

35. *vilenica*
MEDNARODNI 35th INTERNATIONAL
LITERARNI FESTIVAL LITERARY FESTIVAL

**QUO
VADIS?**

2020

35. Mednarodni literarni festival Vilenica /
35th Vilenica International Literary Festival

Vilenica 2020

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Nagrajenka Vilenice 2020

Vilenica

Prize Winner 2020



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Mila Haugová

Slovaška pesnica in prevajalka Mila Haugová se je rodila v Budimpešti 14. junija 1942. Njen oče je bil Slovák in mati Madžarka, zato je odraščala dvojezično; starši so že od vsega začetka privzgajali ljubezen do knjig in književnosti.

Kmalu po avtoričinem rojstvu se je družina preselila v Berehovo bližu Užgoroda na območju današnje Ukrajine, spomladi 1945 pa v Vráble na Českoslovaškem. Tudi pozneje so se pogosto selili. Potem ko so se leta 1948 nastanili v lastni hiši v Topolčiankah, je leta 1951 nova oblast njenega očeta razglasila za razrednega sovražnika ter ga obsodila na tri leta in pol zapora. Preseliti so se morali v drugo hišo, ki so si jo potlej delili s šestimi družinami. Po dveh letih zapora je bil oče leta 1953 (po Stalinovi smrti) izpuščen. Sredi leta 1954 se je družina trajno preselila v Zajačio Dolino, kjer avtorica danes pretežno živi. Osnovno šolo je Mila Haugová končala leta 1957 v Levicah, kjer je obiskovala tudi srednjo šolo. Po njej zaradi očetove okoliščine (iz kadrovskih razlogov) ni bila sprejeta na želeni študij nemščine in estetike. Napisled

se je lahko vpisala na Visoko kmetijsko šolo v Nitri, kjer je leta 1962 spoznala poznejšega moža Edgarja Hauga in 1964 diplomirala. Po diplomi je najprej eno leto delala kot agronomka, nato kot srednješolska učiteljica. Avgusta 1968 je na poročnem potovanju v Jugoslavijo po poročilih izvedela, da so Českoslovaško zasedle sovjetske vojaške sile. Z možem je naslednji

mesec emigrirala v Kanado, po devetih mesecih pa sta se vrnila v domovino. Leta 1972 se je družina po rojstvu hčere preselila v Bratislavu.

Življenje si je pesnica urejala postopoma. Svoje pisanje je snovala med podeželsko Zajačio Dolino (Levice) in prestolnico Bratislavu ter sčasoma ustvarila zavidljiv ustvarjalni opus, ob katerem je več let tudi poučevala kreativno pisanje, pri čemer je mlade mentorško usmerjala, naj bodo pri pisanju iskreni in jasni.

Obojestransko umetniško močno produktivna je bila za avtorico partnerska zveza s slovaškim mistično-ekspresionističnim slikarjem Petrom Ondrejičko, s katerim je preživelu sedem intenzivnih let, do njegove zgodnje smrti oktobra 1990. Motivno-tehničko sta se vzajemno navezovala, ona mu je posvečala svoje zbirke, on pa jih je ilustriral.

V letih 1986–1996 je bila Mila Haugová urednica ugledne literarne revije *Romboid*, povezane tudi z njeno osebno literarno usmeritvijo. Leta 1996 je tri mesece preživelu v ZDA na štipendiskem bivanju v organizaciji Univerze v Iowi.

Izdala je 23 pesniških zbirk in štiri avtorefleksivna prozna dela; že četrto desetletje uživa velik ugled pri literarni stroki, z letom 1990, po izidu prelomne zbirke *Čisti dnevi*, pa tudi široko priljubljenost med bralci. V svoji poeziji odpira prostor nevidnih občutkov, v katerem predvsem poglobljeno preučuje človeško dušo in medčloveške odnose – med moškim in žensko,

med materjo in hčerjo ... Pogosto piše o tem, da smo vsi eno: ljudje, rastline, živali, zvezde ... Njene pesmi so svojevrstna meditacija o človeštvu in skrbi za življenje vseh bitij na svetu: »rastline so počasne živali / jaz sem počasna žival.«

Poetika Mile Haugove prehaja med refleksivno in imaginativno, intelektualno in intimno liriko ter filozofskim premislekom, v njej pa utripajo skladje kozmosa ter zapleteni odnosi med moškim in žensko, ki ostajajo stalnica njenega ustvarjanja. Njena pesniška pot sledi njenemu ustvarjalnemu bistvu: poskusu, da bi s pisanjem zacelila rane sveta. S pisanjem se je predvsem žezelela »umakniti iz vrste«, ustvariti svoj svet, »svoj vrt, svoje nadomestilo raja« in »izpisati, izkričati bolečino«. Po lastnih besedah se uvršča med *osebnoizpovedne* pesniške glasove, »ki v besedilu uporabljo svoje življenje, estetizirano in stilizirano in refleksivno v

obrambi proti smrti. Pa tudi ljubezen. Od tod toliko iskanja in odnosov.« Na svoji štiridesetletni ustvarjalni poti je Mila Haugová obiskala množico literarnih festivalov, se udeležila rezidenčnih programov, njena poezija je bila prevedena v večino evropskih jezikov, med drugim v angleščino, francoščino, nemščino, poljščino, ruščino in slovenščino. Ob lastnem ustvarjanju deluje še kot plodovita prevajalka iz nemščine in angleščine, v sodelovanju z japonsko kolegico Fumiko Kuwahara tudi iz japonsčine. Prevedla je dela Sylvie Plath, Anne Sexton, Jamesa Wrighta, Carolyne Forche, Ingeborg Bachmann, Georga Trakla, Paula Celana, Friedericke Mayröcker, Elisabeth Lasker-Schüler, Märte Tikkannen, Sarah Kirsch in drugih. Z resnicoljubnim vztrajanjem v pesniški poklicanosti in seganjem izven območja konvencionalnosti se je Mila Haugová povzpela v vrh evropske književnosti.

Izbrane nagrade in priznanja

- 2005 priznanje Literarnega sklada za izvirno literarno ustvarjanje, za pesniško zbirkо *Arhivi telesa*
- 2007 priznanje Literarnega sklada za izvirno literarno ustvarjanje, za pesniško zbirkо *Rastlina s sanjami: Navpičnica*
- 2009 priznanje Literarnega sklada za izvirno literarno ustvarjanje, za pesniško zbirkо *Izginjanje angelov*
- 2009 nagrada Kluba neodvisnih pisateljev (KNS) za pesniško zbirkо *Izginjanje angelov*
- 2009 nagrada Združenja pisateljskih organizacij Slovaške (AOSS) za pesniško zbirkо *Izginjanje angelov*
- 2014 nagrada Dominika Tatarke za pesniško zbirkо *Cetonia aurata* in refleksivno prozo *Trdi les otroštva*
- 2016 nagrada Kluba neodvisnih pisateljev za pesniško zbirkо *Srna, zroča v Severnico*
- 2019 nagrada Ministrstva za kulturo Slovaške republike za dolgoletni izjemni prispevek na področju izvirne književnosti in prevodne ustvarjalnosti

Izbrana izvirna bibliografija

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- Možná neha* (Mogoča nežnost). Bratislava: Slovenský spisovateľ, 1984.
- Čisté dni* (Čisti dnevi). Bratislava: Smena, 1990.
- Praláska* (Praljubezen). Bratislava: Slovenský spisovateľ, 1991.
- Nostalgia* (Nostalgija). Bratislava: Slovenský spisovateľ, 1993.
- Dáma s jednorožcom* (Dama in samorog). Bratislava: Slovenský spisovateľ, 1995.
- Alfa Centauri*. Bratislava: Drewo a srd, 1996.
- Krídlatá žena* (Krilata ženska). Bratislava: Slovenský spisovateľ, 1999.
- Atlas piesku* (Atlas peska). Bratislava: Drewo a srd, 2001.
- Genotext* (Genotekst). Košice: Tichá voda, 2001.
- Zavretá záhrada /reči/* (Zaprti vrt /jezika/). Bratislava: Slovenský spisovateľ, 2001.
- Orfea alebo zimný priesmyk* (Orfeja ali zimski prelaz). Bratislava: Slovenský spisovateľ, 2003.
- Archívy tela* (Arhivi telesa). Bratislava: Drewo a srd, 2004.
- Target(s), Terč(e)* (Tarče). Martin: Vydavateľstvo F. R. & G., 2005.
- Rastlina so snom: Vertikála* (Rastlina s sanjami: Navpičnica). Bratislava: Slovenský spisovateľ, 2006.
- Biele rukopisy* (Beli rokopisi). Bratislava: Ars poetica, 2007.
- Miznutie anjelov* (Izginjanje angelov). Bratislava: Slovenský spisovateľ, 2008.
- Pomalá lukostrelkyňa* (Počasna lokostrelka). Bratislava: Slovenský spisovateľ, 2010.
- Plant room*. Bratislava: Ars poetica, 2011.
- Záhrada: labyrint: hniezdo* (Vrt: labirint: gnezdo). Levoča: Modrý Peter, 2012.
- Cetonia aurata*. Bratislava: Slovenský spisovateľ, 2013.
- canti...amore*. Bratislava: Artforum, 2015.
- Srna pozerajúca na Polárku* (Srna, zroča v Severnico). Bratislava: Ars poetica, 2016.

Izbori iz poezije

Paradiso (Ricordare). Kordíky: Skalná ruža, 2017.

Rastlina za ogrado sna (Rastlina za ogrado sanj; izbor Mila Haugová). Bratislava: EternaPress, 2017.

Mila Haugová vo výbere Rudolfa Juroleka (Mila Haugová v izbore Rudolfa Jurkola). Kordíky: Skalná ruža, 2017.

Refleksivna in avtobiografska proza

Zrkadlo dovnútra (Ogledalo navznoter). Levice: Koloman Kertész Bagala, 2009.

Tvrdé drevo detstva (Trdi les otroštva). Levice: Koloman Kertész Bagala, 2013.

Písat' ako dýchat' (Pisanje kot dihanje). Bratislava: Literárne informačné centrum, 2014.

Archívyst priestorov (Arhivi prostorov). Bratislava: Literárne informačné centrum, 2019.

Prevodi Haugove v tuje jezike

v slovenščini:

Alfa. Ljubljana: Društvo Apokalipsa, 2003 (izbor Stanislava Repar, prevod Alenka Šalej).

v angleščini:

Scent of the Unseen. Arc Publication, 2001 (prev. Viera in James Sutherland-Smith).

Six Slovak Poets. Arc Publication, 2010 (prev. John Minahane).

Eternal Traffic. Arc Publication, 2020 (prev. James Sutherland-Smith).

v nemščini:

Kahlfrieren. Bonsai Verlag, 1998 (prev. Ursula Macht).

Das innere Gesicht. Edition Thanhäuser, 1999 (prev. Zdenka Becker, izbor Ludwig Hartinger).

Sandatlas. Edition Korrespondenzen, 2001 (prev. Angela Repka).

Körperarchive. Erata, 2006 (prev. Slávka Porubská).

Schlaflied wilder Tiere. Korrespondenzen, 2011 (prev. Anja Utler in Mila Haugová).

Langsame Bogenschützin. Danube Verlag, 2017 (prev. Slávka Rude-Porubská).

v francoščini:

Gradiva. Choix de poèmes, 1983–1999. Éditions Caractères, 2001 (prev. Sabine Bollack).

Haugová kot prevajalka v slovaščino

Neskoro je, neodchádzaj... (Pozno je, ne odhajaj ...; antologija stare japonske lirike). Bratislava: Tatran, 1984.

Ervin Lázár: *Sedemhlavá víla* (Sedemglava vila). Bratislava: Mladé letá, 1987.

Shuntarō Tanikawa: *Poludnie duše* (Opoldanske duše; v sodelovanju s Kataríno Mikulovo in Fumiko Kuwahara). Bratislava: Slovenský spisovateľ, 1988.

Sylvia Plath: *Luna a tis* (Luna in tisa). Bratislava: Slovenský spisovateľ, 1989.

Paul Celan: *Slabika bolest'* (Zlog bolečina). Banská Bystrica: Drewo a srd, 1998.

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Friederike Mayröcker: *Cez mreže môjho srdca* (Skozi rešetke mojega srca). Bratislava: Slovenský spisovateľ, 1999.

