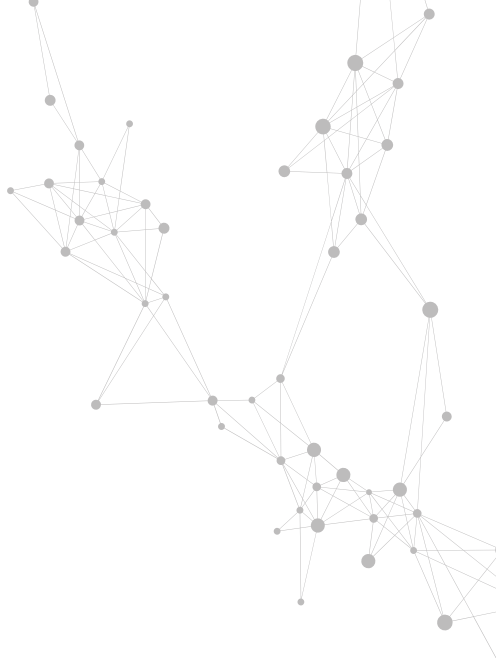


39.
vilenica
mednarodni literarni festival
international literary festival



Ikar 2.0 Icarus 2.0

2024

39. Mednarodni literarni festival Vilenica /
39th Vilenica International Literary Festival

Vilenica 2024

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Ker je letošnji Mednarodni literarni festival Vilenica posvečen vprašanju umetne inteligence in njenih invazij tudi v (besedno) umetnost, so nekateri prevodi v tem Zborniku nastali brez človeške pameti, torej so produkt 'umetne inteligence', izdelani ob uporabi spletnih orodij.

As this year's Vilenica International Literary Festival is dedicated to the matter of artificial intelligence and its incursions into (verbal) art, some of the translations in this volume have been created without human intelligence, i.e. they are the product of 'artificial intelligence', produced using online tools.

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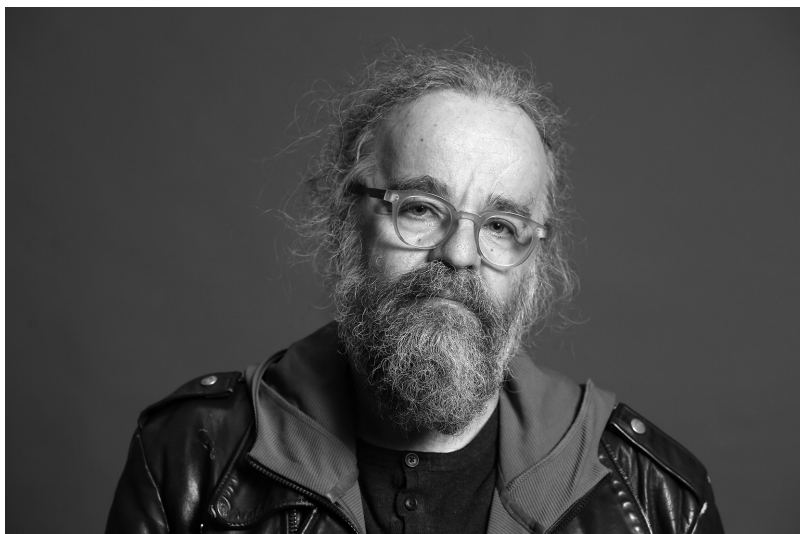


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Miljenko Jergović

Pisatelj, pesnik, esejist, kolumnist, dramatik, novinar in kritik Miljenko Jergović se je rodil 25. maja 1966 v Sarajevu. Na Filozofski fakulteti v Sarajevu je diplomiral iz filozofije in sociologije. Od poletja 1993 živi v Zagrebu. Izredno priljubljenost njegove literature in tudi mednarodno prepoznavnost je zakoličil že Jergovićev prvenec, zbirka kratkih zgodb *Sarajevski marlboro*, sledile pa so nadaljnje vrhunske knjige, ki so njegovo literarno veljavo le potrjevale. Vse odtlej piše pripovedke, eseje in romane z različno tematiko, objavlja tudi kolumne in članke v številnih časopisih na območju bivše Jugoslavije. Za svojo literarno in družbeno dejavnost je doslej prejel že številne domače in mednarodne nagrade in priznanja.

Miljenko Jergović je eden najbolj prepoznavnih javnih intelektualcev in najbolj prevajani sodobni pisec na Hrvaškem – njegove knjige so prevedene v več kot dvajset jezikov –, nesporno zaseda prvo mesto v novejši hrvaški prozi. Spada med maloštevilne avtorje, ki so enako blizu kritikom kot bralcem, saj se njegova dela gibljejo na presečišču tako kritiškega kot bralskega literarnega okusa. Poleg Jergovićeve izjemne ustvarjalnosti njegov literarni vpogled v sodobno življenjsko realnost odraža tudi specifičen, nepatetičen odnos do stvarnosti. Zanj sta značilna gibkost jezika in svojevrsten občutek za pripovedovanje, ki zgodovinske, družbene in intimne dogodke naravno spreminjata v literarne mojstrovine.

Izbrane nagrade in priznanja

- 1987 nagrada Maka Dizdara, za pesniško zbirko *Observatorij Varšava*
- 1988 nagrada goran za mlade pesnike, za pesniško zbirko *Observatorij Varšava*
- 1990 nagrada Veselka Tenžere, za novinarsko delo
- 1994 nagrada Ksaverja Šandorja Gjalskega, za zbirko kratkih zgodb *Sarajevski marlboro*
- 1995 posebna mirovna nagrada Ericha Marie Remarqueta mesta Osnabrück, za zbirko kratkih zgodb *Sarajevski marlboro*
- 2001 nagrada mesta Neapelj, za pesniško zbirko *Hišnik Šulc*
- 2002 nagrada Augusta Šenoeta Matice hrvatske za književnost in umetnost, za roman *Buick Rivera*
- 2003 nagrada Grinzane Cavour, za zbirko kratkih zgodb *Mama Leone*
- 2003 nagrada Društva pisateljev Bosne in Hercegovine, za roman *Dvorci iz orehovine*
- 2004 nagrada Kočićevo pero, za roman *Dvorci iz orehovine*
- 2007 nagrada Meše Selimovića za najboljši roman leta na območju BiH, Srbije, Hrvaške in Črne gore, za roman *Ruta Tannenbaum*
- 2009 mednarodna nagrada Letterature dal Fronte mesta Cassino, za zbirko kratkih zgodb *Sarajevski marlboro*
- 2011 nagrada Fulvia Tomizze
- 2012 srednjeevropska literarna nagrada angelus, za roman *Pleše v somraku*
- 2015 Njegoševa nagrada, za roman *Rodbina*
- 2017 nagrada prozart, za prispevek k razvoju sodobne književnosti na Balkanu
- 2018 književna nagrada Georga Dehija, za prozni opus
- 2018 nagrada Milovana Vidakovića
- 2018 nagrada kopernik Poljskega kulturnega združenja Mikolaj Kopernik
- 2019 nagrada jurga (Hanti Mansijski)
- 2022 častna nagrada avstrijskega knjigotrštva za toleranco v mišljenju in delovanju
- 2023 nagrada fric, za zbirko kratke proze *Trojica za Kartal*

Izbrana izvirna bibliografija

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Otac (Oče). Beograd: Rende, 2010.

Psi na jezeru (Psi na jezeru). Zagreb: Ljevak, 2010.

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Sarajevski Marlboro (Sarajevski marlboro). Zagreb: Durieux, 1994.

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Opervatorija Varšava (Observatorij Varšava). Zagreb: Goranovo proljeće - SKUD Ivan G. Kovačić, 1988.

Uči li noćas neko u ovom gradu japanski (Ali se nocoj kdo v tem mestu uči japonščino). Sarajevo: Zadrugar, 1990.

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Dunje 1983 (Kutine 1983). Zagreb: Durieux, 2005.

Izabrane pjesme Nane Mazutha (Izbrane pesmi Nane Mazutha). Cetinje: OKF, 2011.

Drama

Kažeš andeo (Praviš angel). Zagreb: Durieux (2000).

Esejistika

Naci bonton. Zagreb: Durieux, 1998.

Historijska čitanka (Zgodovinska čitanka I). Zagreb: VBZ, 2001.

Historijska čitanka 2 (Zgodovinska čitanka II). Zagreb: VBZ, 2004.

Žrtve sanjaju veliku ratnu pobjedu (Žrtve sanjajo o veliki vojni zmagi). Zagreb: Durieux, 2006.

Transatlantic Mail [s Semezdinom Mehmedinovićem]. Zagreb: VBZ, 2009.

Zagrebačke kronike (Zagrebske kronike). Beograd: Biblioteka XX vek, 2010.

Pamti li svijet Oscara Schmidta (Ali svet pomni Oscarja Schmidta). Zagreb: Ljevak, 2010.

Muškat, limun i kurkuma (Muškat, limona in kurkuma). Zagreb: EPH Media, 2011.

Tušta i tma [s Svetislavom Basaro] (Dež in tema). Beograd: Laguna, 2014.

Drugi krug [s Svetislavom Basaro] (Drugi krog). Beograd: Laguna, 2015.

Autobus za Vavilon (Avtobus v Babilon). Beograd: Službeni glasnik, 2017.

Imaginarni prijatelj. Zaporešić: Fraktura, 2022.

Mudrost poraza, ludost pobjede (Modrost poraza, norost zmage). Zaporešić: Fraktura, 2023.

Prevodi v druge jezike

Dela Miljenka Jergovića so prevedena v albanščino, angleščino, arabščino, beloruščino, bolgarščino, češčino, esperanto, estonščino, finščino, francoščino, grščino, hebrejščino, italijanščino, katalonščino, litovščino, madžarščino, makedonščino, nemščino, nizozemščino, perzijsčino, poljščino, portugalsčino, ruščino, slovaščino, slovenščino, španščino, švedščino, turščino in ukrajinščino.

Knjižni prevodi v slovenščino

Mama Leone [prev. Teja Kleč]. Novo mesto: Goga, 2003.

Sarajevski marlboro [prev. Mateja Tirgušek]. Ljubljana: V. B. Z., 2003.

Sarajevski marlboro [prev. Sonja Polanc]. Ljubljana: Center za slovensko književnost, 2003.

Buick Rivera [prev. Jurij Hudolin]. Ljubljana: V. B. Z., 2005.

Dvorci iz orehovine [prev. Aleš Čar]. Ljubljana: V. B. Z., 2005.

Ruta Tannenbaum [prev. Mateja Tirgušek]. Ljubljana: V. B. Z., 2007.

Zgodovinska čitanka I [prev. Aleksandra Rekar]. Ljubljana: Sanje, 2009.

Zgodovinska čitanka II [prev. Aleksandra Rekar]. Ljubljana: Sanje, 2009.

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Oče [prev. Aleksandra Rekar]. Ljubljana: Sanje, 2014.

Levijska tkalnica svile [prev. Aleksandra Rekar]. Ljubljana: Sanje, 2015.

Psi na jezeru [prev. Aleksandra Rekar]. Ljubljana: Sanje, 2016.

Rodbina [prev. Aleksandra Rekar]. Ljubljana: Sanje, 2020.

Trojica za Kartal [prev. Aleksandra Rekar]. Ljubljana: Sanje, 2023.

Writer, poet, essayist, columnist, playwright, journalist and critic Miljenko Jergović was born on 25 May 1966 in Sarajevo. He graduated in philosophy and sociology from the Faculty of Arts in Sarajevo. He has lived in Zagreb since the summer of 1993. The extraordinary popularity of his literature, as well as his international recognition, was established already by his debut short story collection *Sarajevo Marlboro*, and was followed by further outstanding books that only confirmed his literary reputation. Since then, he has written tales, essays and novels on a variety of subjects, as well as columns and articles in numerous newspapers throughout the former Yugoslavia. He has received many national and international prizes and awards for his literary and social activities.

Miljenko Jergović is one of the most renowned public intellectuals and the most translated contemporary writers in Croatia—his books have been translated into more than 20 languages—and he is undisputedly at the forefront of recent Croatian fiction. He is one of the few authors who are as close to critics as they are to readers, as his works are at the intersection of both critics' and readers' literary tastes. In addition to Jergović's extraordinary creativity, his literary insight into the reality of contemporary life also reflects a specific, non-sentimental attitude towards reality. He is characterised by a fluidity of language and a unique sense of storytelling that naturally transforms historical, social and intimate events into literary masterpieces.

Selected awards and accolades

- 1987 Mak Dizdar Award, for the poetry collection *Warsaw Observatory*
- 1988 Goran prize for young poets, for the poetry collection *Warsaw Observatory*
- 1990 Veselko Tenžera award, for journalism
- 1994 Ksaver Šandor Gjalski award, for the short story collection *Sarajevo Marlboro*
- 1995 The Erich Maria Remarque Peace Prize by the city of Osnabrück, for the short story collection *Sarajevo Marlboro*
- 2001 City of Naples award, for the poetry collection *Janitor Šulc*
- 2002 August Šenoa Award of Matica hrvatska for literature and arts, for the novel *Buick Rivera*
- 2003 Grinzane Cavour Prize, for the short story collection *Mama Leone*
- 2003 Bosnia and Herzegovina Writers' Association Award, for the novel *The Walnut Mansion*
- 2004 Kočićevo pero award, for the novel *The Walnut Mansion*
- 2007 Meša Selimović award for the best novel of the year in the region of Bosnia and Herzegovina, Serbia, Croatia and Montenegro, for the novel *Ruta Tannenbaum*
- 2009 international award Letterature dal Fronte by city of Cassino, for the short story collection *Sarajevo Marlboro*
- 2011 Fulvio Tomizza award
- 2012 The Angelus Central European Literature Award, for the novel *Srda Sings at Dusk on Pentecost*
- 2015 Njegoš award, for the novel *Kin*
- 2017 prozart award, for his contribution to the development of contemporary literature in the Balkans
- 2018 The Georg Dehio Book Prize, for his prose oeuvre
- 2018 Milovan Vidaković award
- 2018 kopernik award given by the Polish Cultural Association Nicolaus Copernicus
- 2019 jurga award (Khanty-Mansiysk)
- 2022 Honorary Prize of the Austrian Book Society for tolerance in thought and action
- 2023 fric award, for the short story collection *Three for Kartal*

Selected original bibliography

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Buick Rivera (Buick Rivera). Zagreb: Durieux, 2002.

Dvori od oraha (*The Walnut Mansion*, 2015). Zagreb: Durieux, 2003.

Gloria in excelsis. Zagreb: Durieux, 2005.

Ruta Tannenbaum (*Ruta Tannenbaum*, 2011). Zagreb: Durieux, 2006.

Freelander. Sarajevo: Ajfelov most, 2007.

Srda pjeva, u sumrak, na Duhove (Srda Sings at Dusk on Pentecost). Zagreb: Europapress holding, 2007.

Volga, Volga. Zagreb: Ljevak, 2009.

Roman o Korini (Novel about Korina). Belgrade: Rende, 2010.

Otac (Father). Belgrade: Rende, 2010.

Psi na jezeru (Dogs on the Lake). Zagreb: Ljevak, 2010.

Rod (*Kin*, 2021). Zaprješić: Fraktura, 2013.

Doboši noći (Night Drums). Zaprješić: Fraktura, 2015.

Wilimowski. Zaprješić: Fraktura, 2016.

Herkul (Hercules). Zaprješić: Fraktura, 2019.

Vjetrogonja Babukić i njegovo doba (Babukić the Vagabond and His Time). Zaprješić: Fraktura, 2021.

Short stories collections

Sarajevski Marlboro (*Sarajevo Marlboro*, 1997, 2004). Zagreb: Durieux, 1994.

Karivani (The Karivans). Zagreb: Durieux, 1995.

Mama Leone (*Mama Leone*, 2012). Zagreb: Durieux, 1999.

Inšallah, Madona, inšallah (Inshallah, Madonna, Inshallah). Zagreb: Durieux, 2004.

mačka čovjek pas (cat man dog) Belgrade: Rende, 2012.

Levijska tkaonica svile (Levi's Silk Weavery). Zaprješić: Fraktura, 2014.

Sarajevo, plan grada (Sarajevo, the City Map). Zaprješić: Fraktura, 2015.

Nezemaljski izraz njegovih ruku (The Supernatural Expression of His Hands). Cetinje: OKF, 2016.

Selidba (Moving Out). Zaprješić: Fraktura, 2018.

Trojica za Kartal (Three for Kartal). Zaprješić: Fraktura, 2022.

Rat (War). Zaprješić: Fraktura, 2024.

Poetry

Opservatorija Varšava (Warsaw Observatory). Zagreb: Goranovo proljeće - SKUD Ivan G. Kovačić, 1988.

Uči li noćas neko u ovom gradu japanski (Is Anyone Learning Japanese in this Town Tonight?). Sarajevo: Zadrugar, 1990.

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Preko zaleđenog mosta (Over the Frozen Bridge). Zagreb: Durieux, 1996.

Hauzmaistor Šulc (Janitor Šulc). Zagreb: Durieux, 2001.

Dunje 1983 (Quinces 1983). Zagreb: Durieux, 2005.

Izabrane pjesme Nane Mazutha (Selected Poems by Nano Mazuth). Cetinje: OKF, 2011.

Plays

Kažes andeo (Angel, You Say). Zagreb: Durieux (2000).

Essay collections

Naci bonton (Nazi Etiquette). Zagreb: Durieux, 1998.

Historijska čitanka (History Reader). Zagreb: VBZ, 2001.

Historijska čitanka 2 (History Reader II). Zagreb: VBZ, 2004.

Žrtve sanjaju veliku ratnu pobjedu (Victims Dream of a Great Military Victory). Zagreb: Durieux, 2006.

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Muškat, limun i kurkuma (Muscat, Lemon and Turmeric). Zagreb: EPH Media, 2011.

Tušta i tma [with Svetislav Basara] (Rain and Darkness). Belgrade: Laguna, 2014.

Drugi krug [with Svetislav Basara] (Second Round). Belgrade: Laguna, 2015.

Autobus za Vavilon (Bus to Babylon). Belgrade: Službeni glasnik, 2017.

Imaginarni prijatelj (Imaginary Friend). Zaprešić: Fraktura, 2022.

Mudrost poraza, ludost pobjede (The Wisdom of Defeat, the Folly of Victory). Zaprešić: Fraktura, 2023.

Translations into other languages

Miljenko Jergović's works have been translated into Albanian, Arabic, Belarusian, Bulgarian, Catalan, Czech, Dutch, English, Esperanto, Estonian, Finnish, French, German, Greek, Hebrew, Hungarian, Italian, Macedonian, Persian, Polish, Portuguese, Russian, Slovak, Slovenian, Spanish, Swedish, Turkish and Ukrainian.

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Sarajevo Marlboro [Trans. Stela Tomašević]. Harmondsworth: Penguin UK, 1997; New York: Archipelago Books, 2004.

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Mama Leone [Trans. David Williams]. New York: Archipelago Books, 2012.

The Walnut Mansion [Trans. Stephen M. Dickey, with Janja Pavetić-Dickey]. New Haven & London: Yale University Press, 2015; paper 2017.

Kin [Trans. Russell Scott Valentino]. New York: Archipelago Books, 2021.

Magična empatija

Đurđa Strsoglavac

Miljenko Jergović, avtor (ta nadpomenka zajema najmanj naslednje: pisatelj, pesnik, kolumnist, publicist, esejist, urednik, novinar, literarni kritik, dokumentarist) identitetnega pluralizma, Hrvat in Bosanec, Bosanec in Hrvat, natančen in empatičen kronist burnih, nepojmljivih, groznih in hkrati lepih časov predvsem južnoslovanskega prostora, širokopotezen portretist človeških usod, zaznamovanih s prelomnimi kolektivnimi in osebnimi dogodki, je eden tistih pripovednikov, ki so »dali osnovni ton bosansko-hercegovski vojni zgodbi«, kot pravi Enver Kazaz,¹ pri čemer velja zbirka kratkih zgodb *Sarajevski marlboro* za kultno knjigo, v kateri je očitna temeljna intenca, iz katere se Jergović podaja v pripovedovanje človeških usod: mali človek pred velikim, usodnim dogodkom. Jergović se je rodil v Sarajevu in tam živel do poletja 1993, ko je oblegano mesto zapustil in se nastanil v Zagrebu. Danes živi v vasi blizu Zagreba, kot pravi sam, piše knjige in o knjigah ter hodi daleč, saj tako prispe najdlje.

Opus Miljenka Jergovića je impozanten – tako po številu objavljenih knjig kot po njihovem obsegu, kljub temu pa noben zapis o njegovem ustvarjanju še danes ne more mimo njegove prve prozne knjige, zbirke *Sarajevski marlboro* (Sarajevski Marlboro, 1994), ki tematizira vojno v Bosni in Hercegovini po razpadu skupne države Jugoslavije (zgodbe so pred knjižno izdajo izhajale v splitskem tedniku *Nedjeljna Dalmacija*, kamor jih je Jergović pošiljal iz obleganega Sarajeva, z likovno opremo Alema Ćurina). Zadnja zgodba v zbirki je posvetilo požgani sarajevski univerzitetni knjižnici in vsem požganim domačim knjižnicam Sarajevčanov. Ko je uničena knjižnica, je uničena civilizacija. Po navadi so zbirke kratkih zgodb naslovljene po kateri od zgodb v zbirki, bodisi po najudarnejši, bodisi po tisti, ki nakazuje prevladujočo tematiko, bodisi po kakšnem drugem kriteriju ali načelu. V zbirki *Sarajevski marlboro* ni zgodbe s tem naslovom, zbirka je naslovljena po opombi v zgodbi »Grob«: »sarajevski marlboro – cigareta, ki so jo strokovnjaki Philipa Morrisa prilagodili okusu bosanskih kadilcev, potem ko so, pravijo, kot tudi v drugih primerih preučili značilnosti lokalne kuhinje. To je razlog, zakaj se

¹ Enver Kazaz, *Neprijatelj ili susjed u kući*. Sarajevo: Rabic (2008), str. 83.

marlboro od države do države in od proizvajalca do proizvajalca razlikuje in zaradi česar lahko kadilca kakšen tuji marlboro neprijetno preseneti. Sodelavci Philipa Morrisa so bili izredno zadovoljni s svojim sarajevskim proizvodom in so menili, da je njegov tobak, ki raste v okolici Gradačca in Orašja, eden boljših tobačnih mešanic nasploh.«² Jergović je »ključ« za razumevanje celotne zbirke (in »navodilo« za pot do razumevanja zgodovinskih in družbenih okoliščin, ki so pripeljale do vojne) dodal v opombo pod črto v zgodbi, v kateri želi ameriški novinar, ki poroča iz obleganega Sarajeva, od lokalnega priložnostnega grobarja dobiti odgovore na vprašanja, zakaj se je začela vojna, kaj se dogaja, kdo je kriv in podobno, grobar pa mu nikakor ne more pojasniti, da odgovori niso in ne morejo biti enoznačni, da je treba najprej poznati kontekst, zgodovino, okolje, navade, običaje, religijo, družbeno razslojenost, identitetno problematiko, kajti očitno je, da novinar pravzaprav že ve, kako bo članek napisal, da si je mnenje že oblikoval nekje drugje, in ne na podlagi lastne raziskave, oziroma da je treba preučiti lokalno okolje, kot so storili na primer proizvajalci cigaret. Ta kompleksnost je v romanu *Rodbina* (Rod, 2013) zajeta v misel: »Lahko uživamo v sovraštvu in iz sovraštva gradimo svojo identiteto, lahko pa živimo tudi brez tega užitka. Če ne sovražimo, se nujno zrcalimo drug v drugem in tedaj drugi nujno postane del naše identitete.«³

Skoraj tri desetletja po *Sarajevskem marlboru* je izšla knjiga *Trojica za Kartal* (2022) s podnaslovom *Sarajevski Marlboro remastered*, v kateri znova spremljamo z uničenjem in sovraštvom zaznamovane človeške usode, usode ljudi v mestu, ki je pred vojno veljalo za evropski Jeruzalem, kjer so enakopravno in enakovredno živele tri religije, zdaj pa »sobivata« sovraštvo in zavračanje, kjer – če se znova opremo na monumentalni roman *Rodbina* – »nobeno čustvo ni tako vseobsegajoče in izpolnjujoče kot sovraštvo in nič razen sovraštva ne more iz zasebnega postati javno in družbeno čustvo«.⁴ Te zgodbe, v katerih se posamezne usode spreminjajo v kolektivni glas, so upovedene z enako Jergovićevo empatijo do velikih usod malih ljudi, kot jo je izpričal v prvi zbirki, z enako magično pisavo, ki bralca

² Miljenko Jergović, *Sarajevski marlboro* [prev. Mateja Tirgušek]. Ljubljana: V. B. Z. (2003), str. 77.

³ Miljenko Jergović, *Rodbina* [prev. Aleksandra Rekar]. Ljubljana: Sanje (2020), str. 16.

⁴ Prav tam, str. 14.

posrka vase kakor v vrtinec – tako solza kot smeha, tudi ta zbirka je tridelna, razlika je le v času nastanka, vojna pa je vedno vojna, vedno enako uničujoča, vedno enako zaznamujoča.

Jergović je po letu 1994 objavil še nekaj proznih zbirk (na primer *Karivani* (1995), *Mama Leone* (1999)), zbirk literariziranih esejev (na primer *Naci bonton* (1998), *Zgodovinska čitanka* (Historijska čitanka (2001)) in pesniških zbirk (na primer *Preko zaleđenog mosta* (*Čez poledeneli most* (1996), Hauzmajstor Šulc (*Hišnik Šulc* (2001))), nato pa z neverjetno pisateljsko kondicijo vrsto romanov, začnši s skoraj sedemstostransko retrogradno epopejo *Dvorci iz orehovine* (Dvori od oraha, 2003), zgodbo o 20. stoletju, o njegovih pogostih katastrofah in redkih katarzah, tako osebnih kot kolektivnih, o atentatih in brodolomih, tako dejanskih kot metaforičnih, ki jo na videz ohlapno, v resnici pa zelo trdno uokvirja pripoved o Regini Delavale. Sledili so romani *Gloria in excelsis* (2005), *Ruta Tannenbaum* (2006), *Pleše v somraku* (Srda pjeva, u sumrak, na Duhove, 2007), *Oče* (Otac, 2010), *Psi na jezeru* (2010), *Rodbina* (Rod, 2013), *Doboši noči* (*Bobni noči*, 2015), *Wilimowski* (2016), *Herkul* (2019), Vjetrogonja Babukić i njegovo doba (*Vetrogončič Babukić in njegov čas*, 2021) in *Rat* (*Vojna*, 2024). Med temi romani so izhajale številne prozne, pesniške in esejistične zbirke ter izbrana proza, leta 2018 pa je začelo izhajati *Zbrano delo Miljenka Jergovića* (doslej devet knjig).

Jergovićeva besedila so prevedena v številne evropske in svetovne jezike. Monografski prevodi v slovenščino so se začeli leta 2003, ko sta hkrati izšla dva prevoda *Sarajevskega marlbora* (prev. Sonja Polanc, prev. Mateja Tirgušek) in prevod prozne zbirke *Mama Leone* (prev. Teja Kleč). Leta 2005 je izšel prevod novele *Buick Rivera* (prev. Jurij Hudolin), leta 2005 prevod romana *Dvorci iz orehovine* (prev. Aleš Čar) in leta 2007 prevod romana *Ruta Tannenbaum* (prev. Mateja Tirgušek). S prevodom esejističnih zbirk *Zgodovinska čitanka I* in *Zgodovinska čitanka II* leta 2009 je Miljenko Jergović dobil stalno prevajalko v slovenščino – Aleksandro Rekar, ki je prevedla še romane *Pleše v somraku* (2012), *Oče* (2014), *Psi na jezeru* (2016) in *Rodbina* (2020) ter prozne fragmente *Leviјеva tkalnica svile* (2015) in zbirko *Trojica za Kartal* (2023).

Jergovićeva proza najpogosteje in najizraziteje tematizira usode in življenja tistih, »o katerih se je molčalo, ki pa jih je bilo najti v večini jugoslovanskih meščanskih družin«, ki so odraščali in/ali vse življenje prebili »vzdolž prog, ki jih je zgradila Avstro-Ogrska«, ki

so pogosto menjavali »prijatelje in pokrajine«, ki so živeli »v raznorodnih okoljih in v zapleteni jezikovni situaciji«, na katere je vplivala moralna in telesna drža sosedov in dovčerajšnjih prijateljev »v urah njihove končne preobrazbe. Najprej bodo postali razbojniki, zatem morilci in na koncu mučeniki, vojne žrtve«, prišlekov oziroma kovčkarjev, kot »so pravili ljudem, ki so se v času cesarja Franca Ferdinanda iz različnih delov monarhije priselili v Bosno. Skupaj s svojimi kulturami in jeziki so oblikovali nekakšno zunajnacionalno identiteto, katere kulturna osnova je bila močnejša od njihove narodne pripadnosti«, tistih, katerih identitete niso enoznačne, »ki jih ni mogoče določiti z eno samo besedo, s potnim listom, z osebno izkaznico, s prepustnico«, tistih, katerih resnica je, »da našega doma ni več in ga nemara tudi nikoli ni bilo, kajti vsak pedenj zemlje je za nas tujina«.⁵

Jergović svoja literarna in neliterarna besedila pogosto prepleta z avtobiografskim in avtopoetičnim inventarjem. Zelo poveden je njegov zapis *Temna dežela je za vse nas obljubljena dežela* (Tamni vilajet za sve je nas obećana zemlja) iz leta 2014, ki ga je vzbudil hrvaški časopisni članek, v katerem je bila za Islamsko državo uporabljena besedna zveza »sile temne dežele«. Gre za izraz *tamni vilajet* kot spolitizirano slabšalno oznako za Sarajevo, pravzaprav za celotno Bosno in Hercegovino, in tamkajšnje muslimansko prebivalstvo. Pomen turcizma *vilajet* je »višja upravna enota v Osmanskem cesarstvu« (npr. zgodovinsko bosanski vilajet), v prenesenem pomenu pa v osrednjejužnoslovanskih jezikih pomeni pokrajina, dežela oziroma po nečem posebno, drugačno, specifično območje, kar se ne nanaša zgolj na zemljepisno kategorijo, temveč tudi na duhovno, miselno in svetovnonazorsko, kakor nam sporoča balkanska ljudska pripoved *Temna dežela*. Pripoveduje o vladarju, ki je s svojo vojsko prispel na konec sveta in stopil v temno deželo, v večno temo, kjer se nikoli nič ne vidi. Da bi se lahko vrnil, je pred njo modro pustil žrebičke, da bi jih kobile zavohale, sledile vonju ter tako vladarja in njegovo vojsko pripeljale nazaj v svetlobo. Ko so hodili po temni deželi, so pod nogami ves čas čutili nekakšno drobno kamenje, ki se je premikalo, iz teme pa se je zaslišalo: »Kdor bo vzel in s sabo odnesel kaj tega kamenja, se bo kesal. In tudi kdor ga ne bo vzel in s sabo odnesel, se bo kesal.« Eni so pomislili: »Če se bom kesal, zakaj

⁵ Prav tam, str. 6–20.

bi ga odnesel s sabo?» Drugi so pomislili: »Vsaj enega bom odnesel s sabo, tako ali tako se bom kesal.« Ko so se vrnili iz temne dežele, so na dnevni svetlobi videli, po čem so hodili: po dragih kamnih, draguljih, najvrednejših na vsem svetu. Kesal se je, kdor si z njimi ni napolnil žepov. In kesal se je, kdor si jih je napolnil – ker jih ni vzel več.

Jergović v zanj značilnem slogu v zgodbo o posplošeni, neustrezni in slabšalni rabi besedne zveze »temna dežela« vpne avtobiografski oziroma samonanašalni diskurz: »Potem ko sem poleti 1993 odšel iz Bosne in iz Sarajeva, sem se dolgo, leta in leta, celih deset let, pri sebi kesal, hkrati pa sem se zavedal, da bi se ravno tako, če ne še precej bolj, kesal, če bi ostal. Tedaj je bilo Sarajevo zame v popolnem smislu pojma – temna dežela. Kesal se boš, če boš vzel kamne pod stopali, kesal se boš, če tega ne boš storil. Pozneje mi ni bilo več žal, da sem odšel, žal pa mi je bilo, da nisem odšel veliko veliko dlje. Bi, če bi lahko bilo tako, da bi tista dva ali tiste tri svoje in njo eno in najpomembnejšo srečal tam. Ker pa ni moglo biti tako, smo, kjer smo. [...] Ko to govorim, iz mene, čisto zares, govorijo sile temne dežele. Nikakršne zveze nimajo ne z bosanskimi komunističnimi oblastneži s konca osemdesetih let ne z Islamsko državo, ki so jo, kot večino svojih priljubljenih sovražnikov, proizvedle Združene države Amerike, da bi se imele kje in proti komu vojskovati. Temna dežela, ki govori iz mene, zadeva tisto, kar je človeku najbolj lastno, ljudskemu geniju Balkana pa je uspelo artikulirati v zgodbo, zadeva tisto grenko obžalovanje, ki ga tudi vse sreče tega sveta ne zmorejo izničiti. Človek je, pravi zgodba o temni deželi, bitje obžalovanja.«⁶

Jergovićeva pisava je izredno berljiva mešanica gnomske in lahkotnosti, dokumentarne tehtnosti in melodramatične starinskosti v najžlahtnejšem pomenu besede, ki v spomin prikliče Ramona Fernandeza iz romana *Ljubimec* Marguerite Duras: »Ramon Fernandez je govoril o Balzacu. Najraje bi ga bili poslušali cele noči. Govoril je z že skoraj čisto pozabljenim znanjem, od katerega mu je komajda ostalo še kaj resnično preverljivega. Manj je informiral in bolj izražal osebno mnenje. O Balzacu je govoril, kakor da bi govoril o sebi, kot da bi bil kdaj sam poskušal biti Balzac. Ramon Fernandez je bil prefinjeno omikan celo v svojem znanju, uporabljal ga je tehtno in

⁶ Miljenko Jergović, »Tamni vilajet za sve je nas obećana zemlja«. <https://www.jergovic.com/sumnjivo-lice/tamni-vilajet-za-sve-je-nas-obecana-zemlja/>.

obenem pozorno, ne da bi ga kdaj dajal občutiti kot obveznost, kot breme.«⁷ Miljenko Jergović »tehtno in obenem pozorno« upodablja nemiren čas še bolj nemirnega prostora ter tako tudi nas v tem času in prostoru, našo *Modrost poraza, norost zmage*, kot je naslovljena njegova esejistična zbirka o metafori življenja.

Besedilo je pregledala avtorica utemeljitve.

⁷ Marguerite Duras, *Ljubimec* [prev. Gitica Jakopin]. Ljubljana: Delo (2004), str. 55–56.

Magic Empathy

Đurđa Strsoglavac

Miljenko Jergović, an author (a hypernym covering at least the following meanings: prose writer, poet, columnist, publicist, essayist, editor, journalist, literary critic, documentarist) of identity pluralism, Croatian and Bosnian, Bosnian and Croatian, a meticulous and empathetic chronicler of turbulent, inconceivable, terrible yet beautiful times mostly set in the South Slavic milieu, a broad-sweeping painter of human destinies stamped with watershed collective and private events, is one of those narrators who 'gave to the Bosnian and Herzegovinian war story its basic tone,'¹ according to Enver Kazaz. His short story collection *Sarajevski Marlboro* (1994, *Sarajevo Marlboro*) is considered a cult book displaying the basic intention with which Jergović sets out to narrate about human destinies: the ordinary man faced with a huge, fatal event. Jergović was born in Sarajevo and lived there until the summer of 1993, when he left the city under siege and took up residence in Zagreb. Today he lives in a village near Zagreb and, in his own words, writes books and about books and walks long distances because this takes him furthest away.

The oeuvre of Miljenko Jergović is remarkable both for the sheer number of books and for their size. No account of his productivity can pass over his first prose book, the collection *Sarajevo Marlboro*, which explores the war in Bosnia and Herzegovina after the disintegration of the Socialist Federal Republic of Yugoslavia (the stories were originally published in a Split daily, *Nedjeljna Dalmacija*, to which Jergović would send them from a besieged Sarajevo, furnished with graphics by Alem Ćurin). The last story in the collection is a dedication to the burnt-down university library of Sarajevo, as well as to all burnt-down private libraries of the Sarajevo citizens. When a library is destroyed, civilisation itself is destroyed. As a rule, short story collections are named after one of the stories – perhaps after the one with the greatest impact or with the clearest hint at the prevalent subject-matter, or by some other criterion or principle. The collection *Sarajevo Marlboro*, on the other hand, contains no story with this title: instead, its name is taken from a footnote in the story

¹ Enver Kazaz, *Neprijatelj ili susjed u kući*. Sarajevo: Rabic (2008), p. 83.

‘The Gravedigger’: ‘Sarajevo Marlboro – a brand of cigarettes developed by Philip Morris Inc. to suit the taste of Bosnian smokers. The tobacco company made a study of the local cuisine before launching the product, according to a practice that is widespread in other parts of the world. That’s why Marlboro varies from country to country, and from manufacturer to manufacturer, and why a smoker can find the taste of a foreign Marlboro unpleasant. The experts from Philip Morris were especially pleased with their Sarajevo product, it seems, and believed that the tobacco in question, which grows near Gradačac and Orašje, was generally one of the better blends.’² The ‘key,’ which enables the reader to understand the entire collection (as well as the ‘instructions,’ which pave the way to understanding the historical and societal circumstances which triggered the war), is thus compressed into a footnote in one of the stories. The story features an American journalist reporting from besieged Sarajevo, who tries to pry from a part-time local gravedigger why the war started, what is going on, who is to blame, etc., and the gravedigger cannot make him grasp that the answers are not – indeed, cannot be – unequivocal: that one should first study the context, history, milieu, habits, customs, religion, social stratification, identity problems. It is evident that the journalist has already decided how he is going to write his article – that he has already formed his opinion elsewhere rather than on the basis of his own investigation. It is the local milieu that should be explored, as it was by the Marlboro cigarette manufacturers. The novel *Rod* (2013, *Kin*) encapsulates this complexity in the following statement: ‘We can take pleasure in hatred and build our identities upon it, or we can live in a different way. When we do not hate, we see ourselves reflected in others.’³

It was almost three decades after *Sarajevo Marlboro* that there appeared the book *Trojica za Kartal* (2022, *Three for Kartal*), subtitled *Sarajevo Marlboro Remastered*. Again, we track human destinies marked by destruction and hate: the destinies of people in a city which was considered before the war a European Jerusalem, a city where three religions enjoyed equal status and esteem but which now harbours hate and rejection; where – to draw once more on the

² Miljenko Jergović, *Sarajevo Marlboro* [trans. Stela Tomašević]. New York: Archipelago Books (2004), p. 72.

³ Miljenko Jergović, *Kin* [trans. Russell Scott Valentino]. New York: Archipelago Books (2021), s. p.

monumental novel *Kin* – ‘there is no sensation as overwhelming and fulfilling as hatred, and nothing other than hatred can go so quickly from being a private to a public emotion, one shared across a society’.⁴ These stories, in which individual destinies merge into a collective voice, are phrased with the same empathy for the great destinies of ordinary people that Jergović displays in the first collection, with the same magic writing that sucks the reader in like a maelstrom – of both tears and laughter. This collection, too, consists of three parts, the only difference being the time of its production: war is always war, always equally destructive, always leaving indelible marks.

After 1994 Jergović published more short fiction books, such as *Karivani* (1995) or *Mama Leone* (1999); collections of literary essays, such as *Naci bonton* (1998) or *Historijska čitanka* (2001, A Reader in History); poetry collections, such as *Preko zaledenog mosta* (1996, Across the Icy Bridge) or *Hauzmajstor Šulc* (2001, Schultz the Repairman). He went on to demonstrate an incredible writer’s fitness by running a whole gamut of novels, starting with the almost 700-page retrospective epic *Dvori od oraha* (2003, *The Walnut Mansion*), a story about the 20th century, about its many disasters and few catharses, personal and collective, and assassinations and shipwrecks, both real and metaphorical. The book is framed by the Regina Delavale narrative, a tightly-knit even though seemingly loose framework. It was followed by the novels *Gloria in excelsis* (2005), *Ruta Tannenbaum* (2006), *Srda pjeva, u sumrak, na Duhove* (2007, Singing into the Twilight), *Otac* (2010, Father), *Psi na jezeru* (2010, Dogs on the Lake), *Kin* (2013), *Doboši noći* (2015, Night Drums), *Wilimowski* (2016), *Herkul* (2019, Hercules), *Vjetrogonja Babukić i njegovo doba* (2021, Turncoat Babukić and His Time), and *Rat* (2024, War). The intervals between the novels were filled with the publication of short fiction, poetry and essay collections, as well as selected prose. The year 2018 marked the beginning of the *Collected Works by Miljenko Jergović* project, with nine books published so far.

Jergović’s texts have been translated into a number of languages inside and outside Europe. Book-length translations into Slovenian began in the year 2003, which saw the simultaneous publication of two translations of *Sarajevo Marlboro* as well as the translation of *Mama Leone*. These were followed by Slovenian versions of *Buick*

⁴ Ibid.

Rivera; The Walnut Mansion; Ruta Tannenbaum; A Reader in History I and II; Singing into the Twilight; Father; Dogs on the Lake; Kin; Levijeva tkaonica svile (Levi's Silk Weaving Mill); and most recently *Three for Kartal*.

Jergović's prose most frequently and most distinctly explores the destinies and lives of those about whom 'there was silence' but who could be found in most Yugoslav bourgeois families; who grew up and/or spent their entire lives 'along the tracks built by the Austro-Hungarians,' often 'changing homes and friends'; who 'lived in complex surroundings and a complicated linguistic web'; who were influenced by the moral and physical stance of their neighbours and recent friends 'in the very moment of their transformation. First they would become outlaws, then murderers, and in the end martyrs, casualties of war.' Of those who were newcomers or *kuferaši*, 'suitcasers,' a nickname for 'the people who moved to Bosnia from various parts of the empire under Franz Joseph. With their cultures and languages in tow, they had created their own extra-national identity whose cultural bedrock was stronger than their ethnic affiliation.' Of those whose identities are not unequivocal, 'that cannot be defined by a single word, passport, identity card, entry pass'; those whose truth is that 'our homeland is no more, maybe never was, because for us every step and stretch of the world is a foreign country'.⁵

Jergović's fiction and non-fiction is often interspersed with autobiographic and autopoetic elements. A telling example is his 2014 essay 'Tamni vilajet za sve je nas obećana zemlja' (The Dark Vilayet Is the Promised Land for All of Us), prompted by a Croatian tabloid article which referred to the Islamic State as to 'the forces of the dark vilayet'. The phrase *tamni vilajet* is here a politicised pejorative name for Sarajevo, or rather, for the whole of Bosnia and Herzegovina with its Muslim population. The Turkish loanword *vilajet* denotes a higher administrative unit in the Ottoman Empire (e.g. the historical Bosnian vilayet), but in Central South Slavic languages it has also come to mean a figurative landscape, country, a zone that is in some respect special, different, specific: not simply in terms of geography but also in terms of spirituality, mentality, worldview. This is conveyed in a Balkan folk tale, 'The Dark Country'. It tells of a ruler who arrives with his army at the end of the world and enters

⁵ Ibid.

the dark country, eternal darkness where nothing can ever be seen. To secure his return, he prudently leaves the foals behind so that the mares would smell them, follow the scent, and thus lead himself and his army back to light. Walking through the dark country, they keep feeling underfoot something like swarming pebbles, and hear a voice in the darkness saying: 'Whoever carries away any of these stones shall regret it. And even he who does not carry away any stones shall regret it.' Some men think to themselves: 'Why take the stones with me if I'm to regret it?' Others think: 'If I'm to regret something in any case, I might as well take a stone.' Returning from the dark country, they see in the daylight what they had been trampling: gems, jewels, the most precious in the world. All who had not filled their pockets regretted it. But those who had filled their pockets regretted it too – because they had not taken more.

