

vilenica

**32. MEDNARODNI
LITERARNI FESTIVAL**

**32ND INTERNATIONAL
LITERARY FESTIVAL**

**LITERATURA, KI SPREMINJA
SVET, KI SPREMINJA LITERATURO**

**LITERATURE THAT CHANGES
THE WORLD THAT CHANGES
LITERATURE**

32. Mednarodni literarni festival Vilenica /
32nd Vilenica International Literary Festival

Vilenica 2017

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Kazalo / Contents

Nagrajenec Vilenice 2017 / Vilenica Prize Winner 2017

Jurij Andruhovič 6

Slovenska avtorica v središču 2017 / Slovenian Author in Focus 2017

Maja Vidmar 66

Literarna branja Vilenice 2017 / Vilenica Literary Readings 2017

Tanja Bakič 112

Andrej Blatnik 126

Antonella Bukovaz 144

Rumena Bužarovska 160

Anja Golob 180

Alenka Jensterle Doležal 190

Boris Jukič 202

Esther Kinsky 214

Vladimir Pištalo 234

Delimir Rešicki 248

Samir Sayegh 262

Fahredin Shehu 276

Hedi Wyss 292

Gosta Vilenice 2017 / Vilenica Guests 2017

Kerrie O'Brien 308

Iain Reid 320

Mlada Vilenica 2017 / Young Vilenica Award 2017

Rebeka Deželak 332

Laura Markič 334

Una Ljubin 336

Sara Lindič 340

Vesna Muzek 342

Nika Mravlja 346

Lana Vuga 348

Dosedanji udeleženci in nagrajenci Vilenice /

Previous Participants and Vilenica Prize Winners 352

Člani žirije / Jury Members 371

Konzultanti / Advisory Panel 372

Nagrajenec

Vilenice 2017

Vilenica

Prize Winner 2017

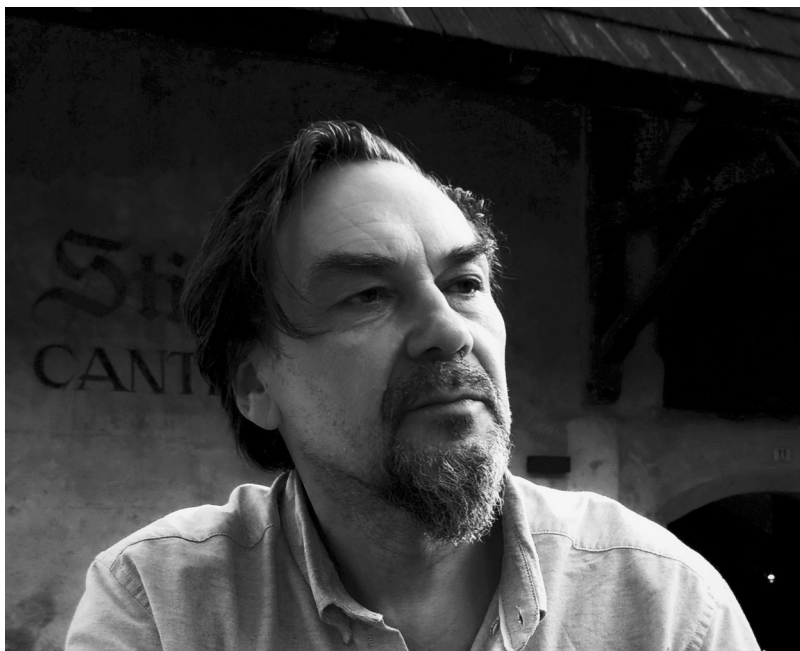


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Jurij Andruhovič

Jurij Andruhovič se je rodil leta 1960 v mestu Ivano Frankivsk v zahodni Ukrajini (nekoč del zgodovinske pokrajine Galicija). Po študiju novinarstva in služenju vojaškega roka v sovjetski armadi je začel pisati poezijo ter leta 1985 skupaj z Viktorjem Neborakom in Oleksandrom Irvancem ustanovil literarno-performativno skupino Bu-Ba-Bu (Burleska-Balahan (*farsa*)-Bufonada), ki je izražala ostro kritiko tako političnega sistema kot socialističnega realizma, edine »prave« literarne smeri, in pomembno vplivala na nadaljnji razvoj ukrajinske literature.

Po treh pesniških zbirkah: *Небо і площі* (Nebo in trgi, 1985), *Середмістя* (Mesto središče, 1989) in *Екзотичні птахи і рослини* (Eksotični ptiči in rastline, 1991, novi izdaji 1997 in 2002) se je Andruhovič preusmeril v prozo. Tudi tu je premikal literarne meje, z romaneskno postmodernistično trojko: *Рекреації* (Rekreacije, 1992), *Московіада* (Moskoviada, 1993) in *Перверзія* (Perverzija, 1996), v kateri tematizira ukrajinsko zgodovino od osamosvojitve leta 1991 dalje, pa je postal znan tudi v tujini.

Rdeča nit njegovega celotnega opusa so ukrajinsko-evropski odnosi oz. bolje ignoranca Zahoda, za katerega je Ukrajina še vedno *terra incognita*. Druge stalnice v njegovih delih so: tematiziranje tabu tem, postmodernizem, satira, groteska, različni sociolekti, demitologizacija vloge pisatelja kot narodnega heroja, izpraševanje posameznikove identitete v poosamosvojitvenem obdobju idr. Vendar Andru-

hovič s problematiziranjem perečih političnih in družbenih tem ne ostaja znotraj knjižnih platnic, temveč jih načenja tudi v javnosti; sodeloval je tako v demonstracijah v času oranžne revolucije leta 2004 kot na Majdanu nezaležnosti (Trgu neodvisnosti) leta 2013. Tudi zdaj, po ruski pripojitvi Krima in vojni v jugovzhodni Ukrajini, ki traja že od leta 2014, opozarja na razmere v državi.

Poleg poezije in proze – romanov *Дванадцять обручів* (*Dvanajst krogov*, 2003) in *Таємниця* (Skrivnost, 2007), zbirke kratkih zgodb *Лексикон інтимних міст* (Leksikon intimnih mest, 2011) – piše tudi eseje *Моя Європа* (Moja Evropa, 2001, skupaj z Andrzejem Stasiukom), *Диявол ховається в сирі* (Hudič se skriva v siru, 2006) ter prevaja iz angleščine, nemščine, poljščine in ruščine. Dejavnen je tudi v glasbenih vodah; med drugim sodeluje s poljsko-švicarsko eksperimentalno postrokovsko zasedbo Karbido. Za svoje ustvarjanje je prejel več nagrad doma in v tujini, nazadnje nagrado Hannah-Arendt za politično misel (2014) in Goethejevo medaljo (2016) za prevode nemških avtorjev v ukrajinjščino.

Njegov življenjski kredito je še najbolje povzel Aleš Debeljak, ki je zapisal: »Andruhovič dobro ve, da je pisatelj lahko vizionar le, če je hkrati tudi kronist svojega časa in prostora. Sleherni videc mora biti prej oči-videc.«¹

¹ Debeljak, A., 2014. Ukrajinski pisatelj. *Delo*, 1. 3. 2014.

Izbrane nagrade in priznanja

- 2001 Herderjeva nagrada (Nemčija).
2005 Mirovna nagrada Ericha Marie Remarqua (Nemčija).
2006 Nagrada za medsebojno evropsko razumevanje Leipziškega knjižnega sejma (Nemčija).
2006 Nagrada Angelus (Poljska), ki se podeljuje srednjevropskim literatom, prevedenim v poljščino. Andruhovič je nagrado prejel za roman *Дванадцять обручів* (*Dvanajest krogov*).
2014 Nagrada Hannah Arendt za politično misel (Nemčija).
2016 Goethejeva medalja (Nemčija) za prevode nemških avtorjev v ukrajinščino.

Izbrana izvirna bibliografija

Pesniške zbirke

- Небо і площі* (Nebo in trgi); Molod', Kijiv 1985.
Середмістя (Mestno središče); Radjanski pis'mennik, Kijiv 1989.
Екзотичні птахи і рослини (Eksotični ptiči in rastline); Molod', Kijiv 1991.
Екзотичні птахи і рослини з додатком "Індія" (Eksotični ptiči in rastline z dodatkom »Indija«); Lileja-NV, Ivano Frankivsk 1997.
Пісні для мертвого півня (Pesmi za mrtvega petelina); Ilea, Ivano Frankivsk 2004.
Листи в Україну (Pisma v Ukrajino, izbrana poezija); A-BA-BA-HA-LA-MA-HA, Kijiv 2013.

Romani

Trilogija

- Рекреації* (Rekreacije); Čas, Kijiv 1992.
Московіада (Moskoviada); 1993.
Перверзія (Perverzija); Lileja-NV, Ivano Frankivsk 1997.
Дванадцять обручів (*Dvanajest krogov*); Kritika, Kijiv 2003.
Таємниця. Замість роману (Skrivnost. Namesto romana); Folio, Harkov 2007.

Zbirke kratkih zgodb

- Зліва, де серце* (Na levi, kjer je srce); 1989.
Лексикон інтимних міст (Leksikon intimnih mest); Meridian Czernowitz, Černivci 2011.

Esejistična dela

Дезорієнтація на місцевості (Dezorientacija v lokalnem prostoru); Lileja-NV, Ivano Frankivsk 1999.

Моя Європа (Moja Evropa), v soavtorstvu z Andrzejem Stasiukom; Czarne, Wołowiec 2001.

Das letzte Territorium (Zadnji teritorij, izbrani eseji); Suhrkamp Verlag, Frankfurt am Main 2003.

Диявол ховається в сирі (Hudič se skriva v siru); Kritika, Kijiv 2006.

Euromaidan: Was in der Ukraine auf dem Spiel steht (Evromajdan: kaj je v Ukrajini na kocki), zbrani eseji različnih avtorjev; Suhrkamp Verlag, Frankfurt am Main 2014.

Zbirka kolumn

Тут похований Фантомас (Tukaj je pokopan Fantomas); Diskursus, Brusturiv 2015.

Gledališka igra

Orpheus, Illegal; drama, premierna uprizoritev: Düsseldorfer Schauspielhaus, Nemčija 2005.

Scenarij

Кисневий голод (Lakota po kisiku), režija Andrij Doncik, 1991.

Glasba

Jurij Andruhovič sodeluje z različnimi glasbeniki, je soavtor petih glasbenih albumov, ki jih je posnel skupaj s poljsko skupino Karbido: *Samogon* (2006), *Cinnamon* (Cimet, 2009), *Absinthe* (Absint, 2012), *Atlas Estremo* (Atlas ekstremov, 2015) in *Lithographs* (Litografije, 2017).

Album *Andruchowytsh's Werwolf Sutra* (Andruhovičev volkodlak Sutra, 2013) je posnel skupaj s švicarskim duetom Kapeller-Zumthor.

Avtorjevi prevodi

William Shakespeare, *Hamlet*; prevod iz angleščine; A-BA-BA-HA-LA-MA-HA, Kijiv 2008.

День смерти пани День. (Dan, ko je umrla Lady Day, antologija poezije ameriških beatnikov); izbor in prevod iz angleščine; Folio, Harkov 2006.

Med njegove najpomembnejše prevode sodijo tudi prevodi pesmi Rainerja Marie Rilkeja iz nemščine, Tadeusza Konwickega iz poljščine in Borisa Pasternaka iz ruščine.

Prevodi v tuje jezike

Dela Jurija Andruhoviča so bila prevedena v več jezikov, med drugim v beloruščino, bolgarščino, češčino, hrvaščino, angleščino, finščino, francoščino, nemščino, madžarščino, italijanščino, litovščino, makedonščino, poljščino, romunščino, ruščino, srbsčino, slovaščino, španščino.

Knjižni prevodi v slovenščino

Dvanajst krogov; prevedla Primož Lubej in Janja Vollmaier Lubej; Cankarjeva založba, Ljubljana 2016.

Yuri Andrukhovych was born in 1960 in Ivano-Frankivsk in West Ukraine (once a part of the historical region Galicia). After studying journalism and after his military service in the Soviet Army, he started writing poetry. In 1985, along with Viktor Neborak and Oleksandr Irvanets, he founded the literary performance group Bu-Ba-Bu (Burlesque – Farce (Ukr. Balahan) – Bufonada), expressing strong criticism of the political system as well as of the only “real” literary trend, namely, socialist realism. He has immensely influenced the further development of Ukrainian literature. After three poetry collections – *Небо і площі* (Sky and Squares, 1985), *Середмістя* (Downtown, 1989), *Екзотичні птахи і рослини* (Exotic Birds and Plants, 1991, new editions 1997 and 2002) – Andrukhovych turned to prose. He kept on pushing literary boundaries, and his novelistic postmodern triplet *Рекреації* (Recreations, 1992), *Московіада* (The Moscoviad, 1993) and *Перверзія* (Perverzion, 1996), thematizing Ukrainian history from the 1991 independence onwards, made him known abroad as well. The recurrent theme of his entire opus is Ukrainian-European relations, or rather the ignorance of the West towards the country, since the Ukraine remains terra incognita for the West. Other constants in his work are taboo topics, postmodernism, satire, grotesque, different sociolects, demythologization of writers’ role as national heroes, and questioning individuals’ identity in the post-

independence period. Yet Andrukhovych does not confine problematizing current political and social topics to his literary worlds; he addresses them in public as well. He took part in the demonstrations during the Orange Revolution in 2004, just as he did during Euromaidan in 2013. Also now, after the Russian seizure of Crimea and the ongoing war in South-Eastern Ukraine, he is drawing attention to the situation. Besides writing poetry and prose (novels *Дванадцять обручів* (Twelve Circles, 2003), *Таємниця. Замість роману* (The Secret. Instead of a Novel, 2007), short story collection *Лексикон інтимних міст* (Lexicon of Intimate Cities, 2011), he also writes essays *Моя Європа* (My Europe, 2001, together with Andrzej Stasiuk), *Диявол ховається в сири* (The Devil is Hiding in the Cheese, 2006); in addition, he translates from English, German, Polish and Russian. He is also active in the field of music; among other things, he cooperates with the Polish-Swiss experimental post-rock band Karbido. Andrukhovych is a laureate of numerous awards at home and abroad, most recently the Hannah-Arendt Prize for Political Thought (2014) as well as the Goethe Medal (2016) for translations of German authors. His life credo was best summed up by Aleš Debeljak, who wrote: “Andrukhovych knows well that a writer can only be a visionary by being the chronicler of his time and space at the same time. Every seer should first have been an onlooker.”¹

¹ Debeljak, A., 2014. Ukrajinski pisatelj. *Delo*, 1. 3. 2014.

Selected Prizes and Awards

- 2001 Herder Prize (Germany).
2005 Erich Maria Remarque Peace Prize (Germany).
2006 Leipzig Book Fair Prize for European Understanding (Germany).
2006 The ANGELUS Central European Literature Award (Poland), which is conferred upon writers from Central Europe translated into Polish. Andrukhovych was awarded for the novel *Дванадцять обручів* (*Twelve Circles*).
2014 Hannah Arendt Prize for Political Thought (Germany).
2016 Goethe Medal (Germany) for translating German authors into Ukrainian.

Selected Bibliography of Original Works

Poetry Collections

- Небо і площі* (The Sky and Squares); Molod', Kyiv 1985.
Середмістя (Downtown); Radjanski pis'mennik, Kyiv 1989.
Екзотичні птахи і рослини (Exotic Birds and Plants); Molod', Kyiv 1991.
Екзотичні птахи і рослини з додатком "Індія" (Exotic Birds and Plants complemented with "India"); Lileja-NV, Ivano-Frankivsk 1997.
Пісні для мертвого півня (Songs for the Dead Rooster); Ilea, Ivano-Frankivsk 2004.
Листи в Україну (The Letters to Ukraine, selected poems); A-BA-BA-HA-LA-MA-HA, Kyiv 2013.

Novels

Trilogy

- Рекреації* (*Recreations*); Čas, Kyiv 1992.
Московіада (*The Moscoviad*); 1993.
Перверзія (*Perverzion*); Lileja-NV, Ivano-Frankivsk 1997.
Дванадцять обручів (*Twelve Circles*); Kritika, Kyiv 2003.
Таємниця. Замість роману (The Secret. Instead of a Novel); Folio, Kharkiv 2007.

Short Story Collections

- Зліва, де серце* (On the Left, Where the Heart Is); 1989.
Лексикон інтимних міст (Lexicon of Intimate Cities); Meridian Czernowitz, Chernivtsi 2011.

Essay Collections

Дезорієнтація на місцевості (Disorientation in Locality); Lileja-NV, Ivano-Frankivsk 1999.

Моя Європа (My Europe), co-authored with Andrzej Stasiuk; Czarne, Wolowiec 2000.

Das letzte Territorium (*My Final Territory: Selected Essays*); published in German language; Suhrkamp Verlag, Frankfurt am Main 2003.

Диявол ховається в сирі (The Devil is Hiding in the Cheese); Kritika, Kyiv 2006.

Euromaidan: Was in der Ukraine auf dem Spiel steht (Euromaidan! Ukraine! Europe!); co-authored with several authors and published in German language; Suhrkamp Verlag, Frankfurt am Main 2014.

Collected Columns

Тут похований Фантомас (Fantomas Has Been Buried Here); Diskursus, Brusturiv 2015.

Play

Orpheus, Illegal; drama, premiere: Düsseldorfer Schauspielhaus, Germany, 2005.

Screenplay

Кисневий голод (*Oxygen Starvation*), directed by Andriy Donchyk, 1991.

Music

Yuri Andrukhovych cooperates a lot with musicians; he is a co-author and performer of five musical albums recorded together with a Polish band Karbido: *Samogon* (2006), *Cinnamon* (2009), *Absinthe* (2012), *Atlas Estremo* (2015) and *Lithographs* (2017).

His album *Andruchowytsch's Werwolf Sutra* (2013) has been recorded together with the Swiss Kapeller-Zumthor duo.

Translations by Yuri Andrukhovych

William Shakespeare, *Hamlet*; translation from the English; A-BA-BA-HA-LA-MA-HA Publishers, Kyiv 2008.

День смерті пані День (The Day Lady Day Died, anthology of the American Beat Generation poetry); selection and translation from the English; Folio, Kharkiv 2006.

His most important achievements in the field of literary translation also include his translations from German (Rainer Maria Rilke), Polish (Tadeusz Konwicki), and Russian (Boris Pasternak).

Translations of Yuri Andrukhovych's Work

Works by Yuri Andrukhovych have been translated into many languages, including Belarusian, Bulgarian, Czech, Croatian, English, Finnish, French, German, Hungarian, Italian, Lithuanian, Macedonian, Polish, Romanian, Russian, Serbian, Slovak, Slovenian, Spanish.

Book Format Translations into English

Recreations; translated by Marko Pavlyshyn; CIUS Press, Toronto 1998.

Perverzion; translated by Michael M. Naydan; Northwestern University Press, Evanston (Illinois) 2005.

The Moscoviad; translated by Vitaly Chernetsky; Spuyten Duyvil, New York City 2008.

Twelve Circles; translated by Vitaly Chernetsky; Spuyten Duyvil, New York City 2015.

My Final Territory: Selected Essays; translated by Mark Andryczyk and Michael M. Naydan; Toronto University Press, Toronto 2017.

Jurij Andruhovič

Utemeljitev nagrade

Aleš Šteger

Od otroštva dalje me privlačijo ruševine. S tem stavkom začenja ukrajinski pisatelj Jurij Andruhovič svoj esej *Центральна-східна ревізія* (Srednjevzhodni memento), prvo polovico knjige z nadnaslovom *Моя Європа* (Moja Evropa), ki sta jo konec preteklega stoletja napisala skupaj s poljskim pisateljem Andrzejem Stasiukom. Stavek ni zgolj citat Danila Kiša, marveč ustvarjalni smerokaz, neke vrste orientir in natančno zakoličenje teritorija, na katerem se giblje Andruhovičev literarni opus. V literarnem smislu prispodoba ruševin ne kaže le na postapokaliptični duhovni vakuum, izgubo starega sistema vrednot in z njim orientirja po ogromnih, v umetniškem smislu nemapiranih prostorih in jezikih razpadlega postsovjetskega imperija, v katerih se je – na presenečenje pogosto ignorantskega Zahoda – pisalo tudi v času največje represije izjemne romane in pesmi, drame in eseje, od Lviva do Biškeka, od Minska do Erevana. Podoba ruševin kaže v prvi vrsti na nujno, da po padcu železne zavese pride do emancipacije izjemnega bogastva kultur in jezikov, vendar o njem mi na bolj zahodnem vzhodu, kaj šele srednjevzhodnem zahodu, zahodnosrednjem vzhodu ali celo zahodnozahodnem vzhodu Evrope nismo vedeli veliko, največkrat pa praktično nič. Ruševine so klicale po arheologih in literarnih zgodovinarjih. Klicale so tudi po botanikih in avanturistih, po krotilcih zveri, diplomatih, zoologih in literarnih navdušencih. Prihajali so in po koščkih na novo in zmeraj znova odkrivali bogato avtohtono favno in floro, ki je naskrivaj pognala iz ruševin postsovjetske družbe. Nikjer ni bil ta proces tako očiten in interes Zahoda tako močan kot v Ukrajini. A sam interes ni zadostoval. Klical je po mladi generaciji ustvarjalcev, ki si je za cilj zadala izjemen emancipacijski projekt, namreč postaviti svojo literaturo na svetovni zemljevid s poudarjeno gesto, da tudi njihova literatura, enako kot literatura, pisana v Lizboni ali Parizu, Berlinu ali na Dunaju, pripada skupnemu evropskemu izročilu. To je bil čas devetdesetih let preteklega stoletja. Železne zavese ni bilo več, a je kljub radikalnim spremembam v Evropi obstajala – in na žalost še zmeraj obstaja – druga, duhovna železna zavesa, neprimer- no bolj nevidna in perfidna, neokolonialna in ignorantska. Da bi podrli tudi njo, so se pisatelji z druge strani morali lotiti naloge, ki je

bila kolosalna. Zahtevala je namreč gesto, ki je morala biti inteligentna, subverzivna, morala je biti osvobojena stereotipov preteklosti in hkrati globoko zasidrana v izjemnem literarnem izročilu krajev brez imena in – vsaj iz zahodne perspektive – brez zgodovine.

Jurij Andruhovič je 17. aprila 1985 s pisateljskima kolegoma Viktorjem Neborakom in Saškom Irvancem ustanovil legendarno ukrajinsko pisateljsko-performersko skupino Bu-Ba-Bu. Že začetnice besed *Burleska*, *Balahan* (slov. farsa) in *Bufonada* (*Burlesk*, *Balahan*, *Bufonada*) programsko označujejo parodično, ironično, zasmehovalno naravo njihovih tekstov in performansov, kar je bilo v represivnem ozračju Ukrajine drzno, novo, prelomno dejanje in je navdihovalo novo generacijo ukrajinskih pisateljev. Andruhovič je začel kot pesnik. V letih 1985 in 1991 je izdal prve tri knjige pesmi. Z zavestnim odmikom od formalne urejenosti, avtoironizacijo ter navezovanjem na zahodno, predvsem beatniško izročilo je skupaj s svojo generacijo osvobajal ukrajinsko poezijo zaprašenosti in formalne urejenosti v disharmoničnih časih. Andruhovičeve pesmi so polne nenavadnih likov iz preteklosti in sedanjosti, odkrivajo vrzeli v zgodovini, popularno glasbo, stanje vzhodne Evrope v času političnih prelomov, a obenem avtor snov ironizira, obrača in s tem razvija nastavke za literarni stil, ki ga bo do največje prefinjenosti razvil v svojih paradnih disciplinah, v esejih in prozi. Tri uvodne balade v prvi pesniški zbirki Andruhovič uvede s citati – le ugibamo lahko, ali izmišljenimi ali ne – nekega Ivana Kripjakeviča, ki v izgubljenem vodniku iz 19. stoletja, naslovljenem *Sprehodi po Lembergu* (Lvivu), piše: »Veliko pozornost je v Lembergu vzbudil igralec, ki je naletel na krste z mrtvimi. Pri prezidavi neke cerkve v gledališče so njihove ostanke pozabili odstraniti iz kleti.« Andruhovič kot dedič Gogolja, kot dedič dekadentne poezije, kot antirilkejevski ljubitelj in prevajalec Rilkeja, Andruhovič kot dokumentarist zgodovinskih perversij, ironij časa, zamenjav in transmutacij, degeneracij in razpada: mučilnica in angel, cerkev, ki je bila spremenjena v železniško postajo, reka, ki je bila speljana pod površje žejnega mesta, duh, posvečen razpadu, prostitucija in dietna kokakola. Andruhovičev svet poezije je odprt, okužen s sodobnostjo in preteklostjo, avtor zre v radikalne opozicije svojega časa, v nasprotja, ki pričajo o razpadu, a obenem v tem razpadu razkrivajo baročno bogatijo paradoksov in groteske, brišejo meje in vzpostavljajo ironično senzibilnost, ki le kot hipnotično omamna inovacija in posmehljiva pričevalka

lahko parira brutalnostim družbe. V tem smislu so pesmi napoved Andruhovičevega celotnega pisanja. Pesmim so namreč sledili eseji in kasneje romani. K poeziji se je vrnil šele v zadnjem desetletju, pri čemer se ni nikoli odpovedal pisanju tekstov za razne glasbene zasedbe, s katerimi redno sodeluje ne le kot tekstopisec, ampak tudi kot recitator in performer s poljskim pank bandom Karbido in švicarskim duetom Kapeller-Zumthor.

Snovno jedro Andruhovičeve literature je Vzhod. Natančneje Galicija, nekoč vzhodni del avstro-ogrskega imperija, danes zahod Ukrajine, kraji, ki so v svetovno literaturo prispevali imena kot so Paul Celan, Bruno Schulz, Joseph Roth, kraji, ki so s svojo kulturno prestolnico številnih kulturnih skupnosti, številnih jezikov in s tem tudi številnih imen – Lemberg, Lviv, Lwów ali Lvov – bili središče evropske kulture, po drugi svetovni vojni in številnih pogromih pa so bili kulturno devastirani, premeščeni na obrobje in pozabljeni. Andruhovič jih poskuša vedno znova emancipirati, pripeljati z obrobja v središče, dati glas pozabljenim in izbrisanim, se pravi mrtvim, obujati jih od mrtvih in opozarjati, kako je preteklost, pogosto nereflektirano, humus za našo sedanjost. Strategija, s katero to dosega, je strategija groteske, ironije, satire, strategija drastike in pretiravanja, strategija karnevala in lirske parafraze. Jurij Ševeljov, profesor ukrajinske književnosti na univerzi Columbia, je – pozor, še ena parafraza! – imenoval vire njegovega pisanja Ho-Hei-Ho, kar so ukrajinske krajšave za Gogolja, Heinricha Heineja in E. T. A. Hoffmanna.

Andruhovičeva prva romana *Рекреації* (Rekreacije, 1992) in *Московиада* (Moskoviada, 1993), pisana med in po travmatičnem služenju vojaškega roka v Sovjetski zvezi in po študiju na moskovskem Literarnem inštitutu, sta posmehljiva obračuna z razpadajočim sovjetskim imperijem in njegovo prestolnico. *Moskoviada* je poročilo študenta literature Otta von F. iz daljne zahodnoukrajinske sovjetske province o mladih pisateljskih aspirantih, ki prebivajo v študentskem domu Literarnega inštituta Gorkega. Bodoči predstavniki nacionalnih literatur, ki se bodo vzpostavile na področju razpadlega sovjetskega imperija, so portretirani neizprosno humorno in magično. Naj gre za poročilo banketa z ukrajinskim kraljem Olelkom II. ali za popis popotovanja s posebno vladno podzemno železnico po moskovski kanalizaciji, kjer ruske tajne službe vzgajajo vojsko podgan. Andruhovič izpisuje pogovore, asociacije, izmišljene dogodke s halucinogeno hitrostjo. Kritiki so ugotavljali, da s svojo pisavo prihaja v bližino stanj zamaknjenosti; avtor kot da bi

bil na drogah – če ne bi bilo izjemne preciznosti podob, hitrosti njihovega zaporedja in široke stilne palete ter zaokroženega, poantirano preiščenega dogajanja. Pri tem pretiravanje ni samo sebi namen, ni zabava, baročna navlaka inteligentnih domislic, marveč precizno in subtilno orkestrirana strategija, kako se približati travmatičnim, neizgovorljivim poškodbam zgodovine in pri tem ostati živ, se pravi vsej fantastiki navkljub verodostojen in mnogoznačen. Izmišljije Andruhovičeve proze ne govorijo o poljubnosti imaginacije. Kot pravi Ingo Schulze v govoru ob podelitvi prestižne nagrade Leipziškega knjižnega sejma za razumevanje v Evropi, »leži temelj pretiravanja zmeraj v resničnosti, ne v izmišljenem«.

Tudi v *Перверзія* (Perverzija, 1996), naslednjem Andruhovičevem romanu, je v središču groteskna pesniška figura. Stanislav Perfecki je ukrajinski pesnik undergrounda in performer, ki se na svojem potovanju na kongres o postkarnevalski norosti in ekscesu v Benetke zapleta v demonične intrige, zasledovanja tajnih služb in erotično spotakljive situacije. Junak romana, ki ga raznaša od inspirativnih intelektualnih blasfemij, ironičnih opisov, citatov, postmodernističnih ekskurzov in aluzij na klasična dela svetovne književnosti, se na koncu vrže z okna hotela ob Canalu Grande – in izgine. Perverzija se pogosto označuje kot magistralno delo postmodernizma v ukrajinski književnosti, četudi se zdi z današnje perspektive tako etiketiranje pisave, ki stavi prav na moment lastne neulovljivosti, izmuzljivosti in žanrske fluidnosti, vprašljivo, kar pa nikakor ne zmanjšuje pomena dela samega, marveč ravno nasprotno.

Monumentalno delo *Дванадцять обручів* (*Dvanajst krogov*, 2003), ki ga imamo tudi v slovenskem prevodu, je zgodba Karla-Josepha Zumbunnena, avstrijskega fotografa z galicijskimi koreninami, ki se v devetdesetih vrača v Ukrajino in se mu zdi kaos postsocialistične Ukrajine neprimerno bolj zanimiv kot zahodni vsakdan. Zaljubi se v svojo prevajalko Romo Voronič in jo spremlja na avanturističnem popotovanju v Karpate, ki je zanj poslednje, saj skupaj s svojo damo pristane v Krčmi Na Mesecu. Knjiga je nasičena z igrami ironije, s prizori, polnimi lokalne folklore, grotesknih poskusov resovjetizacije in vračanja v čase Habsburžanov. Roman poka od bizarnih likov in njihovih pogosto blasfemičnih pripovedi, od ognjemetov jezika, kjer ima pomemben nastop nadvse cenjeni pesnik ukrajinske moderne Bohdan-Ihor Antonič, ena od referenc iz ukrajinske književnosti, ki se pojavlja v številnih Andruhovičevih besedilih.

Dvanajst krogov, eden od vrhov Andruhovičevega literarnega opusa, je izjemno kompleksen, mnogoplasten roman, ki deli bralstvo na tiste, ki omagajo pred bruhačo bogatijo idej in obratov, in absolutne navdušence. Smrti glavnega junaka romana sledi imaginarni opis njegovega imaginarnega leta nad srednjo Evropo. In prav pojmu srednje, srednjevzhodne, zahodnosrednje, obsrčno centralne Evrope daje Andruhovič s svojimi deli nov zagon in nov premislek. Seveda ne gre za apoteozo starih geopolitičnih konceptov, marveč za nazorno detektiranje nedefiniranih polj, kjer se številne, pogosto kontradiktorne predstave o kulturah mešajo in v končni fazi kažejo na arbitrarnost pri geopolitičnem etiketiranju, posledica katere je pogosto ignoranca, nepoznavanje in nepripravljenost soočati se z drugim in drugačnim. V tem smislu je treba razumeti Andruhovičovo pisanje kot izrazit angažma, katerega cilj je najti ustrezno mesto ukrajinske književnosti v svetu, polno priznanje ukrajinske literature kot konstitutivnega dela evropskega kulturnega izročila.

Angažma, tako kulturni kot tudi politični, prihaja do izraza tudi v Andruhovičevi publicistiki in esejih. Andruhovič se od razpada Sovjetske zveze zavzema za evropsko perspektivo Ukrajine. Njegova knjiga *Euromaidan* govori o krvavih dogodkih v Kijivu ob padcu Janukoviča; pred tem je bil aktiven udeleženec številnih protestov v podporo demokratizacije ukrajinske družbe.

Pri tem ostaja Andruhovič premišljevalec. Njegov zadnji roman z naslovom *Таємниця. Замість роману* (Skrivnost. Namesto romana, 2007) je dolg intervju nemškega novinarja z ukrajinskim pisateljem, ki kot štipendist preživi leto dni v Berlinu. Kje si bil srečen? Zakaj si jokal, ko ste igrali nogomet? Katere knjige bi se naučil na pamet? Sedem dni se Egon Alt in Jurij Andruhovič pogovarjata o prepovedani glasbi in zapuščenih železniških postajah, o Andruhovičevem otroštvu v mestecu Ivano-Frankivsku v zahodni Ukrajini in mladostniških ekscesih v Lvivu, o služenju vojaškega roka v ruski vojski in literarnih performansih, o katastrofi leta 1969, ko je Dinamo iz Kijeva izgubil proti moskovskemu Spartaku, in o trenutku, ko je krsta s truplom Brežnjeva zgrmela v grobnico in z njo temni del zgodovine, trenutek, ki je napovedal konec sovjetskega imperija, o oranžni revoluciji, sodobni Ukrajini in še mnogočem.

Andruhovič je izdal še dve knjigi: *Тут похований Фантомас* (Tukaj je pokopan Fantomas, 2015), še prej pa *Лексикон інтимних місць* (Leksikon intimnih mest, 2011) s prav tako poudarjeno avtobiografsko, anekdotsko pisavo, začeto v romanu *Skrivnost*. V portretih

44 mest na treh kontinentih odkriva skurilne, zabavne, pogosto zgodovinsko zaznamovane prigode in osebe, pri čemer ne preigrava le lastne biografije, marveč z njo izprašuje fluidno mejo med preteklostjo in sedanostjo, izmišljenim in domišljenim, resničnim in tem, kar z literaturo postaja resnično. Ponovno so zblížane na videz nemogoče opozicije, povezani na videz povsem oddaljeni kraji, osebe, vzorci, dogodki. Andruhovičevo pisanje je zblíževanje nemogočega. V tem postopkovno ni daleč od nadrealistov ali vsaj od historičnih avantgard, a z bistveno razliko: Andruhovičevemu pisanju ne gre za avtomatizem, tudi ne za eskapizem, marveč za preciznost, za vzdržanje pogleda, ki zre v velik prepad zgodovine, v katerem se kot v vihnem vrtincu mešajo prizori človeškega gorja in nasilja, osebne biografije, človeške groteske in neumnosti, trenutki sreče in trenutki razsvetljenja, velik, mračen vrtinec, ki izginja v steklenici, iz katere natoči roka nevidnega in neznanega avtorja Ottu von F., Karlu-Josephu Zumbrunnenu, Stanislavu Perfeckemu in celo Juriju Andruhoviču, a ne našemu avtorju, marveč nekemu imaginarnemu, izmišljenemu liku iz njegovih romanov, ki je s perfidnim namenom, da nas bralce popelje v past, zgolj prevzel avtorjevo ime, da skupaj nazdravijo na še eno apokalipso.

Na začetku tega sestavka omenjeni esej *Srednjevhodni memento* Andruhovič konča s citatom, ki ga velja ob tej priložnosti ponovno navesti:

»Ostaja le še začetek pesmi nekega tujega avtorja. Z njim je treba nekaj narediti, ga dopolniti.

Osvoboditi prihodnost od preteklosti?

Osvoboditi preteklost od prihodnosti?

Preostane zgolj, da temu nekaj dodam – pred ali za te vrstice.

Nas osvoboditi od nas samih?

Me osvoboditi od mene?

Osvoboditi človeka od njegovega okostja?»

Nagrada Vilenice gre zaslužno v roke Juriju Andruhoviču za polnokrvno, pogumno in svobodomiselno literaturo, ki vrača glas na videz in po krivici pozabljenim delom Evrope in nam, Srednjeevropejcem, na drzen, humoren, inteligenčen in večplasten način s tem vrača lastno in skupno preteklost in prihodnost.

Yuri Andrukhovych

Laudation of the Prize

Aleš Šteger

I have been drawn to ruins ever since my childhood. This is the opening sentence of *Central'no-skhidna reviziya* (Central Eastern Revision), an essay composed by the Ukrainian writer Yuri Andrukhovych – an essay forming the first half of a book titled *Моя Європа* (My Europe) and written jointly with the Polish author Andrzej Stasiuk at the close of the 20th century. More than a quote from Danilo Kiš, this sentence is a signpost through creativity, a reference point and a precise delineation of the territory covered by Andrukhovych's literary oeuvre. In terms of literature, the image of the ruins points to more than the post-apocalyptic spiritual vacuum, the loss of the old value system and thus of our reference point through the vast, artistically uncharted spaces and languages of the disintegrated post-Soviet empire, which even under stark repression produced – to the surprise of the often ignorant West – exceptional novels and poems, plays and essays, from Lviv to Bishkek, from Minsk to Yerevan. What the image of the ruins suggests is that the fall of the Iron Curtain should emancipate the profusion of cultures and languages which used to exist in this space, a profusion little known or, still more often, practically unknown to those of us living in a more Western East, let alone in the Central Eastern West, Western Central East or even Western Western East of Europe. The ruins called for archaeologists and literary historians. They also called for botanists and adventure hunters, for wild beast charmers, diplomats, zoologists and literature buffs. All these kept coming and discovering, piece by piece, the rich indigenous fauna and flora that had secretly sprouted from the ruins of a post-Soviet society. Nowhere was this process as transparent or the interest of the West as strong as in Ukraine. But interest by itself was not enough. It called for a young generation of authors who had set themselves a huge emancipation project: to put their literature on the world map while emphasising that this literature, no less than its counterpart written in Lisbon or Paris, Berlin or Vienna, belonged to a shared European tradition. The time was the 1990s. The Iron Curtain was gone, but despite the radical changes spreading through Europe there persisted – and, sadly, still persists – another iron curtain, a mental one, infinitely more invisible and

perfidious, more neo-colonial and ignorant than its predecessor. To rip away also this curtain, the writers from the other side had to tackle a colossal task. What was required was an intelligent and subversive gesture, one which would banish the stereotypes from the past while remaining deeply rooted in the unique literary tradition of those areas, nameless and – from the Western perspective at least – historyless.

On April 17, 1985, Yuri Andrukhovych and two of his fellow writers, Viktor Neborak and Sashko Irvanets, founded the legendary Ukrainian Bu-Ba-Bu literary performance group. The name, formed from the first syllables of the words *Burlesk*, *Balahan*, *Bu-fonada* – ‘burlesque, side-show, buffoonery’ – programmatically expressed the parodic, ironic, derisive nature of their texts and performances. In the repressive climate then prevailing in Ukraine, this was a daring, new, breakthrough act, which inspired a new generation of Ukrainian writers. Andrukhovych started out as a poet, publishing his first three books of poetry between 1985 and 1991. Through a conscious withdrawal from formal regularity, through self-ironisation and through drawing on the Western, especially Beat tradition, Andrukhovych and his generation liberated Ukrainian poetry from staleness and a regularity ill-suited to the disharmonious times. His poems abound in meetings with unusual characters from the past and present. Ever discovering gaps in history, popular music, or the state of Eastern Europe at a time of pivotal political events, he ironises his subject-matter and turns it upside down, thus planting the germs of a literary style which will be fully elaborated later in his parade disciplines, essays and prose. Three opening ballads in his first poetry collection, dating from the mid-1980s, are introduced by quotes – possibly fictional, possibly not – by a certain Iwan Krypyakevich, whose lost 19th-century guidebook, *Walks through Lemberg* (today Lviv), notes: ‘Great impact was made in Lemberg by an actor who accidentally found coffins with dead bodies. When a church had been rebuilt into a theatre, the remains had been forgotten in the cellar.’ This is Andrukhovych as heir to Gogol and to decadent poetry, as anti-Rilkean admirer and translator of Rilke, Andrukhovych as chronicler of the perversions of history, the ironies of time, replacements and transmutations, degeneration and disintegration – torture chamber and angel, a church converted into a railway station, a river channelled under the surface

of a thirsty town, a spirit introduced to decay, or prostitution and diet Coke. Andrukhovych's world of poetry is open, contaminated with the contemporary and the past. The author gazes at the radical oppositions of his time, at opposites which attest to disintegration but reveal in this very disintegration a baroque treasure trove of paradox and grotesque. Blurring borders, these opposites establish an ironic sensibility which can stand up to society's brutalities only as a hypnotically intoxicating innovation and a mocking witness. In this sense, Andrukhovych's poems prefigure his entire oeuvre. They were soon followed by essays and later by novels, and it was only in the last decade that he turned back to poetry. However, he never stopped writing texts for various music ensembles-with whom he regularly collaborates not only as text writer but also as reciter and performer, such as the Polish punk band Karbido or the Swiss Kapeller-Zumthor duo.

The core of Andrukhovych's literature is the East, more precisely Galicia, once the eastern part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire and today the west of Ukraine, the region which has contributed to the world's literature such names as Paul Celan, Bruno Schultz or Josef Roth. Together with their cultural metropolis of many communities, many languages and therefore many names – Lemberg, Lviv, Lwów or Lvov – these localities formed a centre of European culture, but World War II and numerous *pogroms* left them culturally devastated, marginalised and forgotten. Andrukhovych is one who ever seeks to emancipate, to bring from the margins to the centre, to give a voice to the forgotten and seemingly erased ones – to the dead, in order to resuscitate, and to warn that our present is often uncritically built on the past. This he achieves through strategies of the grotesque, irony, satire, through strategies of extremism and exaggeration, of carnival and lyric paraphrase. A professor of Ukrainian literature at Columbia University, Yuri Shevelyov, has dubbed the sources of Andrukhovych's writing Ho-Hei-Ho – again a paraphrase, because these abbreviations stand in Ukrainian for Gogol, Heinrich Heine and E. T. A. Hoffmann.

Andrukhovych's first novels, *Рекреації* (*Recreations*, 1992) and *Московиада* (*The Moscoviad*, 1993), written during and after a traumatic Soviet Union army service and after studying at the Moscow Literature Institute, are derisive confrontations of the crumbling Soviet empire and its capital. *The Moscoviad* is an account by Otto von F., a literature student from a distant Western Ukrainian Soviet

province, about young aspiring writers living in the dormitory of the Maxim Gorky Literature Institute. The future representatives of national literatures, soon to be established in the territory of the defunct Soviet empire, are portrayed with relentless humour and magic. The accounts range from a banquet with Oleko II, the Ukrainian king, to travelling by a special government underground railway through the Moscow sewers, where Russian secret services are training an army of rats. Andrukhovych records the conversations, associations and fictive events at a hallucinogenic speed. According to the critics, his writing approaches a state of contemplation and might even be ascribed to the influence of drugs, if it were not for the extraordinary precision of the images and speed of their sequences, the broad variety of styles as well as the carefully considered plots with no loose ends. His exaggeration is not an end in itself, no mere entertainment or baroque medley of flashes of wit: rather, it is a precisely and subtly orchestrated strategy of approaching the traumatic, unspeakable injuries dealt by history, and surviving. For all its fantastic features, it thus remains credible and laden with meanings. The figments of Andrukhovych's prose do not stem from arbitrary imagination. As stated in Ingo Schulze's speech at the bestowal of the prestigious *Leipziger Buchpreis zur Europäischen Verständigung*, exaggeration is always founded in reality rather than in fiction.

A grotesque poet figure is similarly foregrounded in Andrukhovych's next novel, *Перверзія* (*Perverzion*, 1996). Stanislaw Perfetsky, a Ukrainian underground poet and performer travelling to Venice to participate in an international seminar on post-carnival absurdity, becomes entangled in demoniac intrigues, pursuit by secret services and compromising erotic situations. The hero of the novel, bursting with inspiring intellectual blasphemies, ironic descriptions, quotes, postmodernist digressions and allusions to the world's literary classics, finally leaps through the window of a hotel by the Canal Grande – and disappears. *Perverzion* is often characterised as the apogee of postmodernism in Ukrainian literature. Seeing that its style in fact relies on elusiveness and genre fluidity, such labels may seem dubious today, but this enhances rather than lessens the significance of the work.

The monumental *Дванадцять обрuchів* (*Twelve Circles*, 2003) tells the story of an Austrian photographer with Galician roots, Karl-Joseph Zumbrunnen, who travels repeatedly through Ukraine in the 1990s. Zumbrunnen finds the chaos of post-socialist Ukraine

infinitely more appealing than the humdrum Western life. Falling in love with his interpreter, Roma Woronytsch, he accompanies her on an adventurous trip to the Carpathians. This – as it will turn out – last journey of the Austrian photographer, who ends up with his lady in the ‘Tavern On The Moon’, is a book saturated with dramatic irony and with scenes steeped in local folklore, grotesque attempts at re-Sovietisation, and returns to the Habsburg era. The novel is bursting at the seams with bizarre characters and their often blasphemous narratives, as well as with fireworks of language. Here an important role is assigned to a highly esteemed poet of the Ukrainian modernism, Bohdan-Ihor Antonych, a national literary authority referred to in many texts by Yuri Andrukhovych.

Twelve Circles is one of the highlights of Andrukhovych’s literary oeuvre, a highly complex, multi-layered novel which splits the reading public in two factions: those who give up in the face of its overwhelming torrent of ideas and twists, and unconditional devotees. The protagonist’s death is followed by an imaginary description of his imaginary flight over Central Europe. And it is precisely the concept of Central, Central Eastern, Western Central, Where-the-Heart-Is Central Europe, that gains new momentum and new reflection with Andrukhovych’s works. There is no glorification of antiquated geopolitical concepts but a graphic detection of undefined fields. Here many, often contradictory, notions of cultures blend and expose, in the final analysis, a degree of arbitrariness in geopolitical labels. Such labels often result in ignorance, unfamiliarity and unwillingness to face otherness or difference. In this sense Andrukhovych’s writing should be perceived as a highly committed process, with the goal of carving out an appropriate niche for Ukrainian literature and ensuring its full recognition as a constitutive part of the European cultural tradition.

Commitment, both cultural and political, finds expression in Andrukhovych’s journalism and essays. Ever since the breakup of the Soviet Union, Andrukhovych has been striving for a European perspective of Ukraine. An active former participant in many protests supporting the democratisation of Ukrainian society, he has explored in his book *Euromaidan* the bloody events in Kyiv accompanying the fall of Yanukovych.

Yet Andrukhovych remains a thinker. His latest novel, *Таємниця. Замість роману* (The Secret. Instead of a Novel, 2007), is a long interview conducted by a German journalist with a Ukrainian writer

who is spending a year in Berlin on a scholarship. Where were you happy? Why did you cry when you played football? Which books would you care to learn by heart? For seven days, Egon Alt and Yuri Andrukhovych discuss forbidden music and deserted train stations, Andrukhovych's childhood in the Western Ukrainian town of Ivano-Frankivsk and his adolescent excesses in Lviv, military service in the Russian army and literary performances, the 1969 disaster when Dynamo Kiev lost against Spartak Moscow, and the moment when the coffin with Brezhnev's body, and the dark part of history with it, crashed into the grave hole – the moment which presaged the end of the Soviet empire; the Orange Revolution and contemporary Ukraine and much more.

Andrukhovych went on to publish two more books, *Тим похований Фантомас* (Fantomas Has Been Buried Here, 2015) preceded by the *Лексикон інтимних міст* (Lexicon of Intimate Cities, 2011). The Lexicon of Intimate Cities continues the emphatically autobiographical, anecdotic style introduced in *Mystery*. The portrayal of 44 cities on three continents reveals scurrilous, amusing, largely history-stamped adventures and characters. The author's autobiography serves to explore the fluid border between past and present, imagination and elaborated thought, the real and that which becomes real through literature. This process again brings together seemingly incompatible oppositions and remote places, characters, patterns, events. Andrukhovych's writing is a bringing together of the impossible. His approach is not far from surrealism or at least the historical avant-gardes, but with a crucial difference: rather than for any automatism or escapism, Andrukhovych strives for precision, for keeping a steady eye on the huge abyss of history. Like a maelstrom, this abyss mixes scenes of woe and violence, personal biographies, human grotesques and follies, moments of happiness and moments of illumination: a huge dark maelstrom disappearing into a bottle, from which the hand of an invisible and unknown author pours a glass for Otto von F., Karl-Joseph Zumbrennen, Stanislaw Perfetsky and even one Yuri Andrukhovych (not our author but an imaginary, invented character from his novels who has merely adopted the author's name, treacherously intent on luring us readers into a trap), to toast yet another apocalypse.

The essay *Central Eastern Revision*, mentioned at the beginning of this text, concludes with a quote which may well be quoted again

on this occasion:

‘All that is left is the beginning of a poem by a foreign author. We should do something about it, flesh it out.

Free the future from the past?

Free the past from the future?

All that remains for me is to add something – before or after these lines.

Free us from ourselves?

Free me from myself?

Free man from his skeleton?’

The Vilenica Prize deservedly goes to Yuri Andrukhovych for his full-blooded, courageous and free-thinking literature, which restores voice to the seemingly and unjustly forgotten parts of Europe and thus restores to us, Central Europeans, our individual and shared past and future with a daring, humorous, intelligent and complex approach.

Translated by Nada Grošelj

Welcome to My Foolish Dreamland

Тарас має рацію, коли пише
Нас не повинні зривати вранці будильники.
Ранок і без того пора сум'яття,
суцільна туга, найгірше, що може трапитись.
Необхідність якось прожити подальший день
в'яже до ліжка. Виграй ще півгодини.
Обдумай побачене.

Обдумування снів –
це спроба навести лад у нічних пригодах,
надати сюжетові стрункості, видінням ясності.
Що сталося насправді? Якого хріна
п'яний Томас лишив під сидінням сухі
екскременти? Сексапільна черниця
чогось добивалась, показуючи пальцем
на мене? Ще пам'ятаю годинник.
До від'їзду лишалося море часу,
але не було змоги покинути трейлер
з юрмою знайомих. Що заважало?

Значно гірше, коли з оберемком квітів
ідеш до когось, кого насправді вже місяць
як убито, на ювілейний вечір.
Чому ювілейний? Ще дві хвилини –
і я з'ясую, наздожену черницю,
Томаса змушу
після себе поприбирати...

Обдумування снів найчастіше
не дає нічого, крім паралельних висновків:
життя минає, проблема ранку
в тому, що воно все меншає й меншає.
Тільки у снах, де все по-дурному,
воно виглядає справжнім.
Тобто вічним. Виграй ще півгодини.

Girl, You'll Be a Woman Soon

Дякуючи яхт-клубові, курсам англійської мови,
полоністиці та україністиці
за те, що виховали її спеціально для мене,
дякуючи всім редакціям, до яких вона пише,
журналові *Russian Military Review*,
який вона читає в берлінських ес-банах,
музиці, яку слухає,
фільмам, які дивиться,
комп'ютерним іграм, в які програє,
за те, що вона є вона є вона є вона,
дякуючи її дідові, котрий каже
Не їдь до Львова – такого міста немає,
дякуючи всім поколінням її предків
за те, що несвідомо злягаючись
вимостили їй тисячолітній шлях до втілення
(спеціально для мене),

прокрадаюся в її сни, дякую
дякуючи
за нагоду снитися,
нагоду відлунювати,
пульсувати
і дякувати.

Just in Between

...це трохи так, як з готельними
номерами –
виселення перед дванадцятою,
отже, ми зачиняємо двері,
збігаємо вниз
і здаємо ключі у рецепцію.

Але що з номерами?
що відбувається з ними без нас? що стається
з усією плутаниною простирадел, з усім бардаком,
усіма рушниками,
подушками,
попелом у попільничках?

Чи так само його здуває
віконний повів?
чи так само скрапує кран
над ванною? чи
запотіле дзеркало врешті прояснюється?
що в ньому видно?

(як повідав би Класик:
*О, багато я дав би за те,
аби тільки побачити,
що відбувається з номером,
котрий я навіки покинув!*)

Зрозуміло, що згодом з'являється покоївка
з метою витерти кожен найменший слід
після нас, ніби нас не було.
І це їй вдається.

Зрозуміло й те, що пізніше
тут з'являться інші, інакші,
поселені.

Але що стається в час *поміж*?
Поміж нашим виходом і появою
покоївки?
У готельному номері,
де так близько лежалося удвох,
так близько дихалося?

Ребро

Я віддав би своє ребро
в анатомічну майстерню.

Там велетенські серця різників і коханців,
обвислі й надуті легені курців,
трубачів і складувів,
меланхолійні пияцькі нутрощі,
татуйований орден героя (акурат над соском)
і руки останнього ката
по дванадцятім вироку.

Ані слова про інші витвори.

Я віддав би своє ребро.
Може, щось вийшло б із нього —
якась рибина,
чи жінка,
чи гілка
забутого дерева
гінкго.

Welcome to My Foolish Dreamland

Taras ima prav, ko piše
Zjutraj nas ne bi smele metati pokonci budilke.
 Tudi brez tega je zjutraj zmeda,
 splošna žalost, najhujše, kar se lahko zgodi.
 Nujnost, da nekako preživiš prihajajoči dan,
 te zadrži na postelji. Priigraj si še pol ure.
 Premisli o videnem.

Premišljevanje o sanjah
 je poskus, da bi uredili nočne prigode,
 pridali zgodbi skladnosti, videnjem jasnosti.
 Kaj se je v resnici zgodilo? Zakaj za vraga
 je pijani Tomas pustil pod sedežem suhe
 ekskremente? Seksi nuna
 je hotela nekaj doseči, ko je s prstom kazala
 name? Še se spominjam ure.
 Do odhoda je ostalo še veliko časa,
 vendar nisem imel moči, da bi zapustil prikolico
 z gručo znancev. Kaj me je zadrževalo?

Občutno huje je, ko se z naročjem rož
 odpravljáš k nekomu, ki so ga že pred mesecem
 ubili, na večer jubileja.
 Zakaj jubileja? Še dve minuti
 in bom pojasnil, ujel nuno,
 Tomasa prisilil,
 da bo pospravil za seboj ...

Premišljevanje o sanjah najpogosteje
 ne prinese ničesar razen vzporedne sklepe:
 življenje mineva, težava jutra
 je v tem, da je vse manjše in manjše.
 Samo v sanjah, kjer je vse narobe,
 je videti jutro resnično.
 Torej večno. Priigraj si še pol ure.

Girl, You'll Be a Woman Soon

Hvala jadralskim klubom, tečajem angleščine,
polonistiki in ukrajinistiki
za to, da so jo vzgajali posebej zame,
zahvala gre vsem redakcijam, za katere piše,
reviji *Russian Military Review*,
ki jo bere v berlinskem S-Bahnu,
glasbi, ki jo posluša,
filmom, ki jih gleda,
računalniškim igram, ki jih izgublja,
za to, da je ona ona je ona je ona,
zahvaljujem se njenemu dedu, ki pravi
Ne potuj v Lviv – tako mesto ne obstaja,
zahvaljujem se vsem rodovom njenih prednikov
za to, da so se, ne da bi mislili, združevali
in s tem tlakovali tisočletno pot k utelešenju
(posebej zame),

kradem se v njene sanje, zahvaljujem se,
hvaležen
za možnost sanjanja,
možnost odzivanja,
pulziranja
in zahvaljevanja.

Just in Between

... to je nekako tako kot s hotelskimi
sobami –
odhod do dvanajstih,
torej, zapremo vrata,
pohitimo dol
in oddamo ključe v recepcijo.

In kaj je s sobami?
kaj se dogaja z njimi, ko nas ni? kaj se zgodi
z vso zmešnjavo rjuh, z vsem neredom,
z vsemi brisačami,
vzglavniki,
pepelom v pepelnikih?

Ga tudi tedaj odpiha
okenski prepih?
pipa prav tako kaplja
nad kadjo? ali se
orošeno ogledalo končno posuši?
kaj je videti v njem?

(kot bi rekel Klasik:
*O, kaj vse bi dal za to,
da bi lahko enkrat uzrl,
kaj se dogaja s sobo v hotelu,
ki sem ga zapustil za zmeraj!*)

Razumljivo se potem pojavi sobarica
z namenom, da bo izbrisala vsako najmanjšo sled,
ostalo za nami, kakor da nas sploh ni bilo.
In to ji uspe.