BHX Lohmer, Čierne kimono (Črni kimono). Banská Bystrica: Drewo a srd, 2000.

Georg Trakl: *Sebastián v sne* (Sebastian v sanjah). Bratislava: Literárna nadácia STUDŇA, 2000.

Ingeborg Bachmann: *Nepoznám iný lepší svet* (Ne poznam boljšega sveta). Bratislava: Drewo a srd, 2003.

Sylvia Plath: *Hrana* (Rob). Bratislava: Slovenský spisovateľ, 2003.

Sarah Kirsch: *Krídla okna* (Oknice). Bratislava: Ars poetica, 2006.

Sachiko Yoshihara: *Letný hrob* (Poletni grob). Košice: Knižná dielňa Timotej, 2011.

Hans Thill: *Múzeum netrpezlivosti* (Muzej nestrpnosti). Bratislava: Ars poetica, 2013.

Hermann Hesse: *Na ceste. Rané poviedky / Am Weg. Frühe Erzählungen* (Na cesti. Zgodnje kratke zgodbe). Bratislava: Petrus, 2015.

James Wright: *Červenokrídly drozd* (Rdečekrilni drozg). Kordíky: Skalná ruža, 2016.

Else Lasker-Schüler: *Zrkadlo tvojej krvi* (Zrcalo tvoje krvi). B & M Gallery, 1995.

Slovak poet and translator Mila Haugová was born in Budapest on 14 June 1942. The daughter of a Slovakian father and a Hungarian mother, she grew up bilingual. Her parents encouraged her love of books and literature.

Soon after her birth the family moved to Berehevo near Uzhhorod in present-day Ukraine, and then in the spring of 1945 to Vráble, a town in the then Czechoslovakia. In the course of her childhood, the family moved several times. After buying a house in Topolčianke in 1948, her father was declared a class enemy by the new authorities and sentenced to three and a half years in jail. They had to move into a different house, which they shared with three families. After two years, in 1953 (after Stalin's death), her father was released from jail. In mid-1954 the family settled in Zajacia Dolina, where she still resides most of the time.

Mila Haugová finished primary school in 1957 in Levice, where she also attended secondary school. Due to her father (officially for 'personnel reasons'), she was not allowed to study German and Aesthetics. She was able to enrol in the Higher Agricultural College in Nitra, where she met her husband in 1962 and graduated in 1964. She first worked as an agronomist for a year and then as a secondary school teacher. While on her honeymoon in Yugoslavia in August 1968, she found out that Czechoslovakia has been occupied by

the Soviet military. She emigrated to Canada with her husband the next month and returned home after nine months. After giving birth to her daughter in 1972, the family moved to Bratislava.

She says she gradually took command of her own life. She wrote between the countryside, Zajacia Dolina (Levice) and Bratislava, the capital, gradually creating an enviable body of works. She taught creative writing for many years and urged young poets to be sincere and clear.

Her relationship with the Slovak mystic and expressionist painter Peter Ondrejčka, whom she lived for seven years up to his premature death in October 1990, proved mutually productive. They complemented each other in terms of motifs and themes. She dedicated her books of poetry to him, and he provided the illustrations. She worked as the editor of the renowned *Romboid* literary journal from 1986 to 1996, which was linked to her own literary aesthetics. In 1996, she spent three months in Iowa as the writer-in-residence of the University of Iowa.

She published 23 collections of poetry and four self-reflective works of fiction. She has enjoyed great recognition among Slovak literary circles for four decades and, after publishing the ground-breaking collection *Pure Days*, great popularity among readers. Her poetry opens the space of invisible feelings that help her study human souls and personal relationships,

including between men and women, mothers and daughters, and the like. She often writes about how we all belong together: plants, animals, stars, etc. Her poems are like lectures on humanity and care for the life of all living beings: "the plants are slow animals / I am a slow animal".

The poetry of Mila Haugová travels between the reflective and the imaginative, between intellectual and intimate lyrics and philosophical consideration, pulsating with the harmony of the universe and complicated relations between a man and a woman that have remained the central themes in her writing. Her poetic journey has followed her basic creative tenet: an attempt to heal the wounds of the world through poetry and writing. With her writing, she wanted to 'move from the line', create her own world, 'her garden, her replacement for paradise' and 'write out, scream

out the pain'. She says she is a self-confessional poet, "who uses her life, its aesthetic, styled and reflexive version as a defence against death. And love too. That is where the searching and relationships come from."

In her career lasting forty years, Mila Haugová has visited many literary festivals and attended many residency programmes, while her poetry has been translated into most European languages. She has also been a prolific translator herself, having translated the work of Sylvia Plath, Anna Sexton, Ted Hughes, James Wright, Carolyn Forché, Ingeborg Bachmann, Georg Trakl, Paul Celan, Friedericke Mayröcker, Elisabeth Lasker-Schüler, Märta Tikkanen, Sarah Kirsch and others. Her persistence in her poetic vocation and reaching beyond convention have placed her among the giants of Central European and world literature.

Literary awards and accolades

- 2005 Literary Fund Recognition for original writing for the poetry collection *Archívy tela* (The Archives of the Body)
- 2007 Literary Fund Recognition for original writing for *Rastlina so snom: Vertikála* (A Plant with Dreams: A Vertical Line)
- 2009 Literary Fund Recognition for original writing for the poetry collection *Miznutie anjelov* (Angels Disappearing)
- 2009 Club of Independent Writers Award for the poetry collection *Miznutie anjelov* (Angels Disappearing)
- 2009 Award of the Association of Slovak Organisations of Writers for the poetry collection *Miznutie anjelov* (Angels Disappearing)
- 2014 Dominik Tatarka Prize for the poetry collection *Cetonia aurata* and for the reflective writing *Tvrdé drevo detstva* (The Hard Wood of Childhood)
- 2016 Award of the Club of Independent Writers for the poetry collection *Srna pozerajúca na Polárku* (A Deer Gazing into the Northern Star)
- 2019 Award of the Ministry of Culture of Slovakia for lifelong contribution to original writing and translation

Selected original works

Poetry

- Hrdzavá hлина* (Rusty Earth). Bratislava: Slovenský spisovateľ, 1980.
- Premenlivý povrch* (Changing Surface). Bratislava: Smena, 1983.
- Možná neha* (Possible Tenderness). Bratislava: Slovenský spisovateľ, 1984.
- Čisté dni* (Pure Days). Bratislava: Smena, 1990.
- Praláska* (Ancient Love). Bratislava: Slovenský spisovateľ, 1991.
- Nostalgia* (Nostalgia). Bratislava: Slovenský spisovateľ, 1993.
- Dáma s jednorožcom* (The Dame and the Unicorn). Bratislava: Slovenský spisovateľ, 1995.
- Alfa Centauri*. Bratislava: Drewo a srd, 1996.
- Krídlatá žena* (The Woman with Wings). Bratislava: Slovenský spisovateľ, 1999.
- Atlas piesku* (The Sand Atlas). Bratislava: Drewo a srd, 2001.
- Genotext*. Košice: Tichá voda, 2001.
- Zavretá záhrada /reči/* (Closed Garden /Languages/). Bratislava: Slovenský spisovateľ, 2001.
- Orfea alebo zimný priesmyk* (Orfeus or a Winter Pass). Bratislava: Slovenský spisovateľ, 2003.
- Archívy tela* (Archives of the Body). Bratislava: Drewo a srd, 2004.
- Target(s), Terč(e)*. Martin: Vydavateľstvo F. R. & G., 2005.
- Rastlina so snom: Vertikála* (A Plant with Dreams: A Vertical Line). Bratislava: Slovenský spisovateľ, 2006.
- Biele rukopisy* (White Manuscripts). Bratislava: Ars poetica, 2007.
- Miznutie anjelov* (Angels Disappearing). Bratislava: Slovenský spisovateľ, 2008.
- Pomalá lukostrelkyňa* (Slow Archeress). Bratislava: Slovenský spisovateľ, 2010.
- Plant room*. Bratislava: Ars poetica, 2011.
- Záhrada: labyrint: hniezdo* (Garden: Maze: Nest). Levoča: Modrý Peter, 2012.
- Cetonia aurata*. Bratislava: Slovenský spisovateľ, 2013.
- canti...amore*. Bratislava: Artforum, 2015.
- Srna pozerajúca na Polárku* (A Deer Gazing into the Northern Star). Bratislava: Ars poetica, 2016.

Poetry selections

Paradiso (Ricordare). Kordíky: Skalná ruža, 2017.

Rastlina za ogradou sna (A Plant Behind the Fence of Dreams; selected by Mila Haugová). Bratislava: EternaPress, 2017.

Mila Haugová vo výbere Rudolfa Juroleka (Mila Haugová selected by Rudolf Jurolko). Kordíky: Skalná ruža, 2017.

Reflexing and autobiographical writing

Zrkadlo dovnútra (A Mirror Within). Levice: Koloman Kertész Bagala, 2009.

Tvrdé drevo detstva (The Hard Wood of Childhood). Levice: Koloman Kertész Bagala, 2013.

Písat' ako dýchať (Writing as Breathing). Bratislava: Literárne informačné centrum, 2014.

Archívy priestorov (The Archives of Spaces). Bratislava: Literárne informačné centrum, 2019.

Translations of Mila Haugová's works

into Slovenian:

Alfa. Ljubljana: Društvo Apokalipsa, 2003 (selected by Stanislava Repar, translated by Alenka Šalej).

into English:

Scent of the Unseen. Arc Publication, 2001 (translated by Viera in James Sutherland-Smith).

Six Slovak Poets. Arc Publication, 2010 (translated by John Minahane).

Eternal Traffic. Arc Publication, 2020 (translated by James Sutherland-Smith).

into German:

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Schlaflied wilder Tiere. Korrespondenzen, 2011 (translated by Anja Utler and Mila Haugová).

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Med arhaično Alfo in vesoljnim Vrtom

Andrej Pleterski

»Ime (beseda) iz mojega telesa pride v twoje telo kot beseda, ki jo ustvarim skupaj s telesom. Če bi se lahko kar naprej ljubila, mar ne bi pisala?« je leta 2012 o svoji ustvarjalni izkušnji zapisala in tako bržkone strnila svoj pesniški kredo Mila Haugová, vodilna slovaška pesnica. Njen opus izraža dialektično izkušnjo ženske, človeka in človeštva, v njeni podstati je že vse od začetkov erotična ljubezen z vsemi premenami in protislovji.

Mila Haugová je pesnica presežkov. Književnosti je posvetila glavnino življenja in s svojim glasom sčasoma dosegla izjemno umetniško suverenost. Ponaša se z obsežnim opusom, ki šteje 23 zbirk, nič manjši pa ni ugled, ki ga že četrto desetletje trajno uživa med slovaško literarno stroko in bralci; tudi njen vpliv na sodobnice in sodobnike, tako z umetniško gesto kot človeško karizmo, je vseskozi neizmeren.

V osemdesetih letih minulega stoletja je kot ena prvih žensk v češki in slovaški poeziji nastopila z avtonomnim subjektom, ki premore trdno zavedanje o svoji ženskosti. Ne gre več za poezijo, zaznamovano z odvisnostjo od moškega, za poezijo pokornosti, boleče ženske usode, odrekanja, žrtvovanja, temveč za refleksivno in imaginativno, intelektualno in erotično pisavo, v kateri imajo svoje mesto moški in otrok, ustvarjalnost, spolnost, sočutje in milina, fizična narava, metafizika, v kateri se ne izključujejo niti zoperstavljam narava in kultura, razum in čut, duša in telo, domišljija in stvarnost.

Mila Haugová bralstvu postavlja visoke zahteve, a ga zna tudi razvajati. Njena poezija nenehno prehaja med intimno liriko in filozofskim premislekom, v njej utripa skladje kozmosa, ki ga pogosto simbolizira vrt, uteleša pa arhetipska ženska; na drugi strani jo pretresajo trenutki razklanosti, osamljenosti in obupa zavoljo spodkopane ureditve sveta. V mnogih njenih pesmih, nerедko izrecno posvečenih partnerju, materi, hčeri, vnukinji, marsikdaj tudi datiranih in lociranih, je najti konkretno življenjsko izkušnjo, ki se z unikatno poetiko, starosvetno in sodobno obenem, dviga na občecloveško raven, dostopno ne toliko le intelektualnemu kot predvsem intuitivnemu bralcu.