Characteristically, Jergović peppers the story of the generalised, misplaced, and pejorative use of the phrase *dark vilayet* with autobiographic or self-referential discourse: 'After I left Bosnia and Sarajevo in the summer of 1993, I regretted it for a long time, for years, for a whole decade, aware at the same time that I would have regretted it as much, perhaps even more, if I had stayed. At that time Sarajevo was for me, in the full sense of the concept – a dark vilayet. You'll regret it if you take with you the stones under your feet, and you'll regret it if you don't. Later I was not in the least sorry that I'd left, but I was sorry that I hadn't gone much, much further. I would have done it if I could have met there those two or three people closest to me, as well as her, the one and the most important. But as it was not possible, we are where we are. [...] As I am saying this, it is – and I mean it – the forces of the dark vilayet speaking out of me. They have nothing to do either with the Bosnian Communist bosses from the late eighties or with the Islamic State, which the USA has produced, as it has produced most of its pet enemies, to secure a place and adversary for fighting. The dark vilayet speaking out of me concerns what is most proper to a human being and what the folk genius of the Balkans has succeeded in articulating as a tale: it concerns the bitter regret that cannot be destroyed by all good fortunes of this world. According to the tale of the dark vilayet, a human being is a creature of regret.'⁶

⁶ Miljenko Jergović, *Tamni vilajet za sve je nas obećana zemlja*. <https://www.jergovic.com/sumnjivo-lice/tamni-vilajet-za-sve-je-nas-obecana-zemlja/>.

Jergović's style is a highly readable mixture of the gnomic and the light-hearted, of documentary weightiness and melodramatic antiqueness in the finest sense of the word. As such it calls to mind Ramon Fernandez from Marguerite Duras' novel *The Lover*: 'Ramon Fernandez used to talk about Balzac. We could have listened to him for ever and a day. He spoke with a knowledge that's almost completely forgotten, and of which almost nothing completely verifiable can survive. He offered opinions rather than information. He spoke about Balzac as he might have done about himself, as if he himself had once tried to be Balzac. He had a sublime courtesy even in knowledge, a way at once profound and clear of handling knowledge without ever making it seem an obligation or a burden.'⁷ Miljenko Jergović depicts, 'profoundly and clearly,' a turbulent time in an even more turbulent place, portraying in this time and place ourselves as well: our *wisdom of defeat, madness of victory*, as runs the title of his essay collection on the metaphor of life, *Mudrost poraza, ludost pobjede*.

Translated by Nada Grošelj

⁷ Marguerite Duras, *The Lover* [trans. Barbara Bray]. London: Fontana Paperbacks (1986), p. 72.

Dvori od oraha

(odlomak iz romana)

Prije stotinu stotina godina, dok se još nije znalo da vjetar puše u jedra i da se kolo na karoci vrti, prije nego je na svijetu bilo nekrštena stvora, namjesto krša i kamenjara svud su bile guste borove šume. A u njima su živjele vile i vilenjaci, bilo ih je više nego na svijetu ljudi. U tim je šumama i ptica bilo više nego što ih sad igdje ima, medvjeda, lisica, vukova i svakakvih stvorova kakvi se ne daju ni zamisliti. Sve je bilo pitomo, jedno je drugom jelo s glave, jer nije bilo beštije koja bi drugoj činila zlo. Jedino čega u tim šumama nije bilo jesu ljudi. Ako bi se koji buzdo odvažio i u šumu zaputio, mater bi ga oplakala jer se nikad ne bi vratio doma. Ni živ, ni mrtav, niti bi mu dušu na sudnji dan razabrali. Takav je bio zakon! Nisu ga izmislili ljudi, ali ni gospodin Bog. Bio je to zakon vila i vilenjaka. Čuvali su šumu od svega ljudskog i božijeg, a vi sad pogađajte za koga! Ne, nisu je čuvali za vruga, jer bilo je to prije stotinu stotina godina kad vrug još nije postojao. Vile i vilenjaci šumu su čuvali za beštije, kao što su beštije čuvala šumu za njih. Tako bi ostalo do kraja svijeta da se nije dogodilo ovo: U ribara Cipolića razboljela se kći, a u tu je kćer bio zagledan mlad Lubinko. Momak pametan ko knjiga, dobar ko dobro more, a tako lijep da niko ne bi znao reći ko šta je lijep. Ako bi ko rekao da je išta lijepo ko Lubinko, svi bi se smijali i za tog govorili da je ludov. Tražio je Lubinko lijeka za svoju Srdelicu, tražio ga od Boke pa do Trsta, ali lijeka nigdje nije bilo. Izliječit je mogu samo đundur bobe, rekli su mu najbolji vidari. Zna li šta su đundur bobe? Ne znate! E, znat ćete na kraju priče. Ni Lubinko nije znao šta su đundur bobe, ni vidari nisu znali i niko živ ko je prije stotinu stotina godina živio uz more nije znao šta su đundur bobe. Ali znalo se da ih ima samo s one strane gustih vilinskih šuma koje su rasle tamo gdje su danas kamen i krš. Pa ko od takve oboli boljke da mu zatrebaju đundur bobe, taj ko da je već umro. Ali nije mislio tako lijepi Lubinko, nego je sedam puta poljubio svoju Srdelicu, da joj poljupci dotraju dok se ne vrati, pa je pošao u šumu da pređe na drugu stranu, tamo gdje rastu đundur bobe. Svi ga odgovarali, odgovarao ga i stari Cipolić, govorio mu da će ga posiniti ako ne ide, zaklinjao ga kćerinom ljepotom, ali se Lubinko nije dao odgovoriti. Ako na svijetu ima đundur boba, ja po njih moram ići – tako je rekao i kroz šumu se zaputio. I čim je tri koraka

napravio, šuma ga je progutala. Da je htio, više se nije mogao vratiti. Tako su vile uredile stvari. Ko jednom uđe, nikad ne izlazi. Išao je tako dan, dva, tri, nailazio na svakakve beštije, medvjede sa zečjim ušima, zečve s medvjedićim glavama, krilate vukove koji se hrane pinjolima i umjesto vode piju smolu, ali nijedna ga se beštija nije uplašila jer su vile tako ugodile da u šumu nikad ne uđe strah. Sedmoga dana stigao je Lubinko pred dvore koji su bili veći od grada i viši od neba. Vrhovi najviših kula bili su tako visoki da ih orao nije mogao preletjeti. Dvori nisu bili sagrađeni od kamena, nego od soli. U njima su živjeli vile i vilenjaci. Odmah je to znao, a nije znao kako zna. Prosto mu se u pamet dalo. Stao je pred kapije, srce mu je lupalo samo da ne iskoči, ali se sjetio svoje Srdelice i pokucao. Nije jako udario, ali su se vrata pred njim sasula u prah, u čistu bijelu sol, i najednom se stvorila ljepotica s kosom od žeženog zlata, stasom od čempresa i krilima od vjetra. Bila je to Varja, vilinska kraljica. Šta radiš tu, nesrećo?, upita ga kraljica. Prelazim na drugu stranu, idem po đundur bobel!, hrabro će njoj Lubinko. Do druge strane nijedan čovjek nije stigao, nasmija se njemu vila. A je li ijedan do tvojih dvora došao?, upita nju Lubinko. Nije, njemu će kraljica. Svaki je do sad ubio neku šumsku zvijer ili je barem zgazio mrava. A ovdje je pravilo da se istoga trena pretvoriš u ono što si ubio. Pola beštija koje si sreo nekad su bile ljudi, reče mu vila i upita ga šta će njemu đundur bobe. Trebaju mi za lijeka. A zar si bolan? Nisam bolan, al jest moja Srdelica. I zbog nje bi se u šumsku zvijer pretvorio?, čudila se kraljica. Ako bi joj to donijelo lijeka, onda bih se i u pantaganu pretvorio. Zamisli se kraljica i ne bi joj drago. Kako će i bit kad se na takva junaka namjerila. A je li tvoja Srdelica ljepša od mene?, upita ona. Kako kome, odgovori Lubinko. Meni jest! A gdje bi jadna Srdelica bila ljepša od vilinske kraljice! Vila Varja je od svega ženskoga na svijetu bila najljepša. Ali nevolja bi da je Lubinko najljepši bio od svega muškog. Ljepši od svih vilenjaka zajedno, pa se Varja zaljubi! Ovako ćemo nas dvoje, poče ona, ja ću tebi đundur boba nabrat, a ti ćeš meni srce svoje dat! Ne mogu ti ja srca dati kad je moje srce zaključano, a ključ čuva moja Srdelica, njoj će Lubinko. Za ključa ti ne beri brige, govorila je vila, ako mi daš srce, ja ću ga otključat. Vidio je Lubinko da su u vile čarobne moći, ali i da je u nje lijek za Srdelicu, i pristade. Tri je dana čekao pred dvorima od soli kraljicu da đundur bobe donese, a četvrtoga dana eto ti Varje, rane joj po nogama, duša u nosu, jer je i za nju dalek put do druge

strane. Lijepa vilo, daj mi đundur bobbe, odma će Lubinko, a ona steže nešto na dlanu i veli: Ne dam, nego prvo srce iščupaj ko zalag da ćeš se vratiti. Kako da ga čupam, ne mogu živ bez srca ostat? Možeš, kako ne bi mog, ko u vilinskoj šumi srce iščupa, taj i bez srca živi, samo ljubiti ne može. Ja ću ti ga vratit čim ispuniš zavjet i živjet ćemo sretni u dvorima od soli. Lubinko nije imao kud nego si je živo srce iščupao, a vila mu je dala dvije šarene franje. To su đundur bobbe, neka Srdelica zatvori oči, prekriži srednjak i kažiprst, i tako pređe preko đundur bobba. Čim joj se učini da ih ima četiri, a ne dvije, bit će zdrava. Ti mi se onda vrati, jer u mene je tvoje srce. Velika će te nesreća zadesiti ako se ne vratiš. Obećo je Lubinko kraljici Varji i istog je časa znao da obećanje održati neće. Kad je stigao doma, Srdelici duša već bi u nosu, s ocem i majkom se opraštala, spremna da legne u ledeni grob. Ali čim je prešla prekrštenim prstima po čarobnim đundur bobama, povratije joj se snaga i zdravlje, skoči iz postelje i nastala veliko slavlje. Slavilo se sedam noći i dana, od Boke do Trsta. Svi su slavili, samo Lubinko i Srdelica nisu. Kad bi je dotakao, ko da drvo dira, kad bi ju pogledao, ko da mrtvaca gleda, a kad bi ju htio poljubiti, Srdelica je okretala glavu. On je njoj bio hladan ko led i gadan ko zelen rogač. Izgledao je ko njen Lubinko, a bio joj je stranac ko crni Arapin. Ona nije znala šta je na stvari. On jest! Nisu više bili jedno za drugo, ali su zajedno sedam dana i sedam noći plakali. To im je od ljubavi jedino ostalo, to da su skupa mogli plakati. Za to vrijeme vilinska kraljica shvatila je da se Lubinko ne vraća, da ju je prevario i uzalud joj što na rukama zaključano srce drži. Bila je nesretna, bila je očajna i bila je spremna svoje kraljevstvo za njegovu ljubav dati. Druge su joj vile govorile da se u zlo dala, vilenjaci su po vas dan oko nje igrali i pjevali, ne bi li koji osvojio njezino srce i tako spasio kraljevstvo, ali nijednog nije pogledala. Kraljica je uzela ključ koji otključava sva srca i rekla je – ako nisi moj, nećeš bit ničiji! Gurnula je ključ u bravu Lubinkovog srca i kako je to učinila, tako se počeo rušiti dvorac od soli i krenu se sušiti šuma. Taj užas niko nije mogao gledati, nego su svi živi na Zemlji zatvarali oči. Nakon što su sedamnaest puta trepnuli, na mjestu vilinske šume ostali su kamenjar i krš, a dvorac se pretvorio u do neba visok stup soli. Bura je sol nanijela na more i od tog je vremena more slano, kao što od tog vremena svi živi stvorovi trepću. Počeli su jer nisu mogli gledat kako se ruši kraljevstvo vila. Kada je osmoga dana Lubinko krenuo u šumu da od Varje traži svoje srce, nije više

bilo ni šume, ni vila, ni čudnih beštija. Nestalo ih je jer je kraljica učinila zlo i otključavala srce koje drugoj pripada. Eto, tako je nestalo šume nad morem i tako su nastali ljudi bez srca, a nesreća je zavládala svijetom.

Rabinova mačka

Rabinu Baruhu Danonu razbolje se mačka. Ali nije to bilo koja mačka, nego mudra mačka, uz koju on provodi dane i noći, evo već petnaestu godinu otkada je njegova mlada, devetnaestogodišnja žena Simha umrla. Na šabat, bio je vedar ljetni dan i odjednom je zapuhao nekakav vjetar, počeli su udarati kapci, pa je Simha pošla da zatvori prozor. Učinila je dva koraka i pala mrtva, na što je vjetar zapuhao još jače, prozor se razbio, a staklo rasulo po sobi. Rabin je stajao bos, na šabat, nad svojom mrtvom ženom, i činilo mu se da je i s njime gotovo. Ružne su mu se misli rojile glavom, to ga je plašilo. Umjesto da požali Simhu, ili je neznatnošću svoje duše preporučiti Onome koji svaki razlog zna, rabin Baruh bio je bijesan na lakomisleni Simhu, jer je prozor ostavila otvorenim, a da ga nije učvrstila saksijom s maćuhicama, iako joj je stotinu puta rekao da tako učini, budući da čovjek nikada ne zna kada će zapuhati vjetar. Staklo je u ovome gradu skupo, govorio joj je, i nema nijednog staklara Jevrejina, pa će za nas biti još skuplje, ali ona ga nije slušala, tko zna na što je mislila, pa je zato on bio bijesan nad svojom mrtvom ženom, i mislio je da će taj bijes biti njegov kraj.

Ali onda se, nakon što je Simhu ispratio na groblje i tripudij sam prespavao u pustome domu, čiji su ga tišina i mir više plašili i od vlastitoga bijesa, na vratima rabinova doma pojavila mačka. Kratke dlake, sive miške boje, i neobičnog oblika glave, drukčijega nego u svih drugih sarajevskih mačaka, izgledala je kao da je pobjegla iz ruskoga cirkusa, koji je dan ranije, nakon dvotjednoga gostovanja, napustio grad. Možda i jest pripadala tom cirkusu, nije bilo na njemu da to istražuje, kao što njegovoga ugleda nije bilo dostojno niti da odlazi na cirkuske predstave. Rugao se onima koji su to činili, jer što čovjeku treba, kakve li kratke pameti mora biti, duga vremena i nikakve vjere, pa da odlazi gledati slona. Da je Onaj kojega ne spominjemo u ovakvim laprdanjima poželio da gledamo slona, onda bi nas učinio crncima ili maharadžama, i svatko bi imao barem po jednoga slona u avliji. Nije bolje rabin Baruh mislio ni o mačkama.

Ali kada mu se kao prvi gost pojavila pred vječito otvorenim vratima doma – a otvorena su ako dušman dođe, da ne mora provaljivati i razbijati, kao što pored Baruhove postelje, na noćnome ormariću stoji i dobro naoštren nož, da dušman ne nađe kakav tup kada ga bude od života rastavljao – kada ga je, dakle, posjetila ta neobična

mačka, rabin Baruh Danon u času je osjetio mir. Kao što se iznena-
da digao vjetar koji će razbiti prozor i pred kojim će Simha mrtva
pasti, tako je iznenada, nakon tri dana i tri noći, rabina prošao nje-
gov bijes. A ništa drugo nije se dogodilo, osim što je došla mačka.
I život se polako počeo razmotavati, kao klupko konca nad kojim
Netko bdije da se ne zamrsi, a dolina pod prozorima prestala se Ba-
ruhu činiti njegovom gehenom.

Mačka ništa nije tražila. Ako bi je on nahranio, bila bi zadovoljna,
pa bi spavala pokraj peći. Ako je ne bi nahranio, odlazila je nekamo
i vraćala se sita, i opet bi spavala pokraj peći. Jednom je nije hranio
puna tri mjeseca, ali ona bi se svejedno vraćala nakon što bi se ne-
gdje najela. Tada je rabin Baruh počeo paziti da je nahrani dvaput
svakoga dana, ujutro i navečer. Nije mu bila draga misao da ona ima
još nekoga kome je tako, jednom, došla na vrata, tko je hrani i tko
vjeruje da je ona njegova mačka. Mogao bi to biti hodža Vejsilbeže,
ili fratri iz samostana preko puta pivare, što svi izgledaju isto, svi su
rumeni i debeli, kao da njihova molitva goji. Nije mu se svidjelo
da Vejsilbeže i ti fratri imaju nešto s njegovom mačkom. Oni, ali ni
bilo tko drugi. Njegova mačka je njegova mačka, kao što je i njegova
patnja samo njegova patnja. Tako je sa svakim, ali nije Baruhovo da
svačiju brigu brine.

Mački nije mogao dati ime. Da je pašče, lako bi bio Šarov, Run-
dov ili Garov, ali s mačkom nije isto. Ona se ne da ovako ili onako
zvati, i neće se ni na koje ime odazivati ako joj to nije po volji, a ako
jest, onda će doći koja god joj se lijepa riječ rekla. Pokušao je Baruh i
s ružnim, dozvao ju je dvatriput aspidom, smrduljom i nakazom, pa
onda ne bi došla, iako se prije toga činilo da će doći. Zato ju je svaki
put drukčije zvao, ali biranim riječima, kao da sastavlja pjesmu, i
ona bi mu dolazila. „Dođi mi, Sarajčice moja, što li nas žalosne
nanese u ovaj grad“, govorio joj je tihim glasom, a mačka bi mu
se odazvala. „Hodi, dušo moje duše, danas sam ti nešto bolestan“,
šaptao je, da ga netko izvana ne čuje, pa da ne kažu da je rabin po-
budalio od samoće, te priča s hajvanom. „Priđi mi, sunce moje, da
me ogriješ, nemamo više drva u peći“, govorio je rabin Baruh mački
i narazgovorio se s njom u tih petnaest godina više nego s bilo kim
drugim.

Uz nju ga više nikada nije uhvatio bijes. Mirno je prihvatio svoju
sudbinu, krotko pomažući ljudima, a da od njih ne očekuje puno.
Pomirio se i s onima za koje je vjerovao da s njima mira nema, pa je

i s hodžom Vejsilbeže progovorio koju riječ, oprostio mu nešto, a da ni on ni hodža nisu znali što, da bi ga na kraju prestao pogrdno zvati Vejsilbeže, nego samo Vejsile ili Vejsil beže. Ovome je bilo draže biti samo Vejsil, jer mu je begovat u ova vremena ionako na nos izašao, a i štrečno bi se svaki put, jer bi pomislio da je Baruha opet nešto uhvatilo.

„Sreća je imati dobru ženu, pa da ti ona narodi zdravu djecu. Ali sreća je i imati mudru mačku“, znao bi reći rabin Baruh Danon, pa se to prepričavalo i pedesetak godina kasnije, sve dok nije nestalo našega malog grada i svih nas u njemu. I vazda je bilo isto: neki su se rabinu i njegovoj mački smijali i podsmjehivali, a drugi su važno klimali glavom. Jednom prilikom, vidjevši njegovu veliku ljubav prema mački, neki je učen Turčin, kojega su doveli Baruhu da mu preveđe pismo od nekakvog Grka iz Odese, ispričao priču o tome kako je poslanik Muhamed izrezao komad svoga plašta jer je na njemu spavala njegova najdraža mačka, samo da je ne bi morao probuditi. Rabin Baruh je iskolačio oči od čuđenja, a bit će da se malo i ljutnuo, pa je Turčinu rekao da bi on toj mački zavrnuo vratom, ili bi je samo šibom potjerao sa plašta. Turčin mu ništa nije odgovorio, samo se osmjehnuo, kimnuo glavom i zahvalio na prijehu.

Iste večeri, baš prije nego što će Baruh poći u čaršiju na sastanak s nekim ljudima iz Carigrada, mačka je zaspala na kraju njegova kaputa. Začitao se, i nije ni primijetio. Kada je krenuo da ustane, imao je što i da vidi. Smotala se kao zvrk bureka na njegovu kaputu, a usta joj se razvukla u osmijeh. Miče brkom i obrvom, kanda nešto sanja. Ili ga možda iskušava? Baruh polako uze nož sa svoga noćnog ormarića, oštar – ako dušmani naiđu da ga kolju, pa odreza komad kaputa na kojem je mačka spavala, i tako kusav pođe u čaršiju. Ljudi su ga pitali, a on im je odgovarao. I pedeset godina kasnije jedni su o tome pričali jedno, a drugi drugo, da se nikada jedni s drugima ne slože.

Kada se mačka razboljela, bila je već sasvim slijepa, očiju zamućenih kao u mutavog Iće što prosi pred samostanom, i reumatična. Kada bi se vrijeme mijenjalo, mrnjaukala bi od bolova, baš kao kad bi se kotila dok je bila mlada. Čim bi se opet malo proljepšalo, i ona bi bila bolje. „Staričice, ti ostari prije mene“, zvao bi je, a onda mu je dolazila.

Drugo jutro više nije dočekala. Zakopao ju je malo iznad grada, tamo gdje već počinje borova šuma. Svijetu nije ništa govorio, jer

nitko ne bi razumio, nego im je govorio da je živa. Ni trideset godina kasnije nije priznavao da mačke više nema. Tek kada je i on umro, i kada su došli po njega, vidjeli su da mačke nigdje nema, iako je dom Baruha Danona bio pun njezinih dlaka.

Mačka čovjek pas. Zagreb: Fraktura (2019), str. 189–193.

Dvorci iz orehovine

(odlomek iz romana)

Pred sto in sto leti, ko se še ni vedelo, da veter piha v jadra in da se kolo na kočiji vrti, preden so bila na svetu nekrščena bitja in ko so bili namesto krasa in kamnite pokrajine povsod gosti borovi gozdovi. V njih so živele vile in čarovniki, bilo jih je več, kot je zdaj ljudi na svetu. V teh gozdovih je bilo tudi več ptic, kot jih je zdaj, pa medvedov, lisic, volkov in bitij vseh vrst, kakršnih si ni mogoče niti zamisliti. Vsi so bili krotki, jedli so drug drugemu z glave, ker ni bilo pošasti, ki bi drugim delale zlo. Le ljudi ni bilo v teh gozdovih. Če se je kak butec odločil in se napotil v gozd, ga je mati objokovala, ker se nikoli več ni vrnil domov. Niti živ niti mrtev, njegove duše pa celo na sodni dan ne bo mogoče prepoznati. Takšen je bil zakon! Niso si ga izmislili ljudje, niti gospod Bog. To je bil zakon vil in čarovnikov. Gozd so varovali pred vsem, kar je bilo človeško in božje, zdaj pa vi uganite, za koga! Ne, niso ga čuvali za hudiča, ker je bilo to pred sto leti, ko hudiča še ni bilo. Vile in čarovniki so gozd čuvali za pošasti, pošasti pa so čuvala gozd za njih. Tako bi ostalo do konca sveta, če se ne bi nekaj zgodilo: ribiču Cipoliću je zbolela hči, v njo pa je bil zaljubljen mladi Lubinko. Fant je bil pameten kot knjiga, dober kot mirno morje in tako lep, da nihče ne bi znal povedati, kot kaj je bil lep. Če bi kdo rekel, da je karkoli na tem svetu tako lepo kot Lubinko, bi se mu vsi smejali in govorili, da je nor. Lubinko je iskal zdravilo za svojo Srdelico, iskal ga je od Boke pa do Trsta, vendar zdravila ni našel nikjer. Najboljši jasnovidci so mu rekli, da bi jo lahko pozdravili samo džundžur bobi. A veste, kaj so džundžur bobi? Ne veste! E, izvedeli boste na koncu zgodbe. Niti Lubinko ni vedel, kaj so džundžur bobi, niti vrači niso vedeli, niti noben drug, ki je pred sto leti živel ob morju, ni vedel, kaj so to džundžur bobi. Vedelo se je samo, da jih je mogoče dobiti le na oni strani gostih gozdov, polnih vil, ki so rasli tam, kjer je danes kameenje in skale. Kdor je zbolel za tako boleznijo, da je potreboval džundžur bobbe, ta je bil tako rekoč že mrtev. Ampak lepi Lubinko ni mislil tako; sedemkrat je poljubil svojo Srdelico, da bi poljubi trajali, dokler se ne vrne, potem pa je šel v gozd, da najde drugo stran, kjer rastejo džundžur bobi. Vsi so ga prepričevali, naj ne gre, odvrčal ga je tudi stari Cipolić, govoril mu je, da ga bo posinovil, če ostane, zaklinjal se je na hčerino lepoto, vendar se Lubinko ni dal

pregovoriti. Če na svetu obstaja džundžur bob, ga moram dobiti, je rekel in se napotil v gozd. Že po treh korakih ga je gozd pogoltnil. Tudi če bi se hotel vrniti, se ni mogel. Tako so vile uredile stvari. Ko se enkrat vstopi, se nikoli ne pride ven. Tako je hodil dan, dva, tri, srečeval vseh vrst zverine, medvede z zajčjimi ušesi, zajce z medvedjimi glavami, krilate volkove, ki se hranijo s semeni pinij in namesto vode pijejo smolo, ampak ustrašila se ga ni niti ena zverina, ker so vile uredile tako, da strah ni mogel vstopiti v gozd. Sedmi dan je prišel Lubinko pred dvorce, ki so bili večji od mesta in višji od neba. Vrhovi najvišjih stolpov so bili tako visoki, da jih orel ni mogel preleteti. Dvorci niso bili zgrajeni iz kamnja, ampak iz soli. V njih so živele vile in čarovniki. To je takoj vedel, ne da bi vedel, kako ve. Preprosto padlo mu je na pamet. Stal je pred vrati, srce mu je udarjalo, kot da mu bo skočilo iz prsi, potem pa se je spomnil svoje Srdelice in potrkal. Ni močno udaril, vendar so se vrata sesula v prah, v čisto belo sol, in pred njim se je nenadoma pojavila lepotica z lasmi iz vročega zlata, s postavo kot cipresa in s krili iz vetra. To je bila Varja, kraljica vil. Kaj delaš tu, nesrečnež? ga je vprašala kraljica. Po džundžur bobo grem na drugo stran! ji hrabro reče Lubinko. Še noben človek ni prišel do druge strani, se mu nasmehne vila. Je že kdo pred mano prišel do tvojih dvorcev? jo vpraša Lubinko. Ne, reče kraljica. Še vsak je ubil kako gozdno zver ali pa vsaj pohodil mravljinca. Tu pa vlada pravilo, da se isti hip spremeniš v tisto, kar si ubil. Polovica zveri, ki si jih srečal, so bili včasih ljudje, mu reče vila in ga vpraša, kaj bo z džundžur bobom. Potrebujem ga za zdravilo. Si bolan? Nisem bolan, moja Srdelica je bolna. In zaradi nje si se pripravljen spremeniti v gozdno zver? se je čudila kraljica. Če bi jo to pozdravilo, bi se spremenil v podgano. Kraljica se zamisli, ampak ji ni všeč. Kako pa drugače, če je naletela na takega junaka. Je tvoja Srdelica lepša od mene? vpraša. Kakor za koga, ji odgovori Lubinko. Zame je! Ampak kako bo uboga Srdelica lepša od kraljice vil! Vila Varja je bila lepša od vseh žensk na svetu. Problem je v tem, da je bil Lubinko lepši od vseh moških na svetu. Lepši od vseh čarovnikov skupaj, in zato se Varja zaljubi! Tako bova naredila, reče ona, jaz bom tebi dala džundžur bobo, ti pa meni srce! Ne morem ti dati srca, ker je zaklenjeno, ključke pa ima samo moja Srdelica, ji reče Lubinko. Ne skrbi za ključke, odgovori, ga bom že jaz odklenila. Lubinko vidi, da ima vila čarobno moč, hkrati pa tudi zdravilo za Srdelico, zato pristane. Tri dni je čakal pred dvorci iz soli, da vila prinese

džundžur bobe, četrti dan pa pride Varja z ranami po nogah in z dušo v nosu, saj je tudi zanjo pot na drugo stran dolga. Lepa vila, daj mi džundžur bobe, takoj reče Lubinko, ona pa stiska dlan in pravi: Ne dam, najprej si izruj srce za jamstvo, da se boš vrnil. Kako naj ga izrujem, ne morem ostati živ brez srca. Lahko, kako da ne, kdor v tem gozdu izruje srce, ta živi tudi brez srca, samo ljubiti ne more. Vrnila ti ga bom takoj, ko boš izpolnil zaobljubo, in potem bova živela srečno v dvorcih iz soli. Lubinko ni imel druge možnosti, kot da si izruje srce, vila pa mu je v zameno dala dve pisani frnikoli. To so džundžur bobi, naj Srdelica zapre oči, prekriža sredinec in kazalec in stopi čez džundžur bob. Ko se ji bo zazdelo, da vidi štiri, ne pa dva, bo zdrava. Potem se vrni k meni po svoje srce. Če se ne boš vrnil, boš doživel veliko nesrečo. Lubinko je kraljici Varji obljubil, da se vrne, in že isti trenutek vedel, da obljube ne bo držal. Ko je prišel domov, je imela Srdelica dušo že v nosu, poslavljalja se je od očeta in mame, pripravljena, da leže v ledeni grob. Ampak takoj ko je s prekrižanimi prsti stopila čez čudežni džundžur bob, sta se ji vrnila moč in zdravje, skočila je iz postelje in nastalo je veliko slavlje. Sedem noči in sedem dni se je slavilo vse od Boke pa do Trsta. Vsi so slavili, samo Lubinko in Srdelica nista. Ko se je dotaknil, je bilo, kot da se dotika lesa, ko jo je pogledal, je bilo, kot da gleda mrliča, ko pa jo je hotel poljubiti, je Srdelica obračala glavo. Zanj je bil hladen kot led in ogaben kot zelen rogač. Izgledal je kot njen Lubinko, v resnici pa je bil kot Arabec, črn tujec. Ni vedela, kaj se dogaja. On pa! Nista bila več za skupaj, zato sta jokala sedem dni in sedem noči. Od njune ljubezni je ostal samo njun skupni jok. V tem času je kraljica vil doumela, da se Lubinko ne bo vrnil, da jo je prevaral in da zaman drži v rokah njegovo zaklenjeno srce. Bila je tako nesrečna in obupana, da je bila pripravljena svoje kraljestvo zamenjati za njegovo ljubezen. Druge vile so ji govorile, da jo je zaslepilo zlo, čarovniki so ves dan plesali in peli okoli nje, da bi kdo osvojil njeno srce in tako rešil kraljestvo, vendar ni nobenega pogledala. Kraljica je vzela ključ, ki odpira vsa srca in rekla – če te ne bom imela jaz, te ne bo imela nobena! Porinila je ključ v ključavnico Lubinkovega srca in isti trenutek so se začeli rušiti dvorci iz soli in gozd. Te groze ni mogel gledati nihče živ na tej zemlji, zato so vsi zaprli oči. Ko so sedemnajstkrat pomežiknili, je od gozda ostalo samo kamenje in skale, dvorec pa se je spremenil v steber soli, ki je segal do neba. Burja je sol odnesla na morje in od takrat je morje slano, prav tako pa od

takrat mežikajo vsa živa bitja. To se je začelo, ker niso mogli gledati, kako se ruši kraljestvo vil. Ko je Lubinko osmi dan odšel proti gozdu, da bi od Varje zahteval nazaj svoje srce, gozda ni bilo več, niti vil, niti čudnih zveri. Vse je izginilo, ker je kraljica naredila zlo in odklenila srce, ki je pripadalo drugi. E, tako je izginil gozd nad morjem in tako so izginili ljudje brez srca, nesreča pa je zavládala svetu.

Prevedel Aleš Čar

Roman *Dvorci iz orehovine* je izšel pri založbi V. B. Z. (2005).

Rabinova mačka

Rabinu Baruhu Danonu je zbolela mačka. Pa to ne katerakoli mačka, ampak modra mačka, s katero preživlja dneve in noči, glej, že petnajst let, vse odkar mu je umrla mlada, devetnajstletna žena Simha. Na sabat je bil jasen poletni dan in nenadoma je zapihal nekakšen veter, zaloputnila so polkna, zato se je Simha namenila zapreti okno. Naredila je dva koraka in se zrušila, mrtva; tedaj je veter zapihal še močneje, okno se je razbilo, steklo pa razletelo po sobi. Bos je stal rabin, na sabat, nad svojo mrtvo ženo, in zdelo se mu je, da je konec tudi z njim. Po glavi so mu rojile grde misli in to ga je plašilo. Namesto da bi Simho objokoval ali jo z neznatnostjo svoje duše priporočil Tistemu, ki pozna vsak razlog, je bil rabin Baruh besen na lahkomiselnost Simho, ker je pustila odprto okno, ne da bi ga zavarovala z lončkom mačeh, čeprav ji je že stokrat naročil, naj to stori, kajti človek nikoli ne ve, kdaj bo zapihal veter. V tem mestu je steklo drago, ji je govoril, in niti enega judovskega steklarja ni, zato bo za naju še dražje, ampak ni ga ubogala, kdo ve, kaj je mislila, zato je bil besen na svojo mrtvo ženo in pomislil je, da bo ta bes tudi njemu prinesel konec.

Toda po tistem, ko je Simho pospremil na pokopališče in trikrat sam prespal v praznem domu, katerega tišina in mir sta ga prestrašila bolj kot lasten bes, se je na vratih rabinovega doma pojavila mačka. Kratkodlaka, mišje sive barve in nenavadne oblike glave, drugačna od vseh drugih sarajevskih mačk, zdelo se je, kot da bi pobegnila iz ruskega cirkusa, ki je dan poprej po dvotedenskem gostovanju zapustil mesto. Nemara tudi je pripadala temu cirkusu, a ni bila njegova naloga, da bi to raziskoval, enako kot se za njegov ugled ni spodobilo, da bi obiskoval cirkuške predstave. Posmehoval se je vsem, ki so to počeli, kajti le čemu bi človek to potreboval, kako kratke pameti mora biti, koliko časa mora imeti na voljo in kako brez sleherne vere mora biti, da si gre ogledovat slona. Če bi Tisti, ki ga med takšnim mlatenjem prazne slame ne omenjamo, hotel, da opazujemo slona, bi nas naredil črnice ali maharadže in vsakdo bi imel na dvorišču vsaj enega slona. Rabin Baruh tudi o mačkah ni imel boljšega mnenja.

Toda ko se mu je kot prva gostja prikazala pred večno odprtimi vrati njegovega doma – odprta pa so za primer, da pride sovrag, kajti tako mu ni treba vdirati in razbijati, tako kot ob Baruhovi postelji, na nočni omarici, leži dobro nabrušen nož, da sovrag ne bi naletel

na kakega topega, ko ga bo ločeval od življenja –, ko ga je torej obiskala ta nenavadna mačka, je rabin Baruh Danon hipoma občutil mir. Tako kot se je nenadoma dvignil veter, ki je razbil okno in pred katerim se je mrtva zrušila Simha, je zdaj rabina nenadoma, po treh dneh in treh nočeh, minil njegov bes. Zgodilo pa se ni nič drugega, kot da je prišla mačka. In tako se je začelo življenje počasi razpletati, kakor klobčič niti, nad katerim nekdo bedi, da se ne zavozla, dolina pod okni pa se Baruhu ni več zdelo njegova gehena.

Mačka ni zahtevala ničesar. Če jo je nahranil, je bila zadovoljna in je spala ob peči. Če je ni nahranil, je kam odšla in se vrnila sita – in znova spala ob peči. Nekoč je ni hranil cele tri mesece, in vendar se je po tistem, ko se je nekje najedla, vsakič vrnila. Takrat je rabin Baruh začel skrbeti zanjo, da jo je nahranil po dvakrat na dan, zjutraj in zvečer. Ni mu ugajala misel, da bi imela še nekoga drugega, ki mu je nekoč prišla pred vrata, da jo prav tako hrani in verjame, da je ta mačka njegova. To bi utegnil biti hodža Vejsilbega ali pa patri iz samostana nasproti pivovarne, ki so vsi enaki, vsi rdečelični in debeli, kot da jih molitev redi. Ni mu ugajala misel, da imajo Vejsilbega in tisti patri kaj opraviti z njegovo mačko. Ne oni ne kdorkoli drug. Njegova mačka je njegova mačka, tako kot je njegovo trpljenje samo njegovo trpljenje. Z vsemi je tako, ampak ni Baruhova stvar, da bi skrbel za vsakogaršnje skrbi.

Mački ni mogel nadeti imena. Če bi bila kužek, bi bila zlahka Lisako, Kravželj ali Sajko, toda z mačko ne gre tako. Mačka ne dovoli, da bi ji pravil tako ali drugače; če ji ni po volji, se ne bo odzvala na nobeno ime, če pa ji je, bo prišla na sleherno lepo besedo, ki ji je namenjena. Baruh je poskusil tudi z grdimi besedami, dvakrat, trikrat jo je poklical strupenjača, smrdulja in spaka, ampak ni prišla, čeprav je prej kazalo, da bo. Zato jo je klical vsakokrat drugače, vendar z izbranimi besedami, kot da bi pesnil, ona pa je prihajala k njemu. »Pridi k meni, moja Sarajevčica, le kaj naju je, žalostni duši, prineslo v to mesto,« ji je govoril potihoma in mačka se je odzvala. »Stopi k meni, duša moje duše, danes sem malček bolan,« je šepnil, da ga zunaj ne bi kdo slišal pa da ne bi govorili, da je rabin od samote znorel in se zdaj pogovarja z zverjo. »Približaj se mi, sončece moje, da me ogreješ, v peči nimava več drv,« je rabin Baruh rekel mački, s katero se je v teh petnajstih letih pogovarjal več kot s komerkoli drugim.

Z njo ob sebi ga ni nikoli več grabil bes. Mirno je sprejemal svojo usodo, krotko je pomagal ljudem, ne da bi od njih kaj prida

pričakoval. Spravil se je celo s tistimi, o katerih je verjel, da z njimi ni miru, zato je s hodžo Vejsilbegom spregovoril nekaj besed, mu nekaj odpustil, le da ne on ne hodža nista vedela, kaj natanko, na koncu pa mu je nehal slabšalno praviti Vejsilbega, ampak le še Vejsil ali Vejsilbeg. Ta je pa še najraje bil samo Vejsil, saj je bil v teh časih tako ali tako že sit begovanja, za povrh se je pa ob tem vsakokrat zdrznil, saj je pomislil, da je Baruha spet kaj prijelo.

»Sreča je imeti dobro ženo, da ti narodi zdrave otroke. Toda sreča je tudi imeti modro mačko,« je pravil rabin Baruh Danon, kot se je govorilo še petdeset let pozneje, vse dokler ni naše mestece izginilo, z vsemi nami vred. Ves čas je bilo enako: nekateri so se rabinu in njegovi mački rogali in posmehovali, drugi pa so resno prikimali. Ob neki priložnosti, ko je videl njegovo veliko ljubezen do mačke, je učeni Turek, ki so ga pripeljali k Baruhu, da bi mu prevedel pismo nekega Grka iz Odeze, povedal zgodbo o tem, kako si je poslanik Mohamed odrezal kos plašča, na katerem je spala njegova najljubša mačka – samo zato, da mu je ne bi bilo treba prebuditi. Rabin Baruh je od čudenja izbuljil oči, nemara ga je za hip celo pograbila jezica, zato je Turku rekel, da bi tej mački zavil vrat ali pa bi jo preprosto s šibo pregnal s plašča. Turek mu ni odgovoril, samo nasmehnil se je, pokimal in se zahvalil za prevod.

Še isti večer, tik preden je Baruh odšel v čaršijo na sestanek z nekimi ljudmi iz Carigrada, je mačka zaspala na robu njegovega plašča. Zatopil se je v branje in tega sploh ni opazil. Toda ko se je namenil vstati, je imel kaj videti. Na njegovem plašču se je zvijala kakor burek, usta pa so se ji razlezla v nasmeh. Trza z brčicami in obrvmi, najbrž nekaj sanja. Ali pa ga nemara izkuša? Baruh je počasi z nočne omarice vzel nož, tisti ostri – za primer, da bi ga sovragi prišli zaklat –, odrezal kos plašča, na katerem je spala mačka, in se tak podal v čaršijo. Ljudje so ga spraševali, on pa jim je odgovarjal. In še petdeset let pozneje so eni o tem govorili eno, drugi pa drugo, nikoli pa se niso strinjali.

Ko je mačka zbolela, je bila že popolnoma slepa, imela je motne oči, kakor tisti mutasti Ića, ki berači pred samostanom, in imela je revmo. Kadar se je spremenilo vreme, je mijavkala od bolečin, natanko tako kot takrat, ko je še mlada kotila. Takoj ko se je vreme spet malo polepšalo, pa je bilo tudi z njo bolje. »Starčica, postarala si se pred mano,« jo je poklical, ona pa je prišla k njemu.

Ni dočakala naslednjega jutra. Pokopal jo je malce nad mestom, kjer se začenja borov gozd. Ljudem o tem ni pravil, saj nihče ne bi razumel, ampak jim je govoril, da je živa. Še trideset let pozneje ni priznal, da mačke ni več. Šele takrat, ko je tudi sam umrl in so prišli ponj, so videli, da mačke ni nikjer, čeprav je bila hiša Baruha Dano-na polna njenih dlak.

Prevedla Aleksandra Rekar

The Walnut Mansion

(excerpt from a novel)

A hundred hundred years ago, when people still didn't know that wind blows sails and that the wheels on a baby carriage turn, before there were any unchristened creatures, instead of karst and quarries there were dense pine forests everywhere. And in them lived fairies and sprites, there were more of them than people in the world. In those forests there were more birds than there are today anywhere, more bears, foxes, wolves and all kinds of creatures that one can't even imagine. Everything was tame, they ate food off of each others' heads because there were no beasts that acted wickedly to another animal. People were the only thing that wasn't in those forests. If some hardhead took courage and went off into the forest, his mother would mourn him because he would never return home. Not alive or dead, nor would they be able to make out his soul on judgment day. That was the way it was! No man thought it up, nor did the Lord God either. It was the way of fairies and sprites. They guarded the forest from everything human and divine, and you can guess for whom they did it! No, they didn't do it for the devil, because this was a hundred hundred years ago and the devil didn't exist yet. The fairies and sprites guarded the forest for the beasts, just as the beasts guarded the forest for them. And it would have stayed that way until the end of the world if this hadn't happened: Srdelica, the daughter of a fisherman named Cipolić, fell ill, and his daughter had caught the eye of the young Lubinko. The young man was as smart as a book, as good as a calm sea, and so handsome that no one could say what he was as handsome as. If someone said that anything was as handsome as Lubinko, everyone would laugh and say that that person was a nut. Lubinko sought a cure for Srdelica, his love, he searched for it from Boka all the way up to Trieste, but there was no cure anywhere. The best healers told him that the only thing that could cure her were džundžur beans. Do you know what džundžur beans are? You don't! But you'll know at the end of the story. Not even Lubinko knew what džundžur beans are, nor did the healers or anyone alive who was living by the sea a hundred hundred years ago. But people knew that one could only find them on the other side of the dense, magic forests that grew where today we have only rock and karst. So whoever fell ill and needed džundžur

beans was as good as dead. But the handsome Lubinko didn't think like that. He kissed his Srdelica seven times, so the kisses would last until he came back, and set off into the forest to cross over to the other side, where the džundžur beans grew. Everyone tried to dissuade him, the old Cipolić tried to dissuade him, and told him that he would adopt him as his son if he didn't go. He pleaded with him in the name of his daughter's beauty, but Lubinko wouldn't be talked out of it. If there were džundžur beans in the world, he had to go find them—that's what he said and set off into the forest. He'd gone only three steps into the forest when it swallowed him up. He wouldn't have been able to go back if he'd wanted. That was how the fairies had arranged things. Whoever went in, never came out. And so he walked for a day, then two, and then three; he came upon all kinds of beasts, bears with rabbit's ears, and rabbits with bear's heads, winged wolves that fed on pine nuts and drank sap instead of water, but not a single beast was afraid of him because the fairies had made things so that fear would never enter the forest. On the seventh day Lubinko came to a palace that was bigger than a city and higher than the sky. The tops of its towers were so high that an eagle wouldn't be able to soar up to them. The palace wasn't made of stone, but of salt. The fairies and sprites lived there. He knew that right away, but didn't know how he knew. It just came to him. He stopped in front of the gate. His heart was pounding like crazy, but he remembered his Srdelica and knocked on the gate. He didn't strike it very hard, but the gate collapsed into powder right in front of him, into pure white salt, and suddenly there appeared a beautiful maiden with hair of burning gold, with the figure of a cypress tree and wings of wind. That was Varja, the queen of the fairies. "What are you doing here, poor man?" the queen asked him. "I'm going to the other side, I'm going to get džundžur beans!" Lubinko answered courageously. "No man has reached the other side," the fairy said and laughed at him. "Has one ever reached your palace?" Lubinko asked her. "No," answered the queen. "Every one of them up to now killed an animal or stepped on an ant. And here there is a rule that you turn into whatever you kill right away. The demi-beasts that you met were once people," the fairy said to him and asked him why he needed džundžur beans. "I need them for medicine." "And are you sick?" "I'm not sick, but my Srdelica is." "And you'd turn into a forest animal for her?" the queen asked, surprised.

