeteka (Albanija) / writer, poet, translator, editor of Poeteka (Albania)

Valžina Mort, pesnica, prevajalka (Belorusija) / poet, translator (Belarus)

Klemen Pisk, pisatelj, prevajalec (Slovenija, Češka) / writer, translator (Slovenia, Czech Republic)

Kornelijus Platelis, pesnik, prevajalec (Litva) / poet, translator (Lithuania)

Marjeta Prelesnik Drozg, bibliotekarka, prevajalka (Slovenija) / librarian, translator (Slovenia)

Ilma Rakusa, pisateljica, predavateljica na Univerzi v Zürichu (Švica) / writer, lecturer at the University of Zürich (Switzerland)

Judit Reiman, prevajalka, predavateljica na Univerzi v Budimpešti (Madžarska) / translator, lecturer at the University of Budapest (Hungary)

Jüri Talvet, predavatelj na Univerzi v Tartuju (Estonija) / lecturer at the University of Tartu (Estonia)

37. Mednarodni literarni festival Vilenica /
37th Vilenica International Literary Festival

Vilenica 2022

Uredil / Edited by

Aleš Učakar

Založilo in izdalo Društvo slovenskih pisateljev, Tomšičeva 12, 1000 Ljubljana

Zanj Dušan Merc, predsednik

Issued and published by the Slovene Writers' Association, Tomšičeva 12, 1000 Ljubljana

Dušan Merc, President

Jezikovni pregled / Proofreading

Aleš Učakar, Jason Blake

Grafično oblikovanje naslovnice / Cover design

Maruša Žemlja

Prelom / Layout

Klemen Ulčakar

Tehnična ureditev in tisk / Technical editing and print

Ulčakar Grafika

Naklada / Print run

150 izvodov / 150 copies

Ljubljana, avgust 2022 / August 2022

Tiskano na papirju SORA press cream, Goričane, tovarna papirja Medvode /

Printed on SORA press cream paper by the Goričane Paper Mill Medvode