Marsikdaj izmazljiv pojem srednjeevropskosti dobi pri Mili Haugovi konkretnе poteze, vidne že v biografskih dejstvih. Kot Emília

Viktória Labay se je rodila 14. junija 1942 v Budimpešti madžarski materi in slovaškemu očetu ter odraščala dvojezično. Proti koncu vojne se je družina selila najprej v današnjo Ukrajino, tedaj že del Madžarske, nato po raznih slovaških krajih. Leta 1951 so oblasti njenega očeta razglasile za razrednega sovražnika, zaradi česar je bil ta za dve leti zaprt, hči pa ni bila sprejeta na želeni študij nemščine in estetike. Naposled se je lahko vpisala na Visoko kmetijsko šolo v Nitri, kjer je leta 1964 diplomirala. Najprej je eno leto delala kot agronomka, nato kot srednješolska učiteljica. Avgusta 1968 je na poročnem potovanju v Splitu po poročilih izvedela, da so Češko-slovaško zasedle sovjetske vojaške sile. Z možem je naslednji mesec emigrirala v Kanado, po devetih mesecih pa se vrnila v domovino. Leta 1972 se je po rojstvu hčere preselila v Bratislavu, kjer je bila v letih od 1986 do 1996 urednica ugledne literarne revije *Romboid*. Ves čas je veliko pisala in prevajala iz madžarščine, angleščine, največ iz nemščine, v sodelovanju tudi japonsko in finsko poezijo.

Po revijalnih objavah od sredine sedemdesetih je leta 1980 pod psevdonimom Mila Srnková objavila pesniški prvenec *Rjasta zemlja*, v katerem zvečine nastopajo še pesmi s formalno tradicionalnim nagibom in navezavo na poetiko starejših slovaških avtoric (podeželje, narava, ljubezen) ter domala stenografsko podano vsakdanostjo, a je v zbirki že zastopana poznejša pesničina tematska stalinica, erotična ljubezen. Že z drugo zbirko *Spremenljiva površina* (1983) se je Haugová začela osvobajati vplivov prevladujočih poetik sodobnikov, priča smo mitizaciji čutnosti; v *Mogoči nežnosti* (1984) prihaja do izostritve pojavnih oblik življenja na prehodih, v medprostorih, raziskovanje vrzeli med tem, kar je mogoče, in tistim, česar ni mogoče izpovedati. Nalagajo se neskončni sloji pomenov tega spremenljivega nasprotja, značilni tudi za ves nadaljnji opus.

Po žametni revoluciji je Mila Haugová izdala zbirko *Čisti dnevi* (1990), ki je bila deležna širokega odziva. Mejnik v njeni pisavi je vznik lika praženske Alfe, v kateri so raziskovalci prepoznali kondenzat fascinacije nad besedilom (pisanjem) na eni strani in žensko istovetnostjo na drugi. V tem času sta k silovitemu razvoju njene poetike v nove smeri prispevala dodatna vzgiba: pesničino partnerstvo s slovaškim likovnim umetnikom Petrom Ondreičko (pesmi izhajajo iz njegovih del) in prevajalski dialog s Sylvio Plath, ki je privadel do razmaha nekaterih podobnih motivov (perut, telo, zvezda, rodila, kri idr.), nekatere mere temačnosti (smrt, noč, tema, slepota, norost

idr.) in še korenitejše emancipacije ženskega lirskega jaza. V *Čistih dneh* slovaška literarna zgodovina zaznava vse izrazitejšo tematizacijo razmerja med pisanjem in telesom, ki za avtorico postane ključen, še naprej je prisotno erotično telo. Za tako »performativno« pisavo se je v slovaški poeziji uveljavil izraz »pisanje s telesom«, pri Haugovi v vlogi sakralizacije telesnosti.

Z zbirko *Praljubezen* (1991) je pesnica globoko zgrebla v (pra)zgodovino človeštva. Lik Alfe tokrat prežema vso zbirkovo (in se obdrži tudi v naslednjih). Knjiga vpelje klasične in biblične motive in osebe: kralja Ojdipa, Pompeje, Salomo in, posebej izstopajoče, Kasandro, ki se v opusu Haugove ustali kot identiteta s trajnim »trojanskim« pomenom. V *Praljubezni* je individualizacija avtoričine poetike že nepovratna, njene pesmi se še bolj osredinjajo na zajemanje ženske istovetnosti, še intenzivnejše preučujejo odnos med žensko in moškim ter med ženskami samimi, raziskujejo žensko zgodovino in spomin, meje možnosti, kraje brezmejne svobode in domala čarobne moči, hkrati pa s posvetili, moti in navedki postajajo izrecne medbesedilne.

Zbirka *Nostalgija* (1993) je prinesla naslednjo prelomnico. Ta je najprej opazna na formalni ravni z docela prevetreno pesemsko gradnjo, nedvomno podprto s tedanjim prevodnim stikom s poezijo Paula Celana. Pesnica zdaj verze pogosteje prelamlja, nerедko vstavlja samostojne besede in zloge, z ločili ponazarja glas polsna, medtem ko je še v prejšnji zbirki izpoved povezovala s samogovorji in določeno fabulativnostjo. V *Nostalgiji* besede kleklja oz. vozla v svojevrstno besedilno čipko oz. mrežo, vsebinsko pa se poetika močno transformira zavoljo osebne izgube. Zaradi nagovaranja umrlega partnerja in obilice krščanskih motivov, navedkov, posnemanja bibličnih zvrsti (litanijske, psalme) so te pesmi dobine oznako »zadušna poezija«. Veliko je datiranih, s čimer je nagovor partnerja dodatno poudarjen, ponekod tudi z izrecnim posvetilom; še opaznejša kot dotlej je snov iz vizualnih umetnosti. Zbirka od intenzivnega žalovanja naposled preide v iskanje novega pogleda, skozi katerega Alfa raziskuje svoje bivanje. Po mnenju enega najuglednejših slovaških literarnih zgodovinarjev in kritikov Milana Hamade je Haugová v *Nostalgiji* oblikovala »eno izvirnih podob visoke pesmi, ki s svojo erotičnostjo kljubuje vse večji agresivnosti in nekrofiliji odhajajočega stoletja«.

Ena vidnejših zbirk tega obdobja je tudi *Dama in samorog* (1995), v kateri se krepi zanimanje za žensko načelo ureditve sveta, rodovni

spomin žensk, odnos med materjo in hčerjo ter tematika nosečnosti in rojevanja, preroda, preobrazbe. Vanjo skuša avtorica zajeti čisto bivanje, navzkrižnost in hkrati neločljivost lunarnih in solarnih sil, vztrajno se približuje dotiku nevidnega.

Šesterica pesniških zbirk Haugove, izdanih v devetdesetih letih, je za tedanjo slovaško poezijo pomenila velik navdih, prihajalo je do tako rekoč sprotnih poetoloških odmevov pri mnogih pesnikih in pesnicah. Izvirna in prevodna poezija Haugove je odmevala tudi v feministični intelektualni liniji, ki se je po družbenopolitično prelomnem letu 1989 na Slovaškem opazno konsolidirala.

Z novim tisočletjem Haugová svoje zbirke objavlja domala vsako leto, pri čemer slovaške založbe za njihovo objavo stojijo v vrsti, ne oziraje se na poetološko linijo, ki jo sicer pretežno zastopajo in objavljamajo, kar je za poezijo, ki jo nekateri označujejo celo za hermetično, nadvse nenavadno in zgovorno. Vsaka nova zbirka Mile Haugove je literarni dogodek.

Avtoričina poetika se v zadnjih dveh desetletjih vse bolj fragmentira, obenem pa prihaja do anulacije ločil, zlasti vejice, ali pa se srečujemo z močno idiosinkratično rabo podpičij, dvopičij, tripičij, poševnic, ki odpravljajo vnaprejšnje hierarhije in v katerih je mogoče videti enega od odrazov sesutja iluzij naše »razumske« civilizacije, antropocentričnega sveta. Tudi v tretjem tisočletju Haugová vse globlje obravnava temeljna vprašanja človekovega življenja in smrti skozi naravne pojave z naslanjanjem na (antično) mitologijo in arhetipe. V njeni meditativni zbirki *Atlas peska* (2001) srečujemo stihe, v katerih sodobnik zlahka najde vzporednice s tesnobnostjo lastnega obstoja.

Zadnji dve desetletji Haugová v središče svojega pesniškega sveta postavlja vrt, ki kmalu prerase v njen simbol *par excellence* – prispolobo bivanja in govorice, zaokroženega (in krožnega) sveta, v katerem domujejo rastline, živa bitja, zemlja s svojimi rudninami. Z njim pesnica vzpostavlja večplastno simboliko rojevanja in rasti, cikličnosti, spravljivosti, miroljubnosti. O njegovem prominentnem mestu pričajo že naslovi zbirk, kot sta *Zaprti vrt* (2001) in *Rastlina s sanjami: Navpičnica* (2006). Vrt ostaja zrcalo čutenja in mišljenja tudi v naslednji zbirki *Izginjanje angelov* (2008), zaznamovani z materino smrtno. Vrt v teh pesmih z izpovedovalko diha in žaluje, za pesnico izginjajo prostranstva časa, ki pa se zahvaljujoč spominu ali sanjam, tj. notranjemu času lirskega jaza, tu in tam hipoma razprejo in zasukajo potek realnega časa. Sledi zbirka *Počasna lokostrelka*

(2010), v kateri je manj eksperimentalnosti, nadomešča pa jo preprostejša refleksivnost, avtorica skoraj ne uporablja ločil, še naprej pa raziskuje zapleteni odnos med žensko in moškim; znatnejši prispevek zbirke je detabuizacija zrele spolnosti.

V zadnjem desetletju se je pri Haugovi močno okrepila prozna avtorefleksija. V desetih letih (2009–2019) so se zvrstile kar štiri eksperimentalne knjižne kompilacije z najrazličnejšimi zvrstnimi okruški, v katerih prevladujeta poglobljena bivanjska in odkrita avtopoetska snov, s čimer je Haugovo danes brez dvoma mogoče šteti za eno najbolj (samo)reflektiranih sodobnih evropskih pesnic.

Leta 2011 in 2012 sta izšli zbirki *Plant Room in Vrt: labirint: gnezdo*. Trajnejše osrednje mesto vrta v drugi polovici opusa utegne presenečati, a le dokler ga doumevamo predvsem kot nekaj omejenega, celo ograjenega. Dokler v njem ne uzremo intimnega kraja rasti, gojenja živiljenjskih in duševnih pojavov, skozi sanje pa izraza osvobajanja, razbremenitve, ne nazadnje alegorije sebstva in, nadalje, pomanjšanega univerzuma, skladnega s kozmološko predstavo o svetu, v katerem je dovolj prostora za vse: pesnica v njem ne le motri floro, favno, zvezde in ljubi, obupuje, veruje; z vrtom stalnica erotične ljubezni pri Haugovi prerašča v veliko več – kot že v starri Perziji vrt poleg kozmičnega dobi tudi metafizičen in mističen pomen. Ko se izpovedovalka »sprehaja« po njem, postaja to tudi sprehod skozi čas, a daleč od premočrtnega; postaja sprehod po vesoljni večnosti, v kateri domujejo miti in arhetipi.

V doslej zadnji zbirki *Srna, zroča v Severnico* (2016) pesnica nadgradi vrt z mistično dvojnostjo. *Ananke*, grška boginja neizognosti in nujnosti, ki je v usodni navezi z bogom časa Kronosom, pesnici ponudi možnost zdrsa v mistično dvojnost. Na začetku časa je srna, iščoča Severnico. Nujno je, da srna v zenico ujame svetlobo Severnice, da bi se preobrazila v srno, zročo v Severnico, in postala del kozmologije. Svetloba Severnice v očesu je dejanje na robu zavesti, v katero mora stopiti logos, da bi pogled na Severnico postal zavestni akt bivanja, sožitja s seboj in drugimi, s svetom tu in zdaj ter celotno kozmogonijo.