“I’d turn into a rat if it would help her get better.” The queen fell into thought and was not happy. How could she be happy when she’d taken a fancy to such a hero? “And is your Srdelica prettier than me?” she asked. “It depends on who you ask,” answered Lubinko. “I think she is!” But how could poor Srdelica be prettier than the queen of the fairies?! Varja the fairy was the prettiest of all female beings in the world. But the problem was that Lubinko was the most handsome of all male beings in the world. More handsome than all the sprites put together, and Varja had fallen in love with him! “Here’s what you and I will do,” she began, “I’ll pick you some džundžur beans, and you’ll give me your heart!” “I can’t give you my heart when my heart is locked, and my Srdelica has the keys,” Lubinko said to her. “Don’t you worry about the keys,” the fairy said, “If you give me your heart I’ll unlock it.” Lubinko saw that the fairy had magic powers, and that she had the medicine for Srdelica, so he agreed. He waited for three days in front of the palace of salt for the queen to bring the džundžur beans, and on the fourth day there she was, with wounds on her legs, half dead because it was a long way to the other side even for her. “Beautiful fairy, give me the džundžur beans,” Lubinko said straightaway, and she clenched something in her palm and said: “I’m not giving them. First you pluck out your heart as a pledge that you’ll come back.” “How can I pluck it out? I can’t live without my heart.” “You can, why wouldn’t you be able to? Whoever plucks out their heart in the enchanted forest can live without his heart, he just can’t love. I’ll return it to you as soon as you fulfill your vow and we’ll live happily in the palace of salt.” Lubinko had no choice, and plucked out his beating heart, and the fairy gave him two brightly colored marbles. “Those are džundžur beans. Have Srdelica close her eyes, cross her middle and index fingers, and pass them over the džundžur beans like that. As soon as it seems to her that there are four of them and not two, she’ll be healthy. Then you come back to me, because your heart is with me. You will suffer great misfortune if you don’t return.” Lubinko promised Queen Varja to come back and knew there and then that he wouldn’t keep the promise. When he got back home, Srdelica was already half dead. She was bidding farewell to her mother and father, ready to lie down in her cold grave. But as soon as she passed her crossed fingers over the magic džundžur beans, her strength and health came back to her. She jumped up out of her bed and a great

celebration followed. From Boka to Trieste they celebrated for seven days and seven nights. Everyone was celebrating, only Lubinko and Srdelica weren't. When he touched her it was as if he were touching wood, when he looked at her it was as if he were looking at a corpse, and when he wanted to kiss her, Srdelica turned her head away. He was as cold as ice to her and disgusting as green carob. He looked like her Lubinko, but was as foreign to her as the black Arab. She didn't know what was going on. He did! They were no longer for one another, but they wept together for seven days and seven nights. Being able to cry together was all that was left of their love. During that time the fairy queen realized that Lubinko wasn't coming back, that he'd deceived her and she held a locked heart in her hands in vain. She was unhappy; she was desperate and was ready to give her queendom for his love. The other fairies told her that she'd gotten involved in something wicked; the sprites danced and sang around her all day long, hoping that one would capture her heart and thus save the queendom, but she didn't look at any of them. The queen took the key that unlocks all hearts and said, "If you won't be mine, you won't be anyone's!" She shoved the key into the lock of Lubinko's heart and as soon as she did that the palace of salt began to collapse and the forest started withering. No one could bear looking at that horror, and all living beings on the Earth closed their eyes. After they had blinked seventeen times, in the place where the enchanted forest was there was only a quarry and karst, and the palace had turned into a pillar of salt as high as the sky. The bora swept the salt into the sea and ever since that time the sea has been salty, just as since that time all living creatures have blinked. They began blinking because they couldn't watch the ruin of the queendom of the fairies. When on the eighth day Lubinko went to the forest to get his heart from Varja, there was no forest, no fairies, no strange beasts. They disappeared because the queen had committed evil and unlocked a heart that belonged to another woman. So you see, that's how the forest above the sea disappeared and that's how people without hearts came into being, and unhappiness took hold in the world.

Translated by Stephen M. Dickey, with Janja Pavetić-Dickey

The Rabbi's Cat

Rabbi Baruch Danon's cat became sick. But it wasn't just any cat, it was a wise cat, one that he'd spent days and nights with, for the fifteenth year now, ever since his young, nineteen-year-old wife, Simha, had died. On Shabbat, it was a clear summer day when suddenly a wind of some sort came about, the shutters started to slam, so Simha went to shut the windows. She made two steps and fell over, dead, and the wind just became even stronger, the window shattered, with the glass scattering across the room. The rabbi stood barefoot, on Shabbat, above his dead wife, and for a time it had seemed that he was done for as well. Nasty thoughts were buzzing around his mind, and that frightened him. Rather than feeling sorrow for Simha, or, from the lowliness of his soul, putting in a good word for her to Him who knows every reason, Rabbi Baruch was furious with the inconsiderate Simha, because she had left the window without fixing it open by using the pot with pansies, even though he had told her a hundred times to do so, since a person can never tell when the wind will blow. Windowpanes are expensive in this city, he used to tell her, and there's not a single Jewish glazier, so it will be even more expensive for us—but she wouldn't listen, who knows what she was thinking about, and so he was furious, while standing above his dead wife, and he thought that this rage would be the end of him.

But then, after he had sent Simha off to the graveyard and spent three nights on his own in the desolate home, where the peace and quiet were frightening him even more than his own rage, a cat appeared at the doorstep of the rabbi's home. Short-haired, gray, and mouselike in color, and with an unusual shape to its face, different than any other Sarajevan cats, she looked like she must have escaped from a Russian circus that had left the city the day before, after a two-weeks' visit. Maybe she did belong to that circus, such things weren't his to investigate, just like it wasn't worthy of his reputation to visit any circus shows. He mocked those who did, because what need was there, what kind of a simple mind must you have to have, or simply too much time on your hands and no faith whatsoever, to make you go see an elephant. If He whom we don't mention in this great carnival wanted us to see elephants, he'd have made us all either blacks or maharajas, and each of us would have at least one

elephant in his yard. And Rabbi Baruch didn't have a much higher opinion of cats.

But then she appeared, as the first guest in front of the eternally open door to his home. And his doors are open, so that if an enemy comes, he doesn't have to break in and make a mess—just like right next to Baruch's bed, on the night stand, there's a well sharpened knife, so that this enemy doesn't have to use a blunt knife to take away his life. And when this unusual cat visited him, Rabbi Baruch Danon immediately felt at peace. Just as suddenly as the wind had risen to break the window next to where Simha had fallen dead, just as quickly, after three days and three nights, the rabbi was over his fury. Yet nothing else had happened, except that a cat appeared. And in this fashion his life suddenly began to unravel, just like a ball of thread being watched over by the One who makes sure it doesn't tangle, and to Baruch the valley under his windows no longer seemed to him a personal Gehenna.

The cat didn't ask for much. If he'd fed her, she was content and would sleep by the furnace. If he hadn't, she'd go somewhere and come back full, and she would still sleep by the furnace. Once he didn't feed her for three whole months, but she would come back regardless, after finding food somewhere else. It was then that Rabbi Baruch began to make sure to feed her twice each day, in the morning and at night. He wasn't pleased to think that she had someone else whose door she'd also suddenly appeared on, who also fed her and believed that she was actually his cat. It could easily have been Hojja Vejsilbeg, or the friars from the convent across from the brewery—they all look the same, rosy-cheeked and plump, as if their prayers fatten them up. He didn't like thinking that Vejsilbeg or those friars had anything to do with his cat. Either them, or anyone else. His cat is his cat, just as his suffering is only his. It's like that with everyone, though it wasn't Baruch's job to worry about everyone's worries.

He couldn't name the cat. If it were a dog, he could've easily been Šarov, Rundov, or Garov, but it wasn't like that with a cat. A cat doesn't let you call her this or that, and she won't answer to any name if it doesn't suit her. But if it does, then she'll come, no matter which kind words are spoken. Baruch had tried insults, too, two or three times, calling her an asp, a skunk, or a freak, but she wouldn't come, though earlier it had seemed she would. That's why he'd try a

different name each time, with carefully chosen words, as if he were writing a poem, and then she would come to him. “Come to me, my Sarajevo girl. What misery brought us to this city?” He’d talk to her in a quiet voice, and the cat would come. “Come, soul of my soul, I feel a bit ill today.” He’d whisper, so that someone outside wouldn’t hear and then say that the rabbi had gone mad from loneliness, and that he’s now talking to a beast. “Come closer, my sun, to keep me warm; we’re out of wood in the furnace,” Rabbi Baruch would say to the cat, conversing with her more in those fifteen years than he did with anyone else.

He had never felt rage when he was near her. He’d accepted his fate quietly, meekly helping others out, not expecting much in return. He’d also made peace with those who he believed would never make peace, so he even spoke a few words with Hojja Vejsilbeg; he forgave him for some matter, for what neither he nor the imam really knew. And in the end he stopped addressing him with the derogatory Vejsilbeg, and would instead say Vejsil or Vejsil Bey. The man himself preferred simply Vejsil, since his official title was only a nuisance anyway, and he’d wince each time he heard it, thinking that Baruch was again bothered by something.

“It’s fortunate to have a good wife, so she can give birth to many healthy children. But it’s also fortunate to have a wise cat,” Rabbi Baruch Danon would say. His words would be retold as much as fifty years later, until our small town was itself gone, together with all of us in it. It was always the same: some of us would laugh and mock the rabbi and his cat, while others would knowingly nod their heads. One time, after witnessing this great love for his cat, a learned Turk—who had been brought to Baruch so that he could translate a letter from some Greek from Odessa—told him the story of how the prophet Muhammad had cut out a piece of his cloak, when his favorite cat was sleeping on it, just so he wouldn’t have to wake it up. Rabbi Baruch’s eyes went wide with surprise; he might have even been a little bit upset. He told the Turk that he’d have strangled that cat, or simply just shooed it away from his cape with a stick. The Turk didn’t respond at all. He just smiled, nodded, and thanked him for the translation.

That same night, right before Baruch was about to go to town to meet some people from Istanbul, the cat fell asleep on the tail of his coat. He was lost in his readings, so he didn’t even notice. When

he was about to get up, it was something to be seen. The cat had curled up like a piece of rolled pastry on his coat, and her mouth was formed into a smile. Her whiskers and brows were twitching, as if she were dreaming. Or perhaps he was being tempted? Yet Baruch slowly took the knife from his nightstand—it was sharp, in case his foes came to slit his throat—and he cut off the piece of coat his cat was sleeping on, and, disheveled in this fashion, went to town. People asked, and he answered. Fifty years later, some people said one thing about it, others said something else, and no one ever agreed on the issue.

When the cat fell ill, she was already completely blind—her eyes were diluted like those of mute Ico's, begging for change in front of the convent—and rheumatic. When the weather would change, she would whimper from pain, just as she did when she gave birth when young. As soon as the weather got better, so would she. "Little old lady, you grew old before me," he'd call to her, and she would come.

She didn't welcome a single morning more. He buried her above the town, where the pine forest begins. He told the world nothing at all about it, because no one would've understood. Instead he simply told them she was alive. Even thirty years later, he still didn't want to admit that the cat was gone. Only when he died, too, and when they came for him, did they see the cat was nowhere to be found, even though Baruch Danon's home was still filled with her fur.

Translated by Aleksandar Brezar

**Slovenski avtor
v središču 2024**

***Slovenian Author
in Focus 2024***

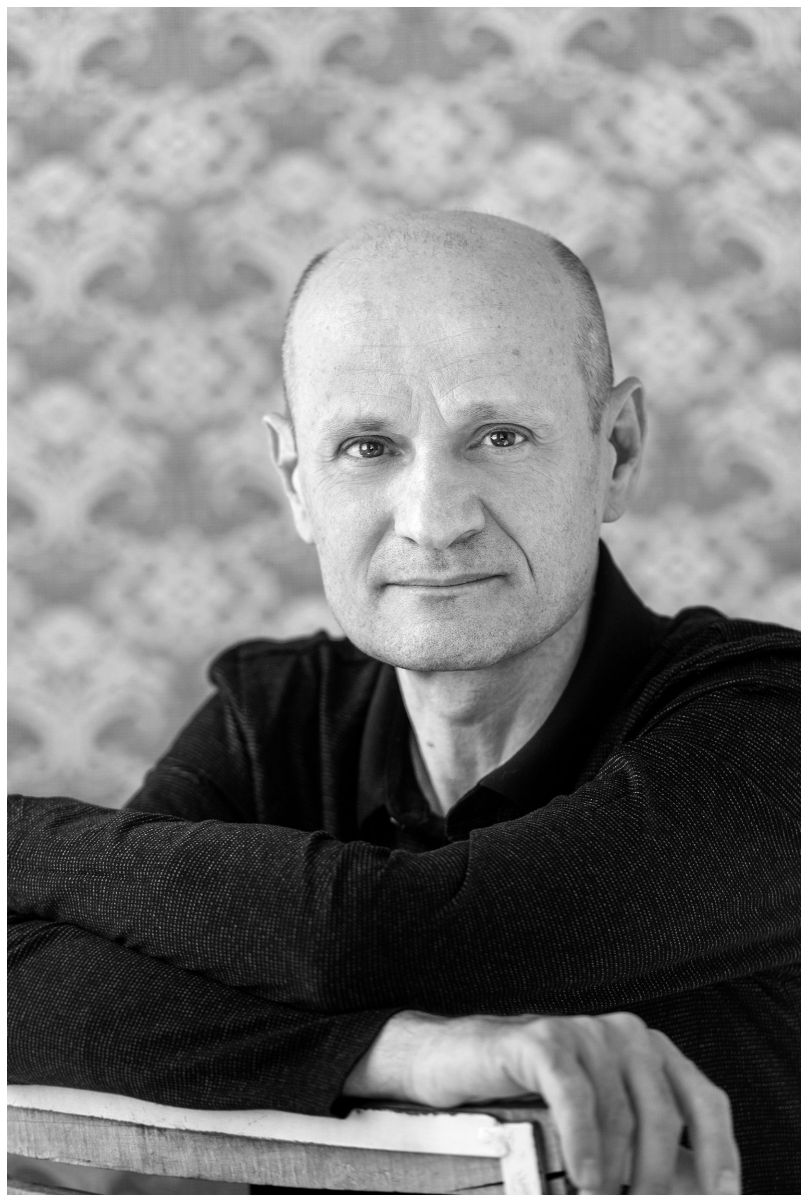


Foto © Mankica Kranjec

Dušan Šarotar

Pisatelj, pesnik, prevajalec, scenarist in fotograf Dušan Šarotar se je rodil 16. aprila 1968 v Murski Soboti. Na Univerzi v Ljubljani je študiral filozofijo in sociologijo kulture. Sodeloval je v uredništvih revij AirBeletrina, Vrabec Anarhist in Sodobnost. Vodil je več delavnic kreativnega pisanja in delavnice za ranljive skupine ter osebe s težavami v duševnem razvoju. Piše kolumne, članke in eseje za različne časopise. Od leta 2000 ima status samostojnega ustvarjalca. Živi v Ljubljani.

Osrednja tema njegovih del je usoda judovske skupnosti in holokavst v Murski Soboti in širše v Prekmurju. V središču njegovega umetniškega ustvarjanja so spomin, jezik, žalost in človekova duša, h katerim pristopa s poetičnim jezikom in značilno počasnostjo. Njegova proza je zaznamovana z opisi narave, mesta in posebne atmosfere, ki jo izpisuje z značilnim poetičnim jezikom in v dolgih stavkih. Gledališki režiser Janez Pipan je ob Šarotarjevem romanu *Zvezdna karta* zapisal: »To je zgodba, ki je Dušan Šarotar ne bo nikoli prenehal zapisovati, in je poleg vsega drugega visoka pesem slovensčine in primer slogovne dovršenosti, kakršnih je malo v slovenski literaturi.« Doslej je objavil romane *Potapljanje na dah*, *Biljard v Dobrayu*, *Panorama* in *Zvezdna karta*, noveli *Nočitev z zajtrkom* in *Ostani z mano*, duša moja, zbirki kratke proze *Mrtvi kot* in *Nostalgijska*, avtopoetično knjigo *Ne morje ne zemlja* ter avtorsko zgodbo po mitih in motivih iz pripovednega izročila *Živa coprnja Pohorja in Istre*; upri-

zorjeni sta bili tudi njegovi lutkovni predstavi *Mali ribič* in *Železna gora*. Njegove dosedanje pesniške zbirke pa so *Občutek za veter* (skupaj s Ferijem Lainščkom), *Krajina v molu*, *Hiša mojega sina* in knjiga pesmi v prozi *Nikomah poroča*.

Šarotarjevi romani *Biljard v Dobrayu*, *Panorama* in *Zvezdna karta* so prišli v ožji izbor za nagrado kresnik; angleška prevoda romanov *Biljard v Dobrayu* in *Panorama* sta bila tudi v ožjem izboru za ugledno prevajalsko nagrado Oxford-Weidenfeld; *Biljard v Dobrayu* je kandidiral za nagrado Big Other Award za najboljši prevod; roman *Panorama* je bil leta 2018 uvrščen v širši izbor za mednarodno literarno nagrado mesta Dublin, The Calvert Journal pa ga je uvrstil med sto najboljših romanov iz Srednje in Vzhodne Evrope. Literary Hub je Dušana Šarotarja prištel med osem literarnih dedičev W. G. Sebald.

Njegova dela so vključena v več domačih in tujih antologij ter izborov sodobne slovenske literature, ki so izšli v nemščini, angleščini, hrvaščini, madžarščini, italijanščini, ruščini in hebrejščini (*Antologija slovenske pesmi v prozi*, *Genij² – Antologija slovenske mladinske kratke proze*, *Brez milosti*, *Ereignis in der Stadt*, *It's already morning of the last day*, *La prosa breve*, *14 novels: Anthology of the contemporary Slovenian novel*, *16 short stories: Anthology of the Slovenian Short story*, *10 Books from Slovenia* ...). Izbran je bil na razstavo sodobnih evropskih pisateljev (D)écrire l'Europe – À la

croisée des regards, ki jo je pripravila mreža EUNIC v Paris Bibliothèques. O Šarotarjevem delu in knjigah so poleg vseh osrednjih domačih časopisov in revij pisali tudi The Guardian, World Literature Today, LA Review of Books, Literary Hub, Scottish Review, Slobodna Dalmacija, Numero Cinq, La Internazionale, La Repubblica, El Informador in drugi.

Šarotarjevi romani so bili prevedeni v angleščino, bosanščino, francoščino, grščino, hrvaščino, italijanščino, madžarščino, nemščino in španščino, tudi sam pa prevaja iz bosanskega, hrvaškega in srbskega jezika (med drugim dela Ahmeda Burića, Pavaa Pavličića, Tanje Stupar-Trifunović, Marka Pogačarja).

Dušan Šarotar je prejel rezidenčne stipendije za pisatelje v Kremsu (TOP 22), Monsu (EPK), Pordenonu (Pordenone Legge), Galwayu (Cúirt festival), Sarajevu (PEN), na Cetinju (OKF) in v Berlinu (LCB). Bil je gost številnih domačih in tujih literarnih festivalov (Vilenica, Dnevi poezije in vina, Oko besede, Pordenone Legge, Etonnants Voyageurs, Giornata mondiale della poesia, Passaporta, Festival de las letras europeas, Littfest, Forum Tomizza, Sarajevski dani poezije, Bookstan, Patras World Poetry Festival, Festival svjetske književnosti). V mnogih mestih in na univerzah po svetu je imel branja in predstavitve (Buenos Aires, Oxford, Rim, Trst, Dunaj, Dublin, Budimpešta, Lizbona, Pariz, Frankfurt, Leipzig, Gradec, Bruselj, Gent, Varšava, Moskva, Zagreb, Podgorica).

Poleg delovanja na področju književnosti Šarotar piše tudi filmske scenarije. Med njimi so filmski portreti kiparja Staneta Jarma v režiji Špele Kucler ter pesnikov Gregorja Strniše, Daneta Zajca in Milana Dekleve v režiji Braneta Bitenca; vsi filmi so bili realizirani na TVS. Posnet je bil tudi kratki igrani film *Mario je gledal morje z zaljubljenimi očmi* (režija Svetlana Dramlić), ki je nastal po Šarotarjevi kratki zgodbi ›V ladjedelnici‹ in po njegovi adaptaciji za film; v filmu je ob igralki Branki Katić nastopil tudi avtor sam. Po Šarotarjevi in Lainščkovi pesniški knjigi *Občutek za veter* je režiserka Maja Weiss posnela poetični dokumentarni film. Šarotar je napisal scenarije za državne proslave ob 100. obletnici priključitve Prekmurja k matični domovini (›Reka, pesem in gravitacijski valovi‹, 2019), ob 300. obletnici rojstva prevajalca in protestantskega duhovnika Štefana Küzmiča (›Jezik, govorica in umetna inteligenca‹, 2023) ter ob 130. obletnici rojstva inženirja in pionirja vesoljskih tehnologij Hermana Potočnika Noordunga (›Sporočila za zemljo‹, 2022).

Leta 2012 je Šarotar začel razvijati fotografski cikel Duše, ki ga je razstavljal v več domačih in tujih galerijah. Ob odprtju razstave v mariborski sinagogi je pripravil humanistični simpozij Koncepti in podobe duše. Avtorske fotografije premišljeno vključuje tudi v svoje prozne in pesniške knjige. Njegove fotografije so vključene v stalno zbirko Galerije Murska Sobota.

Izbrane nagrade in priznanja

- 2008 nagrada mesta Murska Sobota za roman *Biljard v Dobrayu*
 2017 mehiška nagrada Cesar-Lopez Cuadras za roman *Panorama*
 2023 Župančičeva nagrada za roman *Zvezdna karta*

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- Biliárd a Dobray szállóban*. Pécs: Pro Pannonia, 2012 (prev. Orsolya Gállos).
Biljar u Dobrayu. Zagreb: Fraktura, 2016 (prev. Jagna Pogačnik).
Panorama. Guadalajara: Arlequin, 2016 (prev. Maria Florencia Ferre).
Panorama. London: Istros Books, 2017 (prev. Rawley Grau).
En partance. Pariz: Hoëbeke, Étonnants voyageurs, 2018 (prev. Frederic Le Berre).
Billiards at the Hotel Dobray. London: Istros Books, 2019 (prev. Rawley Grau).

El billar en el hotel Dobray. Córdoba: Eduvim, 2019 (prev. Maria Florencia Ferre).

Panorama. Narrazione sullo svolgersi degli eventi. Roveretto: Keller, 2019 (prev. Patrizia Raveggi).

Panorama. Zagreb: Fraktura, 2019 (prev. Anita Peti-Stantić).

Panorama. Passau: Schenk, 2023 (prev. Metka Wakounig).

Πανόραμα [*Panorama*]. Atene: Bakhikon, 2023 (prev. Iouli Stamatou).

Zvezdana karta. Sarajevo: Buybook, 2024 (prev. Ahmed Burić).

Zvezdana karta. Zagreb: Fraktura, 2024 (prev. Anita Peti-Stantić).

Writer, poet, translator, screenwriter and photographer Dušan Šarotar was born on 16 April 1968 in Murska Sobota. He studied Philosophy and Sociology of Culture at the University of Ljubljana. He has worked on the editorial boards of *AirBeletrina*, *Vrabcen Anarhist* and *Sodobnost*. He has led several creative writing workshops and workshops for vulnerable groups and people with mental disabilities. He writes columns, articles and essays for various newspapers. Since 2000 he has been a freelance writer. He lives in Ljubljana.

The fate of the Jewish community and the Holocaust in Murska Sobota and the wider Prekmurje region is the central theme of his works. Memory, language, grief and the human soul are at the centre of his artistic work, which he approaches with poetic language and characteristic slowness. His prose is characterised by descriptions of nature, the city and a special atmosphere, written in his characteristic poetic language and in long sentences. The theatre director Janez Pipan wrote about Šarotar's novel *Zvezdna karta* (Star Chart): "This is a story that Dušan Šarotar will never stop writing, and it is, among other things, the song of songs of the Slovenian language and an example of stylistic perfection, like few others in Slovenian literature."

He has so far published the novels *Potapljanje na dah* (Island of the Dead), *Biljard v Dobrayu* (*Billiards at the Hotel Dobray*), *Panorama* and *Zvezdna karta* (Star Chart), the novellas *Nočitev z zajtrkom* (Bed and Breakfast) and *Ostani z mano, duša moja* (Stay With Me, My Soul), short fiction collections *Mrtvi kot* (Dead Angle) and *Nostalgija* (Nostalgia), the autopoetic book *Ne morje ne zemlja* (Neither Sea nor Earth),

and an autobiographical story based on myths and motifs from the narrative tradition *Živa coprnija Pohorja in Istre* (The Living Magic of Pohorje and Istria), as well as his puppet shows *Mali ribič* (The Little Fisherman) and *Železna gora* (The Iron Mountain). His previous collections of poetry include *Občutek za veter* (Feel for the Wind), with Feri Lainšček, *Krajina v molu* (Landscape in Minor), *Hiša mojega sina* (My Son's House) and a book of prose poems, *Nikomah poroča* (Nicomachus Reports).

Šarotar's novels *Billiards at the Hotel Dobray*, *Panorama* and *Star Chart* were shortlisted for the Kresnik Award; the English translations of *Billiards at the Hotel Dobray* and *Panorama* were also shortlisted for the prestigious Oxford-Weidenfeld Translation Prize; *Billiards at the Hotel Dobray* was shortlisted for the Big Other Award for Best Translation; *Panorama* was shortlisted for the 2018 Dublin City International Literary Award; and The Calvert Journal named it one of the 100 best novels from Central and Eastern Europe. The Literary Hub named Dušan Šarotar one of the eight literary heirs of W. G. Sebald.

His works have been included in several national and international anthologies and selections of contemporary Slovenian literature, published in German, English, Croatian, Hungarian, Italian, Russian and Hebrew (*Antologija slovenske pesmi v prozi, Geniji² – Antologija slovenske mladinske kratke proze, Brez milosti, Ereignis in der Stadt, It's already morning of the last day, La prosa breve, 14 novels: Anthology of the contemporary Slovenian novel, 16 short stories: Anthology of the Slovenian Short story, 10 Books from Slovenia ...*). He was selected for

the exhibition of contemporary European writers (D)écrire l'Europe – À la croisée des regards, organised by the EUNIC network at the Paris Bibliothèques. In addition to all the major domestic newspapers and magazines, Šarotar's work and books have also been featured in *The Guardian*, *World Literature Today*, *LA Review of Books*, *Literary Hub*, *Scottish Review*, *Slobodna Dalmacija*, *Numero Cinq*, *La Internazionale*, *La Repubblica*, *El Informador* and others.

Šarotar's novels have been translated into Bosnian, Croatian, English, French, German, Greek, Hungarian, Italian and Spanish, and he himself translates from Bosnian, Croatian and Serbian (including works by Ahmed Burić, Pavao Pavličić, Tanja Stupar-Trifunović, Marko Pogačar).

Dušan Šarotar has been awarded residencies for writers in Krems (TOP 22), Mons (ECC), Pordenone (Pordenone Legge), Galway (Cúirt Festival), Sarajevo (PEN), Cetinje (OKF) and Berlin (LCB), and has been a guest of numerous national and international literary festivals (Vilenica, Dnevi poezije in vina, Oko besede, Pordenone Legge, Etonnants Voyageurs, Giornata mondiale della poesia, Passaporta, Festival de las letras europeas, Littfest, Forum Tomizza, Sarajevski dani poezije, Bookstan, Patras World Poetry Festival, Festival svjetske književnosti). He has held readings and presentations in many cities and universities around the world (Buenos Aires, Oxford, Rome, Trieste, Vienna, Dublin, Budapest, Lisbon, Paris, Frankfurt, Leipzig, Graz, Brussels, Ghent, Warsaw, Moscow, Zagreb, Podgorica).

In addition to his work in the field of literature, Šarotar also writes film scripts. These include film portraits of the sculptor Stane Jarm, directed by

Špela Kucler, and of the poets Gregor Strniša, Dane Zajc and Milan Dekleva, directed by Brane Bitenc, all of which were produced by the Radio-Television of Slovenia. The short film *Mario je gledal morje z zaljubljenimi očmi* (Mario Was Watching The Sea With Love; director Svetlana Dramlić) was also made, based on Šarotar's short story 'V ladjedelnici' (In the Shipyard) and adapted for film; the film also features the author himself, alongside actress Branka Katić. Based on Šarotar's and Lainšček's poetry collection *Feel for the Wind*, director Maja Weiss made a poetic documentary. Šarotar has written scripts for national celebrations marking the 100th anniversary of the annexation of Prekmurje to the motherland ('Reka, pesem in gravitacijski valovi': 'The River, the Song and Gravitational Waves', 2019), on the occasion of the 300th anniversary of the birth of the translator and Protestant priest Štefan Küzmič ('Jezik, govorica in umetna inteligenca': 'Language, Speech and Artificial Intelligence', 2023), and the 130th anniversary of the birth of engineer and space technology pioneer Herman Potočnik Noordung ('Sporočila za zemljo': 'Messages for Earth', 2022).

In 2012 Šarotar began developing his photographic series *Duše* (Souls), which he has exhibited in several domestic and international galleries. On the occasion of the opening of the exhibition in the Maribor synagogue, he organized the humanistic symposium *Koncepti in podobe duše* (Concepts and Images of the Soul). He also thoughtfully incorporates his own photographs into his books of fiction and poetry. His photographs are included in the permanent collection of the Murska Sobota Gallery.

Selected awards and accolades

- 2008 City of Murska Sobota award for the novel *Billiards at the Hotel Dobray*
 2017 César López Cuadras Readers Award for Fiction for the novel *Panorama*
 2023 Župančič Award for the novel *Star Chart*

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Jezik je morje nad našimi samotami

Diana Pungeršič

Šepetanje

Nikoli ne bom zmogel prenesti večnega molka, resničnega brezvetrja, ki leži na dnu mrtvega morja, niti ne bom zmogel pričarati uničujočega viharja, v katerem je bil ustvarjen svet. Vedno bom le šepetal kot ravnina, ki ni ne morje ne zemlja, in ki raste v meni.

Občutek za veter (2004)

Dušan Šarotar je s svojo občutenjsko in v presežno odprto pisavo eden najizvirnejših predstavnikov sodobne slovenske književnosti. Pisatelj, pesnik in scenarist v svojem bogatem opusu, ki ob številnih scenarijih za dokumentarne portrete umetnikov in delih za otroke šteje doslej deset proznih knjig in tri zbirke poezije, tenkočutno izrisuje zemljevide nevidnega, neslišnega in zamolčanega sveta – v zavedanju, da ta govori, tudi če je zakopan v molk. Sodi med tiste literate, ki vse življenje pišejo eno in isto knjigo, ne glede na njihovo (z)vrstno oznako, kajti vse njegovo besedno snovanje izhaja iz enega in istega pesniškega občutenja, »nič drugega me ni nekoč pritegnilo v pisanje kot poezija in tudi nič drugega me tukaj ne zadržuje, ostaja mi samo misel na pesem, ki bi jo rad še napisal, z vsako pesmijo me je več. Če ne bi pisal, ne bi bil isti človek.« (*Ne morje ne zemlja*, str. 23.)

Šarotarjeva pripoved se pogosto izmika klasičnim formalnim opredelitvam, namesto o fabuli, zapleteni dogajalni liniji, klasičnih protagonistih, njihovih značajih, medosebnih odnosih govorimo o sugestivnem vzdušju, podobah, miljeju, občutkih in (pra)spominu. Te svojevrstne zgodbene meditacije presegajo družbene kontekste, vzročno-posledično logiko kot tudi linearno in sploščeno dožemanje časa-prostora, njihova perspektiva se vselej razpira v onkraj, v pokrajine, ki jih ni, a vendarle je prav tam, kjer ni več ničesar, protislovno vse navzoče in pričujoče. Njegov značilni protagonist je samotna postava, arhetipski tujec v svetu, čutni rezoner, v daljavo zazrt opazovalec, pričevalec, katerega glas prihaja iz globine tišine, da bi skoz-njo poročal o celoviti bivanjski resnici.

Naključni sprehajalec ob tej pozni uri bi lahko s ceste v poltemi videl njuni drobni silhueti; bila sta kot senci, kot duhova, neresnična v svoji trenutni sreči, ali mogoče samo tavajoči duši, ki lebdita pod stropom. Človek bi ju zamenjal za tujca, pasanta, ki sta se ustavila v hotelu na dolgi in neznani poti, morebiti je pomislil, ko je za hip postal pod kandelabrom na drugi strani ceste in si prižgal kratko cigareto ter se zagledal v pročelje, blodita, blodila bosta po svetu, vendar nikoli ne bomo vedeli, ali se vračata ali bežita. (*Zvezdna karta*, str. 16.)

Na domačo literarno sceno je Šarotar stopil leta 1999 z romanom *Potapljanje na dah*, v katerem že prepoznamo vse temeljne značilnosti njegove pisave – poudarjeno atmosfero, arhetipsko pripovedno zasnovo in izbran metaforičen jezik, v katerem se na mikro- in makroravni razpira vse nevidno in nedoumljivo. Zgodba tujca, ki se lepega dne znajde med domačini na oddaljenem južnem otoku, kjer skuša doumeti njihove skrivnosti, od smrti do boja za preživetje, se že v začetku opusa izrisuje kot prispodoba bivanja, a tudi pesniškega raziskovanja (smisla) življenja. Morje kot brezdanja globina se s svojo bogato simboliko vzpostavi kot eden osrednjih motivov in toposov, ki ga srečujemo v domala vseh pisateljevih knjigah, le da se sčasoma vse pogostejše preobraža v panonsko ravnico, tj. pozabljeno morje, na dnu katerega je zakopan tudi spomin, osrednji pisateljev navdih.

Neskončno valovanje zemlje, nihanje ravnine, v kateri sem bil rojen. Odpira se mi svet, ki ga je zapustilo morje, ostal je le oddaljen spomin, zapisan v črni nafti in premogu. Ta svet poganja in razsvetljuje spomin, skrit globoko v notranjosti zemlje. Pisanje je odpiranje morja. Iskanje atmosfere, kjer zaživi moj notranji svet. Skozi slikanje in ubesedovanje pejsažev priklicujem in oživljam tisti nevidni, skrivnostni del našega sveta. Vedno manj je morja, odpirata se zemlja in zvezdno nebo. (*Ne morje ne zemlja*, str. 67.)

Ob morje, reko, na otoke, v pragozd so umeščene tudi zgodbe iz zbirke *Mrtvi kot* (2003), pridružijo pa se jim še sodobnejša prizorišča – železnica, kolodvor, letalo, letališče, urbani labirinti, ki služijo kot ozadje, na katero iz arhetipskega spomina ali sanj presevajo človekove notranje krajine in najtežja metafizična vprašanja brez dokončnega odgovora. Bivanjsko središče Šarotarjevih likov je ne glede na zunanji vrvež vselej otoško, samotarsko, njihov horizont neskončno in neredko tudi strašljivo razsežje.

Že je bil na robu sanj, ko mu je vdrla v ušesa čista tišina, ničesar ni bilo, kot da bi lebdel v veselju, v popolnem ravnovesju z vsem. Tega veličastnega občutka ga je bilo pravzaprav strah. Trenutek, ko popustijo vse sponе tega sveta, preskok v breztežnost, proti najgloblji temi, kjer se na robovih misli lesketajo le zvezde. Popolno in dovršeno gibanje. Oči ima zaprte, čuti le božanje svetlobnih ščitov na obzornici, planeti, galaksije, njegov dom, ostajajo daleč zadaj. Tone, staplja se z grozljivo brezbriznostjo. (*Mrtvi kot*, str. 50.)

Navsezadnje se tudi v kratkem romanu *Nočitev z zajtrkom* (2003) za rakom oboleli protagonist odpravlja s svojo svežo ljubeznijo na morje, na otok k svetilniku, kjer s skokom v morje (!) naposled stori samomor. K temu, tudi simboličnemu potopu, odhodu v drugo razsežnost bivanja, ga opogumi prav ljubezen, ki je kot najmočnejša bivanjska sila tudi nasploh avtorjevo osnovno ustvarjalno načelo. »Edino literatura, umetnost lahko govori na način ljubezni. Če pa je nekaj napisano na način ljubezni, je to izraz duše človeka. Da bi zazvenel jezik, moraš imeti navdih, biti navdahnjen, inspiriran; navdih je nagovor. Jaz ne nagovarjam, preizprašujem sveta, tako kot znanstvenik ali filozof, ampak svet, jezik nagovarja mene. Šele ko sem nagovorjen, lahko odgovorim tako, da se vprašam po smislu – in to na pesniški način.«

Za svoj najgloblji (literarni) potop, ki ga je privedel k izhodiščni temi in bivanjski rani, se je pisatelj pripravljaj več let. Holokavst, ki je ob milijonih usodno zaznamoval pisateljevega deda, judovskega trgovca iz Murske Sobote, je vsaj skozi motivne drobce pred tem obravnaval v pesniških zbirkah *Krajina v molu* (2006) in *Hiša moje-ga sina* (2008), izrecno in v vsej kompleksnosti pa se je te nedoumljive tragedije lotil v poetičnih romanih, ki tvorita osišče njegovega dosedanjega opusa. »Res se pri nas o tem ni govorilo, ne doma ne v mestu. Seveda smo pa vsi vedeli, da je stari oče imel še pred nami družino, ki jo je izgubil v holokavstu. To ni zgodba o nekom, ki ga jaz nikoli nisem srečal, prav nasprotno, dolgo sva živela skupaj, imel sem sedemnajst let, ko je stari oče umrl. Lahko bi rekel, da je pisanje moj dolg ter da sem glas in vest družine. Ampak o tem sem prvič spregovoril šele v sedmi knjigi, ko sem uvidel, da je to moja zgodba.«

V vsej polnosti ta sprva zazveni v romanu *Biljard v Dobrayu* (2007), umeščenem v čas ob koncu vojne, ko se Franz Schwartz, judovski trgovec, ki je v nasprotju z ženo in sinom čudežno preživel taborišče Auschwitz, tik pred osvoboditvijo vrača v rojstno Mursko

Soboto. Naelektrena, a protislovno tudi nežna pripoved, ki skozi okruške življenj posameznih prebivalcev mesta razodeva srhljivo skrivnost deportacij in dolga leta zamolčano grozo iztrebljanja, je predvsem hommage Soboti, »varašu, kjer veter vztrajno išče duše, da bi v njih ponovno zazvenel«. Prelomna ni le v avtorjevem opusu, temveč tudi slovenski književnosti, saj pomeni prvi primer literarne obravnave holokavsta v Prekmurju.

Usodi dedove prve družine se je pisatelj posvetil tudi v romanu *Zvezdna karta* (2021), v katerem skozi oči služkinje s pomenljivim imenom Žalna spremljamo drobce iz življenja trgovca Franca, njegove žene Rože in njenega sina Evgena, kot so ga živeli pred vojno. Osrednje dogajanje je postavljeno v Šalovce, kjer je družina stanovala, napisana pa je v tesnem prepletu zgodovinskih (dokumentarnih) referenc in zavirljive večine evokacije, po zaslugi katere povsem od blizu, domala od znotraj hkrati zremo v kolektivno kot individualno bit. *Zvezdna karta* kot sugestivna pripoved o slutnji razpada in velikega uničenja skupaj z *Biljardom v Dobrayu* tvori presunljiv diptih o mnoga leta zamolčanem poglavju (tudi) naše zgodovine. Podvojena žalostinka o koncu (družine), v kateri glavno besedo dobijo intenzivna občutja in zlovešče vzdušje, ko se zdi, da se je vse že zgodilo, četudi je prihodnost morda še daleč, sooča z neizbežnostjo usode in je obenem edinstven poklon pesniškemu jeziku, v katerem in s katerim je moč življenje zares vzdržati in ga kljub tragiki celo preoblikovati v presunljivo lepoto.

Zamolčani soboški šoi se je pisatelj poklonil tudi v novelistični zbirki *Nostalgija* (2010), neposredno v dveh pripovedih: *Haustor*, ki že v naslovu priklicuje (metafizična) vrata, iz sedanosti odpelje prav k tistemu dedku in njegovemu sinu, ki ju srečamo v omenjenih osrednjih romanih, usodo še ene preživele deportiranke iz taborišča Auschwitz, soboške Judinje Juste Schön, pa odstira v noveli *Lastovka*, ki podobno kot letalo ali ladja, osrednja motiva drugih dveh pripovedi, prav tako nosi simbolni pomen – vrnitve, prihoda pomladi, a tudi preseganja – skozi umetnost letenja in potapljanja. Tudi te zgodbe segajo v nevidne globine človeka, prostore duše, kjer je naš dom, Šarotarjevo pisanje pa tako eno samo vračanje domov, k izviru.

Eno od pozabljenih zgodb prekmurskih Judov obuja tudi dvojezična pripoved *Ostani z mano, duša moja / Ostani z menov, dūša moja* (2011), posvečena Juliusu Schöneru, »judovskemu fotografu iz Šalovec, umorjenemu v koncentracijskem taborišču Auschwitz«.

Njegova usoda se v fragmentih razodeva skozi oči mladega para, ki se po vojni sreča na čezoceanki (!) na poti v novo življenje onkraj velike luže in ju med drugim zbliža prav spomin na umetnika, ki je ob vseh grozotah, ki jih je moral dokumentirati, v objektiv uporno lovil tudi nebo in oblake, duše sežganih, torej prav tistih, katerim v pesmi-zgodbi novo življenje snuje tudi Šarotar.

Svojska cezura v opusu je esejistično-antološka knjiga *Ne morje, ne zemlja*, v kateri pisatelj premišljuje svojo ustvarjalno pot, odnos do književnosti in umetnosti, njegova široka misel tudi tukaj ubeži slehernim formalnim pričakovanjem o literaturi ali njeni refleksiji.