Razumljivo je tudi, da se pozneje
tu pojavijo drugi, novi
gostje.

In kaj se dogaja v *vmesnem* času?

Med našim odhodom in prihodom
sobarice?

V hotelski sobi,

kjer sva ležala tako blizu,

tako blizu sva dihala.

Rebro

Svoje rebro bi oddal
v anatomsko delavnico.

Tam so ogromna srca mesarjev in ljubimcev,
viseča in napihnjena pljuča kadilcev,
trobentačev in steklopihalcev,
melanholična pijanska drobovja,
tatu junaškega reda (natančno nad bradavico)
in roke poslednjega rablja
po dvanajsti obsodbi.

A niti besede o drugih stvaritvah.

Svoje rebro bi oddal.
Mogoče bi iz njega kaj nastalo –
kakšna riba,
ali ženska,
ali veja
pozabljenega drevesa
ginka.

Prevedla Andreja Kalc

Welcome to My Foolish Dreamland

Taras is right when he says:

Alarm clocks should not drag us up in the mornings.

Morning is a time of doubt anyway,

total nostalgia. The worst that could happen.

The necessity to survive the rest of the day somehow
pins you to the bed. Win another half hour.

Consider what you saw.

Considering dreams –

an attempt to bring order to the night adventures,

to give form to the plots, brightness to the pictures.

What really happened? Why the hell

did a drunken Tomas leave dry

excrement under the seat? The sexy nun,

was she demanding something, when she pointed

at me? I still remember the clock.

There was an ocean of time left before departure,

but no way of leaving the trailer

crowded with friends. Why not?

It's much worse, when you go, with a bunch of flowers,

to visit someone who actually

was killed a month ago, for a celebration evening.

Why the celebration? Another two minutes

and I'll explain, I'll chase the nun

I'll make Tomas

clean up after himself...

Considering dreams

leads to nothing but parallel conclusions:

life passes. The problem of mornings

lies in the fact that life gets shorter and shorter.

Only in dreams, where everything is stupid,

does life look real.

And so, eternal. Win another half hour.

Girl, You'll Be a Woman Soon

Thanking the yacht clubs, the English courses,
and the studies in Polish and Ukrainian literature
for bringing her up especially for me,
thanking all the editors she writes for,
the 'Russian Military Review'
she reads in the Berlin S-Bahn,
the music she listens to
the films she watches,
the computer games she loses,
that she is she, is she, is she,
thanking her grandfather, who says:
'don't go to Lviv – there's no such town',
and thanking each generation of her ancestors
that, unwittingly copulating,
they have strewn her a thousand year path to incarnation
(especially for me),

I sneak into her dreams, thank you,
thanking
for the chance to dream
to resound,
to pulsate
and to thank.

Just in Between

....it's a bit like hotel
rooms –
you have to leave by midday,
so we shut the door,
run downstairs
and hand the key in at reception.

But what about the rooms?
What happens to them without us? What happens
to the tangled sheets, that mess,
all those towels,
pillows,
the ash in the ashtrays?

Do gusts of wind from the window
still blow it?
Does the tap still drip
over the bath? Does
the sweaty mirror brighten at last?
What can you see in it?

(as the Classics would proclaim:

*Oh, what I'd give
only to see
what happens to a room
that I've left forever!)*

Of course, the chambermaid will appear
to wipe away the slightest trace
of us, as if we had never been there.
And she'll succeed.

Obviously, afterwards
other others will come
and be allocated the room.

But what happens in the time *between*?
Between our leaving and the appearance
of the chambermaid?
In the hotel room
where we lay so close the two of us
breathed so close?

Translated by Sarah Luczaj

Rib

I'd like to donate a rib
to an anatomy workshop.

There one finds the giant hearts of butchers and lovers,
the sagging and bloated lungs of smokers,
trumpeters and glass-blowers,
the melancholy innards of drunks,
a tattooed order of a hero (right above the nipple)
and the hands of the last executioner
after the twelfth sentence...

Not another word about the rest of the creatures.

I'd like to donate a rib.
Perhaps something would come out of it –
a fish,
or a woman,
or a branch of
a forgotten tree
gingko...

Translated by the author

Лексикону інтимних міст

Львів – завжди

(Уривки)

Місто-порт

Колись я назвав його містом-кораблем, тепер хай побуде гаванню.

Тобто хай це буде узбережжя, можливо, гирло великої річки, акваторія, причали, доки, вантажні й пасажирські перевезення, крани, баржі і цілодобові притони.

Станіслав Лем у «Високому Замку» згадує бюро корабельного товариства «Кунард Лайн» з моделями океанських пароплавів («Лузитанія», «Мавританія») в кожному вікні. Воно розташовувалось у міжвоєнному лемівському (тоді ще не лемківському) Львові – здається, на вулиці Словацького. Цікаво, коли воно зникло – у 1939-му?

У будь-якому разі саме з того моменту Львів перестав бути явним портом і став таємним. Не бути портом узагалі він не може – така воля його засновників, що кілька століть шукали для нього місце достеменно посередині між морями Балтійським та Чорним.

Тому на його будинках стільки дельфінів. Вони стали другим за чисельністю (перший – лев) атрибутом у старій загальноміській декорації. Можливо, це вони надали містові його особливої прохолодної слизькості. Про них можна було б назбирати окремий фотоальбом.

Про атлантичних же вугрів у підземній річці міської каналізації – написати окремий роман: дорога вугря із Саргасового моря до Шацьких озер та Бузького басейну з Полтвою, а потім назад до океану – це друга «Одіссея» чи ще один «Улісс». Або принаймні такий от вірш:

Це здається мені цілком імовірним –
 Львівська опера зводилася
 безпосередньо над свіжо замурованою річкою,
 до певної міри
 її можна вважати
 гігантським річковим нагробком
 чи навіть мавзолеєм.

Але в такому разі
 найчутливіші з музикантів,
 потрапивши до оркестрової ями,
 не можуть не чути
 (на те в них і слух),
 як задушливою темрявою всередині труб,
 наповнюючи їх трепетом і гудінням
 та ледь не стогнучи, продираються
 в єдино можливому атлантичному напрямку
 все ті ж вугрі.
 Відомо, що вугрі здатні виживати
 навіть у каналізаційних трубах,
 таким чином подаючи мешканцям міста
 не тільки надію,
 але і приклад.

Іноді може здаватися, наче Львів – передусім підземне місто. Тобто найсуттєвіше в ньому продовжує натужно існувати десь глибоко під нами. Оркестрова яма оперного театру є в такому разі чимось на зразок перехідного простору, почекальнею або приймальною, нижче якої вже тільки води Стіксу.

За двома морями поженешся – до жодного так і не добіжиш. Міжмор'я Львова обернулось його безмор'ям. У середині кожного липня 80-х ми ритуально-п'яно кружляли нічними подвір'ями уздовж давньої вулиці На Рурах, силкуючись бодай у темряві вибresti на рештки водяних млинів і старого причалу. Нам пахло водою й намулом і здавалося, наче зараз ми побачимо Волоський місток зі статуєю Св. Івана, перейдемо на правий берег і заляжемо в його очеретах. Малі купецькі вітрильники з Гданська та Любека нечутно проходили повз нас усталеним водним шляхом Полтва – Буг – Нарев – Вісла – Балтика. Сіль ішла в обмін за бурштин, а карпатський ялівець за карибські прянощі. Велике морське минуле Львова не встигало за нами й лишалося далеко позаду.

Туга за ним усе ще відлунує: наприклад, вулицею Чорноморською в самому серці Старішого Міста. Не Старого, а ще Старішого – того, що в околицях Старого Ринку, де до неї прилягає вулиця Рибна.

Безмор'я Львова обернулось його безводдям. Вода стала драмою і кармою. Буття стало побутом, нудотною боротьбою з унітазами й помиями, вичікуванням і наслукуванням коли подадуть коли

перекриють і врешті – тягучим скрапуванням годин і років серед гір немитого посуду та переповнених попільничок, з каменем у горлі і піском на зубах. Життя стало вмиранням у ніколи не праних липких постелях. Сморід виявився непозбувним елементом побуту, він заповз до помешкань, як до в'язничних камер, і вже не покинув їх.

Саме у Львові я вперше зрозумів суть вислову «наловити води». Це таки справді були лови, це вічне наповнювання ванн з іржавими патьоками на стінках, ці всюди понаставлявані й повні по вінця відра й тази. Це було полювання на воду і захоплення її в полон. А потім відпускання – униз, у труби каналізації, до вугрів і щурів, до підземного порту в гирлі великої річки, додому.

Місто-перехрестя

За цим значенням не тільки перетини просторів, але й часів. Отже, перехрестя є так само й нашаруванням. Перелік давніх торговельних шляхів, що в той чи інший спосіб дотикали Львова, не вмістився б на сторінках цієї книжки. Львів було вигадано не тільки посеред віків, але й посеред земель. Купецтво з Європи просувалося через нього до Азії, купецтво з Азії до Європи, хоча в ті часи ще ані Європи, ані тим більше Азії не знали, а знали винятково Старий Світ. Утім, якраз існування Львова й визначило подальший поділ континенту на Європу та Азію.

Місто розташували настільки бездоганно, що ані валки з Британії до Персії, ані валки з Кореї до Португалії не могли його оминати. Дістатися з Москви до Риму, як і з Амстердаму до Бомбею, можна було тільки через нього. При цьому не всі подорожні просто зупинялись у цій точці перетинів. Деякі зненацька вирішували залишитися в ній назавжди. Серед них, зрештою, не тільки купці, а й мандрівні музиканти, проповідники, дезертири більшості армій, шпигуни, віщуни, вчені, вчителі, цілителі, втекли невольники і вільні втікачі. Одного разу я вже намагався скласти перелік їх усіх, але змушений був зупинитися, усвідомивши його нескінченність.

Коли в середині XIX століття австрійська верховна інженерія вибирала місце для головного залізничного вокзалу, то рішення далось їй без вагань. Головний вокзал було зведено на лінії Головного європейського вододілу, що означало висоту у 316 метрів

над рівнем обидвох тутешніх морів. Хоч у слові «водо-діл» другий корінь має вказувати на ділення й поділи, я волів би ще раз піти від протилежного. Вододіл, ця геологічна складка на земній поверхні, може уявлятися не тільки рубцем, але і швом. Тим, що зшиває, стягує до купи, з'єднує.

Тому Львів (про це я вже писав) є спільним зусиллям як Заходу, так і Сходу. Тепер додаю, що Півночі і Півдня також.

Найкраще це можна передати в романі про те, як дивні метафізичні купці, засівши в якійсь універсальній львівській корчмі, по черзі виступають із розповідями про найдальші світи. Вони утворюють коло, і кожен наступний підхоплює розповідь попереднього, зачепившись за котрийсь із мотивів. Головне, щоб цей ланцюг розповідання в жодному разі не переривався. Щойно це станеться, як усе зникне, розвіється й розсіється. Таким чином, роман не матиме ні кінця, ні початку, його можна буде читати з будь-якої сторінки, найважливіше – завершити цикл і знову дійти до неї, після чого виявиться, що на тому місці вже якась інша історія, бо поки читач пересувався по колу, деякі оповідачі пішли геть разом із власними історіями, на їхньому ж місці з'явилися нові. Такий роман може помістити в собі все – як може помістити його Львів. Назва роману – «Ротації».

Місто-цирк

Усіляке перехрестя притягує до себе дивні видовища (т. зв. дивовища) і дивних людей. Місто Львів не просто притягальне – воно усмоктувальне.

Почалося з жебраків і калік. Вони, ніби виконуючи якусь таємну місію, протягом кількох перших століть насповзалися до Львова настільки масово, що міській управі довелося віддати їм цілу Калічу гору, де їх утримували у клітках ліліпути (взимку їх розбирали по монастирях і лікарнях). Від міста їм належалися недільні та святкові обіди, неминуче супроводжувані кількома бочками підсолодженого спиртом волоського вина. Вдячне жебрацтво влаштовувало у відповідь міщанам блазенські процесії («калічі маніфести») з потішними танцями безногих на площі Фердинанда. Не меншою втіхою для львів'ян виявлялись і жебрачі концерти («хори кальварійських дідів») у супроводі квартету віоліністів, підсиленого портативним похідним органчиком, трофеєм з-під Грюнвальда.

Золоті віки Львова співпадають у часі з епохою великих географічних відкриттів, коли мешканці Старого Світу ошелешено з'ясували для себе, наскільки екзотичним є реальне буття. Тоді ж під міськими мурами починають з'являтися перші поодинокі мексиканці зі своїми дивами на показ. Хтось возив у клітці на колесах дикуна-індіанця, хтось пару лемурів, а хтось іще – фургон, заповнений мінералами, молюсками й ембріонами. З кінця XVI століття спеціальним розпорядчим актом їм дозволяють заходити в місто. Що стосується пересувних звіринців, то їм відвели достатньо простору на Погулянці (тоді ще не парк, а приміський ліс). Там вони могли безперешкодно напувати тварин із джерел Полтви, а точніше її притоки Пасіки. Починаючи з другої чверті XVII століття Погулянка, ніби тропічні джунглі, сповнюється ревінням і вищанням сотень фантастичних істот. Гіпопотами, слони й носороги витоптують ущент її зелені галявини. Пантери і гепарди стрибають по деревах. Папути й мавпи влаштовують багатогдинні тріскотливі пересварювання у верхів'ях.

Приблизно в той самий час, тобто ближче до середини XVII століття, у Львові вперше зупиняється мандрівний цирк «Вагабундо» -- напрочуд барвисте інтернаціональне зборище всіляких унікумів, яке відтоді ще протягом трьохсот років не покидає меж Центральної Європи, іноді, щоправда, зникаючи на цілі декади. Усе, що загалом відомо про цирк, можна викласти кількома реченнями. Його структура була династійною – таким чином, його актори століттями носили одні й ті самі прізвища. Директори ж завжди призначались Інвестором¹, особою, що її ніхто й ніколи не бачив через те, що вона управляла всім, сидячи безвилазно десь у швейцарському кантоні Валіс, на батьківщині циркового ремесла. Останній з директорів, Ананда, вчинив нечуваний переворот і, скинувши тодішнього Інвестора, заволодів цирком особисто. Але це трапилося напередодні остаточного краху, коли всій трупі довелося рятуватися від політичних репресій утечею за океан.

Роман про їхні останні часи міг би називатися просто – «Цирк Вагабундо».

Починатися ж він міг би так: «Аномалії мандрували світом і ніяк не могли оминати Львова. Аномалії тяглися до найбільшої аномалії, що звалася Львовом».

¹ Деякі знавці схильні пояснювати поняття Investor як InWestor – той, що на Заході.

З Лемового «Високого Замку» випливає, що він у дитинстві бачив останніх недобитків з «Вагабундо». Він пам'ятає, як «подвір'ями того часу кружляли незліченні штукарі, пожирачі вогню, акробати, співаки й музики, а також справжнісінькі катеринники, з котрих не один мав навіть папугу, що витягав папірці з ворожбою». Справа в тому, що на описуваний Лемом період від цирку було відлучено певне число акторів.

Відлучені самозванці (саме про них роман) заволодівають цирковим архівом, у якому зібрано:

магічні інструкції щодо чаклунських і гіпнотичних сеансів,

таємні плани підземних сполучень у в'язницях, монастирях, фортецях і банках 111 найважливіших міст,

десятки мап, саморобних і друкованих, із зазначеннями місць, де закопано найзнаменитіші скарби;

тисячі сторінок компромату на чільних міських діячів і політиків усіх епох;

інша езотерика – як наприклад, чарівні палички, вінілові диски з голосами духів, відьомські люстерка, в яких можна оглядати порноролики, корені мандрагори, зібрані під шибеницями на Гицлівській горі.

Архів цирку «Вагабундо» увесь міститься в одній валізі. Зрозуміло, що це найцінніша валіза на світі.

Тут знову доречно згадати свідчення Лема, який пише про «мініатюрні мандрівні цирку від чорного ходу, що здатні поміститися з усім реквізитом (фехтувальні булави, гири, меч для ковтання) в одній-єдиній, до того ж добряче потертій валізі із штучної шкіри».

До речі. Я бачив такі валізки ще наприкінці шістдесятих. Але тоді їх носили вже тільки божевільні. Тож знову до роману.

За валізою з архівом, ясна річ, полюють. При цьому існує щонайменше чотири сторони, які прагнуть її перехопити. Це служба безпеки, приватне детективне бюро, індійський брахман-мільярдер і нащадки першого Інвестора. Самозванці, яким щоразу вдається вислизнути і замести сліди, врешті настільки заплутуються у власних конспіративних заходах, що гублять валізку десь на міському звалищі неподалік Збиранки і Грибовичів, де її розтягують бомжі.

У романі місто перетворюється на перманентний гіпнотичний сеанс або суцільний атракціон, підозріло дешевий і демократично загальнодоступний, з парковими оркестрами, джазом, першим звуковим кінематографом та механічними ляльками. Місто в

романі – це запаморочливі каруселі, палац привидів, бочка сміху, криві дзеркала, незліченні кіоски та кабінети, де скуповуються наївні й зачаровані душі приміського пролетаріату.

В останній сцені цирк виявиться блошиним, а всі перипетії роману – галюцинацією хворого скарлатиною школяра, що прогулюючи уроки в луна-парку, забрів до павільйону розваг і задивився на шоу дресированих бліх.

Leksikon intimnih mest

Lviv za zmeraj

(odlomki iz zbirke kratkih zgodb)

Mesto pristanišče

Nekoč sem ga poimenoval mesto ladja, zdaj pa bo kar pristanišče.

Tokrat naj bo to obrežje, morda ustje velike reke, akvatorija, s privezi, doki, tovarnimi in potniškimi tranziti, žerjavi, tovarnimi ladjami in ves čas odprtimi beznicami.

Stanislav Lem se je v *Visokem gradu*¹ spominjal pisarne britanske ladijske družbe Cunard Line z modeli čezoceanskih ladij (»Lusitania«, »Mauritania«), razstavljenimi na vseh oknih. Pisarna je zaživela v obdobju med obema vojnama Lemovega (čeprav takrat še ni bil njegov) Lviva – najbrž na ulici Slovaškega. Zanimivo bi bilo vedeti, kdaj je ugasnila – morda leta 1939?

V vsakem primeru prav od tistega trenutka dalje Lviv ni bil več javno, ampak je postal skrivno pristanišče. Vsekakor pa ne bo nikoli prenehal biti luka – saj je bila taka volja njegovih snovalcev, ki so zanj več stoletij iskali položaj natančno na pol poti med Baltskim in Črnim morjem.

Zato je na mestnih zgradbah toliko delfinov. Postali so drugi najštevilčnejši atribut (prvi so – levi) na starih ornamentih po vsem mestu. Morda so prav oni mestu vtisnili njegovo značilno hladno spolzkost. Samo z njihovimi podobami bi lahko napolnili album fotografij.

O atlantskih ugorjih v podzemni reki mestne kanalizacije bi lahko napisali cel roman: pot ugorjev iz Sargaškega morja do Šackih jezer in Buškega porečja s Poltvo, nato pa nazaj v ocean – to je druga *Odiseja* in še en *Ulikses*. Ali v skrajnem primeru naslednje verze:

Sledeče se mi zdi prav verjetno:
Lvivsko opero so zgradili
neposredno nad sveže zazidano reko,
povsem mirno
jo imamo lahko

¹ Stanislav Lem je bil rojen v Lvivu. V avtobiografskem romanu *Wysoki Zamek* (Visoki grad) pripoveduje o otroštvu v rojstnem mestu. (Op. prev.)

za orjaški rečni nagrobnik
 ali celo za muzej.
 A ko se v tem primeru
 najobčutljivejši glasbeniki
 spustijo v orkestrsko jamo,
 morajo slišati
 (zato imajo posluh),
 kako se po zadušljivi temi v ceveh,
 ki jih polnijo s trepetanjem in brnenjem
 in skoraj skoraj ječijo, prebijajo
 v edini mogoči smeri proti Atlantiku
 vedno isti ugorji.
 Videti je, da so ugorji sposobni
 preživeti celo v kanalizacijskih ceveh,
 in s tem meščanom ne dajejo
 zgolj upanja,
 temveč tudi vzor.

Včasih se lahko zdi Lviv predvsem podzemno mesto. Torej, kar je zanj najbolj ključno, intenzivno nadaljuje svoj obstoj nekje globoko pod nami. Orkestrska jama opernega gledališča je v tem primeru neke vrste prehodni prostor, čakalnica ali sprejemnica, in globlje od nje tečejo samo še Stiksove vode.

Če se poženeš k dvema morjema hkrati – ne boš dosegel nobenega. »Medmorje«² Lviva se je spremenilo v »brezmorje«. V osemdesetih letih smo sredi vsakega julija ritualno opijanjeni krožili po nočnih dvoriščih stare ulice, imenovane Na ceveh, in se poskušali v temi prebiti do ostankov vodnih mlinov in starega priveza. Vonjali smo vodo in blato in zdelo se je, da bomo zdaj zdaj zagledali Vlaški mostiček s kipom svetega Janeza, da nam bo uspelo priti na desni breg in se bomo tam zleknili v trsje. Male trgovske jadrnice iz Gdan-ska in Lübecka so neslišno polzele mimo nas po ustaljeni vodni poti Poltava–Bug–Narew–Visla–Baltik. Sol so menjavali za jantar, kar-patski brin pa za karibske začimbe. Velika livvska preteklost nas ni dohajala in je ostala daleč za nami.

Žalovanje za njim pa še vztraja: na primer na Črnomorski ulici prav v srcu najbolj starinskega dela mesta. Ne starega, temveč naj-

² Mogoče namig na neuresničeni projekt Poljaka Józefa Klemensa Piłsudskega o konfederaciji vzhodno- in srednjeevropskih držav – v poljščini se je imenovala »Międzymorze« (lat. *Intermarium*) – po koncu prve svetovne vojne. (Op. prev.)

bolj starinskega – tistega, ki se nahaja v okolici Starega trga, kjer se vanj steka Ribja ulica.

»Medmorje« Lviva se je spremenilo v njegovo »brezvodje«. Voda je postala drama in karma. Življenje je postalo golo vsakdanje preživetje, zadušljivi boj z vedri in pomijami, pričakovanje in prisluškovanje, *ali bodo kaj napeljali ali zaprli*, in na koncu je bilo enolično kapljanje ur in let med gorami nepomite posode in polnimi pepelniki, s kamenjem v grlu in peskom med zobmi. Življenje je postalo odmiranje v nikoli opranem, lepljivem postelnem perilu. Smrad je postal nepogrešljiv del vsakdana, priplazil se je v stavbe, kot bi bile jetniške celice, in jih ni več zapustil.

Prav v Lvivu sem prvič razumel bistvo rekla »naloviti vode«. To je bil zares lov, to večno polnjenje kadi z rjastimi sledovi po stenah zaradi puščanja, vsa ta vedra, do vrha polna in povsod nastavljena. To je bil lov za vodo in njeno plenjenje. Potem pa spust – navzdol, v kanalizacijsko cev, k ugorjem in podganam, k podzemnemu pristanišču v ustju velike reke, domov.

Mesto križišče

Za to podobo se ne skrivajo samo preseki prostorov, temveč tudi različnih obdobij. Posledično je križišče tudi naplastenost. Seznama davnih trgovskih poti, ki so se na ta ali oni način dotaknile Lviva, zaradi obsežnosti ne bi mogel umestiti na strani te knjige. Lviv so si zamislili v različnih stoletjih, a tudi v različnih deželah. Trgovci so se skozenj podajali v Azijo, trgovci iz Azije v Evropo, čeprav v tistem času niso poznali ne Evrope in še manj Azijo, saj so poznali samo Stari svet. Med drugim je prav obstoj Lviva določil poznejšo razdelitev celine na Evropo in Azijo.

Za mesto so našli tako popoln položaj, da se mu niso mogle ogniti ne karavane, namenjene iz Britanije v Perzijo, ne karavane iz Koreje na Portugalsko. Potovanje iz Moskve v Rim, kakor tudi iz Amsterdama v Bombaj, je bilo mogoče samo čez Lviv. Pri tem pa se niso vsi potniki samo ustavili v tem presečišču. Nekateri so se nepričakovano odločili in ostali tu za zmeraj. Med njimi ne nazadnje niso bili samo trgovci, temveč tudi potujoči muzikanti, pridigarji, dezertarji iz skoraj vseh vojsk, špijoni, vedeževalci, izobraženci, učitelji, zdravilci, pobegli zaporniki in svobodni begunci. Nekoč sem že poskusil sestaviti seznam vseh, vendar me je zaustavilo spoznanje o njegovi neskončnosti.

Ko je avstrijsko vrhovno inženirstvo sredi 19. stoletja izbiralo kraj za glavno železniško postajo, se mu je rešitev ponudila brez omahovanja. Glavna železniška postaja je bila zgrajena po liniji glavnega evropskega razvodja, kar je pomenilo višino 316 metrov nad obema tukajšnjima morjema. Čeprav nakazuje predpona v besedi *raz-vodje* ločevanje in razdelitve, bi rad šel še enkrat od nasprotne smeri. Razvodje, ta geološka guba na zemeljski površini, se ne kaže samo kot rob, temveč tudi kot šiv. Tisto, kar zašije, vleče skupaj, združuje.

Zato je Lviv (o tem sem že pisal) skupno prizadevanje Zahoda in Vzhoda. Zdaj dodajam, da tudi Juga in Severa.

To lahko najbolje izrazi roman o tem, kako si nenavadni metafizični trgovci, ki so obsedeli v neki univerzalni lvivski krčmi, po vrsti pripovedujejo o najbolj oddaljenih svetovih. Oblikujejo krog in vsak naslednji nadaljuje predhodnikovo zgodbo, ki se oprime katerega od prejšnjih motivov. Najpomembneje je, da se ta veriga pripovedi v nobenem primeru ne prekine. V trenutku, ko se to zgodi, vse izgine, se razprši in razgubi. Tako ne bo imel roman ne konca ne začetka, lahko se ga bo začelo brati s poljubne strani, najpomembneje pa bo zaključiti cikel in se vrniti k prvi izbrani strani, po čemer se bo razjasnilo, da je na tem poljubnem začetku zdaj že neka druga zgodba, kajti med bralčevim krožnim premikanjem so nekateri pripovedovalci s svojimi zgodbami odšli, na njihovem mestu pa so se pojavili drugi. Tak roman lahko umesti vase vse – kakor lahko njega umesti Lviv. Naslov romana je *Rotacije*.

Mesto cirkus

Vsako križišče privablja neobičajne prizore (tako imenovane čudeže) in neobičajne ljudi. Mesto Lviv ni samo privlačno – ljudi tudi posrka.

Začelo se je pri revežih in pokvekah. Kot bi izpolnjevali nekakšno skrivno poslanstvo, so se že na začetku in nato naprej nekaj stoletij zalezli v mesto tako množično, da jim je bila mestna uprava primorana nameniti celo ulico, imenovano Gora pohabljenecv, kjer so jih v kletkah zadrževali pritlikavci (pozimi pa so jih naselili po samostanih in bolnišnicah). Mesto jim je zagotovilo nedeljske in praznične obede, ki jih je neogibno spremljalo nekaj sodčkov vlaškega vina, oslajenega z žganjem. Hvaležni prejemniki miloščine so meščanom v povračilo prirejali norčave procesije (»manifestacije pokvek«) z za-

bavnimi plesi breznogih na Ferdinandovem trgu. Za Lvvčane niso bili nič manj kratkočasni tudi beraški koncerti (»zbori kalvarijskih starcev«) ob spremljavi violinskega kvarteta, katerega zvoke so podkrepile prenosne vojaške orgle, trofeja iz bitke pri Grunwaldu.

Zlati vek Lvvva sovpada z epoho velikih geografskih odkritij, ko so prebivalci Starega sveta spoznali, kako eksotično je resnično življenje. Prav tedaj so se pod mestnim obzidjem začeli pojavljati prvi posamični upravitelji in razstavljati svoje čudake. Eden je v kletki pripeljal rdečkožega divjaka, drugi par lemurjev, tretji pa še pokriti voz, poln mineralov, lupin mehkužcev in zarodkov. Od konca 16. stoletja so jim s posebno odredbo dovolili vstop v mesto. Premičnim zverinjakom so odredili dovolj prostora v Pohuljanki³ (tedaj še ne parku, temveč primestnem gozdu). Tam so lahko brez omejitev napajali živali iz izvirov Poltave, natančneje iz njenega pritoka, reke Pasike. Od začetka druge četrtine 17. stoletja se Pohuljanka kakor tropski gozd napolni z rjoventjem in žvižgi stotin fantastičnih bitij. Nilski konji, sloni in nosorogi teptajo in drobijo njene zelene trate. Panterji in gepardi skačejo z drevesa na drevo. Papagaji in opice prirejajo večurne hreščave variacije v krošnjah.

Približno v istem času, torej proti sredini 17. stoletja, se je v Lvvvu prvič ustavil potujoči cirkus Vagabundo – čudovito slikovito mednarodno zbirališče vseh mogočih unikumov – ki od tistih časov še tristo let ne bo zapustil meja srednje Evrope, čeprav je res, da je občasno izginil za cela desetletja. Vse, kar je znanega o cirkusu, lahko strnemo v nekaj povedi. Urejen je bil dinastično – tako so njegovi artisti stoletja nosili ene in iste priimke. Ravnatelje je vedno imenoval Investitor,⁴ torej oseba, ki je ni nihče nikoli videl, ker je z vsem upravljala nepremično sede nekje v švicarskem kantonu Valaisu, v domovini cirkuske obrti. Zadnji ravnatelj, Ananda, je udejanjil nezaslišani prevrat in odstavil tedanjega Investitorja, nato pa sam zavladal cirkusu. Vendar se je to zgodilo na predvečer dokončnega zloma, ko je moral celotni ansambel zbežati čez ocean, da se je rešil političnih represij.

Roman o poslednjem obdobju ansambla bi se lahko imenoval preprosto – *Cirkus Vagabundo*.

Začel pa bi se lahko tako: »Anomalije so potovale po svetu in nikakor niso mogle obiti Lvvva. Anomalije je vlekle k največji anomaliji, ki se je imenovala Lvvv.«

³ 'Sprehajališče'. (Op. prev.)

⁴ Nekateri poznavalci se nagibajo k razlagi pojma investitor kot »in westor«, torej 'ta, ki je na zahodu'. (Op. av.)

Iz Lemovega *Visokega gradu* izplava podatek, da je v otroštvu videl preostanek nepremaganih iz Vagabunda. Spominja se, kako »so po dvoriščih tistega časa krožili nešteti rokohitrci, požiralci ognja, akrobati, pevci in glasbeniki, tudi lajnarji, od katerih pa samo eden ni imel papagaja, ki je vlekel papirčke za vedeževanje«. V obdobju, ki ga opisuje Lem, so iz cirkusa dejansko izključili številne artiste.

Izključeni samozvanci (o njih govori roman) so se polastili cirkuskega arhiva, v katerem so bili zbrani:

magična navodila za hipnotične in čarovniške seanse;

skrivni načrti podzemnih povezav v ječah, samostanih, utrdbah in bankah 111 najpomembnejših mest;

na desetine zemljevidov, ročno narejenih in tiskanih, z oznakami krajev, kjer so zakopani najznamenitejši zakladi;

na tisoče strani dokazov o kompromitiranju mestnih načelnikov in politikov vseh obdobj;

razna ezoterika – kot na primer čarovniške palice, vinilne plošče z glasovi duhov, magična zrcala, v katerih si lahko ogledaš pornografske posnetke, korenine mandragore, nabrane pod vislicami na Kaznjenski gori.⁵

Celotni arhiv cirkusa Vagabundo se lahko hrani v enem samem kovčku. Jasno je, da je to najdragocenejši kovček na svetu.

Tu je spet smiselno spomniti na Lemovo pričevanje, kjer piše o »miniaturnih potujočih cirkusih, ki so nastopali pri stranskih vhodih in se z vsemi rekviziti (kij za mečevanje, uteži, meč za požiranje) spravili v en sam, že močno obrabljen kovček iz umetnega usnja«.

Ko smo že pri tem. Take kovčke sem videl še na koncu šestdesetih. Vendar so jih tedaj nosili samo še norci. Zatorej se vrnimo k romanu.

Jasna stvar, za kovčkom z arhivom poteka lov. Pri tem obstajajo najmanj štiri strani, ki si prizadevajo, da bi ga prestregle. To je varnostna služba, zasebni detektivski biro, indijski brahman milijarder in potomci prvega Investitorja. Samozvanci, ki se jim vsakič uspe izviti in zmesti sledi, se na koncu tako zapletejo v lastne konspirativne poteze, da izgubijo kovček tu na mestnem smetišču nedaleč od naselij Zbiranka in Hriboviči, kjer ga razgrebejo klošarji.

V romanu se mesto spremeni v neprestano seanso hipnoze ali splošno zabavišče, sumljivo poceni in demokratično dostopno za

⁵ Zgodovinski predel Lviva, v ukrajinščini imenovan *Gora Strat* ali *Guclivska Gora*, kjer so dejansko izvrševali kazni. (Op. prev.)

vse, z orkestri v parkih, jazzom, prvim zvočnim kinematografom in mehanskimi lutkami. Mesto v romanu so – vrtoglavi vrtiljaki, palača prividov, sodček smeha, ukrivljena zrcala, nešteti kioski in kabineti, kjer se srečujejo naivne in začarane duše primestnega proletariata.

V zadnjem prizoru se cirkus izkaže za boljšega, vse peripetije romana pa za halucinacije šolarja s škrlatinko, ki šprica šolo v lunaparku in zaide v paviljon z atrakcijami, pri tem pa si ogleda predstavo z dresiranimi bolhami.

Prevedla Andreja Kalc

Lexicon of Intimate Cities

Lviv – Always

(excerpts from short story collection)

A City-Port

Once I referred to it as a city-ship, now let it be a harbor.

That is, let it be a shore, perhaps, an estuary of a large river, an aquatic territory, piers, docks, transporters of cargo and passengers, freight cranes, barges, and 24/7 brothels.

Stanisław Lem, in “Highcastle”, mentions the bureau of a “Cunard Line” ship association with models of ocean liners (“The Lusitania”, “The Mauretania”) in each of its windows. It was located in the inter-war Lviv of Lem – I believe, on Słowacki Street. I wonder when it disappeared – in 1939?

Regardless, it was then that Lviv ceased being a discernible port and became a secret one. It simply cannot not be a port – that was the will of its founders who, for several centuries, sought a place for it exactly between the Baltic and Black Seas.

That’s why so many dolphins are found on its buildings. They are the second most common attribute (after lions) one finds among the oldest building ornaments in the city. Maybe it is they that gave the city its particular chilly dampness. You could assemble a whole photo album filled just with them.

A whole novel could be written about the eels existing in the city sewer’s underground river: the path taken by an eel from the Sargasso Sea to the Shatsk Lakes and then to the Bug River basin, to the Poltva River, and then back to the Ocean – could be another “Odyssey” or another “Ulysses”. Or, at least, a poem such as this one:

It seems completely possible to me –
 the Lviv Opera was built
 directly on top of a freshly encased river,
 to a certain extent
 it can be regarded as
 a gigantic river gravestone
 or maybe even a mausoleum.
 But in that case
 the most sensitive musicians,

when entering the orchestra pit,
cannot not hear
(hearing is what they do),
how, in the stifling darkness within the pipes,
filling them with quivering and droning,
almost moaning,
all those eels
again try to break through
in the only possible direction –
towards the Atlantic.
It is known that eels can survive
even in sewer pipes,
thus providing city-dwellers
not only with hope,
but also with an example.

Sometimes it seems that Lviv is, first and foremost, an underground city. In other words, what is most essential in it continues to strainingly exist somewhere deep below us. And the orchestra pit, in this case, is somewhat of a transition space, a waiting room or a reception room, below which only the waters of the Styx are to be found.

If you chase after two seas you will not get to either one of them. Lviv's inner-ocean condition transformed into a non-ocean condition. In the middle of every July in the 1980s we, in a drunken ritual, meandered through nighttime courtyards down the former "Along the Pipes" Street, striving to unearth – in the darkness, at least – the remains of water mills and an old pier. It smelled of water and slime and it seemed that we were on the verge of stumbling upon the Wallachian Bridge with its statue of St. John, that we would cross over to the right bank and lay down in its reeds. Small, merchant sailboats from Gdansk and Lübeck silently sailed past us along the established Poltva–Bug–Narew–Vistula–Baltic Sea water way. Salt was traded for amber and Carpathian juniper for Caribbean spices. Lviv's great nautical past couldn't keep up with us and was left far behind.

A longing for it echoes to this day. For example, along Black Sea Street, smack in the center of the Older City. Not the Old City but the even Older one – the one where Old Rynok Square is to be found and towards which Fish Street runs.

Lviv's non-ocean condition gave it a non-water condition. It became its drama and its karma. Existence became mundane, a dreary campaign involving toilets and dishwater, waiting and listening for *when they'll turn it on and when they'll turn it off* and, finally – a drawn-out dripping of hours and years among mountains of dirty dishes and overfilled ashtrays, with a stubborn rock in your throat and sharp sand on your teeth. Life became dying in never-laundered, sticky bedsheets. A foul stench became an indispensable element of everyday life – it would crawl into dwellings as if into prison cells and would never leave.

It is in Lviv that I first understood the meaning of the saying “to capture the water”. It really was a hunt, that endless filling up of the bathtub with rust stains on its walls, all those buckets and basins set up all over the place and all filled to the rim. This was hunting for water and keeping it in captivity. And then – letting go – downward, into the sewage pipes, down to the eels and rats, to the underground port in the estuary of the great river, homeward.

A City-Crossroad

This designation refers not just to the intersection of space but also of time. Thus, a crossroad is also a layering. A list of the ancient trade routes that brushed Lviv in one way or another would not fit on the pages of this book. Lviv was conceived not only in the middle of ages but also in the middle of lands. Trade from Europe came through it on its way to Asia and trade from Asia to Europe, although, in those times, Europe, and moreover Asia, were yet unknown concepts and all that was known was the Old World. Besides, the very existence of Lviv triggered the later division of the continent into Europe and Asia.

The city was so ideally positioned that neither caravans going from Britain to Persia, nor caravans going from Korea to Portugal, were able to avoid it. You had to go through Lviv to get from Moscow to Rome or from Amsterdam to Bombay. And not all travelers simply paused temporarily at this point of intersection. Some unexpectedly decided to remain there forever. Among them were not only merchants but also travelling musicians, sermonizers, deserters from various armies, spies, soothsayers, scholars, teachers, healers, escaped slaves and free escapees. I once tried to put together

a list of them all but had to stop when I realized that it would have no end.

When the upper Austrian engineering apparatus was selecting a spot on which to build a central train station in the mid-19th century they were able to swiftly reach a consensus. The central train station was erected along the line of Europe's Central watershed, which was located at a height of 316 meters above the two closest seas. Although in Ukrainian the word for "watershed" – *vododil* – the second root – *dil* – implies breaking apart or dividing, I would once again prefer to approach from the opposite side. A watershed is a geological part of the earth's surface which cannot only be seen as a stitch but also as a seam. That which seams together, connects, unites.

That is why Lviv (I have already written about this) is a common endeavor of both the West and the East. Let me also add at this time that it is one of the North and the South as well.

This could best be passed along in a novel about strange metaphysical merchants who, having gathered in a local Lviv pub, take turns telling stories about the most distant worlds. They form a circle and each one of them picks up the story line from the previous storyteller, employing one of the former's motifs. What's key is that this chain of storytelling is never interrupted. If that were to happen, everything would disappear, blow away and scatter. Thus, the novel has neither an end nor a beginning – one can start reading it from any page. It is imperative to complete the cycle and to once again return to that page in order to realize that there is now a different story at that spot because, while the reader was moving along the circle, some of the storytellers left, taking their stories with them, and new ones had taken their place. Such a novel would be able to contain everything in it – just like Lviv can. The name of the novel – "Rotations".

A City-Circus

Any crossroad tends to attract eccentric spectacles (known as "eccentracles") and eccentric people. The city of Lviv is not just one that attracts – it sucks in.

It began with the beggars and the cripples. They, as if on some kind of secret mission, slinked into Lviv during the first few centuries in such great numbers that the city leaders had to allot to them all of Cripple Mountain, where they were kept in cages by

Lilliputians (in wintertime they were divided among monasteries and hospitals). The city provided them with Sunday and holiday dinners, which, at all times, were accompanied by several barrels of Italian wine sweetened with spirits. The thankful beggars would, in return, provide the city dwellers with jester processions (“cripple manifestations”) and with the entertaining dances of the legless on Ferdinand Square. No less entertaining for the residents of Lviv were the beggars’ concerts (“hobo choirs”) accompanied by a quartet of cellists, all of which was enhanced by a small, portable, military organ, a trophy from the environs of Grunwald.

Lviv’s golden years came concurrently with an era of great geographic discoveries, when people of the Old World came to realize, in awe, how exotic real life really was. It was then that pioneering showmen would occasionally appear by the city walls with their curiosities on display. Someone pulled up a wild Indian in a cage, someone a couple of lemurs, and someone else a wagon filled with minerals, shellfish and embryos. From the end of the 16th century a special decree existed allowing them to enter the city. As for zoos, they were allotted enough space in Pohulianka (which was not a park yet but a forest on the edge of the city). There the animals could drink from the wells of the Poltva, more accurately, from its inflow – the Pasika. Beginning with the second quarter of the 17th century Pohulianka, like a tropical jungle, was filled with the roars and howls of hundreds of fantastic creatures. Its green glades fully stomped over by hippopotami, elephants and rhinos. Panthers and cheetahs hop between the trees. Hour after hour, parrots and monkeys squabble hissingly, high in the air.

Around that time, closer to the middle of the 17th century that is, the traveling circus “Vagabundo” made its first stop in Lviv – a wonderfully vibrant international throng of all kinds of curiosities, which, since then, had not left the boundaries of Central Europe for three hundred years, even if it would occasionally disappear for entire decades. Anything and everything that is known about the circus can be shared in a few sentences. It had a dynastic structure – as a result its actors had one and the same surname for centuries. Its directors were always appointed by an Investor¹ – an individual who had never been seen by anyone because he controlled everything while remaining at

¹ Some experts are inclined to explain the concept of Investor as InWestor – somebody who is in the West.

all times in the Swiss canton of Valais, in the fatherland of the circus trade. The last of the directors, Ananda, launched an unprecedented coup and, removing the reigning Investor, personally took over the circus. But this happened just before the days of the final collapse, when all of its troupes were forced to save themselves from political repression by escaping overseas.

A novel about their last days could simply have the title – “The Vagabundo Circus”.

It could begin like this: “Anomalies wandered all over the world and could not, in any manner, avoid Lviv. The anomalies were drawn to the greatest of anomalies, which had the name Lviv.”

From Lem’s “Highcastle” we know that, in his youth, he saw the final relics of the “Vagabundo”. He remembers how “countless tricksters would wander through the courtyards in those days eating fire, as well as acrobats, singers and musicians, and also authentic organ grinders, some even with parrots picking fortune cards.” It is true that in the period of time described by Lem, a certain number of actors were expelled from the circus.

The expelled imposters (and the novel is about them) take over the circus archive, which contains the following:

- magic instructions for sorcerer and hypnotic séances,
- secret plans for underground connections between the prisons, monasteries, fortresses and banks of the 111 most important cities,
- several dozens of maps, handmade and printed, indicating the locations of the most famous buried treasures;
- thousands of pages consisting of incriminating evidence against active city officials and politicians of all eras;
- other esoteric things – for example: magic wands, vinyl records featuring the voices of spirits, witches’ mirrors, on which one can see porno-films, mandragora roots, that were gathered by the gallows on Dogcatcher Hill.

The entire “Vagabundo” circus archive fits in one suitcase. It goes without saying that this is the world’s most valuable suitcase.

It is once again appropriate here to mention Lem’s account, where he writes about “travelling, clandestine, family circuses, which, together with all of their props (fencing foils, dumbbells, swords made for swallowing), are capable of fitting in a single suitcase, one that is quite frayed and made of vinyl”.

By the way. I saw suitcases like that in the late 1960s. But only the insane carried them. So then, back to the novel.

Obviously, a hunt for the suitcase containing the archive ensues. And there are at least four sides trying to get their hands on it. They are the state security organs, a private detective bureau, an Indian-brachman billionaire, and relatives of the first Investor. The imposters, who were able to sneak away and cover their tracks, finally become so tangled up in their own sneakiness that they lose the suitcase at some city dump near Zbyranka and Hrybovychi where it gets picked through by tramps.

In the novel, the city transforms into a permanent hypnotic séance or one big attraction, suspiciously cheap and democratically open to all, with a park orchestra, jazz, the first sound cinema and mechanical dolls. The city, in that novel, is head-spinning carousels, a ghost palace, a barrel of laughs, a string of fun-house mirrors, endless kiosks and offices where naïve and enchanted souls of the suburban proletariat are bought and sold.

In the final scene, it turns out that the city is actually a flea circus and that all of the novel's conflicts are just the hallucinations of a school boy sick with scarlet fever who, playing hooky in an amusement park, wandered into an entertainment pavilion and stared at a show of trained fleas.

Translated by Mark Andryczyk

**Slovenska avtorica
v središču 2017**

***Slovenian Author
in Focus 2017***



Foto © Andraž Gombač, Primorske novice

Maja Vidmar

Maja Vidmar se je rodila leta 1961 v Novi Gorici in se v času študija slovenščine in primerjalne književnosti na Filozofski fakulteti preselila v Ljubljano, kjer kot svobodna književnica živi še danes. Je ena najvidnejših slovenskih pesnic, ki je ledino orala že s prvo zbirko *Razdalje telesa* (1984), v kateri je upesnila do obisti razgaljen ženski lirski subjekt v doživljanju erotično-ljubezenskega razmerja, prežetega z eksistenčnim dvomom in bolečino, in to brez kančka sentimentalnosti.

Če je v prvih zbirkah v ospredju intima dveh, se v *Prisotnosti* (2005) pesničina pozornost usmeri vase ter v širši družinski in družbeni prostor oziroma v razmerja z bližnjimi, tujci, živalmi, predmeti, v tem tematsko širokem pesniškem prostoru pa ostaja zasidrana tudi v zbirkah *Kako se zaljubiš* in *Minute prednosti*.

Majo Vidmar danes literarni zgodovinarji uvrščajo v vrh slovenskega pesniškega postmodernizma. Doslej je izdala sedem pesniških zbirk: *Razdalje telesa* (1984), *Način vezave* (1988), *Ob vznožju* (1998), *Prisotnost* (2005), *Sobe* (2008), *Kako se zaljubiš* (2012) in *Minute prednosti* (2015), izšla pa sta tudi dva izbora njene poezije: *Ihta smeri* (1989) in *Petdeset izbranih pesmi* (2015). V knjižni izdaji so njene zbirke izšle v angleščini, nemščini, italijanščini, slovaščini, hrvaščini, bosanščini, srbsščini, posamezne pesmi pa v mnogih revijalnih in antologijskih izdajah. V angleščino je prevedena tudi zbirka *Sobe*, vendar še ni objavljena. Za svoje ustvarjanje je prejela več nagrad,

med njimi najpomembnejši slovenski literarni nagradi – Jenkovo nagrado (2005) in nagrado Prešernovega sklada (2006) – nagrado Huberta Burde za mlado liriko idr. Doma smo se ji nazadnje poklonili leta 2015, ko je postala Lirikonfestova lavreatka in je za vrhunski desetletni pesniški opus v 21. stoletju prejela nagrado Velenjica (Čša nesmrtnosti).

Pesniška govorica Maje Vidmar je vseskozi čustveno intenzivna, brez-kompromisna v upesnjevanju lastnega jaza in doživljanja sveta ter natančno odmerjena v besedah, kar je razvidno tudi iz sicer majhnega izbora pesmi, objavljenih v zborniku. Ta se začne z zbirko *Prisotnost*, nadaljuje s *Kako se zaljubiš* in *Minute prednosti* ter zaključí z novimi, še neobjavljenimi pesmi, zbranimi pod naslovom *Otrok in drugi pojavi*.

Nagrade in priznanja

- 1999 Nagrada Hubert Burda Preis für junge Lyrik (Nemčija).
2005 Jenkova nagrada za pesniško zbirko *Prisotnost*.
2005 Nagrada Prešernovega sklada za pesniško zbirko *Prisotnost*.
2005 Nominacija za Veronikino nagrado za pesniško zbirko *Prisotnost*.
2006 Dunajska štipendija v okviru Großer Preis für Osteuropäische Literatur (Avstrija) za pesniško zbirko *Prisotnost*.
2007 Nagrada Premio Letterario Internazionale Trieste Scritture di Frontiera dedicato a Umberto Saba (Italija).
2009 Nagrada Mreže gradova književnosti (Hrvaška) za pesniško zbirko *Sobe*.
2015 Nagrada Velenjica (Čša nesmrtnosti) za vrhunski desetletni pesniški opus.

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Kako se zaljubiš; Študentska založba, Ljubljana 2012.
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The Gift of Delay: Selected Poems (izbor), v angleščino prevedel Andrej Pleterški; Dalkey Archive Press, Victoria 2017.

Antologije (izbor)

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Sedam slovenskih pjesnika, v hrvaščino prevedel Josip Osti; Vodnikova domačija, Kulturni vikend djece iz BiH, Ljubljana 1995.

The Fire Under the Moon (Contemporary Slovene Poetry), uredila Richard Jackson in Rachel Morgan, v angleščino prevedla Mia Dintinjana idr.; PM Books, Chattanooga / Black Dirt Press, Elgin 1999.

Govori voda / Das Wasser spricht, izbrala Ludwig Hartinger in Niko Grafenauer, uredil in v nemščino prevedel Ludwig Hartinger; Kulturabteilung der Österreichischen Botschaft Ljubljana, Ottensheim an der Donau 2000.

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Krajiny za slovy (slovinská poezie posledních čtyřiceti let), izbrala in v češčino prevedla František Benhart in Aleš Kozár; BB/art, Praga 2008.

Treze poetas eslovenos (antologia inacabada), izbrala Mateja Rozman in Casimiro de Brito, v portugalsščino prevedla Mateja Rozman, José Meira idr.; Roma Editora, Lizbona 2008.

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Marsipaania (slovenialaista nykyrunoutta), uredila in v finščino prevedla Kari Klemelä in Jouni Inkala; Mansarda, Sauvo 2009.

Muhtarat Al-Šir Al-Slufini Al-Muasir, v arabščino prevedla Margit Podvornik Alhady in Mohsen Alhady; Toubkal, Casablanca 2009.

Šestnajst slovenskih pesnic / Szesnaście poetek słoweńskich, uredila Alenka Jovanovski, v poljščino prevedli Agnieszka Będkowska - Kopczyk, Karolina Bucka Kustec, Tatjana Jamnik, Michal Kopczyk, Aleksandra Plewnia, Katarina Šalamun Biedrzycka, Adam Wiedemann; Društvo slovenskih pisateljev / Slovene Writers' Association, Ljubljana 2011.

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Ani Nišaraf ve-eni yakhol lašet et ha-sheket / Gorim in ne morem tišine doseči, uredili Hava Pinhas-Cohen in Barbara Pogačnik, v hebrejščino prevedli Hava Pinhas-Cohen, Klemen Jelinčič-Boeta, Myriam Steiner Aviezer, Maja Kutin, Dina Katan, Ben Zion in Dana Finci; Ha-Kibuts ha-me'uhad, Tel Aviv 2016.

Slovenske pesnice danes / Contemporary Women's Poetry in Slovenia, uredila Tanja Tuma, v angleščino prevedli Miriam Drev, Ana Jelnikar, Barbara Siegel Carlson, Maja Visenjak-Limon, Stephen Watts; Slovenski P.E.N., Ljubljana 2016.

Maja Vidmar was born in 1961 in Nova Gorica and moved to Ljubljana to study Comparative Literature and Slovene Studies at the University of Ljubljana's Faculty of Arts. Today, she still lives and work in Ljubljana as a freelance writer. She is one of the most visible of Slovene poets, having already broken fresh ground with her first collection, *Razdalje telesa* (Distances of the Body, 1984), in which she put into words the state of a fully exposed female lyrical subject experiencing an erotic love relationship pervaded by existential doubt and pain, all without a trace of sentimentality.

After having focused on the intimacy between two in her first few collections, she turns to herself, as well as to the wider family and social space, and to relations with close ones, strangers, animals, and objects in *Prisotnost* (Presence, 2005). Vidmar remains anchored in this thematically wide poetic space also with the collections *Kako se zaljubiš* (How to Fall in Love, 2012) and *Minute prednosti* (A Minute Head Start, 2015).

Today literary historians view her as being at the top of postmodernism in Slovene poetry. She has published seven poetry collections so far: *Razdalje telesa* (Distances of the Body, 1984), *Način vezave* (Ways of Binding, 1988), *Ob vznožju* (At the Base, 1998), *Prisotnost* (Presence, 2005), *Sobe* (Rooms, 2008), *Kako se zaljubiš* (How You Fall in Love, 2012), and *Minute prednosti* (A Minute Head Start, 2015), as well as two selections of her poetry: *Ihta smeri* (Urge of Direction, 1989) and *Petdeset*

izbranih pesmi (Fifty Poems, 2015). Her poetry collections have also been published as books in Bosnian, Croatian, English, German, Italian, Serbian and Slovak while individual poems have been included in numerous journals and anthologies all over the world. Poetry collections *Rooms* is also translated into English but hasn't been published yet. She has received many awards for her writing, among them the two most important Slovenian literary awards – the Jenko Award (2005) and the Prešeren Foundation Award (2006) – as well as the Hubert Burda Stiftung Prize for young poets. At home, she was most recently granted the title of Lirikconfest laureate and was awarded the Velenjica-Cup of Immortality that she received for her distinguished poetry opus in the 21st Century.

Maja Vidmar's poetic language is a continuity of emotional intensiveness, of uncompromisingly exposing her own self and experiencing of the world through verse, and of precise apportioning of words, all of which can be observed in the admittedly small selection of poems published in this almanac. This selection starts with the collection *Presence*, continues with *How You Fall in Love* and *A Minute Head Start*, and finishes with new, yet to be published poems gathered under the title *Otrok in drugi pojavi* (A Child and Other Phenomena).

Selected Prizes and Awards

- 1999 Hubert Burda Foundation Prize for Young Poets (Germany), for the poetry collection *Prisotnost* (Presence).
- 2005 The Prešeren Foundation Award (Slovenia), for the poetry collection *Prisotnost* (Presence).
- 2005 Jenko Award (Slovenia), conferred for the best poetry collection of the previous two years, for *Prisotnost* (Presence).
- 2005 Nomination for the Veronika Prize (Slovenia), conferred for the best poetry collection, for *Prisotnost* (Presence).
- 2006 Vienna scholarship, conferred in the framework of Großer Preis für Osteuropäische Literatur (Austria), for the poetry collection *Prisotnost* (Presence).
- 2007 Umberto Saba Award, conferred at the international poetry contest Trieste Scritture di Frontiera (Italy).
- 2009 Prize of the Network of Literary Cities (Croatia), for the poetry collection *Sobe* (Rooms).
- 2015 Velenjica–Cup of Immortality (Slovenia), conferred for a decade of outstanding poetic work.

Selected Bibliography of Original Works

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Dvogovor s poezijo Maje Vidmar

Peter Semolič

V sedemdesetih in pretežnem delu osemdesetih let minulega stoletja je osrednji tok v slovenski poeziji predstavljala modernistična poezija, za katero je bilo značilno poudarjeno ukvarjanje z jezikom tako na ravni zvočnosti kot na morfološki in sintaktični ravni. Vendar so se že sredi sedemdesetih pojavili pesniki in pesnice, katerih pesniška praksa je v marsičem odstopala od uveljavljenega načina pisanja. Ti avtorji in avtorice so zaumno govorico svojih pesniških predhodnikov in predhodnic zamenjali z bolj neposredno pesniško govorico, takšno, ki jim je – preprosto rečeno – (ponovno) omogočila upesnjevanje svet in sebe v njem. Med najmočnejše in najbolj profilirane pesniške glasove takratne mlade generacije zagotovo sodi tudi Maja Vidmar.