Mila Haugová je onstran domačih meja vse prej kot spregledana, v tujini namreč ostaja najširše uveljavljeno slovaško pesniško ime, saj je prevedena v večino večjih jezikov, v množico manjših pa antologijsko in revijalno. Že zgodaj, po uspešnem desetletju devetdesetih, je leta 2001 najprej dobila knjižno izdajo v francoščini, leta 2003

angleščini, čemur se je letos pridružil še drugi prevodni izbor, izdan v Veliki Britaniji. Posebej odmevna je poezija Haugove v nemškem govornem prostoru, kjer je med letoma 1999 in 2017 izšlo kar pet samostojnih knjig. Leta 2003 je kratek izbor iz dotedanjega opusa izšel tudi v slovenščini (v prevodu Alenke Šalej), pravkar je v pravri španski prevod. Pesnica se je predstavila na več kot štiridesetih festivalih in avtorskih branjih po Evropi in ZDA. Nazadnje je gostovala na uglednem pesniškem festivalu »Weltklang – Noč poezije v Berlinu« (2017) in lani na »Salon du livre« v Parizu.

Tudi v novem tisočletju uspe poeziji Mile Haugove presenečati s povsem svežimi postavitvami, videnji, vprašanji in spoznanji, ki so porodili mnoge njene najžlahtnejše zbirke. Vilenica ji tako proti prihaja na osupljivi točki ustvarjalne bistrine in moči, ki skozi vsa leta ustvarjanja ni bila niti malo samoumevna, poeziji je na slovaškem literarnem polju namreč odrejeno obrobno mesto, zato je skopa tudi pozornost javnosti, o čemer ne nazadnje priča dejstvo, da avtorica v domovini do današnjega dne ni prejela nobenega pesniškega priznanja, kajti do lani na Slovaškem niso podeljevali niti ene vidnejše pesniške nagrade. Določenega zadoščenja, a šele po letu 2005, je bila njena poezija deležna v okviru nekaterih odmevnješih literarnih oz. kulturnih nagrad; leta 2014 je tako prejela najuglednejšo slovaško nagrado za literarno ustvarjanje, nagrado Dominika Tatarke za najboljše literarno delo preteklega leta (za pesniško zbirko *Cetonia aurata* in prozno knjigo *Trdi les otroštva*), leta 2019 pa nagrado ministritice za kulturo za dolgoletni izjemni prispevek na področju izvirne književnosti in prevodne ustvarjalnosti.

Ob 40-letnici njenega knjižnega objavljanja in 20. obletnici njenega prvega gostovanja na Vilenici je tudi simbolno dozorel čas, da to edinstveno pesnico uradno umestimo na srednjeevropski parnas, kjer sicer že nekaj časa intimno domuje, in jo ngradimo za brezkompromisno vztrajanje v pesniški poklicanosti in pristnosti ter za življensko zavezanzost najvišjim merilom ustvarjanja, segajočim da-leč onkraj konvencionalnosti, kar pri Mili Haugovi kot *pesnici telesa* pomeni »hojo brez kože in zaščite«.

Za konec lahko le pritrdimo preroškosti besed, ki jih je za še tretjo avtoričino zbirko iz leta 1984 zapisal tedaj vodilni kritik in literarni zgodovinar Valér Mikula:

»Mila Haugová je avtorica, ki se z vsako knjigo izrazito izboljšuje. Bistveno je, da ima to izboljševanje podobo namenskega

poudarjanja in dodelovanja tega, kar ji je lastno, ter odlaganja tistega, kar je zgolj obdobna, generacijska ali skupinska konvencija. V *Mogoči nežnosti* je ta proces prešel na tako kako-vostno raven, da postaja razvoj Haugove relevanten tudi za razvoj sodobne slovaške poezije. Dovolimo si domnevati, da odslej ne bo zgolj poezija pomembna za Haugovo, marveč tudi Haugová za poezijo.«

Between Archaic Alfa and Cosmic Garden

Andrej Pleterski

The name (word) from my body comes into your body as a word which I create together with the body. If I could make love all the time, would I not write? These words about her creative experience, which seem to sum up her poetic credo, were written in 2012 by Mila Haugová, the leading Slovak woman poet. Her oeuvre expresses the dialectic experience of woman, of the human being and humanity. From the very beginning, its substance has been erotic love with all its shifts and contradictions.

Mila Haugová is an outstanding poet who has devoted to literature most of her life and gradually achieved exceptional artistic confidence. Her imposing oeuvre, 23 collections of poetry, is matched by the prominence which she has enjoyed for four decades among Slovak literary experts and common readers alike. Moreover, she has exerted an enormous and continuous influence on her contemporaries, both through her art and her human charisma.

In the 1980s she was one of the first Czech or Slovak women poets to introduce an autonomous subject, one fully aware of her womanhood. This poetry is no longer stamped by dependence on man, submission, the painful fate of women, renunciation, sacrifice. Rather, her writing is reflective and imaginative, intellectual and erotic, accommodating men and children, creativity, sexuality, compassion and gentleness, physical nature, metaphysics which brings no mutual exclusion or opposition between nature and culture, reason and feeling, soul and body, imagination and reality.

While Mila Haugová confronts her readers with high demands, she can cosset them as well. Her poetry is a continual flow between intimate lyric poetry and philosophical reflection, pulsing with the harmony of the cosmos, which is often symbolised by a garden and embodied by an archetypal woman. Yet there are also moments of inward rift, loneliness, despair brought about by the undermined structure of the world. Many of her poems, often explicitly dedicated to her partners, mother, daughter, granddaughter, as well as furnished with the date and place of composition, relate an actual experience. This, however, is elevated by her unique poetic practice, old-world and at the same time contemporary, to a universal level accessible to an intuitive rather than merely intellectual reader.

In the case of Mila Haugová, the often evasive concept of Central Europeanism assumes highly distinct features, which are evident in her very biography. Born as Emília Viktória Labay in 1942 in Budapest to a Hungarian mother and a Slovak father, she grew up bilingual. Towards the end of World War II the family moved to present-day Ukraine, then already part of Hungary, and later to various places in Slovakia. In 1951 her father was identified as a class enemy and politically imprisoned for two years, which deprived his daughter of her desired study course – German and aesthetics. At last she was able to enrol at the Agricultural College in Nitra, receiving a degree in agronomic engineering in 1964. She worked as an agronomist for a year and then as a high-school teacher. On her honeymoon in Split, Yugoslavia, in the August of 1968 she heard on the news that Czechoslovakia had been occupied by Soviet military forces. The very next month she migrated with her husband to Canada, only to return home nine months later. After her daughter's birth in 1972 she moved to Bratislava, where from 1986 to 1996 she edited an eminent literary magazine, *Romboid*. She copiously wrote and translated from Hungarian, English and especially German, tackling even Japanese and Finnish poetry in joint translations.

Having published in magazines since the mid-seventies, she debuted in 1980 under the pseudonym Mila Srnková with the poetry collection *Rusty Clay* (*Hrdzavá hlina*). While it still consists mainly of poems with a traditional formal bent and takes up the poetics of older Slovak women authors (the countryside, nature, love) coupled with a well-nigh stenographed everyday reality, the collection already features what was to become one of her staple themes, erotic love. As early as her second collection, *Shifting Surface* (*Premenlivý povrch*, 1983), Haugová begins to shake off the influences of her contemporaries' predominating poetics and mythicizes sensuality. The third collection, *Possible Tenderness* (*Možná neha*, 1984), brings into sharper focus the manifestations of life in transits or intermediate spaces, exploring the gaps between the effable and ineffable. The infinite layers of meanings in this shifting dichotomy will keep piling up throughout her subsequent work.

After the Velvet Revolution, Mila Haugová published her collection *Pure Days* (*Čisté dni*, 1990) to wide acclaim. A watershed in her writing is considered to be her introduction of a primordial woman named Alfa, who has been interpreted as a blend of

fascination by writing and of female identity. The forceful development of her poetic practice in new directions was fuelled by two additional prompts: her partnership with a Slovak visual artist, Peter Ondrejčka (on whose works she based her poems), and her translator dialogue with Sylvia Plath, which led to the surge of similar motifs (wing, body, star, reproductive system, blood, etc.), a measure of gloom (death, night, darkness, madness, etc.), and an even more radical emancipation of the female lyric *I*. In *Pure Days*, Slovak literary criticism has traced the foregrounding of the relationship between writing and the body, which becomes a key theme for the author. The erotic body remains present. This kind of 'performative' writing, labelled in Slovak poetry as 'writing with the body', serves in Haugová's case to consecrate physicality.

The collection *Ancient Love* (*Praláska*, 1991) delves deep into the (pre)history of humankind. The book is dominated by the persona of Alfa, who recurs in the subsequent collections as well. Moreover, this collection includes such classical and biblical motifs and characters as Oedipus Rex, Pompeii, Salomé and particularly Cassandra, a figure who recurs in Haugová's work in her original, 'Trojan' character of an ignored prophetess. In *Ancient Love* the individuation of the author's poetic practice has become irreversible: the poems increasingly focus on female identity. They study even more intensely the relationships between men and women and among women themselves, and explore women's history and memory, the bounds of possibility, the places of infinite freedom and well-nigh magic power. Through dedications, mottos and quotes they grow more explicitly intertextual.

The next watershed came soon with the collection *Nostalgia* (1993). The change is most conspicuous at a formal level, in a thoroughly refreshed poem structure, undoubtedly based on Haugová's current translation of Paul Celan's poetry. If the preceding collection still associates confession with soliloquies and a certain narrativity, now the lines are increasingly breaking up, independent words and syllables are being inserted, and the punctuation illustrates the voice of half-sleep. Words in *Nostalgia* are woven or knotted into a singular 'lace' or 'net'. The content, on the other hand, is transformed by personal loss. The poet's addresses to her deceased partner, coupled with frequent Christian motifs or quotes and imitation of such biblical genres as the litany or psalm, have earned these poems the label

of ‘requiem poetry’. Many of them bear dates, thus underlining the address to the partner, and sometimes accompanied by an explicit dedication; the subject-matter derived from the visual arts grows even more pronounced. From intensive mourning the collection segues into a quest for a new perspective, one through which Alfa may explore her existence. According to a leading Slovak literary historian and critic, Milan Hamada, Haugová’s *Nostalgia* forms ‘an original image of the *Song of Songs*, whose eroticism defies the growing aggression and necrophilia of the departing century’.

Another prominent collection from this period is *The Lady and the Unicorn* (*Dáma s jednorožcom*, 1995), which deepens the author’s interest in the female principle of the world order, the generational memory of women, the mother–daughter relationship, and the themes of pregnancy and childbirth, rebirth, transformation. It seeks to encapsulate pure existence, the conflicting yet inseparable lunar and solar forces, thus tirelessly approaching the touch of the unseen.

Haugová’s six poetry collections from the 1990s have proved a great inspiration for contemporary Slovak poetry, rousing echoes in many poets practically as soon as they appeared. Moreover, Haugová’s poetry, both original and translated, reverberates in the feminist intellectual line, which has been substantially consolidated in Slovakia since the sociopolitical watershed of 1989.

Since the turn of the millennium she has published a collection almost every year, with Slovak publishers queueing up regardless of their favoured poetological line. For a poetry which is sometimes labelled ‘hermetic’, this is most uncommon and telling. Each new collection by Haugová is a literary event.

Over the last two decades, the author’s poetic practice has grown increasingly fragmented. This fragmentation has been stamped by the annulment of punctuation, particularly the comma, or by a strongly idiosyncratic use of colons, semicolons, ellipses and slashes, which preclude predictable hierarchies and may reflect the demise of the illusions fostered by our ‘rational’ civilisation, our anthropocentric world. In the third millennium Haugová continues to probe the fundamental questions of human life and death through depicting natural phenomena, leaning on (classical) mythology and archetypes. In the lines encountered in her meditative collection *A Map of Sand* (*Atlas piesku*, 2001), contemporary readers may easily draw parallels with the anxiety of their own existence.