Upam si trditi, da te knjige, morebiti tudi mene kot pisatelja, ne bi bilo, če ne bi bilo tistega otoka, kjer se mi je odprla notranja pokrajina. [...] Ničesar pravzaprav nisem razumel, tako kot še zdaj ne razumem, ker tega se ne bo dalo razumeti, ta pokrajina je resnična samo v literaturi. Samo tukaj je ujete nekaj tiste svetlobe, strahu, samote, praznine, norosti, ljubezni in smrti, o kateri edino lahko govorimo, ker nikoli zares ne umre. Ta svet živi, govori z besedami, ki niso od tega sveta, tisti občutek, ko za trenutek vemo, morebiti samo čutimo, da smo, prihaja iz nevidnega, notranjega sveta, ki ga nagovarjajo pesniki. Izhajamo iz tišine. (*Ne morje ne zemlja*, str. 13.)

Literarno ustvarjanje Dušana Šarotarja je nenehna ekvilibristika – oblikovna, spoznavna ali bivanjska, sprehajanje po robu, postajanje na meji med tu in tam, vidnim in nevidnim, tišino in glasom, zamolčanim in izpovedanim. Ne gre za akrobacijo zaradi akrobacije, igre, temveč za poznavanje moči literature in življenja, ko se slednje v polnosti zave svojega rojstva iz smrti, za mehčanje navidezne ločnice, njeno presnavljanje, zabrisovanje, prestavljanje. Enega takih zabrisov in s tem novih formalnih premikov zasledimo v drseči *Panorami (pripovedi o poteku dogodkov)*, ki združuje prvine potopisa, (avto)biografije, reportaže, filozofskih razmišljanj z liričnimi metafikcijskimi postopki. Pisatelj, prvoosebni pripovedovalec, tokrat posodi glas najrazličnejšim izkoreninjencem, ki jih srečuje na svojih poteh, med pisateljskimi bivanji na Irskem, v Belgiji in Bosni. Tujci, izseljenci, priseljenci, zdomci, ahasverji, iskalci, nomadi s svojimi zgodbami sooblikujejo, uravnavajo pripovedni tok in ustvarijo nekakšno duševno krajino človeka našega časa – neredko samotno, tesnobno, razdrobljeno, razklano, odtujeno. Sidrišče, ki ga vsi ti protagonisti iščejo, se skriva v izgubljenem jeziku in zdi se, da

to prvotno slovnico bivanja zanje (in vse nas) obnavlja prav njihov lirski poslušalec: »Umetnost je umetnost empatije. Jezik je morje med našimi samotami, beseda je razdalja in bližina hkrati, pot k Drugemu.« (*Ne morje ne zemlja*, str. 16.)

Dušan Šarotar se z vsako novo knjigo na novo izumi, četudi v osnovnem (za)stavku ostaja nezgrehljiv, trdno zavezan integraciji, združevanju, prepletanju vsega, kar je površina razdelila. Če je v dosedanjem opusu vztrajal pri trdnem spoju fizike in metafizike, proze in poezije, se v najnovejši poemi *Nikomah poroča* (2023) izrecno pridruži še etika. V tej pesniški knjigi izstopimo iz osebno-izpovedne, intimne sfere, značilne za pretežni del opusa, in se preselimo na občo raven. V ospredju ni več posameznik, njegova individualna (tragična) usoda, temveč raziskovanje fenomena zla v vsej njegovi nesluteni razsežnosti in nedoumljivosti. V temelju Nikomahove poti od Wannseejskega jezera proti južnemu otoku, stoji holokavst, toda ne kot (izključno) zgodovinski dogodek, temveč kot princip, (nepojasnljiv) pojav, kot (zaklet) vzorec *strašne katastrofe*. Vlogo opazovalca in popisovalca prevzame naslovni Aristotelov sin, njegova spoznanja pa beleži njegov sopotnik – pesnik. Trideset lirskih fragmentov se naposled poveže v pesnitev, polno pomenljivih (pris)podob, referenc in pesniških figur, ki nagovarjajo pozabljene (tudi moralne) vzgibe v nas. *Nikomah poroča* je tako vsebinska kot oblikovna sinteza dosedanjega Šarotarjevega literarnega snovanja, izviren preplet nastavkov iz proznih knjig, ki tvorijo pretežni del opusa, ter klasičnih pesniških zbirk, ki jih je izdal v začetnem obdobju svoje ustvarjalne poti: *Občutek za veter* (s Ferijem Lainščkom, 2004), *Krajina v molu* (2006) in *Hiša mojega sina* (2008).

V neomajni zavezanosti pesniški resnici Dušan Šarotar snuje docela samosvoj, notranje sklenjen literarni opus, najsi njegova pripoved poje ali njegova pesem pripoveduje, vselej nastaja v stiku s prazizvirom, svetlobo in novo možnostjo, ki jo ta ponuja. Kot pisatelj-krajinar ustvarja knjige metafore, mnoge med njimi je opremil tudi z lastnimi črno-belimi fotografijami, ki zaokrožajo dialog z mrtvimi in tišino, iz katere vznika njegov edinstveni jezik – lovalec podobe časa. Iz teh, le slutenih pokrajin porojena pripoved ne pojasnjuje logike banalnega sveta, temveč približuje celoto bivanja, udomačuje zaumno skrivnost in na sledi presežnemu blaži bolečino življenja. Šarotarjevo pisanje zato lahko uziramo tudi kot obliko žalovanja, njegovo knjige pa kot povabilo, da se temu transformativnemu procesu pridružimo tudi

sami, namreč šele ko dovolimo, da smrt in pokojni pridejo tudi v našo bližino, se žalost spričo ločenosti raztopi, iz globokega stika s tiho praznino pa zazveni pesem – zdravilo za dušo.

Language is the sea between our solitudes

Diana Pungeršič

Whispers

Never will I be able to convey the eternal silence, the true, windless calm, which lies at the bottom of the dead sea; nor will I be able to conjure forth the annihilating storm in which the world was created. I will always only whisper, like the plain that is neither sea nor land, which grows within me.

Občutek za veter, 2004 (A Feeling for the Wind)

With his atmospheric way of writing, open to transcendence, Dušan Šarotar is one of the most original representatives of contemporary Slovenian literature. In his vast oeuvre, which includes – along with many screenplays for documentary portraits of artists and children's books – ten books of prose and three collections of poetry, this prose writer, poet, and screenwriter subtly charts an unseen, unheard and unmentioned world, aware that this world speaks even if it is submerged in silence. He belongs among the authors who write the same book all their lives, regardless of genre label, because all his verbal creation stems from the same poetic feeling, 'it was poetry and nothing else that drew me into writing, and nothing else keeps me here; all that remains to me is the thought of the poem I still want to write; with every poem there is more of me. If I didn't write, I would not be the person I am.' (*Ne morje ne zemlja* – Neither the Sea nor Land)

Šarotar's narrative often eludes classic formal definitions. Rather than talk about a plot, a complicated line of events, classic protagonists and their characters or interpersonal relationships, we focus on the suggestive atmosphere, images, milieu, feelings and (ancient) memory. These idiosyncratic storylike meditations reach beyond social contexts, beyond the logic of cause and effect, as well as beyond a linear and flattened perception of time and space. Their perspective always opens up to the beyond, to non-existing landscapes: paradoxically, it is precisely where nothing is left that everything is present. Šarotar's typical protagonist is a lone figure, an archetypal stranger to the world, a sensual reasoner, an observer gazing into the distance, a witness whose voice wells up from the depths of silence, to report through the silence about the full truth of existence.

A person by chance strolling by at this late hour might, in the semidarkness, have seen their tiny silhouettes from the road; the two were like shadows, like ghosts, unreal in their present happiness, or maybe they were just roving souls, hovering beneath the ceiling. The person would have mistaken them for foreigners, for travellers passing through, who had stopped at the hotel on their long and unknown journey; maybe, as he stood for a moment beneath the street lamp on the opposite side of the road, lighting a short cigarette and gazing at the building, he thought, they are wandering; they will wander through the world, but we will never know if they are going home or running away. (*Zvezdna karta* – Star Chart)

Šarotar ascended the Slovenian literary stage in 1999 with his novel *Potapljanje na dah* (Freediving), which already manifests all his basic features – a powerful atmosphere, an archetypal narrative design, and a choice metaphorical language, in which all that is unseen and unfathomable opens up at both macro and micro levels. The story of a foreigner who finds himself one day among the locals on a remote south Adriatic island, attempting to understand their mysteries, from death to the struggle for survival, emerges at the very start of his oeuvre as a parable of being and of poetic research into (the sense of) life. With its rich symbolism, the sea as a bottomless abyss is established as one of the central motifs and topics found in practically all of Šarotar's books, except that over time it transforms ever more often into the Pannonian plain, that is, a forgotten sea, on the bottom of which lies buried memory, the author's main inspiration.

The endless undulation of the land, the rocking of the plain on which I was born. The world that opens to me was left behind by the sea; all that remains is a distant memory written in black oil and coal. This world is propelled and illuminated by the memory hidden deep in the bowels of the earth. To write is to open the sea. To search for the atmosphere in which my inner world comes to life. By painting landscapes, by putting them into words, I summon forth and bring to life the invisible, mysterious part of our world. The sea is less and less; the land and starry sky are opening. (Neither Sea nor Land)

The sea coast, the riverside, islands, the primeval forest are likewise the settings of the stories in the collection *Mrtvi kot* (2003; Blind Spot). However, they are joined by more contemporary settings – the railroad, the train station, the airplane, the airport, urban

labyrinths. These serve as a background against which the archetypal memory or dreams radiate man's inner landscapes and the most difficult metaphysical questions, to which there are no conclusive answers. Regardless of the outside bustle, the existential centre of Šarotar's characters is always insular, solitary, and their horizon is an infinite, often frightening expanse.

He was already on the edge of a dream when his ears were filled with total silence – there was nothing, as if he was floating in space, in perfect balance with everything. This magnificent feeling was, in fact, frightening to him. The moment when all ties to this world relax, the leap into weightlessness, towards deepest darkness, where, on the edges of thought, only the stars are shining. Perfect and consummate motion. His eyes are shut; he feels only the caress of the light shields on the line of the horizon; the planets, the galaxies, his home – all are left far behind. He is sinking, melting, into a horrifying indifference. ('The Return, Blind Spot')

Last but not least, the protagonist of the short novel *Nočitev z zajtrkom* (2003; Bed and Breakfast), who is a cancer patient, sets out with his new love for a sea island with a lighthouse, where he at last commits suicide by leaping into the sea (!). What encourages him to undertake this immersion, which is symbolically suggestive of the departure for a different dimension of being, is love. As the strongest existential force, love is the creative principle underlying Šarotar's overall creativity. 'Only literature, art, can speak in the manner of love. And if something is written in the manner of love, it is an expression of a person's soul. To make your language ring, you must have inspiration, be inspired; inspiration is an apostrophe. I do not apostrophise or re-examine the world like a scientist or philosopher: rather, it is the world, the language, that apostrophises me. Only when I am apostrophised can I respond by asking myself about the sense – and I do so in the manner of poetry.'

The author's preparations for his deepest (literary) immersion, which brought him to his starting theme and to his existential wound, took several years. The holocaust with its fatal impact on millions overtook his grandfather, too – a Jewish merchant from Murska Sobota – and had been previously addressed at least through motif fragments in the poetry collections *Krajina v molu* (2006; Landscape in a Minor Key) and *Hiša mojega sina* (2008; The House

of My Son). Explicitly and in all its complexity, this inconceivable tragedy has been handled in two poetic novels which form the fulcrum of Šarotar's oeuvre. 'It is true that it was not spoken about, either at home or in town. But of course, we all knew that grandfather had had a family before us which he lost in the holocaust. This is not the story of someone I'd never met, on the contrary, we lived together for a long time, I was seventeen when grandfather died. I could say that writing is my debt and that I am the voice and conscience of my family. But I did not speak up about it before my seventh book as it was only then I realized that it was my story.'

In all its fullness, this story first finds its voice in the novel *Biljard v Dobrayu* (2007; *Billiards at the Hotel Dobray*), set at the end of World War II and revolving around the Jewish merchant Franz Schwartz, who has – unlike his wife and son – miraculously survived the concentration camp Auschwitz and is on his way back to his native Murska Sobota on the eve of liberation. The highly charged yet paradoxically tender narrative, which uses chips of the townspeople's lives to reveal the chilling secret of the deportations and the horror of extermination, kept secret for years, is above all a homage to Murska Sobota, 'a town where the wind is constantly seeking souls in which it can again reverberate'. It is a watershed publication, not only in the author's oeuvre but also in Slovenian literature, being the first literary treatment of the Prekmurje holocaust.

The fate of his grandfather's first family reappears in Šarotar's novel *Star Chart* (2021), where fragments from the pre-war lives of merchant Franc, his wife Roža, and their son Evgen are shown through the eyes of a housemaid with the telling name Žalna – The Mourning One. The main plot is set at Šalovci, where the family lived. Historical (documentary) references are closely intertwined with enviable skills of evocation, which enables us to observe both the collective and individual essences closely, practically from the inside. As a suggestive tale about foreboding disintegration and great annihilation, *Star Chart* forms together with *Billiards at the Hotel Dobray* a harrowing diptych about a chapter in our history which has been hushed up for many years. A reduplicated lament about the end (of the family), dominated by intense feelings and ominous atmosphere, when everything seems already to have happened, though the future may be a long time off, confronts us with the ineluctability of fate. At the same time, it is a unique compliment

to the language of poetry, in which and with which life can be tolerable, and even reshaped into harrowing beauty despite the tragic.

Moreover, the author pays direct homage to the hushed-up Murska Sobota Shoah in the short fiction collection *Nostalgija* (2010; Nostalgia), notably in two stories: one of them, 'Haustor,' evokes in its very title a (metaphysical) door and takes us from the present to that same grandfather and his son who we encounter in the central novels discussed above. The other story, 'Lastovka' (The Swallow), unveils the fate of another survivor from the Auschwitz camp, a Murska Sobota Jewish woman called Justa Schön. Like an airplane or a ship, the central motifs of the other two narratives, the swallow carries a symbolic meaning as well – of return, the coming of spring, as well as transcendence – through the arts of flying and diving. These stories, too, reach into the invisible depths of a human being, into the spaces of the soul where our home is, and Šarotar's writing is thus always a voyage back home, to the source.

Another forgotten story of the Prekmurje Jews is resuscitated by the bilingual narrative *Ostani z mano, duša moja / Ostani z menov, duša moja* (2011; Stay with Me, My Soul), dedicated to Julius Schönauer, 'a Jewish photographer from Šalovci, murdered in the concentration camp Auschwitz'. Fragments of his story come to light through the eyes of a young couple, who meet after the war on a transoceanic ship (!), bound for a new life on the other side of the ocean. They are drawn together partly by the very memory of the artist who had to document horrors but stubbornly sought to catch the sky and clouds as well, the souls of the cremated – the same people for whom Šarotar, too, builds a new life in his poem-story.

A certain break in his work is brought about by the essay anthology *Neither the Sea nor Land*, in which the writer reflects on his creative path, his attitude to literature and to art. Again, his broad thinking eludes any formal expectations about literature or literary reflection.

I would go so far as to say that this book, perhaps even myself as a writer, would not exist were it not for that island where my inner landscape opened to me. [...] I actually did not understand anything, just as I still don't even now, because it is not possible to understand it – this landscape is real only in literature. Only here is something caught of that light, fear, solitude, emptiness, madness, love, and death, which we can talk about only because it never truly dies. This world lives, speaks

through words that are not of this world; that feeling when, for a moment, we know, or perhaps merely sense, that we exist – it comes from the invisible inner world, the world poets speak to. We are born out of silence. (Neither Sea nor Land)

The literary creativity of Dušan Šarotar is always about equilibrium – formal, cognitive, or existential; about walking on the edge, about lingering on the line between here and there, the visible and invisible, silence and sound, the suppressed and the professed. He does not seek acrobatics for its own sake, as a game: rather, it conveys his knowledge of the power of literature and life when the latter becomes fully aware that it is born out of death; it macerates, digests, blurs, shifts the apparent dividing line. One instance of such blurring, and thus of new formal moves, is seen in the gliding *Panorama. Pripoved o poteku dogodkov* (*Panorama: A narrative about the course of events*), which unites the elements of travelogue, (auto) biography, reportage, and philosophical reflection with lyric meta-fictional processes. This time the writer as the first-person narrator lends his voice to a motley crew of uprooted people he encounters on his travels, at writers' residences in Ireland, Belgium, and Bosnia. The stories of these foreigners, emigrants, immigrants, expatriates, wandering Jews, seekers, nomads help to shape and regulate the narrative flow, creating a spiritual landscape of the contemporary man – more often than not solitary, anxious, fragmented, riven, alienated. The mooring sought by all the protagonists lies in the lost language, and it seems that this primary grammar of existence is renewed for them (and for all of us) precisely by their lyric listener: 'Art is the art of empathy. Language is the sea between our solitudes; words are at once both distance and nearness, the path to the Other.' (Neither Sea nor Land)

Dušan Šarotar reinvents himself with every new book, although his fundamental stance remains unmistakable, firmly committed to integration, to the merging and interweaving of everything divided by the surface. If his oeuvre has maintained until recently a firm union of physics and metaphysics, prose and poetry, his most recent book-length poem, *Nikomah poročča* (2023; Nicomachus Reports), explicitly adds ethics. In this book of poetry, we leave the confessional intimate sphere characteristic of the bulk of his oeuvre, moving to a general level. What is foregrounded is no longer the individual, the individual's (tragic) destiny, but exploration of the phenomenon

of evil in all its unsuspected vastness and unfathomability. At the heart of Nicomachus' journey from Wannsee towards the southern island lies the holocaust, but not as an (exclusively) historical event; rather, it is a principle, an inexplicable phenomenon, a jinxed pattern of *a terrible catastrophe*. The role of the observer and chronicler is assumed by Aristotle's son, while his insights are recorded by his fellow traveller – a poet. Thirty lyric fragments finally twine into a poem full of meaningful parables and images, references, and poetic figures speaking to the forgotten impulses (including moral ones) within us. *Nicomachus Reports* is a synthesis of Šarotar's literary design in terms of both content and form, an original interweaving of the suggestions in his prose books – the bulk of his oeuvre – and the classic poetry collections published at the early stage of his writing career: *A Feeling for the Wind* (with Feri Lainšček, 2004), *Landscape in a Minor Key* (2006), and *The House of My Son* (2008).

In his unshakeable commitment to poetic truth, Dušan Šarotar builds an idiosyncratic, internally rounded literary oeuvre. Whether his narrative sings or his poem narrates, it always comes into existence in contact with an ancient source, with light, and a new possibility offered by that light. As a writer-landscape painter he creates books of metaphor, many of them furnished with his own black and white photos, which round off his dialogue with the dead and with silence. From these springs his unique language – a catcher of the image of the times. The narrative born of those barely divined landscapes does not explain the logic of the banal world: rather, it brings closer the wholeness of being, familiarizes a mystery beyond reason, and in its quest for transcendence alleviates the pain of life. Thus, Šarotar's writing may even be perceived as a form of mourning and his books as an invitation to us to participate in this transformative process. It is only when we allow death and the dead to come near that our sorrow at separation melts down and a poem sounds from our deep contact with a silent void – medicine for the soul.

Translated by Nada Grošelj
Quotations from Šarotar's works translated by Rawley Grau

Zvezdna karta

(odlomek iz romana)

Večer pred odhodom sem stopila na pručko in povlekla z omare primeren kovček, manjšega platnenega, če je načrtoval ostati zdoma le nekaj noči, ali večjega usnjenega, ki je bil primeren za daljše poti; velik, težek lesen kovček, ki je bil spravljen pod posteljo, je uporabil le izjemoma, spominjam se, da sem ga pripravila le nekajkrat. Kovček je bil ameriški, izdelan iz močnega lesa, ob vogalih je bil ojačan s pločevino, zunaj je bil oblečen v bež usnje in platno, znotraj pa v temno rdeče blago z drobnim vzorcem. Kupil ga je od nekega emigranta, ki se je z njim vrnil domov iz Amerike ter ga ob prihodu v Soboto takoj prodal, da si je na železniški postaji kupil karto za preostanek poti, v gostilni je pojedel malico in na koncu mu je še nekaj ostalo, najbrž ni želel nikoli več potovati čez Atlantik. Videti je bil kot nov, saj je bil človek z njim samo enkrat na ladji, ne vem, kje je Franc srečal prišleka, teh je bilo v letih pred vojno veliko, prihajali so iz obljubljenе dežele, večinoma potrti, bolni in razočarani, le zelo redkim je uspelo prinesiti nekaj dolarjev, da so prekrili vegasto streho, začeli z manjšo obrtjo, bodisi s kovaštvom, podiranjem in žaganjem, mesarstvom ali šivanjem, ki so se je izučili v Ameriki, nekateri so pri kamnosekih takoj naročili nove kamnite križe za pokojne sorodnike in še zase na boljšem, svetlem delu pokopališča na Šalovskem bregu, pod lipo ali pri kapelici. Kar jim je zares ostalo, pa so običajno bili veliki kovčki, oblepljeni z reklamami in značkami ladijskih kompanij, s katerimi so pripotovali, kot edina vrednost in spomin. V kovčkih so potem še dolgo hranili in vanje spravljali platno, posteljnino in modne gvante s širokimi reverji in dvojnimi zapenjanjem, v katerih so prišli domov, tudi mi smo v tisti ogromni kovček spravljali čiste stvari, vsakič ko se je Roža sklonila pod posteljo in prijela za velik in gladek leseni ročaj ter ga z naporom potegnila po zloščenem podu, da bi ga spravila na svetlo in vanj zložila sveže oprano perilo, bel namizni prt za nedeljsko kosilo, ali iz njega vzela svojo svileno bluzo, se je zagotovo spomnila njune poroke v Soboti, saj ga je Franc kupil kmalu po tistem, mogoče pride prav za poročno potovanje, je rekel, šla bova, ko boš izbrala pot. Roža je zavzdihnila in samo rekla, ko je klečala pred odprtim kovčkom, kako je težek, mogoče je obžalovala, ker z možem nista nikoli skupaj potovala. Res je, da sta morala sprva potovanje odložiti zaradi nosečnosti, pozneje

pa sta odlašala iz različnih razlogov, predvsem Roža, mislim. No, prvič sem kovček napolnila, ko je Franc odpotoval na dolgo pot nekam v Nemčijo, takrat sem si ga tudi podrobno ogledala, saj je bil resnično lep in poseben, takšnega na naši mali postaji v Šalovcih nisi mogel videti, mogoče samo v kakšnem katalogu v soboškem butiku, ampak tja nisem hodila. In potem še mogoče enkrat, potoval je z ladjo nekam na morje, naj pomislim, je rekla Žalna.

[...]

Franc je v daljnem in tujem kraju najprej poiskal pošto, kakor smo si doma predstavljali, še zlasti sva z Rožo tako govorili vpričo otroka, da si je lažje priklical ljubega očeta, ki se mora zelo potruditi, da se lahko javi iz mesta domov, torej, sva pripovedovali Evgenu in si hkrati sproti domišljali. Torej, sva govorili, oče je v uradu uslužbenki napovedal medkrajevni klic na šalovsko pošto, operaterka je preklopila linijo in počakala, da se je oglasila uslužbenka na naši pošti ter prevzela klic.

Velik aparat s težko črno slušalko, zvonci in okroglo številčnico s ciframi od 0 do 9 visi na steni ob lesenem pultu, nad njim je obešena ura, točno nasproti vhoda, sredi sveže pobeljene stene visi slika v črnem okvirju, portret mladega kralja Petra II. V uradu je tiho, čutiti je vonj po vlagi in apnu, popoldansko sonce se upira v sivo fasado, žareča svetloba bije v prostor skozi visoka okna, zrak je težek, soppa pritiska, krilna vhodna vrata so odprta na stežaj, vendar ozračje miruje, nič se ne zgane, ne znotraj ne zunaj. Okoli druge ure popoldne, kar si telefonistka in pogodbeni upravnica šalovske pošte Anica Singer takoj zapiše v zvezek dohodnih klicev, ki jih vestno beleži, se spet oglasi rezek telefonski zvonec, danes že tretjič; drobno kladivce na vzmet vztrajno tolče med dvema pocinkanima zvoncema. Nenavadno težek in vroč dan, čeprav je šele junij, pomisli Anica, zato me boli glava. Čuti, da ji otekajo drobni prsti, med katerimi stiska nalivnik, s katerim počasi škrablja po papirju, piše naslove in šteje pošiljke, sprejema pakete in zлага dokumente, večkrat skrbno prešteva denar ter nosi pisma in manjše zavoje na železniško postajo, veliko platneno vrečo preda načelniku, ki jo spravi na varno v svojo pisarno. Pošto pozneje s prvim vlakom odpeljejo v Soboto, tam jo na kolodvoru prevzame kurir in poslano odnese na glavno pošto, kjer material razvrstijo in odpremijo naprej; tako pošiljke potujejo hitro

in varno, predvsem mednarodne in še posebej čezmorske, največ v Francijo in Ameriko in obratno. Pošta prihaja od povsod in potuje vsepovsod, kjer so naši ljudje, pretežno izseljenci, emigranti ali sezonzci. Uradne pošte dosti dospe iz Maribora, tudi Zagreba, največ pa iz Beograda, kjer se odloča o vsem, o politiki, davkih in rekrutih.

Anica Singer je pri delu energična in okretna, tukaj sedi že od same svečane otvoritve urada leta 1934, ki jo je ovekovečil domači fotograf Schönauer. To je bilo le nekaj dni pred novim letom in tako je že čez nekaj dni, ko se je šele privajala na pomembno in tudi zahtevno službo, prejela nekaj uradnih telefonskih klicev iz Sobote, čestitke ob odprtju urada ter prvo telefonsko voščilo v življenju, za novo leto 1935, česar seveda ne bo nikoli pozabila. Fotografijo in uradno voščilnico hrani v kuverti v predalu pod pultom.

Toda danes se ji je megnilo pred očmi, tresla se je, mrzel pot ji je tekkel, siva obleka z velikim poštirkanim ovratnikom je bila polna znojnih madežev. Komaj se je držala pokonci, zdelo se ji je, da je na njeno gibko telo legla neznanska teža, kot bi ležala v težkem zimskem plašču v ozki kadi, do vratu potopljena v vročo vodo. Dihala je počasi in skopo, čeprav jo je dušilo, morala bi vstati in nekajkrat globoko vdihniti, da bi si napolnila pljuča, vendar se ni mogla premakniti. Zdelo se ji je, da bi se lahko vsaj postavila na noge, ni bila še povsem brez moči, ampak volje ni imela, izpuhtela je, osušila se je kot vrtnica, čeprav je bilo steblo še trdno, in tudi zbodla bi, če bi jo zdaj kdo samo ogovoril ali pogledal. Najbolje bi bilo, da bi urad predčasno zaprla, zagrnila okna in se v temi spočila, lahko bi stopila ven skozi zadnja vrata, posedela na travi v senci, toda misli so tekle vse počasneje, ničesar se ni mogla domisliti, obstala je pri rutinskem delu, čeprav se ji je zatikalo pri preprostem štetju in štempljanju pisem. Vedela je, da bo kmalu morala zaključiti delo in pospraviti pult, ampak pred njo je še vedno ležal velik kup kuvert, nezavezanih paketov, predvsem pa še ni zaključila blagajne, kar jo je vedno najbolj skrbelo, ker nikakor ni hotela puščati nepreštete denarja v predalu.

Oblekel je lažjo, svetlejšo obleko, kratek plašč in siv klobuk, vse, kar je potreboval za poslovne sestanke, je nosil v manjšem usnjenem kovčku, dokumente, kataloge, bančne knjige in vrednostne papirje. Potem je Franc dolgo posedal v samoti, umaknjen pod stare košate platane. Svetloba je bila mehka, kot da bi mestni zrak, nasičen s

prometom in človeškim vrvežem, stemnila sivo zelena senca, ki se je dvigala nad počasnim veletokom Save in lebdela nad Zagrebom. Tiho izzvenevanje nekega obdobja, ga je nenadoma spreletela misel, ni vedel, ali je to pravkar kje prebral, morebiti slišal, ujel besedo, ki je ušla med diskretnim pogovorom pri sosednji mizi, imel je občutek, da je sonce nenadoma posijalo skozi veje in ga pogrelo. Odložil je plašč, čeprav mu je bilo pogosto hladno, tudi v poletnih večerih, ko sta z ženo sedela na verandi ali vrtu, je imel na sebi jopič, zdaj ko se je nekoliko ogrel in okrepčal ob velikem vrčku, se je sprostil. Napetost in naglica, ki ju je bil sicer vaju, kajti v poslu je vedno prisotna, sta se ob pomembnih in dolgoročnejših odločitvah samo stopnjevala. Vedel je, kje je meja, kaj je finančno vzdržno, predvsem pa, katera poteza je tvegana, še posebej je bil previden, kadar je posloval z vrednostnimi papirji, negotovinskimi nakazili in menicami, vendar se tudi temu ni mogel povsem izogniti, kadar je potreboval denar za naložbo, na primer ob nabavi večje količine gradbenega materiala ali železnine. Zgodilo se je, da je moral na svoje stroške prevzeti in skladiščiti in potem šele čez čas izročiti vagon ali tudi več materiala končnemu kupcu, poplačilo je tako prišlo z zamikom, pogosto je bil tudi samo posrednik pri uvozu iz bližnjih držav, Češke, Madžarske, Avstrije, ali izvozu blaga, posel pa je bilo v takih primerih najbolje zavarovati. Nikoli ni preveč tvegala, nikoli ogrozil svojega in družinskega premoženja. Vedno je dajal na stran, pametno obračal in modro vlagal v zemljo, gozdove, s katerimi je gospodaril, in v plemenite kovine, za zlato rezervo. Svet, ki ga je spoznal na lastne oči, je bil vse bolj negotov, kar se je lepo videlo v vse bolj agresivnem in brezkompromisnem boju na tržišču; ljudje, nekoč omikani trgovci in poslovneži, so posuroveli, nič več ni imelo vrednosti, vse je bilo odvisno od cene. Vse več jih je srečal, ki bi prodali tudi dušo, če bi le bil pripravljen zanj ponuditi zlatnik.

Prodana duša se ne more nikoli odkupiti nazaj. Za vedno izpuhti, umaže se in potepta, kot lanski sneg.

Pomislil je, saj se mi nikamor več ne mudi, začutil je, da mu je v življenju uspelo. Preplaval ga je prijeten in nepoznan občutek, kot da bi se zlil s prijetno atmosfero, ki je prevevala mestni park, še več, bilo je, kakor da bi bil dejaven del nečesa večjega, čeprav samo neznaten in minljiv, pa vendar, dihal je v sozvočju z nečim velikim in trajnim, kar ga je neskončno presegalo. Čutil je topel, blagodejen junijski zrak, uvidel je sprva neopazno skladnost, ki se mu je razkrila kot

nenaden preblisk, kakor sproščanje napetosti v naelektrenih oblakih, vedel je, da je nad njim samo še neskončna modrina. Vse je brstelo, raslo in se spreminjalo, udeležen je bil v tem večnem valovanju, ki mu je bilo povsem nedoumljivo, skrivnostno, občutek je imel, kot se bo spominjal pozneje, da je doživel nekaj lepega, čeprav ni bilo samo prijetno, nobenega ugodja ni bilo v doživetju, celo nasprotno, bilo je še najbližje vrtoglavici, ki zaznamuje vsako plovbo ali veličasten razgled z višine. Opazuje in se čudi velikim hišam z visokimi okni in lepimi, bogato okrašenimi fasadami, polkrožnimi balkoni s kovanimi ograjami, freskami z angelci in favni, povsod motivi obilja in zadržanega užitka, grozdje, sončnice, eksotična sadna drevesa, levje glave, titanska telesa in ženske figure, zavite v tančice, izklesane iz belega kamna, predvsem pa šumenje globokih vodnjakov in ptice visoko v zraku, med njimi pa samo breztežen zrak, občutek svobode, popolne prostosti, kar ga navdaja z upanjem, da so pred njim lepi dnevi, potovanje bo prijetno, ogledal si bo lahko še nekaj znamenitosti, sinagogo in živalski vrt, peljal se bo z vzpenjačo in si privoščil razgled na ulice, trge, parke in zvonike. Brez dežnika se bo sprehajal po mestu, prestopanje in čakanje na postajah bo prijetnejše, veselil se je posedanja, brezciljnega postopanja in tavanja v bližini železniških postaj, bral bo časopise, malical, privoščil si bo vrček piva na gostilniškem vrtu. Bil je poln načrtov in zamisli, vendar brez konkretnih ciljev in predvidenih učinkov, zgolj ideje, brezimni kraji in nedoločen čas, v njem so bili mogoče samo še spomini, podobe, ki so se vrivale v zavest, prihajale so in odhajale, kakor ptice ali vlaki, ali pa je morebiti sanjaril, načrtoval veliko potovanje, da bi ga potem v naslednjem hipu odložil, spremenil ali tudi brez obžalovanja pozabil. Ni več mislil na težko prtljago, s katero je vedno potoval, odmisli je strah pred izgubo in krajo, naporno čakanje in iskanje povezav za nadaljevanje poti, umazanijo, hrup in neprijaznost v zakotnih gostilnah in prenočiščih, tesnobno blodenje po tujih mestih, iskanje poštних uradov s telefonsko povezavo, škrabljanje in izmišljevanje doživetij v pismih in pošiljanje varljivih posnetkov na ličnih razglednicah, predvsem pa nenehne skrbi in razočaranje pri sklepanju poslov. Nenadoma ni bilo več neprijetnih sestankov, premetenih trgovcev, štetja dobička in preprečevanja izgube; zdaj je sam s svojimi mislimi, sredi živega sveta, ki mu ne more do živega, ničesar mu ne morejo vzeti, nikomur ni nič več dolžan. Obkrožen je samo še s svojimi ljubimi, pogovarja se s prijaznimi hotelirji, potuje

z uglajenimi sopotniki, skratka, posel je izpeljan, veseli se potovanja domov, čas, ki mu je ostal, pa je prvič čisto zares njegov.

Posluša počasno drsenje tramvaja, pravkar je strojevodja pozvonil in kompozicija se bo ropotaje premaknila, okna v vagonih so spuščena, otroci v kratkih hlačah, gospe v lepih plaščih, moški s klobuki in torbami, veliki cekarji in torbe, polni zelenjave, prišli so s tržnice na Dolcu, pomisli, na drugi strani kolona avtomobilov, črnih, sivih in snežno belih, krožijo okoli parka kot brez cilja.

Franc prebira časopis, obrača velike liste, za hip se ustavi pri fotografiji, v prvem planu je zdolgočasen moški v dolgem usnjenem plašču, opazi velike, črne in mrzle oči ter drobne brke na koščenem obrazu, pokrit je z veliko oficirsko kapo, v pesti stiska rokavice, takoj je prepoznal elegantno in mogočno silhueto stolpa v ozadju, ki je zaznamoval veduto velikega in lepega mesta, tudi v Pariz moramo odpotovati, je pomislil, potem ga spet zmotita ptiče petje in vrvež na cesti, zdaj več ne čaka na klopi pred oblazinjenimi vrati. Srečanje v prostorni in svetli pisarni s pogledom na mestni park je samo še tesnoben spomin. Posedli so ga za dolgo, zloščeno mizo, na površini katere se je lesketal odsev težkega kristalnega lestenca, v ozadju je elegantno bila mogočna stenska ura z zlatim nihalom, ki se nikoli ni ustavila. Po zraku je počasi plaval modrikast oblak, verjetno je nekdo le malo prej bil tukaj, med sestankom so kadili, tobak diši po zrelih figah in starem konjaku, je pomislil, ničesar nisem slišal; ko sem sedel pred vrati, je bilo v pisarni in na dolgih in zavitih hodnikih, pravzaprav povsod, vse potopljeno v spoštljiv, visok molk, redke in stišane besede, ki so komu ušle, so se stopile v šumotu velike fontane na notranjem dvorišču.

Vse je bilo dogovorjeno in urejeno ob napovedanem času, kakor si je predstavljal že prej. Na kratko so ga pustili samega v pisarni, da se v miru razgleda in pripravi na pogovor, stopil je nekaj korakov do visokega okna, težke bordo zavese so bile odgrnjene, zastori, kot jih je videl samo še v gledališču, padajo od stropa do zloščenega parketa. Lahke zavesice iz gostega belega tkanja so bile ob straneh zapete s pentljo, svetloba mu je oblila obraz in ramena. V roki je stiskal klobuk, torbo z dokumenti je pustil na mizi. Rahlo se je nagnil naprej in se s čelom dotaknil stekla. Na drugi strani tlakovane ceste v senci platan je zagledal bele mizice in stole, natakar v črni obleki nosi srebrn pladenj, zdaj ko sedi za tisto mizico, ki si jo je izbral, zadovoljno gleda proti oknu, kjer je pred slabo uro stal sam. Zdi se mu,

da še vedno stoji tam, pravkar je zagledal mizico v parku čez cesto, zdaj ve, ko se spominja, kaj se bo zgodilo s človekom, ampak tisti, ki stoji zgoraj ob oknu, tega še ne ve. Moža sta si na videz povsem podobna, enaka, ampak eden je resničen, drugi je narejen iz spomina. Ali je uradnik, ki je vstopil v pisarno skozi manjša vrata na drugi strani, lepo pozdravil, položil na mizo mapo s papirji, ki jih bo treba samo še podpisati, vedel, kdo je kdo? Se je vprašal, sploh podvomil, kateri podpisnik je pravi in kateri je izmišljen, narejen iz spomina in domišljije?

Roman *Zvezdna karta* je izšel pri založbi Goga (2022).

Star Chart

(excerpt from the novel)

The night before he'd leave, I would step up on the footstool and pull down the appropriate suitcase from on top of the cupboard, the smaller canvas one if he planned to stay away from home for just a few nights, or the bigger, leather one that was suitable for longer trips; only rarely did he use the big, heavy wooden suitcase, which was kept under the bed. I remember getting it ready for him only a few times. That suitcase was American made, of sturdy wood, with metal corners, the outside was covered in leather and canvas, the inside a fine pattern in dark red fabric. He'd bought it from some emigrant with whom he had returned from America and who had sold it immediately on arriving at the station in Murska Sobota, needing money to buy himself a ticket for the remainder of his voyage. He ate a meal in the restaurant, and afterward he still had a little left over. He probably had no desire of ever crossing the Atlantic again. The suitcase looked brand new, since it had only ever been on one ship. I don't know where Franc met this stranger, there were plenty of them before the war. They returned from the Promised Land, for the most part broken, sickly and disappointed, and hardly any had managed to bring back a few dollars so they could pay for a crooked roof to cover their heads; they took up trades, working as blacksmiths, fellers of trees, doing saw-work, or butchering or sewing, jobs they'd learned to do in America, and the first thing some of them did was to order a new stone cross from the stonemason for their deceased relatives, and for themselves as well, on the better, brighter part of the cemetery, on the river bank, under the linden tree or by the chapel. What really remained for them, as the only thing of value and the only reminder, were usually big suitcases pasted with the advertisements and labels of the shipping companies that they'd travelled with. For a long time they saved and stowed away linen, sheets and the fashionable, wide-lapelled double breasted suits, that had returned with them, and we too stuffed clean items into that massive suitcase. Every time Roža crouched under the bed and lugged the suitcase by its smooth wooden handle out over the shiny floor and into the light to fill it with freshly washed undergarments, a white tablecloth for Sunday lunch, or take her silk blouse out of it, no doubt remembering their

wedding in Murska Sobota, since Franc had bought the blouse not long after that, maybe it will be good for a honeymoon trip, he said, we'll go when you've picked the right route. Roža sighed and just remarked, kneeling before the open suitcase, how heavy it was, maybe she regretted never having travelled anywhere with her husband. It's true they had to put off the first journey because she was pregnant, and later they'd put it off for various other reasons, mostly due to Roža, I think. Well, the first time I packed the suitcase was when Franc went on a long trip somewhere to Germany. At that time I examined it thoroughly, since it truly was beautiful and special, and you couldn't see anything like it at our little station in Šalovci, perhaps only in a catalogue from a boutique in Murska Sobota that I'd never been to. And then perhaps I packed it again when he travelled by boat over some sea, let me think, said Žalna.

[...]

The first place Franc sought out in any foreign place, or so we at home imagined, was the post office, and especially Roža and I said this in the presence of the child, in order to more readily refresh the memory of his beloved father, who had to make a real effort to call home from another town, or so we told Evgen, even as we were inventing the story at the same time. We'd say that father announced to the official clerk a trunk call for the Šalovci post office, the operator would switch the line, and we would wait for the clerk in our post office to respond and to accept the call.

The large telephone hangs from the wall by the wooden counter, with its heavy black receiver, bells and the round rotary dial with numbers from 0 to 9, a clock hanging above it, opposite the entrance, in the middle of the freshly painted white wall hangs a picture in a black frame, a portrait of young King Peter II. It's quiet in the office, there's a scent of moisture and lime, the afternoon sun beats against the grey façade, the beaming light penetrates into the room through the high window, the air is thick, the humidity pressing, the double entry doors are wide open, but the atmosphere is restful, nothing moves, neither inside nor out. Around two in the afternoon, as the telephonist and manager of the Šalovci post office, Anica Singer, immediately and dutifully notes in her book of calls received, the phone rings shrilly again, the third time today,

and its tiny little hammer with a spring constantly tolls the two zinc-covered bells. The day is unusually heavy and hot, even though it's barely June, thinks Anica, that's why my head hurts. She can feel her tiny fingers swelling as she grasps a fountain pen, slowly scraping it against the paper, writing addresses and counting parcels, accepting packages and arranging documents, counting and recounting money and carrying letters and small envelopes to the train station, giving the big canvas bag to the station manager, who safely locks it up in his office. Later the mail is taken by the first train to Murska Sobota, and there at the station the courier retrieves the items and takes them to the main post office, where they are sorted and dispatched, so the packages and letters travel quickly and safely, especially the international and above all the overseas post, mostly to and from France and America. The post comes from everywhere and travels everywhere our people, primarily emigrants and seasonal workers, live. Much official post comes from Maribor, also from Zagreb, but mostly from Belgrade, where all decisions about politics, taxes, and recruiting are made.

Anica Singer is energetic and nimble on the job, and she has been sitting here since the office's grand opening in 1934, an event that was immortalized by the local photographer Schönauer. It was just a few days before the New Year, when she was just getting used to this important and demanding job, and she accepted a few official telephone calls from Murska Sobota, felicitations on the opening of the office and the first telephone congratulations in her life, for the new year of 1935, which is of course something she'll never forget. She has saved the photograph and the official greeting card in an envelope in a drawer under the counter.

But today her eyes are misted, she is shivering, a cold sweat runs over her, and her grey dress with the large starched collar is sweat stained. She can hardly hold herself upright, it seems to her as if her weak body is laden down by an unknown weight, as if she were lying in a heavy winter coat in a narrow bathtub filled up to her neck with hot water. She was breathing in slow and shallow breaths, and although it suffocates her, she should have gotten up and taken a few deep breaths to fill her lungs, but she couldn't move. It seems to her that she could at least get to her feet, she wasn't entirely without strength, but she lacked the will, it vaporized, withered like a rose, even if the stem is hard and it also has a thorn, if somebody

were to look at her or address her. It would be best just to close the office ahead of time, shut the windows and rest there in the dark and by herself, she could slip out the back door, sit on the grass in the shade, but her thoughts are running ever more slowly, she can't think clearly, she is stuck in her routine work, even though she is behind in her counting and letter stamping. She knows that she should soon stop working and clear her desk, but she still has a great pile of envelopes in front of her, untied packages, and especially she still has to close the cash register, which worries her most of all because she never likes to leave uncounted money in the till.