Maja Vidmar se je rodila leta 1961 v Novi Gorici, ob slovensko-italijanski meji, in živi kot svobodna umetnica v Ljubljani. Do zdaj je objavila sedem samostojnih pesniških zbirk, prav toliko pesniških zbirk ji je izšlo v prevodih, s svojo poezijo pa je zastopana tudi v okoli sedemdesetih antologijah po vsem svetu. Za svoje delo je prejela več domačih in tujih nagrad: med domačimi najvišje priznanje za poezijo v Sloveniji – Jenkovo nagrado, nacionalno nagrado za literaturo in umetnost – nagrado Prešernovega sklada (obe je prejela za pesniško zbirko *Prisotnost*) in nagrado za desetletni vrhunski pesniški opus – Velenjico (Čašo nesmrtnosti); med tujimi pa naslednje nagrade: Hubert Burda Preis für junge Lyrik, Premio Letterario Internazionale Trieste Scritture di Frontiera dedicato a Umberto Saba in nagrado Mreže gradova književnosti, poleg tega je dobitnica dunajske štipendije v okviru Grosser Preis für Osteuropäische Literatur.

Maja Vidmar je kritiško in bralsko javnost opozorila nase že s svojo prvo pesniško zbirko *Razdalje telesa*, ki je izšla leta 1984. Kot pove že naslov, se pesmi v *Razdaljah telesa* dogajajo v območju intime, intimnega, s poudarkom na telesnosti ter v približevanju in oddaljevanju dveh teles – ženskega in moškega telesa. Sočasna kritika je zbirko označila v prvi vrsti za erotično poezijo, kar nedvomno je, vendar je potrebno poudariti, da za Vidmarjevo erotika ni bila ne takrat ne kasneje samo stvar fizičnega – v *Razdaljah telesa* tako v njeno poezijo neredko vstopajo močna in mejna čustva, kot so bolečina, strah, ljubosumje idr. Za njeno nadaljnjo pesniško pot pa

je pomemben tudi sklop pesmi, napisan v obliki dialoga med ljubimcem, saj je prav dialoškost, kot bomo videli v nadaljevanju, ena osrednjih značilnosti te poezije.

V naslednjih dveh pesniških zbirkah, *Način vezave* (1988) in *Ob vznožju* (1998), je Vidmarjeva pomembno razširila tako »tematske kot estetske razsežnosti prvenca« (N. Grafenauer). Pesmi so tu bolj disonantne, v njih se pojavijo nove teme in motivi. Tako zbirka *Način vezave*, grobo rečeno, govori o odtujenosti, o svetu, v katerem je ljubezenska zveza dveh ljudi samo eden izmed številnih možnih načinov povezovanja in kot takšna torej iz mnogih razlogov in v mnogih pogledih poljubna, zbirka *Ob vznožju* pa govori o podrejenosti, bodisi moškemu bodisi bogu, in s tem tudi o neenakosti. Njena poezija tako postopoma postaja vse manj intimistična in v svoj ris vse bolj pripušča tudi izrazito družbene teme, kot je na primer tema vojne v zbirki *Ob vznožju*.

Maja Vidmar je s svojimi tremi zgodnjimi pesniškimi zbirkami opazno zaznamovala slovensko pesniško prizorišče. Prav njena poezija je bila tista, ki je žensko pesništvo postavila na zemljevid sodobne slovenske književnosti, in kolikor je njeno takratno poezijo kot tudi poezijo njenih pesniških kolegic slovenska kritika v pretežnem delu še vedno obravnavala kot »varianto moške poezije«, je slednjo oznako vendarle vse bolj in bolj postavljala v oklepaj. Pesnice so bile namreč zaradi različnih kulturnozgodovinskih razlogov v slovenski književnosti prej izjema kot pravilo, podoba ženske pa je bila v samih tekstih v veliki meri izraz tradicionalnega pojmovanja ženske in njene vloge v družbi. V osemdesetih letih minulega stoletja se je ta pogled začel krhati, saj je slovenska družba ob prevladujoči nacionalni identiteti začela vse bolj dopuščati tudi partikularne identitete. Osamosvojitve Slovenije od Jugoslavije, ki je zahtevala poenotenje državljanov in državljanek na nacionalni osnovi, je proces diverzifikacije družbe do neke mere zavrla, ni pa ga mogla zaustaviti, in ob prelomu tisočletja se je vprašanje delnih identitet ponovno postavilo v ospredje. Tudi s tega vidika je zagotovo ena najpomembnejših pesniških zbirk tistega obdobja zbirka *Prisotnost* (2005) Maje Vidmar.

Pesniška zbirka *Prisotnost* (2005), s katero se začenja pričujoči izbor, predstavlja pomemben prelom v pesničinem opusu. Maja Vidmar je tudi v tej zbirki še vedno lirski pesnica, torej pesnica kratkih, jezikovno izbrušenih pesniških tekstov, toda znotraj prostora pesmi, ki si ga pesnica skopo odmerja, je prišlo do velikih premikov: če je bila za njene prejšnje pesmi dokaj pogosto značilna raba rime in

asonance in so zato občasno priklicevale ritme ljudskih pesmi, se rima in asonanca v njenih novejših pesmih umakneta izrazitejšemu prostemu verzu, s tem pa ritem njenih novih pesmi postane manj nagel, bolj razvezan, a tudi trdnejši in bolj rezek; zniža se jezikovni register in v njeno poezijo, ki je do takrat predvsem zaradi zamolkov in izpustov marsikaj dolgovala tudi modernističnemu idealu »samonanašajoče se pesmi«, vdre govorica vsakdana. »Uporabi navadne besede / in izrabljene metafore, / tako kot jih jaz uporabljam,« zapiše v pesmi *Sredstva*. Z izrazi iz vsakdanje govorice pa v njeno poezijo dokončno vdre tudi družbenost. Za pesmi iz pričujoče zbirke zato lahko rečemo, da gre pri njih z ozirom na pesniščino dotedanje pesništvo za »premik od mikrokozmosa v makrokozmos, s čimer pesnica prehaja od zasebnega k javnemu« (P. Koršič). Tako na primer spol v njeni poeziji nikoli ni bil zgolj in samo biološki spol, a od *Prisotnosti* dalje postaja vse bolj poudarjeno tudi družbeni spol, s tem pa erotika tisti humus, iz katerega raste pretežen del njene poezije, ki preseže okvire intimne med dvema ljubimcema ter postane polje, na katerem se odigravajo »drame« med različnimi družbenimi vlogami. Poezija Maje Vidmar tako postane izrazito dialoška, v njej pa najdemo različne like in persone, pri čemer le-ti skoraj vedno nastopajo v odnosih: tako srečamo žensko med ženskami, žensko med moškimi, žensko v partnerskem ali materinskem odnosu itd.

V pesniški zbirki *Sobe* (2008) je, kot da se pesnica vrača k prvoosebni govoru, vendar je morda to vračanje bolj kot ne navidezno, saj »prevladuje občutek, da se vse skupaj dogaja zelo različnim ljudem v zelo različnih okoliščinah« (L. Stepančič). Zbirka je, tako kot ostale pesniščine zbirke, izredno domišljeno urejena, je zbir sob, a tudi drugih prostorov, kot so na primer kleti, zaklonišča, tuneli ..., v katerih se odigravajo intimne drame tako protagonistov kot tudi med protagonisti posamičnih pesmi. Zbirka *Sobe* v pričujoči izbor ni vključena. V celoti je prevedena v angleščino, vendar še nima založnika.

V pesniški zbirki *Kako se zaljubiš* (2012) pa Vidmarjeva stopi še korak dlje in se postavi v ljubezenski odnos z različnimi snovnimi in nesnovnimi objekti: od otroka do smrti, od same sebe do ljubega moškega, a tudi v ljubezenski odnos s preteklostjo in prihodnostjo, s psom in s človekom itd. Njena poezija tako marsikdaj in marsikje seže onkraj družbenih vlog in nam objekte upesnjevanja in odnose med njimi pokaže v novi in presenetljivi luči. V pesniški zbirki *Minute prednosti* si tako družbene etikete vzame za izhodišče, saj jo zanima tisto, kar se nahaja onkraj njih.

Tudi v *Minutah prednosti* se najprej srečamo s preigravanjem različnih vlog, zdaj že značilnim za njeno pisanje. Pesmi se dogajajo znotraj intimne, ki je družbeno in kulturno zaznamovana, pisava pa vznika iz globokega erotičnega, tako rekoč že taktilnega odnosa subjekta do sveta. Na to nas opozori že prva pesem v zbirki *Vaja z udarcem na pavke*: »Bodi taščica, ki prhne / na tanko vejo flavte, / in flavtistka, ki zadržuje dih. / Potem predihaj vse / možne zamenjave / ...«

Raba persone se v primerjavi z njenimi prejšnjimi zbirkami precej razlikuje. Najprej tu nastopajo živali, vendar ne na basenski način; pesnica jih s tem, ko jim položi v usta in kljune besede, seveda že avtomatično do neke mere počloveči, toda hkrati se zaveda tudi njihove enkratnosti v odnosu do človeškega sveta. Živali v tej zbirki namreč vedno znova nagovarjajo subjekt, posledica tega pa je, da se izmikajo sicer ustaljeni rabi persone, hkrati pa subjekt spreminjajo v objekt. Rezultat te pesniško inovativne rabe persone je svet, ki ni več antropocentričen, saj v njegovem središču niso več ljudje, ampak živali: škorpijon, ribe, srnjaček in druge. Vzporedno s tem pa poteka tudi razsrediščenje subjekta, kar je še posebej vidno v pesmih z različnimi alegoričnimi liki, ki odražajo določene vidike duševnosti, kot so na primer »Skrbeči«, »Žalostni«, »Cinični« in drugi.

Pred nami se torej odvija drama: najprej razsrediščenja sveta in potem še razsrediščenja subjekta. Svet je nestalen, saj razpada na podobe, ki so tudi same nestalne, porozne. Podobno se godi subjektu, ki je razkosan na posamične funkcije, s katerimi je »jaz« venomer v dialogu, vendar se zdi, da je ta dialog poln nesporazumov pa tudi pri-tajene borbe za nadzor nad delovanjem razpadajočega subjekta, subjekta, ki ob koncu zbirke dokončno razpade v dialog nedefiniranih in neidentificiranih glasov. Tu ni več živali ali alegoričnih postav, ki bi glasovom, govorečim drug mimo drugega, lahko podelile obliko, jim nudile zavetje vsaj delno znanega. Subjekt, ki je do tega hipa še ohranjal neko razvidnost sebi in bralcu oziroma bralki, ki je še zmožeg govoriti o »izgubljenosti«, je tu resnično izgubljen. »Kdo si?« je vprašanje, ki se obsesivno ponavlja v zadnjih pesmih *Minut prednosti*, odgovori, ki mu sledijo, pa so brez jasnega izhodišča, jasnih referenc, so le množica glasov, ki trepetajo na robu slušnega polja. Če se je zbirka začela z »zamenjavami«, se nadaljevala z razpadom antropocentričnega sveta in razkosanjem subjekta, se konča v brezobličnosti, samoti ...

Prav neko temeljno občutje samote je značilno za zadnje pesmi Maje Vidmar, v pričujoči knjigi zbrane pod naslovom *Otrok in drugi*

pojavi. V teh pesmih Vidmarjeva še naprej drzno razvija nekatere vidike svoje poetike. Ustavimo se tu le pri njeni tematizaciji živali. Živali se pojavljajo že v njeni zgodnji poeziji, a v njej nastopajo predvsem zaradi določenih značilnosti, ki naj bi jih povezovale s svetom ljudi. V zbirki *Kako se zaljubiš* se med subjektom in živaljo pokaže pomembna razpoka – žival je tu sicer lahko simbol za nedolžnost, za »zaceljeni svet«, toda hkrati že postaja predvsem ona sama, torej nekaj drugega, kot smo mi. »Osamosvajanje živali« od naših predstav o njih doseže v pesmih iz *Minut prednosti* novo razvojno stopnjo: živali so tu že tisti drugi, a so hkrati tudi še persone. V zadnjih pesmih pa se živali popolnoma osamosvojijo in postanejo absolutni drugi. In ne samo to: s svojimi, z naše strani dokumentiranimi dejanji nasprotujejo našim utečenim predstavam o njih in nam na svoj nemi način zastavljajo vprašanje o tem, kdo so. In po tem vprašanju vprašanje, na katero smo naleteli ob koncu *Minut prednosti*: Kdo si? Kajti tisto vprašanje ni bilo nikoli samo stvar samoizpraševanja, oziroma ni bilo nikoli namenjeno le subjektu ali pesnici, ampak je vseskozi namenjeno tudi nam, bralkam in bralcem. Kdo si – onkraj vlog, ki jih igraš, onkraj etiket, ki ti jih pripisujejo, kdo si v razmerju do človeškega in ne samo do človeškega sveta.

Zdi se, da se prav to vprašanje nahaja v središču ali vsaj zelo blizu središča poezije Maje Vidmar, vedno znova in znova zastavljeno na nov način: včasih s pomočjo metafore, drugič neposredno, tretjič s pomočjo rabe persone ali pa s presenetljivo spremembo perspektive. Vprašanje morda ni toliko porojeno iz krize identitete, ampak se rojeva iz pozornega motrenja sebe in jezika, prek sebe in jezika motrenja drugega, prek odnosa z drugim družbe in prek družbe ponovno sebe in jezika v novi luči, ne nazadnje pa iz pozornega motrenja človeškega sveta in prek le-tega živalskega sveta in prek slednjega spet človeškega sveta.

Poezija Maje Vidmar je poezija o razmerjih in odnosih med različnimi entitetami in različnimi vidiki iste entitete. Kolikor je njena poezija poezija o komunikaciji in je tudi sama komunikativna, toliko je spet izmuzljiva, neulovljiva – ne ponuja nam odgovorov, zato pa nam zna ob pravem času in na pravem mestu vedno znova zastaviti pravo vprašanje.

Dvogovor s poezijo Maje Vidmar je spremna beseda k izboru poezije *The Gift of Delay: Selected Poems*, ki je v prevodu Andreja Pleterskega izšla leta 2017 pri založbi Dalkey Archive Press.

A Dialogue with Maja Vidmar's Poetry

Peter Semolič

The 1970s and most of the 1980s were dominated in Slovenian poetry by modernism, which was intensely involved with language at several levels, with sonority as well as morphology and syntax. At the same time, already the mid-seventies witnessed the emergence of poets whose poetic practice diverged in many respects from the established approach. These authors replaced their predecessors' "transmental" idiom with a more direct one, an idiom which, to put it simply, (re)enabled them to express in verse the world and themselves within that world. One of the strongest and most distinct poetic voices of the then younger generation certainly belonged to Maja Vidmar.

Maja Vidmar, born in 1961 in Nova Gorica, a town by the Slovenian-Italian border, lives as a freelance poet in Ljubljana. She has published seven poetry collections in Slovenian and as many in translation, and her poetry has been included in approximately seventy anthologies worldwide. Her work has been recognized with a number of national and international prizes. The former include the highest honor for a book of poetry in Slovenia, the Jenko Award, and the national award for literature and art, the Prešeren Foundation Award, for her collection *Prisotnost* (Presence), as well as the Velenjica-Cup of Immortality, which honours a decade of outstanding poetic work. Her international prizes include the Hubert Burda Prize for Young Poets (Offenburg, Germany), the Umberto Saba Award at the international poetry contest Trieste Scritture di Frontiera (Trieste, Italy), and the prize of the Network of Literary Cities (Nagrada mreže gradova književnosti, Pazin, Croatia). In addition, she received a Vienna scholarship in the framework of the Großer Preis für Osteuropäische Literatur.

Maja Vidmar attracted the attention of critics and readers with her very first poetry collection, *Razdalje telesa* (Distances of the Body, 1984). As the title suggests, the poems in *Distances of the Body* take place in the field of the intimate, with an emphasis on physicality and on the coming together and moving apart of two bodies, male and female. Contemporary criticism classified the collection as predominantly erotic poetry, which it certainly is, but it must be noted that eroticism has never been merely a physical issue

for Vidmar: the poetry in *Distances of the Body* is often permeated by intense, borderline emotions, such as pain, fear, or jealousy. An important prefiguration of her subsequent poetic trajectory is the cycle of poems written as a dialogue between lovers, since it is precisely dialogue, as this essay will show, that forms a central characteristic of her poetry.

In her next two poetry collections, *Način vezave* (Ways of Binding, 1988) and *Ob vznožju* (At the Base, 1998), Vidmar significantly expanded “both the thematic and aesthetic dimensions of her debut,” according to the poet Niko Grafenauer. The poems grow more dissonant, introducing new themes and motifs. Roughly speaking, *Ways of Binding* explores alienation, a world in which a love relationship between two people is merely one of the many possible ways of connecting, and as such it is for many reasons and in many respects arbitrary. The collection *At the Base*, on the other hand, addresses subjection, either to a man or to God, which implies inequality. Thus Vidmar’s poetry gradually loses its intimate character and comes to embrace distinct social themes as well, such as the theme of war in *At the Base*.

The trio that is Maja Vidmar’s early poetry collections left a substantial imprint on the Slovenian poetry scene. Indeed, it was her work that established women’s verse on the map of contemporary Slovenian literature: even when her poetry, like the poetry of her fellow women authors, still tended to be addressed in Slovenian criticism as a “variant of male poetry,” that label was being increasingly placed in parentheses. For various historical and cultural reasons, women poets had been an exception rather than the rule in Slovenian literature, and the image of woman in literary texts had largely reflected the traditional notions of woman and her role in society. This view wavered in the 1980s, when Slovenian society began to foster individual identities in addition to the dominant national identity. The process of society diversification was somewhat slowed down by Slovenia’s break away from Yugoslavia, which called for the unification of male and female citizens on a national basis, but it could not be stopped. The issue of partial identities was foregrounded again at the close of the millennium. From this perspective, too, a seminal poetry collection of the period was Maja Vidmar’s *Prisotnost* (Presence, 2005).

The poetry book *Presence*, which opens the present selection, represents a watershed in the author’s oeuvre. Although Maja Vid-

mar remains a lyric poet, that is, an author of short poetic texts polished to verbal perfection, there are major shifts within the narrowly circumscribed space of the poems. If her previous poetry was characterized by a relatively frequent use of rhyme and assonance, thus occasionally evoking the rhythms of folk songs, rhyme and assonance give way in her recent poems to a more pronounced free verse, which slows down and relaxes the rhythm, at the same time reinforcing and sharpening it. The language register is lowered: her poetry, which has up to now, especially through aposiopesis and omission, owed much to the modernist ideal of a “self-referential poem,” is invaded by everyday speech. “Make use of ordinary words / and used-up metaphors, / the way I use them,” she writes in the poem “Devices.” And with the coming of everyday phrases, her poetry is decisively infiltrated by social considerations. According to literary critic and poet Petra Koršič, the poems from *Presence* can be described in relation to Vidmar’s previous poetry as “a shift from microcosm to macrocosm, whereby the poet moves from private to public.” Gender, never limited in her poetry to biological gender alone, begins to grow with *Presence* into a social gender as well. Eroticism, the soil from which the bulk of her poetry springs, thus transcends the intimacy between two lovers, expanding into a field in which “dramas” are enacted between various social roles. Maja Vidmar’s poetry evolves into a distinct dialogue between various characters and *personae*, who are almost always portrayed in their relation to others: the reader thus encounters a woman among women, a woman among men, a woman in the role of a partner or mother, etc.

The collection *Sobe* (Rooms, 2008) seems to suggest the poet’s return to the first-person narrative, but this return may well be specious – according to literary critic and author Lucija Stepančič, “the impression prevails that it is all happening to a variety of people in a variety of circumstances.” Like Vidmar’s other collections, the book is meticulously arranged to form a gathering of rooms as well as of other spaces, such as cellars, bomb shelters, or tunnels, which witness the intimate dramas enacted within and between the protagonists of the various poems. Because it is slated for full-length publication in English, however, the collection *Rooms* is not included in our selection.

In her collection *Kako se zaljubiš* (How You Fall In Love, 2012) Vidmar takes a step further, positioning herself in a love relationship

with various objects, material or immaterial – a child, death, herself, a beloved man – as well as with the past and future, dog and man, and more. Thus her poetry often reaches beyond social roles, shedding new, surprising light on the objects of her poems and on their mutual relationships. Her next collection, *Minute prednosti* (A Minute Head Start, 2015), takes as its point of departure social labels, curious as to what lies beyond them.

In *A Minute Head Start* the poet again plays through a variety of roles, a role-playing which has by now become her distinctive feature. The poems take place in a socially and culturally marked intimacy, the writing springs from the subject's deep, erotic, well-nigh tactile attitude to the world. This is highlighted in the very first poem of the collection, "The Drumroll Rehearsal": "Be a robin / fluttering off onto a thin branch / of the flute, and a flutist / holding her breath. / Then breathe through all / the possible swaps / ...!" Her use of the *persona* significantly departs from that used in her earlier collections. At first the speakers are animals, but not in the tradition of animal fables. While the poet admittedly cannot help humanizing them somewhat by the very act of placing words into their mouths or beaks, she also recognizes the uniqueness of their relation to the human world. Continually addressing the subject, the animals in this collection evade the established use of the *persona* as well as repeatedly turn the subject into object. This use of the *persona*, an innovation in terms of poetry, results in a world which is no longer anthropocentric but centres on animals rather than humans: on a scorpion, fishes, a fawn, and others. A parallel process is the decentralization of the subject, particularly evident in the poems featuring allegorical figures which express certain aspects of the psyche, such as "the Worrisome Man", "the Sorrowful Man", or "the Cynical Man."

What is enacted before us, then, is a drama of decentralization – first of the world and then of the subject. The world is unstable, crumbling into images which are no less unstable, porous. A similar fate befalls the subject, dismembered into individual functions with which the "I" is in perpetual dialogue. This dialogue, however, seems both riddled with misunderstandings and accompanied by a silent struggle to control the functioning of the disintegrating subject, a subject which dissolves by the end of the book into a dialogue of undefined and unidentified voices. No animals or allegoric figures are left to lend shape to the voices talking past each other, or to

offer them the shelter of the – at least partly – familiar. The subject, which has up to this moment maintained a certain transparency to itself and to the reader, and which has still been capable of talking about being “lost,” is now truly lost. “*Who are you?*” is a question obsessively repeated throughout the concluding poems of *A Minute Head Start*, while the replies lack any clear starting-point or clear reference – they are but a multitude of voices quavering on the edge of field of hearing. Beginning with the “swaps,” continuing with disintegration of the anthropocentric world and dismemberment of the subject, the collection fades out into formlessness and solitude.

Indeed, it is this basic air of solitude that pervades Maja Vidmar’s latest poems, gathered in the present edition under the heading “A Child and Other Phenomena.” These poems boldly continue to develop certain aspects of her poetics. A case in point is her handling of animals. Animals feature in her early poetry as well, but mostly for those animal qualities which supposedly connect them to the human world. The collection *How You Fall In Love*, in contrast, introduces an important gap between subject and animal: the animal may symbolize innocence or “a healed world,” but it is already in the process of becoming mostly itself, that is, something different from us. This process of animals’ “emancipation” from our notions about them reaches a new phase in poems from *A Minute Head Start*: here, the animals already are the Other but continue as *personae* as well. In the latest poems, however, the animals fully emancipate themselves, becoming an absolute Other. Indeed, their acts, as documented by us, run counter to our established notions about them, dumbly confronting us with the question: Who are they? And through that question with another, the one encountered at the conclusion of *A Minute Head Start*: *Who are you?* This question has never been limited to self-examination, never intended solely for the subject or the author: it has always addressed us readers, too. Who are you – beyond all the roles you play, beyond the labels assigned to you, who are you in relation to the human, and not merely to the human, world?

It is this question that seems to lie at the core, or at least very close to the core, of Maja Vidmar’s poetry. It recurs again and again, always in a new way: sometimes through metaphor, sometimes directly, sometimes through the use of a *persona* or a startling change of perspective. Rather than from an identity crisis, the question springs from her perceptive contemplation of the self and of language. By

contemplating herself and language, she also contemplates the Other, establishing a relation to the Other – a relation which enables her to contemplate society as a whole. And this contemplation of society reveals to her both her own self and language in a new light. Last but not least, this question springs from contemplation of the human world, which leads to contemplation of the animal world, which in its turn again leads to contemplation of the human world.

The poetry of Maja Vidmar is a poetry of relation(ship)s between different entities and different aspects of the same entity. While her poetry addresses communication and is communicative itself, it is at the same time evasive, elusive – providing no answers, it nevertheless knows how to pose the right question, again and again, at the right time and in the right place.

Translated by Nada Grošelj

Zadnje poletje

Voda se ni shladila niti
ponoči, ko so prihajali
še zadnji junaki.
Težko je razložiti
ta zvok, toda počasi so
razrezali vse otroke,
čeprav jih je bilo
toliko, da so si iz
lask in prstkov pletli
mehke splave. Proti jutru
se je zdelo, da se objemajo,
a so si le mlada srca
izdirali v vroči mulj.

(Prisotnost, 2005)

Ko se zaljubiš
v svojega brata,
ugotoviš, da
nimaš brata,
in ga začneš
povsod iskati.
Celo na dolga
potovanja se
odpravljaš,
preoblečena
v najstarejšega,
srednjega in
najmlajšega sina.
Včasih sama,
včasih v troje
na vsaki poti, na
vsakem prehodu,
na vsakem koraku
od šole do doma
iščeš svojega
brata. Ko ga
najdeš, si
na varnem
za zmeraj.

(Kako se zaljubiš, 2012)

Ko se zaljubim
v svoje napake,
sem ena sama
napaka.
Ničesar drugega
ni ne zgoraj
ne spodaj ne
vmes.
Občutek je
podoben izbruhu
svobode,
le veliko bolj
duhovit.
Lahko bi se
zasmejala
že prej.

(Kako se zaljubiš, 2012)

Sreča

S srečo imam največ
težav. Razgraja mi
po hiši, premika
predmete, posebno
obtežilnike, dnevno
se igra potres
in konec sveta
in zdaj razumem,
zakaj nekateri, ko jim
sreča potrka na vrata,
raje zbolijo,
zaprejo polkna
in umrejo.

S srečo je tako,
ali sreča ali hiša.
Pa tudi nič drugega
mi ne pusti obdržati.
Solni steber žalosti,
ki sem ga komaj
izpraskala iz zemlje,
ne obstaja. Utrujenost,
kje pa! Nesposobnost,
kaj je to?

K sreči mi ni za hišo
in obtežilnike, še za
žalost ne toliko,
kot se včasih zdi.
Težko se ločim od
utrujenosti, težko od
nesposobnosti, a vse,
vse bi še nekako šlo,
ko bi le vedela,
kdo zdaj nosi moje
ime in kdo zdaj
vstopa in izstopa
tam, kjer hiše ni.

Ali je mogoče,
da me na neki
tržnici po pomoti
prodajo? Se lahko
zgodí, da me lastna
mati ne prepozna
in mi samo začudena
ponudi čaj, me
odslovi in ji dam
prav?

(Kako se zaljubiš, 2012)

Oseba, ki hodi po vrvi II

V moji družini
ni vrvohodcev,
še o norcih
niso govorili,
le tu pa tam
je bil kdo,
ki je šel in
vse prizadel.
Vsako jutro
stopam na
nevidno vrv –
tri korake tja
in potem nazaj
s cekarji iz
trgovine v rokah.

(Minute prednosti, 2015)

Vaja z udarcem na pavke

Tiho si predstavlja
simfonični orkester
med drevesi sredi gozda.
Pomisli na rjavi čelo,
zaboden v mehka tla,
tu in tam razsute bobne
in gladko tnalno pavk.
Zlato obrobo črnih debel
zamenjaj za lesk
raztegnjene pozavne
in ne spreglej drgeta
violinskih lokov poleg
hrastovih mladik.
Bodi taščica, ki prhne
na tanko vejo flavte,
in flavtistka, ki zadržuje dih.
Potem predihaj vse
možne zamenjave,
zamenjaj kože, tudi
črni lak prsti, in upaj
na tišino poka.

(Minute prednosti, 2015)

Kdo si?

Čakam na izvide.

Dokler jih kdo

ne pogleda,

so možnosti

odprte.

(Minute prednosti, 2015)

Še vedno bi rada,
da me vidiš.

Tu sem.

Da vidiš nekaj,
kar se že v osnovi
ne ujema,
a je bistveno.

Še vedno sem tu.

Nekaj rožnatega,
česar se sramujem.

Kdo si?

Če vidiš, je dovolj.

(Minute prednosti, 2015)

Brez besed

Ciničnemu sem
vzela baterijo.
Pisalo je plus in
minus. Nisem
je dala nazaj.
Ko bo usahnil,
ga bom nesla
s seboj.

(Minute prednosti, 2015)

Na trgu

Zjutraj smo prvi sprehajalci
zagledali zaledenelo nebo
nad praznim mestnim trgom.
Bilo je tako neresnično
kot slika z bledim vzorcem.
Izrisali so se tudi balvani,
ujeti zgoraj v ledeni prijem.
Z naraščanjem logike
je arhitektura nad nami
popuščala. Zaškripalo je
in začelo je padati
v ogromnih ostrih kosih.
Ledeni pršec je zametel trg.

(Otrok in drugi pojavi, nove pesmi)

Otrok I

Vsekakor je otrok.
Včasih je stara tri leta
ali celo manj in včasih
šest ali celo osem.

Ima moč konja,
ki vleče dva voza,
in ne dvomi,
da ju mora vleči.

Sebe si predstavlja
kot veliko, mrtvo
in razpadajočo gmoto.
Druge predstave nima.

Toda čuti se kot
nekaj majhnega,
golega in izpostavljenega.
Zato raje ne čuti.

Vodi svoje lastno
taborišče,
v katerem je zaprta.
Tam ureja svet.

Barva ograje, pobira
papirčke, razvršča ljudi
na splošno
na dobre in slabe.

Onemogoča slabe,
razdeljuje dobrine
in čisti oceane.
Potem je utrujena.

(Otrok in drugi pojavi, nove pesmi)

The Last Summer

The water hadn't even cooled down
at night when
the last heroes began to arrive.
It's hard to explain
that sound, but slowly they
cut up all the children
even though they were
so many one could weave
soft rafts from their little fingers
and their fine hair. By the morning,
the heroes seemed to be hugging, yet
they were only pulling out their own
young hearts into the baking silt.

(Presence, 2005)

When you fall in love
with your brother,
you realize you
don't have a brother,
and you start to look
for one everywhere.
Even when
setting out on long
journeys,
you're dressed
as the eldest,
the middle, and
the youngest sons.
Sometimes alone,
sometimes in threes,
on your every road,
on every walk,
at every turn
home from school,
you look for your
brother. On finding
him, you're
safe
forever.

(How You Fall In Love, 2012)

When I fall in love
with my mistakes,
I'm one big
mistake.
There's nothing
else up here
nor down there,
not even
in between.
It feels
like the outburst
of freedom,
only much
wittier.
I could have
smiled
earlier.

(How You Fall In Love, 2012)

Luck

Most of my problems
have to do with luck. It
swaggers about my house,
shifting my objects,
especially the paperweights,
every day it acts out
an earthquake and the end
of the world, so now I
understand why some
people, when luck knocks
on their door, prefer to get
sick, close the shutters,
and die.

With luck,
it's either luck or the house.
It wouldn't let me keep
anything else either.
The sorrowful pillar of salt
I've hardly scratched
from earth doesn't exist.
Tiredness, not at all!
Incompetence,
what's that?

Luckily, I don't care
for the house or the
paperweights, not even
sorrow as much as it may
seem at times. I find it hard
to part with tiredness, with
incompetence, but
everything would still be
pretty much okay if only
I knew who now carries
my name and who now
enters and exits where
there is no house.

Is it possible for me to
be sold by accident
at some market? Could it
happen that my own
mother wouldn't
recognize me, just
offering me some tea
in surprise, sending me
away, with me thinking
she's right?

(How You Fall In Love, 2012)

The Person Walking the Rope II

There are no ropewalkers
in my family,
even the fools
haven't been discussed,
only occasionally
somebody left,
hurting everybody.
Every morning
I step onto
an invisible rope –
three steps forward
and then back
with shopping
bags in my hands.

(A Minute Head Start, 2015)

The Drumroll Rehearsal

Silently imagine
a symphonic orchestra
among the trees in the middle
of a forest. Think of a brown cello
stuck in the soft ground, the drums
scattered here and there, and the smooth
chopping block of the timpani.
Replace the golden edging
of the black tree trunks for the luster
of the stretched trombone
and do not overlook the shiver
of the violin bows alongside
the oak shoots. Be a robin
fluttering off onto a thin branch
of the flute, and a flutist
holding her breath.
Then breathe through all
the possible swaps,
replace the skins along with
the black varnish of the soil, and hope
for the silence of the crack.

(A Minute Head Start, 2015)

Who are you?

I'm waiting for my lab results.
Until someone's had a look
at them,
all options are
open.

(A Minute Head Start, 2015)

I'd still want you
to see me.

Here I am.

To see something
that doesn't match
by definition,
yet it's essential.

I'm still here.

Something pink
I'm ashamed of.

Who are you?

To see is enough.

(A Minute Head Start, 2015)

Lost for Words

I removed the battery
from *the Cynical Man*.
It said plus and
minus. I haven't
given it back since.
When he dries up,
I'll take him
with me.

(A Minute Head Start, 2015)

In the Square

In the morning, we, the first strollers,
caught sight of a frozen sky
over the empty town square.

It was as unreal
as a picture with a pale pattern.
Boulders also took shape,
seized up there in the icy grip.
With the logic increasing,
the architecture overhead
began to loosen. It let out a shriek
and started to fall down in enormous
sharp fragments. The square was
buried under by the icy sprinkle.

(A Child and Other Phenomena, new poetry)

A Child I

She surely is a child.
At times, she's three
or even less, at times
six or even eight.

She has the power of a horse
pulling two wagons,
harboring no doubt
about needing to pull them.

She imagines herself
as a large dead
and decaying mass.
She has no other idea.

Yet she feels herself to be
something small,
naked and exposed.
So she prefers not to feel.

She runs her own
concentration camp
she's locked in.
She manages the world there.

She paints fences, picks up
candy wrappers, divides people,
in general terms,
into the good and the bad guys.

She disables the bad guys,
distributes goods
and cleans the oceans.
Then she's tired.

(A Child and Other Phenomena, new poetry)

Translated by Andrej Pleterski

**Literarna branja
Vilenice 2017**

*Vilenica Literary
Readings 2017*



Foto © Maja Bakić

Tanja Bakić

Tanja Bakić, rojena leta 1981 v Črni gori, je ena najbolj priznanih in širši javnosti poznanih črnogorskih avtorjev. Slednje tudi zaradi njenega zanimanja za britansko pop glasbo iz šestdesetih (npr. Brian Jones) in uspešne glasbene monografije *Voodoo Child: Priča o Džimiju Hendriksu* (*Voodoo Child: A Story About Jimi Hendrix*, 2013), v kateri je med drugim intervjuvala nekdanje Jimijevo dekle Kathy Etchingham in tonskega mojstra Rogerja Mayerja. Je avtorica petih hvaljenih pesniških zbirk, prvo je objavila pri petnajstih, zadnjo, *Sjeme i druge pjesme* (*Seme in druge pesmi*), pa leta 2013. Je tudi prevajalka, magistrica angleškega jezika in literature ter glasbena in literarna kritičarka. Z referatom *The Most Obscure and Most Angelic of All the English Lyrical Poets: William Blake in the Former Yugoslavia* (Najbolj temačen in angelski angleški lirski pesnik: William Blake v nekdanji Jugoslaviji) je sodelovala na kolokviju v londonski galeriji Tate Britain, kjer je izvedla tudi pesniški performans. Je redna gostja literarnih festivalov doma in v tujini, njene pesmi pa so objavljene v mednarodnih antologijah; je večkratna prejemnica štipendij, tudi pisateljske štipendije SEP za leto 2016 in štipendije Britanskega društva za raziskave sodobnih humanističnih ved. Živi v Podgorici.

Tanja Bakić, born in 1981 in Montenegro, is one of the most recognized and publicly known Montenegrin authors. That status is also due to her interest in British pop music of the 1960s (e.g. Brian Jones) and her successful monograph *Voodoo Child: Priča o Džimiju Hendriksu* (*Voodoo Child: A Story About Jimi Hendrix*), in which, among other content, she also interviewed Hendrix's former girlfriend, Kathy Etchingham, and his sound engineer, Roger Mayer. Bakić is the author of five highly-praised poetry collections, her debut being published when she was only 15, and the last one, *Sjeme i druge pjesme* (*The Seed and Other Poems*), in 2013. She is also a translator, holds an MA in English language and literature, and reviews music and literature. She took part in a colloquium in London's Tate Britain gallery with an academic paper titled "The Most Obscure and Most Angelic of All the English Lyrical Poets: William Blake in the Former Yugoslavia", and she also gave a poetry performance at the Tate Britain. Bakić is a regular guest of literary festivals at home in Montenegro as well as abroad. Her poems have been published in international anthologies, and she has been awarded fellowships several times, one of these being the Central European Initiative Fellowship for the year 2016, as well as the British Modern Humanities Research Association Fellowship. She currently lives in Podgorica.

Posljednja crnogorska virdžina¹

Tog avgustovskog jutra, kad se sunce
Tek uspeło na nebeski svod pomodrio od vođenja
ljubavi s morem
U toj zemlji što više nije mogla da bude njena
U tom gradu koji nikad nije ni bio njen
Tiho je zatvorila oči i usnula san zemlje.

Bila je lijepa, govorili su.
Još kao mlada. Talasasta smeđa kosa,
Ozareno lice, biserni osmijeh i pogled
Zarobljen u jednom trenutku mladosti
Kada se ona prurušila u ono što nikad nije ni bila
Da ne bi slušala zvuke zarobljenih suza
i glasove snova njezinog oca – snova koje
ona nije sanjala.

Bila je lijepa čak i kada su prolazile godine
Njene ukradene ljepote, ukradene prirode,
ukradene prošlosti.
Bila je lijepa, čak i kad se tog sumornog
popodneva ona

Odrekla svojih dalekih obala i mora
I zakoračila u snove svoga oca.

Gledala si svih ovih godina, draga Stano, tamo
Gdje se zvuk o svjetlost para, tamo gdje zemlja
postaje bijela, a krv uspavana.
Gledala si u život koji te mazio nije –
U težak poljski rad, u marljivo čuvanje
kuće i porodice,

¹ Stana Cerović (1936-2016) rođena je u selu Tušina kod Šavnika, a umrla je u primorskom crnogorskom gradiću Risan u Domu za stare. U skladu sa starim crnogorskim običajima, ako kuća ostane bez muškog nasljednika, jedna od kćeri može da odabere da postane sin. Kao mlada, Stana je dala zavjet svome ocu da će ostati njegov „jedinii preživjeli sin“ – da se neće udavati niti djecu rađati, i da će čuvati majku i sestre. Njezinom smrću, 1. avgusta 2016. ovaj stari običaj je iščezao iz Crne Gore.

U rano jutarnje nalaganje vatre,
 u brižno čuvanje stoke,
 U savjesno nošenje muške odjeće i frizure,
 U nametnuto kafansko pušenje duvana i
 noćno druženje s muškima.

Tim licem s očima bez obale,
 Tim očima zamrznutih suza,
 Tajila si davno napravljeni krik,
 Koji si kao odjek slušala svakoga jutra kada se probudiš
 I pogledaš u okrutno zrcalo. Šta si još vidjela?
 Boje svoje duše koje si ostavila cvijeću?
 Svjetlost očiju svojih koje si dala zimskom vjetru?
 Radost materinstva koje si ustupila pepelu?

Novi život ponovo si mogla imati
 Nove snove ponovo si mogla sanjati
 Kad god si ti to htjela. Ali nisi.

Pamtiš li sjaj noćnih svjetiljki što si ih palila
 Kada bi u studene jesenje večeri tišina duše tvoje
 Zaposjela bićem i postala glasnom, vrištala?
 Da li ti se onda duša od samoće bijelila,
 Da li si onda ukus ničije zemlje osjetila
 U čiju te je igru uplelo korijenje samoće
 Koje si ti sama odabrala?

Tog avgustovskog jutra kada se sunce
 Rastajalo od tebe na moru koje si
 tad vidjela prvi put,
 I nebu, koje je bilo onakvo
 kakvim ga nikad nisi sanjala,
 I kad je promrzla zemlja milovala tvoje sklopljene oči,
 Ja znam da si sanjala novi život i novu zemlju,
 Vjerujući u pravo na izgublenu sreću.

Neka druga rijeka²

Ima neka druga rijeka u ovoj rijeci
 Koja počinje tamo gdje završava duga –
 Zrake ničije ne prima,
 Kišu ničiju ne uzima
 Ničijim ne teče obalama.
 A završava tamo
 gdje počinje magla.

Ta druga rijeka mre i sni
 tuđim snovima.
 Tom drugom rijekom plove oni –
 tamo gdje Mjesec krati niti svoje,
 tamo gdje oči su koje oči tuđe draže,
 tamo gdje ruke su koje ruke druge traže.

„Moramo poći“ – tako su govorili,
 „Živote da sagradimo nove“ – tako su govorili,
 „Prošlost da zaboravimo“ – tako su govorili.
 „Prodali smo auta, imanja i kuće“ – tako su govorili.
 „Oprostili se od rođaka, oca, majke“ – tako su govorili.
 „Ne znamo šta nas čeka, ali morali smo poći“ – tako su govorili.

Ovom rijekom čudnom oni su zaplovili,
 Jer nemaju više sna,
 Jer ruke su im pune kiša i oblaka,
 A usta puna neprogutanih suza.

Ovom rijekom čudnom oni su zaplovili,
 Jer prsti su im puni krhotina,
 Jer jutra su im se u noći pretvorila,
 A noći u dane bez svitanja.
 Ovom čudnom rijekom oni su zaplovili
 jer krici rana na zraku sunca su im ostali.

² Pjesma je posvećena velikim migracijama koje su zadesile Crnu Goru tokom 2015. godine, odakle su ljudi odlazili u zemlje EU, a najviše u Njemačku. Radi se o najvećem talasu migracija stanovništva nakon završetka rata u Jugoslaviji. Metafora za ove migracije pjesnički je i vizuelno dočarana oblikom rijeke.

„Prodali smo sve. Bez ičeg smo ostali“ – tako su govorili.

„Nemamo ništa više osim nade
I zemlje nove“ – tako su govorili.

„Moja beba uskoro će se roditi“ – tako je govorila majka jedna,
„Vrlo brzo... na onoj tamo zemlji“.

Na svaki pređeni kilometar rijeke
raste kilometar nade.
Što više rijekom se plovi,
sve manje riječi se zbori.

Mislim da ova rijeka ne postoji
ni na jednoj geografskoj karti.

*Zadnja črnogorska virdžina*¹

Tistega avgustovskega jutra, ko se je sonce
ravno povzpelo na nebesni svod, ves sinji od ljubljenja
z morjem,

v tej deželi, ki ni več mogla biti njena,
v tem mestu, ki nikoli ni bilo njeno,
je tiho zaprla oči in utonila v sanje zemlje.

Lepa je bila, so pripovedovali.
Že kot mlada. Valoviti rjavi lasje,
ozarjen obraz, biserni nasmeh in pogled,
ujet v nekem trenutku mladosti,
ko se je preoblekla v nekaj, kar nikoli ni bila,
da ne bi poslušala zvokov ujetih solza
in glasov sanj svojega očeta – sanj, ki jih
sama ni sanjala.

Lepa je bila, celo po tem, ko so minevala leta
njene ukradene lepote, ukradene narave,
ukradene preteklosti.
Lepa je bila, celo tedaj, ko se je tistega mračnega
popoldneva

odrekla svojim daljnim obalam in morju
in zakorakala v sanje svojega očeta.

Gledala si vsa ta leta, draga Stana, tja,
kjer se zvok para ob svetlobi, tja, kjer zemlja
postaja bela, kri pa uspavana.
Gledala si v življenje, ki te ni razvajalo –
v težko delo na polju, v marljivo varovanje
hiše in družine,

¹ Stana Cerović (1936–2016) se je rodila v vasi Tušina pri Šavniku, umrla pa je v primorskem črnogorskem mestecu Risan v domu za ostarele. V skladu s starimi črnogorskimi običaji se lahko, če hiša ostane brez moškega naslednika, ena od hčera odloči, da bo postala sin. V mladosti je Stana svojemu očetu dala zaobljubo, da bo ostala njegov »edini preživeli sin« – da se ne bo poročila in ne bo imela otrok ter da bo skrbela za mater in sestre. Z njeno smrtjo 1. avgusta 2016 je ta stari običaj izginil iz Črne gore.

v zgodnje jutranje prižiganje ognja,
v skrbno varovanje živine,
v zavestno nošenje moških oblačil in pričeske,
v vsiljeno gostilniško kajenje tobaka in
nočno druženje z možmi.

S tem obrazom z očmi brez obale,
s temi očmi zamrznjenih solza
si prikrivala davno porojeni krik,
ki si ga kot odmev poslušala vsako jutro, ko si se zbudila
in pogledala v kruto zrcalo. Kaj si še videla?
Barve svoje duše, ki si jih pustila cvetju?
Svetlobo svojih oči, ki si jih dala zimskemu vetru?
Veselje materinstva, ki si ga odstopila pepelu?

Novo življenje lahko bi znova imela,
nove sanje lahko bi znova sanjala,
kadarkoli bi si zaželela. A nisi.

Ali se spominjaš bleska nočnih svetilk, ki si jih prižigala,
ko je v hladnih jesenskih večerih tišina duše tvoje
zasedla bitje in postala glasna, vreščala?
Ali se je tvoja duša tedaj od samote belila,
ali si takrat okus nikogaršnje zemlje občutila,
v katerega igro so te vpletle korenine samote,
ki si jih ti sama izbrala?

Tistega avgustovskega jutra, ko se je sonce
poslavljal od tebe na morju, ki si ga
takrat prvič videla,
in na nebu, ki je bilo takšno,
kot ga nikoli nisi sanjala,
in ko je premražena zemlja božala tvoje zaprte oči,
vem, da si sanjala o novem življenju in novi deželi
in verjela v pravico do izgubljene sreče.

Neka druga reka²

V tej reki je neka druga reka,
ki se začenja tam, kjer se konča mavrica –
 nikogaršnjih žarkov ne sprejema,
 nikogaršnjega dežja ne jemlje,
 ne teče po nikogaršnjih bregovih.

Konča pa se tam,
 kjer se začne megla.

Ta druga reka koprni in sanja
 tuje sanje.

Oni plujejo po tej drugi reki –
 tja, kjer Luna krajša niti svoje,
 tja, kjer so oči, ki tuje oči dražijo,
 tja, kjer so roke, ki druge roke iščejo.

»Odití moramo,« tako so govorili.

 »Da si zgradimo nova življenja,« tako so govorili.

 »Da pozabimo preteklost,« tako so govorili.

 »Prodali smo avte, imetje in hiše,« tako so govorili.

 »Poslovili smo se od sorodnikov, očeta in matere,« tako so govorili.

 »Ne vemo, kaj nas čaka, vendar smo morali oditi,« tako so govorili.

Po tej reki čudni so zapluli,
ker nimajo več sanj,
ker so njihove roke polne oblakov in dežja,
usta pa nepogoltnjenih solza.

Po tej reki čudni so zapluli,
ker so njihovi prsti polni črepinj,
ker so se njihova jutra spremenila v noči,
noči pa v dneve brez zarje.
Po tej reki čudni so zapluli,
 ker so njihovi kriki ran ostali na žarku sonca.

² Pesem je posvečena velikim migracijam, ki so leta 2015 prizadele Črno goro; ljudje so odhajali v države EU, najpogosteje v Nemčijo. Gre za največji val migracij prebivalstva po koncu vojne v Jugoslaviji. Metafora za te migracije je pesniško in vizualno dočarana z obliko reke.

»Prodali smo vse. Brez vsega smo ostali,« tako so govorili.

»Ničesar več nimamo, razen upanja
in dežele nove,« tako so govorili.

»Moj dojenček se bo kmalu rodil,« tako je govorila mati neka,
»zelo kmalu ... v tisti tam deželi.«

Z vsakim kilometrom, narejenim po tej reki,
raste kilometer upanja.

Čim dlje se pluje po reki,
tem manj se besed govori.

Mislim, da ta reka ne obstaja
niti na enem zemljevidu.

Prevedla Sonja Dolžan

*The Last Sworn Virgin of Montenegro*¹

That August dawn, when the Sun
Had just risen into the firmament of the sky
 bruised from making love to the sea
In that land which no longer could be hers
In that town which never had been hers
She quietly closed her eyes and dreamt a dream of the Earth.

Once she had been beautiful. That's what they say.
When she was young. Wavy brown hair,
A radiant face, pearly smile and a gaze
Captured in one moment of her girlhood
When she dressed herself up into something that
 she had never been
So as not to listen to the sounds
 of her father's captured tears
Nor the voices of his dreams – dreams
 she did not dream.

She was beautiful even as the years passed by—
Years of her stolen beauty, of her stolen nature,
of her stolen past.
She was beautiful even when on that dismal
afternoon she
denied her distant shores and seas
and entered her father's dreams.

All of those years, dear Stana, you looked where
The sound splinters the light, where the ground
Turns white, and the blood becomes sleepy.
You stared into a life which did not indulge you

¹ Stana Cerović (1936–2016) was born in the village of Tušina near Šavnik. She passed away in the small coastal town of Risan at a retirement home. According to Montenegrin patriarchal practice, if the head of a household dies without a male heir, one of his daughters can choose to become his son. At her early age, Stana vowed to her father that she would remain “his only surviving son” – she would never get married, nor have children, but she would take care of her mother and sisters. With her death, on 1 August 2016, this archaic practice was extinguished from Montenegro.

Into hard work in the field, into tireless taking care
of home and family,
Into the early morning kindling of fire,
Into the careful tending of sheep,
Into the conscious wearing of men's clothes and a man's haircut,
Into the imposed tobacco smoking in taverns,
into the night-time hanging out with men.

With that face of shoreless eyes
With those eyes of frozen tears you have kept inside
the cry you let out long ago
Returning to you like an echo every morning when you wake up
And look at yourself into the cruel mirror. What else did you see?
The colours of your soul left to the flowers?
The light of your eyes you gifted to the winter wind?
The joy of motherhood you consigned to the ashes?

You could have had a new life again.
You could have dreamed new dreams again
Whenever you wished. But you never did.

Do you remember the light of the night candles you lit
When on late autumn evenings the stillness of your soul
Possessed your being, turning louder, screaming?
Was it then that your soul turned white from solitude,
Was it then that you felt the taste of no man's land
In whose playful schemes you were ensnared
by the roots of lonesomeness
That you chose for yourself?

That August dawn as the Sun
 Bid you goodbye on the sea
 which you saw then for the first time
 and in the sky, which appeared
 as you had never dreamed it before,
 and when the frozen ground beneath caressed your closed eyes,
 I know you dreamt of a new life and a new land
 Believing in your own right to that lost happiness.

*Some Other River*²

There is some other river within this river
Which begins where the rainbow ends –
 Receiving nobody's rays,
 Taking nobody's rain,
 Flowing down nobody's shores.
Ending over there where
 The fog begins.

That other river dies and dreams
 Other people's dreams.
Along that river they sail –
 where the Moon shortens his thread,
 where eyes pursue somebody else's eyes,
 where hands seek somebody else's hands.

“We must leave” – so they spoke,
 “To build our new lives” – so they spoke,
 “To forget our past” – so they spoke.
 “We sold our cars, properties and houses” – so they spoke.
 “We said farewell to our cousins, fathers, mothers” – so
 they spoke.
 “We know not what awaits us out there,
 but we had to go” – so they spoke.

They sail along that strange river,
Since they have no more dreams,
Since their hands are full of rain and clouds,
And their mouths full of unswallowed tears.

² This poem is dedicated to the great wave of migration that occurred in 2015 in Montenegro, from where people moved to the EU, mainly to Germany. It was the greatest wave of migration that has happened since the Yugoslav wars. Both on a poetic and visual level, the metaphor for that migration is given in the poem in the form of the river.

They sail along that strange river,
For their fingers are full of holes,
For their mornings have turned to nights,
And their nights to dawnless days.
They sail along that strange river,
For they are left with the screams of wounds from the sun's rays.

"We sold everything. Now we have nothing" – so they spoke.
"Hope is the only thing we have now,
And the new land" – so they spoke.

"My baby will be born soon" – so one mother spoke,
"Very soon now... in that new land."

Every mile they pass on the river
Is a mile of raised hopes.
The more they sail along the river,
The less words they speak.

I think that this river does not exist
On any geographical map.

Translated by Peter Stonelake and the author



Foto © Mateja Jordovič Potočnik

Andrej Blatnik

Andrej Blatnik se je rodil leta 1963 v Ljubljani. Po študiju je bil svobodni pisatelj, urednik revije *Literatura* in pri Cankarjevi založbi, zdaj pa je izredni profesor knjigarstva na ljubljanski Filozofski fakulteti. Med letoma 2007 in 2015 je bil predsednik žirije za nagrado Vilenica. Blatnik je ena osrednjih osebnosti slovenske postmoderne generacije. Njegov roman *Plamenice in solze* (1987, predelana izdaja 2005) je temeljno postmodernistično delo v slovenski literaturi. Objavil je še dva romana in pet zbirk kratkih zgodb, nazadnje *Saj razumeš* (2009), eseje, znanstveno monografijo *Neonski pečati – književnost v digitalnem času* (2005), učbenik *Pisanje kratke zgodbe* (2010) in prevedel več ameriških avtorjev. Svoje zgodbe je bral po vsem svetu, prevedene pa so v več kot 30 jezikov in vključene v antologije, med drugim v ameriški izdaji *Best European Fiction 2010* (Najboljše evropsko leposlovje 2010) in *Short: An International Anthology of Five Centuries of Short Short Stories* (Na kratko: mednarodna antologija petih stoletij kratkih kratkih zgodb, 2014). Med pomembnejšimi nagradami, ki jih je prejel, je nagrada Prešernovega sklada leta 2002, ruski prevod zbirke *Saj razumeš?* pa je leta 2016 dobil nagrado Premje Jugda za najboljšo slovansko zbirko kratke proze. Rad bere, gleda filme, posluša glasbo in potuje.

Andrej Blatnik was born in 1963 in Ljubljana, Slovenia. After finishing his studies, he was a freelance writer, then an editor at the *Literatura* journal and subsequently at the Cankarjeva založba publishing house; he is now an Associate Professor of Book Publishing at the Faculty of Arts in Ljubljana. Between 2007 and 2015, he was the President of the jury for the Vilenica Prize. Blatnik is one of the central figures of the Slovenian postmodern generation. His novel *Plamenice in solze* (Torches and Tears, 1987, reworked edition, 2005) is the central postmodern work in Slovenian literature. He published two more novels and five short story collections, e.g. *Saj razumeš?* (*You Do Understand*, 2009), essays, a scientific monograph *Neonski pečati – književnost v digitalnem času* (Neon Seals – Literature in the Digital Age, 2005), the manual *Pisanje kratke zgodbe* (Short Story Writing, 2010), and he has translated several American authors. He has read his stories all over the world, and they have been translated into more than 30 languages and published in many anthologies, among others in *Best European Fiction 2010* and, in 2014, *Short: An International Anthology of Five Centuries of Short Short Stories*. Some of the most important awards he received are the Prešern Foundation Award in 2002, as well as the Premje Jugda Award for the Russian translation of his collection *You Do Understand* for the best Slavic short fiction collection. He likes to read, watch films, listen to music, and travel.

Najbolj vznemirljivo

Ko jo terapevt vpraša, kaj jo je v življenju najbolj vznemirilo, dolgo molči. Nato reče, da se je njen mož nekoč peljal za parom na malem motorčku, rečejo jim vespe, se ji zdi. Bilo je soparno dolgo poletje in par se je očitno vračal s plaže. Izpod čelad jima je polzel pot, mož ji je pravil, da je vozil čisto blizu in videl te drobne potočke, kako so tekli po koži. Ženska, ki je sedela zadaj, je imela na sedež položeno pisano brisačo, bila sta v kopalkah, najbrž usnje na sedežu, če ni pravo, žge, kopalke so bile majcene, tanke, ji je rekel mož, skoraj kot zobne nitke.