Over the last couple of decades Haugová has centred the world of her poetry around the garden, soon grown into her symbol *par excellence* – a parable of existence and speech, a well-rounded (and circular) world that is home to plants, living creatures, and soil with its minerals. The garden establishes a manifold symbolism of birth and growth, of cyclical patterns, acceptance and peacefulness. Its prominence is attested in the very titles of the collections, such as *The Closed Garden: Colloquies* (*Zavretá záhrada: reči*, 2001) or *Plant with a Dream: Vertical* (*Rastlina so snom: Vertikála*, 2006). The garden remains a mirror of feeling and thought even in her next collection, *The Disappearance of Angels* (*Miznutie anjelov*, 2008), stamped by her mother's death. In these poems the garden breathes and mourns with the speaker: aeons are disappearing in the poet's wake, but through memory or dreams, the inner time of the lyric self, they will, every now and then, open up the passage of real time and twist it around. The next collection, *The Slow Bow Woman* (*Pomalá lukostrelkyňa*, 2010), largely replaces experiment by the simpler reflection, with punctuation marks all but absent. The author continues to explore the complex relationship between man and woman, and a significant contribution of the collection is its detabooisation of mature sexuality.

The last decade saw a steep rise in Haugová's prose self-reflection. The period 2009–2019 yielded as many as four experimental compilations of the most varied genre titbits, dominated by existential ruminations and frank autopoetological subject-matter. Hence, Haugová may well be considered one of Europe's most (self-)reflective women poets of today.

The years 2011 and 2012 saw the publication of the collections *Plant Room* and *The Garden: the Labyrinth: the Nest* (*Záhrada: labyrint: hniedzo*). The enduring central place of the garden in Haugová's later work may come as a surprise, but only while it is perceived as a limited space, even an enclosure: until it is seen as an intimate space for growth, for cultivation of phenomena belonging to life and soul. Dreams are an expression of liberation, unburdening, an allegory of selfhood, and finally a minuscule universe, in harmony with the poet's cosmological view of the world in which there is enough room for everything. Not only does she contemplate the garden flora, fauna and stars, not only does she love, despair and believe: with the garden, Haugová's lasting theme of erotic love burgeons into

something much larger. As in ancient Persia, the garden acquires not only cosmological but also metaphysical and mystic meanings. The speaker's 'stroll' through it becomes a stroll through time, but far from straightforward: a stroll through universal eternity, which is home to myths and archetypes.

Haugová's latest collection, *Roe Deer Looking at the Pole Star* (*Srna pozerajúca na Polárku*, 2016), enriches the garden concept with a mystic duality. A chance to slip into this duality is offered to the poet by Anankē, the Greek goddess of inevitability and necessity, who is fatally linked to the god Chronos. At the beginning of time, a deer is seeking the Pole Star. It is necessary that the deer should catch the starlight in the pupil of her eye: only thus can she transform into a deer gazing at the Pole Star and become a part of cosmology. The light of the Pole Star in her eye is that act on the fringe of consciousness which must be entered by the logos, if the gaze on the star is to become a conscious act of being, of coexisting with oneself and others, with the world here and now, and with cosmogony in general.

Beyond her country's borders, Mila Haugová is anything but overlooked. Translated into most major languages and included in the anthologies and magazines of many minor ones, she remains the most widely established Slovak poet abroad. Her success in the 1990s was followed in 2001 by a French book-format translation and in 2003 by an English one, which was complemented this year by a second selection published in the United Kingdom. Her poetry is particularly resonant in the German-speaking space, with as many as five books published between 1999 and 2017. In 2003, a short selection from her works was translated into Slovene as well (by Alenka Šalej), and a Spanish translation is now underway. The poet has presented herself at more than forty festivals and readings throughout Europe and the US. Her latest performances took place at the eminent poetry festival *Weltklang – Night of Poetry* in Berlin (2017) and last year at the *Salon du Livre* in Paris.

Even in the third millennium, Mila Haugová's poetry has the power to surprise with brand new positions, visions, questions and answers which have inspired many of her most precious collections. The Vilenica Award has thus arrived at an amazing apogee of her creative lucidity and power, an apogee which has never been a matter of course because the Slovak literary scene relegates poetry to the margins, thus ensuring it little public notice. To give an

example: Haugová has received no poetry prize in her homeland to this very day simply because no poetry prizes were bestowed until last year. Even in the context of broader literary or cultural prizes, it was only after 2005 that her poetry received some recognition; in 2014 she was thus awarded the most prestigious Slovak literary prize, the Dominik Tatarka Prize for the best literary work of the preceding year, for her poetry collection *Cetonia Aurata* and a prose compilation titled *The Hard Wood of Childhood* (*Tvrdé drevo detstva*). In 2019 she received the Culture Minister's award for her long-standing and exceptional contributions in the fields of original Slovak literature and translation.

The 40th anniversary of her first book publication, which coincides with the 20th anniversary of her first appearance at the Vilenica Festival, is a symbolic opportunity to establish this unique poet officially on the Central European Parnassus, where she has in fact long been a private resident. To reward her uncompromising adherence to a poet's vocation and sincerity, as well as her lifelong commitment to the highest standards of creativity towering far beyond conventionality. In the case of Mila Haugová as a *body poet*, this means 'walking with no skin or protection'.

By way of conclusion, we can only agree with the prophetic words inspired as early as 1984 by the author's third poetry collection. According to the leading critic and literary historian of the time, Valér Mikula:

Mila Haugová is an author who distinctly improves with each book. And what is essential, her improvement takes the form of purposefully stressing and elaborating her own traits while laying aside mere conventions of her period, generation or group. In *Possible Tenderness* this process rises to a level of quality that makes Haugová's development significant for the development of all contemporary Slovak poetry. As one may venture to assume, it is not only that poetry will continue to be important for Haugová: rather, Haugová is going to be important for poetry as well.

Translated by Nada Grošelj

Dormi 4

Záhada nášho príchodu na to isté miesto.

Počúvajúca izba. Nad tebou (divorastúca askétka).

Na kožušinovej lúke s úzkymi vchodmi do deformovaného Kruhu. Vkladali sme sa do seba vkladali sme do seba túžby A nedokonalosti nášho dovtedajšieho života.

V Klagenfurte na stanici si v novembri 1999 položil Ruku na okno vlaku. Osem hodín som sa viezla s tvojou stopou.

A teraz hovoríš, že telo nič neznamená.

A vždy znova prúdenie sedimentácia sebavznietivé slová —

Dormi 6

Weißensee

Otvorená kovová brána. Zatúlaná zver hľadá mne určenú zimu.

Holandskí korčuliari v otvorenej elipse Bieleho jazera.

Pozoruješ hrubý ľad

S ostrou stopou. Pri bozku si poraníme ústa.

Opúšťame vlastné teritóriá. Mizneme v rastúcej jazve.

Precízny a preto nepresný

Opis. Tvár pod ľadom stemnie keď na ňu položím ruky.

Bolíš keď si sen.

Dormi 9

Zjavenie v nádhernej záhrade kde všetko zodpovedá
Predstave; červené a biele kvety; dula a jablone
Symbióza neexistujúceho s tušeným v následnosti
A hierarchii pamäti Si na prvom mieste
Čokoľvek ti poviem bude logikou srdca (raison de coeur)
Dôkazom zjemnejej skúsenosti.
Byť dvaja.
Medzi.

from *Frozen angel*

...chcem aby si vedel že si milovaný
a nie si sám: plynutie: krása intervalových
vzťahov: zaviaž mi oči plávaj so mnou
v tom istom jazere (nech je spoločný úzky čln)

Nedovoľ času prestať dýchať Ked'
kobaltový mesiac a svetlom roztlmená rieka
zovrie / zavrie sa vo mne srdce: čo milujem mám
nechať voľne plynúť Ak sa ku mne (znova) vráti
bude mi patriť navždy Nič neumiera
Len na chvíľu A znova sa objaví
...akoby teplo bolo iba z príprav... na spánok
na zimu...

Fragmenty jednej reči lásky

Fragmenty jednej reči lásky
cez priezor zvinutej izby
mliečne sklo, mušelín záhyb
nežného pohybu (bolestivý) ty
ako ideš cez prah cez stenu svetla
cez dvere a okná; mliečne sklo
s gravúrou nechťov (chrbát)
dejiny všetkých našich (mojich)
zachovaných pokožiek lásky
vertikálny palimpsest; smrteľné
hovorenie

cez

neha je slovom od Boha

Fragmenty miznúceho teroru detstva (reči)

Fragmenty miznúceho teroru detstva (reči)

Žena ktorú poznáš. Krajina v dennom svetle. Tie nočné sny (ľahké nočné mory) už nechceš. Len tie svetlá. Ked' si sa vrátila z detského do nechceného sveta. Porcelán a politúra (pretretá kyanidovou vôňou marhuľových semien). Vždy zo sna len krátko zobudená: »Kde si zase bola? Hol voltál?« Povieš len. Tam. Tu. Doma. Kým v lese smútili za tebou maliny z kože zvlečené mladé hady drobné kuny.

Ako za úteky prestať trestať?

Priesvitnosť 3

Lebo

Lebo ešte žijeme v tomto rozvrátenom svete
v bezhraničnej zime. nekončí sa a nikdy nezačína,
ale možno ako predtým, keď sme sa milovali zasveti okno.
a v okne sa mihne hlava jeleňa hľadajúceho svoju jeleniu laň,
ktorú sme zabili keď sa nečakane vynorila z hmly v priekope
zasvetila ako biela žiara na ceste, potom len tupý úder a pád.
späť do priekopy, ani si mi nedovolil pozrieť sa na ňu.
predstavujem si ju ako ležala v lesku podvečerného svetla
na bielom snehu, bez kvapky krvi. povedal si. bez kvapky krvi.
jestvuje jediný mür, ktorý ma od nej oddelil, jediná záhrada,
do ktorej vždy príde, presná krvka jej pádu zodpovedá našim
srdciam, tak veľmi sme sa nepoznali, vždy bude zľahka kráčať
k záhrade, k tej záhrade v ktorej čakám, zakutraná do svojho
smútku z dvojnásobnej straty, bol tretí január, večer pol šiestej,
mohli sme neprísť na toto stretnutie? kto ma (nás) vyslobodí
z toho okamihu, mala som zomrieť ja, vrhla sa k oknu na mojej
strane, čo to malo znamenať? vlčie trávy hlboko dýchajúce
pod snehom, kto nás tam poslal práve vtedy keď chcela prejsť cez
cestu, ktorú ona a jej predkovia poznali veky. naproti ceste zrútená
šopa. zlomená ohrada, detská úzkosť a smútok.

Priesvitnosť 5

Som biela hmla

Som biela hmla napĺňajúca údolie.
blúdiace temné zviera, pláčem aby už nikto nezomrel.
nepotrebujem odvahu k smrti ale k životu.

aby sme predišli nedorozumeniu.
tu je príčina, jeden muž prestal vnímať jednu ženu.
ty mňa, ako sa to stalo opýtam sa.
nezadržateľne sme sa začali meniť, jeden na druhého.
jeden do druhého, už som nevedela
či milujem ja alebo ty. ruky ktoré ma objímali boli (jeho)
moje. ruky ktorými som ho objímal
boli (moje) jeho. aj ústa. aj úsmev, aj podoba, aj spánok.
aj láska, aj nenávist' za to že sa vieme.
poznáme, aj za to že sa ne-vieme ne-poznáme a nie sme takí
akí sme chceli byť jeden pre druhého
od začiatku mystickí Anjeli, hostia
nevedome privítaní v dome a tretí Anjel
držal nad nami kamennú oblohu.

Canto triste

V d-moll: teraz vidím zimnú záhradu
s hustým srieňom na dulovníku a žltou psou bídou
a s Domenicom Scarlattim a jeho sonátami
so všetkými cestami ktoré vedú do záhrady
s nočnými výstrelmi na neviditeľné
Tichom dotknuté zvieratá

6

V alume sa zbierajú neznáme fotografie snov:
visím na jednej ruke na schodoch vlaku
bez lokomotívy: vagón sa odpojí a mne sa podarí prejsť
dovnútra a vziať si svoju po kupé rozhádzanú batožinu
je tam aj ukradnutá blúzka z jedného starého sna...

5

Cela sna sa zatvorí so všetkým tým čím nie som
v spomalenom negatíve rána sa otvára ráno
a tento riadok predvidenia do spadnutého hniezda
kamera stále zaostáva za skutočným...

4

Samota bez názvu znovunastavenie významov
cez drevené schody na povalu hore a dolu
nočné vlaky, pokožka zvuku vytvára mení sa

3

Zostáva vlak cez zdivočené vody osmóza
rastliny svetla na ktoré zabudne farba

2

Kvety z jaskýň tekuté zrkadlá májové litánie...