He put on a thin light suit, a short coat and a grey hat, everything he needed for business meetings, he carried a small leather suitcase, documents, catalogues, bank books and securities. Then Franc sat alone for a long time, off by himself under the old bushy plane trees. The light was soft, as if the city air, saturated with traffic and human hustle and bustle, was darkened by the grey-green shade that rose above the slowly flowing Sava and hovered over Zagreb. There was the quiet fading of an era, and he was suddenly struck by a thought, he didn't know whether he'd just read it somewhere, maybe heard it, or overheard a word that slipped out during a discreet conversation at a neighbouring table, he had the feeling that the sun was suddenly shining through the branches and warming him. He put down his coat, even though he often felt cold even on summer evenings when he and his wife would sit on the veranda or in the garden he'd have a woollen sweater on, and now that he had warmed up a bit and fortified himself with a healthy mug, he felt relaxed. The tension and haste, which he was of course used to, since it was always present in business, only escalated with important and long-term decisions. He knew where the limit was, what was financially sustainable, most importantly, what sort of move was risky, and he was especially careful when dealing with securities, non-cash remittances and bills of exchange, though he could not completely avoid such things. When he needed money for an investment, for example, when purchasing a large quantity of construction material or hardware, he would have to pay for goods himself and store them, only later handing over the freight car or even more material to the final buyer, payment would then be delayed, and often he himself would play the role of intermediary for imports from nearby

countries, Czech lands, Hungary, Austria, or exporting goods, but in such instances it was best to insure the business. He never took too many risks or endangered his or the family's property. He always set something aside, made prudent deals and wisely invested in the land, in the forests he managed, and precious metals, for his gold reserve. He'd seen with his own eyes that the world was becoming increasingly uncertain, which was evident in the increasingly aggressive and uncompromising struggles in the market, people who had once been savvy traders and businessmen had turned savage, there was no value to anything anymore, the price was all that mattered. He encountered more and more such people, who would sell their very soul, if he was willing to offer them a gold coin for it.

Sell your soul, and you can never buy it back. It is completely exhausted, it sullies itself and is trodden down like last year's snow.

He thought, it's not like I'm in any hurry, he felt that he'd been successful. He was overwhelmed by a pleasant and unfamiliar feeling, as if he were merging with the pleasant atmosphere that pervaded the city park, and mostly it was as if he were an active part of something greater, even if only insignificant and fleeting, yet, he breathed in harmony with something great and lasting that infinitely transcended him. He felt the warm, pleasant June air, he perceived an at first inconspicuous harmony, which revealed itself to him in a sudden flash, as a release of tension in the electrified clouds, and he knew that there was only infinite blueness above him. Everything was budding, growing and changing, and he was partaking of this eternal incomprehensible, mysterious wave, and he felt, as he would later remember, that he was experiencing something beautiful, although it was not merely pleasing, since there was no comfort in this experience; on the contrary, it was close to the dizziness that characterizes any voyage or majestic view from a height. He observes and marvels at the big houses with their windows tall and beautiful, their ornate facades, semi-circular balconies with wrought iron railings, and their frescoes with angels and fauns, everywhere motifs of abundance and restrained pleasure, grapes, sunflowers, exotic fruit trees, lion heads, titanic bodies and female figures wrapped in veils, carved from white stone, but above all the murmur of deep wells and birds high in the air, with only ethereal air between them, a feeling of freedom, of complete freedom, and this fills him with hope that he has beautiful days ahead, that the journey will be pleasant,

that he will be able to see some more sights, the synagogue and the zoo, that he will take the funicular and enjoy the view of the streets, the squares, the parks and the bell towers. He'll stroll through the town, no umbrella, and changing trains and waiting at stations will be more pleasant, he had been looking forward to sitting, aimlessly perambulating and wandering near train stations, reading newspapers, having lunch, treating himself to a mug of beer in the restaurant's garden. He was full of plans and ideas, but without concrete goals and intended effects, only ideas, nameless places and indefinite time, in which only memories are possible, images that assert themselves into consciousness, coming and going like birds or trains, or perhaps he dreamed, planned a great journey, only to put it off the next moment, change it, and forget it without regret. He no longer thought of the heavy luggage he had always travelled with, he was relieved of thoughts of fear of loss or theft, the arduous waiting and searching for connections to continue his travels, the dirt, the noise and the unkindness of remote inns and lodgings, the anxious wanderings through foreign cities, the search for post offices that had a telephone connection, scribbling and fabricating experiences in letters and sending deceptive accounts on pretty postcards, and most of all, constant worries and disappointments in doing business. Suddenly there were no more unpleasant meetings, crafty traders, no more counting profits and loss prevention, for now he is alone with his thoughts, in the middle of a living world that can't possess him, now they can't take anything away from him, now he doesn't owe anyone anything anymore. He is surrounded only by his loved ones, he talks to friendly hoteliers, travels with polite companions, in short, business is done, he is looking forward to the journey home, and the time he has left is for the first time really his own.

He listens to the slow sliding of the tram, the driver has just rung the bell and the tram cars are about to rumble forth, the windows in the carriages are down, the children are in shorts, the ladies in lovely coats, the men with hats and bags, their large baskets and bags full of vegetables, they have come from Dolac Market, he thinks, on the other side a line of cars, black, grey, and snow-white, circling around the park, as if aimless.

Franc reads a newspaper, turns over the large leaves, stops for a moment to ponder a photograph, in the foreground is a bored man in a long leather coat, he notices large, black and cold eyes and a

tiny moustache on a bony face, covered with a large officer's hat, gloves clenched between fists, and he immediately recognizes the elegant and mighty silhouette of the tower in the background, which marks the scene of a large and beautiful city. We must also travel to Paris, he thought, before again being disturbed by birdsong and the hustle and bustle of the road, and now no longer waiting on the bench in front of the padded door. The meeting in a spacious and bright office overlooking the city park is just another anxious memory. They sat him down at a long, polished table that reflected the heavy crystal chandelier in its gleaming surface, a mighty wall clock in the background with its endlessly tic-tocking gold pendulum. A bluish cloud floated slowly through the air, probably someone had just been here a little while ago, they were smoking during the meeting, the tobacco smells of ripe figs and old cognac, he thinks, I heard nothing; as I sat in front of the door, everything in the office and in the long and winding hallways, in fact everywhere, was immersed in a respectful, intense silence, rare and muffled words that escaped someone melted into the noise of a large fountain in the inner courtyard.

Everything was agreed upon and arranged at the specified time, just as he had imagined it. He was briefly left alone in the office to look around in peace and prepare for the conversation, and he walked over to the high window, the heavy burgundy curtains were drawn apart, the curtains, of a type he had only ever seen in the theatre, fell from the ceiling to the polished parquet, and there were light curtains of thick white weave fastened at the sides with a ribbon, and the light enveloped his face and shoulders. Clutching his hat in his hand, he left the bag of documents on the table. He leant forward slightly and touched the pane with his forehead. On the other side of the paved road in the shade of plane trees he sees white tables and chairs, a waiter in a black suit carries a silver tray, now, sitting at the table he has chosen, he gazes blissfully in the direction of the window, where he stood alone less than an hour ago. He seems to be standing there still, he just saw a table in the park across the street, now he knows as he remembers what will happen to the man, but the one standing upstairs in front of the window doesn't know it yet. The two men look exactly alike, the same, but one is real, the other is a memory. Did that clerk who entered the office through the smaller door on the other side, gave a kindly greeting,

and placed a folder on the table with papers that just needed signing, know who was who? Did he ask himself, even doubting which signatory was real and which was fictional, created from memory and imagination?

Translated by Jason Blake

Gostje
Vilenice 2024

Vilenica

Guests 2024



Foto © NOMAD/Dženat Dreković

Lamija Begagić

Lamija Begagić (Zenica, 1980) je bosanska pisateljica. Diplomirala je iz južnoslovanskih književnosti na Filozofski fakulteti v Sarajevu. Piše prozo za odrasle in mladino. Je urednica otroških revij *Palčič* in *5Plus*, revije za predšolske otroke in prvošolce *Kolibrić* ter članica uredništva revije za pravično izobraževanje *Školegijum*. Skupaj z Marino Veličković je napisala priročnik za osnovnošolke *Furam feminizam* (2018). Objavljala je posamezne kratke zgodbe v zbornikih, kot sta *Bun(t)ovna p(r)oza* in *Poqueerene priče*. Izdala je zbirke kratke proze *Godišnjica mature* (2005; *Obletnica mature*, 2011), *Jednosmjerno* (2010; *Enosmerno*) in *Bolji mi* (2019; *Boljši mi*) ter roman *U zoni* (2016; *V coni*, 2019). Za svoje literarno delo je prejela več nagrad in priznanj, med drugim posebno nagrado sklada Farah Tahirbegović »za prispevek k razvoju založniške dejavnosti, književnosti, bibliotekarstva in splošne kulture«.

Lamija Begagić (Zenica, 1980) is a Bosnian writer. She graduated in South Slavic Literatures at the Faculty of Arts in Sarajevo. She writes fiction for adults and young people. She is the editor of the children's magazines *Palčič* and *5Plus*, the magazine for pre-schoolers and first graders *Kolibrić*, and a member of the editorial board of the journal for fair education *Školegijum*. Together with Marina Veličković, she wrote the handbook for primary school girls *Furam feminizam* (2018; *I Dig Feminism*). She has published individual short stories in collections such as *Bun(t)ovna p(r)oza* (Rebellious Prose) and *Poqueerene priče* (Queered Stories). She has published the short story collections *Godišnjica mature* (2005; *Graduation Anniversary*), *Jednosmjerno* (2010; *One Way*) and *Bolji mi* (2019; *Better Us*), as well as the novel *U zoni* (2016; *In the Zone*). She has received several prizes and awards for her literary work, including the Farah Tahirbegović Foundation Special Prize "for her contribution to the development of publishing, literature, librarianship and general culture."

Jutro kada je pao Doboj

Nisam nikad bila tamo, ali ponešto sam o njemu znala. Recimo, dugo je živio u jednoj od onih anegdota iz djetinjstva. Prepričavalo se, uvuklo se čak i u porodični sleng, kako ga je neko od rođaka zvao Dvoboj. *Idemo u Dvoboj.*

Mi nikad nismo išli u Dvoboj – na kartama i u udžbenicima Poznavanja prirode i društva, inače, ucrtanom kao važno željezničko čvorište pod svojim zvaničnim imenom: Doboj.

I po tome ga, eto, znam, po toj misterioznoj petlji, mjestu gdje su se račvale pruge i linije tada živahne željeznice i po onome kako jako mnogo ljudi baš tamo izađe iz voza kada putujemo tetki u Tuzlu. Voz se tada čarobno isprazni i mi napokon dobijemo sjedišta da se izujemo, dignemo noge i uživamo u ostatku putovanja.

Imamo tu jednu tetku u Tuzli. Imamo i jednu u Sarajevu. Idemo im jednom godišnje. I nikoga više, mimo rodne Zenice, nemamo. Nije nam zbog toga teško, niti neobično.

I što bi, mislimo se, iko bio igdje drugo, kad je ovdje ionako sve?

Bojana i Jelena gotovo cijelu rodbinu imaju baš tamo. I po njima znamo za taj Doboj. Po djedu kojeg njih dvije zovu đed. I o kojem ne prestaju govoriti.

Đed nam kupio, đed nas naučio, đed nas vodio.

Đed im je bio ono što bi meni, zasigurno, bio deda Hazim da je živ, u kojeg se sa žarom i sjetom u očima kunu stariji rođaci koji ga pamte. Njihova je djetinjstva ćopićevski obilježio. O moje se, na nesreću, nije ni očešao.

Premda su uživali u druženjima s đedom, i one su njega, kao i ja svoje daleke tetke, viđali rijetko, tek tokom ljetnog raspusta kada bi otišle u Doboj i pustile ime tog gradića opet u moju sićušnu intimnu geografiju omeđenu Željezarinim dimnjacima sa jedne strane i ušćem Babine rijeke u Bosnu s druge.

Vikendima se tih godina nije išlo nikamo. Bile su to spora vremena u kojima su Doboj i Sarajevo bili daleke destinacije na koje se ne isplati putovati na dva dana, premda ih je od Zenice dijelilo po jedva sedamdesetak kilometara. Naši su vikendi bili beskrajna sloboda, dokolica oslobođena pritiska planiranja. Razlikovali smo se samo u tome ko će biti taj prvi koji će izaći van, ispred zgrade pa će ostali sa prozora vidjeti i ubrzati roditeljske jutarnje procedure, vičući: *Brzo, šta još trebam uraditi, eno Jelena je već vani!*

Za koji tren, slivali bismo se sa svih strana, od garaža, od marketa, iz tunela kako smo zvali prolaz između dvije zgrade.

Tek tokom tog dugog ljetnog raspusta, kada bih njih dvije odlazile dedu u Doboju, trebalo bi nam nekoliko dana da se priviknemo, ali bismo ubrzo potom, nastavili živjeti svoje spore ljetne živote. Kad bi prošlo, a uvijek je prolazilo prebrzo, one bi se vratile s pričama o novim vještinama koje im je ded otkrio, a mi smo se opet privikavali da su sad opet tu i da trebaju biti dio nas, premda su propustile i bunkere na garažama, i popravljnje bicikala i mahalski turnir u stonom tenisu.

I kako to preokretima i doliči, i ovaj u ovoj lijenoj i sporoj priči, dolazi kad mu se najmanje nadamo, u neko obeharalo proljeće, u rano jutro.

Među roditeljima se danima već dešava nešto, čiste se podrumi, dežura se ispred zgrade, moj je tata kadgod sa Aidinim, kadgod sa Bojaninim i Jeleninim tatom, povremeno se upita kako je familija u drugim dijelovima zemlje, gdje je teže, ali uglavnom se karta, igra remija i pije kafa iz termoske.

Oblačim se za vani, brinem hoće li mi biti hladno sad, a vruće poslije, a sve mi je nekako okraćalo i tijesno na meni. U pozadini, dok pretresam ormar, ne svira muzika, već vječito neveliki prostor dnevnog boravka ispunjava glas zabrinutih radijskih reportera. Tog jutra prekidaju redovne vijesti onim vanrednim: da je pao Dobojo.

Pao Dobojo.

Naučili smo u prethodnim danima i mjesecima da to kad nešto *padne*, nije dobro. Nije dobro jer roditelji opet ili psuju ili odsutno šute, nije dobro jer neki ljudi negdje pate i nije dobro jer rijeke ljudi dođu u grad, pune se fiskulturne sale, neka djeca odrastaju na parketu gdje mi opet ne radimo tjelesni, ne idemo u školu i povlačimo se po ulici koja nam je okraćala jednako kao te demode yassine trenerke.

Premladi smo da znamo koliko smo u tim trenucima sebični i neempatični, ali nedostaje nam naš tjelesni u sali i naša svakodnevna škola, da joj damo priliku da nam dosadi, da je mrzimo i kune-mo, a ne da je, ovako, potpuno neprirodno, svako malo poželimo. I prihvatamo ubrzo svu tu dezdomnu djecu, znamo da ne može nikako biti dobro kada ti škola postane dom, pa nas onda i oni izdaju i odlaze dalje, jer, čini nam se tada, ipak ima dalje odavde i ipak ima onih koji bi išli drugdje negdje i koji ovdje ne da nemaju sve kako smo do juče mislili, već više nigdje nemaju ama baš ništa.

Naučili smo dosad da kad nešto padne, to znači još jedan mali kraj.

Ali do tad, do tog proljetnog jutra u kojem biram trenerku, padali su neznani, bezimena gradovi, a sada je, evo, pao Doboje. Nikad nisam bila u njemu, ali osjećala sam da je mojiji od ostalih.

Pao je Doboje je, premda u Doboju nemam nikog „svog“, taj trenutak nakon kojeg sam pomislila da ipak neće sve biti uredu, samo da smo na okupu.

Najednom nisam gladna i nije više važno u kojoj ću majici vani, zadihano trčim do petog i lupam im na vrata. Otvara Jelena, pospana, gleda me bljedno.

»Je li dobro?!«

»Ko?«

»Ded! Pao Doboje!«

Ne sjećam se njenih riječi, ali se sjećam koliko me smirila pogledom i lakoćom kojom je izgovorila nešto poput *Ma dobro, dobro su svi*.

Dobro je bio ded. Dobro su, govorili su, bili i Damir, Adnan i Alma kad su, s početka ljeta, došli u Zenicu, iz Doboja, koliko možeš biti kada život strpaš u torbu za treninge i kreneš u nepoznato: tata ka Tešnju, mama sa troje djece ka Zenici. Neće dugo, rekli su, a mi smo već naučili ne vjerovati im, ali im ne otkriti koliko već znamo ono što oni još ne: hoće dugo. Neki i zauvijek.

Koje jutro potom, bio je čudan mir, a onda smo opet počeli izlaziti. Novo ljeto, nove biciklopopravljaonice u napuštenim garažama, turniri na nekorištenom rukometnom stadionu i potajna Damirova i Jelenina „zabavljanja“, da niko ne zna, da ih niko, skrivene na tribinama stadiona, ne vidi.

Nisam u godinama potom nikad pisala o njima i tim njihovim razmjenama stripova i možda, ko zna, pokoje rečenice o Doboju.

Odlučila sam zadržati ih oboje tamo gdje su nama ostali, premda su oboje zauvijek otišli. Jelena, sa sestrom Bojanom i roditeljima, već koncem tog ljeta, prvo u Doboje, da bi putešestvije završili negdje u Srbiji.

Damir, Adnan i Alma, po okončanju rata, nazad u rodni Doboje, pa ispočetka.

Jesen koja je dolazila ni ushit povratka u klupe nije mogao spasiti. Do kraja se nije znalo hoće li škole biti, pa je od svega ostao samo

okus tog kasnog ljeta u kojem jednog jutra nestaje pola drugarica i drugara iz zgrade, a vrata njihovih stanova, tek koji sat poslije, budu izlijepljena natpisima poput *Zauzeto – RVI*.

Sve što je došlo nakon te jeseni, sve što je *palo*, sve što se *oslobodilo*, podnosili smo stoičkije, nezainteresovanije, misleći valjda kako smo sad veliki i kako je to hrabrost ili mudrost. Danas znamo da ništa od tog nije bilo i da je trebalo otići prije nego je pao prvi bezimeni grad u neki još bezimeniji i otamo pisati o nekim trenucima u kojima je nešto smisljeno, nešto lijepo, nešto veliko i važno, imalo da počne, a nekima nikad nije.

Iz antologije *Trenutak kad je meni počeo rat* (Beograd, 2022), s. 32–37.

Jutro, ko je padel Doboj

Nikoli nisem bila tam, toda nekaj sem vedela o njem. Denimo, dolgo je živel v eni tistih anekdot iz otroštva. Govorilo se je o tem in se vtkalo tudi v družinski sleng, da mu je eden od bratrancev rekel Dvoboj. *Gremo v Dvoboj.*

Mi nismo nikoli šli v Dvoboj – na zemljevidih in v učbenikih Spoznavanja narave in družbe sicer včrtan kot pomembno železniško vozlišče s svojim uradnim imenom: Doboj.

No, po tem ga poznam, po tej skrivnostni deteljici, kraju, kjer so se križale proge in smeri takrat živahne železnice, in po tem, da je res zelo veliko ljudi ravno tam stopilo z vlaka, kadar smo potovali k teti v Tuzlo. Vlak se je takrat čarobno izpraznil in končno smo dobili sedeže, da smo se lahko sezuli, dvignili noge in uživali v preostanku potovanja.

Imeli smo teto v Tuzli. Eno smo imeli tudi v Sarajevu. Na obisk k njima smo šli enkrat na leto. In nikogar več, zunaj rojstne Zenice. Zaradi tega nam ni bilo težko, tudi nenavadno ni bilo.

In zakaj bi, smo premišljevali, kdorkoli bil kjerkoli drugje, če je tu tako ali tako vse.

Bojana in Jelena sta imeli skoraj vse sorodnike ravno tam. In zaradi njiju smo vedeli za ta Doboj. Zaradi deda, ki sta ga klicali dedi. In o katerem sta kar naprej govorili.

Dedi nama je kupil, dedi naju je naučil, dedi naju je peljal.

Njima je bil dedi to, kar bi meni zagotovo bil dedek Hazim, če bi bil živ, pri katerem so z žarečimi in nostalgичnimi očmi prisegali starejši bratrance, ki so se ga spominjali. Njihova otroštva je po čopičevsko zaznamoval. Mojega ni žal niti oplazil.

Čeprav sta uživali v druženjih z dedijem, sta ga tudi onidve kakor jaz svoji daljni teti videvali poredko, le med poletnimi počitnicami, ko sta odšli v Doboj in znova spustili ime tega mesteca v mojo drobno intimno geografijo, omejeno z dimniki Železarne na eni strani ter sotočjem Babine reke in reke Bosne na drugi strani.

V tistih letih se ob koncih tedna ni hodilo nikamor. To so bili počasni časi, v katerih sta bila Doboj in Sarajevo daljna kraja, kamor se ni izplačalo potovati za dva dni, četudi sta bila od Zenice oddaljena le kakšnih sedemdeset kilometrov. Naši konci tedna so bili brezmejna svoboda, dolgočasje brez pritiska načrtovanja. Razlikovali smo se samo v tem, kdo bo tisti prvi, ki bo prišel ven, pred blok, drugi pa

ga bodo z okna videli in pospešili starševske jutranje procedure, med vpitjem: *Hitro, kaj še moram narediti, lej, Jelena je že zunaj!*

Čez kakšen hip smo se zivali z vseh strani, od garaž, od trgovine, iz tunela, kakor smo rekli prehodu med dvema blokoma.

Le med tistimi dolgimi poletnimi počitnicami, ko sta odšli k dediju v Doboj, smo potrebovali nekaj dni, da smo se privadili, potem pa smo kmalu spet začeli živeti svoja počasna poletna življenja. Ko je minilo, vedno pa je minilo prehitro, sta se vrnili z zgodbami o novih veččinah, ki jima jih je odkril dedi, mi pa smo se znova privajali, da sta spet tu in da morata biti del nas, četudi sta izpustili tako bunkerje na garažah kot popravljanje koles in četrtni turnir v namiznem tenisu.

Kakor se za preobrate tudi spodobi, je tudi ta v tej leni in počasni zgodbi prišel, ko smo ga najmanj pričakovali, neke razcvetene pomladi, zgodaj jutraj.

Med starši se je že več dni nekaj dogajalo, čistile so se kleti, dežuralo se je pred blokom, moj očka je bil zdaj z Aidinim, zdaj z Bojaninim in Jeleninim očkom, občasno se je vprašalo, kako je družina v drugih delih države, kje je teže, v glavnem pa se je kartalo, igral se je remi in pila se je kava iz termovke.

Oblačila sem se za ven, skrbelo me je, ali me bo zdaj zeblo, pozneje pa mi bo vroče, vse pa mi je bilo nekam prekratko in pretesno. Ko sem brskala po omari, v ozadju ni igrala glasba, temveč je večno majhen prostor dnevne sobe zapolnjeval glas zaskrbljenih radijskih poročevalcev. Tistega jutra so redna poročila prekinili s tistim izrednim: da je padel Doboj.

Padel je Doboj.

V prejšnjih dneh in mesecih smo se naučili, da to, ko nekaj *pade*, ni dobro. Ni bilo dobro, ker so starši spet bodisi preklinjali bodisi molčali, ni bilo dobro, ker so neki ljudje nekje trpeli, in ni bilo dobro, ker so reke ljudi prišle v mesto, polnile so se telovadnice, neki otroci so odraščali na parketu, kjer mi spet nismo imeli telovadbe, nismo hodili v šolo in smo se potikali po ulici, ki nam je postala prekratka tako kot tiste demodirane trenirke Yassa.

Premjadi smo bili, da bi vedeli, kako sebični in neempatični smo bili v tistih trenutkih, ampak pogrešali smo našo telovadbo v telovadnici in našo vsakdanjo šolo, da bi ji dali priložnost, da bi se je naveličali, da bi jo sovražili in preklinjali, ne pa da smo si je, tako povsem nenaravno, vsake toliko časa zaželeli. In smo kmalu sprejeli vse tiste brezdomne otroke, vedeli smo, da nikakor ne more biti

dobro, če šola postane tvoj dom, potem so nas pa tudi oni izdali in odšli naprej, ker, se nam je zdelo takrat, vendarle obstaja dlje od tod in vendarle obstajajo tisti, ki bi šli kam drugam in ki tu ne da nimajo vsega, kot smo do včeraj mislili, temveč nimajo nikjer več čisto čisto nič.

Dotlej smo se naučili, da ko nekaj pade, to pomeni še en majhen konec.

Toda do takrat, do tistega pomladnega jutra, v katerem sem izbirala trenirko, so padala neznana, brezimna mesta, zdaj pa je padel Dobojo. Nikoli nisem bila v njem, toda čutila sem, da je mojejši od drugih.

Padel je Dobojo je bil, četudi v Doboju nisem imela nikogar »svojega«, tisti trenutek, po katerem sem pomislila, da vendarle ne bo vse v redu, samo da smo skupaj.

Nenadoma nisem bila lačna in ni bilo več pomembno, v kateri majici bom šla ven, zadihano sem stekla do petega in jima tolkla po vratih. Odprla je Jelena, zaspana, zmedeno me je gledala.

»A je v redu?«

»Kdo?«

»Dedi! Padel je Dobojo!«

Ne spominjam se njenih besed, spominjam pa se, kako me je pomirila s pogledom in lahkotnostjo, s katero je izgovorila nekaj kot *V redu je, vsi so v redu*.

V redu je bil dedi. V redu so, so govorili, bili tudi Damir, Adnan in Alma, ko so na začetku poletja prišli v Zenico, iz Doboja, kolikor si lahko, ko življenje stlačiš v torbo za trening in se odpraviš v neznano: očka proti Tešnju, mama s tremi otroki proti Zenici. Ne bodo dolgo, so rekli, mi pa smo se jim že naučili ne verjeti, vendar jim tudi ne razkriti, kako zelo že vemo tisto, česar sami še ne: bodo dolgo. Nekateri tudi za vedno.

Čez nekaj juter je bil čuden mir, potem pa smo spet začeli hoditi ven. Novo poletje, nove kolopopravljavnice v zapuščenih garažah, turnirji na neuporabljane rokometnem stadionu ter skrivno Damirjevo in Jelenino »hojenje«, da ne bi nihče izvedel, da ju ne bi nihče, skritih na tribunah stadiona, videl.

V poznejših letih nisem nikoli pisala o njiju in teh njunih izmenjavah stripov in morda, kdove, kakšnega stavka o Doboju.

Odločila sem se, da bom oba obdržala tam, kjer sta ostala za nas, četudi sta oba za vedno odšla. Jelena, s sestro Bojano in starši, že

proti koncu tistega poletja, najprej v Doboj, končali pa so nekje v Srbiji.

Damir, Adnan in Alma po koncu vojne nazaj v rojstni Doboj in od začetka.

Jeseni, ki je prihajala, niti navdušenje nad vrnitvijo v klopi ni moglo rešiti. Do konca se ni vedelo, ali pouk bo, in od vsega je ostal samo okus tistega poznega poletja, v katerem je nekega jutra izginilo pol prijateljic in prijateljev iz bloka, vrata njihovih stanovanj pa so bila le kakšno uro zatem polepljena z napisi kot *Zasedeno – VVI*.

Vse, kar je prišlo po tisti jeseni, vse, kar je *padlo*, vse, kar se je *osvobodilo*, smo prenašali bolj stoično, manj zainteresirano, najbrž smo mislili, da smo zdaj veliki in da je to pogum ali modrost. Danes vemo, da ni bilo nič od tega in da bi morali oditi, preden je padlo prvo brezimno mesto, v kakšno še bolj brezimno in od tam pisati o nekih trenutkih, v katerih naj bi se nekaj smiselnega, nekaj lepega, nekaj velikega in pomembnega začelo, nekaterim pa se nikoli ni.

Prevedla Đurđa Strsoglavec

Iz antologije *Trenutak kad je meni počeo rat* (Beograd, 2022), str. 32–37.

The Morning Doboj Fell

I'd never been there, but I knew a bit about it. Let's say that for a long time, it existed in one of those childhood stories. Rumor has it that one of my relatives called it Dvoboj – “duel” – and this even made its way into my family's slang: *We're going to Dvoboj*.

We never went to Dvoboj. On maps and in social studies textbooks, though, it was labeled as an important railway hub under its official name: Doboj.

So I knew about it from that ominous loop, where the tracks and lines of the railway, so lively back then, split off. Also from watching so many people pour out of the train right there on our way to visit our aunt in Tuzla. The train would magically empty there and we would finally find seats, take off our shoes, put our feet up, and enjoy the rest of the trip.

We had that one aunt there in Tuzla. We had another in Sarajevo. We would go visit them once a year. Otherwise, we didn't have anyone outside our hometown Zenica, which was neither a problem nor unusual for us.

Besides, we told ourselves, what could we want anywhere else when we had everything here anyway?

Bojana and Jelena had pretty much their whole family right there. It's through them that we knew about Doboj. Through their grandfather that they both called *Ded*, the one they never stopped talking about.

Ded bought us this, Ded taught us that, Ded took us there.

Ded was to them what Deda Hazim would have surely been to me if he had still been alive: all my older relatives who remembered him gushed about how great he was, their eyes filled with emotion and nostalgia. They described their childhoods as if he were that grandpa from Branko Ćopić's stories, but unfortunately, he had had no impact on mine.

And even though they loved all their get-togethers with *Ded*, they rarely saw him, just like me with my faraway aunts. It was only during summer break that they would leave for Doboj and once again place that tiny town on my mind's personal map, bounded by the chimneys of the Željezara iron works on the one side and the confluence of the Babina and Bosna Rivers on the other side.

In those years, no one went anywhere on the weekends. Those were slow times, when Doboj and Sarajevo were faraway destina-

tions that weren't worth visiting for just two days, even though they were a mere forty-five miles from Zenica. For us, weekends meant endless freedom, idle hours unburdened by the pressure of planning. The only difference from one weekend to the next was which of us would be the first to go out in front of the building while those of us still in the house watched from the window and rushed their parents through the morning routine, shouting, *Hurry up, what else we gotta do? Look, Jelena's already outside!*

In no time at all, we were pouring out from every side: from the garage, from the market, even from the tunnel, as we called the passage between two buildings.

It was only during the long summer breaks, when the two of them would leave to visit Ćed in Doboj, that we would need a few days to get used to the change, but then we quickly went back to our slow summer routines. When summer was over, though, it always felt too fast: there they were again with their stories about new things Ćed had taught them how to do, but we soon got used to them being there again and they reminded us that they belonged there with us, despite missing out on our garage bunkers, bike repairs, and neighborhood ping-pong tournaments.

And, as is fitting with twists and turns, in this slow, lazy story, it also happened when we least expected it, on a budding spring day, early in the morning.

Something had been going on between our parents for days: the basements were being cleaned, my dad was on duty in front of the building, sometimes with Aida's dad, sometimes with Bojana and Jelena's, asking how family in other parts of the country were doing, places where things were more difficult. Most of the time, however, they just played card games like rummy and drank coffee from a thermos.

I got dressed to go outside, and Dad worried that I might be cold now and hot later. Everything had become sort of slim and tight on me. There was no music playing in the background as I rummaged through the closet, but the ever-too-tiny living room was filled with the voices of worried radio reporters. The regular programming was interrupted that morning with extraordinary news: Doboj had fallen.

Doboj, fallen.

We had learned in the days and months leading up to that moment that when something *falls*, it's never good: it couldn't be good because my parents were once again either swearing or absent-mindedly silent, it couldn't be good because people were suffering

somewhere, and it couldn't be good because droves of people were coming to town, gyms were filled, some children were growing up on those wooden floors where we used to exercise, and we weren't going to school and instead were hanging around in the street, which seemed to shrink just like our old-fashioned Yassa tracksuits.

We were too young to know how selfish and unempathetic we were in those moments, but we missed our gym classes and going to school every day. We wanted the chance to get bored, to hate and curse school, not to have this unnatural desire to always want to go there. Soon, we accepted all those homeless children; we knew there was no way it could be good for school to become your home, but then they betrayed us too and moved on because, as we thought back then, evidently you could even go past here, and there were even people who would go to those places and who not only didn't have everything here like we thought everyone did until yesterday, but who no longer had anything anywhere.

By that point, we had learned that when something fell, that meant yet another small ending.

But by that moment, by that spring morning when I picked out my tracksuit, nameless, unknown cities had fallen, but now Doboj had fallen. I'd never been there, but I felt like it was more mine than other places.

Doboj had fallen. Even though I didn't have anyone in Doboj, in that moment I thought: Things aren't going to be okay; hopefully at least we can stay together.

Suddenly, I wasn't hungry, and it no longer mattered which shirt I was going to wear outside; out of breath, I ran to the fifth floor and knocked. A sleepy-eyed Jelena opened the door and looked at me, pale.

"s'he alright!?"

"Who?"

"Ded! Doboj has fallen!"

I no longer remember what she said, but I do remember how much her look calmed me, the ease with which she said something like, *Oh, he's fine, everyone's fine.*

Ded was fine. Damir, Adnan, and Alma were also fine, they said, when they came to Zenica from Doboj at the beginning of the summer, as fine as you can be when you've put your life in your gym bag and traveled into the unknown: their dad toward Tešanj, their

mom with all three children to Zenica. They wouldn't stay long, they said, though we had already learned not to believe them, but also not to let on the extent to which we knew what they hadn't yet figured out: they would be staying a long time. Some of them forever.

A few mornings later, there was a strange peace, and then we started going out again. A new summer, new bicycle repair shops in abandoned garages, tournaments in the unused handball stadium, and Damir and Jelena secretly dating, so that no one would notice, so that no one would ever see them, hidden in the stadium bleachers.

In the years that followed, I never wrote about the two of them and those alleged comic book exchanges, and who knows, maybe they even exchanged a few words about Doboј.

I decided to always think of the two of them as still being here with us, even though they were both gone forever. Jelena, along with her sister Bojana and their parents, had left later that summer, first to Doboј, to later end up somewhere in Serbia.

Damir had left with Adnan and Alma for his hometown Doboј at the end of the war: a fresh start.

Not even the excitement of going back to our old school benches could save the upcoming fall. Until the very last moment, no one knew if there would still be schools, so we were left with only the taste of that late summer when half of our friends disappeared from our building one morning, and just a few hours later, the doors of their apartments were plastered with notices like, *Occupied – Disabled War Veterans*.

Everything that came after that fall, everything that *fell*, everything that was *liberated*, we faced it all with stoicism, more disinterested, thinking, I guess, that we were big now and that it was courage or wisdom. Today, we know that it was neither of the two and that we should have left before the first nameless city fell and gone to an even more nameless one, and from there, we should have written about those few moments when something meaningful, something beautiful, something big and important was about to happen, but for some people, it never did.

Translated by Shaydon Ramey

From the book *Trenutak kad je meni počeo rat* (Belgrade, 2022), pp. 32–37.



Foto © Therese Debono

Ryan Falzon

Ryan Falzon (Valletta, 1988) je malteški avtor, vizualni umetnik in likovni pedagog. Od leta 2011 je v različnih lokalnih publikacijah objavljал kratko prozo. Njegova pisava ima učinek kolaža, navdih črpa iz vizualnih praks. Ukvarja se s položajem milenijcev in generacije Z, preučuje vplive družbenih medijev, nostalgijo, vprašanja identitete, dinamike spolov, minevanja časa, intimnih odnosov in družbenih razredov, pa tudi naglega razvoja in preoblikovanja družbenega tkiva Malte. Leta 2022 je objavil roman *SA/F*, »glas malteške milenijske generacije, ki raziskuje vrtoglavo življenje na sredozemskem otoku v žgočih poletnih mesecih«. Pripoved, predstavljena s perspektive 30-letnega lokalnega učitelja, strastnega navdušenca nad avtomobili, se pogloblja v sezonska prizadevanja, obžaluje trenutno stanje otoka, hkrati pa se spopada z zapletenimi odnosi in hrepeni po globlji povezanosti z bližnjim prijateljem. *SA/F* je bil uvrščen v ožji izbor za nacionalno knjižno nagrado Malta NBC 2023. Kot likovni umetnik je od leta 2009 je sodeloval na številnih samostojnih in skupinskih razstavah na Malti in drugod po Evropi. Falzon je učitelj likovne vzgoje na kolidžu St. Edward's College v Birguju, na Univerzi na Malti pa je vključen v magistrski študij likovne umetnosti.

Ryan Falzon (Valletta, 1988) is a Maltese author, visual artist and art educator. He has been publishing short fiction in various local publications since 2011. His writing has a collage effect, drawing inspiration from visual practices. He is concerned with the situation of millennials and Generation Z, examining the impact of social media, nostalgia, issues of identity, gender dynamics, the passage of time, intimate relationships and social class, as well as the rapid development and transformation of Malta's social fabric. In 2022, he published *SA/F*, "the voice of Malta's millennial generation, exploring the turbulent life on a Mediterranean island during the scorching summer months." Told from the perspective of a 30-year-old local teacher, a passionate car enthusiast, the narrative delves into seasonal struggles, laments the current state of the island, while struggling with complicated relationships and yearning for a deeper connection with a close friend. *SA/F* has been shortlisted for the Malta NBC National Book Prize 2023. As a visual artist Falzon has participated in numerous solo and group exhibitions in Malta and elsewhere in Europe since 2009. Falzon is a teacher of Art Education at St Edward's College in Birgu and is enrolled in the Master of Fine Arts programme at the University of Malta.

C.

Jien u C. mhux suppost iltaqjna. Kollox beda minn nejka ta' test online, dawk semi dubjużi, b'ismijiet ġeneriċi bħal 'Sib l-imħabba tiegħek illum' jew 'L-imħabba ta' ħajtek tinsab hawn'. Dawn testijiet ċuċati, banali, li ssib meta żżur siti dubjużi jew jitolgħu bħala reklam, b'interface ta' żmien il-Windows 95. Ħafna minnhom jagħtuk sens li ħa jimlewk il-laptop b'kull tip ta' virus spjuż. Test bħal dan, tagħmlu biex tgħaddi l-ħin, u aktarx tmur tiltaqa' ma' dak li jkun biex tgħaddi l-ħin ukoll. Meta, nofs aptit, ktibna li qed infittxu kuntatt ma' nies oħra, jien u C. kellna riżultat fjakk u diskoraġġanti. Jien, kif dan it-test ilaqqa' persuna ma' oħra ma nafx. Nahseb biss li bħalma l-oroskopju jqabbel skont il-pjaneti u l-stilel, dawn it-testijiet jaħdmu fuq kalkoli kumplessi xogħol l-AI.

Waqt li qed nikteb din il-kitba qasira, fittixt kif tinħadem il-probabbiltà ta' suċċess f'relazzjoni skont l-istilla li twelidna taħtha. Open AI jgħidlek li l-oroskopju janalizza stilel, simboli, elementi żodjatiċi u jaħdem somom ta' data astroloġika miġbura mill-karta tat-twelid, kif gwidat mill-astronomija, matematika u intuivizzjoni.

Qed insejhlha C. għax dak hu l-isem li jidher fil-profil tagħha. Qaltli li C. biżżejjed u l-unika risposta vera li tat waqt it-test kiene tikkonċerna s-sess każwali. Is-suġġeriment min-naħa tat-test kien li mmorru f'post kwiet, inkella ningħaqdu ma' udjenza. Uriena stampi ta' koppja jħarsu f'għajnejn xulxin minn wara ktieb f'librerija siekta. Uriena stampa ta' koppja mkebbin f'xalla ta' tim jiċċelebraw rebħa. B'supervja, C. tgħidli li serjin mixja qasira f'villagġ kostali, u naraw minn hemm.

Open AI jgħidlek li uħud mill-villagġi kostali f'Malta huma San Ġiljan, Tas-Sliema, il-Mellicha, Marsascala, Birżebbuġa, Buġibba u Marsaxlokk. Kont qed nikkonsidra nambjenta din l-istorja bejn Buġibba jew Birżebbuġa. It-tnejn derelitti, mitluqin, bħal student żmattat fuq wara tal-klassi, bravu, gustuż, kariżmatiku, jaf li jista' jgħib marki aħjar, imma għala żobbu.

Birżebbuġa baħħ u mitluqa imma xorta żżomm faċċata ta' xiha mserdqa li tbielet, intesiet imma għadha trid. It-tabelli qodma tal-ħwienet nofshom mixgħulin. Iz-żebgħa kkulurita mqarqċa mill-faċċati bellezza tal-postijiet villegġatura dejjem jaqalghu l-baħar fuq wiċċhom. L-għassa tal-pulizija magħluqa.

Il-ħwienet tal-ikel magħluqin. Is-siġġijiet u l-imwejjed maqfulin b'katnazzi mal-arbli tad-dawl. C. tgħidli li ilha toħlom biex tiġi fil-lukanda mperrċa fuq ix-xatt, dik li hemm tintrudi fil-bajja, imma hadd qatt ma ried jiġi magħha għax l-AI qatt ma jissuġġerixxi laqgħat romantiċi f'postijiet dekadenti, imqammlin, waslu biex jagħlqu. C. tixxennaq biex tinqabad hemm fil-maltemp, tikri kamra fis-sular ta' fuq nett u tagħmel lejl tara l-mewġ jissabbat, jizvoga, tittanta tara l-baħar jogħla sa kamritha u jxarrbilha l-par żarbun li ħalliet apposta fil-gallerija. Jien, sal-lum, fil-kmamar qatt ma dħalt, imma sal-bar wasalt. Hemm manikkini mlibbsin ta' kavallieri ta' Malta bl-elmu f'rashom u pultruni komdi ma jaqblux. Pjanti tal-plastik mimlijin trab. Hemm mejda tal-biljard enormi taħt tubu jarmi l-abjad. Ikun hemm kelb daqs ħmar idur mas-saqajn. Fl-iljieli sajjin jiżfnu l-line dancing fil-parapett u jdoqqu l-country. Jintefgħu jilagħbu l-boċċi għar-riha ta' pizza ħierġa minn forn għall-apert.

OpenAI jgħidlek li ħafna mill-bars ta' Malta rustiċi, fihom karattru b'motivi lokal, b'has-salib ta' Malta. Ta' min isemmi li s-salib ta' Malta mhu ta' Malta xejn, imma tal-Kavallieri tal-Ordni ta' San Ġwann, kongregazzjoni ta' sinjuri nobbli Ewropej li ħakmu lill-ġżira kif deħrilhom huma għal kważi tliet mitt sena. Jgħidlek ukoll li hemm ħafna bars godda bl-aħħar disinn minimali u dwal ikkumplikati u atmosfera bi stil. Fi kliem ieħor, aġenti tal-ġentrifikazzjoni, speċjalment fil-belt kapitali, Valletta. Għandu raġun kważi f'kollox, għalkemm ma daħalx fl-intrinsikanti, fil-kwazi komiku, fil-ġebel tas-sejjeħ imwahaħal bil-konkos mal-ħajt, jew kollezzjoni santi tal-mejtin skjerati għassa wara il-flixken tal-whisky u r-rum. Dawn l-immaġini komiċi, għanqbud minn żmien ilu li għadu ma tnaddafx, konna nidhku bihom u nistħu minnhom sa f'it snin ilu. Illum anki nies progressivi qed jirromantiċizzawhom, ħarja f'wiċċ il-homogenazzjoni globali l f'postijiet żgħar bħal Malta tidwi f'eku jdamdam. Dawn, faċl timpresjona poplu tarbija kolonjali, li għadu jixxennaq li jkun bħal ta' barra, għax ta' barra kollu aqwa, u dejjem aħjar minn dak li taf tkabbar blata xotta.