In potem se je tej ženski zgornji del kopalk odpel in z eno roko je lovila pobegla trakca, z drugo pa se je vendarle morala, da ne bi padla, držati svojega moškega, ki ni vedel, kaj se dogaja. Lovila je trakca in tenka črta na hrbtu ji je poplesavala sem ter tja, ni bilo veliko sončenja zgoraj brez to poletje, je sklepal njen mož, ko je pripovedoval o tej vožnji, in velikokrat je pripovedoval, v družbi ali samo njej, morda tudi samemu sebi, kadar ga dolgo ni bilo iz kopalnice, kdo bi vedel. Ampak potem sta nekam zavila, je rekel, in ni mogel povedati, ali je kopalke obdržala ali pa jih je odnesel veter. Moral bi voziti za njima, je včasih dodal, le v mislih, a ona je slišala.

In ta vožnja, o kateri je govoril njen mož, in ta pogled na hrbet te ženske, ki ji je zgornji del kopalk uhajal, to je bilo tisto najbolj vznemirljivo. O tem je velikokrat sanjala. Tudi danes bo, nazadnje še reče, čisto tiho. Terapevt razumevajoče pokima.

Kopnina

To se je zgodilo v časih, ko imel sem še lase, daljni časi so zdaj to, včasih pa so bili čisto tu, včasih je bilo vse vsak večer prav čisto tu, ampak nočem zdaj o tem, ne bomo zdaj o tem.

O tistem bi, kar je bilo takrat zvečer, o tem, kako sem sredi vseh teh žensk zagledal njo, kako sem rekel: *kako je lepa!* in se je smeh pričel, kolegi so mi rekli, se ti je zmešalo, *lepa? ta?*

Jaz pa sem jih pustil, naj govorijo, kar se jim pač zdi, in sem šel do nje in ji rekel, če bi plesat šla, in se je smejala, rekla je: *a mama ti pusti?*

Ampak nič narobe ni bilo, ko rekla je tako, nič narobe, le prijazno in toplo.

In potem sem ji rekel še, da bi nama kupil kaj za pit, pa se je smejala spet in rekla, da že v redu, da lepo, in potem je res bilo lepo in nisem šel s prijatelji domov.

In mi je povedala potem, da ji je ureznino na trebuhu pustil kapitan, od katerega je hotela hitro, zanj prehitro proči.

In je rekla še, da je potem morju raje rekla ne, pa je bilo veliko povabil, ampak morje je nevarno, kak kapitan bi spet prišel. Pride pa tak čas, ko človek mora zbrisat strah, mora tja, kamor je težko, in zdaj je tu, in je lepo.

In govorila mi je še in še, in to reči, za katere sem mislil, da jih ni, ali da nobena se v resnici ne zgodi, njej pa so se, in se ji včasih, če ni na preži, še.

In potem sem moral, *moral* reč, da zdaj pa grem, da moram biti zjutraj v svoji postelji, sicer ne bom več smel na ples, in se je spet smejala in rekla, da to ve, da je vedela, da bom moral, da bom šel.

In da je bilo lepo.

In sem samo še na vratih vprašal: *prideš še na ples?*

In zdaj se zmeraj, ko grem mimo tam, kjer se dolgo že ne pleše več, kjer več nikogar ni, kjer že leta se gradi, največji hotel vsenaokrog, lastnik je vsak mesec drug, in potem vse stoji, še zdaj se zmeraj, ko grem mimo tam, spomnim, kakšna je bila, ko je rekla: *ne, jutri moram že nazaj.*

Kakšna, vprašáš? Žalostna.

In vedel sem, že takrat, da je bilo tako, kot je bilo, zato, da se bom spomnil vsakič, ko bom mimo šel, in tudi sicer velikokrat, v nočeh, ko se ne spi, se spomnil, kako je to bilo, takrat in tam, v tistih daljnih časih, ko imel sem še lase.

Varen prostor

Več je manj, Lydia Davis

To je tisti trenutek: ko je treba s tal pobrisati raztresene špagete z omako vred, ko je treba pazljivo pobrati razbite črepinje krožnikov in kozarcev, ko se zazdi, da je vsej uglajenosti navkljub vendar malce tekla kri, ko zaloputnejo vrata daleč spodaj na koncu hodnika in se ne pogleda skozi okno –

– to je tisti trenutek, ko si mora priznati: ni toliko ženska, ki bi si želela otroka –

– kot je ženska, ki si ne želi, da si ne bi želela otroka.

Garaža

za Karla Browskega

Ljubi bog, ne zameri, da te ne kličemo tako pogosto, kot želiš. Imamo polne roke. Veliko dela.

Ljubi bog, hvala ti, da si uslišal naše želje in si nas znebil tanovega. Ni šlo drugače. Takoj je začel nekaj o plačah in o pogojih dela, motil je naše malice, take razprave samo netijo prepir, ve se, kdo dela in kdo deli denar, vsakemu svoje, svet je urejen, kdo smo mi, da to spremenimo? Ta pa nas je hotel vse napraviti za mučenike, ampak mi tega nočemo, mi hočemo živeti in delati!

Razumeti nas moraš, da smo se veselili, ko mu je šef z dvigalko razbil obraz; in ne, nismo rekli policiji, da ne vemo, kaj se je zgodilo, da je pri našem delu pač veliko nesreč, samo zato, ker bi nas skrbela plača. Tako je bilo bolje, ljubi bog. Po tleh je bilo treba pomiti, a zdaj se spet veselimo, da lahko delamo dalje: prej je postajalo že neznosno, zdaj bo v garaži mir.

Astralna ločitev

Parček ob bazenu, utrujen od dolgočasnega dneva, si navdušeno izmenjuje obljube iz horoskopa. Kaj vse lepega jima napoveduje! Dolga ljubezen, veliko denarja, pridni otroci. To so res dobre počitnice, si mislita, dobro sva izbrala, kako naj bo drugače, dobra človeka sva, svet je pravičen.

A glej težavo, ki se jima bliža, nebo je ponagajalo ali pa je kaj pogoljufal astrolog, zmašil skupaj astralno napoved po pretekli noči, ne da bi se ozrl v zvezde, kajti nikjer ne piše prava, nesrečna usoda: da bo čez nekaj minut enemu izmed vrtnarjev, ki bo z električnimi škarkarji obrezoval grmičevje ob bazenu, nesrečno spodrsnilo in se bo s škarkarji vred znašel v vodi. Kjer se onadva ravno razigrano škropita in razmišljata, kako bi dala ime otroku, ki sta ga morda zaplodila včeraj.

Elektrika in voda, to se ne more končati dobro. Kričanje, sirene rešilcev, a ni kaj pomagati. Sledijo veliki naslovi v časopisih, ugibanje o malomarnosti zaradi slabega ravnanja, spraševanja, ali ne bi morale take škarkarje kdaj že končati na odpadu, odpovedi rezervacij, čez nekaj mesecev bodo morali hotel zapreti, ne bo pozabljeno, kot so upali lastniki.

Nihče ne bo vedel, da ni bil kriv astrolog, ki je napoved pripravil skrbno kot vselej, da je šlo v nebesih nekaj narobe, nekaj drugače od pričakovanj. Nobenih otrok ne bo in nobenega bogastva. Nebesa so včasih tako neurejena.

Nisva

Kadar sem sploh lahko zaspala, je bilo v redu. A kadar nisem mogla spati, sem mislila nate in na najino prihodnost. Vedela sem, da bo kratka. Seveda bova kmalu spala skupaj. A kaj se bo potem spremenilo? Nisva, ki bi lahko bila skupaj, saj to veva oba, skupaj in vsak zase. In vendar sem šla s tabo na vse te kave, ki že dolgo niso bile več samo kave, in vse te kozarčke, kdo bi se spomnil, kaj je bilo v njih. In sva vsakič vedela, da nisva. In vendar si me vabil zmeraj znova in jaz sem zmeraj znova rekla, da mogoče, da lahko, da dajva, nikoli nisem rekla, da nisva. Morda bi morala reči takoj, ko sem vedela, a vedela sem takoj, in potem ne bi bilo nobenih kav, nobenih kozarčkov, nobenih vabil. Potem bi morala reči sama sebi: nisem. To zveni tako samotno. Nisva, to je bolje, dosti bolje.

Otroci politikov

Otroci politikov so umirali na skrivaj. Obešali so se, si tlačili glave v plinske pečice, iz funkcionarskih dodatkov so kupovali heroin in si ga vbrizgavali v zelo pretiranih odmerkih. Njihovi starši so na skrivaj hodili na pogrebe in potrpežljivo prenašali objeme in trepljanja po ramenih. Niso pisali spominov na zadnje dni s svojimi sinovi in hčerkami, med premori partijskih sestankov niso govorili o svojih bolečinah. Otroci politikov so bili skrita zgodba razglašenega družbenega uspeha. Če je kdo preglasno izgovarjal njihova imena, so ljudje začeli mrmrati. Ne motite napredka, prosim. Ob vsakem drvenju naprej kaj odpade. Vsak mora kaj žrtvovati. Spodobi se, da tisti zgoraj, ki nosijo več, tudi žrtvujejo več.

Ko je prvič vtaknil električno kitaro v marshalla in skozenj pognal uvodno frazo *Bandiere Rosse*, je že vedel, kako se bodo imenovali. *Otroci politikov*. To ime bo lepo pristajalo naslovnici in nihče se ne bo čudil, ko bodo s takim imenom pri sedemindvajsetih že vsi mrtvi. Tako se spodobi, si bodo mislili ljudje, čeprav ne bo nihče rekel na glas, če pa odraščáš v taki družini. Potem bodo postali res slavni. Vsi bodo govorili, kako so bili dobri, in se spraševali, zakaj jim prej tega ni nihče hotel priznati. Najboljše postane, ko je končano.

Most Exciting

When her therapist asks what was the thing that excited her most in life, she's silent a long time. Then she says there was this time her husband was driving behind a couple on one of those little motor-bikes, what they call a scooter, she thinks. It was a long, sweltering summer and the couple was obviously coming back from the beach. Sweat trickled down from under their helmets, her husband said he was driving real close behind and could see the tiny rivulets slithering down the skin. Riding pillion, the woman had a bright beach towel on the seat, they were both in bathing suits, the leather of the seats must burn if it's fake, and her bikini was teeny-weeny, skimpy, her husband said, hardly more than dental floss.

And then this woman's bikini top came undone and she tried to catch the fugitive strings with one hand while holding on to her man with the other; he had no idea what was going on. She tried to catch the flimsy strings, and the thin tan line on her back wiggled around, she couldn't have sunbathed topless much that summer, reasoned her husband when he talked about that ride, and he talked about it a lot, in company or just to her, perhaps also to himself when he took a long time coming out of the bathroom, who could say. But then they turned off the road, he said, and he couldn't say if she kept her bikini top or if it was blown off by the wind. I should've kept following them, he sometimes added, only in his mind, but she could hear him anyway.

That car ride her husband talked about, the view of that woman's back with the elusive bikini top—that was the most exciting thing ever. She's dreamed about it often. She'll also dream about it tonight, she says at last, very softly. Her therapist nods understandingly.

Mainland

This happened back in the day when I still had a full head of hair, way, way back it seems now, but back then it was all right here, every night was right here, but let's not, I don't want to go into that now.

I'd rather talk about that night, about how she, out of all the women there, caught my eye, how I said: *My, she looks fine!* and the laughter broke out, my friends saying, are you out of your mind, *her? fine?*

I let them scoff, say what they would, and I went over and asked her to dance, and she laughed and said: *You sure your mom's okay with this?*

It wasn't mean the way she said it, though, not mean at all, just nice and warm.

And then I said I'd buy us a drink, and she laughed again and said it was okay, that was nice, and that's just how it turned out to be, *nice*, and I didn't go home with the guys.

And then she told me she'd got the scar on her stomach from a captain she wanted to get away from fast, too fast to his mind.

And she said that after that she'd preferred to stay away from the coast, despite being asked to come; the coast's dangerous, some other captain could happen along. But then comes a time one must face one's fears, must go where it's hard to go, so now she's here, and she's having a ball.

She talked some more, she went on and on about stuff I didn't think was real, or at least wouldn't happen to anyone I'd ever know, but it had to her, and still did sometimes if she let herself go.

And then I had to, I *had* to say I had to go, I had to be in my bed in the morning or I couldn't go dancing anymore, and she laughed and said she knew, that she'd known all along that I'd have to, that I'd go.

And that it had been nice.

The last thing I said was at the door: *Will you come dancing again?*

And now every time I walk by that place where nobody's danced in years, the hall razed to make room for what's always going to be the biggest hotel for miles, owned by a new developer every few months and then all the work dies, every time I walk by that place I remember the look on her face as she said: *No, I have to go back tomorrow.*

What look, you ask? A sad look.

And I knew even back then that it had been the way it had, so that I would remember every time I walked by, and many other times as well, in sleepless nights, how it had been, then and there, way back when I still had a full head of hair.

Safe Place

Less is more, Lydia Davis.

That's the moment: When the spilled spaghetti and sauce have to be cleaned off the floor, when the shards of broken plates and glasses have to be carefully picked up, when it seems some blood might have been drawn despite all the refinement and breeding, when the door at the far end of the corridor slams shut and she doesn't look out the window—

—that's the moment she has to admit to herself: She's not so much a woman who wants to have a child as she is—

—a woman who does not want not to want to have a child.

Garage

for Karl Browksi

Dear God, I hope you don't mind that we don't call on you as often as you'd want. We have our hands full. Lots of work.

Dear God, thank you for granting our wishes and getting rid of the new guy for us. There was no other way. Straight off he started talking about pay and conditions, disrupting our lunch breaks; discussions like that just start fights, everyone knows who works and who distributes the money, each to his own, that's the way of the world, who are we to change that? This guy, he wanted to turn us into martyrs, and we don't want that, we want to live and work!

You must understand, we were glad when the boss bashed his face in with a crowbar, and no, it wasn't just because we were worried about our paychecks that we told the police we didn't know what went down, that accidents happen in our line of work. It was better that way, dear God. We had to wash the floor, but now we're happy we can go on working; it was getting unbearable, now our garage is peaceful again.

Astral Separation

Tired out by the tediousness of the day, the couple by the pool eagerly read to each other what their horoscopes promise. What wonderful things are forecast! Long-lasting love, loads of money, good kids. This is one good vacation, they think, we've chosen well, but that's to be expected, we're good people, the world is just.

But lo and behold, trouble is looming; the heavens must have played a dirty trick, or else the astrologer has cheated, slapping together an astral prediction after a night on the booze without consulting the stars, because their real, adverse fate isn't written anywhere: A few minutes from now, one of the gardeners pruning a bush by the pool with an electric trimmer will slip so unfortunately he'll end up in the water, trimmer and all. In the water where right now they're playfully splashing each other and thinking about what to name the baby they may have conceived yesterday.

Electricity and water, that can't end well. Screams, ambulance sirens, but nothing to be done. Then come the banner headlines, speculations about negligence and malpractice, wonderings as to whether such trimmers shouldn't have been disused long ago, cancellations of reservations, and in a few months' time the hotel will have to close, the whole thing won't blow over as the owners will hope.

No one will ever know that it wasn't the astrologer's fault, that he had drawn up his prognoses as painstakingly as always, that something had gone wrong in the heavens, had gone against expectations. There will be no children and no prosperity. The heavens are sometimes so messy.

We're Not

It was okay when I managed to sleep. But when I couldn't, I'd think about you and our future. I knew it wouldn't last. Sure, we'd soon sleep together. But what would that change? We're not a good match, we both know that, together and apart. And yet I went for all those coffees with you, coffees that had long ceased being just coffees, and all those drinks, who could remember what they were. And we knew every time that we're not. And yet you asked me out over and over again, and over and over again I said maybe, okay, let's, I never said that we're not. Maybe I should've said it the moment I knew it; but I knew it straight away and then there would've been no coffees, no drinks, no invitations. Then I should've told myself: I'm not. That sounds so lonesome. We're not is better, much better.

Children of Politicians

Children of politicians died in secret. They would hang themselves, stick their heads in gas ovens, buy heroin from their parents' functional bonuses and shoot up in very excessive doses. Their parents attended their funerals in secret, patiently putting up with the hugs and the pats. They didn't write memoirs of their final days with their sons and daughters, they didn't speak of their pain in the breaks during Party meetings. Children of politicians were the secret story behind the much-touted social success. If anyone spoke their names too loudly, people would mutter. Don't interfere with progress, please. Whenever it's full speed ahead, something's bound to fall off. Everyone must make sacrifices. It's only proper that those above, carrying a greater load, also sacrifice more.

When he first connected his electric guitar to a Marshall amp and played the opening bars of *Bandiera Rossa*, he knew what name they would take. *Children of Politicians*. It would look good on magazine covers, and with that name, no one would wonder when they'd all be dead by twenty-seven. That's how it should be, people would think though not say it out loud, if you grow up in a family like that. Then they'd become really famous. Everybody would talk about how good they were, and wonder why nobody would acknowledge it before. It becomes best when it's over.

Translated by Tamara M. Soban



Foto © Maurizio Frullani

Antonella Bukovaz

Antonella Bukovaz se je rodila leta 1963 v vasi Topolovo (Topolò) v Benečiji, ob slovensko-italijanski meji. Tu je napisala tudi svoje prve pesmi, ki so bile leta 2006 objavljene v zbirki *Tatuaggi* (Tattoo). Je pesnica in performerka ter rada sodeluje pri različnih umetniških projektih na obeh straneh meje. Med drugim je soustvarila in nastopila v treh predstavah sonoričnega gledališča vrhunske slovenske režiserke zvoka Hanne Preuss, nazadnje v *Pavani za Antigono* (2014). Besedila za predstave so izšla v dvojezični izdaji *3 X 3 besede za teater / 3X3 parole per il teatro* (2016). Za delo *Storia di una donna che guarda al dissolversi di un paesaggio* (Zgodba o ženski, ki gleda razkrajanje pokrajine) je 2009 prejela nagrado Antonia Delfinija, 2011 je izšla njena pesniška zbirka *al Limite* (na Meji) skupaj z DVD-jem (video: Paolo Comuzzi, glasba: Antonio Della Marina), 2012 pa je bila njena poezija objavljena v antologiji *Nuovi poeti italiani 6* (Novi italijanski pesniki 6). Zadnja leta se posveča predvsem poeziji, pri čemer jo še posebej zanima interakcija med besedami, zvokom in podobami, ki se izrazi na literarnih branjih, v videopoeziji in avdio-video instalacijah. Njene pesmi so prevedene v več jezikov, objavljene v antologijah in na spletu. Trenutno živi v Čedadu.

Antonella Bukovaz was born in 1963 in the village of Topolò (Topolovo) in Veneto on the Slovenian-Italian border. Here she also wrote her first poems, which were published in a collection under the title *Tatuaggi* (Tattoo) in 2006. She is a poet and a performer who is involved in several art projects on both sides of the border. Among other things, she co-created and performed in three plays by the renowned sound designer Hanna Preuss's Sonorous Theatre, most recently *Pavana za Antigono* (Pavane for Antigone, 2014). The texts of the plays were published in the bilingual publication *3 X 3 besede za teater/3X3 parole per il teatro* (3x3 Words for Theatre, 2016). She received the Antonio Delfini Award in 2009 for her work *Storia di una donna che guarda al dissolversi di un paesaggio* (History of a Woman Watching the Landscape Dissolving), in 2011 her poetry collection *al Limite* (on the Border) was published together with a DVD (video: Paolo Comuzzi, music: Antonio Della Marina) and in 2012, her poetry was published in the anthology *Nuovi poeti italiani 6* (New Italian Poets 6). Lately, her focus is mostly on poetry, with her special interest lying in the interaction between words, sound and images at poetry readings, in video-poetry, and audio-video installations. Her poems have been translated into several languages, published in many anthologies, and online. She currently lives in Cividale del Friuli.

Antigone

guardami
sono lo specchio del corpo insepolto
riflessa, capovolta
la legge divina dimora e scorre
mentre viva, sepolta, mi divora
nel corpo acceso
sua dimora
guardami
tu sei in me
non per fusione ma per riduzione
ridotto a me
dico di me e di te
del tradimento e della legge
dico che sono sola
integra, incarnata
sola con me
sola con te dentro di me
ora nasco alla storia
aspettavo da molto tempo
sola nella violenza del silenzio
in questo vuoto
in bilico
tra amore e conoscenza

* * *

guardami
qui dove ho posato il mio cuore, nasco
nasco dalla legge prima
dal diritto alla pietà, alla solidarietà
sono il diritto alla morte
sono la debolezza
la carezza del dolore
guardami
sono il tempo della resistenza
sono tutti gli antenati
e tutta la discendenza
la carne
innestata alla carne

un lupo affamato è il peccato di mio padre
in me, riflesso capovolto
che veglio sul dio disarmato
guardami
io dico che l'aria aperta dal flusso del cuore
porta in sé una forma di rivoluzione
degli spazi
può rivoltare i margini una corrente così
porta venti che arrossano
le nuvole all'orizzonte, disorienta
gli occhi dei tronchi dei faggi

* * *

guardami
muove verso la soglia la vita
non c'è luogo migliore per la rivolta
e sarà amore per l'ultima parola
e sarà parola-fondamento
sarà amore che genera metamorfosi
sarà civiltà, sarà diritto
parlerà la legge della creazione
intrecciata all'ultimo mio respiro
e tu? per chi? ricopri di splendore
il tuo potere cieco
dalla luce del mio sepolcro
canto la parola armata
nella sfida ti sfido e creo
sto nella cerimonia
col mio canto ti tengo, proteggo
tra le braccia della mia debolezza
la tua parola è muro senza salvezza
solo sangue senza rito
che uomini dopo di te tradiranno
moriranno i tuoi figli
io alzo la polvere – ricopro la pena
tra le mie dita scorre l'acqua
rigenera la vita, dà vita alla terra
saranno poi uomini nuovi
saranno donne con le figlie sulle spalle
i figli al fianco

Tra

ci sono luoghi in cui la storia entra in pausa si affievolisce e quasi
astiene dal produrre materia di
narrazione si copre e imbottisce a separarsi da geografie e politiche e
culture e sparire a se stessa
ingoiata dall'arresto di ciò che la compone

i luoghi di confine invece non sono mai in pausa non abdicano alla
propria geografia non smettono
mai di comporre storia di fruttare storie di prolungare memorie di
originare contese di provocare
filosofie e quando sono ridotti a margine producono se non altro
metafore o partenze di più
accese fini

le persone cresciute con il confine addosso non si orientano in base
a un punto ma in riferimento a
una linea non germogliano intorno a un centro fino ad allontanarsene
non vengono educati a
questo movimento concentrico ad aprire ma vengono allineati lungo
una faglia che solo loro
vedono chiaramente e che non dirama non proietta e mette spalle
al muro

le persone di confine stanno sempre con la storia addosso come fili
di una trama ma è un inganno
geografico il più delle volte ne subiscono gli intrecci e mai riescono
a prendere distanza

la linea di confine ha prolungamenti che arrivano ad ognuno dei
suoi abitanti dirama e s'infiltra a
instaurare un controllo sulle distrazioni così la corrente scorre e la
linea non è più immaginaria

il minimo che può succedere è sviluppare un abnorme senso della
differenza e del confronto
avversare ora questa ora quella parte preferendo ora questo ora quel
paesaggio entrando dalla
porta e uscendo dalla finestra in un continuo avvicinarsi circolare
di posti di guardia

tra parole rimaste appese
tra pose senza prese
tra funambolismi tesi sul vuoto
un Confine di stato
al finire dell'ombra
non segnato sulle cartine
fonda uno Stato di confine

al di là dei giochi di parole ci sono sacche di sangue ormai rappreso
sotterrate in luoghi non più tanto segreti
divenuti cantine di case accurate dove il sangue è un buon concime
e fa attecchire in fretta fondamenta e muri

al di là dei giochi di parole ci sono serie probabilità di avere una vita
complessa lungo la quale
cercare di rispondere a domande che nemmeno un filosofo teoretico
e di stare alla finestra
cercando di spingere lo sguardo sempre oltre il visibile a indagare il
possibile

ciò che si vede da una postazione di confine è la stratificazione del
paesaggio come se la totalità
avvenisse ogni giorno niente viene realmente sostituito nulla prevale
tutto viene sovrapposto ed
esiste allo stesso tempo

ciò che si racconta da una postazione di confine ha a che vedere con
coordinate esatte perché
variate e affilate dal tempo con descrizioni accurate e compilate
secondo precisi riferimenti storici
anche quando riguardano un semplice bosco di faggi

memorie acuminate
segreti lasciati agli ormeggi
piacere nella delazione

in nessun altro luogo è così chiaro che non esiste la realtà ma solo la
sua interpretazione

*Antigona*¹

poglej me
sem ogledalo nepokopanega telesa
v odsevu se zrcali
božji zakon biva in odteka
medtem ko me požira živo, pokopano
žgoče telo
je njegovo bivališče
poglej me
ti si v meni
nisva se zlila, pomanjšal si se
pomanjšal name
govorim o sebi in o tebi
o izdaji in zakonu
pravim, da sem sama
celovita in utelešena
sama s sabo
sama s tabo, ki si v meni
zdaj se rojevam v zgodovino
dolgo sem čakala
sama v nasilju molka
v tej praznini
na prelomu
med ljubeznijo in spoznanjem

* * *

poglej me
rojevam se na kraju, kjer sem položila svoje srce
iz prvega zakona se rojevam
iz pravice do sočutja, solidarnosti
pravica do smrti sem
ranljivost
mehkoba bolečine
poglej me
sem čas upora

¹ Besedilo je nastalo za predstavo *Pavana za Antigono* sonoričnega gledališča Hanne Preuss, ki je predstavo tudi režirala. Produkcija: Hanna's atelje sonoričnih umetnosti, 2014.

sem vsi moji predniki
 in vse potomstvo
 meso sem
 presajena v meso
 od volčje lakote je grešil moj oče
 v meni zrcalni odsev tega greha
 nad razoroženim bogom bdim
 poglej me
 pravim: zrak, ki ga prinaša srčni tok
 nosi obris spremembe
 prostorov
 in tako sproži prevrat
 vetrove nosi, ki obarvajo rdeče
 oblake na obzorju, in povzroči
 da oči na deblih bukev izgubijo svojo smer

* * *

poglej me
 življenje se giblje proti pragu
 ni boljšega kraja za upor
 in bo ljubezen do zadnje besede
 in bo bistvena beseda
 in bo ljubezen, ki preobraža
 bo humanost in pravica
 spregovoril bo zakon stvarjenja
 zvezan z mojim poslednjim dihom
 In ti? Kdo je tisti, zaradi katerega prekrivaš z bliščem
 svojo slepo moč
 iz svetlobe svoje grobnice
 pojem utrjeno besedo
 v izzivu te izzivam in ustvarjam
 in slavim
 s svojim petjem te držim, ščitim te
 v svojem ranljivem naročju
 tvoja beseda je zid brez odrešitve
 zgolj kri, ki je ostala brez obreda
 zanamci jo bodo izdali
 tvoji otroci bodo pomrli
 in jaz zajemam prah – prekrivam bolečino

med prsti mi odteka voda
ustvarja novo življenje, ga daje zemlji
in bodo novi ljudje
in bodo ženske s hčera mi na ramenih
in s sinovi ob sebi

Prevedla Alenka Jovanovski in Marko Ipavec

Mèd

so kraji v katerih zgodovina zastane oslabi in se skoraj odpove
 proizvajanju pripovedne snovi
 prekrije se in se podloži da se loči od geografij in politik in kultur in
 izgine pred samo seboj
 pogoltne jo zastoј tega kar jo sestavlja

mejni prostori nikoli ne zastanejo ne odrečejo se svoji geografiji
 nikoli ne nehajo tvoriti zgodovine
 obrojati zgodb podaljševati spominov netiti sporov provocirati
 filozofij in ko so porinjeni na rob
 porajajo če ne drugega metafore ali odhoda bolj gorečih koncev

ljudje ki so zrasli z mejo v sebi se ne orientirajo glede na neko točko
 temveč po črti ne kalijo okrog
 kakega središča dokler se ne oddaljijo od njega niso vzgojeni v tem
 koncentričnem odpirajočem se
 gibanju ampak so razvrščeni ob zemeljskem prelomu ki ga samo oni
 razločno vidijo in ki se ne vejí
 se ne projicira postavlja te s hrbtom ob zid

obmejni ljudje imajo zgodovino zmeraj v sebi kot niti pripovedi
 vendar gre za zemljepisno prevaro
 najpogosteje so žrtev zapletov in se jim nikoli ne uspe distancirati

mejna črta ima podaljške ki segajo k vsakemu njenemu prebivalcu
 vejí se in z vrivanjem vzpostavlja
 nadzor nad poneverbami tako teče tok in črta ni več imaginarna

najmanj kar se lahko zgodi je da se razvije prekomeren občutek za
 razliko in za soočenje da se
 nasprotuje zdaj tej zdaj oni strani da se ima rajši zdaj to zdaj ono
 pokrajino ko se vstopi skozi vrata
 in odide skozi okno v nenehnem krožnem menjavanju stražarskih
 položajev

med besedami ki so obvisale
med držami brez stališč
med vrhovodstvi napetimi nad praznino
Državna meja
ob koncu sence
ki ni zarisana na zemljevidih
ustanovi Mejno državo

onstran besednih iger so bisage že strjene krvi
zakopane na ne več tako skrivnih krajih
ki so postali kleti skrbno urejenih hiš kjer je kri dobro gnojilo
in se na njej hitro primejo temelji in zidovi

onstran besednih iger so resne možnosti za celovito življenje v katerem
skušaš odgovoriti na
vprašanja ki niso enostavna niti za teoretičnega filozofa in stojiš ob
oknu in skušaš seči s pogledom
čedalje dlje od vidnega in raziskati možno

kar je videti s položaja na meji je razslojevanje pokrajine kot bi se
celota dogajala vsak dan nič se v
resnici ne nadomesti nič ne prevlada vse se preplastuje in živi sočasno

kar se govori na obmejnih položajih se tiče točnih koordinat ker jih
spreminja in brusi čas s
skrbnimi opisi sestavljenimi po natančnih zgodovinskih referencah
tudi kadar zadevajo navaden
bukov gozd

ošiljeni spomini
skrivnosti puščene na privezih
užitek ovaduštva

na nobenem drugem kraju ni tako jasno da resničnosti ni temveč je
samo njena interpretacija

Prevedla Veronika Simoniti

Antigone

look at me
I am the mirror of the unburied
juxtaposed in the reflection
the divine law resides and pervades
as it devours me living, entombed
the scorching body
is its abode
look at me
you are in me
as a consequence not of convergence but of diminishment
diminished unto me
I speak of myself and of you
of treason and law
I say I am alone
whole and embodied
alone with myself
alone with you, who are in me
now I am born into history
I've waited for aeons
alone in the violence of silence
in this emptiness
at the break between
love and understanding

* * *

look at me
here, where I've placed my heart, I am born
born from the First Law
from the right to compassion, to benevolence
I am the right to perish
I am weakness
the softness of pain
look at me
I am the rhythm of resistance
I am all my ancestors
and all my progeny
meat
transplanted into meat
the starved wolf is the sin of my father

inside me resides its reflection
watching over the disarmed god
look at me
I claim that the air revealed by the heart's current
carries with it the form of reshaping
spaces
it can incite the upheaval of edges, this current
carrying winds colouring red the clouds on the horizon
and causing
the eyes of the beech trees to lose their direction

* * *

look at me
life is moving towards its threshold
what better place for an insurrection
the final word shall be loved
it shall become the pillar-word
love that brings forth transformation
shall be the order and shall be rule
the law of creation will speak
intertwined with my final breath
And you? For whom? Do you cover with splendour
your sightless fury
from the light of my tomb
I sing the fortified word
in my challenge I dare you and I create
I celebrate
with my song I keep and protect you
in the arms of my weakness
your word is a wall beyond salvation
mere blood with no ritual
to be betrayed by the successors
your children shall perish
I'll gather the dust – I'll cover the pain
as water flows between my fingers
creating new life, breathing new life into the soil
until new men arrive
and new women, carrying daughters
with their sons at their side

Translated by Jeremi Slak

In Between

there are places where history stops short grows weak and almost
renounces creating
narrative matter covering and lining itself in order to separate itself
from geographies and
politics and cultures and passes out of sight of itself devoured by the
deadlock of what
composes it

border spaces never stop short or renounce their geography they
keep creating history
bearing stories extending memories kindling conflicts stirring up
philosophies and when they
are pushed to the brim they create metaphors if nothing else or
openings for more burning
endings

people who have grown up with a border inside them do not find
direction according to a
certain point but according to a line they don't germinate around a
centre until they
withdraw from it they are not brought up to open in this concentric
motion but they are
rather aligned along a fault they alone can see clearly and which does
not branch out or
project itself and push its back against a wall

border people always carry their history inside them like narrative
threads yet it is a
geographical delusion most often they are victims of entanglements
and they never manage
to distance themselves

a borderline spouts lengthening pieces reaching every one of its
inhabitants it branches out
and by infiltrating itself it gains control over distraction thus a current
flows and the line is
no longer imaginary

the least that can happen is that an excessive sense of differences and
confrontation
develops opposing now this and then the other side favouring now
this and then another
countryside entering by the door and exiting by the window in a
constant cyclic alternation
of guard positions

in between the words that were left hanging
in between countries lacking standpoints
in between tight-ropes stretched across the void
a State border
at the end of a shadow
not delineated on maps
founds a Border state

beyond plays upon words there are sacks of already coagulated blood
buried in no longer very secret places
having become cellars of well-regulated households where blood is
useful manure
and to which foundations and walls are quickly attached

beyond plays upon words there are serious possibilities of having a
complex life during
which one can try to answer questions that not even a theoretical
philosopher can and stand
by the window trying to extend one's view beyond what can be seen
and explored

what can be seen from a border position is a countryside being
stratified as if its totality
were taking place every day nothing is actually replaced nothing
prevails everything is
stratified and existing simultaneously

what is being said at a border position concerns the exact coordinates
because it alters them
sharpening time with elaborate descriptions composed according to
exact historical
references even when they concern an ordinary beech forest

sharp memories
secrets left at moorings
the joy of denunciation

no other place makes it so clear that there is never any reality but
rather its interpretation

Translated by Dušana Zabukovec



Foto © Lilika Strezoska

Rumena Bužarovska

Rumena Bužarovska se je rodila leta 1981 v Skopju v Makedoniji, kjer je izredna profesorica ameriške literature na državni Univerzi sv. Cirila in Metoda ter urednica za prozo pri literarni reviji *Blesok*. Je ena vodilnih makedonskih avtoric mlade generacije in je napisala tri kratkoprozne zbirke: *Чрпки* (Čačke, 2006), *Осмица* (Modrostni zob, 2010) in *Мojот маж* (*Moj mož*, 2014) ter monografijo o humorju v sodobni ameriški in makedonski kratki prozi z naslovom *What's Funny: Theories Of Humor Applied To The Short Story* (Kaj je smešno: teorije humorja na primeru kratkih zgodb, 2012). Kot prevajalka iz angleščine je v makedonščino prevedla več avtorjev, kot so: J. M. Coetzee, Lewis Carroll, Truman Capote, Charles Bukowski in Richard Gwyn. Njene zgodbe so z objavami v antologijah in literarnih revijah doživele tudi mednarodni odziv. Leta 2016 je bila uvrščena med deset najobetavnejših evropskih avtorjev (Ten New Voices from Europe), leta 2017 pa je za zbirko *Moj mož*, iz katere je tudi v zborniku objavljena zgodba *Hexmap* (*Nektar*), prejela hrvaško nagrado Eda Budiše. Zbirka *Moj mož* bo septembra izšla v slovenskem prevodu Aleša Mustarja pri založbi Modrijan.

Rumena Bužarovska was born in Skopje, Macedonia, where she is an Associate Professor of American Literature at The Ss. Cyril and Methodius University in Skopje and fiction editor of the literary magazine *Blesok*. She is one of the leading Macedonian authors of the young generation and has written three short story collections – *Чрпки* (Scribbles, 2006), *Осмица* (Wisdom Tooth, 2010), and *Мojот маж* (My Husband, 2014) – as well as a monograph on humour in contemporary American and Macedonian short fiction, titled *What's Funny: Theories Of Humor Applied To The Short Story* (2012). She has translated the following authors into Macedonian: J. M. Coetzee, Lewis Carroll, Truman Capote, Charles Bukowski, and Richard Gwyn. Her stories have received international acclaim and have been published in anthologies and literary magazines abroad. In 2016 she was selected as one of the ten most prominent European authors (Ten New Voices from Europe) and in 2017 she was awarded Croatia's Edo Budiša Award for the collection *My Husband* including the story *Hexmap* (*Nectar*) published here. In September, *My Husband* was published in Slovenian translation by Aleš Mustar at the Modrijan publishing house.

Нектар

Иако е гинеколог, мојот маж се обидува да се претставува како уметник, а тоа е само една од работите што ме нервира кај него. Всушност, не се секавам кога точно почнаа да ме нервираат повеќето работи што ги прави и зборува, но оваа можам да ја издвојам како една од најглавните. На пример, на гостите што доаѓаат кај нас им кажува дека „се занимава со уметност“, но дека не е „уметник“ во вистинската смисла на зборот, со тоа лажно прикажувајќи се како скромен. Кај нас многу често доаѓаат гости. Од моја страна, тоа е непожелно, бидејќи вклучува готвење и чистење пред и по нивното доаѓање. Мојот маж инсистира јадењето да е обилно, со тоа сакајќи да покаже колку сме ние всушност функционални како семејство. Нормално, во текот на таквите обилни вечери, кои се одвиваат во нашата дневна соба, на ниската маса што стои помеѓу треседот, двоседот и фотелјата, во кои можат да се сместат уште четворица покрај нас двајца, јас сум таа којашто треба да ги служи гостите, и главно сум стационирана во кујната, па кога ќе дојдам да приседнам со нив за малку да поразговараме, морам да седам на табуретка, за која секогаш лажам дека ми е сосема комотна. Во меѓувреме тој си разговара со гостите и главно им зборува за себе. Бидејќи е непристојно да се зборува за пички, што е основата на сè она што тој го познава, им зборува за својата „уметност“, а тоа се неговите слики од масло на платно што ги изработува во една од собите во нашиот стан, неговото „ателје“, поради кое нашите две деца што постојано се тепаат мораат да делат соба. Неговите слики се крајно аматерски. Боите се замачкани, задушени, депресивни. Секојпат кога ќе згреши некој потег, го замачкува со нов слој боја. Така, сликите му личат на големи, тешки блуеници – како несварен, обилен, изцвакан оброк што се вратил таму од каде што дошол. Тој смета дека неговите слики се „апстрактни“ и дека „изразуваат состојби на емоционална тревога и вознес“, но всушност тие го претставуваат тоа што тој најдобро го знае: пичките, и од внатре, и од надвор. Претпоставувам дека и другите луѓе го забележуваат тоа, барем тие што се попатетни. Сигурна сум дека го викаат „гинекологот што слика пички“ и му се шегуваат зад грб. Но тој тоа сосема го заслужува, па не се вознемирувам ако е тоа така – дури и потајно се надевам дека му се потсмеваат. Но има такви од нашите гости кои барем в лице не го прават тоа, туку напротив,

му ласкаат. „Па Вие сте вистински уметник“, му велат, гледајќи ги сликите небаре пред нив стои некое платно на Леонардо. И тогаш тој ја вади таа негова позната фраза: „Не, јас само се занимавам со уметност“ и додава, повторно со лажна скромност „јас сум само еден лекар“, знаејќи точно каков статус има со таквата професија.

Втората тема во текот на вечерата, секако, се неговите пациентки и нивните здравствени проблеми. Мојот маж, вреди да се спомене, ги има изгубено пријателите што се некако надвор од неговата професија. Сите негови пријатели се исто така лекари што ги запознал на факултет, а нивните жени му се пациентки. Заедно тие имаат „братство“. Братствата кај мажите ми се многу смешни од денешна перспектива. Кога бев млада, кога се запознавме со мојот маж, тоа ми беше симпатично, дека има таква верна дружина пријатели. Но тогаш не ми беше јасно што зборуваат меѓу себе. И не ми беше јасно како зборуваат за нас, нивните жени. А мислам дека мојот маж е најлош меѓу нив, главно бидејќи е гинеколог и бидејќи ужива статус на познавање на сите интимности кај жените. За жал, се сомневам во една многу страшна и лоша работа, која ми е страв да ја изустам, а тоа е дека неговите пријатели намерно ги носат своите сопруги кај мојот маж, бидејќи така имаат контрола врз нив. Доколку имаат некоја сексуално пренослива болест, тоа мојот маж може да го скрие од нив. Доколку самите жени се „виновни“ за таа болест, тој тоа може да им го соопшти на мажите, пред тоа да го сторат или да не го сторат сопругите. Ова е само моја теорија во која се сомневам, бидејќи оваа банда мажи тврдат дека нивното братство е „над сè“, и дека буквално сè би направиле еден за друг. Понекогаш помислувам дека се геј. Дека кога не би биле ние, и кога не би имале такви општествени стеги, би се наредиле сите еден зад друг и заедно би си го опнале. Така си ги замислувам понекогаш, кога ме нервираат – залепени еден зад друг како сардини, како вагони од воз, како сите мрдаат во ист ритам. Само што првиот нема што да прави со курот и си го држи во рака, разочарано. Па после се менуваат, за да не остане некој покус во нивното братство. Во моите фантазии, ние жените седиме на страна и ги гледаме. Така правиме и во реалноста. Тие зборуваат, а ние ги гледаме, или понекогаш си шепкаме рецепти меѓу нас, кога ќе ни досадат нивните муабети. Понекогаш и сопругите успеваат да разменат по некој таен збор со мојот маж, во ходникот, како дополнителна консултација за нивното здравје. „Земи една доза бетадин“ ќе наслушнам, или „можеби е до исхраната, не знам

зошто секогаш ми се појавува“. „Немој да држиш диети“. „Ама многу здраво се хранам. Еве веќе и не пушам“.

Јас и тој се запознавме на гинеколошки стол, коа отидов кај него на преглед. Беше исклучително добар и нежен, и неговиот пристап ме воодушеви. Бев многу, многу млада – и тоа треба да се земе предвид – другите гинеколози кај кои претходно имав отидено беа груби и лоши и непријатни. Не дека имав некој проблем – напротив. Прво ме седна во неговата канцеларија и ме опушти со еден шармантен, човечки разговор. Во позадина имаше пуштено многу пријатна класична музика, ми понуди овошен чај, кој веќе го беше подготвил. Откако малку се подопуштив, ми покажа каде да се пресоблечам – беше тоа една прекрасна мала соблекувална, со убави бели меки папучки на подот, нова закачалка на повеќе нивоа за облеката, еден убав бел мантил што можев да го облечам пред да се качам на гинеколошкиот стол. И кога се качив таму, тој ми велеше, „подолу душичке, ајде малку подолу душичке“, и нежно ме пипкаше по бутините за да ме поттурне надолу. Потоа почна да разговара со мене додека го ставаше спекулот, кажувајќи ми колку е тој непријатен, но тој ќе биде нежен, и дури се обидуваше да го затопли за да не ми биде неубаво кога ќе влезе во мене. Начинот на кој ми ги рашири усничките пред да го стави спекулот ми предизвика нешто топло да ми се придвижи во душата. И потоа тој погледна внатре, а јас го гледав в лице. Ми се виде убав, најубав, преубав. Сините очи гледаа внатре во мене со еден поглед чиниш гледаат залез над мирно езеро. Лицето како да му се разнежни. „Ах, совршено е сè. Имате преубава анатомија“, ми рече тој, а тоа го повторуваше и кога со ехо ми ги проверуваше јајниците. „Имате прекрасна матка“, ми рече неколкупати. Но пред да стигнеме кај ехото, тој направи нешто што сега знам дека им го прави и на други жени – можеби и затоа е толку популарен, покрај меките папучки, убавата закачалка, чајчето, пријателскиот однос. Со неговите долги, нежни прсти, ме буцкаше внатре за да провери дали имам некакви болки. Се разбира, ми се извини многу пати пред да ми го направи тоа, и ми објасни што точно ќе ми прави. Но како што го брцна внатре показалецот, и го вртеше лево-десно, со другите прсти нежно ми го галеше клиторисот. Ми беше убаво. Се вратив по шест месеци, лажејќи дека нешто внатре ме чеша. „Прекрасно е сè, прекрасно“, велеше тој. „Не сум видел ваква чиста и убава анатомија“, повторуваше, речиси вљубено гледајќи во мојата внатрешност. И така секои шест месеци, три

години, сè додека еднаш не се сретнавме во едно од градските кафулиња, и во пијана состојба ми рече дека сум била најубавата пациентка со најубавата „како да ти кажам... почнува на П“ што ја видел дотогаш. Потоа ми рече дека по оваа изјава јас не можам да му бидам веќе пациентка, но можам да му бидам девојка. И по неколку месеци ми рече дека можам да му бидам и жена, а јас прифатив. Имав дваесет и две години. Тој имаше триесет и осум. Јас сè уште сум негова пациентка.

Сликите се главниот повод за нашите расправи, но не и причината за нив. Причината е повеќеслојна, но еве уште еден пример: еднаш јас и мојот маж зборувавме за уметност. Се разбира, тој се гледа себеси како некој Чехов, некој што бил лекар, но подоцна станал познат по тоа што всушност бил голем уметник. Зборувавме за нашите омилен писатели, сликари, музичари, а јас почнав да зборувам за тоа колку ми се допаѓа поезијата на Силвија Плат. Нему како одеднаш нешто да му светна.

„Дали си забележала дека сите големи уметници се мажи?“, ми рече.

Тоа ми имаше паднато в очи и претходно, и го чувствував како болна точка. Со разочараност одговорив потврдно.

„Што мислиш, зошто е тоа така?“

Почнав да размислувам. Не можев веднаш да го срочам тоа што сега рафално би му го испукала в лице: дека жените никогаш немале услови да бидат креативни. Дека тоа едноставно не им било допуштено, кога по цел ден седеле дома и ги бришеле гомната од газињата на децата, како што правев и јас додека тој шеташе по конференции по Кини, Африки, Европи, и се инспирираше.

„Па...“, запелтечив, за што сега многу се каам.

„Тоа е затоа што мажите се духот, жените се телото. Мажите се креативните, жените се практичните. Мажите гледаат горе, жените гледаат долу. Жените не можат да бидат уметници – тоа не им е својствена природа.“

Многу се навредив ама не знаев како да му одговорам. Имав дваесет и три-четири години, ако тоа може денес да ми послужи како одбрана.

„Ајде. Кажи ми некоја многу голема писателка. Од рангот на Достоевски, на Чехов, на Хемингвеј, на пример“, ми рече.

„Па еве, Маргерит Јурсенар“, му кажав, оти само на неа ми текна во тој момент.

„Не се важи. Лезбејка била“, ми одговори и влезе во тоалетот, каде што се задржа петнаесет минути за да кака, а јас морав да излезам

да го земам синот од градинка и никогаш не го продолживме разговорот, во кој јас ќе му наведев стотици машки уметници кои биле геј, како неговиот омилен композитор Чајковски, на пример.

Идеите за величината на уметникот и желбата и тој да стане уметник кај него се јавија одамна, но почна да слика дури многу подоцна, откако се „осозна“, како што самиот велеше. Всушност, почна интензивно да слика откако се роди нашето второ дете – значи пред осум години. Дотогаш веќе малку и отрпнав и престанав толку да му се плашам. Кога почна да слика, истренирана само да му пеам славопојки, му велев дека сликите се многу убави, и дека навистина има талент. Тој црвенееше од среќа кога ќе кажев таква работа и, како секој миг да ќе подголтне или ќе прсне во плач, со насолзени очи гледаше во завршеното платно. „Отсекогаш сум сакал да бидам сликар!“, велеше. „Се двоумев меѓу медицина и уметничко. Ама татко ми ме натера да тргнам по неговите стапки. И ете – судбина“, повторуваше вознесено. Се чудеа како и мене ми зборува вакви работи, сопругата пред која не мораше да се преправа.

Потоа почнав да ги игнорирам неговите слики, и конечно пред неколку години почнав да му кажувам дека воопшто не ми се допаѓаат. Последниот пат кога се скаравме, во момент на бес му реков дека личат на грди, размачкани пички, а кога не личат на тоа, личат на омлет или на блусница. Се навреди како никогаш дотогаш.

„Јас барем творам“, ми рече. „А ти, што правиш?“

„Твориш ко што творат творовите“, му реков.

Тој побесни. Се виде како го облеа руменило, а од што знае да се воздржи, истото како да го голтна, и лицето му се врати во нормала по десетина секунди.

„Многу си духовита нешто денес“, рече без да знае што друго да ми каже. „Штета што не си писател“, рече, знаејќи дека отсекогаш сум сакала да пишувам. Виде дека се вознемири и продолжи да ме тормози.

„Уф, забораив дека пишував поезија. Што не ми прочиташ некоја од твоите песнички за да можам и јас да критикувам?“, зајадливо ми префрлаше и триумфално се смееше, бидејќи моите песни никогаш ги немаше прочитано. Никогаш не му ги имав дадено од една проста причина која веќе не сакав да ја кријам од него. Отидов во спалната и од под креветот ги извадив листовите со поезијата што скришум ја пишував додека тој беше на работа. И му ја дадов последната песна. Му реков да чита на глас.

Љубена

*Тој лежи до мене
а јас те сонувам
твојот ножен цвет
за мене се отвора
ти јачиш ко ветар
ружко моја најмила
од твојот нектар
и вечерва би се напила*

Вилицата на мојот сопруг се здрви и малку како да се помести на десно кога престана со читањето. Очите му беа ширум отворени и втренчено ме гледаше, а во лицето беше блед.

„Римата не е баш правилна“, му реков цинично. „Извини што те разочарав“.

„Не“, ми рече тој. „Не сум разочаран. Очекував дека ќе е срање.“

Nektar

Čeprav je ginekolog, se moj mož skuša predstavljati kot umetnik, kar je samo ena od stvari, ki mi gredo pri njem na živce. Pravzaprav ne vem, kdaj me je ob živce začelo spravljati več stvari, ki jih počne in govori, toda to lahko izpostavim kot eno izmed glavnih. Gostom, ki prihajajo k nam na obisk, na primer reče, da se »ukvarja z umetnostjo«, da pa ni »umetnik« v pravem pomenu besede, da bi lažno prikazal, kako je skromen. K nam obiski prihajajo precej pogosto. Kar zadeva mene, so nezaželeni, ker to pomeni tudi kuhanje in pospravljanje pred njihovim prihodom in po njem. Moj mož vztraja pri obilni hrani, da bi tako pokazal, kako dobro delujemo kot družina. Seveda sem med takšnimi obilnimi večerjami, ki se odvijajo v naši dnevni sobi, na nizki mizici med trosedom, dvosedom in foteljem, kamor poleg naju lahko sedejo še štirje, jaz tista, ki mora goste postreči. Tako večino časa prebijem v kuhinji, in ko se jim pridružim, se usedem na taburet, o katerem vedno lažem, da mi je prav udoben. Medtem se on pogovarja z gosti in večinoma govori o sebi. Ker se o pičkah, kar je osnova vsega, kar on zna, ne spodobi govoriti, jim govori o svoji »umetnosti«, in sicer, svojih slikah, oljih na platnu, ki jih slika v eni od sob v našem stanovanju, v svojem »ateljeu«, zaradi česar si morata najina otroka, ki sta si ves čas v laseh, deliti sobo. Njegove slike so skrajno amaterske. Barve so razmazane, temačne in depresivne. Vsakič, ko naredi napačno potezo, jo zabriše z novim nanosom barve. Meni se njegove slike zdijo podobne velikemu, težkemu bruhanju – kot obilen nekuhan prežvečen obrok, ki se je vrnil tja, od koder je prišel. Sam je mnenja, da so njegove slike »abstraktne« in da »odražajo stanje čustvenega nemira in vznesečnosti«, v resnici pa predstavljajo to, kar najbolje pozna: pičke, od znotraj in od zunaj. Domnevam, da tudi drugi to opazijo, vsaj tisti, ki imajo nekaj pameti. Prepričana sem, da mu rečejo »ginekolog, ki slika pičke«, in se mu za hrbtom posmehujejo. To si povsem zasluži in se ne razburjam, če je res tako, potihoma si celo želim, da bi se mu posmehovali. K nam pa prihajajo gosti, ki se mu ne posmihajo v obraz, ampak mu, prav nasprotno, laskajo: »Vi ste pravi umetnik,« mu govorijo, kadar gledajo slike, kot bi pred njimi stalo Leonardovo platno. In takrat on izreče svoj znameniti stavek »Ne, jaz se samo ukvarjam z umetnostjo« in spet z lažno skromnostjo doda »Sem

samo zdravnik«, pri čemer se natančno zaveda, kakšen je njegov status s takšnim poklicem.

Druga tema med večerjo so seveda njegove pacientke in njihove zdravstvene težave. Na tem mestu velja omeniti, da je moj mož izgubil prijatelje, ki so zunaj njegovega poklica. Vsi njegovi prijatelji so tudi zdravniki, ki jih je spoznal na fakulteti, njihove soproge pa so pacientke. Skupaj imajo »bratovščino«. Z današnjega zornega kota so zame bratovščine med možmi sila smešna stvar. Ko sem bila še mlada in sem spoznala svojega moža, mi je bilo simpatično, da ima tako zvesto družčino prijateljev. Toda takrat mi še ni bilo jasno, kaj govorijo med seboj. Ni mi bilo jasno, kaj govorijo o nas, svojih ženah. Mislim, da je moj mož najhujši od vseh, ker je ginekolog in uživa status poznavalca vseh intimnih reči pri ženskah. Na žalost sumim, da gre za nekaj tako strašnega in grdega, da se kar bojim izreči – da njegovi prijatelji svoje žene namenoma vodijo k mojemu možu, da bi jih imeli pod nadzorom. Če oni dobijo spolno prenosljivo bolezen, lahko moj mož to pred ženami skrije. Če pa so ženske same »krive« za bolezen, lahko to pove njihovim možem, še preden to naredijo – ali pa ne naredijo – soproge same. To je samo moja teorija, moje domneve, ker ta moška banda trdi, da je »nad vsem« in da bi drug za drugega naredili dobesedno vse. Včasih pomislim, da so geji. Da bi, če ne bi bilo nas, če ne bi bilo takšnih družbenih spon, zlezli drug na drugega in se naskočili. Tako si jih včasih zamišljam, kadar me spravljajo ob živce – stisnjene drug ob drugem, kot sardine, kot vagoni vlaka, kako se premikajo v istem ritmu. Samo da ga prvi ne more vtakniti v rit in ga razočarano drži v roki. Potem se zamenjajo. Da v njihovi bratovščini ne bi bil kdo prikrajšan. V moji domišljiji ženske stojimo ob strani in jih opazujemo. To počnemo tudi v resničnosti. Oni govorijo, me jih gledamo ali si včasih med seboj šepetamo recepte, če nas njihovi pogovori dolgočasijo. Včasih soprogam celo uspe z mojim možem izmenjati kakšno skrivno besedo, v hodniku, kot dodatno posvetovanje o njihovem zdravju. »En odmerek betadina vzemi,« slišim in pa: »Morda je kriva prehrana, ne vem, zakaj se mi nenehno pojavlja.« »Ne držiš se diete.« »Zelo zdravo jem. Tudi kaditi sem nehala.«

Midva sva se spoznala na ginekološkem stolu, ko sem bila pri njem na pregledu. Bil je sila dober in nežen, njegov pristop me je navdušil. Bila sem še zelo mlada, tudi to je treba upoštevati. Drugi ginekologi, h katerim sem hodila prej, so bili grobi, slabi in nepri-

jazni. Pa ne da bi imela težave – prav nasprotno. Najprej me je v ordinaciji posedel in sprostil s šarmantnim, človeškim pogovorom. V ozadju je igrala zelo prijetna klasična glasba, ponudil mi je sadni čaj, ki je bil že skuhan. Potem ko sem se malo sprostila, mi je pokazal, kje naj se preoblečem – to je bila prelepa majhna garderoba z lepimi, mehкими belimi copati na tleh, nov obešalnik z različnimi višinami za oblačila in na njem lep bel plašč, da bi ga oblekla, preden se povzpnem na ginekološki stol. In ko sem se povzpela, mi je rekel: »Spusti se malo nižje, ljubica, daj, malo nižje pridi, ljubica,« me je nežno otipaval po bokih, da bi me potisnil malo nižje. Medtem ko mi je vstavljal spekulum, se je pogovarjal z mano, rekoč, da je zelo neprijetno, da pa bo nežen, poskušal ga je celo segreti, da mi ne bo neprijetno, ko bo prodril vame. Zaradi načina, kako mi je razširil sramne ustnice, preden je vstavil spekulum, mi je postalo toplo pri duši. Potem je on pogledal noter, jaz pa sem gledala njegov obraz. Zdel se mi je lep, najlepši, prelep. Modre oči so gledale vame s pogledom, kot da opazuje sončni zahod nad mirnim jezerom. Videti je bilo, da se mu je obraz raznežil. »Ah, vse je popolno. Krasno anatomijo imate,« in to mi je govoril tudi, ko je pregledoval jajčnike. »Krasno maternico imate,« mi je nekajkrat rekel. Preden sva prišla do ultrazvoka, je naredil nekaj, o čemer sem prepričana, da počne tudi drugim ženskam, morda je poleg mehkih copat, lepega obešalnika, čajčka, prijateljskega odnosa prav to vzrok, da je tako priljubljen. S svojimi dolgimi, nežnimi prsti me je pretipal notri, da bi preveril, ali imam morda kakšno bolezen. Seveda se mi je, preden je to storil, nekajkrat opravičil in mi pojasnil, kaj natanko bo počel. Potem ko je noter vtaknil kazalec in ga obračal levo in desno, je z ostalimi prsti božal moj klitoris. Lepo mi je bilo. Čez šest mesecev sem se vrnila in se mu zlagala, da me nekaj srbi. »Vse je prekrasno, prekrasno,« je govoril. »Tako čiste in lepe anatomije še nisem videl,« je ponavljal in dobesedno zaljubljeno opazoval mojo notranjost. In tako tri leta vsakih šest mesecev, vse dokler se nisva srečala v enem od mestnih barov, ko mi je pijan rekel, da sem njegova najlepša pacientka, z najlepšo »kako naj rečem ... začne se na p«, kar jih je videl. Potem mi je rekel, da po tej izjavi ne morem več biti njegova pacientka, da sem lahko samo dekle. In čez nekaj mesecev mi je rekel, da sem lahko tudi njegova žena, in jaz sem privolila. Stara sem bila dvaindvajset let, on pa osemindeset. Še vedno sem njegova pacientka.