1

Plant room III

Je dobré s tebou oddýchnuť si od bytia
odtrhnúť sa od útokov duše.

Smrt' nie je.	Si len ty.
Čo je pre mňa	ešte ničím
Je pre teba	už všetko.

Z ľadu vytrhnutý obraz:
Nadýchať tam tvár.
Ľad. Mráz.
Srieň.
Ruža.

Dormi 4

Skrivnost najinega prihoda na isti kraj.
Soba, ki posluša. Nad teboj (divje rastoča asketinja).
Na krznenem travniku z ozkimi vhodi v skriviljen
Krog. Vlagala sva se vase vlagala vase hrepenenja
In nepopolnosti najinega dotedanjega življenja.
V Celovcu na postaji si novembra 1999 na okno vlaka
Položil roko. Osem ur sem se vozila s tvojim odtisom.
Zdaj pa praviš, da telo nič ne pomeni.
In vedno znova vrvenje usedanje besede samobodritve –

Dormi 6

Weißensee

Odprta kovinska ograjna vrata. Zablodela žival išče meni
dodeljeno zimo.

Nizozemski drsalci v odprti elipsi Belega jezera.

Opazuješ debeli led

Z ostro sledjo. Pri poljubu si raniva usta.

Zapuščava lastni ozemlji. Izginjava v rastoči brazgotini.

Precizen in zato nenatančen

Opis. Obraz pod ledom potemni ko nanj položim roke.

Boliš ko si sanje.

Dormi 9

Privid na čudovitem vrtu kjer vse ustreza
Predstavi; rdeči in beli cvetovi; kutina in jablane
Simbioza neobstoječega s slutnjo v zaporednosti
In hierarhiji spomina Na prvem mestu si
Karkoli ti bom rekla bo logika srca (raison de coeur)
Dokaz ublažene izkušnje.
Biti dva.
Vmes.

from *Frozen angel*

... hočem da veš da si ljubljen
in da nisi sam: pretakanje: lepota intervalnih
odnosov: zaveži mi oči plavaj z menoj
v istem jezeru (naj bo skupen ozki čoln)

Ne pusti času da neha dihati	Če se bosta
kobaltna luna in	s svetlobo odtemnela reka
stisnili mi bo zaprlo srce: kar ljubim moram	
pustiti prosto teči Če se bo (spet) vrnilo k meni	
mi bo pripadalo za vedno	Nič ne umira
Zgolj za hip	Pa se spet pojavi
... kot bi bilo toplo že samo zaradi priprav ... na spanec	
na zimo ...	

Fragmenti neke govorice ljubezni

Fragmenti neke govorice ljubezni
skozi kukalo zavrtinčene sobe
mlečno steklo, muslin guba
nežnega gibanja (boleči) ti
ki greš prek praga skozi steno svetlobe
skozi vrata in okna; mlečno steklo
z gravuro nohtov (hrbet)
zgodovina vseh najinih (mojih)
ohranjenih kož ljubezni
navpični palimpsest; smrtna
govorica

skozi

nežnost je beseda od Boga

Fragmenti izginjajočega terorja otroštva (govorice)

Fragmenti izginjajočega terorja otroštva (govorice)

Ženska ki jo poznaš. Pokrajina v dnevni
svetlobi. Teh nočnih sanj (lahkih nočnih mor)
ne želiš več. Samo te luči. Ko si se iz otroškega
vrnila v neželeni svet. Porcelan
in politura (prežeta s cianidnim vonjem
mareličnih semen). Iz sanj zmeraj zbujena
le za kratko: »Kje si spet bila? Hol voltál?«
Rečeš samo. Tam. Tu. Doma. Medtem
ko so v gozdu za teboj žalovale maline
iz kože potegnjene mlade kače drobne kune.

Kako nehati kaznovati za pobege?

Prozornost 3

Ker

Ker še živiva na tem razsutem svetu
v brezmejni zimi. ne konča se in se nikoli ne začne,
vendar bo morda kot prej, ko sva se ljubila, zasijalo okno.
mimo okna pa bo švignila glava jelena ki bo iskal svojo košuto,
ki sva jo ubila ko je na lepem vzniknila iz megle v jarku
se zasvetila kot bel sij na cesti, zatem le top udarec in padec.
nazaj v jarek, sploh mi nisi pustil da bi jo pogledala.
zamišljjam si jo ležečo v bleščavi poznapopoldanske svetlobe
na belem snegu, brez kapljice krvi. rekel si. brez kapljice krvi.
obstaja sam samcat zid, ki me je ločil od nje, samcat vrt,
na katerega vedno pride, natančna krivulja njenega padca
se sklada z najinima srcema nisva se poznali preveč dobro vedno bo
lahkotno stopala, proti vrtu, na katerem čakam, zarita v svojo
žalost zavoljo dvojne izgube, bil je tretji januar, pol šesta zvečer,
bi lahko ne prišli na to srečanje? kdo me (naju) bo osvobodil
tega trenutka, naj bi umrla jaz, se pognala k oknu na svoji
strani, kaj naj bi to pomenilo? volče trave, ki globoko dihate
pod snegom, kdo naju je tja poslal, ravno ko je hotela prečkatiti
cesto, ki so jo ona in njeni predniki poznali že od nekdaj. nasproti ceste
podrta lopa. polomljena ograja, otroški strah in žalost.

Prozornost 5

Sem bela meglja

Sem bela meglja ki zapolnjuje dolino.
tavajoča temna žival, jočem da nihče več ne bi umrl.
ne potrebujem poguma za smrt ali za življenje.

da ne bo nesporazuma,
tu je vzrok. neki moški je nehal zaznavati neko žensko.
ti mene. kako se je to zgodilo se vprašam.
nezadržno sva se začela spremnjati, si biti enaka.
si biti ista, nisem več vedela
ali ljubim jaz ali ti. Roke ki so me objemale so bile (njegove)
moje. roke s katerimi sem ga objemala
so bile (moje) njegove. tudi usta. tudi nasmeh, tudi obliče, tudi
spanec.
tudi ljubezen, tudi sovraštvo da se znava.
poznavanje. tudi da se ne znava ne poznavanje in nisva taka
kakršna sva želeta biti drug za drugega
od začetka mistična Angela, gosta
ponevedoma povabljena v hišo, tretji Angel
pa je nad nama držal kamnito nebo.

Canto triste

V d-molu: zdaj vidim zimski vrt
z gostim ivjem na kutini in rumeno pasjo uto
ter Domenicom Scarlattijem in njegovimi sonatami
z vsemi potmi ki vodijo na vrt
z nočnimi streli v nevidne
živali prizadete od Tišine

6

V albumu se zbirajo neznane fotografije sanj:
z eno roko visim na stopnicah vlaka
brez lokomotive: vagon se odklopi meni pa uspe stopiti
noter in si vzeti svojo po kupeju razmetano prtljago
tam je tudi ukradena bluza iz nekih starih sanj ...

5

Celica sanj se zapre z vsem kar nisem
v upočasnjenem negativu se odpira jutro
in ta vrstica slutenja v padlo gnezdo
kamera nenehno zaostaja za resničnim ...

4

Samota brez naslova ponastavitev pomenov
po leseni stopnicah na podstreho gor in dol
nočni vlaki koža zvoka ustvarja se spreminja

3

Vlak ostaja skozi podivjane vode osmoza
rastline svetlobe na katere pozabi barva

2

Rože iz jam tekoča ogledala majske litanije ...

1

Plant room III

Dobro si je s teboj odpočiti od bivanja
se odtrgati od napadov duše.

Smrti ni.	Si zgolj ti.
Kar je zame	še nič
Je zate	že vse.

Iz ledu iztrgana slika:
Nadihaj nanjo obraz.
Led. Mraz.
Ivje.
Vrtnica.

Prevedel Andrej Pleterski

Dormi 4

The mystery of our arrival at the same place.
A listening room. Over you (a wild-growing ascetic).
On a fury meadow with narrow entrances to a warped
Circle. We enter ourselves we enter desire in ourselves
And the imperfections of our more than gone lives.
In Klagenfurt at the station in November 1999 he placed
His hand on the window of the train. Eight hours I'd borne your
track.
And now you say that the body means nothing.
And again and again the sedimentation of self-combusting words
flowing —

Dormi 6

Weissensee

An open metal gate. Stray animals seek a winter meant for me.
Dutch skaters on the White Lakes's open ellipse.
You observe the rough ice
With its sharp track. We wound our mouths with a kiss.
We abandon our own territories. We vanish in the growing scar.
A precise and therefore inaccurate
Description. Under the ice your face darkens when I take it in my hands.
You hurt when you dream.

Dormi 9

Revelation in a beautiful garden where everything answers
Expectation; red and white flowers; quince and apple trees
Symbiosis nonexistent with no intimation of consequence
And hierarchy recalls Thou art in the first place
Anything I say will be the logic of the heart (*raison de coeur*)
With proof from refining experience.
Being two.
Between.

from *Frozen angel*

...I want you to know that you are beloved
and you're not alone: flowing; the beauty of the interval
between two: bind my eyes swim with me
in this same lake (let it be a mutual narrow boat)

Do not let time stop breathing when
the cobalt moon and the darkened river
clasp / close my heart with light: what I love I have
to let flow freely If he (again) returns to me
he will belong to me forever Nothing dies
Only for a moment And again appears
...as if the heat was only preparation... for sleep
for winter...

Fragments of the one language of love

Fragments of the one language of love
through a vizor an entwined room
milky glass, muslin fold
tender movement (painful) thou
as you pass over the threshold through a wall of light
through door and windows; milky glass
with gravure fingernails (your back)
the history of all our (my)
preserved complexions of love
vertical palimpsest; fatal
speaking
through
tender is the word of God

Fragments of a vanishing childhood terror (speech)

Fragments of a vanishing childhood terror (speech)
A woman you know. The landscape in day
light. These nocturnal dreams (painless nightmares)
you haven't wanted. Only these lights. When you returned
from childhood into an undesired world. Porcelain
and polish (she chafes the cyanide scent
of apricot seeds). From a dream she always only
wakes briefly, "Where were you again?" Hol
voltál? You just say. There. Here. At home. While
in the woods they mourned for you raspberries
skins shed from young snakes little pine martens.

How to stop being punished for running away?

Translucency 3

Because

Because we still live in this world torn apart
a limitless winter, neither beginning nor ending.
but perhaps as before, when we make love the window illuminates.
and in the window a stag's head flashes in search of the doe
we killed when she unexpectedly emerged from the mist in a ditch
a shining white glow on the road, then a dull thud and crash.
back into the ditch, nor would you let me look at her.
I imagine her lying in the glitter of the early evening light
in the white snow, without a drop of blood, you said, without a
drop of blood.

there is a single wall that separated me from her, a single garden,
to which she always comes, the exact curve of her fall answers to our
hearts, so much we didn't know, will always walk lightly
to the garden, the garden in which I wait, coiling into my
sorrow for the double loss, the third of January, half past five in
the evening,

couldn't we have not come to this meeting? Who delivered me (us)
from that moment, I had to die myself, rushed to the window on my
side, what does it mean? wolf grass deep breathing
under the snow, who sent us exactly there when she wished to cross
the road which she and her ancestors had known through the ages.
across the road a caved-in shed. broken fence, children's anxiety
and sadness.

Translucency 5

I am white fog

I am white fog filling a valley.

A dark stray animal that weeps so that no-one should die.

I don't need the courage to die, but to live.

so we don't foresee misunderstanding.

There is a reason. a man stopped perceiving a woman.

you me. How did it happen I ask.

inexorably, we have begun to change, one in the other.

one into the other, I don't know

whether I have loved or you. the hands which have embraced me
are (his)

mine. the hands with which I've embraced him

are (mine) his. and mouth. and smile. and shape. and sleep.

and love. and hate for what we knew.

we know, also from this we can't not know and we aren't as
we've wanted to be there for one another

from the beginning Mystical Angels, guests

unknowingly welcome in the house and the third angel

has held above us a stony sky.

Canto triste

In D Minor: Now I see the winter garden
dense hoarfrost on the quince tree and yellow kennel
and with Domenico Scarlatti and his sonatas
with all roads which lead to the garden
with night shots in the invisible
silence caressing the animals

6

In the album, unknown photos collected from dreams:
I'm hanging with one hand on the steps of a train
without a locomotive: a carriage is disconnected and I just manage
to enter and gather my luggage strewn over the couchette
There's also a shirt stolen from one of the old dreams...