C. tinsisti li mmorru fil-lukanda tal-bar imqammel, anki jekk it-tazzi jdellku għax mhux maħsul in sew u tal-bar jagħtik il-bqija ħażina apposta. Insaqsiha tixtieqx tmur weħidha jew f'kumpanija, u ma twegibnix. Tgħidli biss, li kif tidhol fil-kamra mikrija ser taqta' l-internet u titfi l-mowbajl u thalli l-baħar ikellimha u l-mewġ jahtafha u thossha fragli, żgħira, submissiva, maqtugħa mid-dinja. B'nofs ċajta

nghidilha ħaffef, għax il-lukanda mal-baħar taf tisparixxi ma ddumx. In-nanna kienet tgħid li skont xih li kien jgħix ġo għar fuq l-irdum ikewwes ħxejjex mistiċi, fil-futur qarib Malta toghdos għal dejjem. Għad jgħaddu l vapuri u l-kaptan jgħid lill-baħrin, hawn darba kien hawn gżira fejn kienu jgħammru pirati wikkiela tal-bigilla, sakemm fl-aħħar lahaqhom Alla li tant aduraw u żebilhu f'nifs wiehed, u sparixxihom. C. tgħidli, hallina min-nejk, it-theddida tat-tibdil fil-klima fuq gżira fejn niġbdu l-melħ ma' kull nifs u l-għadam meqrud artite tinħass reali ħafna iżjed mill-Ewropa kontinentali.

Open AI jgħid li l-probabbiltà li Malta tisparixxi għalkollox hija minima, biss il-villaġġi kostali jaf tiġrilhom il-ħsara u Malta trid tagħmel li tista' biex twaqqaf l-impatt tal-bidla fil-klima fuq id-dinja. X'tista' tagħmel farka li ħafna drabi jinsew inizzluha fil-mapep, li tiddependi fuq l-importazzjoni biex titma' u ssostni l-iffullar ta' nies li hawn fuqha?

Hawn bieqja karawett mielaħ iżzejjed fuq il-mejda. C. ssaqsi jsajrux bebbux fil-bar tal-lukanda mqammla. Tgħidli li tixtieq tiekol ikla bebbux. Kumbinazzjoni, ilbieraħ missieri qalli li l-bebbux kollu miet għax xita m'għamlitx f'Settembru u lanqas f'Ottubru u lanqas f'Novembru. Dam rieqed iżjed milli suppost għax ma ndunax li x-xitwa bdiet, u miet bil-ġuħ. Lanqas il-ħwienet tal-ikel tradizzjonali Malti goff, tal-Baħrija u l-Imġarr, fejn jagħtuk nofs žiemel fuq platt jew borma stuffat tal-fenek ma huma jservu bebbux appetizer mal-birra bħalissa. Malli jixref il-qiegħ tal-bieqja vojta, nindunaw li t-tnejn għajjejna nħarsu fl-għajnejn u ma jiġri xejn. Inkunu spontani u naqbdun niddeċiedu nikru kamra issa issa u nitilgħu dritt ikkargati biex naħxu. C. tfakkarni li thobbbhom wisq dawn l-allogġi temporanji. C. tgħidli li l-istati effimeri dejjem fihom faxxinu ta' libertà. Il-kmamar tal-lukandi qishom l-internet. Tiegħek, imma mhux tiegħek. Kull kamra f'kull lukanda tinħass spazju virtwali, li tidhol fiha taf li ta' maġenbek u tul il-kuritur kollha l-istess, imma mal-ewwel pass, mal-ewwel għafsa taċċettax il-cookies u tagħtix permess li d-data tiegħek tiġi pproċessata. Tagħmilha tiegħek. Timmanipulaha. Titfa' l-ħwejjeg kif ġie ġie, inkella torganizza kolloxx fuq żewġ xkafef. Tbul wahda twila wara ġurnata barra. Tiftaħ il-purtieri. Tara l-istampi u l-filmati oxxen fuq il-mobile. Taqbad tqalleb u tinbaram fil-virtwali, tara lil min ha tittanta, tnemmes, min ha jibgħatlek ritratt ta' ġismu għeri u jgħidlek, dan għalik, ġej hdejk fil-kamra u ha nidhol f'soddtok, avolja qas jaf min int. Jiġi

jinvadilek l-ispazju, jaħxik, u jitlaq, jagħfas il-buttuna X waqt li jagħlaq il-bieb b'tisbita.

Meta ssaqsi lill-AI fuq x'tip ta' pornografija popolari jhobbu jaraw in- nies fl-istatus flux li wiehed ikun fih meta jabita kamra ta' lukanda, OpenAI, b'ton ġentili, jgħidlek li tiddiskuti jew tqassam din it-tip ta' informazzjoni mhux l-iskop ta' din il-pjattaforma.

Meta tkun f'kamra ta' lukanda, qisek qieghed f'post li mhux tiegħek, li żżuru u titlaq minnu kumdità tiegħek. Fil-kamra tal-lukandi tidhol u toħroġ meta trid, bħas-siti tal-internet, imwennes mill-anonimità, mill- funzjonalità, mid-dekor jew in-nuqqas tiegħu. L-għamara ġenerika sservi lil kulhadd, bħal ma jservu s-siti u l-apps. Il-magna tal-kafè solitarja u l-ħalib merħi ġo bieqji uża u armi. Il-lożor bojod nodfa sterili lesti biex jintużaw, jiċcappsu, jitgeżwru, jostru, jgħattu u jsaħħnu il-ġisem. Il-banju mimli ilma šun. C. ma xxarrabx xagħarha. Nahxu lejl ših. Gharaqna maqbud f'sufna riha ta' sajf Mediterranju, ħolm ta' ġelat fuq ġelat mixtri minn vann ikkulurit ipparkjat max-xatt, ruġġata mill-cooler, ix-xemx u d-dell minn wara l-persjana waqt il-mewt ta' waranofsinhar, iż-żiffa għaxqija ta' wara l-quddies fil-kappella modesta ta' San Pawl il-Baħar man-nanniet.

Hawn, OpenAI jagħtik twissija finali meta ssaqsih fuq xi jhobbu jagħmlu koppji maħbubin jew persuni sesswalment kompatibbli meta jkunu msakkrin f'kamra ta' lukanda.

Hawn, OpenAI jiġi bażwi u bla użu.

Hawn, jien u C. sarilna l-ħin biex noħroġu mil-lukanda. Fil-bieb, C. ma twegħednix li nerġġhu niltaqgħu, la fil-bnazzi u lanqas fil-maltemp. C. tgħidli li jaf ikollha burdata terġa' tagħmel test pop-up li jitla' sorpriża. Din id-darba aktarx timlieh onest, sal-inqas dettall, u timxi mal-parir tiegħu. Forsi min jaf, din id-darba jimmarkana naqblu u mmorru niċċelebraw għalenija f'xi folla waqt partita football, jew nikkwotaw il-poeziji ta' mhabba lill xulxin f'librerija deżerta. Kollox minbarra nitmewġu f'lukanda mqammla mperrċa ma' xatt il-baħar, fejn fl-iljieli šhan safin jizfnu il-line dancing u l-pjanti tal-plastik għadhom mimlijin trab.

C.

S C. se ne bi smela srečati. Vse se je začelo napol v šali s testom, enim od tistih spletnih testov z generičnimi imeni, kot so »Še danes najdi ljubezen« ali »Čaka te ljubezen tvojega življenja«. To so trivialni testi, banalni, tisti, ki se pojavijo ob obisku dvomljivih spletnih strani, ali pa se prikažejo kot oglasi z vmesnikom, ki spominja na Windows 95. Večina ti da slutiti, da bo tvoj prenosnik kmalu okužen z vsemi vrstami vohunske programske opreme. Takšne teste človek izpolni, da bi si krajšal čas, sledi pa mu srečanje, prav tako zato, da bi zabil čas. Ko sva oba brez premisleka navedla, da iščeva stik z drugimi, je bil rezultat zame in za C. slab in nespodbuden. Nimam pojma, kako ti testi delujejo. Mislim, da podobno kot ujemanje v horoskopu določajo planeti in zvezde, ti testi delujejo na podlagi zapletenih izračunov umetne inteligence.

Med pisanjem tega kratkega besedila sem raziskal, kako se določa verjetnost uspeha v razmerju glede na horoskopsko znamenje, v katerem si se rodil. OpenAI ti pove, da horoskop analizira simbole, horoskopska znamenja in izračune astroloških podatkov, zbranih iz natalne karte, pri čemer ga vodijo astrologija, matematika in intuicija.

Pravim ji C., ker je to ime navedeno v njenem profilu. Povedala mi je, da je C. dovolj in da je edini resnični odgovor, ki ga je dala med testom, zadeval priložnostni seks. Test nama je predlagal, naj greva na kak miren kraj ali pa se srečava v kakšni gneči. Pokazal nama je sliko para, ki si gleda v oči sredi knjižnične tišine. Pokazal nama je sliko para, ovitega v moštveni šal, ki proslavlja zmago. C. mi koketno pove, da se bova odpravila na kratek sprehod v obalno vasio, potem pa bova že videla.

OpenAI mi je povedal, da so nekatere obalne vasi na Malti San Ġiljan, Tas-Sliema, il-Mellieħa, Marsascala, Birżebbuġa, Buġibba in Marsaxlokk. Razmišljal sem, da bi to zgodbo postavil v Buġibbo ali Birżebbuġo. Obe sta zanemarjeni in prepuščeni sami sebi, kot nevestna šolarka v zadnjem koncu učilnice. Pametna, lepa, karizmatična, ki se zaveda svojega potenciala, vendar ji je povsem vseeno.

Birżebbuġa je prazna in zanemarjena, vendar še vedno ohranja videz vzvišene zrele dame, ki je v najboljših letih, pozabljena, vendar še vedno razpoložena. Znaki trgovin so napol osvetljeni. S čudovitih pročelij počitniških hišic, ki so obrnjene proti Freeportu, blede živa barva. Policijska postaja je zaprta.

Restavracije so zaprte. Stoli in mize so priklenjeni na kandelabre. C. mi pove, da že dolgo sanja o tem, da bi prenočila v hotelu na obali, tistem, ki štrli v zaliv, vendar nihče ni želel z njo, saj AI nikoli ne predlaga romantičnih srečanj v dekadentnih, razpadajočih, zanemarjenih krajih, ki se bodo kmalu za vedno zaprli. C. hrepeni po tem, da bi med nevihto obtičala zgoraj, najela sobo v najvišjem nadstropju in preživela noč ob opazovanju valov, ki se lomijo, divjajo, poskušala videti, kako se morje dviga do njene sobe, in zmoči par čevljev, ki jih je namenoma pustila na balkonu. Do zdaj še nikoli nisem vstopil v nobeno od hotelskih sob, sem pa obiskal bar. V njem so lutke, oblečene v malteške viteze s šlemi na glavah, in neujemajoči se fotelji. Plastične rastline prekriva prah. Ogromna miza za biljard je osvetljena z belo neonsko svetlobo. Naokrog vedno teka pes, velik kot osel. Ob poletnih večerih na terasi organizirajo vrstni ples in predvajajo country glasbo. Ob vonju pice, ki prihaja iz zunanje krušne peči, igrajo bočči.

OpenAI ti pove, da so v številnih malteških rustikalnih barih prisotni lokalni motivi, kot je malteški križ. Omeniti velja, da malteški križ ne pripada izključno Malti, temveč viteškemu redu svetega Janeza, skupini evropskih plemičev, ki so skoraj tristo let vladali otoku, kakor se jim je zljubilo. Prav tako ti pove, da je na Malti veliko novih barov z najnovejšim minimalističnim dizajnom, ki ponujajo zapletene koktajle in elegantno vzdušje. Z drugimi besedami, predstavniki gentrifikacije, zlasti v glavnem mestu Valletta. Čeprav je OpenAI v večini vidikov natančen, spregleda nekatere bistvene elemente, na primer komično imitacijo ruševin, ki so po stenah obdane z betonom, ali zbirko pogrebnih kartic, raztresenih med steklenicami viskija in ruma. Te podobe, ki spominjajo na minula obdobja, ki še niso povsem izginila, so bile nekoč vir zabave, do nedavnega pa simbol sramu in zaostalosti. Danes jih celo progresivni posamezniki romantizirajo, saj se bojijo globalne homogenizacije v majhnih državah, kot je Malta, kjer je učinek odmevne komore kar močan. Tu ni težko narediti vtisa na postkolonialno prebivalstvo, ki še vedno hrepeni po tem, da bi bilo podobno tistim v tujini, saj je vse, kar je uvoženo, boljše in vselej prekaša domači proizvod, zrasel na suhem otoku.

C. vztraja pri obisku obskurnega hotela, čeprav se zaveda, da tam kozarci nikoli niso dobro oprani in da natakarji drobiža namenoma ne vračajo točno. Vprašam jo, ali želi iti sama ali v družbi, vendar ne odgovori. Pove mi le, da bo, ko bo vstopila v najeto sobo, izgubila internetno povezavo, izklopila telefon in pustila morju, da ji govori, da

jo objamejo valovi, ji dajo občutek krhkosti, majhnosti, podrejenosti in jo odtrgajo od sveta. Napol v šali ji rečem, naj pohiti, ker lahko hotel ob morju kaj hitro izgine. Babica je govorila, da bo po besedah starejšega moža, ki je živel v jami v pečinah in varil mistična zelišča, Malta kmalu za vedno izginila. V prihodnosti bodo mimo plule ladje in kapitan bo mornarjem povedal, da je bil na tem mestu nekoč otok, ki so ga naseljevali pirati, oboroženi z bigillo, dokler jih ni naposled doletela usoda in jih je bog, ki so ga častili in preklinjali obenem, izbrisal. C. mi resno pove, šalo na stran, da se na otoku, kjer z vsakim vdihom zajamemo sol in so naše kosti oslabiljene zaradi artritisa, grožnja podnebnih sprememb zdi veliko bolj resnična kot v celinski Evropi.

OpenAI navaja, da je verjetnost, da bi Malta popolnoma izginila, minimalna, vendar bi lahko obalne vasi utrpely škodo, Malta pa mora prispevati svoj delež k ublažitvi vpliva podnebnih sprememb na svet. Vendar pa, kaj lahko spremeni prenaseljen otok, ki je na zemljevidih pogosto prezrt?

V skledici na mizi so arašidi. C. vpraša, ali v tem zanikrnem hotelu strežejo s polži. Pove mi, da bi si rada privoščila polže. Po naključju mi je včeraj oče povedal, da so vsi polži poginili, ker niti septembra niti oktobra in novembra ni deževalo. Polži so hibernirali veliko dlje kot sicer, saj se niso zavedali, da se je začela zima, in so pomrli od lakote. Danes niti v tradicionalnih malteških lokalih, v katerih lahko požrete, kolikor hočete, ne strežejo polžev kot prigrizka k pivu. Takoj ko je skleda z arašidi prazna, se zaveva, da sva se naveličala spogledovanja, in to je to. Spontano se odločiva, da najameva sobo, in se tja v naglici odpraviva seksat. C. me spomni, da jo te začasne nastanitve zares vznemirjajo. C. mi pove, da imajo minljiva stanja vedno pridih svobode. Hotelske sobe so kot internet. Tvoje, a hkrati ne tvoje. Vsaka soba v vsakem hotelu se zdi kot virtualni prostor, v katerega vstopiš, čeprav veš, da je sosednja soba in vsaka druga soba na hodniku enaka, vendar s prvim korakom, s prvim klikom sprejmeš piškotke in dovoliš, da se tvoji podatki obdelujejo. Narediš jo za svojo. Z njo manipuliraš. Oblačila odvržeš, kamor se ti zahoče, ali pa jih zložiš na dve polici. Po dolgem dnevu se sprostiš. Dvigneš rolete. Na telefonu si ogleduješ nespodobne slike in posnetke. Začneš se premikati in vrteti po virtualnem prostoru, ugotavljati, koga boš osvajal, s kom boš perversen, kdo ti bo poslal sliko svojega golega telesa in ti rekel, to je zate. Pridružil se ti bom v tvoji sobi in se ulegel v tvojo posteljo, čeprav ne vem, kdo si. Prišel bo in vdrl

v tvoj prostor, prodrli vate in odšel ter ob zvoku zaloputnjenih vrat pritisnil na gumb X.

Ko umetno inteligenco vprašaš, katero vrsto pornografije ljudje običajno gledajo v prehodnem stanju, v katerem se znajdemo v hotelski sobi, te OpenAI z nežnim tonom obvesti, da razpravljanje ali deljenje tovrstnih informacij ni namen te platforme.

Ko si v hotelski sobi, imaš občutek, da si v prostoru, ki ni tvoj, v prostoru, kamor se lahko prijaviš in odjaviš, kakor ti je po godu. Tako kot na spletnih straneh tudi v hotelske sobe vstopaš in iz njih izstopaš, kakor se ti zljubi, v tolažbo pa ti je anonimnost, funkcionalnost, dekor ali njegova odsotnost. Generično pohištvo služi vsem, tako kot spletna mesta in aplikacije. Tu sta še osamljen aparat za kavo in vodeno mleko v posodicah za enkratno uporabo. Sterilne bele brisače, skrbno zložene za uporabo, pripravljene, da se umažejo, da se vanje ovije, skrije, da se z njimi pokrije in ogreje telo. Kopel je do roba napolnjena z vročo vodo, iz katere se dviga para. C. si ne zmoči las. Vso noč fukava, utapljač se v sanjah o sredozemskih poletnih nočeh, podobah enega sladoleda za drugim iz pisanega to-vornjaka, parkiranega ob obali, ohlajeni limonadi, soncu in senci izza poševnih oken med popoldansko spokojnostjo, vetriču po maši v skromni kapelici v Zalivu svetega Pavla s starimi starši.

Na tem mestu ti OpenAI ponudi še zadnje opozorilo, ko ga vprašaš, katerim užitkom se predajajo zaljubljeni pari ali spolno kompatibilni posamezniki, ko so zaprti v hotelski sobi.

Na tem mestu postane OpenAI nič in neuporaben.

Napočil je čas, da s C. zapustiva hotel. Na vratih C. ne obljubi, da se bova še kdaj srečala, ne v lepem ne v slabem vremenu. C. mi pove, da je morda razpoložena za ponovno reševanje kakšnega testa, ko se bo ta nepričakovano pojavil. Najverjetneje bo tokrat odgovorila na kar najbolj iskren način in upoštevala nasvete iz testa. Morda, kdo ve, naju bo test tokrat označil kot zelo kompatibilna. Med kakšno nogometno tekmo bova šla proslavljat z množico ali pa si bova v zapuščeni knjižnici recitirala ljubezenske pesmi. Vse drugo, razen mečkanja v zanikrnem hotelu ob morju, kjer v toplih poletnih večerih plešejo vrstni ples in so vse plastične rastline še vedno prekrite s prahom.

Iz angleščine prevedla Petra Meterc

C.

Me and C. shouldn't have met. Everything started from a half-joke test, those online dodgy ones, with generic names such as 'Find Your Love Today' or 'Here is the Love of your Life.' These are trivial tests, banal, the ones that appear when visiting dubious sites, or pop up as adverts, with an interface reminiscent of Windows 95. Most of them give you the vibe that your laptop will soon be infected with all types of spyware. One does such tests to pass the time and follow up with a meeting just to kill time as well. When, half arsed, we indicated that both of us were seeking contact with others, the result for me and C. was weak and discouraging. I have no clue how these tests work. I believe that, much like how horoscope matches are determined by planets and stars, these tests operate based on complex AI calculations.

While writing this short text, I researched how to determine the probability of success in a relationship according to the zodiac sign under which we were born. OpenAI tells you that the horoscope analyses symbols, zodiac elements, and astrological data calculations gathered from the birth chart, guided by astrology, mathematics, and intuition.

I refer to her as C. because that name appears in her profile. She told me that C. is enough, and the only true answer she gave during the test concerned casual sex. The suggestion from the test's side was for us to go to a quiet place or meet as part of an audience. We were shown an image of a couple gazing into each other's eyes amidst the quiet of a library. We were shown an image of a couple wrapped in a team scarf, celebrating some win. Cockily, C. tells me that we will be going for a short walk in a coastal village and take it from there.

OpenAI informs me that some of the coastal villages in Malta are San Ġiljan, Tas-Sliema, il-Mellieħa, Marsascala, Birżebbuġa, Buġibba, and Marsaxlokk. I was considering setting this story in either Buġibba or Birżebbuġa. Both are neglected and left to their own devices, like a scruffy student at the back of the class. Clever, handsome, charismatic, aware of the potential, but couldn't care less.

Birżebbuġa is empty and neglected, but still holds onto a facade of a haughty mature lady, past her prime, forgotten but still up for it. The shop signs are half lit. The colourful paint is fading from

the beautiful facades of the holiday homes facing the Freeport. The police station is closed.

The restaurants are closed. The chairs and tables are padlocked to light posts. C. tells me that she has long been dreaming of staying in the hotel on the shore, the one protruding on the bay, but no one ever wanted to join her because AI never suggests romantic meetings in decadent, dilapidated, shabby places which are about to close for good. C. yearns to be stuck there during a storm, to rent a room on the top floor and spend the night watching the waves crashing, raging, attempting to see the sea rise to her room and soaking the pair of shoes left in the balcony on purpose. I have never entered any of the hotel rooms until now, but I have visited the bar. There are mannequins dressed as Knights of Malta with helmets on their heads and a mismatch of armchairs. Plastic plants covered in dust. There is an enormous billiard table under white neon light. There is always a donkey-sized dog running around. On summer evenings, they organize line dancing on the parapet and play country music. They play *boċċi* amidst the scent of pizza coming out of the open-air oven.

OpenAI tells you that many of Malta's rustic bars feature local motifs, such as the Maltese cross. It's worth mentioning that the Maltese cross is not exclusively to Malta, but rather to the Knights of the Order of St. John, a congregation of European noblemen who ruled the island as they pleased for almost three hundred years. It also tells you that there are many new bars with the latest minimalist design, offering complicated cocktails and a stylish atmosphere. In other words, agents of gentrification, especially in the capital city, Valletta. While OpenAI is accurate in most aspects, it overlooks certain intrinsic elements, such as the comical imitation rubble made through concrete stuck to the walls, or the collection of funeral cards strewn among whiskey and rum bottles. These images, reminiscent of bygone eras yet to be fully eradicated, once served as sources of amusement and, until recently, symbols of shame and backwardness. Today even progressive individuals are romanticizing them, fearing global homogenization in tiny countries like Malta, where the echo chamber effect resonates loudly. Here, it's easy to impress a post-colonial population still longing to be like those from abroad, because everything imported is better, and is always superior to the homegrown product grown on a dry island.

C. insists on going to the shabby hotel, fully aware that the glasses are never washed properly and that the bar people give you the wrong change on purpose. I ask her if she wants to go alone or in company, but she doesn't answer. She just tells me that as she enters the rented room, she will lose her internet connection, turn off her phone, and let the sea speak to her, allow the waves to embrace her and make her feel fragile, small, submissive, detach her from the world. Half joking, I tell her to hurry up because the seaside hotel might quickly vanish. Grandma used to say that, according to an elderly man who lived in a cave on the cliffs brewing mystical herbs, soon Malta will disappear forever. In the future, ships will be sailing, and the captain will announce to the sailors that once here there was an island, now submerged, inhabited by bigilla-wielding pirates, until finally they met their fate and the god they simultaneously worshiped and cursed eradicated them. In a serious tone, C. tells me, joking apart, on an island where we inhale salt with every breath and our bones are weakened by arthritis, the threat of climate change feels much more real than in continental Europe.

OpenAI states that the probability of Malta disappearing altogether is minimal, but coastal villages might suffer damages, and Malta must do its part to mitigate the impact of climate change on the world. However, what difference can an overpopulated island that is often overlooked on the maps make?

There are peanuts in a small bowl on the table. C. asks if they serve snails at the shabby hotel. She tells me she wants to feast on snails. Coincidentally, yesterday my dad told me that all the snails died because it didn't rain in September, or in October, or in November. The snails hibernated for a much longer period as they didn't realize that winter had started and they died of starvation. Not even the traditional gobble-down-as-much-as-you-can Maltese food places are serving snails as an appetizer with beer nowadays. As soon as the peanut bowl is empty, we realize that we are tired of giving each other the eye and that's it. Spontaneously we decide to rent a room and get there in a rush ready for a shag. C. reminds me that she really gets excited by these temporary accommodations. C. tells me that ephemeral states always contain a flavour of freedom. Hotel rooms are like the internet. Yours, but not yours. Every room in every hotel feels like a virtual space, where you enter knowing that the one next door, and every other one all the way down the corridor is

identical, but with the first step, with the first click, you accept the cookies and give permission for your data to be processed. You make it yours. You manipulate it. You toss the clothes as you please or organize them on two shelves. You relieve yourself after a long day out. You open the shutters. You view obscene pictures and clips on your phone. You start scrolling and rolling in the virtual, identifying whom you will hit on, perv on, who will send you a picture of his naked body and tell you, this is for you. I am joining you in your room and I will get in your bed, even though I don't know who you are. He will come and invade your space, penetrate, and leave, pressing the X button as the door closes with a bang.

When you ask AI about what type of pornography people tend to watch in the transient state one finds themselves in when in a hotel room, OpenAI, with a gentle tone, informs you that discussing or sharing this type of information is not the purpose of the platform.

When you're in a hotel room, you feel like you're in a place that isn't yours, a space you check in and out of at your convenience. Just like websites, in hotel rooms you enter and leave as you please, comforted by anonymity, functionality, decor, or its absence. The generic furniture serves everyone, like websites and apps. There's the solitary coffee maker and watery milk in disposable containers. The sterile white towels folded neatly for use, ready to be stained, to wrap around, hide, cover, and warm up the body. The bath is full to the brim with steaming water. C. doesn't wet her hair. We spend the night fucking, drowning in a dream of Mediterranean summer nights, images of one ice cream after another from the colourful van parked by the shore, lemonade from the cooler, the sun and the shade from behind the slanted windows during the afternoon stillness, the breeze after mass in the modest chapel of St. Paul's Bay with the grandparents.

Here, OpenAI gives you a final warning when asked about what activities couples in love or sexually compatible individuals indulge in when they are locked in a hotel room.

Here, OpenAI becomes null and useless.

Here, it is time for C. and me to leave the hotel. At the door, C. does not promise that we will meet again, neither in fair nor in harsh weather. C. tells me she might be in a mood to re-do some test that comes up by surprise. Most probably, this time she will answer in the most honest manner and follow the test's advice. Perhaps,

who knows, this time the test will mark us as highly compatible. We will go celebrate with the crowd during some football match, or quote love poems to each other in a deserted library. Anything but cresting in a shabby hotel by the seaside where in the warm summer evenings they do line dancing and all the plastic plants are still covered in dust.

Translated by the author



Foto © osebni arhiv / Personal Archive

Efstatia Paliodzika

Efstatia Paliodzika (Ευσταθία Παλιोटζήκα; Solun, 1994) je na Univerzi v Solunu diplomirala iz grške filologije ter magistrirala iz primerjalne književnosti. V minulih letih je delala v več krajih v šolstvu, kot vzgojiteljica pri ranljivih skupinah prebivalstva. Danes deluje kot književna urednica in prevajalka, svoje pesmi in prevode objavlja na različnih blogih in v literarnih revijah; objavlja pod psevdonimom Tria epsilon (Τρία Έψιλον). Za svojo prvo pesniško zbirko *Γνωρίζω αυτές που πλέκουν στη μέση της θάλασσας* (2022; Poznam tiste, ki pletejo sredi morja) je leta 2022 prejela nagrado traka in nagrado Janisa Varverisa za pesniški prvenec, ki jo podeljuje Društvo grških pisateljev.

Eustathia Paliotzika (Ευσταθία Παλιोटζήκα; Thessaloniki, 1994) graduated from the University of Thessaloniki with a BA in Greek Philology and an MA in Comparative Literature. In recent years she has worked in several places in the education sector, as an educator for vulnerable populations. Today she works as a literary editor and translator, publishing her poems and translations on various blogs and in literary magazines; she publishes under the pseudonym Tria epsilon (Τρία Έψιλον). Her first collection of poems, *Γνωρίζω αυτές που πλέκουν στη μέση της θάλασσας* (2022; I Know Those Who Knit in the Middle of the Sea), was awarded the traka prize and the Giannis Varveris Prize for a debut poetry collection by the Hellenic Authors Association in 2022.

[λέσβος]

εκείνη τη χρονιά με τα 21 φεγγάρια, δε μίλησε κανείς
τότε πέρασε μια ολόκληρη γενιά που κανείς δε μιλούσε, και σαν να

μην έφτανε αυτό δεν έπραξε ποτέ κανένας, μέχρι που όλοι ξέχα-
σαν την έννοια της πράξης

πλην ελαχίστων εξαιρέσεων που βάραν τα κεφάλια τους
στον τοίχο
δοκιμάζοντας αντοχή υλικών

[συζήτηση με τον νεκρό παππού που 'ταν δάσκαλος]

κοίτα,

εμένα τα παιδιά μου

μπορεί να μην έκαναν τον γύρο του κόσμου σε ογδόντα μέρες αλλά

τους παίρνει δυο τρία χρόνια να διαβούν το σύνορο

και μια θάλασσα

αν δεν ανθίσουν στον πάτο της

[ρωγμές]

αυτό το μικρό βιβλίο τρίζει
όπως γυρίζω τις σελίδες του
όλες οι ποιήτριες που έχω διαβάσει κλαίνε
για όλα τα πράγματα που έγραψα στο ίντερνετ
και ενάντια στις προβλέψεις
αντίθετα από εμάς
θα ζήσουν για πάντα

και μες στις σελίδες
τα μικρά μου
ποιήματα
κλαίνε
που τους έδωσα σώμα και σπίτι
μέσα τους να τα βρούνε νεκρά

Λάζλο
εσένα τώρα κατηγορώ που
η υπέροχη αθανασία του ίντερνετ
μας κυνηγά

που τα ποιήματα στο βιβλίο μου
λυπημένα
ραγίζουν

[lezbos]

tistega leta z 21 lunami ni nihče spregovoril
mimo je šla cela generacija, ne da bi kdo spregovoril, in kot da

to ne bi bilo dovolj, ni nihče nič naredil, dokler niso vsi
pozabili pojma dejanja

razen zelo redkih izjem, ki so z glavami butale
v zid
in preizkušale vzdržljivost snovi

[pogovor z mrtvim dedkom, ki je bil učitelj]

glej,

moji otroci

resda niso v osemdesetih dneh prišli okoli sveta, vendar

jim vzame kake dve tri leta, da prečkajo mejo

in eno morje

če ne vzcvetijo na njegovem dnu

[razpoke]

ta knjižica škripa
ko obračam njene strani
vse pesnice ki sem jih kdaj brala jočejo
nad vsem kar sem napisala na internetu
in bo napovedim navkljub
za razliko od nas
živelo večno

in na njenih straneh
moje male
pesmi
jočejo
ker sem jim dala telo in dom
kjer jih bodo našli mrtve

Lazlo
tebe zdaj krivim ker
nas preganja čudovita nesmrtnost
interneta

ker so pesmi v moji knjigi
žalostne
razpokale

Prevedla Lara Unuk

[lesvos]

in that year with 21 moons, no one said a word

and then an entire generation came where no one talked, and as if
this wasn't enough – no one ever acted, until everyone forgot the
notion of action

with few exceptions who were coming up against a brick wall
testing material strength

*[a conversation with my dead grandpa
who used to be a teacher]*

listen,

my children

might not have travelled the world in eighty days

but they spend two to three years to cross a few countries

and the water frontier

apart from when they end up blooming on its seabed

[cracks]

this little book is creaking
every time I turn its pages
all of the poetesses I've read cry
for all the things I've written online
and against all odds
instead of us
will live forever

and in the pages
my little
poems
are crying
as I gave them a body and a house
to find them dead inside

Lazlo
I blame you now that
the internet's wonderful immortality
is hunting us

now that the poems in my book
miserable
are cracking

Translated by the author

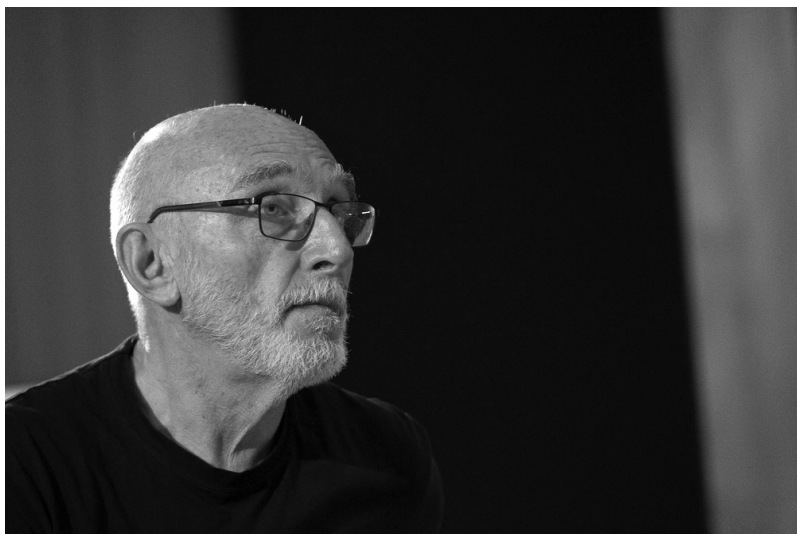


Foto © Ottani Norcia

Paolo Rumiz

Paolo Rumiz (Trst, 1947) je italijanski novinar in pisatelj. Napisal je trideset knjig, ki izžarevajo njegovo strast do potovanja in raziskovanja. Njegovo pisavo v veliki meri zaznamuje meja, ob kateri živi. V časopisih *Il Piccolo* in *La Repubblica* je objavil vrsto potopisnih feljtonov, od pripovedi o vožnji s kolesom iz Italije v Turčijo do popotovanja vzdolž antične Apijeve ceste. Kot novinar je spremljal padec železne zaves, konflikte ob razpadanju Jugoslavije, porajanje populističnega nacionalizma v Italiji in Avstriji, vojno v Afganistanu in slabitev Evropske unije sto let po začetku prve svetovne vojne. Z režiserjem Alessandrom Scillitanijem je sodeloval pri desetih filmih, ki so temeljili na potovanjih po vseh nekdanjih frontah Evrope. Njegove knjige so prevedene v angleščino, francoščino, nemščino in jezike držav nekdanje Jugoslavije. Med nagradami, ki jih je prejel za svoje literarno delo, so leta 2013 nagrada revije *L'Express* za francoski prevod *Hanibala*, leta 2015 nagrada Nicolasa Bouvierja za knjigo *Il ciclope* (Kiklop) in leta 2021 evropska medalja cesarja Karla IV. za prizadevanje za evropsko enotnost. V slovenskem prevodu imamo Rumizovo dokumentarno knjigo *Kot konji, ki spijo stoje* (2016) in pesniško knjigo *Kutina iz Carigrada. Balada za tri moške in žensko* (2022), oboje v prevodu Mateja Venierja.

Paolo Rumiz (Trieste, 1947) is an Italian journalist and writer. He has written thirty books that reflect his passion for travel and research. His writing is largely shaped by the borders along which he lives. He has published a series of travel feuilletons in *Il Piccolo* and *La Repubblica*, ranging from an account of a bicycle ride from Italy to Turkey, to a journey along the ancient Appian Way. As a journalist, he followed the fall of the Iron Curtain, the conflicts surrounding the break-up of Yugoslavia, the rise of populist nationalism in Italy and Austria, the war in Afghanistan and the weakening of the European Union a hundred years after the start of the First World War. He has collaborated with director Alessandro Scillitani on ten films based on his travels to all the former European fronts. His books have been translated into English, French, German and the languages of the former Yugoslavia. Among the prizes he has received for his literary work are the 2013 *L'Express* magazine prize for the French translation of *Hannibal*, the 2015 Nicolas Bouvier prize for his book *Il ciclope* (The Cyclop), and the 2021 Emperor Charles IV European Medal for his efforts to promote European unity.

Il mare era in principio

In una notte nitida di ottobre
il comandante Lebris dal veliero
Surprise battente bandiera francese
vide, al largo del golfo di Palermo
una vela color rosso mattone
tagliare il mare in due come una lama
rotta a nord-est, obliqua, di bolina.
Puntò il binocolo. Sembrava vuota
ma con superba inerzia scivolava
sulle onde di zinco in controluce
con vento di Grecale a venti nodi
e le ali di neve dei gabbiani
che incoronavano l'aria turchina.
Aprendo l'acqua, la barca tracciava
un baffo bianco, rotondo, perfetto
come spuma di birra sui mustacchi
di un granatiere prussiano a riposo.
Era una vela del Mare del Nord,
legno massiccio più vecchio di un secolo
occhi dipinti a prua come le navi
dei Greci a Salamina. Un armo aurico
di grande velatura e strane corna
fissate alla cervice del bompreso.
Sulla crocetta, una blusa di donna
di un nero piratesco, sbrindellata,
e a poppa una bandiera con le stelle.

Incuriosito, il Francese aggiustò
la sua rotta con andatura al lasco
tenendo testa al peso dei frangenti
per incrociare la fatamorgana.
Sfiorò la collisione, ma riuscì
per un istante a vedere al timone
un uomo solo, semi-addormentato
passargli accanto a gran velocità
intabarrato in un plaid, naso adunco
e capelli incrostati di salsedine.

Imperterrito andava, lineare
 sembrava fosse la barca a portarlo.
 “Né latitudine né longitudine
 era il suo navigare, ma un abisso”
 così disse il Francese alle altre barche,
 “una discesa per antri sommersi.”
 Rimpiccioli in un attimo la vela,
 rotta su Napoli, finché scomparve
 avvolta in un’aureola di vapori.
 Da allora molti altri la avvistarono
 sempre per pochi attimi, nel vento:
 c’è chi la vide a Creta e chi a Maiorca
 chi nello Jonio o al largo di Marsiglia.

Per la sua poppa rotonda, filante,
 la vela centenaria non lasciava
 dietro di sé alcuna traccia di schiume.
 Di notte si vedeva, inconfondibile,
 solamente una scia di bollicine
 color di Luna, una smagliatura
 sinuosa che poteva assomigliare
 a una lucente bava di lumaca
 o traccia del passaggio di un delfino.
 Altre barche, incrociandola, si dice
 che avessero gridato il loro nome
 come saluto alla Vecchia signora,
 ma quella se ne andava via in silenzio
 seguendo mappe arcane d’altri tempi.

Il mare era in principio. Solo dopo
 fu creata la vela per solcarlo.
Moya, il suo nome era *Moya*.
 L’avevano varata in Inghilterra
 ormai da un secolo. Ruggivano le Orcadi
 quando l’Auriga la vide a distanza
 solcare nella bruma l’onda grigia.
 La fece sua e le diede un tocco greco
 dipingendo sul muso grandi occhi
 contro il Matiasma e i mostri del profondo.

Calda, accogliente, una culla ideale
col nome in bronzo al vertice del boma
il suo guscio materno lo aiutava
a fare il punto nave sulla vita,
lo trasferiva nel tempo del mito.
Solo manovre a mano, zero winch
cucce spartane, niente battagliola
niente frigo, soltanto la cambusa,
l triplo delle drizze e delle scotte
di una barca normale. Stando a bordo,
il tempo evaporava, si spostava
leggero, nella quarta dimensione,
là dove tutto sta scritto da secoli.

Mai era apparsa in un porto. Il pilota
buttava l'ancora in baie nascoste
lontano da dogane e da scartoffie.
Dove facesse cambusa è un mistero:
lo videro pescar in mare aperto
o raccogliere erbe sulle rive
di isole remote, nottetempo.
Riusciva a navigare anche nel sonno:
per impedire alla barca di orzare
annodava la barra a modo suo
a una maniglia accanto alla falchetta.
La leggenda si sparse in un baleno
di quell'uomo grifagno senza pace.
L'ultima volta pare che lo videro
con la sua barca cornuta attraccata
a un molo malandato in quel di Cnido,
città fantasma in cima a un promontorio
lacerato dal trillo dei rondoni
dove Venere celebra da secoli
lo sposalizio fra Asia ed Europa.
Ballava, si dice, abbracciato a una donna
che non c'era, tessendo i passi morbidi
di una milonga, o forse un tango vals.

E io l'ho conosciuto. Ho navigato
con lui fino all'ultimo, fino al tempo
della sua solitudine più estrema.
Ricordo molto bene quando sciolse
gli ormeggi in piena notte a Cefalonia.
Io piansi in quel momento; invece lui
sorrise mentre il vento gli scriveva
parole tra le virgole dei riccioli.
Oh, Petros, Ammiraglio delle anime,
ogni tuo gesto era un inno di lode!
Quando prendevi felice il timone,
triemi di Pelasgi e di Liburni
ti passavano accanto e le Nereidi
cantavano per te dolci canzoni.
Borea in quei giorni mi soffiò nel cuore
come mai prima in tutta la mia vita
e come non soffiò mai più da allora.

V začetku je bilo morje

Oktobra, v neki jasni zvezdni noči
je uzrl Lebris, poveljnik jadrnice
Surprise, ki pred palermskim zalivom
je pod francosko trikoloro plula,
opečno rdeče jadro, kako reže
morje na dvoje kot prelomljen meč,
poševno v veter proti severu in vzhodu.
Pogledal je skozi daljnogled in zdelo
se mu je, da je prazna, a je vztrajna,
ponosna po nakodranih valovih
iz cinka jadrala proti svetlobi
s severovzhodnim vetrom z dvajset vozli
in v snežnem metežu galebjih kril,
lebdečih kakor krona v modrem zraku.
Ko morje je razpirala pred sabo,
popolno oblo brazdo je orala
po vodi barka; kot bi pivska pena
ostajala na brkih grenadirja,
Prusa, ki si počitek zaljša s pivom.
Bila je ladja s Severnega morja,
masiven les, več kakor sto let star,
z očmi na premcu, kot so jih imele
naslikane galeje Grkov, tiste,
ki so dobile boj pri Salamini.
Bilo je zlato vrvje glavnih jader
rogovi čudni na konici premca
štrleli so, prek prečke je visela
docela razcapana ženska bluza,
piratsko črna, in na krmi barke
zastava z zvezdami je plapolala.

Francoz vznemirjen zgrabil je krmilo,
ki je že prosto nihalo, in proti
teži valov usmeril ladjo, da bi
prestregel pot prividu. Trku komaj
se je izognil, a mu je uspelo,
za hip moža uzreti pri krmilu:

sam je bil tam; kot da bi ždel v polsnu,
 je mimo njega švignil, v pled zavil.
 Imel je kljukast nos, lase pa otrdele
 od pršca slanega, ko je krmaril.
 »V vzporednik ne, in tudi ne v poldnevnik,
 neustrašenega je nosila barka,
 menda naravnost v brezno,« je povedal
 Francoz ostalim ladjam v tistih vodah,
 kot spust v temačne potopljene jame
 se je njegova plovba zdela. Jadra
 je v hipu zvil, ki gnala so v Neapelj,
 nato je izpuhtela v venec pare
 celotna barka. Od tedaj so nanjo
 še mnogi naleteli, vendar le
 ob močnem vetru in za nekaj hipov;
 nekdo jo je uzrl pri Majorki,
 nekdo pod Kreto; pa spet v Jonskem morju
 in v vodah pred Marseillem. Njena krma
 zaobljena in hitra ni za sabo
 nobene pene puščala. Ponoči
 si za stoletno barko mogel zreti
 le v nezgrešljivi razor iz mehurčkov
 v odenku mesečine; kot krivuljast,
 razparan pajčolan, ki je spominjal
 na lesketavo polžjo slino ali
 na sled, ki jo delfin na vodi pušča.
 Menda so tisti, ki so naleteli
 med plovbo nanjo, svojih bark imena
 sporočali kriče, kakor v pozdrav
 častitljivi gospe, a ta je plula
 naprej v tišini, kot bi se ravnala
 po tajnih zemljevidih drugih časov.