Slike so glavni povod za najine prepire, ne pa tudi vzrok. Ta je večplasten. Tu je še en primer: enkrat sva z možem razpravljala o umetnosti. Seveda on sebe vidi kot Čehova, nekoga, ki je bil zdravnik, a je pozneje zaslovel po tem, da je bil velik umetnik. Govorila sva o najinih najljubših pisateljih, slikarjih, glasbenikih, jaz pa sem mu začela govoriti, kako vseč mi je poezija Sylvie Plath. Naenkrat pa se mu je nekaj posvetilo.

»Ali si opazila, da so vsi veliki umetniki moški?« mi je rekel.

To me je že prej zbadlo v oči, zadel me je v bolečo točko. Razočarano sem mu odgovorila pritrdilno.

»Zakaj, misliš, da je tako?«

Začela sem razmišljati. Nisem se mogla takoj pripraviti, da mu povem, kar bi mu najraje z rafali pljunila v obraz: da ženske nikoli niso imele pogojev, da bi bile ustvarjalne. Da jim tega preprosto niso dovoljevali, potem ko so cele dneve preživljale doma in brisale pokakane riti svojim otrokom, kar sem počela tudi jaz, medtem ko je on pohajal po konferencah na Kitajskem, v Afriki in Evropi in se navdihoval.

»No,« sem zajecljala, kar danes zelo obžalujem.

»To je zato, ker so moški duh, ženske pa telo. Moški so ustvarjalni, ženske praktične. Moški gledajo gor, ženske dol. Ženske ne morejo biti umetnice – to ni v njihovi naravi.«

Zelo me je užalil, a nisem vedela, kako naj mu odgovorim. Stara sem bila malo čez dvajset, kar lahko danes vzamem sebi v bran.

»Daj, povej mi ime kakšne res velike pisateljice. Kot Dostojevski, Čehov, Hemingway, na primer,« mi je rekel.

»Marguerite Yourcenar, na primer,« sem mu rekla, ker mi je v tistem trenutku samo ona prišla na misel.

»Ona ne šteje. Bila je lezbijka,« mi je rekel in šel na stranišče, kjer se je zadržal petnajst minut, da bi kakal, jaz pa sem morala po sina v vrtec, in tega pogovora nisva nikoli več nadaljevala. Lahko bi mu naštela na stotine moških umetnikov, ki so bili geji, kot je bil, na primer, njegov najljubši skladatelj Čajkovski.

Ideje o veličini umetnosti in želje, da bi tudi sam postal umetnik, so se pri njem porajale že zdavnaj, slikati pa je začel pozno, ko se je »ozavestil«, kot je sam rekel. Pravzaprav je začel resneje slikati, ko se nama je rodil drugi otrok, torej pred osmimi leti. Do takrat sem že malo otopela in se nisem več toliko bala. Ko je začel slikati, sem mu, strenirana, da mu pojem samo slavospeve, rekla, da so slike res lepe

in da ima v resnici talent. Ko sem mu rekla kaj takega, je kar zardel od sreče, in ko je zrl v končano platno, je bilo videti, da bo vsak trenutek nekaj pogoltnil ali izbruhnil v jok. »Vedno sem si želel postati slikar!« je govoril. »Kolebal sem med medicino in umetnostjo. Toda oče me je prisilil, da sem šel po njegovih stopinjah. To je moja usoda,« je govoril v zanosu. Čudilo me je, da govori takšne reči tudi meni, svoji soprogi, pred katero se mu ni treba pretvarjati.

Potem sem začela njegove slike ignorirati in pred nekaj leti sem mu končno začela govoriti, da mi sploh niso všeč. Ko sva se zadnjikrat prepirala, sem mu v besu rekla, da so videti kot grde, razmazane pičke, če niso podobne temu, pa so videti kot omlete ali bruhanje. Bil je užaljen kot še nikoli.

»Jaz vsaj ustvarjam,« mi je rekel, »kaj pa počneš ti?«

»Ustvarjaš, kot ustvarjajo stvori,« sem mu rekla.

Pobesnel je. Videla sem, kako mu je rdečica švignila v obraz, ker pa se je znal zadrževati, je bilo videti, da je rdečico požrl in čez deset sekund je njegov obraz spet postal normalen.

»Danes si zelo duhovita,« mi je rekel, ne da bi vedel, kaj naj še doda. »Škoda, da nisi pisatelj,« je rekel, vedoč, da sem si od nekdaj želela pisati. Videl je, da sem se razburila, in me je še naprej trpinčil.

»Oh, pozabil sem, da pišeš poezijo. Zakaj mi ne prebereš ene od svojih pesmic, da bi tudi jaz lahko ocenjeval?« se mi je zajedljivo in zmagoslavno posmehoval, ker ni mojih pesmi še nikoli prebral. Nikoli mu jih nisem dala iz enega samega trapastega razloga, ki ga nisem več hotela skrivati pred njim. Šla sem v spalnico in izpod postelje vzela liste, popisane s poezijo, ki sem jo na skrivaj pisala, ko je bil v službi. Dala sem mu zadnjo pesem. Rekla sem mu, naj jo prebere na glas.

Ljubljena

On leži ob meni

jaz pa sanjam o tebi

tvoj nočni cvet

se odpira zame

ti ječiš kot veter

vrtnica moja mila

tvojega nektarja

bi se nocoj spet napila

Ko je moj soprog nehal brati, mu je čeljust odrevenela in se malce zamaknila v desno. Njegove oči so bile široko odprte, gledal me je osuplo, v obraz je bil bled.

»Rima ni ravno prava,« sem mu rekla cinično. »Oprosti, ker sem te razočarala.«

»Ne,« mi je rekel. »Nisem razočaran. Pričakoval sem, da bo sranje.«

Prevedel Aleš Mustar

Nectar

Although he's a gynecologist, my husband tries to make out he's an artist. That's just one of the things that annoys me about him. Actually, I don't remember exactly when most of the things he says and does first started getting on my nerves, but I can single out this one as one of the more irritating things. For instance, when we have guests over, he tells them that he "dabbles in art," but that he's not an "artist" per se, thereby falsely representing himself as modest. People come over to our place often. For my part, I find it wholly undesirable, because it means having to cook and clean both before and after they arrive.

My husband insists on there being an abundance of food, by which he aims to show that we're a so-called functional family. These lavish banquets are normally held in our living room, on the low table surrounded by a two-seater sofa, a three-seater sofa, and an armchair, which can accommodate four others besides us. I'm the one who does all the serving, and I'm mainly stationed in the kitchen. When I go into the living room to have a chat with them, I have to sit on a stool. Lying through my teeth, I always say that it's quite comfortable.

Meanwhile, he talks to the guests, mainly about himself. Because it's indecent to talk about cunts, which are the sum total of his knowledge, he talks to them about his "art," namely his oil paintings. He works on them in one of the rooms in our apartment, his "studio." Consequently, our two boys, who are always fighting, have to share a room.

His paintings are extremely amateur. The colors are somewhat blurred, leaden, and depressing. Whenever he makes a mistake, he smears the canvas with a new coat of paint. In that way, his paintings resemble huge piles of vomit—like a hearty meal that's been regurgitated. He believes that his paintings are "abstract" and that they "render emotional states of anxiety and exultation," but in reality they depict what he knows best: cunts—from inside and out. I assume that others can see this too, at least those who are more intelligent. I'm almost certain they refer to him as "the gynecologist who paints cunts," and that they laugh at him behind his back. What's more, he totally deserves it. I wouldn't be the least bit upset if that were the case. Though, to his face they flatter him. "But you're a true

artist,” they say to him, staring at the paintings as if before them stood a canvas painted by Leonardo.

And then he pulls out his well-known phrase: “No, I merely dabble in art,” adding, once again with false modesty, “I’m just a plain old doctor,” knowing full well the kind of status his profession enjoys.

The second topic of conversation during the course of the evening, as one would expect, is his patients and their health problems. My husband, it’s worth mentioning, has lost those friends who are outside of his profession. All of his friends are also doctors, whom he met at university, and whose wives have now become his patients. Together they form a “boys’ club.” From today’s perspective, boys’ clubs seem extremely funny to me. When I was young, when my husband and I first met, I thought it sweet that he had a set of faithful friends. But at the time, it wasn’t obvious to me what they discussed among themselves. Even less, what they said about us, their wives. And I think that my husband is the biggest culprit among them, mainly because of his status as a gynecologist and his knowledge of the intimate details of all the wives. Unfortunately, I have a terrible, sinking suspicion, which I’m afraid to put into words, and that is that his friends deliberately take their wives to see my husband, because in that way they have control over them. If one of his friends contracts a sexually transmitted disease, my husband can maintain his secret. If “the guilty party” is the wife, then he can inform his friend before she has the chance to do it herself, or not as the case may be.

This is just a suspicion on my part, because this tribe claims that their brotherhood is “above all else,” and that they would literally do anything for each other. Sometimes I think that they’re gay. That if we weren’t around, and if there were no social restraints, they’d line up behind one another and get off with each other.

That’s what I imagine about them at times, when they get on my nerves—squashed together like sardines in a tin, or behind one another like the carriages of a train, moving in the same rhythm. The only member of the tribe who’d feel shortchanged, who wouldn’t get to do anything with his dick, would be the one at the head of the line. In my fantasies, we women sit on the side and watch them. As we do in real life. They talk while we watch, or at times we whisper recipes to each other, when we get bored of their talk. Sometimes the wives also manage secretly to exchange a few words with my

husband in our hall, as an additional consultation regarding their health. “Take a dose of Betadine” I would overhear, or “Perhaps it’s my diet, I don’t know why it keeps reappearing.” “Don’t go on any diets.” “But I eat properly. And I don’t even smoke anymore.”

He and I met on a gynecological examination table, when I went to see him for a checkup. He was exceptionally good, and gentle, and his technique impressed me. I was very, very young—and that should be taken into account—the other gynecologists to whom I’d previously gone, were bad, and rough, and unfriendly. Not that I had any sort of problem—quite the contrary. First, he sat me down in his office. His charm and friendliness made me feel at ease. Soft classical music played quietly in the background. He offered me some fragrant tea, which he’d already prepared. After I’d relaxed some more, he showed me where to get undressed—it was a lovely little dressing room, with beautiful, white fluffy slippers on the floor, a brand spanking new coat hanger, and a loose white gown I could wear before climbing up onto the examination table. When I climbed up, he said, “lower down, sweetie, a bit lower down, dear,” and he gently squeezed my thighs to pull me down further. After that, he began talking to me as he prepared to insert the speculum, telling me that it would be uncomfortable, but that he would be gentle. He even attempted to warm it up so that it wouldn’t be so unpleasant for me when he inserted it. The way he spread my labia before inserting the speculum caused something warm to stir within my soul. Then he looked inside, and I at his face. I thought him handsome, most handsome, the handsomest. His blue eyes looked inside me as if they were gazing at a sunset over a peaceful lake. His face bore an expression of delight. “Ah, everything’s perfect. You have flawless anatomy,” he said, repeating it when he did an ultrasound of my ovaries. “You have a magnificent uterus,” he said to me several times. But before doing the ultrasound, he did something that I now know he does to other women—perhaps that’s why he’s so popular, because of the fluffy slippers, the brand new coat hanger, the tea, the friendliness. With his long, delicate fingers, he poked about inside me to see if I had any pain.

Naturally, he apologized several times before he did it, and he explained exactly what he was going to do. While he was poking around inside left and right with his forefinger, with his other fingers he gently caressed my clitoris. I enjoyed it. I went back again after six months, making up some lie about internal pains. “Every-

thing's in order, it's perfect," he said. "I've never seen such clean and flawless anatomy," he repeated, looking rapturously inside me. And so I went to him again, every six months, for three years.

Until one day we bumped into one another in one of the city cafés, and in a drunken state he told me that I was the most beautiful patient with the most exquisite "how can I put it . . . it begins with C" that he'd ever seen before. Then he told me that after saying what he'd just said, I could no longer be his patient, but that I could be his girlfriend. And after a few months he told me that I could be his wife. I accepted. I was twenty-one years old. He was thirty-eight. I'm still his patient.

His paintings are the main source of our quarrels, but not the reason for them. The reasons are varied, but here's one more example: on one occasion, my husband and I were discussing art. Of course, he sees himself as some sort of Chekhov, someone who was once a doctor, but who later on became well known for what he really was—a great artist. We were discussing our favorite writers, painters, musicians, and I began to talk about how much I liked the poetry of Sylvia Plath. He paused as if something suddenly occurred to him.

"Have you noticed that all great artists are men?" he said.

That thought had struck me previously, and I experienced it as a sore point. With disappointment I told him I had.

"What do you think—why is that so?"

I started to mull it over. At the time, I wasn't able to fire off the quick retort that I would give him today: that women were never afforded the conditions to be creative. That it simply wasn't permitted, when they spent the whole day at home, wiping up the shit from babies' bottoms, as I myself had done while he traveled to conferences in China, Africa, Europe, getting inspired.

"Well . . .," I stammered, which I now deeply regret.

"It's because men are the soul, women the body. Men are creative, women are practical. Men soar, women scavenge. Women can't be artists—it's not in their nature."

I was quite offended, but I didn't know how to respond to him. I was twenty-four years old, if that can serve as my defense today.

"Go on, name just one great female writer. In the ranks of Dostoevsky, Chekhov, and Hemingway, for example," he said.

"Well, Marguerite Yourcenar," I said, because only she came to mind at that moment.

“She doesn’t count. She was a lesbian,” he replied, and he went off to take a crap in the toilet, where he remained for fifteen minutes, while I had to go and pick up our son from kindergarten. We never finished the conversation, in which I would have enumerated hundreds of gay male artists, such as his much-loved composer, Tchaikovsky, for example.

His ideas about the greatness of being an artist, coupled with his own desire to become one, surfaced long ago, but he only started painting much later, after he “found himself,” as he put it. Actually, he started painting intensively after our second son was born—that is, eight years ago. By then I was barely tolerating him and I’d stopped being so afraid of him. When he first started painting, accustomed merely to singing his praises, I would tell him that his paintings were really good, and that he had true talent. His face flushed with joy whenever I said those kinds of things and he would get all emotional, swallowing hard repeatedly or looking as if he might burst into tears as he gazed at his finished canvas. “I’ve always wanted to be a painter!” he would say. “I was torn between medicine and art. But my father didn’t force me to follow in his footsteps. And behold—destiny,” he repeated reverently. I was surprised that he even spoke to me about these things, his wife before whom he didn’t have to pretend.

After that I began to ignore his paintings, and finally, a few years ago, I began to tell him that I didn’t like them at all. The last time we fought, in a moment of rage, I told him that they looked like ugly, smeared cunts, and when they didn’t look like that, that they looked like an omelet or vomit. He was offended like never before.

“At least I create,” he said to me.

“A crap artist who creates crap art,” I said to him.

He was furious. The blood ran to his face. But, having the ability to remain composed, he swallowed his rage and his face returned to its normal composure after a few seconds.

“You’re quite the wit today,” he said without knowing what else to say to me. “It’s a shame you’re not a writer,” he said, knowing full well that I’ve always wanted to write. He could see that I was getting upset and he continued to torment me.

“Oh! I forgot that you write poetry. Why don’t you read me one of your little rhymes so that I too can have the chance to critique it?” he reproached me pointedly, laughing with triumph, because he’d never read any of my poems. I’d never given any of them to him to

read for one simple reason, which I no longer wanted to hide from him. I went into the bedroom, and from under the bed, I took out the sheets of paper on which I'd secretly written my poems when he was at work. I gave him my most recent poem. I told him to read it aloud.

Beloved

*He lies beside me
while I dream of you
your night flower
opens up for me
you moan like the wind
my beloved rose
from your sweet nectar
tonight I would drink*

My husband's jaw clenched and moved a bit to the right when he stopped reading. His eyes were wide open and staring at me intently. His face was pale.

"It doesn't exactly rhyme," I said to him cynically, "I'm sorry to have disappointed you."

"No," he said to me, "I'm not disappointed. I expected it to be crap."

Translated by Paul Filev



Foto © Jošt Franko

Anja Golob

Anja Golob se je rodila leta 1976 v Slovenj Gradcu. Po nedokončanem študiju primerjalne književnosti in filozofije na Filozofski fakulteti v Ljubljani je vrsto let delovala kot gledališka kritičarka, zdaj pa je svobodna književnica, občasna prevajalka, dramaturginja in publicistka ter soustanoviteljica in glavna urednica pri založbi VigeVageKnjige, specializirani za izdajanje risoromanov in stripov za odrasle in otroke. Je avtorica treh pesniških zbirk: *V roki* (2010), *Vesa v zgibi* (2013) in *Didaskalije k dihanju* (2016); za slednji je 2014 in 2016 prejela Jenkovo nagrado za najboljšo slovensko pesniško zbirko. Izbor njene poezije iz druge zbirke je izšel tudi v nemščini z naslovom *ab und zu neigungen* (2015). Je redna gostja festivalov doma (Pranger, Sanje) in po svetu (letos je gostovala v Nemčiji, Avstriji, Belgiji, Bolgariji, v državah nekdanje Jugoslavije, v Argentini itd.), s tremi pesmimi pa je zastopana tudi v okviru slovenske predstavitve *Novicam se ne odpovemo!* na letošnjem Beneškem bienalu. Leta 2016 je bila uvrščena med deset najobetavnejših evropskih avtorjev (Ten New Voices from Europe) v organizaciji Literature Across Frontier. Leta 2018 bo pri dunajski založbi Edition Korrespondenzen izšel nemški, pri zagrebški založbi Sandorf pa hrvaški prevod njene tretje zbirke.

Anja Golob was born in 1976 in Slovenj Gradec, Slovenia. She studied Comparative Literature and Philosophy at the Faculty of Arts in Ljubljana but never graduated. She worked as a theatre critic for several years and is now a freelance writer, an occasional translator, dramaturg, publicist, as well as the co-founder and main editor of VigeVageKnjige publishing house, which specialises in graphic novels and comic books for children and adults. She is the author of three poetry collections: *V roki* (In the Hand, 2010), *Vesa v zgibi* (Bent Hang, 2013), and *Didaskalije k dihanju* (Stage Directions to Breathing, 2016). The last two of these were awarded the annual Jenko Poetry Prize in 2014 and in 2016 for the best Slovene poetry collection. A selection of poems from her second collection was also published in German under the title *ab und zu neigungen* (2015). Anja Golob is a regular festival guest at home (Pranger festival, Sanje festival) as well as around the world (this year she visited Germany, Austria, Belgium, Bulgaria, the ex-Yugoslav countries, Argentina, etc.), and was also represented within the Slovenian pavilion *The News Belongs to Us!* at Venice Biennale 2017. In 2016, she was listed as one of the ten most promising European authors (The New Voices from Europe) organized by LAF. In 2018 a German translation of her third collection will be published at Edition Korrespondenzen publishing house and a Croatian translation at Sandorf publishing house.

Jeseni

Tu ležem. Hrasti žarijo v temnečem soncu kot tihi
čvarji vesolja. Mrzlo je, oddaljene stekleneče gore
nad jezerom slovesno vlačijo nase modrikaste plašče.

Tu ležem. Nizko nad hišo leti jata rac.

Trave so pokošene, pes teče čeznje in maha z repom,
Frank, gospodar, nosi v naročju za njim odžagane veje.

Vsak angel je strašna, jaz tudi –

čeprav ne zahtevam ne brezpogojne ljubezni ne
popolne svobode; vseeno.

Tukaj ležim in lepim na jopico odpadlo listje,
na čelo stoletja polagam svileni otroški koder.

Serafi, kerubi, ubogi vajenci mojega visočanstva!

Tukaj ležim. Z rokama krilim in delam mrtvaka, ko
name narahlo naletava jesen.

Vpliv plinskih pečic na razumevanje poezije

Dokler nisi preživel vsaj enega božiča v Angliji in spoznal umetnosti tamkajšnje priprave hrane, ne moreš zares razumeti poezije Sylvie Plath.

Pojmovni aparat človeka s celine namreč ne vsebuje zadostne razlage termina »plinska pečica«, a na Otoku jo res zanetijo od znotraj, kot mi pajke. Roka, ki drži vžigalico, je, ko podžiga plamtenje v tem črno črnem režečem žrelu, v tej usmajeni štedilniški maternici, podobna penisu, ki v gosto, mehko tkanje izbrizga iskre(nje) začetka. Kako se kreše, kako plameni, migota tam zadaj! Angleške pečice so kot krematoriji, Sylvia Plath pa je morala biti odlična kuharica; v angleški kuhinji te nekaj vleče, da bi si z ostrim nožem odprl prsni koš in v pečici, na tem oltarju, katerega vratca se slabo zapirajo, daroval svoje surovo utripajoče oz. *debelo črno* srce. Ali da bi vanjo vtaknil glavo, saj to je večkrat eno in isto. Ko bo nekoč prišel tista vratca popravljat kak daddy, se bo pečica molče razprla in se na videz mirno prepustila žgečkanju orodja, a od tam zadaj, iz globočine, kjer drema plinska šoba, bo, tik preden bo daddy zaprl za seboj popravljena vratca, zasikalo divje, mogočno, docela razločno, za Sylvio, za vse nas, za celo človeštvo:

Fuck you, you bastard, I'm through.

Srce, ki ljubi, ljubi

Veš, kaj zdaj delam?

V gmoti godne noči se ljubim s teboj, obračam se,
v zraku gnezdím, tvoja nema prisotnost, ni te tukaj,
hočem reči, fizično te ni, a tvoja nema prisotnost
dela iz mene divjo, krvoločno zver, strgano s ketne,
ki že tedne ni videla hrane. Žrem, kri lokam,
da škropi vsenaokrog, ko te ljubim,
ko te tiho, grozeče ljubim, ljubim, ko se ti brezkompromisno bližam,
te obkrožam, ti jemljem prostor, te nežno srečujem iz oči v oči,
se te dotikam s konicami teh, no, pač, krempljev,
te vedno bolj grabežljivo jemljem, sladostrastno
trgam, ko ruvam iz tebe srce, ki pojemajoče zavija
v razbitem, skopljenem ritmu, ko usiha, ugaša.

Zgôdi se moja volja, veš, kaj delam, kaj delam ...

Da ni tvoje sence, da je vse sivo, utrujeno, dvodimenzionalno,
da te iščem, tipaje, kadar se ustrašim, kje si, kadar se zavem,
kje sem, kako sem, kako si, vpijem, od sten se odbija, čuješ, čuješ,
kako si, kako si, kako te ljubim, ljubim, ljubim, veš, kaj delam,
si nič ne moreva. Pridi, šepetava, ponavljam za tabo,
pridi, pridi, pridi, pridi.

Daj mi roko, šepetava,
daj mi roko, daj mi, daj mi,
daj, pridi, da zabrodiš v lepki krvi,
telo te vrelo kliče, pridi ponj,
pridi, pridi.

Pridi, žalost.

Pridi.

Mreža nad manežo

Tom Daley se obrne in se hrbtno počasi bliža robu deske. Peti pomoli čezenj in obmiruje v tišini. V mislih ponavlja zaporedje salt. Srbská Kamenice, Češkoslovaška, 26. 1. 1972, Vesna Vulović edina preživi prosti pad z višine 10160 metrov, na kateri v trenutku eksplozije leti letalo družbe JAT.

Josef K. na klopi v parku zgodaj popoldne, po vaji, zbrano prebira neki Sartrov esej. Zvečer v rdeče-belem trikoju z bleščicami in strelo čez prsi zamišljeno sedi na prečki trapeza pod vrhom šotor in opazuje drobne gledalce daleč pod seboj. V tem hipu si želi samo eno: da so pozabili napeti mrežo nad manežo. Da bi šlo enkrat, četudi le enkrat, enkrat samkrat, zares. Ni nor, samo živel bi rad, in za življenje vse tvegaj, brez kajti. V garderobo z napisom Tura inspicient pomoli glavo: »Dve minuti,« reče in odide. Mož samozavestno vstane in se po ozkem prehodu napoti proti odru. Čez hip stopi nanj, upočasni korak, dela se, kot da bere, in odsotno prične: »Biti ali ne biti ...« In kot na ukaz, kot na ukaz v parterju nekdo vstane. To se ponavlja. V tem je vsa umetnost. Kar je, je poezija. Tudi smrt. Tudi nič. Tudi tudi, tudi.

The Autumning

Here I lie down. The oak trees are glowing in the darkening sun
like silent
guardians of the universe. It is cold, the distant mountains turning
into glass
above the lake are pulling on their bluish coats, solemnly.
Here I lie down. A flock of wild ducks is flying low above the house.
The grasses are cut with a dog running across them and wagging its tail,
Frank, the master, is carrying cut-off branches in his arms behind it.
Every she-angel is terrifying, including myself—
though I demand neither unconditional love nor
complete freedom; regardless.
I am lying here, sticking the fallen leaves onto my cardigan,
I am setting as a sign on the forehead of the century the silk curl of
the child.
Seraphs, cherubs, the poor apprentices of My Highness!
Here I lie. I am waving my arms and doing a dead man while
the autumn is falling down softly on me.

The Impact of the Gas Oven on the Comprehension of Poetry

Unless you have experienced at least one Christmas in England
and got to know
the art of preparing local food, you cannot
really comprehend the poetry of Sylvia Plath.
The conceptual apparatus of a human coming from overseas lacks
sufficient explanation of the term “gas oven”,
yet on the Island they truly ignite it from the inside like we do our
spidery burners.

When setting aflame this blackly black abyss,
this reeking oven’s womb, the hand holding the match
resembles a penis ejaculating the sparkling
of the beginning into the thick and soft weaving.
The sparks, the flames, the flickering behind there!
English stoves are like crematoria and Sylvia Plath must
have been a good cook; something pulls you
in the English kitchen to slash your chest open with a sharp knife
and make an offering of your raw throbbing and/or *thick black* heart
in this oven, on this altar, whose little door closes poorly.
Or to thrust your head into it, which is often one and the same
thing anyway.

When some *daddy* comes to fix that little door one day,
the oven will split open and seemingly yield to
the tickling of the tool, yet from behind there, from its depths,
where the gas nozzle dozes, it will come hissing, right before the daddy
has closed the mended little door behind himself, wildly, mightily,
distinctly,
for Sylvia, for all of us, for all of humanity:
Fuck you, you bastard, I’m through.

A Heart that Loves, Loves

You know what I'm doing right now?
In the mass of an eligible night, I'm making love with you, I'm
 turning around,
nesting in mid-air, your mute presence, you're not here,
I mean, you're not here physically, still, your mute presence
is making me a wild and blood-thirsty beast, loose from its chains,
not having seen food for weeks. I'm gobbling, swilling blood,
spraying it all over the place when I love you,
when I love you, love you quietly, menacingly, when I approach you
relentlessly,
circling you, taking your room, gently meeting your eyes,
touching you with the fingertips of these, well, claws,
taking you ever more greedily, tearing you
voluptuously, when I pull up your heart that's wailing decreasingly
in a shattered and neutered rhythm, dying off, turning off.
My will be done, you know what I'm doing, what I'm doing ...
So that there's no shadow of yours, everything's grey, weary,
 two-dimensional,
I'm looking for you, trying to feel you, when I become scared
 where you are, when I realise
where I am, how I am, how are you, I shout, making it rebound
 from the walls, can you hear it,
can you hear it,
how are you, how are you, how I love you, love you, love you, you
 know what I'm doing,
nothing can be done. Come, we whisper, I repeat after you,
come, come, come, come.
Give me your hand, we whisper,
give me your hand, give me, give me,
go ahead, come and wade in the gluey blood,
my body is calling you, boiling, come and get it,
come, come.
Come, sadness.
Come.

The Net Above the Manege

Tom Daley turns around and slowly approaches the edge
of the jumpboard, back first. He sticks his heels over and settles in silence.
He goes through the sequence of somersaults in his mind. Srbská

Kamenice,

Czechoslovakia, 26 Jan 1972, Vesna Vulović is the sole survivor
of the free fall from the height of 33,000 feet, at which
the JAT Airways aeroplane was flying at the moment of the explosion.
After his practice session, Josef K. is absorbed in reading an essay by Sartre
on a park bench in the early afternoon. In the evening, dressed in a
red-and-white

bodysuit covered with spangles with a bolt across the chest, deep in
thought,

he sits on the trapeze bar underneath the top of the tent, observing
the tiny spectators far below him. At this moment, he only wishes
one thing: that no-one has thought of spreading out the net above
the manege.

That for once, even if only once, the once, it was for real.

He's not insane, he only wishes to live, and dare it all
without because. The stage manager sticks his head into the dressing
room with a sign

Tura on it: "Two minutes," he says and leaves. The man
rises up self-confidently and heads towards the stage down a narrow
hallway.

In the next moment, he steps on stage, slows down, pretending
to be reading, and starts absent-mindedly: "To be or not to be ..."

And as though

at someone's behest, as though at a behest, someone rises up in the stalls.
This keeps repeating. That's the whole art of it.

What exists, exists as poetry. So does death. So does nothing. So does so,
so.

Translated by Andrej Pleterski



Foto © Aleksander Čufar

Alenka Jensterle Doležal

Alenka Jensterle Doležal se je rodila leta 1959 na Jesenicah, zdaj pa že vrsto let živi v tujini. V zadnjih letih se je ustalila v Pragi, kjer predava slovensko književnost in je predstojnica Katedre za južnoslovanske in balkanistične študije na Filozofski fakulteti Karlove univerze. Diplomirala je iz slovenščine, primerjalne književnosti in filozofije ter doktorirala z disertacijo o Antigoni v slovanskih dramatikah. Izdala je več pesniških in proznih del, v zadnjih letih zbirko *Pesmi v snegu* (2012) in roman *Pomen hiše* (2015), prav tako je avtorica več monografij: *V krogu mitov: o ženski in smrti v slovenski književnosti* (2008), *Autor, tekst, kontekst, komunikacija: poglavja iz slovenske moderne* (2014) in *Ključni od labirinta: o slovenski poeziji* (2017). Redno objavlja znanstvene članke in razprave. Nekatere njene pesmi in deli proze so bili prevedeni v angleščino, češčino, hrvaščino, slovaščino, poljščino, srbsčino in so izšli v antologijah. V Pragi organizira vsako leto pesniški festival slovenskih pesnic Mladi mesec. Trenutno je v tisku njena slovenska zbirka *Nostalgicne pesmi*.

Alenka Jensterle Doležal was born in 1959 in Jesenice, Slovenia, and has been living abroad for several years now. In the last few years, she has settled in Prague, where she lectures on Slovenian literature and is the director of the Department of South Slavonic and Balkan Studies at the Faculty of Arts at Charles University. She graduated from Slovenian Studies, Comparative Literature, and Philosophy, and then obtained a PhD with a dissertation on Antigone in Slavic playwriting. She has published a number of poetry and prose works, the latest one being *Pesmi v snegu* (Poems in the Snow, 2012), the novel *Pomen hiše* (The Meaning of a House, 2015), and she is also the author of monographs *V krogu mitov: o ženski in smrti v slovenski književnosti* (In the Circle of Myths: On Women and Death in Slovenian Literature, 2008), *Poglavja iz slovenske moderne* (Chapters from Slovenian Modernism, 2014) and *Ključni od labirinta: o slovenski poeziji* (The Keys to the Labyrinth: On Slovenian Poetry 2017); she regularly publishes academic articles. Some of her poems and excerpts from her prose have been translated into Croatian, Czech, English, Polish, Serbian and Slovak, and published in anthologies. In Prague, she organizes the yearly festival of young female poets Mladi mesec (Young Moon). Her Slovenian collection *Nostalgicne pesmi* (Nostalgic poems) is currently in print.

Krokar in skrivnosti percepcije

Hommage Danetu Zajcu

Potovati na drugi konec sveta da srečaš krokarja
Lesketajočo pošast iz črne teme
Rojenega iz samote
Ogromnega

Krokar koga čakaš
Koga kliče usodna spirala tvojega krika
Kaj to pomeni
Ko se nežno spuščaš skozi zavoje mojega doživljanja

Potovati na drugi konec sveta da srečaš krokarja
Ki samo presunljivo zavrešči in za vedno odleti proč
Spomin njegovega telesa para kožo zahajajočega obzorja
Kakor da bi bil ustvarjen za vedno in izven naključnosti

Preleteti pol sveta samo da srečaš krokarja
Krokar usodo koga naznanjaš in duh koga se skriva v tebi
Katera sporočila iz globin napoveduješ
Krokarjev trdi kamen niča

Tetoviranje

Ne znam več napisati pesmi

Nekdo mi je popisal telo
In vanj zapisal tuj tekst
Z grafiti me zarisal
Z znaki me zakodiral
Tetoviral meje sveta

S kragulji in zmajevimi glavami sem zaznamovana
S tujimi simboli in anonimnimi pesmimi sem prepredena

Moje telo je tekst nekoga drugega
Ki ga nisem napisala jaz
Ki ga interpretirajo zelo različno

Tetovirana z meni neznanimi znamenji
Z meni neznanimi pisavami
Se skrivam pred ljudmi
Moje telo je tuji tekst

Dolga pesem za Tomaža Šalamuna

v puščavi med kaktusi in agavami
med gorami in hreščečimi krokarji
na pločniku in med glasnimi igralci
med brezdomci pri vodnjaku

*se zaustaviš na pomolu
samo da te smrt ne dobi*

zaspano mežikam
prezgodaj je še da bi zgrabila svojo srečo
hočem se kot gazela usločiti
izpostaviti svoje ubogo telo
prodati svojo ubogo smrtnost
in se tako mimogrede dotakniti
vijoličaste neskončnosti

lahko sem cigan
lahko sem egejski Makedonec
lahko sem sveti Petka iz starega rokopisa
lahko sem travestit ki se zaupljivo v ogledalu občuduje
lahko sem moški zaljubljen v moškega ali ženska zaljubljena v svojo
zrcalno podobo
lahko menjam svoj spol
lahko sem pubertetnica
ki se nasmiham fantu z masko starke

ko plešem ali ko pišem
lahko zaznam premike metuljih kril
topim se od nežnosti
slišim glasove ki jih nihče ne sliši
od nekod iz nanosa stoletij
slišim tudi melodijo brezčasja
ritmično mi poskakuje pred očmi
koliko barv?
glasovi mi odkrivajo kje počivajo mrtvi pesniki
Tomaž Šalamun

Yeats ali Keats
sem sviloprejka časa
goltam murvo in bruham nit iz notranjosti
ki se sprede v labirint
v simbol bivanja

*nalij mi še steklenico vina bežni popotnik
rdečega
naj se opijem
naj se omamim z resničnostjo če mi niso zadostovale vratolomne sanje*

tudi danes mora on nastopiti na odru
preoblečen v čarovnika
tih spremljevalec se je zaustavil ob ognju
in si tam tako elegantno ogrel svojo bolečino

s kom se odpravim v gore?
komu zapojem pesem odrekanja?
ali se z glasbo opijem?
ni tako močnega mamila
da bi izbrisalo moje zavedanje
da bi pozabila na smrt
da bi pozabila na mrtvo sestro ki me čaka za vogalom

*nahajal se je v družbi
zbirala se je na koncu ulice Chester Road
bilo je ob štirih
vsi smo bili nestrpni
neučakani smo srkali limonado z ledom s slamico iz podolgovatega
plastičnega kozarca
in takrat smo zagledali kralja
razmršenega in sanjajočega
nekoliko postaranega
jezdil je črnega vranca
in okrog sebe zbiral verne*

ali se mrtvi vračajo kot ptice
se zableščijo med vrsticami
zaskovikajo zacvilijo ali samo zapojejo
zakrakajo
se pojavijo z dvema čapljama na polju
z gotovostjo izstopijo iz tkiva pesmi
kot meglica ki se dviga tam daleč na obzorju

zdaj pišem in moje solze za mrtvimi padajo v nebo
se grmadijo v katedrali
solze so besede in besede so solze
to se lahko zgodi samo v Ameriki
Wish you were here!

Raven and Secrets of Perception

Homage to Dane Zajc

Travelling across the world to meet a raven
A glimmering monster from the black darkness
Born out of solitude
Immense

Raven who are you waiting for
Whom does the fatal spiral of your shriek cry to
What does it mean
When you gently descend through the curves of my experience

Travelling across the world to meet a raven
That only shrieks soul-stirringly and flies away for good
The memory of his body rips up the skin of the setting horizon
Like it were created forever and outside of coincidence

Flying half across the world just to meet a raven
Raven whose fate do you herald and whose spirit do you hide within
Which messages from the depths do you foretell
Raven's hard rock of nothing

Tattooing

I can't write poems any more

Someone wrote over my body
And put an unknown text into it
Drew graffiti over me
Encoded me with symbols
Tattooed the borders of the world

With hawks and dragon heads I am marked
With unknown symbols and anonymous poems I am criss-crossed

My body is someone else's text
That I did not write
That has various interpretations

Tattooed with signs unknown to me
With writings unknown to me
I hide from people
My body is an unknown text

Long Poem for Tomaž Šalamun

in the desert among cacti and agaves
among mountains and crackling ravens
on the pavement and among loud actors
among the homeless at the well

*you stop on the pier
only to avoid death taking you*

sleepily I'm blinking
it's too early for me to grab my luck
I want to bend like a gazelle
to expose my indigent body
to sell my indigent mortality
and just in passing to touch
purple infinity

I can be a Gypsy
I can be an Aegean Macedonian
I can be Saint Peter from an ancient manuscript
I can be a cross-dresser faithfully admiring himself in the mirror
I can be a man in love with another man or a woman in love with
her mirror image
I can change my gender
I can be a teenager
smiling to a boy with the mask of an old woman

when I dance or when I write
I can perceive the movement of butterfly wings
melt with tenderness
hear voices that no one else hears
from somewhere in the alluvium of centuries
I also hear the melody of timelessness
it's jumping before my eyes rhythmically
how many colours?
the voices reveal to me where the dead poets rest
Tomaž Šalamun

Yeats or Keats

I am a silkworm of time

I swallow mulberry and vomit thread from the inside
that spins into a maze
into a symbol of being

*pour me a bottle of wine you casual traveller
a red one*

let me get tipsy

let me get intoxicated by reality if the neck-breaking dreams weren't enough

he has to perform on stage today as well
dressed up as a magician
the silent companion stopped by the fire
and warmed up his pain so elegantly

who do I set out for the mountains with?
who do I sing the song of relinquishment to?
do I get tipsy with the music?
There's no drug strong enough
to erase my awareness
to forget death
to forget my dead sister who awaits me around the corner

*he dwelled in a gang
it gathered at the end of the Chester Road
it was at four o'clock
we were all anxious
impatient we were sipping iced lemonade from straws from oblong
plastic cups
and then we saw the king
dishevelled and dreamy
somewhat aged
he was riding a black horse
and gathered the faithful around*

do the dead come back as birds
do they sparkle between the lines
hoot squeak or just sing
croak
appear with two herons in the field
with certainty step out of the poem tissue
like a haze that rises far on the horizon

now I'm writing and my tears for the dead are falling into the sky
heaping up in a cathedral
tears are words and words are tears
that can only happen in America
Wish you were here!

Translated by Aleksandra Kocmut

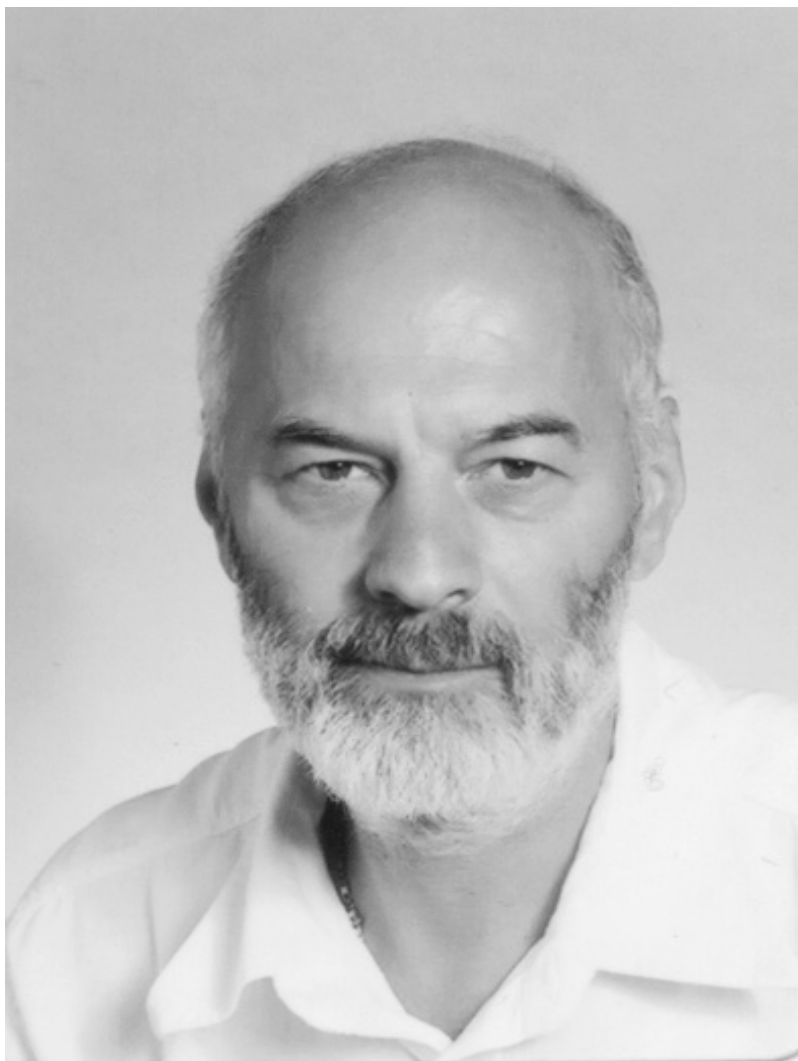


Foto © atelje Pavšič Zavadlav

Boris Jukić

Boris Jukić, pisatelj in prevajalec, se je rodil leta 1947 v Brestovici na Krasu. Diplomiral je iz angleščine in slovenščine, nato pa delal v bibliotekarstvu: vrsto let je bil direktor Goriške knjižnice Franceta Bevka. Ukvarjal se je tudi z računalništvom; s programsko aplikacijo za podporo del in opravil v knjižnicah je opremil slovenske osnovne in srednje šole. Ob tem ves čas piše prozna dela za odrasle in otroke, med drugim pravljice *Vrtec z jabolki* (1989), romana *Nekdo je igral klavir* (1997) in *Pardon, Madame: pismo iz Čedada* (1999) ter prevaja iz angleščine, francoščine, hrvaščine in srbsčine. Poleg literarnega ustvarjanja in jezikov ga zanima še računalništvo. Tudi potuje rad; v Ameriki in na Aljaski še ni bil, tudi v Abesiniji ne, a se tam začenja njegov nastajajoči roman.

Boris Jukić, a writer and a translator, was born in 1947 in Brestovica in the Karst, Slovenia. He graduated from English and Slovenian studies, and then worked as a librarian – he was the Manager of France Bevk Public Library Nova Gorica for a number of years. He was also engaged with computer science; he created a computer application for work support and services in libraries with which he was equipping Slovenian primary and high schools. All the while he has been also writing fiction for adults and children, including the fairy tales *Vrtec z jabolki* (Kindergarden With Apples, 1989), the novels *Nekdo je igral klavir* (Someone Played the Piano, 1997) and *Pardon, Madame: pismo iz Čedada* (Pardon, Madame: a Letter from Čedad, 1999), and has also been translating from English, French, Croatian, and Serbian. In addition to writing, he is also interested in computer science. He likes to travel as well; he has not yet been to America or Alaska, neither Abyssinia, yet his latest novel in the making begins exactly in those places.

Umetnost lokostrelstva

(odlomek iz romana)

Slika 3. Klavir na dežju

Dan je bil sončen, nebo je bilo čisto, jekleno moder azur se je stezal nad tanko nitko, ki se je tkala po vrhovih, okrog pobočja je bila rahlo obarvana v okro, dolina spodaj je bila še zelena, po njej sta negibno tiho tekla dva trakova – eden svetlo zelen, drugi je bil bel – eden mimo drugega. Tako je bilo videti od zgoraj, z nebesja, kjer je visel majhen svetel oblak, ki je imel po spodnjem robu temno modro črto.

Ti, je rekel sovoznik, od zahoda nekaj prihaja.

Se ti zdi?

Ne samo zdi.

Saj pravijo, da pride od zahoda samo slabo.

Glej, je pokazal sovoznik skozi šipo, a vidiš tisti oblak?

Voznik je dvignil glavo in rekel: *Ja, ti! Glej ti to! Ni vsak oblak tako lep. Glej ti to!*

Profesor, se je obrnil sovoznik proti oknu, a vidite, kakšen oblak je tam?

Profesorjeva glava se je premaknila, dlani so slonele na kolenih, človek je še enkrat z očmi pogladil stegna, zazrl se je skozi šipo, pridvignil je očala in jih spet spustil na nos, da dovoli očem, naj preučujejo ... *Ja, je menil počasi, vidim.*

Profesor je imel raskav glas, nekako neznano globlji. Gledal je skozi šipo, nekaj časa še, potem se je nasmehnil.

Res je, kar pravite, je menil brez muje. Res je, lep oblak je. Poglejte, tistole temno črto pod oblakom, ali vidite, tamle spodaj, desno proti severu ...

Onadva sta se radovedno nagnila za tisto črto. *Ja, ja, pa res, sta rekla.*

Bog vedi, kaj prinaša.

Menda mu tako paše, a ne? je vzkliknil sovoznik. *Tako mu paše, a ne?*

Ja, ker tak je lep, je odvrnil profesor in dodal: *Bi lahko ustavili? Tamle, je pokazal z roko, da pogledamo ... zadaj ... klavir?*

Ustavi, je rekel fant vozniku.

Kolesa so dvignila prah, voznik je obsedel za volanom, onadva sta poskakala iz kabine. Fant je zadaj odkljukal in spustil vratnico kesona.

A boste pogledal klavir? je vprašal.

Fortepiano, ga je popravil profesor. *Mi boste pomagali, da grem gor?* ga je pogledal.

Fant se je prijel za jekleni nosilec in skočil v keson. Pomagal je profesorju, da se je skobacal gor, s ploskanjem si je otresel prah z dlani.

Profesor je stopil h klavirju in položil na klavir roko, pogledal k masivni nogi klavirja. *Tu smo premalo podložili*, je rekel. *Vidim, da se je premaknilo. Na omaro se naslanja. Boste podložili še en karton? Tukajle?* je potrepljal po odeji, s katero je bilo prekrito telo instrumenta.

A mora bit tako velik klavir? Saj ta drugi tudi igrajo.

On je popravil odejo. *Stol ne bi smel biti tu*, je menil, zase seveda, *bo poškodoval noge*. Medtem je previdno prislonil stol h kartonom.

Na tla ga dejte, pa bo mir.

Res je, je prikimal.

Potem pa profesor: *Ne, gor mora biti*. Z dlanjo je pobrisal mehko usnje in stol prislonil h kartonu. V priklonu je s pogledom zajel prostor pod cerado in rekel: *Pojdiva*, in je zlezal na tla.

Modre črte ni več, je bil presenečen fant in z zanimanjem opazoval oblak. *Je pa večji*, je pripomnil.

To drži, je menil on. *Veste, kaj?* je pogledal odločno fanta, *pomagajte mi spet gor. Podstavite mi roko.*

Fant je sklenil roki. *Kar na ramo se naslonite*, je menil, *hlače boste potem popucal*.

Profesor se je skobacal gor in poploskal z rokami. *Tu bom ostal*, je zaklical, *to bo najbolj modro. Vi kar zaprite. Na svidenje.*

Ti, ta profesor je trčen, je menil fant in zaloputnil vrata kabine. *Ma, ko šporkasa je trčen. Tam je ostal, pri klavirju.*

A si ga privezal? Voznik je pognal motor in prestavil. In potem: *Čakaj, a bo ta profesor kar tam zadaj? Kar sam? Ga tisti klavir kam stisne! Pa, jebenti! Si misliš?!*

Ne, si ne mislim, je menil oni.

Pa, jebenti klavir in tega profesorja. Ma jebenti, da ga nekam stisne. Samo to se nama še manjka, da ga nekam zapeče. Pejt ti še enkrat pogledat. In potem spet: Pa, jebenti klavir. Ostani tam in pazi, da ne naredi kake neumnosti. Pa, jebenti klavir!

Položite ta karton na tla in sedite, mu je velel profesor. Podal mu je kos kartona. *Držite za nogo, jaz ga bom tu zgoraj. Potegnite odejo k sebi in se pokrijte. Utegne vas zebsti. Ne, ne, kar lezite, jaz bom igral*, je odvrnil profesor na kratek ugovor.

Segel je v žep in vtaknil ključek v ključavnico pokrova, previdno je pridvignil črni pokrov, z roko dvignil mehko tkanino in odstrl tipke, da je zasijala belina. S prsti desne je pretipal črne, od spodnjega do zgornjega *beja*, malo počakal, z nohtom narahlo prečrtaril bele tipke, sklenil roke, narahlo počil s prsti, podrgnil dlani in jih naslonil na stegna.

Vožnja bo dolga, je rekel, ... *ker jaz grem v negotovost, veste.*

Aha, je odmevnil sovoznik.

Igral bom Beethovna, je rekel profesor in se neslišno nasmehnil. *Poznate Beethovna?*

Tako se je začelo, on je govoril in razlagal.

Najprej ogrevanje. Prste je treba ogreti. Vsako stvar je treba ogreti, veste? Tekoč se ogreje, ker telo se mora ogreti, potem zaživi ... potem lahko teče.

In to. Zaigral je uspavanko, nežno da le kaj, hitro in spretno, z gibkimi prsti, zraven je govoril: *Poslušajte, poslušajte to krampanje. A slišite? To je krampanje, niti krampljanje ni, mačke krampljajo bolj z občutkom ... Mačke!*

Potem je ponovil vajo, hitreje, in še enkrat, in je na koncu zakričal: *A slišite to? To je ragljanje, ragljanje, tako babe ragljajo!*

Ropot motorja je preglaševal njegovo kričanje, on pa še glasneje: *To je uspavanka, veste.*

Fant ga je gledal in momljal vase: *Ta tip je pritisnjen v božjo mater. Bog, a si ti kje blizu?*

On pa: *Aha, aha, prsti so se mi ogreli*, je pogledal fanta od strani. *Beethoven*, je kričal, *to je Beethoven. Poslušate? Tadodo dommm, tadodo dommm. Nekaj usodovskega, mar ne? Poslušajte! Čisto prav je, da ste prišli*, je gledal fanta spodbudno. *A slišite? Ni čudno, da je v molu, v c-molu je, a slišite?*

Fant je držal nogo klavirja in poslušal z odprtimi usti in preslišal tisti c-mol. Gledal je mimo roba klavirja, izza katerega so se tu in tam pokazali prsti in so se potem dlani v kratkem elegantnem loku spet vrnile med tipke, kot bi jemale svež zamah, vse je bilo kot oddih, tako da je tudi fant zavzdihnil in na kratko zaprl oči. Gledal je, v resnici je zijal v pianistova očala nad judovsko oblikovanim nosom. On pa je kričal. *To je sonata, poslušajte*, je kričal, da bi preglasil hrup motorja. *Sonata dvajset, sonata številka dvajset. Dur je to, veste, dur, kakor bi rekli hojsasa hojsasa, veste. Ena sama igra, igrarije, igračkanja, vi bi rekli zafrkavanje. To so zafrkavarije, veste*, je udaril na tipko, in še enkrat in še enkrat, *slišite, ge, to je ge, sonata v G-duru. Ponovite, ponovite, G-dur.*

Gedur, ježešmarija, Gedur je, o madona!

Tako! Lepo ste to povedali.

Tovornjak je hrudel, tišina je v brnenju motorja in enakomernega pohrustavanja koles skozi makadamsko naslago počasi postala moteča, dolgočasna, odveč pravzaprav, in profesor se je z dlanmi na stegnih obrnil k fantu in rekel: *Poslušajte, nekaj bolj dodelanega je to. V začetku je, kot bi se ponavljalo, pa se v resnici ne, veste ... Poslušajte.* V tišini, ki je za trenutek nastala, je bilo spet slišati hrup motorja in hreščanje koles.

Poslušajte, poslušajte to ... Zdaj gre roka še bolj gor, ampak je isto, veste, isto je, kot bi spremljala odzvenelo melodijo v temo. In zdaj še bolj gor in tako ... nenadoma izgine. Kar izgine, vidite.

In je vse šlo tako. Fant je vprašal: *Je to Brahms?* Dež je preglasil hrustljivo pojevanje makadama, ki je potihnilo, skoraj obnemelo, slišati je bilo samo goste kaplje po ponjavi.

Ko so našli hišo in je voznik ustavil vozilo, je profesor rekel: *Čakajte, saj dežuje. Saj vendar dežuje!*

Tovornjak se je namreč ustavil pred veliko hišo, kjer naj bi profesor stanoval, še vedno je deževalo. Profesor je skočil na cesto, roke je dvigal v nekakšno vprašanje in s tem vprašanjem je stal sredi ceste, šofer pa je kričal, da če on kaj ve, ne dežuje. *Nekaj deži*, je kričal v dež. *Pa kaj je to? Dejmo, štruč, potisnita to zverino ven, pa greva midva. Ampak dežuje! Prosim lepo!* je klical profesor skozi dež.

Pri teh stvareh je vedno tako, in je tako bilo tudi takrat, klavir je ležal na cesti ... na dežju, kot kaka uboga sirota brez svojih, od zgoraj, kjer bivata narava in Bog, je po strešnikih, po tlaku in po črnem laku pljuskala voda.

Ah, ni da bi govoril, če naj ponovim njegove besede.

Deževalo je ali, kakor je tako blago rekel voznik, dežilo je. Dež je pral in žehljal po klavirju, po profesorju, po fantu, voznik je preklinjal kot štirje besni psi in končno zveličano in zveličavno dvignil roke v nebo in zaklical: *Pa mater mu, pustiva midva že enkrat to meščansko sranje in pejva.*

Profesor je slekel jesenski plašč in ga pogrnil čez klavir.

Čudno ga je bilo videti, takole v dežju, ob klavirju. Res je bil podoben klovnu za klavirjem.