5

The cell of dreams closes with more of everything of what I'm not
in a slowed negative of morning, morning opens
and this line of foresight into a tumbled nest
the camera still lagging behind the real...

4

Loneliness untitled resetting meanings
through the wooden stairs to the attic up and down
night trains, the complexion of sound creates varies

3

The train remains through wild water, osmosis
the light of plants in which colour forgets

2

The litany of May liquidly mirrors flowers from caves...

1

Plant room III

It is good to relax with you from being
torn away from assaults on the soul.

Death is not.	You are only you.
What it is for me	nothing more
Has been for you	yet everything.

An image torn from the ice:
Breathing a face there.
Ice. Rime.
Hoarfrost.
Rose.

Translated by James Sutherland-Smith

Slovenski avtor v središču 2020

*Slovenian Author
in Focus 2020*



Foto © Boštjan Pucelj

Vinko Möderndorfer

Vinko Möderndorfer se je rodil leta 1958 v Celju, kjer je končal gimnazio pedagoške smeri. Študij je nadaljeval na Akademiji za gledališče, radio, film in TV, kjer je leta 1982 absoluiral iz gledališke in radijske režije z diplomsko predstavo Čehova *Snubač*, diplomiral pa leta 1993. Po končanem študiju gledališke režije je na tej akademiji dve leti študiral tudi filmsko režijo.

Po končani Akademiji je začel delači v slovenskih gledališčih. Prevzel je umetniško vodenje Eksperimentalnega gledališča Glej, ki je takrat doseglo svojo ponovno oživitev in nov kreativni vrh, kar se je odražalo v kontinuirani produkciji in mnogih nagradah, ki so jih prejemale njegove predstave. Delo je kot gledališki režiser nadaljeval v slovenskih gledališčih, kjer je do danes zrežiral več kot 100 predstav.

Doslej je objavil več kot 70 knjig proze, poezije in dramatike. Napisal je 42 dramskih besedil, od katerih je polovica uprizorjena, s čimer se uvršča med najbolj uprizarjane slovenske avtorje. Njegova dela so uvrščena v številne domače in tujе antologije, učne programe osnovnih in srednjih šol, za mature, diplome, magistrske naloge, so predmet strokovnih raziskav doma in v tujini. Več del je bilo prevedenih

v tuje jezike in uprizorjenih na tujih odrih, predvajanih na tujih radijskih postajah ipd.

Vzporedno z gledališkimi režijami dela kot filmski, televizijski in radijski režiser. Je scenarist in režiser štirih celovečernih igranih filmov, ki so doživelji premiere na festivalih kategorije A in bili uvrščeni v programe najpomembnejših filmskih festivalov. Njegovi trije celovečerni filmi so prejeli 23 mednarodnih in domačih nagrad. V televizijskem mediju režira predvsem filme, igre in dokumentarne filme po svojih scenarijih. Doslej je realiziral 16 televizijskih del. Za radio je napisal več kot sto radijskih iger, za katere je prejel številne nagrade. Mno-ge radijske igre so bile predvajane tudi v tujini (Nemčija, Italija, Hrvaška), z njimi je sodeloval na najpomembnej-ših evropskih radijskih festivalih.

Za ustvarjanje na področjih literaturе, dramatike, gledališča, televizije in radia je prejel več kot 50 nagrad in nominacij, med drugim nagrado Prešernovega sklada, Župančičeve nagrado, Borštnikovo nagrado, nagrado Marjana Rožanca, več Grumovih nagrad, Ježkovo nagrado, več nagrad za najboljše komedijsko besedilo, čašo nesmrtnosti, desetnico, večernico in druge.

Nagrade in priznanja

- 2000 nagrada Prešernovega sklada za knjigo *Nekatere ljubezni*
2002 nagrada Marjana Rožanca za knjigo esejev *Gledališče v ogledalu*
2009 nagrada čaša nesmrtnosti za desetletni pesniški opus: *Pesmi iz črne kronike, Temno modro kot september, Razhajanja*
2009 nagrada za najboljši scenarij na 12. mednarodnem filmskem festivalu v Brooklynu (New York), za film *Pokrajina št. 2*
2010 Ježkova nagrada za scenaristični in režiserski opus na Televiziji Slovenija
2012 Grumova nagrada za besedilo *Vaje iz tesnobe*
2013 nagrada modra ptica za mladinski roman *Kot v filmu*
2014 Grumova nagrada za besedilo *Evropa*
2014 nagradi večernica in desetnica za najboljšo otroško ali mladinsko knjigo v letu 2014, za mladinski roman *Kot v filmu*
2017 nagrada desetnica za najboljšo otroško ali mladinsko knjigo v letu 2017, za mladinski roman *Kit na plaži*
2018 Grumova nagrada za besedilo *Romeo in Julija sta bila begunci*

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Brskanja. Novo mesto: Goga, 2015.

Navodila za srečo. Ljubljana: Cankarjeva založba, 2018.

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Dramatika

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Film in televizija

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Paradiž, 1996

Drevo, 1996

Pokrajina, 1996

Pesmi za mamke. Portret skladatelja Janeza Bitenca, 1998

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Človek v šipi. Portret pisatelja Petra Božiča, 1999

Življenje je vredno le, če je poezija. Portret pesnika Ervina Fritza, 2000

Silvestrska zmešnjava, 2001

Miloš Mikeln. Portret pisatelja, 2002

En dan resnice, 2006

Vaja zbora, 2008

Kandidatka in šofer, 2009

Tisti, ki je zgradil solo, 2015

Vinko Möderndorfer was born in 1958 in Celje where he finished grammar school with a focus on teaching. He studied Theatre and Radio Directing at the Academy of Theatre, Radio, Film and Television and staged his graduation performance of Chekhov's *A Marriage Proposal*, then graduated in 1993. After finishing, he studied Film Directing for two years.

He began working in Slovenian theatres. He became the artistic director of Glej Experimental Theatre, energising it with new life and allowing it to reach another creative pinnacle through continuous production and his awarded shows. He has continued his work as theatre director in other Slovenian theatres, directing over 100 performances.

He has published over 70 books of fiction, poetry and plays. He has written 42 plays, half of which have been staged, which makes him one of the most performed Slovenian playwrights. His works have been featured in many national and international anthologies, primary and secondary school curricula, school-leaving exams, undergraduate and graduate theses, and academic research in Slo-

venia and abroad. Several works have been translated into foreign languages and performed on stages abroad and radio stations.

In addition to directing plays, he works as a film, television and radio director. He has written and directed four feature films that premiered at first-rate festivals and were screened at major film festivals. Three of his feature films have received 23 international and national prizes. In his works for television, 16 in total, he has mainly directed films, plays and documentaries based on his own scripts. He has written over one hundred radio plays many of which have received awards. Many of his radio plays have been screened abroad (in Germany, Italy and Croatia) and featured at major European radio festivals.

He has won over 50 awards and nominations for his work in literature, performing arts, television and the radio, including the Prešeren Fund Award, Župančič Award, Borštnik Award, Marjan Rožanc Award, several Grum Awards, Ježek Award and several prizes for the best work of comedy, Čaša Nesmrtnosti Award, Desetnica, Večernica and others.

Selected awards and recognitions

- 2000 Prešeren Fund Award for *Nekatere ljubezni* (Some Loves)
- 2002 Marjan Rožanc Award for *Gledališče v ogledalu* (Theatre in the Mirror) book of essays
- 2009 Best Screenplay Award at the 12th Brklyn Film Festival for *Pokrajina št. 2* (Landscape No. 2)
- 2009 Časa nesmrtnosti (Cup of Immortality) for his poetry created in the last ten years: *Pesmi iz črne kronike*, *Temno modro kot september*, *Razhajanja* (Poems from the Crime News, Dark Blue like September, Partings)
- 2010 Ježek Award for screenwriting and director achievements at Television Slovenia
- 2012 Grum Award for *Vaje iz tesnobe* (Exercises in Anxiety)
- 2013 Modra Ptica Prize for the youth novel *Kot v filmu* (Like in a Film)
- 2014 Grum Award for *Evropa* (Europe)
- 2014 Večernica and Desetnica Awards for the best book for children or youth in 2014, for the youth novel *Kot v filmu* (Like in a Film)
- 2017 Desetnica Award for the best book for children or youth in 2017, for *Kit na plaži* (A Whale on the Beach)
- 2018 Grum Award for *Romeo in Julija sta bila begunca* (Romeo and Juliet Were Refugees)

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Vsi smo le norci. Portret opernega pevca Ferdinanda Radovana (We are Only Fools. A Portrait of the Opera Singer Ferdinand Radovan), 1994

Vesele zgodbe iz zakonskega življenja (Happy Tales of Marital Life), 1995

Paradiž (Paradise), 1996

Drevo (A Tree), 1996

Pokrajina (Landscape), 1996

Pesmi za mamke. Portret skladatelja Janeza Bitenca (Songs for Old Ladies. A Portrait of the Composer Janez Bitenc), 1998

Stoji, stoji en beli grad (There's a White Castle Over There), 1999

Človek v šipi. Portret pisatelja Petra Božiča (Man in the Window Pane. A Portrait of the Writer Peter Božič), 1999

Življenje je vredno le, če je poezija. Portret pesnika Ervina Fritza (Life is Only Worthwhile If It Is Poetry. A Portrait of the Poet Ervin Fritz), 2000

Silvestrska zmešnjava (New Year's Eve Mix-Up), 2001

Miloš Mikeln. Portret pisatelja (Miloš Mikeln. A Portrait of a Writer), 2002

En dan resnice (A Day of Truth), 2006

Vaja zbora (Choir Practice), 2008

Kandidatka in ſofer (The Candidate and the Driver), 2009

Tisti, ki je zgradil ſolo (The One Who Built the School), 2015

Vinko Möderndorfer, umetniški Poliglot

dr. Boris A. Novak

Vinko Möderndorfer je umetniški poliglot. Že seznam umetniških disciplin, na katerih se udejstvuje in odlikuje, je nenavadno dolg: Möderndorfer je pesnik, dramatik, prozaist in esejist, avtor del za otroke in mladino v vseh treh literarnih vrstah (pesmi, pravljice in igre), gledališki, televizijski in filmski režiser, njegova dosedanja bibliografija je nadvse obsežna. Tako vsestranski avtorji so redki. Še redkeje se zgodi, da bi se kdo tako dobro in enako dobro izražal v različnih literarnih vrstah in zvrsteh, kot to lahko občudujemo pri Möderndorferju.

Hegel je v *Predavanjih o estetiki* v skladu s svojim filozofskim sistemom spiralnega razvoja absolutnega duha razmerje med literarnimi vrstami razumel na način dialektične triade, v kateri je lirika teza, epika antiteza, dramatika pa sinteza. Poenostavljeni rečeno, lirika izraža subjektivnega duha, epika objektivnega duha, dramatika pa združuje subjektivnega in objektivnega duha na umetniški ravni absolutnega duha. Tudi Möderndorferjev umetniški razvoj je sledil logiki dialektične triade literarnih vrst, vendar je pri njem razmerje nekoliko drugačno. Namesto heglowske vrednostne hierarhije *lirika-epika-dramatika* imamo pri njem enakovredno osvajanje treh različnih načinov izražanja: *lirika-dramatika (gledališče)-epika (zgodbe, romani)*.