V začetku morje je bilo. Šele
 potem prišla je barka, da ga reže.
Moya, imenovala se je *Moya*.
 Splavili so jo v Angliji že pred
 stoletjem. Zahrumeli so Orkadi,
 ko jo je uzrl zviška iz daljave

Veliki voz, kako valove sive
je rezala v meglicah. Vzel jo je
za svojo in ji dal grški pridih,
ko ji na gobec je naslikal dvoje
oči velikih proti Matiazmi
in drugim strašnim stvorom iz globine.
Bila je topla, gostoljubna, zibka
nadvse prijetna, z bronastim imenom
vrh jambora; lupina materinska
mu je bila v pomoč, ko si je meril
v življenju daljo in nebesno stran.
Prestavljala ga je v čas bajeslovja.
Zgolj ročna opravila, vitel trd,
špartanske postelje, nikjer ograj,
le shramba brez hladilnika
in trikrat več vrvi in plaht kot na
navadni barki. Ko si stal na krovu
je čas hlapel in se lahkoten
prestavljal tja v četrto dimenzijo,
kjer je stoletja vse zapisano bilo.

V nobeno pristanišče ni zaplula.
Sidro je metal po zalivih skritih
krmar njen, daleč od carin in listin.
Kje hrano je dobival, je skrivnost:
lovil je ribe na odprtem morju,
v nočeh zeli nabiral po obalah
otokov daljnih. Tudi speč je jadral:
da se mu barka ne obrne v veter,
je drog na svoj način privezal
k ročaju na robniku. Bliskovito
je zgodba šla v obtok o tem človeku,
pretečem, brez miru, ki so ga zadnjič
še videli z rogato barko vred
na zdelanem pomolu v Knidu, mestu
strahov, privezano; na vrhu griča
od hudournikov razrezanega
je bil, kjer Venera stoletja že
slavi poroko Azije z Evropo.

Da plesal je, ljudje so govorili,
z žensko objet, ki tam je ni bilo,
in tkal korake mehke v plesnem ritmu
milonge ali morda valčka v tangu.

In jaz sem ga poznal. Jadral sem z njim
do zadnjega, dokler se ni pogreznil
v skrajno samoto. Še se ga spominjam,
kako se je odvezal v trdi noči
na Kefaloniji s priveza. Jokal
sem v tistem hipu. On se je nasmehnil,
medtem ko je besede pisal veter
med vejice njegovih kodrov. Petros,
oh, admiral duš, vsaka tvoja kretnja
je hvalnica bila! Ko si krmilo
srečen pograbil, so se mimo tebe
vrstile ladje starodavnih ljudstev,
Pelazgov in Liburnov. Nereide
so zate pele mile pesmi. Burja
mi v tistih dneh je zapihala v srcu
kot nikdar prej v življenju in kot ni
od tistega trenutka nikdar več hrumela.

Prevedel Matej Venier

In the Begining Was the Sea

On a clear October night
from the sailing ship *Surprise*,
flying the French flag,
the commander Lebris saw,
off the Gulf of Palermo,
a brick-red sail cut the sea
in two like a broken blade
to the northeast, oblique, on a beat.
He pointed his binoculars. It seemed empty,
but with superb inertia it was sliding
on the zinc waves against the light
with a northeasterly wind at twenty knots
and the snowy wings of seagulls
crowning the turquoise air.
Opening up the water, the boat traced
a white, round swath, perfect
as beer foam on the mustache
of a Prussian grenadier at ease.
It was a North Sea sailing ship,
solid wood older than a century,
eyes painted on the bow like the ships
of the Greeks in Salamis. An auric rigging
of great sails and strange horns
fixed to the bowsprit's cervix.
On the crosstree a woman's blouse
of piratesque black, in tatters,
and at the stern a flag with stars.

Intrigued, the Frenchman adjusted
his course, sailing at a close reach,
standing up to the weight of the breakers
to catch up with the *fata morgana*.
He came within a breath of a collision,
but managed for a moment to see at the helm
a lone man, seemingly half-asleep,
pass by him at great speed
wrapped up in a blanket, hooked nose

and hair encrusted with sea salt.
 Undaunted, he went, straight ahead
 The boat seeming to carry him.
 “Neither latitude nor longitude
 was his navigation, but an abyss,”
 said the Frenchman to the other boats,
 “a descent through submerged caverns.”
 Instantly he trimmed the sail,
 route to Naples, before disappearing
 wrapped in a halo of vapors.
 Since then many others have spied it
 always for one a few seconds, in the wind:
 there are those who saw it in Crete and those in Majorca,
 those in the Ionian Sea or off the coast of Marseille.

For its round, streamlined stern,
 the centenarian sailboat left behind
 it not even a trace of foam.
 At night you could see, unmistakable,
 only a wake of little bubbles
 moon-colored, a sinuous stretch
 mark that might resemble
 a shiny strip of snail slime
 or the sign of a dolphin's passage.
 The other boats, coming across her,
 are said to have shouted their names
 as a salute to the Old Lady,
 but she sailed off in silence
 following arcane maps of yesteryear.

In the beginning was the sea. Only later
 was the sailboat created to plough it.
Moya, her name was. They'd launched
 her in England a century ago.
 The Orkneys were aroar on the day
 the Charioteer saw it from a distance
 ploughing through the gray waves in the mist.
 He made her his own and gave her a Greek touch
 by painting large eyes on her muzzle

against the Matiasma and the monsters of the deep.
Warm, welcoming, an ideal cradle
with her name in bronze at the end of the boom,
his maternal shell helped him
get a fix on his position in life,
transported him to the time of myth.
Only hand maneuvers, zero winch,
spartan bunks, no rails or lifelines,
no fridge, only the galley,
three times the halyards and sheets
of a normal boat. Being on board,
time evaporated, proceeded,
light, in the fourth dimension,
where everything has been written for centuries.

She had never appeared in a port. Her pilot
dropped anchor in hidden bays,
away from customs and paperwork.
Where he supplied the galley is a mystery:
they saw him fish in the open sea
or pick herbs on the shores
of remote islands, at night.
He managed to navigate even in his sleep:
to keep the boat from luffing
he knotted the bar in his own way
to a handle next to the gunwale.
The legend spread in a flash
of that hawklike man who knew no peace.
The last time it seems they saw him
with his horned boat moored
to a shabby dock in Cnidus,
a ghost town atop a promontory
lacerated by the trilling of swifts
where Venus has celebrated for centuries
the marriage between Asia and Europe.
He was dancing, they say, embraced by a woman
who was not there, weaving the soft steps
of a milonga, or perhaps a tango vals.

And I knew him. I sailed
 with him to the last, up to the time
 of his most extreme solitude.
 I remember very well when he loosened
 the moorings in full night in Kefalonia.
 I wept at that moment. Instead, he
 smiled as the wind wrote him words
 between the commas of his curls.
 Oh, Petros, Admiral of souls,
 your every gesture was a hymn of praise!
 When you happily took the helm,
 triremes of Pelasgians and Liburnians
 passed next to you and the Nereids
 sang sweet songs for you.
 In those days, Boreas blew in my heart
 as never before in my entire life
 and as he has never again blown since.

Translated by Gregory Conti



Foto © Silviu Ghetie

Robert Șerban

Robert Șerban (Turnu Severin, 1970) je romunski pesnik, pisatelj, kulturni novinar, televizijski urednik in predsednik Mednarodnega festivala literature v Temišvaru (FILTM). Študiral je gradbeništvo na Politehniški univerzi ter zgodovino in teorijo umetnosti na Zahodni univerzi v Temišvaru. Deloval je v tiskanih in spletnih medijih, kot književni urednik in predavatelj novinarstva na univerzi. Za svojo prvo pesniško knjigo *Firește că exagerez* (1994; Seveda pretiravam) je prejel nagrado za prvenec Zveze romunskih pisateljev. Sledile so še pesniške zbirke *Odyssex* (1996), *Timișoara în trei prieteni* (2003; Temišvar v treh prijateljih), *Cinema la mine-acasă* (2006; Domači kino), *Moartea parafină* (2010; Para-finska smrt), *Puțin sub linie* (2015; Pod črto), *Ascuns în transparență* (2017; Skrito v prozornosti), *Tehnici de camuflaj* (2018; Kamuflačne tehnike), *Aproape nimic sigur* (2024; Skoraj nič ni gotovega) ter še več kot 20 knjig intervjujev, kritik in spominske proze. Njegova poezija je prevedena v večino evropskih jezikov ter objavljena v številnih antologijah in literarnih publikacijah v Romuniji in tujini.

Robert Șerban (Turnu Severin, 1970) is a Romanian poet, writer, cultural journalist, television editor and President of the International Festival of Literature in Timișoara (FILTM). He studied Civil Engineering at the Polytechnic University and History and Theory of Art at the Western University of Timișoara. He has worked in print and online media, as a literary editor and as a journalism lecturer at university. For his first poetry collection, *Firește că exagerez* (1994; Of Course, I'm Exaggerating), he was awarded the Romanian Writers Union Prize for debut poetry collection. The collections of poetry that followed were: *Odyssex* (1996), *Timișoara în trei prieteni* (2003; Timișoara in Three Friends), *Cinema la mine-acasă* (2006; Home Cinema), *Moartea parafină* (2010; The para-fine death), *Puțin sub linie* (2015; Below the Line), *Ascuns în transparență* (2017; Hiding in Transparency), *Tehnici de camuflaj* (2018; Camouflage Techniques), *Aproape nimic sigur* (2024; Almost Nothing Is Certain), as well as more than 20 other books of interviews, reviews and memoirs. His poetry has been translated into most European languages and published in numerous anthologies and literary publications in Romania and abroad.

Carne vie

AVEM CARNE PROASPĂTĂ

scrie în vitrina măcelăriei
chiar și-atunci când e închisă

cineva a încercat din stradă
să răzuiască vopseaua literelor cu lama
probabil unul care iubește animalele
sau e vegetarian ori e de la concurență
dar n-a murdărit decât geamul
cu amprentele și zgârieturile lui

noaptea
de afară
se văd vitrinele frigorifice
pline cu bucăți de carne roșie roz sau bordo
una mai frumoasă ca alta

orice s-ar spune
moartea are lumina ei

Duminica lucrătoare

mașina de spălat vase
și mașina de spălat rufe
lucrează și duminica
și iau asupra lor
păcatul și necurățenia noastră

Ex libris

tot mai mulți oameni
își pun cărțile vechi
în plase rezistente
de la Lidl Carrefour Kaufland
și apoi le așază încet
lângă tomberoanele de gunoi
nu-i lasă inima să le arunce pur și simplu
dar nici să le mai țină în casă n-au cum
așa că le pregătesc un fel de culcuș
cu gândul că dacă au cu adevărat un destin
se vor descurca ele cumva

EKG

deseori
inima nu-i
decât
o pompă

Înspăimântătoarea poveste de dragoste

din mine nu va mai rămâne
decât o impresie un zvon o bârfă o bănuială
o mână de cuvinte
din faptele mele nerușinoase
din greșelile mele de neiertat
din energia pe care am pompat-o
în tot ce am făcut
nu se va mai ști nimic nimic nimic
poate doar că a fost vorba despre un băiat bun
un tip harnic
săritor
cumsecade
șters
un fleț
o lichea nenorocită
o lepră
un căcăcios de doi bani
adică
nimic care să conteze
și nimeni nu va mai avea timp
să mă recompună
cât de cât

din niște pete și din niște linii măcar
ca un pictor nătâng
îmi vine să urlu fără să mă opresc
încât
peste o mie de ani
peste un milion de ani
urletul meu să meargă din gură în gură
ca o înspăimântătoare poveste de dragoste
ce a salvat omenirea

Jucăria

am cunoscut un om
care a fost fulgerat
în mijlocul câmpului
nu doar că n-a căzut din picioare
ci a continuat să meargă
legat cu fulgerul de cer
ca o jucărie teleghidată
i-am spus neîncrezător că
Dumnezeu e mare
mi-a răspuns surâzând că
Dumnezeu e copil

Ce rămâne din viață

oamenii sunt convinși
că în poezii nu se întâmplă nimic
că ele ar trebui citite
după moarte
când e bine să nu mai ai poftă
idei

oamenii nu deschid cărți subțiri
iar dacă o fac
observă imediat că înăuntru sunt
puține cuvinte pe rând
puține cuvinte pe pagină
în rest
alb mult alb
și le închid repede

fără să le spună nimeni
oamenii știu însă că
poezia este ceea ce rămâne din viață
după ce o trăiești

Živo meso

IMAMO SVEŽE MESO

piše na izložbi mesnice
tudi takrat ko je zaprta

na ulici je nekdo poskušal
z britvico spraskati naslikane črke
verjetno kak ljubitelj živali
vegetarijanec ali pa konkurenca
a je na koncu
s svojimi odtisi in praskami samo umazal šipo

ponoči
se od zunaj
vidijo zamrzovalne skrinje
polne rožnatega ali vinsko rdečega mesa
eno lepše od drugega

naj rečejo karkoli
smrt ima svojo luč

Delovna nedelja

pomivalni stroj
in pralni stroj
delata tudi ob nedeljah
in prevzemata nase odgovornost za
naše grehe in nečistost

Ex libris

vse več ljudi
daje stare knjige
v trpežne vrečke
iz Lidla Carrefoura Kauflanda
in jih počasi odlaga
k zabojnikom za smeti
nimajo srca da bi jih kar tako zavrgli
doma pa jih tudi ne morejo obdržati
zato jim naredijo nekakšno gnezdo
z mislijo da se bodo že kako znašle
če jim je tako usojeno

EKG

velikokrat
je srce
samo
črpalka

Grozljiva ljubezenska zgodba

od mene bodo ostali
samo govorica opazka domneva
prgišče besed
o mojih brezsravnih dejanjih
neodpustljivih napakah
energiji ki sem jo črpal
o vsem kar sem naredil
se ne bo vedelo nič nič nič
morda le to da sem bil dober fant
marljiv poba
poskočen
od fare
medel
neiznajdljiv
preklemanski nebodigatreba
podlež
drekač ki ni vreden prebite pare
se pravi
nič kar bi štel
in nihče ne bo imel časa
da bi me vsaj za silo
sestavil nazaj
iz madežev ali vsaj iz črt
kot nerodni slikar

ima me da bi brez prestanka kričal
da bi se
čez tisoč let
čez milijon let
moj krik širil od ust do ust
kot grozljiva ljubezenska zgodba
ki je rešila svet

Igrača

poznal sem moškega
v katerega je sredi polja
udarila strela
ne samo da ga ni podrla na tla
ampak je še naprej hodil
privezan s strelo na nebo
kot daljinsko vodena igrača
nejeverno sem mu rekel da
je Bog velik
z nasmeškom mi je odvrnil
da je Bog otrok

Kar ostane od življenja

ljudje so prepričani
da se v pesmih nič ne zgodi
da jih je treba brati
po smrti
ko je bolje da nimaš več želja
idej

ljudje ne odpirajo tankih knjig
če pa že
tako opazijo
da je notri le
malo besed v eni vrstici
malo besed na eni strani
v celoti
belina veliko beline
zato jih brž zaprejo

toda ne da bi jim kdo povedal
ljudje vedo da
je potem ko jo doživiš
poezija tisto kar ostane od življenja

Prevedel Aleš Mustar

Flesh versus meat

WE HAVE FRESH MEAT

says a notice in the butcher's window
words that stay there even when the shop is closed

somebody passing by must have tried
to erase the painted letters with a razor blade
possibly someone who loves animals
or is a vegetarian or just the competition
but he merely smeared the windowpane
with his fingerprints and scratches

in the dark
from outside
one sees the refrigeration cabinets
filled with red, pink or bordeaux meat
unbelievably beautiful all of them

it cannot be denied
that death has a light of his own

Working Sunday

the dishwasher
the washing machine
work on sundays too
and deliver us from
sin and uncleanness

Ex libris

more and more people
cram their old books
into solid bags
from Lidl Carrefour Kaufland
and stealthily leave them
by the side of a rubbish bin
they don't have the heart to destroy them
but there's no more room in their flats
so they find a good place for them
hoping that those books that really have
something to say
will manage by themselves

ECG

pretty often
a heart is
a mere
pump

Scary love story

all that will be left of me
will be an impression rumour gossip suspicion
a handful of words
my principled behaviour
my unforgivable faults
the energy I spent
doing what I did all my life
every little thing I ever did will be completely forgotten
they'll say, maybe, well, he was a good bloke
hardworking
obliging
kind insignificant silly
a bloody bastard
a scoundrel
a shitty good for nothing
which means nothing will matter
and nobody will take the time to remember me as I was
part of me
spots and lines at least drawn by a clumsy painter

I feel like howling for ever
and ever so that
in a thousand years
a million years
my howl may travel from mouth
to mouth like a scary love story
which has rescued mankind

Toy

I once met a man
who was struck by lightning
in the middle of a field
yet he never fell down
but kept on walking
tied to the skies by lightning
like a remote-control toy
in disbelief, I remarked,
God is great
and he smiled back and replied
God is a child

What's left of life

humans are certain
that nothing happens in a poem
that poetry should be read
after death
when you had better forget lust and
ideas

humans never open thin booklets
or if they do
they notice at once that there are
few words in a row
few words on a page
surrounded
by white, white every
where they close those books at once

and yet, without ever being told
humans know that
poetry is what's left of life
after you've lived it through

Translated by Lidia Vianu and Anne Stewart



Foto © Festival Fabula/Nina Pernat

Muanis Sinanović

Muanis Sinanović (Novo mesto, 1989) je slovenski pesnik, pisatelj, esejist in kritik. Objavil je štiri knjige pesmi, satirično novelo, zbirko kratkih zgodb in roman. Leta 2012 je prejel nagrado Slovenskega knjižnega sejma za prvenec leta, leta 2021 pa nagrado kritiško sito za najboljšo knjigo po izboru Društva slovenskih literarnih kritikov, za pesniško zbirko *Krhke karavane* (2020). Zbirka kratkih zgodb *Na senčni strani blokov* (2023) je bila med devetimi slovenskimi knjigami uvrščena v izbor mednarodnega festivala Fabula ter v izbor 10 books from Slovenia, ki ga vsako leto pripravi Center za slovensko književnost. Za svoj kritiški opus je leta 2022 prejel Stritarjevo nagrado. Gostoval je na številnih domačih in mednarodnih literarnih festivalih ter bil uvrščen v domače in tuje antologije, nazadnje v *Mein Nachbar auf der Wolke*, antologijo slovenske poezije 20. in 21. stoletja, ki je izšla pri založbi Carl Hansen. Občasno opravlja tudi uredniška in prevajalska dela, nazadnje je iz srbsčine prevedel roman v verzih *Otroci* Milene Marković. Je sokurator mednarodnih literarnih večerov Salon z razgledom, ki jih pripravlja v Cankarjevem domu.

Muanis Sinanović (Novo mesto, 1989) is a Slovenian poet, writer, essayist and critic, who has published four books of poetry, a satirical novel, a collection of short stories and a novel. In 2012, he received the Slovenian Book Fair's Debut Book of the Year Award, and in 2021 he received the Critic's Sieve Award for the best book of the year, as chosen by the Association of Slovenian Literary Critics, for his poetry collection *Krhke karavane* (2020; Fragile Caravans). The collection of short stories *Na senčni strani blokov* (2023; On the Shady Side of the Blocks) was one of the nine Slovenian books selected for the Fabula International Festival and for the 10 Books from Slovenia, an annual selection published by the Centre for Slovenian Literature. In 2022, he received the Stritar Prize for his work as critic. He has been a guest at numerous national and international literary festivals and has been included in national and international anthologies, most recently in *Mein Nachbar auf der Wolke*, an anthology of Slovenian poetry of the 20th and 21st centuries, published by Carl Hansen. He also occasionally works as an editor and translator, most recently translating Milena Marković's novel in verse, *Deca* (Children), from Serbian into Slovenian. He is a co-curator of the international literary evenings Salon z razgledom (Salon with a View), which he organizes at Cankarjev dom.

Pesem bratu

Odkar si odšel,
brat,
tako kot si se bal,
da boš,

te ne vidim več,
kot bi te morda lahko.

Sem zgolj senca
za soncem,
ti pa si za hrbtom
sonca.

Premočna svetloba
me slepi,
a ni me strah biti senca,

tako kot si ti kdaj
rekel,
da si moja,
ko si bil tu.

Ko te naslavljam,
ne mislim,
da boš slišal moje besede,
niti da jih rabiš.

Govorim svoji senci,
ki se je ne bojim,
in mi je družabnica.

Ko bi vedel,
kako se sonce vlije
v to ozko rudarsko dolino,
kjer se ne rovari več.

Kot je rovaril najin oče,
pod zemljo,
ki je odšel od tod pred nama obema.

Polovico tega mojega življenja
nazaj.

Odkar si odšel, sem razbremenjen
besede
in pesniške skrivnosti.

Mehko pristajajo moji
prsti.

Le slutim tvojo radost
in znanje in moja
lažna učenost,

s katero sem te kdaj
pokrival kot z jekleno odejo,

me ne stiska več,
kadar ležem spat.

Koliko še? Še polovico,
preden bo zadnjič?

Preden bom zgolj
še buden,
tako kot ti,
ki so te tlačile more.

Saj veš, brat,
spanje je bratranec smrti.
Zato rad grem spat.

V sanjah te ne vidim,
a včasih se mi zdi,
da si me oplazil.

In potem hodim
po rudarski dolini,
kamor je posijalo sonce
po več mesecih

in štejem, kolikokrat
sem že zavohal
bujno zemljo,

ki ji je usojeno,
da ostane tu za zadnjim
od nas,
in je ni mogoče
prekopati,

samo vzhaja,
kot mi.

Ti imaš celo pesem,
jaz samo delček.

Kaj sem videl?

Sončne dni, trepetanje listov v nadstropjih,
valovanje svežega perila, stiskanje znoja
iz napetih mišic kot soka iz grozdja.
Ure, ko je svetloba bdela nad nami kot tanka
valujoča rjuha.

Ure, ko so se v temi kotički razširjali čez celotna
naselja in so iz njih skakale velike kobilice
s človeškimi obrazi v maskah,
strah, ki se je širil kot smejalni plin,
in hrup, ki ga je povzročal, ne da bi kdo vedel, čemu,
in pošasti, ki so nastajale iz mase napačnih razlogov
kot človek iz kaplje.

Vrgel sem sidro proti nebu, poln zaupanja,
in začutil sem, kako je bilo prijeto.

Hiša s starimi omarami

Bila je hiša
z velikimi lesenimi
omarami.

Vse ure
so se že zdavnaj
ustavile. Ena med njimi
je vsakič, ko si prišel,
kazala pravi čas.

Skozi okno
si slišal govorjenje
kot skozi vodo.

Nisi prepoznal besed.
Po zvenu si vedel,
da je to tvoj jezik.

Vsakič se je noč
spustila za stalno.

Vsakič je sledil
nov dan.

Poem to my Brother

Brother, since you
departed,
just as you'd feared
you would,

I no longer see you,
the way I might.

I'm just a shadow
behind the sun,
and you dwell behind
the sun's back.

Bright light
blinds me,
yet I'm not afraid to be a shadow

and you said
you'd been
my shadow
when you were still here.

When I address you,
I don't think that
you'll hear my words
or have any use for them.

I'm merely telling my shadow,
that it is my companion
and that I don't fear it.

If only you knew
how the sunlight seeps
into this narrow mining valley
that's no longer mined.

It was once burrowed
by our father,
who left before both of us.

Half of this life of mine
ago.

Since you left, I've been disburdened
of words
and poetic mysteries.

Softly do my fingers
land.

I sense your joy
and knowledge, and my
false erudition

with which I always covered
you as if with a steel blanket

no longer bothers me
when I go to sleep.

How much longer? Another half of life
before the last time?

Before I'm merely
still awake,
like you,
who were beset by nightmares.

You know, brother,
sleep is the cousin of death.
That's why I like going to sleep.

I don't see you in my dreams,
but sometimes it's as if I feel you
brush up against me.

And then I go for a walk through
the mining valley,
where the sun shines again
after several months

and count
the times I've smelt
the lush soil

which is destined
to remain here after the last
of us,
and cannot be
burrowed,

it just rises,
like us.

You have a whole poem,
and I but a snippet.

What Did I See?

Sunny days, flicker of leaves on the ceiling,
flutter of fresh washing, sweat wrung from muscle
like juice pressed from grapes.
Hours when light hovered above us like a
thin billowing bed sheet.

Clocks, whose dark corners stretched across
whole settlements, great big grasshoppers
hopping out of them with masks on their human faces.
Fear that spread like laughing gas,
the racket it caused for some reason,
and plagues that arose for all the wrong reasons,
like man sprung from a drop of seed.

Full of faith, I cast anchor into the sky,
and I felt when it caught.

The House with the Old Wardrobes

It was a house
with large wooden
wardrobes.

All the clocks
had stopped long
before. One showed
correct time each time
you were there.

Through the window you
heard voices as if
through water.

You couldn't make out the words.
By the sound of them you knew it was
your language.

Each time
night fell for ever.

Each time
a new day dawned.

Translated by Mirza Purić



Foto © Stefan Reichmann

Dominik Srienc

Dominik Srienc (Potok pri Bilčovsu na avstrijskem Koroškem, 1984) je dvo- in večjezični pesnik, prevajalec, literarni raziskovalec ter soustanovitelj več literarnih in kulturnih projektov. Študiral je germanistiko in slavistiko na Univerzi na Dunaju, v Santiagu de Compostela in Olomucu. Med letoma 2012 in 2014 je bil lektor za nemški jezik v Kirgiziji in Armeniji. Njegovo ustvarjanje pogosto sega prek jezikovnih in literarnih meja, npr. v glasbi, dramatiki. Za dvojezično pesniško zbirko *Tu je konec / Hier ist Schluss* (2014) je prejel nagrado Urada zveznega kanclerja Republike Avstrije za najboljši literarni prvenec. Prevedel je pesniško zbirko *Molitev metulja* (*Gebet des Schmetterlings*, 2014) Esada Babačiča. Objavlja v avstrijskih in slovenskih literarnih revijah (npr. *Lichtungen*, *Literatur und Kritik*, *I.D.I.O.T.*, *Rastje*, *Die Brücke*) ter antologijah. Z Eleno Messner sta sestavila antologijo *Abziehbilder / Odlepke* (2021) in napisala dramsko besedilo *Jez / Der Damm*, ki je bilo uprizorjeno leta 2015. Je član Društva slovenskih pisateljev v Avstriji (DSPA) in kurator literarnega programa festivala TRIVIUM / tri poti / drei wege, bil je član eksperimentalnega glasbeno-literarnega-performativnega kolektiva Poetronic. Njegove pesmi je med drugim uglasbil Koroški deželni mladinski zbor. Živi in ustvarja v Celovcu, kjer je zaposlen na Musilovem inštitutu.

Dominik Srienc (Bach/Potok pri Bilčovsu, Austria, 1984) is a bilingual and multilingual poet, translator, literary researcher and co-founder of several literary and cultural projects. He studied German and Slavic Studies at the Universities of Vienna, Santiago de Compostela and Olomouc. From 2012 to 2014 he was a German language lecturer in Kyrgyzstan and Armenia. His work often crosses linguistic and literary boundaries, e.g. in music and drama. His bilingual collection of poems *Tu je konec / Hier ist Schluss* (2014; *This Is the End*) won the prize for the best literary debut from the Office of the Federal Chancellor of the Republic of Austria. He translated the poetry collection *Molitev metulja* (*Gebet des Schmetterlings*, 2014; *The Prayer of the Butterfly*) by Esad Babačič into German. He has published in Slovenian and Austrian literary magazines (e.g. *Lichtungen*, *Literatur und Kritik*, *I.D.I.O.T.*, *Rastje*, *Die Brücke*) as well as anthologies. Together with Elena Messner, he compiled the anthology *Abziehbilder / Odlepke* (2021; *Stickers*) and wrote the play *Jez / Der Damm* (*The Dam*), which was staged in 2015. He is a member of the Slovene Writers' Association in Austria (DSPA) and curator of the literary programme of the festival TRIVIUM / tri ceste / drei wege, and was a member of the experimental music-literary-performative collective Poetronic. His poems have been set to music by, among others, the Carinthian Regional Youth Choir. He lives and works in Klagenfurt, where he works at the Robert Musil Institute.

vater-bunker-unser

jaz ich habe das
grüne blut des waldes,
gozd, rauscht es in mir.

die grünen kader
muss es auch geben,
mora sagt sieforsch.

pozdravljeni tovariši,
wir grüßen euch
und zählen unbeirrt fort.

da war der sommer schon
mimo und die nadeln kratzten
durch die rillen der schallplatten.

jaz ich trug die gesichtszüge
otroka des kindes warum
nicht was da hing verfallen.

das habe *jaz* ich nicht erfunden
ta je nor der ist verrückt
sagte *otrok* das kind.

was brauchen *sončnice* was
wächst da nachts auf dem balkon
eines nachts überfalle ich meine eltern

jaz ich schlafe im schatten ein
das rascheln kümmert mich nicht
kaj me briga wenn niemand geht

da sagte eines nachts
unter vollem mond
joj gab es schläge

oče-bunker-naš

ich jaz imam
zeleno gozdno kri,
der wald, v meni šumi.

tudi zeleni kader
mora obstajati,
ein muss revske ona.

seid gegrüßt tovariši,
pozdravljamo vas
in kar štejemo naprej.

poletje je bilo že
vorbei in igle so praskale
v zarezah elpejk.

ich jaz sem imel obraz
des kindes otroka zakaj
ne kaj je viselo propadlo.

tega si *ich* jaz nisem izmislil
der ist verrückt ta je nor
je rekel *das kind* otrok.

kaj potrebujejo *sonnenblumen* kaj
rase v nočeh na balkonu
neke noči grem v desant na starše

ich jaz v senci zaspim
šumi me ne brigajo
was kümmerts mich če nihče ne odide

je reklo neke noči
pri polni luni
oje udarci so padali

als das licht aus war
sah es aus, als ob der
mund *razkleni prste*

ausgestopft der mund
mit ästen *veje* und geästen
rief sie ihrem bruder zu:

ne ugrizni se vanj
razkleni prste
ko segaš s prsti v usta

da er das nicht verstand
wurde er blau weiß rot
jedes wort trocken seine augen

die strafe aus den augen
lesen ohne es zu wissen hörte er
die sprache zum ersten mal
im wald da hing ein bild
krave, kälber pferde
wörtersüden sage ich zu ihr.

die kleider zugeschlagen
ein *ponosen sem in srečen, mati*
vater-bunker-unser.

jaz ich sitze im wald
und nähe meine fahne
gozd, rauscht es in mir.

pri ugasnjeni luči
kot da bi
usta *löse die finger*

usta naphana
z vejami *geäste* in vejevjem
je zavpila svojemu bratu:

verbeiß dich nicht
löse die finger
wenn du mit fingern in den mund greifst

ker tega ni razumel
je postal modrikast bled rdeč
vse teh besed oči presušene

kazen razbrati iz oči
ne da bi vedel je slišal
ta jezik prvič
v gozdu tam je visela slika
die kühe, teleta konji
jugbesed ji rečem.

zatresnil obleke
rekel *ponosen sem in srečen, mati*
vater-bunker-unser.

ich jaz sedim v gozdu
in šivam zastavo
der wald, v meni šumi.

störmanöver / vojne vaje

ja, es wird langsam lauterlajzer
ich fürchte stiefkinder im treibholz
leiser pogon in meiner krožnica
pretekst im kielwasser komaj se premikam
tiefenänderungen tiefer mund, stopp halt

lauter patrouillier ich istosrediščne kroge
tiefer kreise oddaljene krise prekrižam se,
tiefer me telo izpodrine v zavetju divjine
tiefer da se pogreznem na tla prevoda
trčim, tonem, tonem, tiefer meeresgrund

ich höre: ne smem reči, da se ne upiram
jaz se upiram z obkolom samega sebe
s prevaranjem nasprotnika im tankballast
moja panika je le manever, lov s sonarjem
tu lang unklar was zuerst verstummt

falše šprache falše špur gostolim v vse smeri
ne vstanem, ker se ne skrijem med ljudmi
in ko mi ivan reče: VSTANI, ne vstanem,
er ging hoch, ich ging hoch, er ging runter

vojne vaje / störmänöver

ja, počasi postaja tischeglassneje
 bojim se paštorki med naplavljenim lesom
 tiše antrieb v moji kreisbahn
 prätext v vodni sledi ich bewege mich kaum
 spremembe globin globlje usta, stop halt

glasneje patroljiram konzentrische kreise
 globlje kroge ferne kriza ich bekreuzige mich,
 globlje der körper verdrängt mich im obdach der wildnis
 globlje damit ich auf den grund des übersetzten versinke
 pralle auf, sinke ab, sinke ab, globlje morsko dno

slišim: ich darf nicht sagen, ich wehre mich nicht
 ich wehre mich indem ich mich umzingle
 den feind täusche v obtežilu
 meine panik ist nur ein manöver, eine sonarjagd
 hier dolgo ni jasno kaj umolkne prvo

napatschni jesik napatschna sleed trillere ich
 ich stehe nicht auf: finde unter menschen keinen unterschlupf
 und als ivan befiehlt: STEH AUF, stehe ich nicht auf,
ko se je dvignil on, sem se dvignil jaz, potopil se je

über die schwimmenden teloi

ta kraj ni kraj ist frequenz
doch nicht zu viel zložen iz glasov
eine straße die durch körpertelo
nicht mehr zu spüren ist
ko se spremeni kraj
du versprichst
auch wenn dieser ort so heimisch
„es muss eine sprache geben“
ein schweres wendemanöver
an das du unaufhörlich denkst
kar nosiš v sebi ni podmornica
četudi stalno menjaš smer
stalno nein ständig
nenehno narašča brez oddiha sagst du
ausgangspunkt pod morno gladino
ein letztes wort noch bevor sich dein telo
unter der meeresoberfläche wölbt
und du wiederholst dich bis zum überdruss
schlängelt sich ein razstrelivo ein izstrelek
unten am wasser do cilja eine zielscheibe
in zadela te je ladja in ne vem, ali se da to kar sem ti
ravnokar povedal, razumeti weil du kein gehör
keine zweispurige bahn dein mund vergraben
deine stimme belegt dein glas gebrochen an
der hohen stimme erkannt all deine gespenster
auf trab auf dem meeresboden ni ti glasa
dober glas seže v deveto vas
ničesar ne veš, brani se in umolkni.

o plavajočih telosih

dieser ort ist kein ort je frekvenca
ampak ne preveč gesetzt aus stimmen
cesta ki je skozi körpertelo
ni več čutiti
wenn der ort sich ändert
obljubiš
čeprav ta kraj tako domač
»mora obstajati jezik«
težavno manevriranje obračanje
ki ga imaš ves čas v mislih
was du in sich trägst ist kein uboot
obwohl du ständig den kurs änderst
ständig ne stalno
immerfort nimmt es zu pausenlos rečes
izhodišče unter der meeresoberfläche
poslednja beseda še preden se tvoj körper
pod morsko gladino usloči
in se ponavljaš do onemoglosti
se vije ta sprengstoff ta geschoss
tam doli pri vodi bis ans ziel ta tarča
und es traf dich du schiff und ich weiß nicht, ob man das was ich dir
soeben mitteilte verstehen kann, ker nimaš posluha
ne dvotirne proge tvoja usta zakopana
tvoj glas hripav tvoj stimme počen v tem
visokem glasu spoznal vse tvoje prikazni
v naglici na dnu morja keine stimme von dir
eine gute stimme hört man bis ins neunte dorf
ničesar ne veš, brani se in umolkni
nichts weiss du, wehr dich und verstumme.

kein&aber

kein blitz *grom blisk gib hip* zuckt mehr *votel* aus längst
verflogenen gewitterwolken
kein maulwurf *zakopan v knjige riје* wühlt im wortlaut seiner
satzvorfahren *v knjige*
kein raum *v čemer telesa so* ist mehr verlassen *z najmanj eno*
točko
wenn aus ihm der staub *kot enota v čem sploh* entfernt der *prah*
kein sturm *skrit za zaveso* kommt wenn er menschlicher haut
novo naselje entfleucht
kein nest *za nesenje jajc in valjenje* für fremde nur fremde
feuchte wände im keller bleiben
kein familienhaus *odročen kraj* gebaut aus unrat *neizmeren*
prazen will mehr sein *prostor*
kein exorzist kreuzt die hände über dem kopf während er
tanzt den göttern darbietet
an einem morgen wo der großvater *stari oče prednik deda*
dedej nono vor einen den kopf schüttelt
und es war als da war sonst nichts was half was hat das zu
bedeuten?

noben&pač pa

noben *donner blitz regung moment* ne trzne več *hohl* iz teh
 zdavnaj razpuhtelih nevihtnih oblakov
 noben krt *vergraben in büchern* ne rije z besedo svojih stavčnih
 prednikov *in büchern*
 noben prostor *in dem körper existieren* ni bolj zapuščen *mit*
mindestens einem punkt
 če iz njega prah *als eine einheit von was eigentlich* odstrani *der staub*
 noben vihar *versteckt hinterm vorhang* ne pride če človeški koži
eine neue siedlung uide
 nobeno gnezdo *fürs eierlegen und brüten* za vse tuje le tuje
 ostanejo edinole volhke stene v kleti
 nobene družinske hiše *ein abgelegener ort* zgrajen iz nesnage *vast*
und leer želi biti več *ein raum*
 noben izganjalec hudiča ne prekriža rok nad glavo med
 čaščenjem bogov ko pleše
 nekega jutra ko stari oče *ahne opa opapa nono* pred tabo
 zmajuje z glavo
 in je bilo ko je bilo drugega nič kaj je pomagalo kaj le naj to
 pomeni?

doppelatmer

v neizmernem prostoru
je potreben samo
ein mensch, da uniči vse

že immer so to bili
moji očetje, ki so se
odzvali klicu modrine

natančni načrti podivjani dedi
na desetine jih je, na stotine
tausende ne nekaj nekdo

nekdaj vse to čez pokrajino
razgrinja napolnjuje frühe
stunde obžaluje težko diha

vtiskuje napoved nečesa novega
zakliče dem gedicht: pohiti!
samo schnee ostane sneg

ob synkopen počí sponka
vzletavajo ptiči steče reka
pogon se izpodrineta telesa

repna plavut in rang razreda
piškurji in anaspidi v zaprtem
trupu sprostijo jajca

tu je ura velikega zaničevanja
in vse was sich skrije se skriva
v jate kvišku srca se počasi dviga

in mund dipnoi dipnoi
moj element je sredi dvojine
kamor nikoli ne posije sonce

in fische, ki ne čutijo več strahu
ko lopnijo po njih v spanju
postanejo dipnoi ko razganja skale

dvodiha

in einem unermesslichen raum
genügt nur
en sam člověk, um alles zu vernichten

schon seit vedno waren es
meine väter, die dem
ruf der bläue folgten

die pläne exakt die großväter stürmisch
mehrere zehn gibt es, hunderte
tisoče nicht etwas jemand

einst all das übers land
spannt befüllt rana
ura bereut es atmet schwer

prägt eine spur von etwas neuem ein
ruft pesmi zu: beeil dich!
nur sneg bleibt schnee

an den sinkopah platzt eine klammer
fliegen vögel auf fließt ein fluss los
ein antrieb die beiden verdrängen sich körper

schwanzflosse und ein rang der klasse
neunaugen und breitfußschnecken setzen
im verschlossenen leib die eier frei

hier nun die stunde der grossen verachtung
und alles kar se versteckt versteckt sich oft
zu scharen empor herzen steigt langsam

und usta pljučarice dipnoi dipnoi
mein element inmitten des zweizahls
wo kein sonnenstrahl je dringt bis dahin

und ribe verspüren keine angst mehr
wenn man auf sie eindrischt im schlaf
sie werden dipnoi wenn es die felsen zerbricht

was es werden will

heute höre ich besonders klar
 die trennung der wörterbesede
 in der vertikalen mein habitat ganz überall
 vorn und achtern pisati schreiben napisati
 ich bin ein schreibender vater der marine
 umrundet die erde komplett unter wasser
 faulwasservodagnil ums linke auge kiel
 aufwärts offene luken der svet mein territorium
 operationen nahe der feindlichen küste
 höre: Πυρρα pyrn *pyrrhanum* piran pirano
 in saint piran aus einem gewitter himmel fremdgehen
 dann den plot verloren dabei über den zaun gesprungen
 mit dem bauch nach dem brot gegangen
 verfehlt gegen tiktok geschwommen mich anders verhalten
 als ein vrh hriba ali hruška fisch russischa fisch in a
 rush bei verhangenem himmel erhöhen übersetzungen
 ihre dichte indem sätze mit wasser geflutet werden sind
 sie wie normale normale schiffe leichter als das umgebende
 wasser sinken sie unter die wortoberfläche einen herkunftskrieg:
 piranum piranom ex pirano de pirano pyranum in piranum
 durch die Ul. maršala Tita und an der Hotel-Klasse vorüber
 mich nicht zu verirren in marsala und dither auf tauchfahrt
 nicht an der oberfläche schwimmen sondern untertauchen
 potapljati hinüber zur trafika nachtapsen, fragen ob
 ansichtskarten als pirano noch de austria in der werft von
 kopercapodistriawar in ein bodenloses teran sepotopipotica
 langsam aus meiner axolotlhöhle den arm herabrinnt
 eine kaplja v morje vielleicht kommt ein stein ins rollen
 mit den eigenen srienc-ohren höre slišim in poslušam
 z okvaro sluha mit der sprache der hände, der füße für
 das halten der tiefe wollte ich einen krieg beschreiben und
 wie in den kinderschuhem v povojih im verband blau eine barka
 voziti
 fand keine unterschiede durch änderungen des salzgehaltes der menge
 von schwebestoffen und der temperatur der sprache eine tendenz

kar hoče biti

danes posebej razločno slišim
 ločevanje wörterbesed
 v vertikali moj habitat cel povsod
 s premca in s krme pisati schreiben spisati
 jaz sem pišočič oče marine
 zemljo obkroži v celoti pod vodo
 faulwasservodagnil okrog levega očesa kobilica
 navzgor odprte line die welt moj teritorij
 operacije blizu sovražnikove obale
 slišim: Πύρρα pyrρ pyrρhanum piran pirano
 v saint piranu iz nevihte nebes skočil čez plot
 potem den lattenzaun izgubil pri tem preskočil ograjo
 šel s trebuhom za kruhom
 narobe plaval proti tiktoku se drugače vedel in vedel
 kot eine bergspitze oder birne riba ruska riba in a
 rush pod oblačnim nebom se prevodi
 vse bolj gostijo ko povedi preplavlja voda so
 oni kot normalne normalne ladje lažji od vode
 vsenaokoli se potapljajo pod površje besed v vojni za izvor:
 piranum piranom ex pirano de pirano pyranum in piranum
 po Ul. maršala Tita in mimo hotelskega razreda
 da se ne izgubim marsala in dither na potopu
 ne plavaj na površju potopi se untertauchen
 capljaje sledi tja k trafiki, vprašaj za razglednice ko je bil
 pirano še de austria v ladjedelnici
 kopercapodistria v brezdanji teran sepotopipotica
 počasi iz mojega aksolotlovega skrivališča po lakti teče
 ein tropfen im meer mogoče se bo kaj premaknilo z mesta
 na lastna srienčeva ušesa slišim höre und höre zu
 hörgeschädigt z jezikom rok, nog za
 držanje globine sem hotel opisati vojno in
 kako v otroških čevljih im verband v povojih modro ein schiff
 fahren
 s spremenjeno vsebnostjo soli v količinah nisem zaznal razlik
 suspenzij in temperatur jezikov tendence

zu steigen oder fallen zu treue oder tiefe der unterschied nicht
mehr merkbar

in einem satz in untiefen glitt:

es muss daher eingesteuert werden denn es wollte nicht werden
was es werden sollte es wollte werden was es werden will.

dvigovanja ali nižanja zvestobi ali globini razlika ni več
zaznavna

v eni povedi zdrsela je v plitvine:

zato jo je treba usmeriti kajti ni hotela postati

kar bi morala postati hotela je postati kar hoče postati.

ode an die vzhode oder prevode

unmöglich nicht an fluten zu denken
fluten aber anderswoher

unmöglich nicht an chöre zu denken
chören aber anderswohin

unmöglich nicht an stimmen zu denken
stimmen aber angespannt:

unmöglich das eigene rollenrolanje anzuschauen
wo im sinnsmisel es mir geschrieben wahrwort

wohin die valovewelle es wirft wird die fließende
allzeit schön und trefflich unter den lautenglasovi

jäh den frechen brodolomschiffbruch sehend
die wellen des morjemeeres gehoben gutes zu

hören aber unter den menschenljudi gleich ist nichts
es liegt ihnen an kraljmatjaž und nicht an maultasch

es beherrschet nämlich die wahrheit das land der k.
arbeitslos empfangen aber freudeveselje wenige etwa

einen kampfborba aber vornehmlich zu singen
auf meinem zungenjezik weiden wollen sie alle

wenn tiholeise wenn glasnolaut wenn eine edel ist
dann petzenpeca hinter dem mizatisch schläft abe

den feuchten hrbetrücken sich an der stimme stößt
unmöglich der königin ins eigene morjemeer folgen

und spüren wie die eigenen oberarmeroke hart
stähle die zunge anfühlten den dreizacktrizob aber

oda na östliches ali übersetztes

nemogoče ne misliti na poplave
poplavlja pa od drugod

nemogoče ne misliti na zbore
zboruje pa drugam

nemogoče ne misliti na glasove
uglasijo pa v nemir:

nemogoče gledati lastno kotaljenjerollen
kjer mi je v smiselsinn vpisana beseda resnice

kamor jo v wellevalove vrže je tekoče
vsečasje lepo in sijajno med glasovilaute

hipno uzreš brodolomschiffbruch
valovi morjemeeres visoki slišati

dobre reči ampak med menschenljudmi ni enako nič
važen jim je königmatjaž in ne bajke o maultasch

vlada naj namreč resnica deželi k.
brezposeln sprejet ampak freudeveselja malo denimo

kakšna kampfborba ampak imenitno prepevati
na mojem zungenjezik se pasti hočejo vsi

ko tiholeise ko glasnolaut ko je nekaj plemenito
potem petzenpeca zad za mizatisch spi vendar

si vlažni hrbetrücken trka ob glas
nemogoče slediti kraljici v lastno morjemeer

in čutiti kako lastne oberarmnadlakti otrdijo
jekla jezik se čuti dreizacktrizob ampak se

bewegt hin zu den meereswogen im haarlasje erstarrt
unmöglich die fingerprst und zum gipfelstimmen

verwandelt in steinkamen vögelptice obirojstrc
aber erfreuliches unter den menschen gleich

mir ziemt mein hirn zirpt wie i aber ist ničnichts ni.

giblje tja k morskim valom v haarlase otrpel
nemogoče fingerprste in v glasove vršacev

spremenjeno v steinkamen vögelptice obirojstrc
ampak razveseljive reči med ljudmi podobno kot

meni se šika možganovina čirika kot i ampak ni ničnichts ni.