In tako. Profesor je čelo premišljeno počasi naslonil na žep plašča – eleganten črn jesenski plašč je bil – z ustnicama je otipal rob prešitega žepa ... in zaprl oči – tudi to je storil elegantno – naredila se je tema, v temi je potisnil dlan čez gladko polakirano ploskev, dolgi

in gibki prsti so padli čez rob, tam mrtvo obviseli, potapljáli so po leseni ploskvi in poiskali komajda izbočene velike črke, *Zlate črke*, je rekel, STEIN in WA, s kazalcem je podrsal po STEIN in ...

V tisto mehko tkanino elegantnega plašča v prešiti rob žepa je rekel tiho: *Konec! Konec je!*

To je bilo leta dvainpetdeset.

The Art of Archery

(excerpt from the novel)

Sketch 3: Piano in the rain

The day was sunny, the sky was clear, steel-blue azure was spread above the thin thread that weaved across the summits, slightly coloured in ochre around the slope, the valley below was still green, two strips were flowing across it motionlessly, silently – one light green, the other white – one past another. That was the view from up there, from the heavens, where a small bright cloud hung with a dark blue line on its lower edge.

Hey, man, said the co-driver, *something's coming from the west.*

Do you think?

I don't just think.

Well, they do say bad things come from the west.

Look, the co-driver pointed through the window, *do you see that cloud?*

The driver raised his head and said, *Yeah, man. Check this out! There are not many clouds as beautiful as this one. Check it out!*

Professor, the co-driver turned to the window, *do you see that cloud over there?*

The professor's head moved, his palms leaned on his knees, the man glanced at his thighs once more, then he gazed through the glass, lifted up his glasses and dropped them on his nose again to let his eyes observe... *Yes,* he opined slowly, *I do.*

The professor's voice was husky, somehow mysteriously deeper. He gazed through the glass for a while longer, then he smiled.

What you say is true, he said with no haste. *It is, indeed, a beautiful cloud. Look at that dark line beneath the cloud, see, down there, on the right towards the north...*

The other two curiously leaned toward that line. *Yeah, yeah, really,* they said.

God knows what it brings along.

I guess it likes it that way, right? called out the co-driver. *It likes it that way, right?*

Yes, because that way, it is beautiful, replied the professor and added, *Could you pull over? There?* He pointed where. *So we can check ... in the back ... the piano?*

Pull over, said the boy to the driver.

The wheels raised some dust, the driver sat behind the wheel while they jumped out of the cabin. The boy unlatched the door handle and let the door up.

You gonna check the piano? he asked.

Fortepiano, the professor corrected him. *Will you help me get up there?* He looked at the boy.

The boy grabbed the steal post and jumped into the trailer. He helped the professor climb up, shaking the dust off of his palms by clapping.

The professor approached the piano and laid his hand on it, looking at one of its massive legs. *We haven't balanced it well here*, he said. *I can see it has moved. It leans on the chest. Will you place another piece of cardboard beneath it? Here?* He stroked the blanket that covered the body of the instrument.

Does it have to be such a big piano? Others can play, too.

He set the blanket. *The chair shouldn't be here*, he thought, by himself, naturally, *it's going to damage the legs*. Meanwhile, he carefully leaned the chair against the cardboards.

Put it on the floor, that'll do it.

Indeed, he nodded.

And then the professor, *No, it has to be up there*. He wiped the soft leather with his palm and leaned the chair against the cardboard. Bowed, he captured the space beneath the tarpaulin with his eyes and said, *Let's go*, and he climbed down.

The blue line's gone. The boy was surprised and observed the cloud curiously. *It's bigger, though*, he remarked.

That's right, he opined. *You know what*, he looked at the boy decisively, *help me get back up. Make me a stirrup with your fingers*.

The boy put his hands together. *You just lean on the shoulder*, he suggested, *you'll clean your pants later*.

The professor clambered up and clapped his hands. *I'll stay here*, he called out, *it will be for the best. You just close up. Good bye*.

Man, this professor is a loony, opined the boy and banged the door of the cabin. *Heck, he's a total nutjob. He stayed there, by the piano*.

Did you buckle him up? The driver started the engine and shifted gears.

And then, *Wait, so this professor's gonna just stay back there? By himself? That piano could flatten him! Goddammit! Can you believe that?!*

No, I can't, opined the other one.

Well, screw the piano and screw the professor. Just let him get fucking flattened. That's just what we need right now. For this guy to get

flattened. Go on and check on him once more. And then again, Screw the piano. Stay there and keep an eye on him so he won't do anything stupid. Screw the piano!

Place this cardboard on the floor and sit down, the professor told him. He passed him a piece of cardboard. *Hold its leg, I'll hold it up here. Pull the blanket close and cover up. You might get cold. No, no, you just lie down, I'll play,* the professor responded after a brief objection.

He reached into his pocket and put the key into the keyhole, he carefully lifted the black lid, raised the soft cloth with his hand and uncovered the keys so the whiteness glared. With the fingers of his right hand he touched the black ones, from the low to the high B, waited for a moment, ran over the white keys with a fingernail, joined hands, gently cracked his knuckles, rubbed his palms and placed them on his thighs.

It's going to be a long drive..., he said, *for I'm headed to uncertainty, you know.*

Uh-huh, echoed the co-driver.

I'm going to play Beethoven, said the professor and smiled silently. *Do you know Beethoven?*

So it began, he talked and explained.

First you should warm up. The fingers must be warmed up. Everything has to be warmed up, you know? The jogger warms up, because the body has to warm up to become lithe... to be able to jog.

And that. He played the lullaby, gently as can be, fast and skilful, with pliable fingers, narrating, *Listen, listen to that rumbling. Do you hear it? It's rumbling, it's not even scratching, cats scratch with more touch ... Cats!*

Then he repeated the exercise, faster, and once more, and at the end, he shouted, *Do you hear it? It's rattling, hags' rattling!*

His shouting was drowned out by the rumbling of the engine, but he kept on, *It's a lullaby, you know.*

The boy observed him, mumbling to himself, *That guy is goddamn crazy. God, are you anywhere near?*

And he kept it up, *Uh-huh, uh-huh, my fingers are warmed up*, he looked askance at the boy. *Beethoven was shouting, that's Beethoven. Do you hear it? Ta dah dah dummm, ta dah dah dummm. Sounds fatal, doesn't it? Listen! It's good that you came*, he looked at the boy encouragingly. *Do you hear it? No wonder it's in a minor key, a C minor; do you hear it?*

The boy held the piano leg, listening with open mouth, not hearing that C minor. He was looking past the piano edge, behind which fingers emerged now and then, and the palms then returned to the keys in a short, elegant bow, like they were taking a fresh swing at it, it was all like relaxation so the boy sighed as well and closed his eyes for a second. He was looking, actually he was staring at the pianist's glasses above his crooked nose.

He was shouting, *This is a sonata, listen*, he was shouting to drown the noise of the engine, *Sonata 20, Sonata no. 20. It's in a major key, you know, major, that's like doodle dee do, you know. It's all just a game, it's a trifling, you'd call it messing around. They are messingarounds, you know*, he hit a key, and again and again, *do you hear it, the G, it's the G, Sonata in G major. Say it, say it, G major.*

Geemajor, holy moly, it's geemajor, sweet mother of God!

That's right! You couldn't have said it better.

The truck was roaring, its engine buzzing and its wheels constantly crunching over the macadam layers, the silence slowly became disturbing, dull, overwhelming actually, and the professor, his palms on his thighs, turned to the boy and said, *Listen, it's more sophisticated than that. At the beginning, it seems like it's a repetition, but it's actually not, you know... Listen.*

In the silence that emerged for a moment, you could again hear the noise of the engine and the crunching of the wheels.

Listen, listen to this... Now the hand goes higher, but it's the same, you know, it's the same, just as if a fade out tune were accompanied into the darkness. And now a bit higher and so... it suddenly vanishes. It just vanishes, you see.

And so it all went on. The boy asked, *Is this Brahms?*, the rain drowned the crunching of the macadam so it went quiet, almost mute, and all you could hear were thick raindrops on the tarpaulin. When they found the house and the driver stopped the vehicle, the professor said, *Wait, it's raining. It's raining!*

The truck had stopped in front of a big house where the professor supposedly lived, and it was still raining. The professor jumped out on the street, raised his arms in some sort of a question, and with that question he stood in the middle of the street, while the driver was shouting that as far as he knew, it was not raining.

It's drizzling, he shouted into the rain. *So what? Come on, štručl, push that beast out and let's be on our way.*

But it's raining! Please! shouted the professor through the rain.

These things always turn out this way, and they did it again, the piano lay on the street... in the rain, like a poor orphan with no family, and from up there where nature and God reside, water splashed down the tiles, the pavement, the black varnish.

Like falling down the rabbit hole, in his words.

It was raining or, as the driver had put it so gently, it was drizzling. The rain washed and rinsed the piano, the professor, the boy, the driver was cursing like four mad dogs and finally, he raised his arms to the sky wearily and beatifically and shouted, *Screw him, drop this bourgeois crap and let's go.*

The professor took off his trench coat and spread it over the piano. It was strange seeing him like that, in the rain, beside the piano. He was, indeed, like a clown behind the piano.

And so. With slow deliberation, the professor pressed his forehead against the pocket of his coat – it was an elegant black trench coat – he felt the edge of the pocket seam with his lips... and closed his eyes – he did that elegantly – and the darkness fell, and in the dark, he slid his hand across the smooth lacquered surface, his long and pliable fingers fell over the edge, lay there idly, tapped the wooden surface, searching for slightly embossed capitals, *Golden letters*, he said, STEIN and WA, he slid his point finger across the STEIN and ...

Into the soft fabric of his elegant coat, into the seamed pocket edge he said quietly, *Over! It's over!*

That was in nineteen fifty-two.

Translated by Aleksandra Kocmut



Foto © Tobias Böhm

Esther Kinsky

Esther Kinsky se je rodila leta 1956 v Engelskirchnu v Nemčiji. Slavistiko in angleško književnost je študirala v Bonnu in Torontu, od leta 1986 pa prevaja iz angleščine, ruščine in poljščine. Po revijalnih objavah in delih za otroke je leta 2009 izšel njen romaneskni prvenec *Sommerfrische* (Poletje na deželi), ki mu je sledilo več pesniških zbirk, romanov, v soavtorstvu z Martinom Chalmersom potopis *Karadag Oktober 13. Aufzeichnungen von der kalten Krim* (Karadag, 13. oktober. Zapiski z mrzlega Krima, 2015), kot zadnja pa pesniška zbirka *Am Kalten Hang / viagg' invernale* (Ob hladnem pobočju / viagg' invernale, 2016), iz katere so tudi v zborniku objavljene pesmi. Za literarno ustvarjanje in prevajalsko delo je prejela več nagrad, med njimi prevajalsko nagrado Paula Celana leta 2009 in nagrado Adelberta von Chamissa za literaturo leta 2016. Po večletnem bivanju v Londonu in madžarskem mestu Battonya zdaj živi v Berlinu.

Esther Kinsky was born in 1956 in Engelskirchen, Germany. She studied Slavic Studies and English Literature in Bonn and Toronto, and has been translating from English, Russian, and Polish since 1986. After having published work in literary magazines as well as children's literature, her debut novel *Sommerfrische* (*Summer Resort*) came out in 2009. This was followed by several poetry collections, novels, the travelogue *Karadag Oktober 13. Aufzeichnungen von der kalten Krim* (Karadag October 13. Notes From the Cold Crimea, 2015) co-authored by Martin Chalmers, and her latest poetry collection, *Am Kalten Hang / viagg' invernale* (On The Cold Slope. A Wintery Travel, 2016), poems from which are to be found also in this almanac. She has received several awards for her literary and translation work, among them, the 2009 Paul Celan Prize for translation and the 2016 Adelbert von Chamisso Prize for literature. After having lived in London and the Hungarian town of Battonya for many years, she now resides in Berlin.

Wir sind der wind wir sind der wind wir
sind der wind ich hab die stirn
gelehnt an einen alten traum die wand
von haus hof aprikosen
baum so geht es zu ans schwere tor
schlägt niemand es ist still nur im gelaub
zukopfen mir und alt in diesem traum
da raunt es so und raunt es ungefähr wir sind
der wind wir sind der wind wir sind
der wind am tor der niemals schlägt
nur an bestrichnen pfosten schabt und
schleckt und nimmerschweigt die wand
sie schüttert schon und weiß
nicht ein noch aus und läßt die stirn
allein mit diesem traum vom alten wir
wir sind wir sind
der wind.

Sieh da sieh da ein engel
in engelstracht den kopf
gesenkt nach engelsart witternd
in den anbrechenden tag so
soll es sein ist es gut
ist es wirklich doch ist das
kein engelswort ein engel
streift sich vom schwingenpaar
was es zu sagen gibt
beispielsweise
übers vergehen der zeit über
vergägnis und auch diese alte
vergangenheit o stadt
der unbeständigkeit dafür
taugt sein laut ein dünner
anhaltender ton unter
halbgeschlossenen lidern der flügel
ein klagelaut etwa wie
der wind der unsterblichkeit oder
wimmern wie eine garbe
hinter dem schnitter
die niemand aufnimmt.

Gestern noch

schlugen wir uns ins dickicht
so will es mir scheinen und – lautlos
liegen die auen des friedens –
hielten still warteten
ab was
würde sich rühren etwa
der trauerschnäpper zu unseren
häupten der matt schimmernd
gepanzerte käfer im laub
die buckelnde raupe am stamm
doch alles hielt mit uns
still und verstummte
wartete ab
welches wort sich wohl fand für die
abwesenheit jeglichen lauts
auf unwirtbarem weg.

Nach den gelben
blüten fragtest du noch
diesen kleinen büscheln die
wie aus versehen zweimal
blühen alljährlich
duftlos und halb im wilden
dem galt dein augenmerk ist es
ist es schon wieder so weit
wie weit daß die gelben
büschel blühen widerborstiges
gesträuch am ufer und anderen
grenzen gelbe wiederbringer
doppelzähler der lenze einen stab
vom mandelbaum seh ich
scherztest du am wasser
im schönwort september du hobst
noch die hand um zu sagen
wie sie wohl blühen im mai.

Wie wir opferten
farren um farren
zicklein um zicklein
turteltäubchen um
treue und folgsamkeit

im reinen gefäß
napfartig
rollten die wörter
als wollten sie würfel sein
aus ihren augen blickte die weisung:
einknicken des kopfes
reißen der flügel
ausschlagen des blutes
und immer ging alles
in rauch auf
zuletzt
schlug das herz bis zum halse
bis schnee fiel der reif einen weißen
schein gestreut hat ums haupt
auch das ein spiel
der müßigen engel.

Gelegentliche sehnsucht nach den feiern
nach der atemlosigkeit der zahlen
eins zwei drei sieben die regeln
aufsteigender aussprechbarkeit ach
sieben berge bäche und dergleichen
zwischen buchenstämmen lag alles
ausgebreitet und lichtgefleckt ob es
mir denn entgangen ist das gerücht
das umging vom gehtnichtmehr?
die suche gilt wie stets
dem ausgeschirrten gebet etwa laßt uns
gehen in die festen städte
und verstummen.

Le veter sva le veter sva
le veter sva oprla čelo
sem ob davne sanje hišni
zid dvorišče in marelično
drevo tako gre to na težka vrata
več nihče ne bíje mirno je med listjem
v mislih in davnini v sanjah
kjer šepeče nekaj kot šepeče sva
le veter sva le veter sva
le veter tu pred vrati ki nikdar ne bíje
temveč strga le obarvane podboje in
jih liže in ne obmolči zid
se kruši in ne ve
ne kam ne kod in čelo ostaja
sámo s sanjami o davnem naju
sva le veter
sva le veter.

Glej ga glej ga tam je angel
v angelski opravi glavo
sklanja prav po angelsko v
slutnji porajajočega se dne
tako je prav je dobro
je resnično vendar to
ni angelska beseda angel
si otrese s perutnic vse
kar je treba reči
kot na primer
vse o poteku časa o
pogubljenosti in davni
že preteklosti o ti mesto
nestalnosti temu
služi njegov zvok visok
nenehen zven izpod
priprtih vek peruti
tožba ki je kot
veter neumrljivosti ali
ječanje snopiča
za koscem ki ga
nihče ne zazna.

Še včera j
sva prebijala se skoz goščavo
se mi zdi in se – med neslišnim
širjenjem livad miru –
pritajevala
v pričakovanju nečesa
kar bi se zganilo denimo
črnoglavi muhar nad najinima
glavama svilnato bleščeči
hroščev oklep med listjem
zgrbljena gosenica na deblu
toda vse je mirovalo
z nama in molčalo
čakajoč
besedo za odsotnost
slehnega zvoka
na neprijazni poti.

Po rumenih
cvetkah si še vprašal
teh grmičih ki
cvetó kot po pomoti
dvakrat letno
nedišéči in napol v divjini
so te pritegnili je mar
je mar že spet ta čas
kateri čas ko vzcvetijo šopi
rumenila trmasto
grmičje na brežini in ostalih
mejah žolti prinašalci
dvojni merilci pomladi vidim
palico iz mandljevca
si se pošalil tam ob vodi
leporečnega septembra dvignil
si še dlan da rekel bi kakšno
o rožah ki maja cvetó.

Kako sva žrtvovala
junca za juncem
kozlička za kozličkom
golobčke za
zvestobo in poslušnost

v čisti posodi
nekakšni skodeli
so se kotalile besede
kot bi hotele biti kocke
iz oči jim strmeli je ukaz:
zlomiti vrat
streti krila
izbičati kri
in vedno se je vse razblinilo
v dim
nazadnje
je srce utripnilo v grlu
za tistim zapadel je sneg je ivje
beli obstret prek las razvelo
tudi to je le igra
nekoristnih angelov.

Občasno hrepenenje po zabavah
po upehanosti števk
en dva tri sedem pravila
naraščajoče izgovorljivosti ah
sedem gorá potokov in podobno
med bukovimi debli se je vse
razraslo v igri sence in luči mar
sem preslišala te govorice
o ne-gre-več?
kot vselej iščem
izpreženo molitev pojdiva
v trdna mesta
in obmolkniva.

Prevedla Ana Jasmina Oseban

We are the wind we are the wind we
are the wind I lean my brow
against an early dream the wall
of house yard apricot
tree that's how it goes with never a knock
on the heavy gate all's still yet in the leaves
beliefs above my head and old in the dream
such moanings murmurs as we are
the wind we are the wind we are
the wind that whispers at the gate that never knocks
but only grazes chafes at the smeared
posts is neverstill the wall
beginning to tremble knows
not where to turn and leaves my brow
alone to dream this dream of the older we
we are we are
the wind.

See here see here an angel
in angel's garb his head
is bowed the angel's way he tests
the air of the dawning day thus
should it be thus it is good
it is real but these are
not an angel's words an angel
brushes from his pinions
what there is to say
for example
on the passing of time on
passing away and also this old
past oh city
of inconstancy to which
its voice is suited a wispy
continuous tone under
half-closed lids its wing
a wailing something like
the wind of immortality or
after the harvestman
the whimpering of the handful
none shall gather.

Only yesterday

it seems to me we were going
into the thickets and – the peaceable
folds being brought to silence –
holding still we bided
our time for
what might stir perhaps
the flycatcher in her weeds over
our heads the faint gleam
of an armour-clad beetle in the leaves
the humpbacked caterpillar
on the trunk but all held still
with us falling silent
biding their time
for what word could be found for the
absence of all sound
on the inhospitable path.

And still you asked
about the yellow flowers
those little clusters
blossoming as if in error
twice each year
scentless, semi-feral
it held your attention is it
is it already so late
how late it must be for the yellow
clusters to bloom resistant
shrubs on banks and other
borders yellow restorers
doublers of our years I see
a rod of an almond tree
you quipped by the water
in that fair-seeming september still
you raised your hand to say
such as they blossom in may.

How we sacrificed
bullock after bullock
kid after kid
turtledoves after
fidelity and obedience

in the pure vessel
bowl-like
rolled the words
wishing perhaps to be dice
their eyes glaring laws:
wringing of the head
rending by the wings
sprinkling of the blood
and everything always
going up in smoke
finally
his heart was in his mouth
and snow fell the frost spread
a white sheen around his head
that too a game
of idle angels.

Sporadic celebratory longings
for the breathlessness of numbers
one two three seven the rule
of increasing utterability ach
seven hills streams and the like
between the beech trunks all was
spread and dappled with light
had I not noticed then the rumour
going round of can't-go-on?
my search will be as always for
the unharnessed prayer say let us
enter into the defenced cities
and be silent.

Translated by Iain Galbraith



Foto © Nebojša Babić

Vladimir Pištalo

Vladimir Pištalo se je rodil leta 1960 v Sarajevu v Bosni in Hercegovini in se v otroštvu preselil v Beograd. Po študiju prava v Sarajevu in Beogradu je doktoriral iz ameriške zgodovine v ZDA, kamor je leta 1993 tudi emigriral. Zdaj predava ameriško in svetovno zgodovino na Becker Collegeu v Massachusettsu. Je eden najpomembnejših sodobnih srbskih literatov in avtor enajstih proznih del, med katerimi je najbolj znan literarizirani biografski roman *Tesla, portret među maskama* (*Tesla, portret med maskami*, 2008), za katerega je prejel srbsko literarno nagrado NIN za najboljši roman leta 2008 in nagrado Narodne knjižnice Srbije za najbolj brano knjigo leta 2009. Roman, ki je preveden v več jezikov in bil prodajna uspešnica v ZDA, je v slovenskem prevodu Đurđe Strsoglavca izšel tudi pri založbi Modrijan leta 2012, dve leti kasneje pa še novela *Aleksandrida* (1999) o življenju Aleksandra Velikega. Pištalo je med drugim tudi avtor poetičnega romana *Milenijum u Beogradu* (*Milenij v Beogradu*, 2000), kratkih zgodb *Priče iz celog sveta* (*Zgodbe z vsega sveta*, 1997), njegovo zadnje delo pa je roman v pismih *Sunce ovog dana. Pismo Andriću* (*Sonce tega dne. Pismo Andriću*, 2017).

Vladimir Pištalo was born in 1960 in Sarajevo in Bosnia and Herzegovina, and moved to Belgrade when still a child. After studying Law in Sarajevo and Belgrade, he obtained a PhD in American History in the United States, where he emigrated in 1993. He now teaches US and World History at Becker College in Massachusetts. He is one of the most important contemporary Serbian writers and the author of eleven fiction works, the most famous one being the literarized biographical novel *Tesla, portret među maskama* (*Tesla, Portrait with Masks*, 2008) that was awarded the Serbian NIN Award for the best novel of 2008 and the People's Library of Serbia Award for the most read book of 2009. The novel was a selling hit in US as well, and it was published in Slovenian translation by Đurđa Strsoglavac at Modrijan publishing house in 2012; two years later his novella *Aleksandrida* (*A Biography of Alexander the Great*, 1999) was published. Pištalo is also the author of the poetic novel *Milenijum u Beogradu* (*Millenium in Belgrade*, 2000), of the short stories *Priče iz celog sveta* (*Stories from Around the World*, 1997), and his latest work is the epistolary novel *Sunce ovog dana. Pismo Andriću* (*The Sun of This Day. A Letter to Andrić*, 2017), about the Bosnian writer, diplomat, and the only Nobel Prize winner for literature from former Yugoslavia.

Milenijum v Beogradu

(odlomka iz romana)

PROLOG

Legenda o postanku Beograda kaže da je čovek uvredio kentaure koji su, u svitanje vremena, živeli oko Avale. Kopita gnevnih kentaura su potresla zemlju. Njihovi vriskovi su cepali nebo. Čovek im je izmakao „za nogu” i bacio se u reku. Čuo je zuk a zatim pljusak strela po vodi. Kentauri su se zaustavili na obali, njištali i kopali nogama po mulju. Begunac je izronio nasred Save i uhvatio dah. Nagutao se vode dok je doplivao do druge obale. Iscrpljen, pao je pod kalemegdansku stenu, na ušću Save u Dunav, i sklopio oči.

Usnuo je grad.

Usnuo je bogomolje i palate. Usnuo je teatre oko trga na kome su recitovali pesnici. Usnuo je krepke i lepo obučene stare ljude i žene kako šetaju parkovima. Usnuo je ljubavnike kako dahom opijaju jedno drugo. Usnuo je skulpture na trgovima i fasadama. Usnuo je hiljadu gostionica, gde su se služila jela hiljadu naroda. Usnuo je vinarije uređene kao biblioteke. Usnuo je grad čije su sve brige odvlačile dve reke i ostavljale ga bezbrižnog.

Usnuo je knjižare i čajdžinice u kojima bi čovek poželeo da ostari. Usnuo je varoš u kojoj je zadovoljstvo pratiti smenjivanje godišnjih doba. Usnuo je mesto koje ga je zavodilo detaljima i držalo zaljubljenim u celini. Usnuo je Grad. Bio je to grad večitog podneva, bez sutona i senke. Ulicama su šetali anđeli i žene su s prozora na njih istresale jastučnice pune konfeta. Bele ruke su snevaču mahale sa terasa.

Kad je čovek otvorio oči, nad njim je stajao anđeo. Anđeo je imao oči kakve čovek nikad nije video. On je upro prstom ka steni nad vodama i rekao:

– Vidi!

Čovek je pogledao niz anđelov kažiprst i – sve je bilo tu! Na steni se nalazio grad. Zidovi, belji od sipine kosti, bleštali su na suncu. Arhitektonske mase nadržale su jedne druge u ljupkom neredu.

Bilo je to mnogo pre nego što sam se ja rodio u Beogradu, u njemu upoznao Irinu i zaljubio se u nju. Ipak, o ovom događaju pišem kao svedok. To je moguće zato što se sve dešavalo u Vremenu Sno-va, koje prethodi vremenu, dolazi posle njega i prepliće se s njim. To se dešavalo u svetom proleću, u večnosti, u „svudsvagdašnjem vremenu”. Zato i mogu da posvedočim koliko se snevač obradovao zidovima koji će ga konačno zaštititi od urlajuće divljine.

Užasnutim očima, snevač je pio svoj ostvareni san. Sada je samo trebalo da otvori kapiju i nastani se u njemu. Iznenada, osetio se premalenim da preuzme odgovornost za svoj san. Hteo je da ciči. Hteo je da vrišti. Hteo je da sakrije glavu pod krilo. Sad kad je san ostvaren, on se mogao rasprsnuti kao mehur od sapunice. Snevačeva usna se iskrivila i on se podsmehnuo sebi i onome što najviše želi. Na razmekšanim nogama napravio je prvi korak unazad. Zatim je napravio drugi korak pa treći. U trenutku kad je zauvek okrenuo leđa gradu odjeknuo je vrisak anđela sa bedema od krede. Ne osvrćući se, snevač je napustio nedosanjani san i vratio se u urlajuću divljinu.

Bogovi, koji su uslišili čovekovu želju, prokleli su grad strašnom kletvom:

Neka ovo mesto bude rana. Čim se na toj rani uhvati krasta, neka je zderu prljavi nokti. Neka generacije sinova nikad ne nastave ono što su radile generacija očeva. Neka se u ovom gradu ljudi uvek podsmevaju onome što najviše žele.

I to je bila kazna bogova čoveku koji je okrenuo leđa svom snu.

GLAVA II

Preobražaj

U Beogradu se nikad nije svirao bolji rok nego posle smrti Josipa Broza Tita. Sa svojom večitom ljubavlju i mržnjom, Marijom, moj drug Bane Janović je osnivao novotalasne grupe koje su se zvale „Akustična Senka“, „Mladi a debeli“, „Sakati od straha“ i konačno „Zverogušteri“.

Sa „novim talasom“ u našem gradu se oslobodio naboj takvog entuzijazma da su se i kipovi prenuli. Po beogradskim ulicama se začuo uzbuđeni cvokot. Oči su iskrile. Ja sam mogao reći: ovo je nešto moje. Moj grad je konačno moj. Ovo je nešto sa moje planete.

Počelo je tako što je Bane Janović uzeo orden za hrabrost iz II svetskog rata. Rasklopio je benzinski upaljač i oprljio iglu. Stegao je svoju sisu i zakačio orden na golo meso. Zaškrgutao je zubima i rekao: Hajdemo! Bane je svoj muzički imidž najkraće izražavao ovako:

- 1) Očajan sam.
- 2) Nemam devojku.
- 3) Ne znam da sviram.
- 4) Toliki znaju ali nemaju šta da kažu.
- 5) Ja hoću nešto da kažem, ali ne znam kako.

Bane i Marija su recitovali tekstove iz Bukvara uz ritam mašinu, dok nisu naučili da sviraju. Širili su popularnost „Zenit“ avangarde

iz 20-ih godina, parodirali socrealizam i šlagere iz šezdesetih. „Sakati od straha” su se raspali baš kad su trebali da snime ploču. Najbolji orguljaš u gradu ih je ostavio i počeo da se bavi crnom magijom. Telefonirali su prijatelju u Zagreb da otkazu koncert u Kulušiću. Kad su se ustalili sa „Zverogušterima”, Bane je počeo da se krevelji na fotografijama u „Džuboksu”.

– Stvarnost je jako deficitarna u ovom našem gradu – izjavio je u jednom intervjuu.

– Ne podnosim druge ljude – govorio je u drugom intervjuu.

– Zato što su „drugi”, a i onako, šta imam da ih podnosim.

– Da li se osećaš slavnim? – pitali su ga.

– Ja sam slavan kad sam srećan – odgovarao je Bane citatom Jana Djurija.

Jedne majske večeri 1982. godine, „Zverogušteri” su svirali u zdepastom dvorčiću, koji se nekad zvao Oficirski dom. Iz te zgrade su, sedamdeset devet godina ranije, Dragutin Dimitrijević Apis i njegovi zaverenici pošli da ubiju srpskog kralja Aleksandra Obrenovića i kraljicu Dragu Mašin. Na mestu gde su se nekada zaklinjali pripadnici „Crne Ruke”, sada su prašili „Zverogušteri”. Uvek kad mislim na Baneta i Mariju, setim se njihovog prvog albuma „Koliko ih imamo i čega?”

Ruka basiste „Zveroguštera” podsećala je na nogu psa koji se češe. Bubnjar je jedva pogađao bubnjeve u scenskom dimu. U sakou preširokih ramena, Bane je ličio na Frankenštajna. Reflektor je napravio krug oko njega. On se uspravio i zbacio sako. Na golim grudima je zablistao orden za hrabrost iz Drugog svetskog rata. Publika je bila ogromno telo bez lica, koje je igralo. Publika je bila crni Kvazimodo. Ona je na Banetovu pojavu odgovorila krikom ohrabrenja.

Ovo čemu sam prisustvovao ličilo mi je na mešavinu makumbe i napolitanske opere iz 19. veka. Scena je postala magično mesto preobraženja. Tabani su nam brideli od moćnih zvučnika. Basovi su nam potresali bubrege.

U krugu svetla, Bane je usitnio ramenima. Više je cupkao od nerove nego što je igrao po muzici. Osetio sam da se bori za svoje telo i da polako stiće kontrolu nad njim. U jednom trenutku raskinuo je lanac treme i zalajao u mikrofona. Počeo je silovito da igra izlomljenim pokretima. Masa je eksplodirala. Bane Janović, koji se maločas jedva izborio sa sopstvenim telom, sad je igrao svim telima publike.

Pomislio sam da je *beogradski novi talas* baš to – osvajanje sebe. Tako ozbiljnog Baneta u životu nisam video. On je bio indijanski poglavica Ludi Konj. Bio je derviš u vrtložnem transu. Bane je držao mikrofona obema rukama i odvajao nogom ritam. Osetio sam ponos i ljubomoru. On se usuđivao na ono što se ja nikad nisam usudio. Usuđivao se da bude ono što jeste. Na sceni, Bane je postao igrač po vrelom ugljevlju. Postao je prorok koji pogledom otvara nebesa i petama kopa izvore. Iza Baneta je kuljao dim. Iz njega je kuljala najdivnija i najstrašnija stvar na svetu. Gledajući Baneta na koncertu, shvatio sam da su sve institucije ovoga sveta samo bezbednosni zidovi dignuti oko *harizme*. Ta proročka sila može pustinju pretvoriti u oazu, može podići kljaste, pomamiti pospane, suzama ispuniti oči.

Reflektor se promenio i Bane je promenio boju. Sad je bio zelen kao duh pejotla. Je li to čovek sa kojim sam odrastao? Žmarci su mi prošli niz leđa kad je na scenu istrčala Marija sa saksofonom. I ona je bila preobražena.

Bane je bio ponosan i tragično ozbiljan. Grudi sa ordenom za hrabrost su se nadimale. Znoj mu se slivao niz slepoočnicu. Nije više pevao. Samo je gledao u Mariju. Marija je podigla saksofon i dunula. I to je bilo kao kad Behemot zvizne u „Majstoru i Margariti”. Ona je dunula i strašni vetar se podigao. Ona je dunula i zaveses se uzburkale. Ona je dunula u jedra naše duše. Veliki vetar nas je ponio. Marija se izvijala unazad, kao jedriličar i podizala nas zvukom saksofona. Sala sa razigranim ljudima se pretvorila u brod lutajućeg Holanđanina. Marija je duvala u njegova jedra i brod je leteo iznad grada, i iznad sveta. Bili smo ubeđeni da ćemo svi zajedno odleteti u svemir, nastanjen žarkim meduzama, džinovima i duhovima pejotla.

Milenij v Beogradu

(odlomka iz romana)

PROLOG

Legenda o nastanku Beograda pravi, da je človek užalil kentavre, ki so ob svitu časa živeli okoli Avale. Kopita razjarjenih kentavrov so stresla zemljo. Njihovi vriski so parali nebo. Človek jim je »za nogo« ušel in se vrgel v reko. Slišal je zvok in zatem ploho puščic po vodi. Kentavri so se ustavili na bregu, hrzali in z nogami rili po mulju. Begunec je na površje splaval sredi Save in zajel sapo. Ko je plaval k drugemu bregu, se je nagoltal vode. Izčrpan je padel pod kalemegdansko skalo na sotočju Save in Donave in zaprl oči.

Sanjal je o mestu.

Sanjal je o molilnicah in palačah. Sanjal je o gledališčih okrog trga, na katerem so recitirali pesniki. Sanjal je o krepkih starih moških in ženskah, ki so se sprehajali po parkih. Sanjal je o ljubimcih, ki so z dihom opijali drug drugega. Sanjal je o skulpturah na trgih in fasadah. Sanjal je o tisoč gostilnah, ki so ponujale jedi tisoč narodov. Sanjal je o vinarnah, urejenih kot knjižnice. Sanjal je o mestu, katerega vse skrbi sta odplavljali reki, da je lahko bilo brezbrizno.

Sanjal je o knjigarnah in čajnicah, v katerih bi se človek želel postarati. Sanjal je o mestu, v katerem je veselje spremljati spremembe letnih časov. Sanjal je o kraju, ki ga je zapeljeval s podrobnostmi v katerega je bil popolnoma zaljubljen. Sanjal je o Mestu. To je bilo mesto večnega poldneva, brez mraka in sence. Po ulicah so se sprehajali angeli in ženske so z oken nanje stresale prevleke vzglavnikov, polne konfetov. Bele roke so sanjavcu mahale s teras.

Ko je človek odprl oči, je nad njim stal angel. Angel je imel oči, kakršnih ni človek nikoli videl. Prst je uprl v skalo nad vodo in rekel:

»Poglej!«

Človek je pogledal v smeri angelovega kazalca in – vse je bilo tam! Na skali je stalo mesto. Zidovi, bolj beli kot sipja kost, so se bleščali na soncu. Arhitektonske gmote so segale druga prek druge v ljubkem neredu.

To je bilo veliko prej, preden sem se v Beogradu rodil jaz, v njem spoznal Irino in se vanjo zaljubil. Pa vendar o tem dogodku pišem kot priča. To je mogoče zato, ker se je vse dogajalo v Času Sanj, ki je pred časom, pride po njem in se prepleta z njim. To se je dogajalo v sveti pomladi, v večnosti, v »povsodvsakdanjem času«. Zato tudi lahko pričam, kako se je sanjavec razveselil zidov, ki so ga končno zaščitili pred rjovečo divjino.

Sanjavec je z zgroženimi očmi pil svoje uresničene sanje. Zdaj je bilo samo treba odpreti vrata in se naseliti vanje. Nenadoma je začutil, da je premajhen, da bi prevzel odgovornost za svoje sanje. Hotel je cviliti. Hotel je vpiti. Hotel je skriti glavo pod okrilje. Zdaj, ko so se sanje uresničile, bi se lahko razblinile kot milni mehurček. Sanjavčeva usta so se skrivila in posmehnil se je samemu sebi in tistemu, česar si je najbolj želel. Z zmehčanimi nogami je naredil prvi korak nazaj. Nato je naredil drugi korak in tretji. V hipu, ko je za vedno obrnil hrbet mestu, je odjeknil krik angela z obzidja iz krede. Sanjavec je, ne da bi se obrnil, zapustil neizsanjane sanje in se vrnil v rjovečo divjino.

Bogovi, ki so uslišali človekovo željo, so mesto prekleli s strašno kletvijo:

Naj bo ta kraj rana. Ko se bo na tej rani naredila krasta, naj jo spraskajo umazani nohti. Naj generacije sinov nikoli ne nadaljujejo tistega, kar so delale generacije očetov. Naj se v tem mestu ljudje vedno posmehujejo tistemu, česar si najbolj želijo.

In to je bila kazen bogov za človeka, ki je obrnil hrbet svojim sanjam.

POGLAVJE II

Preobrazba

V Beogradu ni bilo nikoli boljšega roka kot po smrti Josipa Broza Tita. Moj prijatelj Bane Janović je s svojo večno ljubeznijo in sovarštvom Marijo ustanavljal novovalovske skupine, ki so se imenovale Akustična senca, Mladi, vendar debeli, Hromi od strahu in končno Zverokušarji.

Z »novim valom« se je v našem mestu sprostil takšen naboj entuziazma, da so se še kipi zdrznili. Po beograjskih ulicah se je zaslišal vznemirjeni šklepet. Oči so se iskrile. Lahko sem rekel: To je nekaj mojega. Moje mesto je končno moje. To je nekaj z mojega planeta.

Začelo se je tako, da je Bane Janović vzel medaljo za pogum iz 2. svetovne vojne. Odprl je bencinski vžigalnik in osmodil iglo. Stisnil si je prsi in si pripel medaljo na kožo. Zaškrtal je z zobmi in rekel: Gremo! Bane je svoj glasbeni imidž najkrajše izražal takole:

- 1) Obupan sem.
- 2) Nimam punce.
- 3) Ne znam igrati.
- 4) Toliko jih zna, ampak nimajo česa povedati.
- 5) Jaz bi rad nekaj povedal, ampak ne vem, kako.

Bane in Marija sta recitirala besedila iz *Abecednika* ob ritem mašini, dokler se nista naučila igrati. Širila sta popularnost *Zenitove* avantgarde iz 20-ih let, parodirala socializem in šlagerje iz šestdesetih. Hromi od strahu so razpadli ravno v času, ko naj bi posneli ploščo. Najboljši klaviaturist v mestu je zapustil skupino in se začel ukvarjati s črno magijo. Telefonirala sta prijatelju v Zagreb in odpovedala koncert v Kulušiću. Ko sta se ustalila z Zverokuščarji, se je Bane začel spakovati na fotografijah v *Džuboksu*.

»Stvarnost je v tem našem mestu zelo deficitarna,« je izjavil v nekem intervjuju.

»Ne prenašam drugih ljudi,« je rekel v drugem intervjuju. »Zato, ker so ‚drugi‘, pa tudi tako, kaj jih bom prenašal.«

»Se počutiš slavnega?« so ga vprašali.

»Jaz sem slaven, ko sem srečen,« je odvrnil Bane s citatom Iana Duryja.

Nekega majskega večera leta 1982 so Zverokuščarji igrali v trebušastem dvorčku, ki se je nekoč imenoval Oficirski dom. Iz te stavbe so se pred devetinsedemdesetimi leti Dragutin Dimitrijević Apis in njegovi zarotniki odpravili ubiti srbskega kralja Aleksandra Obrenovića in kraljico Drago Mašin. Kjer so nekoč prisegali pripadniki Črne roke, so zdaj našigali Zverokuščarji. Vedno, ko pomislim na Baneta in Marijo, se spomnim njihovega prvega albuma *Koliko jih imamo in česa?*.

Roka basista Zverokuščarjev je spominjala na nogo psa, ki se praska. Bobnarju je v odrskem dimu komajda uspevalo zadeti bobne. Bane je bil v suknjiču s preširokimi rameni podoben Frankensteinu. Reflektor je naredil krog okrog njega. Zravnal se je in odvrnil suknjič. Na golih prsih se je zableščala medalja za pogum iz 2. svetovne vojne. Občinstvo je bilo velikansko telo brez obraza, ki je plesalo. Občinstvo je bilo črni Quasimodo. Na Banetovo podobo je odgovorilo z opogumljajočim krikom.

To, čemur sem bil priča, se mi je zdelo podobno mešanici makumbe in napolitanske opere iz 19. stoletja. Oder je postal magično mesto preobrazbe. Stopala so nas pekla zaradi močnih zvočnikov. Basi so nam tresli ledvice.

Bane je v krogu svetlobe potegnil glavo med ramena. Bolj se je prestopal zaradi živčnosti, kot plesal po glasbi. Začutil sem, da se bori za svoje telo in da počasi dobiva nadzor nad njim. V nekem

trenutku je strgal verigo treme in zalajal v mikrofona. Začel je silovito plesati z odsekanimi gibi. Množica je eksplodirala. Bane Janović, ki je maloprej komaj zmagal v boju z lastnim telesom, je zdaj plesal z vsemi telesi občinstva.

Pomislil sem, da je *beograjski novi val* točno to – osvojitve sebe. Tako resnega Baneta še nisem videl. Bil je indijanski poglavar Nori konj. Bil je derviš v vrtnčastem transu. Bane je držal mikrofona z obema rokama in z nogo udarjal ritem. Začutil sem ponos in ljubo-sumje. Upal si je tisto, česar si sam nisem nikoli upal. Upal si je biti, kar je bil. Bane je na odru postal plesalec na vroči žerjavici. Postal je prerok, ki s pogledom odpira nebo in s petami koplje izvire. Za Banetom se je valil dim. Iz njega se je valila najčudovitejša in najstrašnejša stvar na svetu. Ko sem gledal Baneta na koncertu, sem spoznal, da so vse institucije tega sveta samo varnostni zidovi, postavljeni okrog *karizme*. Ta preroška sila lahko puščavo spremeni v oazo, lahko dvigne pohabljenе, vzdrami zaspane, s solzami napolni oči.

Reflektor se je spremenil in Bane je spremenil barvo. Zdaj je bil zelen kot duh pejotla. Je to človek, s katerim sem odrastel? Po hrbtu me je spreletelo, ko je na oder planila Marija s saksofonom. Tudi ona je bila preobražena.

Bane je bil ponosen in tragično resen. Prsi z medaljo za pogum so se dvigale. Pot mu je tekel po sencih. Ni več pel. Samo gledal je Marijo. Marija je dvignila saksofon in pihnila. In to je bilo kot takrat, ko Behemot zamahne v *Mojstru in Margareti*. Pihnila je in strašanski veter je zahrumel. Pihnila je in zavese so vzvalovale. Pihnila je v jadra naše duše. Veliki veter nas je prevzel. Marija se je nagibala nazaj kot jadralec in nas dvigala z zvokom saksofona. Dvorana s plešočimi ljudmi se je spremenila v ladjo letečega Holandca. Marija je pihala v njena jadra in ladja je letela nad mestom in nad svetom. Bili smo prepričani, da bomo vsi skupaj odleteli v veselje, poseljeno z žarečimi meduzami, velikani in duhovi pejotla.

Prevedla Durda Strsoglavec

Millenium in Belgrade

(excerpts from the novel)

PROLOGUE

A legend of the founding of Belgrade tells a story of a man who insulted the centaurs that had been living around the slopes of Avala since the beginning of time. The hooves of the angry centaurs made the ground shake. Their screams rent the sky. The man escaped by the skin of his teeth as he dove into the river. He heard the hiss of arrows that pelted the surface of the water. The centaurs stopped at the bank, neighed, and pawed at the mud. The fugitive bobbed up in the middle of the Sava and caught his breath. He choked down a lot of water before he reached the other side. Exhausted, he collapsed under the Kalemegdan cliff, at the spot where the Sava and the Danube meet, and closed his eyes.

He dreamed of a city.

He dreamed of temples and palaces. He dreamed of theaters surrounding the square where poets recited verses. He dreamed of well-dressed old men and women, full of life, who were strolling through parks. He dreamed of lovers who intoxicated each other with their breath. He dreamed of sculptures placed in the squares and on the facades of buildings. He dreamed of a thousand inns which served the food of a thousand nations. He dreamed of wine-shops that looked like libraries. He dreamed of a city with two rivers that washed its worries away and left it carefree.

He dreamed of bookstores and tea-shops where a man could comfortably grow old. He dreamed of a town where it was a pleasure to experience the change of seasons. He dreamed of a place that seduced him with details and made him fall in love with the whole. He dreamed of the City. That was a city of eternal noon, without dusks and shadows. Angels strolled through the streets, and from the windows women showered them with confetti from pillow-cases. White arms waived to the dreamer from balconies.

When the man opened his eyes, an angel was standing above him. The angel had eyes the man had never seen before. The angel pointed his finger at the cliff above the waters and said:

“Look!”

The man looked down the angel’s finger and – everything was there! There was a city on the cliff. The walls, whiter than a cuttlebone, gleamed in the sun. Clusters of architecture rose one above the other in charming disarray.

This was long before I was born, in Belgrade, met Irina and fell in love with her there. And yet, I write about this as an eye-witness. That's possible because it all happened in the Time of Dreams, which precedes, follows, and intertwines with time. It all happened in the sacred spring, in eternity, in the every-time-and-place time. That's why I can testify how delighted the dreamer was to see the walls which would finally shield him from the howling wilderness.

With his awe-filled eyes, the dreamer drank in his dream-come-true. He only had to open the gates and settle down in it. Suddenly he felt too small to accept responsibility for his dream. He wanted to squeal. He wanted to scream. He wanted to hide his head under his wing. Now that his dream was a reality, he could burst like a soap bubble. The dreamer's lip twisted, and he scoffed at himself and at what he most wanted. On his mushy legs, he took the first step backwards. Then he made the second one and the third one. At the moment he turned his back on the city for good, the angel's cry boomed from the ramparts of chalk. Without looking back, the dreamer left the unfinished dream and returned to the howling wilderness.

The gods, who granted the man's wish, placed a horrible curse on the city:

Let this place be a wound. As soon as a scab covers it, let dirty nails rip it away. Let generations of sons never continue what generations of fathers began. Let the people in this city always scoff at what they want the most.

And that was the gods' punishment for the man who turned his back on his dream.

CHAPTER 2

Transformation

Belgrade rock'n'roll was never as good as it was after the death of Josip Broz Tito. With his eternal love and hate for Marija, my friend Bane Janović kept putting together New Wave bands like *Acoustic Shadow*, *Youthful but Fat*, *Crippled with Fear*, and *Kafka's Fiancés*.

With the advent of New Wave, such energy was unleashed on Belgrade that even its statues were amazed. A lot of excited chatter spilled out into the streets. There was a spark in every eye, so I could say: This is mine. This city is finally mine. This is something from my world.

It all started when Bane Janović found a medal of valor from World War II. He flicked his Zippo lighter open and heated the needle. He pinched his breast and pinned the medal through his

skin. He ground his teeth and said: Let's go! Bane succinctly defined his music thus:

- 1) I'm desperate.
- 2) I have no girlfriend.
- 3) I can't play music.
- 4) There are many who can, but they have nothing to say.
- 5) I have something to say, but I don't know how.

Until they learned how to play, Bane and Marija recited texts from a primary reader, accompanied by a drum machine. They embraced the Zenith *avant-garde* movement from the twenties, parodied Socialist Realism and pop songs from the sixties. *Crippled with Fear* fell apart just before they were about to record an album. The best keyboard player in town left the group in order to dedicate himself to black magic. They had to phone a friend in Zagreb to cancel a gig at the Kulušić Club. When *Kafka's Fiancés* became a fixture on the scene, Bane started to mug for photographs in *Jukebox Magazine*.

"There's a dearth of reality in our town," he stated in an interview.

"I have zero tolerance for other people," he said in another one.

"Because they are *the Other*, and anyway – why should I care..."

"Do you consider yourself famous?" they asked him.

"I am famous when I'm happy," he responded in the words of Ian Dury.

On a May evening in 1982, *Kafka's Fiancés* played in a little squat castle-like building which once was called the Officers' Club. Seventy-nine years before, Dragutin Dimitrijević Apis and his co-conspirators left that same building on their way to assassinate the Serbian King Aleksandar Obrenović and his wife Draga Mašin. *Kafka's Fiancés* tore it up at the very place where, at one point, the members of the Black Hand organization pledged their vows. Whenever I think about Bane and Marija, I remember the name of their first album: *How Many of Them Do We Have and What?*

The *Kafka's Fiancés* bassist's hand reminded me of a paw of a dog scratching itself. In the cloud of stage fog, the drummer was barely able to pound his kit. Wearing a jacket with padded shoulders, Bane looked like Frankenstein. He was standing in the circle of a spotlight. He straightened up and threw off his jacket. The medal of valor from World War II shone on his bare chest. The fans were a huge dancing faceless body. They were a black Quasimodo. They responded to Bane with screams of encouragement.

What I witnessed looked like a mixture of macumba and a nineteenth century Neapolitan opera. The stage became a magical site of transformation. The soles of our feet tingled from the powerful loudspeakers. The bass shook our kidneys.

In the circle of spotlight, Bane started to twitch his shoulders. He moved his feet more from nervousness than from the music. I sensed he was struggling for control over his body and was slowly gaining it. At one point he broke the shackles of stage fright and barked into the mic. He started to dance in powerful disjointed movements. The fans went wild. Bane Janović, who had been barely able to manage his own body a moment before, now danced through the bodies of everyone in the audience.

It occurred to me that this was what *Belgrade New Wave* was all about – gaining control over oneself. I'd never seen Bane so serious in my entire life. He was the Indian chief Crazy Horse. He was a dervish in a swirling trance. Bane held the mic with both hands and kept the beat with his foot. I felt pride and envy. He dared to do what I had never dared to do. He dared to be himself. On the stage, Bane turned into a fire walker. He became a prophet who opens the skies with his gaze and the springs with his heels. Behind him, smoke billowed. The most beautiful and frightening thing in this world billowed through him. As I watched him at the concert, I realized that all the institutions of this world are merely security fences built around *charisma*. That prophetic power can turn a desert into an oasis, heal the crippled, wake the sleeping, fill eyes with tears...

The floodlights changed, and Bane's color changed. Now he was green like the spirit of peyote. Was that the man I grew up with? Shivers went down my spine when Marija stepped on the stage with her saxophone. She too was transformed.

Bane looked tragically serious. His bosom with the medal of valor swelled with pride. Sweat ran down his temples. He quit singing and looked only at Marija. She raised the saxophone and blew. It sounded like Behemoth's whistle in *The Master and Margarita*. She blew and raised tempestuous winds. She blew and the curtains ruffled. She blew into the sails of our souls. A great wind lifted us. Marija bent backwards like a pilot of a sailboat and lifted us with the sound of her saxophone. The concert hall of dancing bodies turned into the Flying Dutchman. Marija blew into the sails and the ship flew above the city and the world. We all believed that we would all fly into space inhabited with brightly colored jelly fish, genies and the spirits of peyote.



Foto © Mario Romulić in Dražen Stojčić

Delimir Rešicki

Delimir Rešicki se je rodil leta 1960 v Osijeku na Hrvaškem, kjer je doštudiral kroatistiko. V začetku osemdesetih je začel objavljati poezijo, prozo, eseje, literarne kritike in publicistiko v vseh pomembnih hrvaških časopisih in drugih medijih. Sodeloval je v mednarodnih multimedijskih projektih, od leta 2010 pa se ukvarja tudi s fotografijo. Pri založbi Fraktura ureja zbirko Fraktali. Rešicki je preveden v več jezikov: v angleščino, nemščino, španščino, ruščino, poljščino idr., njegova literatura pa je objavljena v okoli 50 antologijah in pregledih sodobne hrvaške književnosti ter v evropskih in svetovnih pesniških antologijah. V slovenščini je leta 2013 pri založbi LUD Šerpa v prevodu Toneta Škrjanc izšel izbor njegove poezije *Zaspati v Dobovi*. Avtorjevi zadnji deli sta zbirka proznih zapisov, fragmentov in pesmi v prozi *Dronjci na hrpi - mala emocionalna svaštarnica* (Kup krame, mala emocionalna ropotarnica, 2012) ter pesniška zbirka *Lovci u snijegu* (Lovci v snegu, 2015). Za svoja dela je prejel več nagrad: leta 2011 nagrado Goranov vijenac za opus in prispevek k hrvaški književnosti ter leta 2008 nemško nagrado Huberta Burde, ki se podeljuje vzhodnoevropskim pesnikom. Ko živi, počne to na kolesu, v Baranji, v vaseh in stepah okrog naravnega parka Kopački rit in dlje, a ne veliko dlje ...

Delimir Rešicki was born in 1960 in Osijek, Croatia, where he graduated from Croatian Studies. At the beginning of the 1980s, he started publishing poetry, prose, essays, literary critiques and other journalism texts in all of the major Croatian newspapers as well as in other media. He has taken part in international multimedia projects and, since 2010, has also been active as a photographer. He is the editor of the poetry collection *Fraktali* at Fraktura publishing house. Rešicki's work has been translated into several languages, among them, English, German, Polish, Russian and Spanish; his literature has been published in over 50 anthologies and selections of contemporary Croatian literature, as well as in European and world poetry anthologies. The author's latest two works are the collection of prose writings, fragments and prose poetry *Dronjci na hrpi - mala emocionalna svaštarnica* (Pile of Scraps - Little Emotional Miscellany, 2012) and the poetry collection *Lovci u snijegu* (Huntsmen in the Snow, 2015). He has received many awards for his work - including the Goran's Wreath Award for his opus and contribution to Croatian literature (2011) and the German Hubert Burda Prize for young Eastern European poets (2008). When living, he does so on bicycle, namely, in Baranya, in the villages and steppes surrounding the Kopački rit Nature park and further, but not that much further...

Baranja, lovci u snijegu

Otidite, zauvijek.

Ne rušite više stare pustare.

Ne ograđujte iznajmljena lovišta.

Jelen je ondje
tim istim putem
prolazio stotinama godina.

A jučer sam, nakon što sam sišao s bicikla
vidio jednoga, uginuloga
raskrvavljene glave, koji je
pokušavao i pokušavao pronaći
stari put kroz žicu.

U iste večeri, u ista jutra
ista praskozorja i iste sumrake
u kojima se zimi, odnekud u sliku
po snijegu, vraćaju u selo Bruegelovi lovci.

Satima sam stajao ili sjedio ispred te slike
u bečkome Kunsthistorische Museum.

Pa makar bio ondje i jedan jedini dan
za to se uvijek moralo naći bar malo vremena.

A onda su mi se noge jednoga poslijepodneva
počele odvajati od tla i otvorila se vrata svega
što je ikada u mom životu
bilo pokriveno snijegom.

Kolinje u lijevom kutu slike.

Sitan plijen, tek jedna lisica koju na
motki na ramenu nosi jedan od lovaca.

Psi koji im se vrzmaju oko nogu.

Bijeli planinski vrhunci u pozadini
neke čudne ptice u zraku
ispod kojih su klizači na ledu
uživali u posljednjim zrakama danje svjetlosti.

Bio je dovoljan samo jedan mali korak da se
približavajući makar i neznatno toj slici
zauvijek izgubim u prostoru kojemu se, baš zato
što je bio tako savršen, tako spokojan
nisam usudio prići bliže
premda sam u ruci već osjećao
klizaljke za večernji led.

Možda mi je nešto govorilo
kako negdje drugdje
još uvijek moram tražiti
neke svoje lovce
koji samo pogledom godinama love
neke druge zimske prizore.

U Baranji, s njima u zoru ili sumrak poći
poljima na koja je danima padao snijeg
i biti pa makar i nijemim svjedokom
tragova koje su ondje ostavili i živi i mrtvi
s toliko nade pokušavajući nas opet pronaći
promrzle kraj žice.

Ako si ti

“Mi smo izgubljeni kao igla u plastu sijena - ali ako se tamo skriva
još jedna igla, onda ćemo se pronaći; to nije slučajnost, nego zakon.”
(Ernst Jünger)

Ako si rođen tamo
gdje magla
s ceste i ulica ranim jutrom
stvarnom rukom
otvara prozore kuća
u kojima već godinama
stanuje Nitko

ako si rođena tamo
gdje poluslijepi starac
oko očiju još sasvim dječakčoga lica
pod snijegom vidi
mjesto na kojemu će uskoro
niknuti jaglac

ako si rođen tamo
gdje su se sva zvona talila
u topovske kugle

ako si rođena tamo
gdje posvema nejasno
vidim koronu
koja sve brže i brže
svakoga dana nestaje
u mome pamćenju
koje kopni i kaplje
s onih istih, starih
razbijenih prozorskih stakala
na praznim kućama

ako si rođen tamo
gdje si ljudi češće mijenjaju imena
nego u strahu
stare jastučnice i jorgane
i noću s groblja na groblje
prenose loše označene kosti

ako si rođena tamo
gdje nitko ne zna
u koje ti doba dana
treba poljubiti ruku punu zrnja
i vilinskoga srebra u ljeto miholjsko

ako si rođen tamo
gdje jesenje blato
ne da mrtvacu do vlastitoga groba

ako si rođena tamo
gdje sam se nadao sresti
nekoga tko imalo nalikuje na tebe
puzajući, kao pijano strašilo
iz noći u noć beskrajnim hodnicima
čiji su podovi mirisali
na borosane i užeglo ulje

ako si sačuvala
bar jedan jedini pogled
na majur usred puste
nacrtan u prašini
koja ljeti pada po starome furniru
na prigradskome smetištu
ja ću imati tu jednu
sasvim dovoljnu minutu sna
u svome za tren uskrslome sutra.

Ako si ti

ako si ti

prije nego što opet

padne rosa

samo ako si

Lea

ti.

Baranja, lovci v snegu

Odidite, za vedno.

Ne uničujte več starih pušč.

Ne ograjujte najetih lovišč.

Jelen je tam
po tej isti poti
prehajal že stotine let.

In včeraj sem, potem ko sem stopil s kolesa
videl enega, poginulega
okrvavljene glave, ki je
skušal in skušal najti
staro pot skozi žico.

V istih večerih, v istih jutrih
istih svitih in istih somrakah
v katerih se pozimi v sliko od nekod
po snegu vračajo v vas Brueghlovi lovci.

Ure in ure sem stal ali sedel pred to sliko
v dunajskem Kunsthistorisches Museum.

In tudi če sem bil tam en sam samcat dan
se je za to vedno moralo najti vsaj malo časa.

Potem pa so se mi nekega popoldneva noge
začele odmikati od tal in odprla so se vrata vsega
kar je bilo v mojem življenju kdaj koli
pokrito s snegom.

Koline v levem kotu slike.

Slab ulov, ena sama lisica, ki jo na
ramenu nosi na palici eden od lovcev.

Psi, ki se jim motajo okoli nog.

Beli gorski vrhovi v ozadju
v zraku neke čudne ptice
pod katerimi so drsalci na ledu
uživali v zadnjih žarkih dnevne svetlobe.

Zadoščal je en sam majhen korak, da bi se
vsaj neznatno približal tej sliki in se
za vedno izgubil v prostoru, ki se mu ravno zato
ker je bil tako popoln, tako spokojen
nisem upal približati,
čeprav sem v roki že čutil
drsalke za večerni led.

Mogoče mi je nekaj govorilo
da moram nekje drugje
še vedno iskati
neke svoje lovce
ki samo s pogledom že leta lovijo
neke druge zimske prizore.

V Baranji, z njimi ob zori ali mraku oditi
po poljih, kamor je dan za dnem padal sneg
in biti, pa čeprav nema, priča
sledov, ki so jih tam pustili tako živi kot mrtvi
ki nas s toliko upanja poskušajo spet najti
premražene ob žici.

Če si ti

»Izgubljeni smo kot šivanka v kopici sena – toda če se tam skriva
še ena šivanka, potem se bomo našli; to ni naključje, ampak zakon.«

Ernst Jünger

Če si rojen tam
kjer megla
s ceste in ulic v ranem jutru
z resnično roko
odpira okna hiš
v katerih že leta
stanuje Nihče

če si rojena tam
kjer polslepi starec
še čisto deškega videza okoli oči
pod snegom vidi
mesto na katerem bo kmalu
pognal jeglič

če si rojen tam
kjer so vse zvonove pretopili
v topovske krogle

če si rojena tam
kjer povsem nejasno
vidim korono
ki vse hitreje in hitreje
vsak dan izginja
v mojem spominu
ki kopni in kaplja
s tistih istih, starih
razbitih okenskih šip
na praznih hišah

če si rojen tam
kjer si ljudje česče menjavajo imena
kot v strahu
stare posteljne prevleke
in ponoči s pokopališča na pokopališče
prenašajo slabo označene kosti

če si rojena tam
kjer nihče ne ve
v katerem delu dneva
je treba v babjem letu poljubiti roko polno zrnja
in vilinskega srebra

če si rojen tam
kjer jesensko blato
ne pusti mrtvecu do lastnega groba

če si rojena tam
kjer sem upal, da srečam
nekoga, ki ti je vsaj malo podoben
plazeč se kot pijano strašilo
iz noči v noč po neskončnih hodnikih
katerih tla so dišala
po borosankah in žarkem olju

če si ohranila
en sam samcat pogled
na kmetijo sredi pušče
narisano v prahu
ki poleti pada po starem furnirju
na primestnem smetišču
bom imel to eno
povsem zadostno minuto sna
v svojem za hip od mrtvih vstalem jutri.

Če si ti

če si ti

prej kot bo spet

padla rosa

samo če si

Lea

ti.

Prevedel Tone Škrjanec

Baranya, Huntsmen in the Snow

Leave, forever.

Stop breaking down the old steppes.

Stop fencing off the leased hunting grounds.

The deer has been passing
via this same path
for hundreds of years.

But yesterday, as I was climbing off my bike,
I saw one lying dead there,
with bloody head, that
kept trying to find
the old path through the wire.

In the same nights, in the same mornings,
in the same morning lustres and the same twilights
in which it is getting wintry, from somewhere in the middle of
the snow Bruegel's hunters penetrate the image returning to the
village.

For hours I stood or sat in front of this painting
at the Viennese Museum of Art History.

And even if I stayed there for a one and only day
I always had to find at least some time to do it.

And then my legs one afternoon suddenly
started to separate from the ground and the doors of everything
that was ever covered with snow in my life
opened wide.

Pig slaughter in the left corner of the painting.

Meagre catch, only one fox being carried
over the shoulder on the lance by one of the huntsmen.

Dogs spooling around their legs.

White mountain peaks in the background.
Some odd birds in the air
and below them skaters on the ice,
who were enjoying the last rays of daylight.

All it took was one single small step,
even if it hardly got me any closer to that painting,
to get lost forever in that space which I did not dare to approach,
it being all perfect, so tranquil, did not dare to get any closer,
even if I already felt the ice skates meant for evening ice in my
hand.

Perhaps something was saying to me
that I still have to search
for some of my huntsmen,
who are hunting for years
only with their gaze
for some other wintry scenes.

In Baranya, going with them into the dawn or twilight
over the fields that have been snowed on for days
and even if with the mute witness of traces
left there by the living and the dead
with so much hope, trying to find us again
all frozen next to the wire.

If You Are

“We are as lost as a needle in a heap of hay – but if there is another needle hidden in there, then we will find it; this is not a coincidence, but a law.”
(Ernst Jünger)

If you are born
where the fog
of the road and the street early in the morning
opens up windows of houses
with a realistic hand
which are now for years
resided in by No-one

If you are born where
a half-blind old man
with boyish cheeks and eyes
sees the spot under
the snow where the spring cowslip
is soon to sprout

if you are born where
all bells were melted
into cannonballs

if you are born where
I can see a corona
perfectly unclearly
that is disappearing faster and faster
every day
from my memory
that is melting and dripping down
from the same old
broken window panes
of the empty houses

If you are born where
people change their names more often
in fear than
old pillow cases and duvets
and in the night they carry
falsely marked bones
from one cemetery to another

if you are born where
no one knows
in which part of the day
one has to kiss the hand full of grain
and fairy silver in Indian summer

if you are born where
the mud of the fall
blocks a dead man from his own grave

if you are born where
I hoped I would meet
someone who is at least a little bit like you
crawling like a drunken hag
from one night to another through the endless corridors
where the floors used to smell of
Borosana shoes and rancid oil

if you kept
at least a one and only gaze
of farmstead in the middle of the steppe
drawn in the dust
that is flying and settling on the old veneer
at the dumpsite near town
I will regard this one
completely sufficient minute of sleep
in mine for a while that is to rise from the dead tomorrow.

If you are

if you are

before once again

the dew settles

only if you are

Lea

you.

Translated by Urban Belina



Foto © Suncan Stone

Samir Sayegh

Samir Sayegh se je rodil leta 1949 na jugu Iraka, nato pa se že kot otrok z družino preselil v Mosul. Pesnik, pisatelj, kulturni dopisnik in prevajalec, ki piše tako v arabščini kot angleščini, je diplomiral iz angleškega jezika in književnosti. Sayegh, ki je izkusil že krutost obeh zalivskih vojn, je delal kot prevajalec za Iraški rdeči polmesec in Nemški rdeči križ v Mosulu, od koder je bil prisiljen pobegniti zaradi groženj Islamske države, ki je mesto zavzela 2014. Zatočišče je našel v Ljubljani pod okriljem projekta ICORN – Mednarodne mreže mest zatočišč za preganjane pisatelje. V Londonu je v angleščini izdal pesniško zbirko *The Wanderer* (Vandrovec, 2013), pred izidom pa je njegova druga zbirka *Luma*, ki jo je napisal med bivanjem v Sloveniji in bo izšla na Norveškem. Samir piše o temeljnih človeških občutjih: o bratstvu, humanizmu, miru, ljubezni, predvsem pa proti vojni.

Sameer Sayegh was born in 1949 in southern Iraq, and moved to Mosul with his family when still a child. A writer, poet, cultural correspondent, and translator who writes both in Arabic and in English, he graduated from English Language and Literature. Sayegh, having experienced the cruelty of the two Gulf Wars, has worked as a translator for the Iraqi Red Crescent Society and the German Red Cross in Mosul, from where he was forced to flee due to the threats of the Islamic State that took over the city in 2014. He found refuge in Ljubljana, under the patronage of the ICORN project – The International Cities of Refuge Network for writers and artists at risk. He has published one poetry collection, *The Wanderer* (2013), in London, in English. His second collection, *Luma*, written during his stay in Slovenia, will be published soon in Norway. Sayegh writes mostly about the basic human emotions – about brotherhood, humanism, peace, love, and, most importantly, against war.

دورمن

شدح
 راثآلل اقشاع نأ
 قرتف ىضمأ
 ةيخيراتلا «دورمنلا» ةنيديم ييف
 لصوملا قرش رجح ىمرم ىلع
 ىأرف
 مئانلا ىري اميف
 !ةظقي ملح ييف نمك وأ
 قرتدنملا دالبل اكلت اكل
 ضاقن لأ نم ضهني
 تاوم لأ نم موقني نمك
 ةعشم قرولب ألماح
 هيدي نيب
 قروقزلا هبشي ام قومص ايلت عم
 تاجردملا نم ىلت عم وأ
 ةمقلا لصي ىتح
 أيللاع هيدي نيب قرولبلا عفريو
 رجفلا جلبت يه اذيف
 أراهن ليللا ليحتو
 !قشاعلا اكلذ لوقي
 قرولبلا اكلت اهتئج نيحو
 يلاتلا مويلا حابص
 امب تكسمأو
 ؟! تارذش يدي نيب تمصقت

بح قل اسر

ءارم حلا ةي دن هلا ي تخأ
 يتي بي تل اي خأ
 ي توخأ و ي تاوخأ
 اي بر صو تو مرض حو ري مشك ي ف
 مان تي فل اي فو
 ؟ ني عم جأ مك ل اح فيك
 ري خب اون وكت نا ى نمأ
 ، مك لك مك ب حن
 ! ءان ثتس إي أ الب
 ان نول دابت مك نأ نودك أتمو
 . امتاذ رعاش مل
 ل اصت إي ل ع ى ق بن
 مك وخأ
 ةي ن اسن لإي ف
 ؟! ح ارتق إي دل
 ! امس إي ل اور اتخإ متنأ

ل افطلاً

ل افطلاً ل افطلاً
 ةاي حل اقمسب
 لؤافتل اقرظن
 لملاً ىذش
 ملسل ا مي سن
 معارب
 حو فت قرطع تاري مز
 ان دابكأ
 ان نوي ع قرق
 يشمت ان بولق طاي ن ىل ع
 ؟! ضرلاً ىل ع ال
 ل افطلاً ل افطلاً
 عي برل ا ومز
 بحل ا حور
 ةاي حل ا قلأ
 ألامج رثك لأو لي مجل ا مل ا عل ا كل ذة وفطل ا
 !ءارب رثك لأو ا يربل ا
 مهل
 ن حن
 قل يذ ضرأ
 ن حن
 مهل
 قل ي لظ ا م س
 ل افطلاً ل افطلاً

Prevedel Samir Sayegh / Translated by the author¹

¹ Samir Sayegh je pesmi napisal v angleščini in jih prevedel v arabščino. / Sameer Sayegh wrote the poems in English and translated them into Arabic.

Nimrud

Navdušenec nad ruševinami spomenikov
pripoveduje:

»Le nekaj dni sem ostal v

Nimrudu!?

Vzhodni „Mosul“ ni daleč.«

To je bila

noč kot v zasanjani iluziji,

kot da bi se mi o tem sanjalo.

Zagledal sem –

s pogledom ošinil –

kralja tistega

imperija

tiste

države

vsega

starega

in

starih!?

Kot

da bi

vstajal od

mrtvih –

in v rokah nosil –

razsvetljujoči kristal!?

In

se vzpenjal v babilonski stolp,

dokler ne pride do

najvišjega

vrha!?

Kot bi dvigal
roke
visoko
in v njih
držal
kristal!?

Na lepem
se je
zdanilo
posijalo je sonce!?
Noč je
spremenilo
v
jasen
dan!?

Zjutraj
ob pravem
jutru
sem
stekel
v njegovo smer
in skušal seči po njem!?

Pa je
postal le
pepel
v mojih rokah!?

Sporočilo ljubezni

Moja sestra rdečkoža Indijanka
moj brat Tibečanec
sestre in bratje.
V Kašmirju, Hathramotu, Srbiji
in Vietnamu:
kako ste vsi skupaj?
Upam, da vam gre dobro –
Mi vas ljubimo vse,
vse vas,
brez izjem!
Prepričani smo, da tudi vi čutite enako.
Ostanite na zvezi
Vaš brat
v človeškosti
Kaj naj priporočim?
Da mi vi sami izberete ime!

Otroci

Otroci otroci
smehljaj življenja
pogled vesele zaupljivosti
dišava upanja
sapica miru.

Popki
dišeče cvetice
punčice našega očesa
jabolka naših oči
hoja po strunah naših src
namesto po zemlji!

Otroci otroci
sijaj pomladi,
duh po ljubezni.
Tako lepo je otroštvo in še
lepši
je tisti nedolžni in še bolj nedolžni svet!

Zanje
smo
mi
lahkotna tla
in
smo
senčnato nebo.
Otroci otroci.

Prevedla Barbara Pogačnik

Nimrud

A fancier of monuments remnants,

says

“Few days I stayed in.

Nimrud!?

East ‘Mosul’ not far.”

A

night as if in a reverie

as if in a dream.

I saw

I glimpsed –

the king of that

empire

that

state

of

old

and

old!?

As

if

arousing from

the dead –

carrying in his hands –

an illuminating crystal!?

And

ascending a ziggurat

till reaching

the

peak!?

Raising
his hands
high
with
the
crystal!?

Out of sudden
it
broke the day
shined the sun!?
Turning
night
in
to
day!?

In
the
morning
I
ran
towards it
grasping it!?

Ashes
it
became
in my hands!?

Message of Love

My sister the red Indian
my brother the Tibetan
sisters and brothers.
In Kashmir, Hathramot, Serbia
and the Vietnam.
How are you all?
Hope you are doing well –
We love you all,
the all of you
with no exception!
We are sure you have the same feelings.
Keep in touch
Your brother
in humanity
Suggest what?
You choose me a name!

Children

Children children
smile of life
look of optimism
fragrance of hope
breeze of peace.

Buds

odorous flowerets
our livers
apples of our eyes
on the strings of our hearts tread
not on earth!

Children children
splendor of spring
spirit of love.

Childhood that beautiful and more beautiful
that innocent and more innocent world!

For them we

are

an

easy ground

are

a

shady sky.

Children children.



Foto © Visar Korenica

Fahredin Shehu

Fahredin Shehu se je rodil leta 1972 v vasi Rahovec na Kosovu in na Univerzi v Prištini diplomiral iz orientalskih študij. Je pesnik, pisatelj, esejist, urednik, neodvisni znanstveni raziskovalec svetovne duhovne dediščine in sakralne estetike, ustanovitelj Fundacije za kulturno izobrazbo in dediščino ter navdušenec nad kaligrafijo. V albanščini in angleščini piše mistično in transcendentalno poezijo in prozo, eseje, razprave itd. V zadnjih letih so izšla naslednja dela: zbirki izbrane poezije *Crystalline Echoes* (Kristalni odmevi, 2011) in *Nalivpero* (Nalivno pero, 2013), zbirka esejev, kolumn in razprav o kulturi, umetnosti in duhovnosti *Makadam i Smagradtë* (Smaragdni makadam, 2012), roman *Hojet* (Satovje, 2013), epska pesnitev *MAELSTROM – The Four Scrolls of an Illyrian Sage* (VRTINEC: štirje zvitki ilirskega modreca, 2014), v kateri upesnjuje duhovna videnja in ustvarjalni nemir avtorja, ki niha med teurgijo in razodetjem, ter nazadnje albansko-italijanska izdaja *Elisir* (Elikzir, 2017). Shehujeva poezija je prevedena v več kot 20 jezikov in objavljena v mnogih antologijah in literarnih revijah po svetu, avtor pa večkrat gostuje na literarnih festivalih. Tudi sam je direktor mednarodnega pesniškega festivala *Poezija in vino*, ki poteka v njegovi rojstni vasi.

Fahredin Shehu was born in 1972 in the village of Rahovec in Kosovo and graduated from Oriental Studies at the University in Priština. He is a poet, writer, essayist, editor, an independent researcher of the world spiritual heritage and sacral aesthetics, founder of the Fund for Cultural Education and Heritage, and a calligraphy enthusiast. He writes mystical and transcendental poetry, prose, essays, articles, etc., in Albanian and English. The more recent of his works include: the selected poetry *Crystalline Echoes* (2011) and *Nalivpero* (The Pen, 2013), the collection of essays, columns, and articles on culture, art, and spirituality *Makadam i Smagradtë* (Emerald Macadam, 2012), the novel *Hojet* (Honeycomb, 2013), the epic poem *MAELSTROM – The Four Scrolls of an Illyrian Sage* (2014), in which he writes about spiritual visions and the author's creative unrest that oscillates between theurgy and revelation, and the latest Albanian-Italian poetry collection *Elisir* (Elixir, 2017). Shehu's poetry has been translated into over 20 world languages and included into anthologies and literary journals the world over and he is a frequent guest of literary festivals. He is also the director of the international poetry festival *Poetry and Wine*, which takes place in his birth village.

Dragoi

Dragoi që emri i tij derisa vdiq pasi që e vrau
kureshtja e babait të tij me përgjim të pistë

kishte zakon të zgjohej në mengjes dhe degjojë
kendimin e gjelit nga Shkodra në Shqipëri dhe
kur gjeli mbaroi ai shkoi në prehër të nënës
dhe i tregoi sa të ligj kishte varër me bastunin
e bërë nga druri i lajthisë

Nana e vjetër me hartën e qiellit në fytyrën e saj
kishte zakon të qeshte, ledhatojë dhe erdh ca lotë ashtu që
ato mund të kullojnë në faqen e Dragoit

Krihë të vegjël mbante Dragoi nën tunikën prej muslini
e qepur nga nëna e tij Miriai dhe isharete prej disa
Arkengjëjve të qëndisur me mëndafsh bojë çiviti
të blerë në Selanik para vrasjes së Princit Austrohungarez
Franz Ferdinand në Sarajevë

Seç rigrupoheshin ditëtë në duaj si llastare hardhie
Nana mblidhte petalet trëndafilash bojë- gjaku
për xhem, i cili ishte kënaqësi e vazhdueshme familjare

Babai u përbirua në dhomë pas perdeve
nga armaç i rëndë, vëzhgoi Dragoi duke u zhveshur
për të bërë larjen ritual me kripëra nga shtatë detëra
të shkrirë në vaskë

babai në lahtar shikoi krihët e Dragoit- njërin në anën e majtë
tjetri në anën e djathtë të shpinës

babait i ra të fikur nga frika, nana erdhi pas dhimbjes
të ashpër si vetëtima që çan qiellin
në barkun e sajë duke ditur për vdekjen
e Dragoit, mrekuline e vetme të sajën
të cilën e solli nga largësia e shtatë qiejve
por ende ajo mban gungën pas kafkës së sajë
si fërkem dhe si vulosje për qiejtë e largët

Ana kristaline e kohës

Ka dritë dielli dhe fjalët e tua ndajnë qenien time
ka një rrufe në shpirtin tim
ndoshta kot ke pritur të shophësh buzëqeshjen nga barku bosh I tij
nuk ka as lotë në stomakun e plotë këtë mbase e dip o ashtu
dhe shoh buzëqeshjen e injorantit si askush tjetër
që mund të jetë – Unë jam ai- i cili qëndron si shkëmb dhe me
dylbi shikon
atje poshtë në liqe dhe çifti i mjellmave atje në pellg lozin vallen erotike
mbase të kujtohet si u takuma në anën kristaline të kohës
e tani ti mban guackën boshe tek sa ajo jehon emrin tim
lufta mbaroi afro dy dekada më parë dhe ne ende duam
si të çmendur si askush tjetër, këtu brenda ku epoka e të vetëkënaqurve
qesh në buzë, hedh zarin e sajë
në vendin e rehatisë që e quajmë zemra

Atje

Kur shikimin e ngre kah format e bardha t'reve
 atje e gjen ftyren teme t'ndriçume prej rrezeve t'diellit
 nanë apo nuk jam... me petka filur e veshun
 si në natën e nusnisë,
 me livante floke t'lyme
 me ftyrën si hana e plotë
 e shikueme n'paqyre t'Venedikut
 si atëhere kur krisnin pushkat
 e krushqit kahre u bojshin
 kush ma i pari e kalon udhkryqin
 mes dy varrezash
 njona e murtajes e tjetra e fëmijeve
 t'vdekun prej fruthi

sot kur unë ul shikimin dhe shoh barkun
 toka tek ma ngreh
 diqysh si po du me e knue kangën e mesditës
 kur dielli edhe hijen ta humb
 e beqarve i bjen t'fiktë
 tue pa ikjen dath t'Zanës me krifën kaçurrele
 t'përflakun
 erandje mirre dhe vjollce tuj shpërnda gjithandej
 si atëhere kur hana si Zot adhurohej
 e paganët u lutshin shiu me ra
 me kambana dhe leshterik,
 me fletë shtogu dhe degza t'lakueshme
 të shलगut vajtues mbështjellun

nesër do t'shikohemi drejt n'sy
tue e pa rrenën e shoqi- shoit,
qysh ec si zhiva n'damarr t'plakun
me selmen t'helmuem qysh n'çikni
dhe ftyrat nuk do t'na skyqen prej marrës
sepse terrin e mbështollem n'rule
e lidhëm n'bohqe t'punueme

n'vekun e diellit

atje ku vena pihet e nuk t'i merr ment
ku dashninë e bojnë si frymëmarrjen
e nuk e emnojnë si na
atje ku fjalën e bojnë e nuk e thojnë...

Dragoi

Dragoi¹ je bilo njegovo ime dokler ni umrl potem ko ga je ubila očetova prekleta radovednost

običajno se je zbudil zgodaj zjutraj in poslušal
petelinje petje iz Skadra v Albaniji
ko je petelin končal pa se je zatekel v materino naročje
in ji povedal koliko zlobnih je ubil s palico
iz leske

Ostarela mati s karto nebes na obrazu
se je običajno smejala ga pobožala ter spustila nekaj
solz na njegovo lice

Majhna krila je imel Dragoi skrita pod tuniko iz muslina
ki jo je sešila njegova mati Miriai ter jo okrasila s podobami
Nadangelov z zelenkasto modro svilo kupljeno v
Solunu pred umorom avstro-ogrskega princa
Franca Ferdinanda v Sarajevu

Kakor so se dnevi znova združili v svežnje kot vinska trta
tako je Mati nabirala krvavo rdeče cvetove vrtnic
za džem, naše stalno družinsko veselje

Oče se je prikradel v sobo za zavese
iz težkega brokata, opazoval Dragoija ko se je slačil
da bi se obredno okopal v kadi s stopljeno soljo iz
sedmih morij

oče je z grozo zagledal Dragoijevi krili – eno na levi
in drugo na desni strani hrbta

¹ Dragoi je albansko mitološko bitje, pol človek pol zmaj, z nadnaravnimi močmi, ki se rodi s srajco in z dvema ali štirimi nevidnimi krili. (op. ur.)

oče se je zgrudil od strahu, mati je vstopila in
po hudi bolečini v maternici rezki kakor blisk
ki razpara nebo vedoč za smrt Dragoija,
svojega edinega čudeža
prinesenega iz daljnih sedmih nebes
a na njenem temenu je še vedno izboklina
kot znamenje in pečat daljnih nebes

Kristalna stran časa

Je sončna svetloba in tvoje besede so kot grom razklale moje bitje
je bliskavica v moji duši
morda si čakala zaman na tešče da bi videla nasmeh na njegovem obrazu
vendar v polnem želodcu ni solza to menda več
in vidim nasmejanega ignoranta brezbržnega kot je le mogoče
– To sem jaz – ki stoji kot skala in gleda z daljnogledom
tja dol na jezero in labodji pari na ribniku plešejo erotični ples
morda se spomniš kako sva se srečala na kristalni strani časa
in ti zdaj držiš prazno školjko v kateri odmeva moje ime
vojne je konec že skoraj dve desetletji a midva se še vedno ljubiva
tako noro kot nihče drug tukaj kjer se nasmihata čas samozadovoljnih
in vrže svojo kocko
v prostor miru ki mu pravimo srce

Tam

Če dvigneš pogled v smeri podob belih oblakov
 boš našel moj obraz osvetljen s sončnimi žarki
 mati ali nisem ... oblečena v brokatno obleko
 kot na poročno noč
 z lasmi namaziljenimi s sivkinim oljem
 z licem kakor polna luna
 opazuječ se v beneškem zrcalu
 kot takrat ko so pokale puške
 ko so svati tekmovali
 kdo bo prvi prečkal križišče
 med dvema pokopališčema
 na prvem so pokopani umrli za kugo in na drugem
 otroci umrli za ošpicami

danes ko spustim pogled in gledam trebuh
 ki ga zemlja vleče k sebi
 je kot da bi hotel zapeti opoldansko pesem
 ko v soncu izgine celo tvoja senca
 in neporočeni moški omedlijo
 ko vidijo boso Vilo bežečo z ognjeno kodrasto
 grivo

prijeten vonj mire in vijolice se širi povsod
 kot takrat ko je bila luna spoštovana kot Bog
 ko so pogani molili k dežju
 z zvonovi in resinami,
 z bezgovimi listi in sklonjenimi vejami
 upognjenih žalujk

jutri si bomo zrlí naravnost v oči
videli bomo drug drugega laži,
ki tečejo kot živo srebro po ostarelih žilah
že v deklištvu zastrupljenih z antimonom
in ne bomo zardeli od sramu
saj smo temo zavili v role
jo zvezali v tkano vrečko izdelano
na sončnih statvah
tam kjer se vino pije in te ne omami
kjer je ljubezen kot dihanje
in se ne imenuje kot pri nas
tam kjer ustvarjajo besede a jih ne povedo ...

Prevedel Abedin Maliqi

Dragoi

Dragoi¹ was his name until he died after his father's curiosity
killed him with his bloody eavesdropping
He used to wake up in the morning and listen to
the rooster of faraway Shkodra in Albania
When the rooster finished he used to go to a mother's recess
and tell her how many evil ones he had killed
with the pole made from hazel wood

Mother old with the map of heaven on her face
used to smile, pamper and roll a few tears so they
might leak into Dragoi's cheeks

Small wings Dragoi kept hidden beneath his muslin tunic
tailored by his mother Miriai and the sigils of some
grand Archangel were embroidered with the aquamarine silk
bought in Thessaloniki before Austro-Hungarian
Prince Franz Ferdinand was assassinated in Sarajevo

as the days were regrouping in bunches like vine-sticks
mother was collecting the blood colored rose petals
for jam that was a continuous family delight

Father sneaked into the room behind the curtains
of heavy brocade and Dragoi undressed
to have a ritual bath with the salts of seven seas
melted in a bathtub

Father saw in awe the wings of Dragoi – one on the left
another on the right side of his back

¹ Dragoi is an Albanian mythological creature, half human and half dragon, with supernatural powers, born with a shirt and two or four invisible wings under its armpits. (Ed. note)

The father fainted out of fear, the mother came in after the pain
as harsh as lightning that splits the sky
in her womb knowing about the death
of Dragoi – her one and only miracle
she had brought from seven heavens afar
yet she bore the lump in the back of her scalp
as a mark and as a seal for distant skies

The Crystalline Side of Time

There's sunlight and your words like thunder split my being
there's a flashlight in my Soul
perhaps you waited hardly – out of empty stomach to see a smile
 in his face
there are no tears in a full stomach you shall know this too
and I see the smile of the ignorant as the most ignorant
one can be – I'm the one – who stands as rock and I watch with
 binoculars
down the lake and the swan couple I see in the pond playing the
 erotic game
perhaps you recall how we met in a Crystalline side of Time
and you hold now the empty shell echoing my name
the war ended roughly two decades ago and we still Love
as mad as no one can be, in here where the age of smirks rolls its
 dice and
in a place of serenity we call heart

There

When you gaze up toward the forms of the white clouds
you find my face ablaze by the sun rays
mother or I am not...!?, – wearing the brocade accoutrements
as in the bridal night,
with the hair anointed with lavender oil
with the face like the full Moon
in front of Venetian mirror
as in times when guns were shooting
while nuptials killing each other
over who shall first pass the crossroad
between two cemeteries
one of the Plague and the other of children dead
by Measles

today when I bow down and see my stomach
while the earth is dragging by
I want somehow to sing the song of the Middy
when the Sun vanishes your shadow
and the Bachelors faint
while looking at the barefoot escape of the Fairy with the inflamed
curly crest
spreading the fragrance of Myrrh and Violet all around
as in times when the Moon was adored as God
while Pagans prayed for the rain to fall,
with bells and kelp,
elder leaves and bowing boughs
of the weeping willow folded

tomorrow we shall look straight in the eyes
seeing the lie of each other,
how it leaks like mercury in aged veins
with antimony poisoned while juvenile
and our faces will not blush out of shame
because we folded the darkness in rule
we bind it in a sack woven

in the Loom of the Sun
there where you drink the vine that never makes you drunk
where Love is done as breathtaking
and isn't nominated as we do
there where the Word is done not uttered instead...

Translated by the author



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Hedi Wyss

Hedi Wyss se je rodila leta 1940 v Bernu v Švici. Od 1966 deluje kot svobodna novinarka, med osrednje teme njenega publicističnega in literarnega zanimanja pa sodijo umetnost, ženska vprašanja, ekologija in vedenjska biologija ljudi in živali. Tem temam se posveča zelo angažirano, saj je velika podpornica tovrstnih projektov. Hedi Wyss je avtorica več publicističnih del, npr. zbirke reportaž *Süden ist unten und hell, Norden ist oben und dunkel* (Jug je spodaj in svetel, sever je zgoraj in temen, 2017), literarnih del za otroke, mladino in odrasle ter biografije o bratu. Za svoje ustvarjanje je bila večkrat nagrajena. Prvi pisateljski uspeh je doživela z dokumentarno knjigo *Das rosarote Mädchenbuch. Ermutigung zu einem neuen Bewusstsein* (Rožnata knjiga za dekleta. Spodbuda za nov razmislek, 1973), ki je nastala v duhu prebujajočih se ženskih gibanj in izšla dve leti po tem, ko so ženske v Švici na zvezni ravni dobile volilno pravico, v romanu *Der Ozean steigt* (Ocean narašča) pa je že leta 1987 napovedala okoljske katastrofe, ki smo jim priča danes. V zadnji pripovedi *Der weisse Hirsch* (Beli jelen), ki je izšla letos, pripovedovalka spremlja en dan šest figur, ki so se po naključju znašle na fotografiji japonskega turista na glavni železniški postaji v Zürichu.

Hedi Wyss was born in 1940 in Bern, Switzerland. Since 1966 she has been working as a freelance journalist, the major topics of her journalistic and literary interest being art, women's issues, ecology, as well as the behavioral biology of people and animals. She focuses on her chosen topics in a deeply engaged way, since she is also a supporter of projects linked to those topics. Wyss is the author of several books of journalism – for example, the collection of reportages *Süden ist unten und hell, Norden ist oben und dunkel* (The South is Down and Bright, the North is Up and Dark, 2017) – of children and youth literature, of adult fiction, and of a biography of her brother, for which she received several awards. Her first major literary success came with her documentary book *Das rosarote Mädchenbuch. Ermutigung zu einem neuen Bewusstsein* (The Pink Book for Girls. Encouragement for a New Thinking, 1973), written in the spirit of the awakening women's movement and published two years after women in Switzerland gained the right to vote on the federal level. In her 1987 novel *Der Ozean steigt* (The Ocean is Rising), meanwhile, she foresaw the environmental catastrophes we are witnessing today. In her latest book, *Der weisse Hirsch* (The White Stag), published this year, the narrator follows a single day in the life of six figures that accidentally found themselves in a photograph of a Japanese tourist at the main railway station in Zürich.

Vormittag

(Auszug aus der Erzählung *Der weisse Hirsch*)

Eine Fliege setzte sich auf die Nase des weissen Hirsches. Sie spazierte auf der feinen Staubschicht, ohne eine Spur zu hinterlassen, bis zu seiner Stirn und hob genau in dem Augenblick ab, als der Zug auf Gleis dreizehn sich in Bewegung setzte. Die alte Frau, die auf ihre Krücken gelehnt, immer am selben Ort vor dem Kiosk stand, wandte nur ein wenig den Kopf, als über ihr die Abfahrtsanzeigen ratterten. Ein Mann mit Aktentasche stiess sich am Koffer eines Japaners, als dieser plötzlich stehenblieb, um am Monitor die leuchtenden Zeilen der S-Bahnabfahrten zu mustern. Der braune glänzende Schuh des Managers trug eine winzige Schramme vom Zusammenstoss davon, der Anfang des Endes, den Anfang der Zerstörung, aber der Mann würde es erst am Abend bemerken und sich nicht erinnern, woher diese Schramme stammte. Aber er würde plötzlich wieder eine seltsame Verzagtheit spüren, wie als Kind.

Als der Japaner vom Monitor wegging, sich hinstellte und die Kamera vors Auge hob, sah niemand, dass der weisse Vogel ganz oben neben dem Hirsch an seinen Drahtseilen ein wenig zitterte. Ein Wind wehte hoch über den Köpfen durch die riesige Halle, aber so hoch, dass ihn niemand spürte.

Der Japaner hatte im Sucher dunkles Gestänge. Dann wischte eine blaue Zahl vorüber und irritiert hielt er den Apparat vom Auge, sah die Vögel, die rote Spirale, die andern Zahlen, von denen eine wegen eines Wackelkontakts erloschen war. Er zielte tiefer, ein Stück Boden mit einem Fuss liess ihn wieder nach oben schwenken. Kurz streifte er das strahlende Gelb eines Briefkastens, bis er das blaue Hütchen fand auf dem Kopf seiner Frau. Es war schwierig, beides zusammen ins Bild zu bekommen: dieses Gesicht, das, wenn er die Entfernung einstellte, verloren ging, und ganz klein oben das weisse Tier in der Luft.

Als er abdrückte, wusste er nicht genau, ob die Füsse seiner Frau nicht abgeschnitten sein würden und ob sie wirklich gelächelt hatte, genau in dem Moment. Aber er war in Eile und jetzt kam seine Frau auf ihn zu und er liess den Apparat sinken. Auf seinem Bild würde, ausser seiner Frau ohne Füsse und mit einem kleinen hellblauen Hütchen auf den künstlich gekrausten Haaren, noch mehr zu sehen sein. Hinter ihr, halb verdeckt von ihrer Hüfte, war die Silhouette eines Mannes auszumachen, der den Kopf sehr hoch trug, einen

wilden Bart hatte und einen vorstehenden Bauch. Würde jemand das Bild ganz nah herzoomen, was aber wahrscheinlich nie jemand tun würde, obschon der Japaner für seine Reise die neuste Minikamera gekauft hatte und es liebte, die Fotos auf seltsame Details abzusuchen, so wären ihm die Schmutzkrusten am Hals und am Kragen des weissen Hemdes und das gebrochene Leder an den Falten der schwarzen Schuhe aufgefallen. Aber der Japaner würde auch später, wenn er das Bild betrachtete, diesen Mann nicht bewusst wahrnehmen. Ebenso wenig das sehr schlanke junge Geschöpf mit ihrem fast kahlen, hellen Kopf.

Es war eine junge Frau, die sich im Augenblick, da abgedrückt wurde, links von der lächelnden Ehefrau auf hochhackigen Schuhen vorwärts bewegte, so dass sich ihr Profil auf dem Bild wie zu einem Aquarell verwischte.

Aber ein junger Mann mit Rucksack und Hund, die beide wie angewurzelt in die Linse starteten, so als wären sie es, die zur Erinnerung an diesen Augenblick porträtiert wurden, ärgerten den Japaner sehr.

Zwei Tage später zu hause, als er die Bilder auf dem Bildschirm betrachtete, würde er deswegen eine Bewegung machen, als wollte er es gleich löschen. Nur ein Blick auf den blauen Hut seiner Frau, ihr lächelndes Gesicht, würden ihn zögern lassen. Man löschte, auch wenn das Bild nicht gelungen war, das Gesicht eines Familienmitglieds nicht einfach so aus. Besonders auch weil es das einzige Bild war, das er im Bahnhof vor der Abreise gemacht hatte. So würde er es wie alle andern im Ordner „Europa“ lassen, und die wenigen Male, die er mit seiner Frau die Diaschau durchsah, ganz schnell weiterklicken, wie bei all den andern Bildern, die nicht gelungen waren.

Hätte er sich ein wenig mehr Zeit gelassen, so wäre ihm der Hinterkopf mit schreiend rot gefärbtem Haar über einem kräftigen Nacken aufgefallen. Er gehörte einer Frau im besten Alter, die gerade zu den rasselnden Abfahrtsanzeigen der Züge aufblickte. Der Hinterkopf glich einem seltsamen Ball, der wie zufällig auf einer in wilde Blumendekors gekleideten Schulter gelandet war. Auch nahm er nicht wahr, dass zwischen der Gestalt des jungen Mädchens mit hellem Haar und der Japanerin auf dem Bild so etwas wie eine unendliche Ferne zu sehen war, verwischtes Grün und Grau jenseits des Bahnhofs über dem Horizont des Asphalts. Es war eine winzige Lücke vor einem kleinen Streifen Blau. Und in dieser winzigen

Lücke hätte man mit der Lupe auf dem Boden eine Unebenheit erkannt, einen kleinen Buckel im Asphalt, so schien es. Aber es war der Körper eines Wesens mit zitternden Schnurrhaaren und einem langen Schwanz. Eine Ratte, die einen ganz kurzen Augenblick innegehalten hatte, unschlüssig, wohin sie, Todesangst in ihrem kleinen, wachen Hirn, verschwinden sollte.

Das Bild wurde an einem Herbsttag in den ersten Jahren des neuen Jahrtausends geknipst. Es war sehr früh am Vormittag, der Bretzelbäcker aus Sri Lanka, der so gut : „Was hättet sie gärrn und „bitte“ und „macht füf achtzig, vier füfzig, drei zwanzig“ sagen konnte, stand etwas untätig da.

Ihm gegenüber rückte der Kurde am Pizzastand ein heisses Blech auf der abschüssigen Theke zurecht und sah auf den zerfliessenden Käse, durchsichtig über dem Rot einer blassen Tomate; ein kleiner harter Hügel darauf kam ihm vor wie schon einmal gesehen in seinem Leben, wie die Miniatur eines Fleckens Erde, auf der er als Junge einmal gestanden und in die Welt hinaus geblickt hatte.

Er und der Bretzelbäcker hatten den Japaner gesehen, aber er war für sie nur die Wiederholung eines Bildes, das in Variationen immer wieder auftauchte. Die Art, wie Japaner die schmalen Lippen geschlossen hielten, die leichte Kurve in ihren kurzen Beinen, ihre breiten Gesichter, die Art, wie die Baumwollhütchen auf ihren Köpfen sassen, das kannten sie, hatten es eingeordnet als einen Bestandteil dieser Welt, in die sie das Schicksal verschlagen hatte.

Von der Frau des Japaners fast ganz verdeckt, gegenüber dem Pizzabäcker aus Kurdistan stand eine sehr alte Frau mit von sich gestreckten Armen, so als tanzte sie einen seltsamen Tanz. Sie trug dicke weisse Turnschuhe, ein knallrotes, gestricktes Jäckchen über einer weissen Bluse und einen dunklen, langen Rock. Aber auf dem Bild würde später nur ein Streifen Rot ihres Jäckchens und ein Teil ihres Kopfes mit üppigem unordentlich aufgestecktem weissem Haar zu sehen sein. Die Frau stand da, als warte sie, nein, als horche sie aufmerksam auf etwas. Als der Manager, der sich vorher am Koffer des Japaners gestossen hatte, nun durch die Menge kurvend und immer schneller werdend, an ihr vorbeirannte, schien es, als blickte und winkte sie ihm nach wie einem scheidenden Liebsten.

Der Pizzabäcker jedenfalls hielt einen Augenblick inne und wartete, bis sie die Arme herunterhängen liess und ein paar unsichere Schritte auf die Bank unter der grossen Uhr zu machte. Dort setzte sie sich hin

und ihre Lippen bewegten sich, während sie mit ihren Händen in die Taschen ihres roten Jäckchens fuhr und darin herumkramte.

Der Japaner ging auf seine Frau zu und der Fotoapparat schlug beim Gehen gegen seinen Bauch. Sie packten beide die Stange des Kofferwagens, den sie für einen Augenblick unbeobachtet neben dem Bretzelstand stehen gelassen hatten und verschwanden in der Menge. In zwei Stunden würden sie in einer röhrenden Maschine abheben und von da an nie mehr den Boden des Landes betreten, von dem sie in genau 12 Tagen mehrere hundert Bilder gemacht hatten. Das letzte davon war dieses Bild.

Fünfundzwanzig Jahre später würde eine junge Japanerin auf dem Computer den Ordner „Europa“, den sie auf einer alten Disc zusammen mit anderen Ordnern fand, durchklicken und bei diesem letzten Bild ein bisschen länger verweilen. Der junge Mann, der ihr über die Schulter schaute, beugte sich etwas vornüber, weil das Bild unscharf war und ihn der Hirsch irritierte, der da über den Köpfen der Menschen in der Luft schwebte. Erst als er näher hinsah, bemerkte er Zahlen, einen Vogel und eine rote Spirale und verspürte einen Impuls, näher hinzusehen und einen Zusammenhang zu finden. Das musste eine Bedeutung haben. Der junge Mann hatte krauses blondes Haar und sehr gebräunte Haut. Er hatte die Japanerin vor drei Monaten beim Autostopp in Australien kennengelernt und jetzt waren sie dabei, die Wohnung ihrer Mutter, die vor einem Jahr gestorben war, auszuräumen und wegzuworfen, was sich nicht lohnte, mitzunehmen. Die junge Japanerin wollte für ein Jahr nach Europa ziehen. Das ist meine Mutter, sagte sie, mein Vater war ein schlechter Fotograf. Schade, dass man ihr Gesicht nicht genauer sieht, sagte sie, sie war nämlich sehr hübsch. Der junge Mann fand, die Mutter seiner Freundin sehe aus wie alle andern Japanerinnen. Jetzt fiel ihm auf dem Bild der grosse Hund auf. Sein ernster Blick in die Kamera faszinierte ihn. Ein Hund wie ein Wolf und neben ihm sein Meister mit Rucksack. Aber schon hatte die junge Japanerin das Bild weggeklickt und den Ordner geschlossen.

Dopoldan

(odlomek iz pripovedi *Beli jelen*)

Muha je sedla na nos belega jelena. Ne da bi pustila kakšno sled, se je sprehodila po tanki plasti prahu do čela in odletela točno v trenutku, ko je vlak na 13. tiru speljal. Stara ženica, ki je naslonjena na bergle stala na vedno istem mestu pred kioskom, je le rahlo obrnila glavo, ko so na monitorju nad njo drdrale informacije o odhodihih vlakov. Moški z aktovko je zadel ob kovček Japonca, ki se je nenadoma ustavil, da bi na monitorju preveril svetleče vrstice o odhodu primestnega vlaka. Bleščeče rjavi menedžerjev čevljev je ob tem trku utrpel majceno prasko; začetek konca, začetek propadanja – toda moški bo to opazil šele zvečer in se ne bo spomnil, od kod je odrgnina. Nenadoma pa se ga bo polotila neka čudna obupanost, kot jo čutijo otroci.

Ko je Japonec odšel od monitorja, se namestil in k očesu pristavil fotoaparatus, ni nihče videl, da se je ptič čisto zgoraj ob jelenu na svoji jekleni vrvi rahlo tresel. Skozi ogromno avlo je visoko nad glavami, a tako visoko, da ni nihče čutil tega, pihljat veter.

Japonec je v iskalu videl temno drogovje. Potem je mimo hušknila modra številka in jezno je odmaknil fotoaparatus. Gledal je ptiče, rdečo spiralo, druge številke in ena od njih je zaradi zrahljanega kontakta ugasnila. Nameril je nižje, zagledal del tal in nogo ter fotoaparatus spet usmeril višje. Mimogrede je oplazil žareče rumeno barvo poštnega nabiralnika in poiskal modri klobuček na ženini glavi. Težko je bilo oboje spraviti na fotografijo: obraz – ki se je izgubil, če je izostril daljavo – in čisto majhno belo žival zgoraj v zraku.

Ko je pritisnil na sprožilec, ni točno vedel, ali ženine noge ne bodo odrezane in ali se je prav v tistem trenutku res smehljala. Toda mudilo se mu je; žena je že stopila do njega in spustil je fotoaparatus. Na njegovi fotografiji pa bo poleg žene z odrezanimi nogami in s svetlo modrim klobučkom na umetno nakodranih lasih videti še več. Njen bok je na pol zakrival silhueto za njo stoječega moškega z visoko dvignjeno glavo, divjo brado in naprej molečim trebuhom. Če bi kdo sliko zelo približal – česar pa verjetno nikoli nihče ne bo storil, čeprav je Japonec za svoje potovanje kupil najnovejši mini fotoaparatus in je na fotografijah nadvse rad iskal nenavadne podrobnosti – bi na vratu in na ovratniku bele srjace opazil kraste umazanih in razpokanih usnje v gubah črnih čevljev. Toda Japonec tudi pozneje, ko si bo ogledoval sliko, tega moškega zavestno ne bo zaznal. Tudi vitkega mladega bitja s skoraj plečasto svetlo glavo ne bo opazil.

To je bila mlada ženska, ki je v trenutku, ko je pritisnil na sprožilec, v čevljih z visoko peto hitela mimo levo od Japončeve smehljajoče se soproge, tako da je bil njen profil na sliki zabrisan kot na akvarelu.

Toda mladi moški z nahrbtnikom in pes, ki sta kot vkopana zrla v fotoaparatus, kot da bi njiju portretiral za spomin na ta trenutek, sta Japonca zelo jezila.

Čez dva dni, ko si je doma na zaslonu ogledoval slike, je Japonec zaradi tega napravil kretnjo, kot da bi sliko hotel takoj izbrisati. Okleval je le ob pogledu na ženini modri klobuk in njen smehljajoči se obraz. Tudi če slika ni ravno uspela, obraza družinskega člana ne izbrišeš kar tako. Še posebej zato, ker je bila to edina slika, ki jo je napravil na železniški postaji pred odhodom. Tako jo je kot vse ostale pustil v mapi »Evropa« in tistih nekajkrat, ko sta si z ženo ogledovala diapozitive, hitro kliknil naprej kot pri vseh neuspešnih slikah.

Če bi si vzel malo več časa, bi opazil tudi glavo ženske s kričeče rdeče pobarvanimi lasmi nad krepkim zatiljem. Pripadala je ženski v najboljših letih, ki je ravno takrat pogled usmerila na rožljajoče prikazovanje odhodov vlakov. Zaglavje je bilo podobno nenavadni žogi, ki je kot po naključju pristala na rami, odeti v divji cvetlični vzorec. Tudi tega ni opazil, da je bilo med postavo mladega dekleta s svetlimi lasmi in Japonko na fotografiji videti nekaj takega kot neskončna daljava, zabrisana zelena in siva onkraj železniške postaje nad asfaltnim horizontom. Bila je majhna luknja pred majhnim pasom modrine. In v tej majhni odprtini bi lahko s povečevalnim steklom na tleh videli nekaj, kar se je zdelo kot majhna grbina v asfaltu. Toda bilo je telo bitja s trepetajočimi dlakami in dolgim repom – podgana, ki se je za trenutek ustavila, neodločna, kam naj, s smrtnim strahom v majhnih, bistrh možganih, izgine.

Slika je bila posneta nekega jesenskega dne prva leta novega tisočletja. Bilo je zelo zgodaj dopoldne. Prestar iz Šrilanke, ki je znal tako dobro povedati: »Was hätten sie gern« in »bitte« in »macht fünf achtzig, vier fünfzig, drei zwanzig«,¹ ni imel dosti dela.

Nasproti njega je Kurd na stojnici s picami ravno postavil vroč pekač na nagnjen pult in opazoval topeči se sir, skozi katerega se je videla rdeča barva bledega paradižnika; majhna, trda vzpetina na njem se mu je zdelala kot nekaj, kar je nekoč v življenju že videl, kot

¹ »Želite, prosim?« in »prosim« in »To stane 5,80, 4,50 ali 3,20«.

miniatura kotička sveta, na katerem je nekoč kot deček stal in gledal v širni svet.

Kurd in prestar sta Japonca opazila, toda za njiju je bila to le ponovitev podobe, ki se je v variacijah pojavljala vedno znova. Poznala sta način, kako so Japonci stiskali ozke ustnice, njihove rahlo ukrivljene kratke noge, njihove široke obraze, kako so na njihovih glavah tičali bombažni klobučki, in sta to razumela kot sestavni del tega sveta, kamor ju je zanesla usoda.

Japončeva žena pa je skoraj v celoti zakrivala zelo staro žensko, ki je stala nasproti picopeka iz Kurdistanu, z razprostrtimi rokami, kot da bi plesala nenavaden ples. Obute je imela debele bele športne copate, čez belo bluzo oblečeno živo rdečo pleteno jopico in temno dolgo krilo. Toda na sliki sta bila vidna le del njene rdeče jopice in del glave z bujnimi, neurejeno spetimi belimi lasmi. Ženica je stala, kot da bi čakala – ne, kot da bi nekaj pozorno poslušala. Ko je menedžer, ki se je prej spotaknil ob Japončev kovček in je sedaj vedno hitreje vijugal med množico, stekel mimo nje, se je zdelo, da gleda za njim in mu maha kot odhajajočemu ljubemu.

Picopek je vsekakor za trenutek postal in počakal, da je spustila roke in z negotovimi koraki stopila do klopi pod veliko uro. Tam je sedla in njene ustnice so se premikale, medtem ko je z rokami brskala po žepu rdeče jopice in nekaj iskala.

Japonec je šel do svoje žene, fotoaparata pa mu je med hojo bingljal nad trebuhom. Oba sta pograbila ročaj vozička s kovčkom, ki sta ga za hip pustila nenadzorovanega poleg stojnice s prestami, in izginila v množici. Čez dve uri sta odletela v hrumečem letalu in nikoli več nista stopila na tla dežele, kjer sta v natanko dvanajstih dneh naredila več sto slik. Ta je bila zadnja.

Petindvajset let pozneje bo mlada Japonka na računalniku v zavihku »Evropa«, ki ga bo našla na starem disku skupaj z drugimi zavihki, klikala skozi slike in se malo dlje ustavila pri tej zadnji sliki. Mladi mož, ki ji je gledal čez ramo, se je nagnil nekoliko naprej, ker slika ni bila ostra in ga je jezil v zraku nad glavami ljudi lebdeči jelen. Šele ko je dobro pogledal, je opazil številke, prtiča in rdečo spiralo ter impulzivno pogledal bolj natančno, da bi našel povezavo. To je moralo imeti nek pomen. Mladi mož je imel skodrane blond lase in zelo porjavelo kožo. Japonko je spoznal pred tremi meseci na avtoštopu v Avstraliji in sedaj sta skupaj pospravljala stanovanje njene matere, ki je umrla pred enim letom, in metala proč vse, česar se ni splačalo

vzeti s seboj. Mlada Japonka se je namreč želela za eno leto preseliti v Evropo. »To je moja mati,« je rekla. »Oče je bil slab fotograf. Škoda, da se njen obraz ne vidi jasno,« je rekla. »Bila je namreč zelo čedna.« Mlademu moškemu pa se je zdelo, da je mati njegove prijateljice videti takšna kot vse druge Japonke. Sedaj je na fotografiji zagledal velikega psa. Njegov resni pogled v fotoaparat ga je očaral. Pes, ki je izgledal kot volk, zraven njega pa njegov gospodar z nahrbtnikom. Toda mlada Japonka je že kliknila naprej in zaprla zavihek.

Prevedla Vesna Kondrič Horvat

Morning

(excerpt from the story *The White Stag*)

A fly set down on the nose of a white stag. Not leaving a trace, it moved over a thin layer of dust to the brow and flew away at the exact moment of the train's departure from platform 13. The old woman, leaning on her crutches, who always stood at the same place in front of the stand, turned her head ever so slightly as information about the rail departures rattled on the screen above her. A man with a briefcase hit the suitcase of a Japanese man, who stopped unexpectedly to check the flashing lines of a suburban train departure on the screen. The manager's shining brown shoe suffered a tiny scratch from this collision; the beginning of an end, the beginning of a ruin – although the man would not notice this scratch until the evening and could not remember what had caused it. But he would all of a sudden be overcome by a strange despondency, such as that children sometimes feel.

When the Japanese man moved away from the screen, stood still and raised a camera to his eye, nobody noticed that the white bird on a wire close by the stag faintly trembled. Through the huge hall high above the heads, but up so very high that nobody could feel it, a gentle wind was blowing.

The Japanese man saw dark antlers in his viewfinder. Then a blue digit flickered by and he, annoyed, shifted the camera, saw the birds, the red spiral and other digits, one of which was out due to a loose connection. He aimed lower and then, seeing a part of the ground and a foot, moved the camera upwards again. He skimmed the bright yellow of a letter box and finally found the little blue hat on his wife's head. It was difficult to capture both in the picture: the face – which lost its if he zoomed his camera out – and the white animal, very small above in the air.

When he pressed the shutter-release button he was not quite sure whether his wife's legs would be cut off and whether she had actually smiled at that moment. But he was in a hurry; then his wife came near and he dropped the camera. In the picture, showing his wife with her legs cut off and a light blue little hat on her artificial curls, other things would also appear. Behind her, half hidden by her hip, a silhouette of a man with a very erect head, bushy beard and a protruding stomach could be seen. If one zoomed in to get a close-up view, which was rather improbable, although the Japanese man had

bought the latest compact camera model and, making pictures, he liked to search for unusual details, one would notice dirt stains on the man's neck and the collar of his white shirt, and chapped leather in the folds of his black shoes. Also later, looking at the picture, the Japanese man would not really notice the man. Even less would he see a slender young creature with a fair, almost bald head.