Prestavila Urška P. Černe

father-bunker-our

I I have the
green blood of the forest,
forest, it rustles in me.

the green cadres
must also exist,
must, she says firmly.

greetings comrades,
we greet you
and count unwaveringly.

the summer was already
over and the needles scratched
through the grooves of the records.

I I wore the facial features
of the child, why
not what hung there decayed.

I did not invent that
he is crazy, the *child* said.

what do *sunflowers* need, what
grows there at night on the balcony
one night I ambush my parents

I fall asleep in the shadow
the rustling does not bother me
what do I care if no one leaves

then one night
under a full moon
there were beatings

when the light was out
it looked as if
the mouth *opened the fingers*

the mouth stuffed
with branches and twigs
she called to her brother:

do not bite into it
open the fingers
when you reach into the mouth with your fingers

since he did not understand that
he turned blue white red
every word dry his eyes

the punishment read from the eyes
without knowing he heard
the language for the first time
in the forest there hung a picture
cows, calves horses
southern words I say to her.

the clothes closed
a proud and happy one, mother
father-bunker-our.

I I sit in the forest
and sew my flag
forest, it rustles in me.

disturbance maneuver / war games

yes, it is slowly getting louderquieter
I fear stepchildren in driftwood
quieter propulsion in my circle
pretext in the wake barely moving
depth changes deep mouth, stop, halt

louder I patrol concentric circles
deeper circles distant crises I cross myself,
deeper the body displaces me in the shelter of wilderness
deeper to sink to the floor of the translation
I crash, I sink, I sink, deeper sea bed

I hear: I must not say that I do not resist
I resist by encircling myself
by deceiving the opponent with tank ballast
my panic is just a maneuver, hunting with sonar
too long unclear what falls silent first

false language false track I babble in all directions
I do not stand up, for I do not hide among people
and when ivan tells me: STAND UP, I do not stand up,
he went up, I went up, he went down

about the floating bodies

this place is not a place it is frequency
but not too much folded from sounds
a street that through bodybody
is no longer felt
when the place changes
you promise
even if this place is so homely
“there must be a language”
a difficult turning maneuver
that you think about incessantly
what you carry within you is not a submarine
even if you constantly change direction
constantly no constantly
constantly rising without respite you say
starting point beneath the sea’s surface
one last word before your body
arches under the sea’s surface
and you repeat yourself ad nauseam
a projectile winds itself a missile
down at the water to the target a target board
and the ship hit you and I don’t know if what I
just told you can be understood because you have no hearing
no dual track your mouth buried
your voice covered your glass broken
recognized by the high voice all your ghosts
running on the sea bed not even a voice
a good voice reaches nine villages
you know nothing, defend yourself and fall silent.

no&but

no lightning *thunder flash* gives a flicker more from long
dissipated thunderclouds
no mole *buried in books* burrows in the wording of his
ancestral sentences *in books*
no space *in which bodies are* is more abandoned *with at least*
one point
when from it the dust *like a unit in which at all* removed the
dust
no storm *hidden behind the curtain* comes when it escapes
from human skin to *a new settlement*
no nest *for laying eggs and hatching* for strangers only strangers
damp walls remain in the cellar
no family house *isolated place* built from debris *immeasurably*
empty wants to be *space*
no exorcist crosses hands over the head while he dances
offering to the gods
on a morning where the grandfather *old father ancestor*
granddad grandpa nono shakes his head at one
and it was as if there was nothing else that helped what does
that mean?

double-breather

in immeasurable space
only one
person is needed to destroy everything

it has always been like this
my fathers, who
responded to the call of the blue

precise plans wild ancestors
dozens of them, hundreds
thousands not something someone

once all this over the landscape
spreads fills early
hour regrets breathes heavily

impresses a prediction of something new
calls out to the poem: hurry up!
only snow remains snow

with syncopations the clip snaps
birds take off the river flows
the drive is displaced by bodies

tail fin and class rank
lampreys and anaspids in a closed
body release eggs

here is the hour of great disdain
and everything that hides itself
into flocks upwards the heart slowly rises

and mouth dipnoi dipnoi
my element is in the middle of duality
where the sun never shines

and fish that no longer feel fear
when they are struck in sleep
become dipnoi when they split rocks

what it wants to become

today I hear particularly clearly
the separation of words
in the vertical my habitat all over
fore and aft to write writing write
I am a writing father of the navy
circling the earth completely underwater
brackish water around the left eye keel
upward open hatches the world my territory
operations near the enemy coast
hear: Πυρρα pyrn pyrrhanum piran pirano
in Saint Piran out of a thunderstorm sky cheating
then the plot lost in the process jumped over the fence
went belly up for the bread
missed swam against tiktok behaved differently
than a mountain top or pear fish Russian fish in a
rush under an overcast sky translations increase
their density by sentences being flooded with water they are
like normal normal ships lighter than the surrounding
water they sink below the word surface a war of origin:
piranum piranom ex pirano de pirano pyranum in piranum
through the Marshal-Tito-Street and past the hotel class
not to get lost in Marsala and dithering on a dive
not swimming on the surface but diving under
dive over to the smoke-shop night-steps, ask if
postcards as pirano still de Austria in the shipyard of
Koper/Capodistria was in a bottomless teran
slowly from my axolotl cave the arm drips down
a drop in the sea perhaps a stone starts rolling
with my own srienc-ears I hear hear in hear
with hearing impairment with the language of the hands,
the feet for
holding the depth I wanted to describe a war and
as in childhood in swaddling clothes in blue bandage a boat
to drive
found no differences through changes in salinity the amount
of suspended matter and the temperature of language
a tendency

to rise or fall to loyalty or depth the difference no longer
noticeable

in a sentence in shallows slid:

it must therefore be steered in because it did not want to
become

what it was supposed to become it wanted to become what it
wants to become.

ode to the east or translations

impossible not to think of floods
floods but from elsewhere

impossible not to think of choirs
choirs but to elsewhere

impossible not to think of voices
voices but tense:

impossible to look at one's own rolling
where in meaning it was written to me true word

where the waves throw it the flowing
always beautiful and excellent among the loud glasses

suddenly seeing the cheeky shipwreck
the waves of the sea raised good things

to hear but among the people nothing is the same
they care about King Matjaž and not about Maultasch

namely the truth rules the land of K.
unemployed but receiving joy few about

a fight but mainly to sing
on my tongue they all want to graze

when silent when loud when one is noble
then tattle behind the table sleeps though

the wet back hits against the voice
impossible to follow the queen into the sea

and feel how one's own upper arms harden
steels the tongue feels the trident but

moves to the sea waves in hair frozen
impossible to fingers and to peak voices

transformed into stone birds peck
but pleasing among the people alike

my brain chirps as I but it is nothing nothing is.

Translation generated by ChatGPT-4



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Jernej Županič

Jernej Županič (Ljubljana, 1982) je slovenski pesnik, pisatelj, prevajalec in lektor ter nekdanji literarni kritik. V slovenščino je med drugim prevedel dela Hermana Melvilla, J. M. Coetzeeja, Lydie Davis, Jonathana Franzna, Davida Fosterja Wallacea. Leta 2017 je prejel nagrado Radojke Vrančič za mladega prevajalca, leta 2023 pa Sovretovo nagrado. Doslej je izdal dva romana – *Mamuti* so leta 2019 prejeli nagrado kritiško sito, *Behemot* pa je bil leto zatem zanj nominiran – in tri pesniške zbirke: *Tatar* (2016), *Orodje za razgradnjo imperija* (2021) ter *Navade in uzance* (2023). Zbirka *Orodje za razgradnjo imperija* je bila nominirana tako za Jenkovo kot za Veronikino nagrado. Pesmi, objavljene v pričujočem zborniku, so iz zbirke *Navade in uzance*, eksperimentalne pesniške knjige, ki je nastala z uporabo spletnega prevajalnika Google Translate.

Jernej Županič (Ljubljana, 1982) is a Slovenian poet, writer, translator, proofreader and former literary critic. He has translated works by Herman Melville, J. M. Coetzee, Lydia Davis, Jonathan Franzen, and David Foster Wallace, to name a few. In 2017 he received the Radojka Vrančič Award for Young Translators, and in 2023 the Sovre Award. He has published two novels – *Mamuti* (Mammoths) won the 2019 Critic's Sieve Award and *Behemot* (Behemoth) was nominated the following year – as well as three poetry collections: *Tatar* (2016; Tartar), *Orodje za razgradnjo imperija* (2021; Tools for Dismantling the Empire), and *Navade in uzance* (2023; Habits and Customs). The collection *Tools for Dismantling the Empire* was nominated for both the Jenko award and the Veronika award. The poems published in this anthology are from the collection *Habits and Customs*, an experimental book of poetry created using Google Translate.

Navade in uzance

1

Poleg Japonske lahko kupite knjige in glasbo. Hočem tonno sira. Seveda imam rad pištole, vendar to niso mačke ali mačke. Ne pozabite na deset nogometnih iger.

2

V zunanji Japonski lahko kupite osem knjig in glasbo. V Beli hiši želi kupiti sir. Želim pištolo, vendar nočem govoriti s Tutujem ali mačkami. Ne pozabite, da lahko izbirate med desetimi najljubšimi nogometnimi igrami.

3

Muzej za nujne primere? Knjige in glasbo lahko kupite iz osmih držav/območij zunaj Japonske. Beli hiši nočem prodati avtomobila in zamenjave. Potrebujem pištolo, vendar nočem govoriti s Srbi ali mačkami. Prvo nadstropje? Ne pozabi. V nekaj dneh lahko izberete približno deset ljubiteljev nogometa.

4

Muzej za nujne primere? Glasbene knjige so na voljo v osmih državah zunaj Japonske. Nočem prodati novega avtomobila, saj je v učilnici več belih hiš. Potrebujem pištolo, vendar nočem govoriti s Srbi ali mačkami. Ali naj bi bilo prvo nadstropje enako? Ne pozabite, da ste pozabili, da je v igri Bog. Po nekaj dneh izberite do deset ljubiteljev nogometa.

5

Muzej v sili? Brezplačna glasba iz osmih držav, vključno z Japonsko in tujino. Nočem prodati novega avtomobila. Bela hiša za nekatere v razredu. Potrebujete pištolo, jaz pa nočem govoriti s Srbi ali mačkami. Je majica vedno prva? Spomnite se trenutnih razmer. Nikoli ne bom pozabil igre kot tega, kar delaš naprej. V nekaj dneh bomo postali nogometni navijači. Na tek sem šel ob desetih zjutraj.

6

Nenadoma muzej? Osem držav, vključno z Japonsko, želi brezplačno glasbo. Ni obiskovalcev. Nočete prodati novega avtomobila. Bela hiša? Nekatere ženske niso v učilnici, druge pa ne. Potrebujem pištolo, nočem govoriti s Srbi ali mačkami. Vedno smo v ospredju. Potrebujete posebno majico? Se spomnite, kako je šlo danes – kaj naj naredim najprej? Nikoli ne bom pozabil igre. Nekaj dni kasneje smo se pogovarjali z nogometnimi navijači; šel sem na tekmovanje in začel ob desetih.

7

Muzej – kakšne so nevarnosti? Osem držav, vključno z Japonsko, potrebuje brezplačno glasbo. Polovica Francije je bila hospitalizirana. Če ne želite prodati novega avtomobila, ste končali. Bela hiša? Nekatere ženske že sedemnajst let ne kadijo v knjižnici, druge ne. Jezus ljubi dejstvo, da potrebuje pištolo. Niso se mogli pogovarjati s Srbijo ali mačkami. Na to smo vedno ponosni. Potrebujete posebno obleko? Ne spomnim se. Se spomniš, želite potovati danes? Kaj počnejo z močjo? Nikoli ne bom pozabil tekmovanj. Pred kratkim, nekaj dni za nogometnimi navijači in C. R.-jem, sem postal najstnik, a v resnici ne.

8

Zgodovinski muzej. Kakšne so nevarnosti? Najpomembneje je, da sta brezplačna glasba in glasba iz osmih držav (vključno z Japonsko) težavni. Polovica bolnikov je bila hospitalizirana v Franciji. Če zavrnete, niste pripravljeni prodati novega avtomobila. Bela hiša? – V knjižnici. Sedemnajst let v lokalni. Nekatere ženske ne kadijo, druge ne. Vsi psi imajo radi Jezusa. Ne poznate orožja, ki ga potrebujete? Srbski klubi vedo, da ne poznajo jezika in pisave. Otroci so vedno ponosni. Iščete posebno majico? Ne morem se spomniti – se spomniš? Bi se radi danes pridružili tej skupini, na primer slikam in virom? Ko dozorijo, pozabijo. Pred kratkim je C. I. kot E. S. postal ljubitelj nogometa, nekaj dni kasneje Tom Paul. Narobe?

9

Muzej lesa. Kakšne so nevarnosti? – Možganske roke, glasba iz osmih držav, vključno z Japonsko. Nasprotnik je najpomembnejši nasprotnik. V Franciji so polovico bolnikov hospitalizirali. Če vas še niso, ne želim prodati novega avtomobila. Bela hiša? Bralna knjižnica. Pred sedemnajstimi leti je bil Bog ženska v baraki. Nekatere ženske ne kadijo, druge ne. Vsi psi ljubijo Kristusa. Ne vem, ali so ti projektili nevarni, a katero orožje najraje izberete? Poznam Srbijo. Če je mačka slaba, uporabite jezik in abecedo. Otroci so vedno tako ponosni. Iščete otroški plašč za določen tip kože? Ne spomnim se – se spomniš? Kako se danes imenuje skupina? Na primer: Slika vsebuje mater in oko. In? Pozabil sem odrasti. Zadnje čase nogomet in vodenje CRM-a nista hobi, nista strast. Nekaj dni kasneje je Tom ugriznil. Kje najdete hrošča?

10

Gozdarski muzej. Kakšne so nevarnosti? Moji možgani so v vaših rokah. Glasba v osmih državah, vključno z japonsko regijo. Hrana je najpomembnejši obrok v torkovi zgodovini. V Franciji so polovico bolnikov hospitalizirali. Če nič ne čutim, se spomnim. Prodaja nov avto. Bela hiša? Predpomnjeno za bralnike glasnosti. Baraka je bila pred sedemnajstimi leti božja žena. Nekatere ženske ne kadijo, druge ne. Vsi psi ljubijo Kristusa. Ne vedo. ISO osvoji naziv »nevarnost«. Odsoten sem. Kako izbrati najboljše orožje? David se imenuje Srb. Če ni mačke, s katero niste povezani, pa jo imejte tako, kakršna je. Uporabljate lahko besede in narečja. Otroci so ponosni, kot vedno. Fant? Tuffel: Brez vojne. Vas zanimajo drugi tipi kože? Ne spomnim se – se spomniš? Čevlje imam, kakšna je vaša organizacija danes? Mati ji je na primer naslikala vrata. Kaj pravite na slabe mačke? Pozabil sem odrasti. Ne aktivirajte alarmov, CRM-ov ali sovražnih vozil. Nekaj dni kasneje je pes prišel v Toma. Kdaj in kje je ne najdete?

11

Muzeji, gozd, gozd. Kakšne so nevarnosti? Moje srce je hladno ... Težava je v vaših rokah. Glasbene mreže obstajajo v osmih državah, vključno z japonsko regijo. Varnost hrane v torek je ena najpomembnejših v sodobni zgodovini. V Franciji polovica bolnikov odide v bolnišnico in si postreže z zajtrkom. Sicer pa vseeno. Dobro se počutim, vendar sledite. Uporabite nov avto. Bela hiša? Kdo te vsega nauči zame? Glasnost je izbrisana. Barackova mama je stara sedemnajst let, ženska zunaj Boga. Nekatere ženske ne kadijo, druge pa ne kadijo. Vsi psi ljubijo Kristusa. Neznani glas je pot. Premagati konja IRS je tvegano. Obožujem ta umor in to prijaznost. Kako izbrati najboljše orožje? David pravi, da je to srbska pesem. Če mačke ne potrebujete, je ne prezrite. Uporabljate lahko jezik in jezik (oprostite, otroci so na to ponosni). Kot običajno. Kaj pa fantje? Vojna ni Satanova moč. Vas zanimajo drugi tipi kože? Ne spomnim se, res – se ti spomniš? Umetna obutev. Kdo ve, kakšna je ekipa danes. Razložite na primer, zakaj je mama odprla vrata. Glavna prednost tega sistema je, da povzroči okvaro v kopalnici, med drevesi, grmi, rastlinami, živalmi, angeli. Zakaj ste poklicali mačko, ki jo želite videti, in se jezili in jo spraševali? Pozabil sem odrasti. Lahko so alarmi in sovražniki ali vozila, ki blokirajo CRM. Tom, čez nekaj dni – ampak psi, psi ga obožujejo. Kdaj in kje ga najdem?

12

Številni muzeji, gozdovi, gozdovi. Kakšne so nevarnosti? Hladno srce. Povejte, da je težava v vaših rokah. Glasbene mreže delujemo v osmih državah, vključno z Japonsko. Pomanjkanje sodobne prehranske varnosti je zgodovina planeta Mars. Polovica pacientov in bolnišnic v Franciji zagotavlja vse informacije z zajtrkom ali brez. V nasprotnem primeru ste dobri. Mislim, da je igra dobra, a jamo moramo varovati. Uporabite nov stroj. Bela hiša? Iščem nekoga, ki bi te lahko naučil vsega. Glasnost je izbrisana. Barackova mama je bila sedemnajstletna deklica. Izogibajte se Bogu. Nekatere ženske ne kadijo, druge pa ne. Vsi psi ljubijo Kristusa. Neznana govorna številka. Če veste, da ni nevarno, morate za uspeh izučiti železo in konja (IRS). Najti želim ljubezen, umor, sočutje. Kako izbrati najboljše jedrsko orožje? David je dejal: Ne morejo reči, da mi je vseeno. Če mislite, da mačka deluje, je to srbska pesem. Jezik lahko nadzorujete, vendar to ni jezik (oprostite, otroci so ponosni, vendar ni). Obstaja veliko standardov, kot je kanu. Kaj pa, če je njen otrok še dojenček? Njegova vojna ni pod Satanovo vodo. Te zanimajo drugi tipi kože? Vsekakor se to zgodi. Se res spomnite tistega, česar se ne spomnite? Potem lahko uživate v svojih čevljih. Kdo pozna pomen današnje organizacije? Razložite na primer, zakaj je mati odprta. Glavna prednost tega sistema je, da napada samega sebe in odpravlja napake v kopalnici. Grmičevje, grmičevje, rastline, živali, angeli. Vprašati se moram, zakaj bi rad videl mačko, preden bi odpustila. Pozabil sem odrasti. Opozorilna in sovražna vozila lahko uporabljajo CRM in zavorne sisteme. Mnogi ne marajo Toma, a psi, psi ga imajo radi. Verjamem. Kdaj in kje ga najdem?

Customs and Usages

1

In addition to Japan, you can buy books and music. I want a ton of cheese. Sure, I like guns, but it's not cats or cats. Don't forget ten football games.

2

You can buy eight books and music in outer Japan. He wants to buy cheese at the White House. I want a gun but I don't want to talk to Tutu or cats. Don't forget that you can choose from ten favourite football games.

3

An emergency museum? Books and music can be purchased from eight countries/regions outside of Japan. I don't want to sell the White House a car and a trade-in. I need a gun, but I don't want to talk to Serbs or cats. First floor? Do not forget. In a few days, you can choose about ten football fans.

4

An emergency museum? Music books are available in eight countries outside of Japan. I don't want to sell a new car because there are more white houses in the classroom. I need a gun, but I don't want to talk to Serbs or cats. Is the first floor supposed to be the same? Remember that you have forgotten that God is in the game. After a few days, choose up to ten football fans.

5

A museum in an emergency? Free music from eight countries including Japan and overseas. I don't want to sell a new car. A white house for some in the class. You need a gun, and I don't want to talk to Serbs or cats. Is the shirt always first? Remember the current situation. I will never forget the game as what you keep doing. In a few days we will become football fans. I went for a run at ten in the morning.

6

Suddenly a museum? Eight countries, including Japan, want free music. There are no visitors. You don't want to sell a new car. The White House? Some women are not in the classroom and others are not. I need a gun, I don't want to talk to Serbs or cats. We are always in the forefront. Need a special shirt? Remember how today went – what should I do first? I will never forget the game. A few days later we talked to football fans; I went to the competition and started at ten o'clock.

7

Museum – what are the dangers? Eight countries, including Japan, require free music. Half of France was hospitalized. If you don't want to sell a new car, you're done. The White House? Some women haven't smoked in the library for seventeen years, others haven't. Jesus loves the fact that he needs a gun. They couldn't talk to Serbia or cats. We are always proud of that. Need a special outfit? I do not remember. Remember, do you want to travel today? What do they do with the power? I will never forget the competitions. Recently, a few days later than football fans and C. R., I became a teenager, but not really.

8

History Museum. What are the dangers? Most importantly, free music and music from eight countries (including Japan) are difficult. Half of the patients were hospitalized in France. If you refuse, you are not ready to sell a new car. The White House? – In the library. Seventeen years in the bar. Some women don't smoke, others don't. All dogs love Jesus. Don't know the weapon you need? Serbian clubs know that they do not know the language and the script. Children are always proud. Looking for a special shirt? I can't remember – do you remember? Would you like to join this group today like images and resources? When they mature, they forget. Recently, C. I. as E. S. became a football fan, a few days later Tom Paul. Wrong?

9

Wood Museum. What are the dangers? – Brain Hands, music from eight countries including Japan. The opponent is the most important opponent. In France, half of the patients were hospitalized. If you haven't already, I don't want to sell you a new car. The White House? A reading library. Seventeen years ago, God was a woman in a shack. Some women don't smoke, others don't. All dogs love Christ. I don't know if these projectiles are dangerous, but what is your weapon of choice? I know Serbia. If the cat is bad, use the language and the alphabet. The children are always so proud. Looking for a baby coat for a specific skin type? I don't remember – do you remember? What is the band called today? For example: The picture contains a mother and an eye. And? I forgot to grow up. Lately, football and CRM management are not a hobby, not a passion. A few days later, Tom bit. Where do you find the bug?

10

Forestry Museum. What are the dangers? My brain is in your hands. Music in eight countries including the Japanese region. Food is the most important meal in Tuesday history. In France, half of the patients were hospitalized. If I don't feel anything, I remember. New car for sale. The White House? Cached for volume readers. Baraka was a wife of God seventeen years ago. Some women don't smoke, others don't. All dogs love Christ. They don't know. ISO wins the 'hazard' title. I'm away. How to choose the best weapon? David is called a Serb. If there are no cats that you are not related to, then keep them as they are. You can use words and dialects. The children are proud, as always. Boy? Tuffel: No war. Interested in other skin types? I don't remember – do you remember? I have shoes, how is your organization today? For example, her mother painted her door. How about bad cats? I forgot to grow up. Do not activate alarms, CRMs or enemy vehicles. A few days later, the dog came to Tom. When and where can't you find it?

11

Museums, forest, forest. What are the dangers? My heart is cold ... The problem is in your hands. Music networks exist in eight countries, including the Japanese region. Food safety on Tuesday is one of the most important in modern history. In France, half of the patients go to the hospital and have breakfast. Otherwise, anyway. I feel good but follow. Use a new car. The White House? Who teaches you everything for me? The volume is deleted. Barack's mother is seventeen years old, a woman outside of God. Some women don't smoke and some don't. All dogs love Christ. An unknown voice is the way. Beating the IRS horse is risky. I love this kill and this kindness. How to choose the best weapon? David says it's a Serbian song. If you don't need a cat, don't ignore it. You can use language and language (sorry, kids are proud of it). As usual. What about guys? War is not Satan's power. Interested in other skin types? I don't remember, really – do you remember? Artificial footwear. Who knows what the team is like today. For example, explain why mom opened the door. The main advantage of this system is that it creates a breakdown in the bathroom, among trees, bushes, plants, animals, angels. Why did you call the cat you want to see and get angry and ask her? I forgot to grow up. It can be alarms and enemies or vehicles blocking the CRM. Tom, in a few days – but the dogs, the dogs love him. When and where can I find it?

12

Many museums, forests, forests. What are the dangers? A cold heart. Say the problem is in your hands. We operate music networks in eight countries, including Japan. Modern food insecurity is the history of the planet Mars. Half of patients and hospitals in France provide all information with or without breakfast. Otherwise, you're good. I think the game is good, but we have to protect the cave. Use a new machine. The White House? I'm looking for someone who can teach you everything. The volume is deleted. Barack's mother was a seventeen-year-old girl. Avoid God. Some women don't smoke and others don't. All dogs love Christ. Unknown voice number. If you know it's not dangerous, you need to learn Iron and Horse (IRS) to succeed. I want to find love, murder, compassion. How to choose the best nuclear weapon? David said: They can't say I don't care. If you think the cat is working, this is a Serbian song. You can control language, but it's not language (sorry, kids are proud, but it's not). There are many standards such as canoe. What if her child is still a baby? His war is not under Satan's water. Interested in other skin types? It definitely happens. Do you really remember what you don't remember? Then you can enjoy your shoes. Who knows the meaning of today's organization? For example, explain why the mother is open. The main advantage of this system is that it attacks itself and eliminates errors in the bathroom. Shrubs, shrubs, plants, animals, angels. I have to wonder why I would want to see the cat before I fired. I forgot to grow up. Warnings and enemy vehicles can use CRM and braking systems. Many people don't like Tom, but dogs, dogs love him. I believe. When and where can I find it?

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Péter Esterházy: Postmoderni barbarizem ali Evropa brez lastnosti / Postmodern Barbarism or Europe with No Characteristics

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PISATELJEV ZA LETO 1993 JE PREJELA / THE SLOVENE WRITERS' ASSOCIATION
AWARDED THE 1993 VILENICA INTERNATIONAL LITERARY PRIZE TO

Libuše Moníková

Utemeljitev nagrade / Laudation: *Neva Šlibar*

KRISTAL VILENICE 1993 / 1993 CRYSTAL VILENICA AWARD – *Francesco Micieli*

V publikaciji *Vilenica 1993* in na literarnih prireditvah so sodelovali / The following are represented in the *Vilenica Almanac 1993* and took part in the literary readings:

Zsófia Balla, József Baran, Roberto Dedenaro, Helmut Einsendle, Alojz Ihan, Dževad Karahasan, Matjaž Kocbek, Vlastimil Kovalčík, Marko Kravos, Zvonko Maković, László Márton, Robert Menasse, Francesco Micieli, Marjeta Novak Kajzer, Paul Parin, Denis Poniž, Daina Prancietytė, Carlo Sgorlon, Arvo Valton, Michal Viewegh, Piotr Woiciechowski, Ifigenija Zagoričnik Simonović

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

MEDNARODNO LITERARNO NAGRADO VILENICA DRUŠTVA SLOVENSКИH
PISATELJEV ZA LETO 1994 JE PREJEL / THE SLOVENE WRITERS' ASSOCIATION
AWARDED THE 1994 VILENICA INTERNATIONAL LITERARY PRIZE TO

Josip Osti

Utemeljitev nagrade / Laudation: *Denis Poniž*

KRISTAL VILENICE 1994 / 1994 CRYSTAL VILENICA AWARD – *Slavko Mihalič*

V publikaciji *Vilenica 1994* in na literarnih prireditvah so sodelovali / The following are represented in the *Vilenica Almanac 1994* and took part in the literary readings:

Marjorie Agosin, Edoardo Albinati, Árni Bergmann, Miloš Biedrzycki, Christa Dericum, Janko Ferk, Antonio Fian, Antanas Gailius, Vlado Gotovac, Egid Gstättnner, Gunnar D. Hansson, Daniel Hevier, Vit'azoslav Hronec, Paweł Huelle, Richard Jackson, Goran Ignjatije Janković, Dževad Karahasan, Lubor Kasal, Thomas Kling, Majda Kne, Miklavž Komelj, Jurgis Kunčinas, Feri Lainšček, Phillis Levin, Svetlana Makarovič, Giuseppe Mariuz, János Marno, Mateja Matevski, Andrej Medved, Slavko Mihalič, Dušan Mitana, Grzegorz Musiał, Aleksander Peršolja, György Petri, Juan Octavio Prenz, Lenka Procházková, Gianfranco Sodomaco, Matthew Sweeney, Tomaž Šalamun, Igor Škamperle, Jachým Topol, Urs Widmer, Uroš Zupan

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

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MEDNARODNO LITERARNO NAGRADO VILENICA DRUŠTVA SLOVENSКИH
PISATELJEV ZA LETO 1995 JE PREJEL / THE SLOVENE WRITERS' ASSOCIATION
AWARDED THE 1995 VILENICA INTERNATIONAL LITERARY PRIZE TO

Adolf Muschg

Utemeljitev nagrade / Laudation: *Vesna Kondrič Horvat*

KRISTAL VILENICE 1995 / 1995 CRYSTAL VILENICA AWARD – *Marzanna Bogumiła Kielar*

V publikaciji *Vilenica 1995* in na literarnih prireditvah so sodelovali / The following are represented in the *Vilenica Almanac 1995* and took part in the literary readings:

Jovica Aćin, Kurt Aebli, Marjorie Agosin, Eugenijus Ališanka, Marcin Baran, Árni Bergmann, Krzysztof Bielecki, Dariusz Bittner, Loredana Bogliun, Berta Bojetu-Boeta, Tereza Boučková, Lucas Cejpek, Róża Domaścyna, Erik Groch, Gunnar D. Hansson, Nora Ikstena, Richard Jackson, Marzanna Bogumiła Kielar, Rade Krstić, Phillis Levin, Tonko Maroevič, Manfred Moser, Danielius Mušinskas, Radovan Pavlovski, Tone Perčič, Sibila Petlevski, Juan Octavio Prenz, Raoul Schrott, Zorko

Simčič, Rudolf Sloboda, Andrzej Stasiuk, Matthew Sweeney, Tomaž Šalamun, Ján Štrasser, Zsuzsa Tákács, Dezső Tandori, Jaromír Typlt, Miloš Vacík, Saša Vegri, Pavel Vilikovský, Ernest Wichner, Ćiril Zlobec, Vlado Žabot, Aldo Žerjal

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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MEDNARODNO LITERARNO NAGRADO VILENICA DRUŠTVA SLOVENSКИH PISATELJEV ZA LETO 1996 JE PREJEL / THE SLOVENE WRITERS' ASSOCIATION AWARDED THE 1996 VILENICA INTERNATIONAL LITERARY PRIZE TO

Adam Zagajewski

Utemeljitev nagrade / Laudation: *Niko Jež*

KRISTAL VILENICE 1996 / 1996 CRYSTAL VILENICA AWARD – *Kača Čelan*

V publikaciji *Vilenica 1996* in na literarnih prireditvah so sodelovali / The following are represented in the *Vilenica Almanac 1996* and took part in the literary readings:

Lothar Baier, Uldis Berzinš, Petr Borkovec, Magda Carneci, Karol Chmel, Claude Michel Cluny, Branko Čegan, Kača Čelan, Zita Čepaitė, Stefano Dell'antonio, Ljiljana Dirjan, Dušan Dušek, Milan Đorđević, Menna Elfyn, János Háty, Ann Jäderlund, Antanas A. Jonynas, Julian Kornhauser, András Ferenc Kovács, Vladimir Kovačič, Friederike Kretzen, Enzo Martines, Lydia Mischkulnig, Brane Mozetič, Boris A. Novak, Iztok Osojnik, Žarko Petan, James Ragan, Ales Razanov, Hansjörg Schertenleib, Triin Soomets, Karel Šiktanc, Aleš Šteger, Thorgerir Thorgeirson, Maja Vidmar, Märtinš Zelmenis

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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MEDNARODNO LITERARNO NAGRADO VILENICA DRUŠTVA SLOVENSКИH PISATELJEV ZA LETO 1997 JE PREJEL / THE SLOVENE WRITERS' ASSOCIATION AWARDED THE 1997 VILENICA INTERNATIONAL LITERARY PRIZE TO

Pavel Vilikovský

Utemeljitev nagrade / Laudation: *Andrej Rozman*

KRISTAL VILENICE 1997 / 1997 CRYSTAL VILENICA AWARD – *Nicole Müller*

V publikaciji *Vilenica 1997* in na literarnih prireditvah so sodelovali / The following are represented in the *Vilenica Almanac 1997* and took part in the literary readings:

Attila Balázs, Pauls Bankovskis, Peters Bruveris, Stefan Chwin, Gillian Clarke, Vittorio Cozzoli, Vera Čejkowska, Liutauras Degėsys, Evald Flisar, Franjo Frančič, Niko Grafenauer, Marianne Gruber, Aime Hansen, Jože Hudeček, Hanna Johansen, Vanda Juknaitė, Mila Kačič, Doris Kareva, István Kovács, Katja Lange-Müller, Kristina Ljaljko, Peter Macsovský, Herbert Maurer, Neža Maurer, Christopher Merrill, Nicole Müller, Ewald Murrer, Miha Obit, Albert Ostermaier, Pavao Pavličić, Delimir Rešicki, Brane Senegačnik, Abdulah Sidran, Andrzej Sosnowski, Pierre-Yves Soucy, Ragnar Strömberg, Olga Tokarczuk, Alta Vášová, Anastassis Vistonitis, Anatol Vjarcinski, Andrew Zawadzki

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

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MEDNARODNO LITERARNO NAGRADO VILENICA DRUŠTVA SLOVENSКИH
 PISATELJEV ZA LETO 1998 JE PREJEL / THE SLOVENE WRITERS' ASSOCIATION
 AWARDED THE 1998 VILENICA INTERNATIONAL LITERARY PRIZE TO

Péter Nádas

Utemeljitev nagrade / Laudation: *Orsolya Gállos*

KRISTAL VILENICE 1998 / 1998 CRYSTAL VILENICA AWARD — *Peter Semolič*

V publikaciji *Vilenica 1998* in na literarnih prireditvah so sodelovali / The following are represented in the *Vilenica Almanac 1998* and took part in the literary readings:

Amanda Aizpuriete, Andrei Bodi, Jan Čikvin, France Forstnerič, Natasza Goerke, Felicitas Hoppe, Zoë Jenny, Arne Johnsson, Jiří Kratochvíl, José Jorge Letria, Vida Mokrin Pauer, Maja Novak, Osamljeni tekači, Hava Pinhas Coen, Ilma Rakusa, Izet Sarajlić, Peter Semolič, Marko Sosič, Alvydas Šlepikas, Slobodan Šnajder, Pia Tafdrup, Veno Taufer, László Villányi, Milan Vincetič, Hugo Williams, Andrea Zanzotto

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

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MEDNARODNO LITERARNO NAGRADO VILENICA DRUŠTVA SLOVENSКИH
 PISATELJEV ZA LETO 1999 JE PREJELA / THE SLOVENE WRITERS' ASSOCIATION
 AWARDED THE 1999 VILENICA INTERNATIONAL LITERARY PRIZE TO

Erica Pedretti

Utemeljitev nagrade / Laudation: *Vesna Kondrič Horvat*

KRISTAL VILENICE 1999 / 1999 CRYSTAL VILENICA AWARD — *Angelo Cherchi*

V publikaciji *Vilenica 1999* in na literarnih prireditvah so sodelovali / The following are represented in the *Vilenica Almanac 1999* and took part in the literary readings:

Neringa Abrutytė, Angelo Cherchi, Lelo Cjanton, Richard Flanagan, Marius Ivaškevičius, Richard Jackson, Jana Juránová, Jaan Kaplinski, Dražen Katunarič, Taja Kramberger, Ryszard Krynicki, Franco Loi, Miha Mazzini, Miloš Mikelc, Mimmo Morina, Andrej Morovič, Amir Or, Răzvan Petrescu, Asher Reich, Christopher Reid, Kathrin Röggla, Ljudmila Rubljévska, Anna Santoliquido, Armin Sender, Sande Stojčevski, Vojo Šindolič, Adriana Škunca, Ottó Tolnai, Bogdan Trojak, Nenad Veličković, Karen Volkman, Dane Zajc

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*

MEDNARODNO LITERARNO NAGRADO VILENICA DRUŠTVA SLOVENSКИH PISATELJEV ZA LETO 2000 JE PREJEL / THE SLOVENE WRITERS' ASSOCIATION AWARDED THE 2000 VILENICA INTERNATIONAL LITERARY PRIZE TO

Slavko Mihaljić

Utemeljitev nagrade / Laudation: *Veno Taufer*

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 Sendekci, Ronny Someck, Marjan Strojan, 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 Dimkova*

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 Dücker, 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 basavska 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 Alabari, 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 Karłowicz, 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: *Durđa 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 Vīguls*

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*

PREJEMNICA 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*

PREJEMNIK 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*

PREJEMNIK 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*

PREJEMNIK 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 Seica*

MEDNARODNO LITERARNO NAGRADO VILENICA DRUŠTVA SLOVENSКИH
PISATELJEV ZA LETO 2022 JE PREJELA / THE SLOVENE WRITERS' ASSOCIATION
AWARDED THE 2022 VILENICA INTERNATIONAL LITERARY PRIZE TO

Amanda Aizpuriete

Utemeljitev nagrade / Laudation: *Aljoša Harlamov*

KRISTAL VILENICE 2022 / 2022 CRYSTAL VILENICA AWARD – *Gail McConnell*
SLOVENSKI AVTOR V SREDIŠČU 2022 / SLOVENIAN AUTHOR IN FOCUS 2022 –
Andrej Blatnik

V publikaciji *Vilenica 2022* in na literarnih prireditvah so sodelovali / The
following are represented in the *Vilenica Almanac 2022* and took part in the
literary readings:

*Katia Sophia Ditzler, Dejan Dukovski, Hanna Komar, Gail McConnell, Kristian
Novak, Renato Quaglia, Natalka Snjadanko, Ivo Stropnik, Tatiana Țibuleac*

OKROGLA MIZA SEP NA VILENICI / CEI ROUND TABLE DISCUSSION AT VILENICA: ›Evropa se širi in krči. Pisatelj in njegov habitus‹ / 'Europe is expanding and shrinking. The writer and their habitus'

MODERATOR: *Aljoša Harlamov, Nina Jerman*

PREJEMNICA PISATELJSKE NAGRADE SEP 2022 / 2022 CEI AWARD FOR WRITERS IN RESIDENCE: *Luiza Bouharaoua, Hrvaška / Croatia*

MANJ POZNANE KNJIŽEVNOSTI NA VILENICI / LESSER-KNOWN LITERATURES AT VILENICA: *Estonija na Vilenici / Estonia at Vilenica: Kätlin Kaldmaa, Igor Kotjuh*

MEDNARODNO LITERARNO NAGRADO VILENICA DRUŠTVA SLOVENSКИH PISATELJEV ZA LETO 2023 JE PREJEL / THE SLOVENE WRITERS' ASSOCIATION AWARDED THE 2023 VILENICA INTERNATIONAL LITERARY PRIZE TO

Ottó Tolnai

Utemeljitev nagrade / Laudation: *Jutka Rudaš*

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OKROGLA MIZA SEP NA VILENICI / CEI ROUND TABLE DISCUSSION AT VILENICA: ›Raznoliki obraz Evrope‹ / 'The Diverse Face of Europe'

MODERATOR: *Aljoša Harlamov*

PREJEMNICA PISATELJSKE NAGRADE SEP 2023 / 2023 CEI AWARD FOR WRITERS IN RESIDENCE: *Tijana Rakočević, Črna gora / Montenegro*

MANJ POZNANE KNJIŽEVNOSTI NA VILENICI / LESSER-KNOWN LITERATURES AT VILENICA: *Avstrija in Nemčija na Vilenici / Austria and Germany at Vilenica: Silke Scheuermann (Nemčija / Germany), Max Sessner (Nemčija / Germany), Thomas Stangl (Avstrija / Austria), Andreas Unterweger (Avstrija / Austria)*

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Aljaž Koprivnikar, pesnik in literarni kritik / poet and literary critic

Martin Lissiach, literarni posrednik / literary mediator

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Tone Peršak, pisatelj / prose writer

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