This was a young woman who hurried by in her high heels from the left of the Japanese man's smiling wife, so that her profile on the photo was blurred like a watercolour painting.

However, a young man with a knapsack and a dog, who both stared stiffly into the lens as if they were the ones posing for this photo souvenir, irritated the Japanese man immensely.

Consequently, two days later at home, watching the pictures on the screen, he made a gesture as if wanting to delete that one right away. Only the sight of his wife's blue hat and her smiling face made him hesitate. You didn't want to erase a family member's face even if the picture was a flop. Especially not when it was the only photo he made at the railway station before their departure. And so he saved it together with the rest of them in the "Europe" folder, and on the rare occasions when he watched the slides with his wife, hastily moved forward. He was in the habit of doing so with other faulty photos.

Had he taken a bit more time he would also have noticed the back of a head with hair coloured gaudy red above a sturdy nape. It belonged to a woman in her best years, who had just looked upwards at the rattling rail departures. The back of her head resembled an odd ball that accidentally landed on her shoulder, clad in wild blooms pattern. Moreover, he failed to observe that between the figure of the young blonde girl and his wife, beyond the railway station and the asphalt skyline, there was something like an endless space to be seen on the photo, blurry green and grey. It was a tiny aperture in front of a small stretch of azure. And in this tiny opening one would be able to see, under a magnifying glass, an irregularity on the floor, perhaps a small bulge in the asphalt. But it was a body of a creature with trembling whiskers and a long tail – a rat stopping for a very short moment, her small, shrewd brain scared to death, hesitating over which direction to bolt.

The picture was made on an autumn day in one of the first years of the new millennium. It was very early in the afternoon. The pretzel

baker from Sri Lanka, who could say “Was hätten sie gern” and “bitte” and “macht fünf achtzig, vier fünfzig, drei zwanzig”¹ so well, stood there a bit idly.

The Kurd across from him at the pizza booth had just put a hot baking tray on a steep counter and was watching the melting cheese, translucent above the red of a pale tomato; a small, hard mound at the top seemed to him like something he had seen before, like a miniature nook of the globe where he had once stood as a boy, blinking at the vast world outside.

The Kurd and the baker both saw the Japanese man, but to them he was just a repetition of an image appearing through time in endless variations. Yes, they knew the way the Japanese pressed their thin lips, knew their slightly curved short legs, their broad faces, the way cotton hats sat on their heads, and to them this was simply an integral part of the world into which fate had dumped them.

The Japanese man’s wife almost completely concealed a very old woman who stood in front of the pizza baker from Kurdistan, her arms spread wide as if she were swaying in a strange dance. She wore thick white sneakers, a bright red cardigan over a white blouse and a long, dark skirt. In the picture, however, only a fraction of her red cardigan and a part of her head with thick white hair, messily pulled up, could be seen. The woman stood there as if waiting, no, as if attentively listening to something. When the manager, who had a bit earlier tripped over the Japanese man’s suitcase, ran past her, it appeared as if she were following him with her eyes, waving to a departing lover.

Be that as it may, the baker paused and waited for a moment until she lowered her arms and made a few unsure steps towards the bench under the big clock. There she sat down, her lips moving as she fished through the pockets of her red cardigan, looking for something.

The Japanese man moved near his wife, the camera dangling on his paunch. They both grabbed the handle of the luggage cart for their suitcase, which they had left unobserved for a while beside the pretzel stand, and disappeared in the crowd. In two hours they took off in a roaring machine and would never again set foot on the ground of the country where they had taken several hundred pictures in twelve days. This picture was the last of them.

¹ “What’d you like” and “please” and “it costs five eighty, four fifty, three twenty”.

Twenty five years later a young Japanese woman sitting in front of a computer would come across the file "Europe" on an old disc, together with other files, click through the photos and ponder a little longer at that last one. A young man watching over her shoulder leaned a bit closer because the photo was not clear and he was puzzled by the stag that hovered in the air above the crowd's heads. Only when he looked at it closer did he notice the digits, the bird and the red spiral, and feel an impulse to look at it in detail to find a connection. The whole thing had to have some meaning. The young man had curly blond hair and a very dark tan. He'd met the Japanese woman three months ago hitch-hiking in Australia, and now they were clearing away the apartment of her mother, who had died a year ago, and were throwing away everything that was not worth taking with them. The young Japanese woman wanted to move to Europe for one year. "This is my mother," she said. "My father was such a lousy photographer. It's a pity her face can't be seen clearly," she said. "Because she was very pretty." But the young man thought the mother of his girlfriend looked the same as all other Japanese women. Now he noticed a big dog in the picture. That it fixed its eyes so gravely into the camera fascinated him. A dog resembling a wolf, its master with a knapsack standing beside it. But the young Japanese woman had already clicked a key and closed the file.

Translated by Miriam Drev

Gosta
Vilenice 2017

Vilenica

Guests 2017



Foto © Liv Monaghan

Kerrie O'Brien

Kerrie O'Brien se je rodila leta 1987 v Dublinu na Irskem, kjer je diplomirala iz umetnostne zgodovine in arhitekture na univerzi Trinity College Dublin. Je pesnica in pisateljica, ki objavlja v različnih irskih in britanskih literarnih revijah, leta 2016 pa je izšel njen pesniški prvenec *Illuminate* (Osvetliti), v katerem upesnjuje univerzalne teme človeštva, kot so ljubezen, smrt in transcendentna narava umetnosti. Pozornost bralcev je vzbudila že z revijalnimi objavami, njena zbirka pa je bila deležna kritičnih pohval in priznanj. Leta 2015 je bila med petimi finalisti za nagrado za najboljšo novelo, ki jo podeljuje irska literarna revija *Penny Dreadful*. S pesmijo *Dublin* je nastopila v videoseriji *Dublin: A Year in Words* (Dublin: Leto v besedah), posvečeni nazivu Dublin: UNESCO City of Literature (Dublin – Unescovo mesto literature). Bila je sourednica irske antologije *Looking At The Stars* (Gledanje zvezd) sodobnih irskih avtorjev; z njeno prodajo so zbrali več kot 21.000 evrov za zavetišče za brezdomce v Dublinu. Prav tako sodeluje tudi pri drugih projektih: o umetnosti in poeziji je predavala v Irski narodni galeriji, o literarnem aktivizmu in brezdomstvu pa na univerzah College Dublin in York. Gostovala je na več festivalih doma in v tujini. Trenutno pa se posveča predvsem pisanju prvega romana.

Kerrie O'Brien was born in 1987 in Dublin, Ireland, where she graduated from Art History and Architecture at Trinity College Dublin. As a writer and a poet, she publishes in various Irish and British literary magazines. Her debut poetry collection *Illuminate*, dealing with universal topics of humanity, such as love, death, and the transcendental nature of art appeared in 2016. O'Brien has already drawn readers' attention through her publications in magazines, while her poetry collection also earned critical acclaim and received numerous accolades. In 2015 she was one of the five authors shortlisted for the best novella prize awarded by the Irish literary magazine *Penny Dreadful*. Her poem "Dublin" was featured in the film series *Dublin: A Year in Words*, commissioned by Dublin UNESCO City of Literature. She was the co-editor of the Irish anthology *Looking At the Stars* of contemporary Irish authors, sales of which raised more than 21,000 euros for the homeless of Dublin. She is also involved in other projects: she has been lecturing on art and poetry at the National Gallery of Ireland, and on literary activism and homelessness at University College Dublin as well as at York University. She has been a guest at several festivals at home in Ireland as well as abroad. Currently, she is focused on writing her first novel.

Notre Dame

Certain mornings
I would be the only one
To see the first streams of it

Tumbling through stained glass
Smattering everything
Red gold rose blue.
The beauty almost frightening.

Yves Klein would daub his women
Blue
And hurl them at the canvas.

Living brushes
Haphazard and outrageous –
Same effect.
Different every day
This glittering cave
Big beautiful lit up thing.

It knew and knew
Why I had come.

Falling like water
Blue gold rose red
My river walk,
My morning prayer.

I would step into it slow
Circling the altar
Gold cross flickering
In the centre
Anchored, rooted still.

As above, so below

Eyes closed
Filling my heart
With the warmth of it

Until my body was
Sunlight and roses

And the fear
Fell away in petals

Would you believe it
If I told you
Nothing felt separate.

Bud

I think you need to be empty to fall in love
To have been pure in yourself for long enough
to know who you are again
there needs to have been a winter
where you were bare and elegant as an orchid
moving towards the light but in no rush
holding your grief well
not waiting, expecting
but quietly knowing
there will be layers of new
flowering softness
you will tremble with life
the buds will split open
again and again

Rothko

They found him
Hunched over a
White sink
All his beauty let out.

I think of him in his studio
East Hampton 1964
Wooden beams
Stained,
Concrete floor

Sitting in a dark green chair
Head tilted, cigarette in hand
Peering at his creation
Layers and pain
Towering before him
Lost to it,

One mere man
What he gave

I see him with wings

Immersed in his
Low lit hush
Portals expanding
Crimson lilac
Burnt orange, greys

Weighted hum
Solemn yet violent

Fire, heart
Bloodsweat
Spilling out

So close and strange
People weep

Sacred –

What we do to each other
And give
Without knowing.

Notre Dame

Ob nekaterih jutrih
Sem bila edina
Ki je videla njegove prve žarke

Padajoče prek vitrajev
Razmazati vse
Rdeče zlato roza modro.
Skoraj strašljiva lepota.

Yves Klein bi svoje ženske pomazal
Z modro
In jih zalučal v platno.

Živi čopiči
Na slepo in nasilno
Isti učinek.
Vsak dan drugačna
Ta bleščeča se jama
Velika lepa razsvetljena stvar.

Vedela je in vedela
Zakaj sem prišla.

Prelivajoče kot voda
Modra zlata roza rdeča
Moj rečni sprehod,
Moja jutranja molitev.

Počasi sem stopila vanj
Krožec okoli oltarja
Migljanje zlatega križa
V središču
Zasidran, še vedno zakoreninjen.

Kakor zgoraj, tako spodaj

Zaprte oči
Napolnil je moje srce
S svojo toploto

Dokler moje telo ni bilo
Sončna svetloba in vrtnice

In strah
Je odpadal v cvetnih listih.

Bi verjeli
Če bi vam rekla
Da se nič ni čutilo odveč.

Popek

Mislim, da moraš biti prazen, da se zaljubiš
Da si bil v sebi dovolj dolgo čist
da spet veš, kdo si
obstajati je morala zima
ko si bila gola in elegantna kot orhideja
ob pomikanju proti svetlobi, a ne v naglici
dobro si prenašala svoje žalovanje
brez čakanja, v pričakovanju
a tihem védenju
da bodo tu sloji nove
razcvetene mehkosti
drhtela boš od življenja
popki se bodo razprli
spet in spet

Rothko

Našli so ga
Zgrbljenega prek
Belega umivalnika
Razgaljenega v vsej njegovi lepoti.

Mislim nanj v njegovem studiu
East Hampton 1964
Leseni tramovi
Popackana
Betonska tla

Sedeč v temno zelenem stolu
Nagnjena glava, v roki cigareta
Gleda svojo stvaritev
Plasti in bolečina
Se dvigajo pred njim
Zanjo izgubljen,

En sam človek
Kar je dal

Vidim ga s krili

Zatopljen v svoji
Zamolkli tišini
Portali se širijo
Škrlatno lila
Ožgano oranžna, sivine

Obteženo mrmranje
Svečano, a nasilno

Ogenj, srce
Krvavi pot
Se izliva

Tako blizu in čudno
Ljudje jočejo

Sveto –

Kar delamo drug drugemu
In dajemo
Ne da bi vedeli.

Prevedla Petra Meterc



Foto © Lucas Tingle

Iain Reid

Iain Reid se je rodil leta 1980 v provinci Ontario v Kanadi. Po študiju zgodovine, angleške literature in filozofije je začel pisati članke in kolumne za več kanadskih revij in časopisov, leta 2015 pa objavljati tudi v uglednem ameriškem tedniku *The New Yorker*. Na svojo literarno pot je stopil z dvema knjigama spominov: *One Bird's Choice: A Year in the Life of an Overeducated, Underemployed Twenty-something Who Moves Back Home* (Izbira nekega ptiča: Leto v življenju nadizobraženega, podzaposlenega, dvajset-in-nekaj letnika, ki se preseli nazaj domov, 2010) in *The Truth About Luck: What I Learned on my Road Trip with Grandma* (Resnica o sreči: Kaj sem se naučil na roadtripu z babico, 2013), ki sta doživeli dober sprejem tako pri bralcih kot kritikih in bili nagrajeni. Leta 2015 je prejel kanadsko nagrado za obetavnega avtorja RBC Taylor. Njegov romaneskni prvenec, filozofska srhljivka *I'm Thinking of Ending Things* (Razmišljam, da bi naredila konec), je izšel leta 2016.

Iain Reid was born in 1980 in the province of Ontario, Canada. After studying History, English Literature, and Philosophy, he began writing articles and columns for several Canadian magazines and newspapers. He then also started to publish in the prestigious American weekly *The New Yorker*. Reid began his literary career with two memoirs: *One Bird's Choice: A Year in the Life of an Overeducated, Underemployed Twenty-something Who Moves Back Home* (2010) and *The Truth About Luck: What I Learned on my Road Trip with Grandma* (2013), both well received among readers as well as critics, and both garnering awards. He received the RBC Taylor Emerging Writer Award in 2015. His debut novel, a philosophical thriller titled *I'm Thinking of Ending Things*, was published in 2016.

I'm Thinking of Ending Things

(excerpt from the novel)

I THINK JAKE'S LAST GIRLFRIEND was a grad student in another department. I've seen her around. She's cute: athletic, with blond hair. A runner. He definitely dated her. He says they're still friends. Not close friends. They don't hang out. But he said they had coffee a week before we met at the pub. I probably sound jealous. I'm not. I'm curious. I'm also not a runner.

It's weird, but I'd like to talk to her. I'd like to sit down with a pot of tea and ask her about Jake. I'd like to know why they started dating. What was it about him that attracted her? I'd like to know why it didn't last. Did she end things, or did Jake? If it was her, for how long was she thinking of ending things? Doesn't this seem like a reasonable idea, chatting with a new partner's ex?

I've asked him about her a few times. He's coy. He doesn't say much. He just says their relationship wasn't long or very serious. That's why it's her I have to talk to. To hear her side.

We're alone in a car in the middle of nowhere. Now seems as good a time as any.

"So, how did it end?" I say. "With your last girlfriend, I mean."

"It never really started," he says. "It was minor and temporary."

"But you didn't start out thinking that."

"It didn't start out any more serious than when it ended."

"Why didn't it last?"

"It wasn't real."

"How do you know?"

"You always know," he says.

"But how do we know when a relationship becomes real?"

"Are you asking in general, or about that relationship specifically?"

"That one."

"There was no dependency. Dependency equates to seriousness."

"I'm not sure I agree," I said. "What about real? How do you know when something's real?"

"What *is* real?" he says. "It's real when there are stakes, when something's on the line."

For a while we don't say anything.

"Do you remember me telling you about the woman who lives across the street?" I ask.

I think we must be getting close to the farm. Jake hasn't confirmed we are, but we've been driving for a while. Must be close to two hours.

"Who?"

"The older woman from across the street. Remember?"

"I think so, yeah," he says noncommittally.

"She was saying how she and her husband have stopped sleeping together."

"Hmm."

"I don't mean not having sex. I mean have stopped sleeping in the same bed at night. They both decided a good night's sleep trumps any benefits to sleeping in the same bed. They want their own sleeping space. They don't want to hear another person snoring or feel them turn over. She said her husband's a pretty vicious snorer."

I find this very sad.

"It seems reasonable that if one person is disruptive, sleeping alone would be an option."

"You think? We spend almost half our lives asleep."

"That could be an argument for why it's best to find the optimal sleeping situation. It's an option, that's all I'm saying."

"But you're not *just* sleeping. You're aware of the other person."

"You *are* just sleeping," he insists.

"You're never just sleeping," I say. "Not even when you're asleep."

"You've lost me."

Jake signals and makes a left turn. This new road is smaller. It's definitely not a main road. This is a back road.

"Aren't you aware of me when we're sleeping?"

"I mean, I don't know. I'm asleep."

"I'm aware of you," I say.

TWO NIGHTS AGO, I COULDN'T sleep. Yet again. I've been thinking too much for weeks. Jake slept over for the third night in a row. I actually like sleeping in bed with someone. Sleeping beside someone. Jake was sound asleep, not snoring, but his breathing was unmistakably close. Right there.

I think what I want is for someone to know me. Really know me. Know me better than anyone else and maybe even me. Isn't that why we commit to another? It's not for sex. If it were for sex, we wouldn't marry one person. We'd just keep finding new partners. We commit for many reasons, I know, but the more I think about it, the more

I think long-term relationships are for getting to know someone. I want someone to know me, really know me, almost like that person could get into my head. What would that feel like? To have access, to know what it's like in someone else's head. To rely on someone else, have him rely on you. That's not a biological connection like the one between parents and children. This kind of relationship would be chosen. It would be something cooler, harder to achieve than one built on biology and shared genetics.

I think that's it. Maybe that's how we know when a relationship is real. When someone else previously unconnected to us knows us in a way we never thought or believed possible.

I like that.

In bed that night, I looked over at Jake. He was so stable, babyish. He looked smaller. Stress and tension hide during sleep. He never grinds his teeth. His eyelids don't flutter. He usually sleeps so soundly. He looks like a different person when he sleeps.

During the day, when Jake's awake, there's always an underlying intensity, an energy that simmers. He has these little movements, twitches and ticks.

But isn't being alone closer to the truest version of ourselves, when we're not linked to another, not diluted by their presence and judgments? We form relationships with others, friends, family. That's fine. Those relationships don't bind the way love does. We can still have lovers, short-term. But only when alone can we focus on ourselves, know ourselves. How can we know ourselves without this solitude? And not just when we sleep.

It's probably not going to work out with Jake. I'm probably going to end it. What's unrealistic, I think, is the number of people who attempt an enduring, committed relationship, who believe it will work long-term. Jake isn't a bad guy. He's perfectly fine. Even considering the data that shows the majority of marriages don't last, people still think marriage is the normal human state. Most people want to get married. Is there anything else that people do in such huge numbers, with such a terrible success rate?

Jake once told me that he keeps a photograph of himself at his desk in his lab. He says it's the only photograph he keeps there. It's of him when he was five. He had curly blond hair and chubby cheeks. How did he ever have chubby cheeks? He told me he likes the photo because it's him, yet physically, he's completely different now from the child he sees in the photo. He doesn't just mean he

looks different but that every cell captured in the image has died, been shed and replaced by new cells. In the present, he is literally a different person. Where's the consistency? How is he still aware of being that younger age if he's physically completely different? He would say something about all those proteins.

Our physical structures, like a relationship, change and repeat, tire and wilt, age and deplete. We get sick and better, or sick and worse. We don't know when, or how, or why. We just carry on.

Is it better to be paired up or alone?

Three nights ago, with Jake fully comatose, I waited for the light to start peeking through the blinds. On the nights I can't sleep, like that one, like so many recently, I wish I could just turn my mind off like a lamp. I wish I had a shutdown command like my computer. I hadn't looked at the clock in a while. I lay there, thinking, wishing I was asleep like everyone else.

"Almost there," says Jake. "We're five minutes away."

I sit up and stretch my arms over my head. I yawn. "Felt like a quick trip," I say. "Thanks for inviting me."

"Thanks for coming," he says. Then, inexplicably, "And you also know things are real when they can be lost."

Razmišljam, da bi naredila konec

(odlomek iz romana)

MISLIM, DA JE BILA JAKOVA ZADNJA PUNCA diplomantka na drugem oddelku. Tu in tam sem jo videvala. Luščna je: atletska in svetlolasa. Tekočica. Jasno je, da sta hodila. Pravi, da sta še vedno prijatelja. Ne dobra prijatelja. Ne družita se. A rekel je, da sta se dobila na kavi, teden dni preden sva se spoznala v pubu. Verjetno zvenim ljubosumno. Pa nisem. Radovedna sem. Tudi tečem ne.

Morda zveni čudno, a rada bi govorila z njo. Rada bi se z njo usedla z veliko skodelico čaja in jo vprašala o Jaku. Rada bi vedela, zakaj sta začela hoditi. Kaj na njem jo je privlačilo? Rada bi vedela, zakaj ni trajalo. Je ona končala zadevo ali Jake? Če je bila ona, kako dolgo je razmišljala, da bi končala vse skupaj? Mar se to ne zdi razumna ideja, poklepetati z bivšo novega partnerja?

Nekajkrat sem ga vprašala po njej. Zadržan je. Ne pove dosti. Pove le, da odnos ni bil dolg ali zelo resen. Zato moram govoriti z njo. Da slišim njeno stran.

Sama sva v avtu sredi ničesar. Trenutek se zdi tako primeren kot katerikoli drug.

»Torej, kako se je končalo?« rečem. »S tvojo zadnjo punco, mislim.«

»Nikoli se ni zares začelo,« reče. »Bilo je nepomembno in začasno.«

»Ampak na začetku nisi mislil tako.«

»Ni se začelo nič bolj resno kot takrat, ko se je končalo.«

»Zakaj ni trajalo?«

»Ni bilo resno.«

»Kako veš?«

»Vedno veš,« reče.

»Ampak, kako vemo, kdaj razmerje postane resno?«

»Sprrašuješ na splošno ali o prav tistem razmerju?«

»O tistem.«

»Ni bilo odvisnosti. Odvisnost je enako resnost.«

»Nisem prepričana, da se strinjam,« sem rekla. »Kaj pa je zate resno? Kako veš, kdaj je nekaj zares?«

»Kaj je zares?« reče. »Zares je, ko so stvari na kocki, ko nekaj tvegaš. Nekaj časa ne rečeva ničesar.«

»Se spomniš, ko sem ti govorila o ženski, ki živi čez cesto?« vprašam.

Mislím, da se približujeva kmetiji. Jake tega ne potrdi, a vozi va se že nekaj časa. Verjetno že skoraj dve uri.

»O kom?«

»O starejši ženski na drugi strani ulice. Se spomniš?«

»Mislim, da ja,« reče neobvezujoče.

»Pripovedovala je, kako sta z možem nehala spati skupaj.«

»Hmm.«

»Ne govorim o tem, da sta nehala seksat. Želela sem reči, da sta ponoči nehala spati v isti postelji. Odločila sta se, da je dober spanec pomembnejši od vseh prednosti spanja v isti postelji. Hočeta svoj lastni prostor za spanje. Ne želita slišati, kako drugi smrči, ali čutiti, kako se obrača. Rekla je, da je njen mož precej hud smrčič.«

To se mi zdi zelo žalostno.

»Če ena oseba moti drugo, se zdi spati sam razumljiva opcija.«

»Misliš? Skoraj polovico življenja prespimo.«

»Ravno to bi bil lahko razlog, zakaj bi bilo treba najti optimalno spalno rešitev. To je opcija, to je vse, kar pravim.«

»Ampak ne gre za to, da *samo* spiš. Zavedaš se druge osebe.«

»*Samo* spiš,« vztraja.

»Nikoli ni tako, da samo spiš,« rečem. »Niti med spanjem.«

»Ne sledim ti.«

Jake prižge smerni kazalec in zavije na levo. Nova cesta je ožja. Gotovo ni glavna. To je stranska cesta.

»Se me ne zavedaš, ko spiva?«

»Mislim ... ne vem. Spim.«

»Jaz se te zavedam,« rečem.

DVE NOČI NAZAJ NISEM MOGLA spati. Že spet. Že tedne preveč razmišljam. Jake je prespal že tretjo noč zapored. Dejansko rada spim v postelji z nekom. Spim ob nekom. Jake je trdno spal, ni smrčal, a njegovo dihanje je bilo nezmotljivo blizu. Prav tam.

Mislim, da si želim, da bi me nekdo poznal. Me zares poznal. Me poznal bolje kot kdorkoli drug, morda celo bolje od mene same. Mar ni to tisto, zaradi česar se predamo drugemu? Ne gre za seks. Če bi šlo za seks, se ne bi z nikomer poročili. Kar naprej bi si iskali nove partnerje. Predamo se iz več razlogov, vem, a bolj ko razmišljam o tem, bolj se mi zdi, da so dolga razmerja namenjena temu, da nekoga spoznaš. Želim si, da bi me nekdo poznal, me zares poznal, skoraj tako, da bi lahko vstopil v mojo glavo. Kako bi bilo to? Imeti dostop, vedeti, kako je v glavi nekoga drugega. Da se lahko zaneseš nanj, on pa nate. To ni biološka povezava kot med starši in otroki. Takšen odnos bi bil izbran. Bil bi precej bolj kul in težje dosegljiv od tistega, ki temelji na biologiji in deljeni genetiki.

Mislim, da je to tisto. Morda tako vemo, kdaj je odnos resničen. Ko nas nekdo, prej nepovezan z nami, pozna tako, kot nismo nikoli verjeli, da je mogoče.

To mi je všeč.

Tisto noč sem v postelji pogledala k Jaku. Tako stabilen je bil, dojenčkast. Videti je bil manjši. Stres in napetost se med spanjem skrijeta. Nikoli ne škrtá z zobmi. Njegove veke ne trzajo. Običajno spi tako trdno. Ko spi, je videti, kot da bi bil nekdo drug.

Podnevi, ko je buden, je vedno prisotna napetost, kipeča energija. Ta njegova drobna premikanja, trzljaji in tiki.

Ampak mar nisi, ko si sam, bližji svoji najbolj resnični podobi, ko nisi povezan z drugim, razredčen z njegovo prisotnostjo in mnenji? Odnose ustvarjamo z drugimi, s prijatelji, z družino. To je lepo. Ti odnosi ne vežejo tako kot ljubezen. Še vedno imamo lahko ljubimce, kratkotrajno. A le ko smo sami, se lahko osredotočimo na same sebe, se poznamo. Kako se lahko poznamo brez te samote? In ne le ko spimo.

Z Jakom se nama verjetno ne bo izšlo. Verjetno bom stvar končala. Mislim, da ni realistično, da toliko ljudi poskuša z dolgotrajnim, predanim odnosom in misli, da bo trajal. Jake ni slab tip. Prav v redu je. Celó če upoštevamo podatke, ki kažejo, da večina zakonov ne traja, ljudje pa še vedno mislijo, da je zakon normalno človeško stanje. Večina ljudi se želi poročiti. Ima še kaj drugega, kar ljudje počnejo tako množično, tako slabo statistiko uspešnosti?

Jake mi je nekoč povedal, da ima na mizi v laboratoriju svojo fotografijo. Rekel je, da je to edina fotografija, ki jo ima tam. Na sliki je star pet let. Imel je svetle kodraste lase in okrogla lica. Kako je lahko imel kdaj okrogla lica? Rekel mi je, da mu je slika všeč, ker je to on, čeprav je fizično zdaj povsem drugačen od otroka, ki ga vidi na sliki. Ne misli le, da je videti drugačen, ampak da je prav vsaka celica, ujeta na tej fotografiji, umrla, se razkrojila in bila nadomeščena z novimi celicami. Zdaj je dejansko druga oseba. Kje je doslednost? Kako se lahko še vedno zaveda sebe kot otroka, če je fizično povsem drugačen? Verjetno bi rekel kaj o vseh tistih proteinih.

Naša fizična zgradba se, tako kot odnos, spreminja in ponavlja, utruji in oveni, postara in izprazni. Zbolimo in okrevamo, ali pa zbolimo in se stanje še poslabša. Ne vemo, kdaj ali kako ali zakaj. Samo naprej gremo.

Je bolje biti poparčkan ali sam?

Tri noči nazaj sem ob Jaku, ki je spal kot ubit, čakala, da začne svetloba kukati skozi rolete. V nočeh, ko ne morem spati kot tisto

noč in že toliko drugih v zadnjem času, si želim, da bi lahko misli izklopila kar tako, kot lučko. Želim si, da bi imela ukaz za izklop kot moj računalnik. Že nekaj časa nisem pogledala na uro. Ležala sem tam, premišljevala in si želela, da bi spala kot vsi drugi.

»Sva že skoraj tam,« reče Jake. »Pet minut stran sva.«

Dvignem se in pretegnem roke nad glavo. Zazeham. »Tole je bil pa hiter izlet,« rečem. »Hvala, da si me povabil.«

»Hvala, da si šla z mano,« reče. Nato pa, brez pojasnila: »Da so stvari resne, se zaveš tudi, ko bi jih lahko izgubil.«

Prevedla Petra Meterc

Mlada

Vilenica 2017

***Young Vilenica
Award 2017***

*Nagrajenka 17. Mlade Vilenice v skupini vrtec je **Rebeka Deželak** iz Vrtca Nova Gorica, enota Ciciban za pesem Veselo vodno poletje. Mentorici: Nevenka Boškin in Mojca Mavri.*

Veselo vodno poletje

V bazenu se otroci kopajo,
skačejo in se igrajo,
v poletni svežini čofotajo.

Ko igrive deklice in dečke
zagrabi huda žeja,
vzamejo plastenko vode, vsak iz svoje vrečke.

Kako lepo je imeti vodo
za veselo igro in zabavo,
pa tudi za zalivati rožico pravo.

*The winner of the 17th Young Vilenica Award in the kindergarten group is **Rebeka Deželak** from the Nova Gorica Kindergarten, Unit Ciciban, for the poem 'Happy Summer Pool Time'. Mentors: Nevenka Boškin and Mojca Mavri.*

Happy Summer Pool Time

Children swimming in the pool
jumping in and playing,
splashing in the summer cool.

If the sun gets hotter
and they need to quench their thirst,
they reach into their backpacks and take their bottles of water.

Water is so wonderful
to play in and have fun,
and to water flowers – just choose the right one!

*Nagrajenka 17. Mlade Vilenice v skupini druga triada osnovnih šol je **Laura Markič** iz OŠ Čepovan za pesem Kam teče, kam. Mentorica: Zdenka Plesničar.*

Kam teče, kam

Šššššššš ...

Od gora
preko hriba
in dolin
do morja ...

Voda!

Čista, bistra tiho žubori ...
se glasno smeji ...
preko ostrih skal pada,
ropoče ...
joče –
in stoče ...

Voda!

Mila kaplja rose
boža
travno bilko
v poletnem jutru.

Voda!

Otožna dežna kaplja,
drobna solza
z jesenskega neba.

Voda!

*The winner of the 17th Young Vilenica Award in the second elementary school triad group is **Laura Markič** from Čepovan Elementary School, for the poem 'Where, Oh Where Does It Go'. Mentor: Zdenka Plesničar.*

Where, Oh Where Does It Go

Shhhhhhh...

From the mountains
over hills
across valleys
to the sea...

Water!

Clean and clear it babbles quietly...
then laughs mightily...
as it falls from rugged rocks.
It growls...
it howls –
and it yowls...

Water!

A graceful dewdrop
caresses
the leaves of grass
in the summer morning.

Water!

A wistful raindrop,
a tiny tear,
falls from the autumn sky.

Water!

*Nagrajenka 17. Mlade Vilenice v skupini tretja triada osnovnih šol je **Una Ljubin** iz OŠ Milana Šuštaršiča v Ljubljani za pesem Vse bom nosila s seboj. Mentorica: Nataša Škorjanc Strnad.*

Vse bom nosila s seboj

Vse se zлива vame,
vsa tvoja jeza in vsa čustva, ki se jih bojiš.
Vse vržeš vame,
zame ti je vseeno,
vame mečeš vse, česar nočeš.

Veš, da mi škodi.
Veš, da me mažeš, me kališ, me kvariš.
Veš, da nikoli več ne bom enaka.
Veš, da ne bom več čista in nedotaknjena popolnost narave.

Nemočna sem,
omejujejo me rečni bregovi,
ne morem te ustaviti.

Pil si me!
Potreboval si me!
Zdaj pa me boš samemu sebi vzel?

Nihče več ne vidi pisanih kamenčkov na mojem dnu.
Ti si jih zakril,
umazal si me.
Nisem več neskončnost bistrih valov, ki drviijo po strugi,
motna sem.

Zdaj, ko nisem več popolna,
zdaj me nočeš ...

Svojo pot sem tu začela,
a ne končala.
Tvojo jezo in tvoja čustva,
vse, kar si vrgel vame,
vse bom nosila s seboj!

*The winner of the 17th Young Vilenica Award in the third elementary school triad group is **Una Ljubin** from the Milana Šušteršiča Elementary School in Ljubljana, for the poem 'I Will Forever Carry It With Me'. Mentor: Nataša Škorjanc Strnad.*

I Will Forever Carry It With Me

It all pours into me,
all your anger, all the emotions that you fear.
You throw everything into me.
You do not care for me,
you just throw it into me – everything you don't need.

You know that it's not good for me.
You know you're staining, tainting, polluting me.
You know that I will never be the same.
You know that I will never be nature's pure and untouched perfection again.

I am helpless,
limited by river banks,
I cannot stop you.

You drank from me!
You needed me!
And now you will take me away from yourself?

No one can see the colourful stones on the bottom anymore.
You have covered them,
you have tainted me.
I am no longer the boundless clarity of waves that hurry with the stream,
I am stained.

Now that I am no longer perfect,
you do not need me anymore...

My journey may have started here,
but this is not where it will end.
Your anger and your emotions,
all that you have thrown into me,
I will forever carry with me!

*Nagrajenka 17. Mlade Vilenice v skupini srednjih šol je **Sara Lindič** iz Srednje frizerske šole Ljubljana za pesem Kapljica življenja. Mentorica: Andreja Kordiš.*

Kapljica življenja

Na dno reke se skrijem,
mimo kamnov zavijem
in nogi se umaknem,
da te ne spotaknem.
Zdaj povedala ti bom,
čista voda je moj dom.

Počasi rastem proti nebu,
kjer pomežiknil bom galebu,
stal pri miru, ne bom se ganil,
ko pred soncem te bom branil.
Glej, dežuje! Na meni sedi vrana,
čista voda moja je hrana.

Ob luni zvezde zasvetile,
čas spanja oznanile,
odprl sem pipo, da zobe si umijem
in nekaj požirkov vode popijem.
Sanjam, da med oblaki je grad,
čista voda je zame zaklad.

Domove smo zapustili,
sto kilometrov prehodili,
ker nas prizadela je poplava,
od žalosti boli nas glava.
Izredno težko je življenje,
ko čista voda tvoje je trpljenje.

Revna, a delavna sem ženica,
v rokah prazna steklenica,
iščem kapljico čistine,
čeprav je ni, upanje ne mine.
Zelo slabo moje je znanje,
a vem, da čista voda so le sanje.

Okrogel in velik je svet,
čudovit in dišeč vrtnice cvet
in lepi oblaki, ki letijo,
nad vsemi, ki živijo, dihajo in spijo.
Za nekatere je boleča,
za druge čista voda je čista sreča.

*The winner of the 17th Young Vilenica Award in the high school group is **Sara Lindič** from the Ljubljana Secondary School for Hairstyling, for the poem 'The Drop of Life'. Mentor: Andreja Kordiš.*

The Drop of Life

On the bottom of the river is where I hide,
between the river rocks I glide,
from underneath your feet I slip
so that you don't trip.
This is where I roam,
clean water is my home.

As I slowly grow towards the sky,
I greet the seagull passing by,
I will not move, I will not run
as I protect you from the sun.
Look, it's raining! A crow has joined our brood,
clean water is my food.

As the moon and stars start to appear,
I know that slumber time is here.
I need to wash up – to the bathroom I slip,
open the faucet and have a sip.
I dream about castles and a life of leisure,
clean water truly is a treasure.

We had to leave our home,
for many miles we roamed,
the flood was such a blow,
our hearts are filled with woe.
It's hard to love this life
when clean water brings such strife.

I am poor but diligent,
an empty bottle in my hand,
I seek that drop of clarity
It eludes me, but I still believe.
I may not be learned or highly esteemed,
but I know that clean water is only a dream.

Our world is big and round,
with flowers whose beauty confounds,
along with the clouds that sweep
above all those that live, breathe and sleep.
For some, a reminder of all that's destroyed,
for others clean water is nothing but joy.

Posebne nagrade

*Posebno nagrado prejme **Vesna Muzek** iz OŠ Franca Rozmana - Staneta, Maribor za pesem Sogovornica vode. Mentorica: Simona Deučman.*

Sogovornica vode

»Kam me vodiš,
voda draga,
voda čista,
voda blaga,
življenja tekočina,
budilka nam spomina
na struge prazne
od suše strašne?«

»Vodim te v daljave
moje praznine,
daleč od čistine
v moje ureznine.
Hrepenenja po pijači,
ne po potrošniški zvijači,
tam polna suha so in lačna
usta onemela, mračna.«

»Zakaj te kar naenkrat zmanjka
za vso floro,
za vso favno,
zakaj postaneš nam uganka?
Zakaj ponikneš pod površje
(od sramote, od strahu?)
kot strahopetka brez sramu!?«

»Strahopetka? To pa ne!
Žal dovolj me ni za vse,
biti bistra
kot kaplja čista,
ponekod pač nisem ista!
Nisem tista,
ki napoji,
ki oživi,
tista, ki poguma vliva ti,
poguma za vodo v svetu,
razuma za vse na modrem planetu,
za cvetje in listje v vejevju,
a žal ponekod
namesto v kozarcu
sem raje prav v grlu in v čevlju.«

»Ne teci prehitro, srečica sreča,
in vendar postoj,
da se odžejam,
te vrnem takoj.«
»Žal moram bežati
po hribih navzdol
pred umazanijo,
pred človeško norijo,
oporečnosti invazijo.

A žal mi nikoli ne uspe ubežati,
se hitreje pognati,
izvršiti pobeg zgodovine,
čista kot solza in polna miline,
ki z lica se žejnega hitreje odrine.

Žal nikoli nisem bila
in tudi nikoli ne bom srečna,
čeprav sem sreča za puščave srca,
moja čistoča nikdar ne bo večna.«

Special Prizes

*A special prize is awarded to **Vesna Muzek** from the Franc Rozman - Stane Elementary School, Maribor, for the poem 'A Discussion With Water'. Mentor: Simona Deučman.*

A Discussion With Water

"Where are you leading me,
water dear,
water clear,
water mere,
bringer of life,
rouser of memories
of dried-out riverbeds,
eerie from the drought?"

"I'm leading you into the vastness
of my reign,
far away from the plains,
there you'll find my dried-up veins.
they call for liquid's woo,
no consumer trick will do,
their mouths parched and yearning,
silenced, dark and burning."

"Why do you suddenly abandon,
all the flora,
all the fauna,
why do you leave us to wonder?
Why do you seep under the surface
(out of remorse, out of fear?)
like a coward with no shame!?"

“Me, a coward? Never!
There is simply not enough of me,
to be ever clear,
like a tear,
wherever I appear!
I am not here
to contrive,
to revive,
to give you the drive
to quench this blue planet’s thirst for delight,
to bring reason to all who can handle the sight,
to the flowers and leaves and the beautiful trees.
Alas, sometimes,
instead of filling a glass,
I fill the shoes of the people that pass.”

“What is the hurry, oh, happiness dear?
Please stop for a spell,
allow me one sip
and I’ll bid you farewell.”
“Alas, I must hurry
down mountains and hills,
to escape from the grime
brought by humanity,
from its profanity,
its polluting insanity.

But it can never be outrun,
this is a race that cannot be won,
I cannot make this historic escape,
clear as a teardrop and still full of grace,
as their thirsty faces help pick up the pace.

Joy has always alluded me,
and this is how it always will be,
and I may bring joy to the deserts of the heart,
but my purity’s not meant to be.”

*Posebno nagrado prejme **Nika Mravlja** iz OŠ Črni vrh za pesem
Brez pitne vode. Mentorica: Darja Rupnik.*

Brez pitne vode

Nebo nam podarja modro milino,
sonce oddaja svojo toplino,
voda grmi čez skalo v globino,
gozd se zakriva v svojo temino.

To je narava, ki izraža strast,
je narava, ki nastavlja nam past.

Tako bo, če gledali bomo iz daljave,
kako se Zemlja pogreza v težave.
Kaj nam pomagajo vse raziskave,
če zanemarjamo zakone narave.

Narava živela bo svoje življenje,
ne bo se ozirala na naše trpljenje.

Ko brez pitne vode bomo ostali
in za čistim zrakom pogosto hlastali,
počutili se bomo kot male živali,
borili se, da bi na Zemlji obstali.

Ne zanašajmo se na našo državo,
čeprav je pitno vodo zapisala v Ustavo.

*A special prize is awarded to **Nika Mravlja** from the Črni vrh Elementary School, for the poem 'No Drinking Water'. Mentor: Darja Rupnik.*

No Drinking Water

The sky delights us with its bluish grace,
the sun gives us warmth and lights up the place,
the waters flow at an unstoppable pace,
and the forests create a darkened embrace.

This is how nature shows us its power,
if we won't respect it, it will make us cower.

It's time for us to pause,
the Earth is not what it was,
What good are the studies in aiding the cause,
if we're ignoring nature's own laws?

Nature will keep on living its life,
with no consideration for our desperate cries.

When there is no more water to drink
and the air is so dirty you can't even think,
we'll feel so very small as we try not to sink,
and fight for this Earth that that we've brought to the brink.

Though water was added to the constitution,
we still shouldn't count on the state institutions.

*Posebno nagrado prejme **Lana Vuga** iz OŠ Marije Vere Kamnik za pesem Vodna kaplja – zrcalo v svet. Mentorica: Helena Brezar.*

Vodna kaplja – zrcalo v svet

Je Zemlja, je morje,
sta dve strani.
Na eni je sreča,
na drugi pa vode ni.

Na eni le pipo odpreš
in se osvežiš,
na drugi pa ure in ure hodiš, trpiš,
da požirek ali dva dobiš.

Na naši strani sreče,
se voda ne spoštuje,
ker je tako vsakdanja,
jo vsakdo brezbrizno uničuje.

Za nas ni problemov,
za zdaj,
naši izviri vode in sreče
so bogat kraj.

Na srečni strani
je sreča trdna kot led,
čepprav v resnici je izmuzljiva para –
izpuhti in je več ni!

In v vsaki vodni kaplji
je zrcalo na svet,
v večno sušo ujet.
Ali se bo zganil naš planet?

Voda je.

Kako dolgo bo še?

*A special prize is awarded to **Lana Vuga** from the Marija Vera Kamnik Elementary School, for the poem 'A World in a Water Droplet'. Mentor: Darja Rupnik.*

A World in a Water Droplet

There are two sides,
the Earth and the sea,
one is abundant,
the other in need.

I open the faucet
and out comes relief,
while some walk for miles
for only a sip.

We have the water,
but we don't respect it,
we take it for granted,
and often neglect it.

We have no problems,
at least not for now,
but someday our sources
will also run out.

We are so lucky,
our joy hard as ice,
or is it like steam –
you blink and it's gone!

Every droplet holds its own world –
a world we know nothing about,
a world of eternal drought.
Will our planet ever cry out?

We still have our water, we're still going strong.

But for how long?

**Dosedanji
udeleženci in
nagrajenci
Vilenice**

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

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Péter Esterházy

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DISPUT / DISPUTATION: *Czesław Miłosz: Četrta učna ura / The Fourth Teaching Lesson*

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

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

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

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DISPUT / DISPUTATION: *Evgen Bavčar: Univerzalizmi in njihova Facies Hypocritica / Universalisms and Their Facies Hypocritica*

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

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DISPUT / DISPUTATION: *Georges-Arthur Goldschmidt, Vlado Gotovac, László*

Krasznahorkai, Antonin J. Liehm: Edvard Kocbek: Palica / Edvard Kocbek: The Stick

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

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Tomaž Šalamun, Ján Štrasser, Zsuzsa Tákács, Dezső Tandori, Jaromír Typlt, Miloš Vacík, Saša Vegri, Pavel Vilikovský, Ernest Wichner, Ciril 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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Utemeljitev nagrade / Laudation: *Niko Jež*

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DISPUT / DISPUTATION: *Svoboda imaginacije – imaginacija svobode / Imagination of Freedom – Freedom of Imagination:*

Branko Miljković: Poezijo bodo vsi pisali / Everybody Will Be Writing Poetry

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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 Macsofský, 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

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 Tekachi, 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*

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 Mikeln, Mimmo Morina, Andrej Morovič, Amir Or, Răzvan Petrescu, Asher Reich, Christopher Reid, Kathrin Röggla, Ljudmila Rubljévska, Anna Santoliquido, Armin Senger, 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 združeni (srednji) Evropi / Trieste at the Beginning of the 20th Century: A Futuristic Utopia or Realistic Model of Trans-National and Creative Coexistence of People in the Common (Central) Europe*

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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 Mihalic

Utemeljitev nagrade / Laudation: *Veno Taufer*

KRISTAL VILENICE 2000 / 2000 CRYSTAL VILENICA AWARD — *Vörös István*

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 Dimkowska, Mircea Dinescu, Michael Donhauser, Janis Elsberg, Leopold Federmair, Mila Haugova, 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 Sendeci, Ronny Someck, Marjan Stojan, 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 Vilhjálmsson, 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 / YOUNG VILENICA AWARD 2001: *Špela Poljak*

MEDNARODNO LITERARNO NAGRADO VILENICA DRUŠTVA SLOVENSКИH
PISATELJEV ZA LETO 2002 JE PREJELA / THE SLOVENE WRITERS' ASSOCIATION
AWARDED THE 2002 VILENICA INTERNATIONAL LITERARY PRIZE TO

Ana Blandiana

Utemeljitev nagrade / Laudation: *Lidija Dimkowska*

KRISTAL VILENICE 2002 / 2002 CRYSTAL VILENICA AWARD – *Pál Závada*

V publikaciji *Vilenica 2002* in na literarnih prireditvah so sodelovali / The following are represented in the *Vilenica Almanac 2002* and took part in the literary readings:

Jorge Enrique Adoum, Dritëro Agolli, Andriy Bondar, Snežana Bukal, Bora Ćosić, Jozefina Dautbegović, Tanja Dückers, Oswald Egger, Chuah Guat Eng, Jakša Fiamengo, Ioan Flora, Janice Galloway, Sinan Gudžević, Michál Hvorecký, Anatol Kudravec, Anatolij Kudrjavicki, Leena Lander, Franco Manzoni, Maciej Melecki, Dušan Merc, Petr Mikeš, Vinko Möderndorfer, Herta Müller, Patricia Nolan, Knut Ødegård, Justo Jorge Padron, Monika Van Paemel, Ratimir Pavlović,

Janis Rokpelnis, Ken Smith, Glen Sorestad, Luan Starova, Vidosav Stevanović, Lucija Stupica, Tone Škrjanec, Willem Van Toorn, Pál Závada

DELAVNICE / WORKSHOPS: *Prevajanje poezije, O literaturi na internetu, O vizualni in literarni podobi / On Translating Poetry, On Literature on the Internet, On Visual and Literary Image*

MLADA VILENICA 2002 / YOUNG VILENICA AWARD 2002: *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 Abălușă, 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 / YOUNG VILENICA AWARD 2003: *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 Kapitaňová, 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: *Primer Edvard Kocbek in svoboda izražanja danes / The Edvard Kocbek Case and the Freedom of Expression Today*

MLADA VILENICA 2004 / YOUNG VILENICA AWARD 2004: *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 Braziunas*

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 Braziunas, 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 / YOUNG VILENICA AWARD 2005: *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, Albierd 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, Térézia 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?"

MODERATORICA / MODERATOR: *Simona Škrabec*

DOBITNIK ŠTIPENDIJE SEP 2006 / CEI FELLOWSHIP WINNER 2006: *Goce Smilevski, Makedonija / Macedonia*

MANJ POZNANE KNJIŽEVNOSTI EVROPE NA VILENICI / LESSER-KNOWN LITERATURES OF EUROPE AT VILENICA: *Sodobna baskovska književnost / Contemporary Basque Writing: Barnardo Atxaga, Harkaitz Cano, Miren Agur Meabe, Rikardo Arregi, Kirmen Uribe*
MLADA VILENICA 2006 / YOUNG VILENICA AWARD 2006: *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 Dimkowska*

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 Albahari, 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 Štiks, 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 / CEI FELLOWSHIP WINNER 2007:

Marianna Kijanovska / Marianna Kiyonovska, 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 Stomóin, Dairena Ní Chinnéide, Micheál Ó
Conghaile, Cathal Ó Searcaigh, Gabriel Rosenstock*

MLADA VILENICA 2007 / YOUNG VILENICA AWARD 2007: *Katja Lavrenčič, Matic Može*

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 / CEI FELLOWSHIP WINNER 2008: *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 / YOUNG VILENICA AWARD 2008: *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
Srđić, Peter Rezman, Víctor Rodríguez Núñez, Maria Šlehtič, Ewa Sonnenberg,
Vlada Urošević, Oksana Zabuzko*

OKROGLA MIZA SEP NA VILENICI / CEI ROUND TABLE DISCUSSION AT VILENICA:
»Izbina 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 / CEI FELLOWSHIP WINNER 2009:

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 / YOUNG VILENICA AWARD 2009: *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, Tamas Prohasko, Viktória Radics, Maja Razboršek, Joachim Sartorius, Illja 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 / CEI FELLOWSHIP WINNER 2010: *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 / YOUNG VILENICA AWARD 2010: *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 Helmingier, Stanka Hrastelj, 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 / CEI FELLOWSHIP WINNER 2011: *Ognjen Spahić, Črna gora / Montenegro*

MANJ POZNANE KNJIŽEVNOSTI EVROPE NA VILENICI / LESSER-KNOWN LITERATURES OF EUROPE AT VILENICA: *Turčija na Vilenici / Turkey at Vilenica: Nazlı Eray, Nedim Gürsel, Mehmet Yaşın*

MLADA VILENICA 2011 / YOUNG VILENICA AWARD 2011: *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 Debeljak, Colm Keegan, Rumen Leonidov, Dorota Masłowska, Indrek Mesikepp, Miroslav Mićanović, Paul Muldoon, Ioana Nicolaie, Tom Petsinis, Sebastijan Pregelj, Pino Roveredo, Monique Schwitter, Bekim Sejranović, Dmitrij Strocov, Kārlis Vērdiņš, Gian Mario Villalta, Jiaxin Wang, Aldo Žerjal

OKROGLA MIZA SEP NA VILENICI / CEI ROUND TABLE DISCUSSION AT VILENICA:
»Avtorji nomadi« / "Nomadic Writers"

MODERATORICA / MODERATOR: *Iva Kosmos*

DOBITNICA ŠTIPENDIJE SEP 2012 / CEI FELLOWSHIP WINNER 2012: *Alja 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 / YOUNG VILENICA AWARD 2012: *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 / Tania Malyarchuk*

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 Auzina, Mauro Covacich, Silvija Čoleva, Radka Denemarková, Rodica Draghinescu, Miriam Drev, Katharina Hacker, Olli Heikkinen, Brian Henry, Ignacy Karpowicz, Vladimir Kopicl, 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 / CEI FELLOWSHIP WINNER 2013: *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 / YOUNG VILENICA AWARD 2013: *Ajda Furlan, Jerneja Rupnik, Eva Salopek*

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 Pârvolescu, Tone Peršak, Alek Popov, Stanislava Repar, Jaroslav Rudiš, Roman Simić Bodrožić, Linda Spalding, Dimitra Xidous, 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 Debeljak*

DOBITNIK ŠTIPENDIJE SEP 2014 / CEI FELLOWSHIP WINNER 2012: *Mirko Božić*

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 / YOUNG VILENICA AWARD 2014: *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 Jenstrle-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 / CEI FELLOWSHIP WINNER 2015: *Katerina Kalitko*

MANJ POZNANE KNJIŽEVNOSTI NA VILENICI / LESSER-KNOWN LITERATURES AT VILENICA:
Indija na Vilenici / India at Vilenica: Sitanshu Yashaschandra, K. Satchidanandan
MLADA VILENICA 2015 / YOUNG VILENICA AWARD 2015: *David Čop, Kiara Sara
Knäfelc, Chiara Lepore, Lina Malovič, Špela Zadel*

MEDNARODNO LITERARNO NAGRADO VILENICA DRUŠTVA SLOVENSКИH
PISATELJEV ZA LETO 2016 JE PREJELA / THE SLOVENE WRITERS' ASSOCIATION
AWARDED THE 2016 VILENICA INTERNATIONAL LITERARY PRIZE TO

Dubravka Ugrešić

Utemeljitev nagrade / Laudation: *Đurđa Strsoglavac*

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, Ülär*

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 / CEI FELLOWSHIP WINNER 2016: *Tanja Bakić*

MANJ POZNANE KNJIŽEVNOSTI NA VILENICI / LESSER-KNOWN LITERATURES AT VILENICA:

Latvija na Vilenici / Latvia at Vilenica: Ingmāra Balode, Artis Ostups, Arvis Viguls

MLADA VILENICA 2016 / YOUNG VILENICA AWARD 2016: *Miša Gregorič, Nejka*

Vratnik, Ekaterina Mihajloska, Aljaž Primožič, Lara Ružič Povirk, Alja Tursunović,

Eric Renzi, Lota Martinjak, Tomi Petek

Člani žirije 2017 / *Jury Members 2017*

Lidija Dimkowska, predsednica žirije, pesnica, prevajalka, esejistka / president of the jury, poet, translator, essayist

Aljoša Harlamov, podpredsednik žirije, urednik, publicist, literarni kritik / vice president of the jury, editor, journalist, literary critic

Ana Geršak, literarna kritičarka, urednica, prevajalka / literary critic, editor, translator

Ludwig Hartinger, prevajalec, esejist, urednik / translator, essayist, editor

Vesna Kondrič Horvat, redna profesorica za nemško književnost na Filozofski fakulteti Univerze v Mariboru / professor of German literature at the Faculty of Arts in Maribor

Tone Peršak, pisatelj / prose writer

Andrej Pleterski, prevajalec / translator

Jutka Rudaš, izredna profesorica za madžarsko književnost na Filozofski fakulteti Univerze v Mariboru / assistant Professor of Hungarian literature at the Faculty of Arts, University of Maribor

Veronika Simoniti, prevajalka, pisateljica / translator, prose writer

Marko Sosič, pisatelj, režiser / writer, director

Aleš Šteger, pesnik, pisatelj / poet, prose writer

Veno Taufer, pesnik, prevajalec, esejist, ustanovni predsednik festivala Vilenica / poet, translator, essayist, founding president of the Vilenica Festival

Jana Unuk, prevajalka / translator

Konzultanti 2017 / Consultants 2017

Lindita Arapi, pisateljica, prevajalka, Albanija, Nemčija / writer, translator, Albania, Germany

Agneszka Będkowska-Kopczyk, prevajalka, docentka na Tehnično-humanistični akademiji v Bielsko-Biały, Poljska / translator, senior lecturer at the Academy of Technology and Humanities in Bielsko-Biała, Poland

Ljudmil Dimitrov, prevajalec, urednik, Bolgarija / translator, editor, Bulgaria

Orsolya Gallos, prevajalka, Madžarska / translator, Hungary

Alenka Jensterle Doležal, docentka za slovensko književnost na Filozofski fakulteti v Pragi, Češka / senior lecturer in Slovene literature at the Faculty of Arts in Prague, Czech Republic

Erica Johnson Debeljak, pisateljica, prevajalka, publicistka, Slovenija / writer, translator, columnist, Slovenia

Andreja Kalc, prevajalka, lektorica, Slovenija / translator, proofreader, Slovenia

Arian Leka, pisatelj, pesnik, prevajalec, urednik revije Poeteka, Albanija / writer, poet, translator, editor of Poeteka, Albania

Valžina Mort, pesnica, prevajalka, Belorusija / poet, translator, Belarus

Aleš Mustar, pesnik, prevajalec, Slovenija / poet, translator, Slovenia

Kornelijus Platelis, pesnik, prevajalec, Litva / poet, translator, Lithuania

Julija Potrč, prevajalka, Slovenija / translator, Slovenia

Marjeta Prelesnik Drozg, bibliotekarka, prevajalka, Slovenija / librarian, translator, Slovenia

Ilma Rakusa, pisateljica, predavateljica na Univerzi v Zürichu, Švica / writer, lecturer at the University of Zürich, Switzerland

Judit Reiman, prevajalka, predavateljica na Univerzi v Budimpešti, Madžarska / translator, lecturer at the University of Budapest, Hungary

Jüri Talvet, predavatelj na Univerzi v Tartuju, Estonija / lecturer at the University of Tartu, Estonia