Möderndorfer se je v slovenskem kulturnem prostoru najprej predstavil kot pesnik. Njegove prve objave datirajo iz druge polovice sedemdesetih let, ko so se v slovenski poeziji dogajali tektonski premiki. Neoavantgardistična poetika šestdesetih in začetka sedemdesetih let se je izčrpala in sprevrgla v kliše, ki tedanjim mladim pesnikom ni več omogočal pristnega iskanja in raziskovanja. To izčrpanost avantgardističnega jezikovnega eksperimentiranja je Vinko Möderndorfer, ki je bil takrat na začetku pesniške poti, pretanjeno začutil in se namesto na generacijo svojih predhodnikov, pesniških »ocetov«, navezal na generacijo »dedov«, na poetiko intimizma, značilno za petdeseta in začetek šestdesetih let. Pozneje je v svoj pesniški jezik plodno vključil nekatere postopke, ki sta jih vpeljala radikalni modernizem in neoavantgardizem, predvsem asociativno logiko *so- in protipostavljanja* (izraz Jurija Lotmana) pomensko oddaljenih

besed, kontrapunktiranje različnih ritmov, nenavadno rabo interpunkcije itd., vendar pri njem ti postopki nikoli niso bili sami sebi namen, temveč so bili vselej vključeni v širšo in globljo strukturo pesniškega sporočila. Zanimivo je, da Möderndorfer ni čutil potrebe niti po tem, da bi se pridružil literarnim tendencam, ki so v drugi polovici sedemdesetih let nezadostnost radikalnega modernizma in avantgardizma skušale preseči v smeri, ki jo je literarna zgodovina pozneje poimenovala *postmodernizem*. Ob intenzivnem osebnem sodelovanju s pripadniki različnih literarnih usmeritev in generacij se Möderndorfer nikoli ni zapisal postmodernističnemu literarnemu programu, ki ga je njegova lastna generacija oberoč sprejela in nanj prisegala kot na svojo zgodovinsko možnost. To pomeni, da je v slovenskem literarnem prostoru funkcional kot nadarjeni »samohodec«, za katerega se je zdelo, da s čustveno močjo prvinske lirske izpovednosti obnavlja poetiko, ki se je zgodovinsko že izpela. Poznejši razvoj je razločno pokazal, da je tudi postmodernizem kmalu zašel v ciničen intelektualizem in akademizem, ki ni kazal interesa za artikuliranje temeljnih eksistencialnih kategorij ter etičnih in socialnopsiholoških razsežnosti človekovega bivanja v družbi. Kot že neštetokrat se je pokazalo, da je poezija v prvi vrsti lirika in da z izražanjem najbolj osebnega sveta v isti sapi doseže najširšo univerzalnost. Möderndorferjeva zvestoba lastni poetiki se je obrestovala kot stava na lirično bistvo poezije in na – naj zveni še tako nemoderno oziroma nepostmoderno – osebnoizpovedni temelj lirike.

V devetdesetih letih, ko je avtor čedalje bolj izgrajeval svojo izvirno in močno pripovedno in romaneskno poetiko, je njegova poezija doživel obrat k družbenopolitičnim temam. V tem smislu Möderndorferjeva kritična poezija predstavlja vzporednico njegovim satiričnim komedijam, v katerih je neusmiljeni kritiki izpostavil slovensko družbo v času politične in ekonomske tranzicije iz socializma v kapitalizem, iz nedemokratičnega sistema v sistem »demokrature«, v kateri ne vlada ljudstvo, temveč novokomponirana politična in ekonomska »elita«, utemeljena na kraji, na – kot je upravičeno analiziral že Karl Marx – »prvobitni akumulaciji kapitala«, za katero je značilna nečloveška brutalnost. V teh pesmih je Möderndorfer odkrito in direktno izražal vrednostni sistem, značilen za marksistično »kritiko vsega obstoječega«, ki je v novih političnih razmerah postala karseda nezaželena. Pri tem se je navezel na tradicijo politične in kritične poezije, kakršno so pisali Bertolt Brecht ali Jacques Prévert, v

slovenskem prostoru pa Ervin Fritz, v določenih legah Janez Menart ali v svoji mladostni fazi Andrej Brvar (*Slikanica*, 1969).

Ob vseh drugih linijah svoje literarne ustvarjalnosti je Möderndorfer ves čas pisal tudi ljubezensko liriko. Na začetku je šlo za modernizirano inačico intimistične poetike, za doživljanje ljubezni s tako rekoč otroško nežnostjo in toplino. Pastelne, rahle, občutljive barve tega načina pesnjenja včasih prihajajo na dan tudi v pesmih poznejših let, vendar so tu postavljene v bistveno drugačen estetski in eksistencialni kontekst: nežnost prve ljubezni je zamenjala strast, divja energija popolne prepustitve Erosu kot temeljni sili življenja in stvarstva, ki ekstatično odprtega človeka pripelje na rob bivanja, kjer ugleda obrise lastne minljivosti in smrtnosti.

V isti sapi s poglabljanjem bolečega vprašanja erotičnega razmerja dveh so-ljudi je doživel bistveno spremembo tudi Möderndorferjev pesniški jezik: namesto ritmično lahkotnega in anekdotično pripovednega prostega verza se v jedro pesniškega izrekanja sveta naseli močan ritem, ki je kakor elektriziran od radostnega in obenem grenačkega erotičnega doživetja; ta obsesivni ritem, poln skladenjskih rezov in premolkov, imenitno sugerira neustavljivo utripanje erotične energije. Tudi na ravni podobja Möderndorferjeva pesniška govorica doživi prenovo in obogatitev, kot bi pristno ljubezensko čustvo iskallo in tudi našlo sveže izraze, da bi upesnilo čudež erotičnega prepletanja dveh teles in duš.

Dramski talent tega vsestranskega avtorja se izraža skozi različne forme, od besedil za gledališki oder prek radijskega medija do televizijskih iger, pri tem pa je zvrstno karseda raznorodno naravnana, saj sega od tragično intoniranega videnja do uspešnih komedij in družbenopolitičnih satir. Noben drug slovenski komediograf ni tako intenzivno uprizarjal slovenske družbe na prehodu iz 20. v 21. stoletje, na dramatičnem prelomu dveh družbenih sistemov. Möderndorfer se je uveljavil tudi kot inovativen gledališki in prodomen filmski režiser.

Potem ko se je že formiral kot pesnik in vsestranski gledališčnik, pa je Möderndorfer dozorel tudi v izvirnega in izrazno močnega pripovednika, ki je z nenavadno plodovitostjo zaznamoval slovensko prozo zadnjih desetletij. Tudi njegov pripovedni dar je našel različne oblike izražanja, od zgodb prek novel do tistega celovitega načina podajanja sveta in človekove usode v njem, ki ga imenujemo *roman*.

Novelistične zbirke *Krog male Smrti* (1993), *Čas brez angelov* (1994) in *Tarok pri Mariji* (1994) ter romani *Tek za rdečo hudičevko*

(1996), *Pokrajina št. 2* (1998), *Predmestje* (2002), *Omejen rok trajanja* (2003) in *Ljubezni Sinjebradca* (2005) so prinesli v sodobno slovensko književnost nove in sveže impulze, nenavadno in redko kombinacijo jezikovne briljance in pripovedne napetosti, predihane bivanjske izkušnje in visoke kultiviranosti. Toplina umetniške empatije s sila različnimi značaji uprizorjenih likov se v njegovi prozeti tesno prepleta z ostro distanco kritičnega duha, temperamentna, v slovenskem prostoru redka čustvenost pa je obarvana s sproščenim humorjem, ki ozemljii in počloveči grozo medčloveškega nasilja.

Möderndorfer je avtor antologijskih strani seksualnih prizorov: s poetičnim jezikom in drzno strastnostjo opisuje najtesnejše ljubezensko soočenje dveh teles in dveh bitij, ki segata drugo po drugem, da bi presegli lastno samoto in smrtnost. V romanu *Tek za rdečo hudičevko* je ob vsej tragični ljubezenski strasti glavnega junaka erotik obenem prikazana na ironičen in avtoironičen način, kar daje naraciji visoko dozo notranje napetosti. Jezik je svež, metaforično bogat, pesniško razgiban in ritmiziran, vendar obenem povsem naraven, vseskozi v stiku z živim utripom pogovornega jezika.

V romanu *Pokrajina št. 2* se analiza seksualnih bližin in ljubezenskih daljav prepleta s prodornim razgrinjanjem zakonitosti postkomunistične slovenske družbe devetdesetih let: avtor odlično ujame lahko vzdusje družbe, ki o sebi zmotno verjame, da je presegla kakršnokoli ideologijo, in strastno služi edini preostali vrednoti – denarju. Pod zunanjim okvirom žanra kriminalnega romana nam avtor odpre vpogled v peklenski vrtinec zgodovine, ki neusmiljeno uničuje posameznike. Smeh ob satiričnih učinkih pa bralcu zmrzne na ustnicah, ko spozna grozljivo resnico, ki se skriva pod gladino ekonomskega uspeha sodobne slovenske družbe: tu komedija in satira pokažeta temno naličje, črno grotesko, brezno nasilja. Roparja, ki vlomita v vilo političnega veljaka iz »starega režima« (*ancient régime*), ukradeta sliko, naslovljeno *Pokrajina št. 2*, pa tudi dokument o najbolj travmatičnem obdobju slovenske polpretekle zgodovine – o povojnih pobojih kolaboracionistov. Senca preteklosti pade na sedanjost. Dolga roka zgodovine seže iz temnih brezen in jemlje življenja nič hudega slutečih ljudi, ki so vse dotlej živeli v iluziji, da zgodovine sploh ni. Naslov romana je torej simboličen: zgodovina se nenehno ponavlja.

Möderndorfer je nemara najbolj izrazit in radikalnen kritik slovenske družbe v obdobju »tranzicije«, kakor smo ljubkovalno poimenovali dramatični prelom dveh družbenih sistemov in gigantsko

redistribucijo družbene lastnine in moči po zgodovinskih letnicah 1990 (prvih demokratičnih, večstrankarskih volitev) in 1991 (razglasitve samostojnosti Slovenije).

Nihče v sodobni slovenski književnosti ni šel tako daleč v analizi mehanizmov potrošniške družbe kot Möderndorfer: razlog, zakaj so njegove literarne obdelave tega fenomena tako prodorne, ni v moralnem zavračanju potrošništva (čeprav avtor niti najmanj ne skriva svojega gnusa nad konzumenti), temveč v tem, da je natanko pokazal močno, čeprav navzven komaj vidno povezavo med potrošništvom in fašistoidnimi ideologijami na eni strani ter potrošništvom in sprevrženo absolutizacijo seksa na drugi strani: zamolčani razlog za rasistično divjanje v romanu *Predmestje* sta seksualna nezadovoljenost in perverzno ljubosumje. Tu so na mestu analize Slavoja Žižka o tem, kako tujci na domače prebivalstvo vselej učinkujejo na dvojen in protisloven način: po eni strani »domačini« trdno verjamejo, da so izključni posestniki edino pravega in pravilnega načina uživanja življenja, ki tujcem ne sme biti dostopen, po drugi strani pa v tujce projicirajo drug in drugačen, večji in bolj »divji« način uživanja, se pravi fantazmo o »eksotičnem« užitku. Möderndorfer je v *Predmestju* pokazal na ideološki in seksualni izvor rasizma, s tem pa razgalil resnico sodobne slovenske družbe. To je tudi razlog, zakaj je njegova lastna filmska ekranizacija tega romana (2004) doživela pri slovenski filmski kritiki hladen sprejem, medtem ko je na mednarodnih festivalih *Predmestje* poželo velike uspehe, vključno z več nagradami.

Roman *Nespečnost* je nekoliko podoben *Teku za rdečo hudičevko* po ironičnem in avtoironičnem načinu prikazovanja erotičnih razmerij; Möderndorferjeva ironija pa ob vsej svoji suverenosti spominja na princip »romantične ironije«, ki jo je Hegel v *Estetiki* posrečeno definiral kot »obup lepe duše«. Avtor je tu sijajno uravnavril intimo svojih (anti)junakov ter družbene okoliščine njihovega dejanja in nehanja. Tako v *Nespečnosti* pripovedovalec, ki ga muči nezmožnost vzpostavljati pristnega ljubezenskega stika, vrtajoč po lastnem in družinskem spominu, najde vzrok za travmo v kolesju zgodovine, ki je zlomilo njegovega dedka, političnega zapornika na Golem otoku (jugoslovanski verziji Gulaga) ter s tem vso družino. Skrivnost, ki je motor Möderndorferjeve pripovedne umetnosti, je torej v *Nespečnosti* – freudovsko rečeno – potlačena travma, poškodbba intime, kar je posledica političnega in policijskega nasilja. Izbira

nespečnosti kot pripovedne prizme je posrečen avtorski izum, ki se je plodno obrestoval: na ta način je avtor dobil psihološko »pokritje« za temeljni pripovedni postopek, ki je v obsesivnem ponavljanju travmatičnih tem. Poleg Draga Jančarja je Möderndorfer najbolj intenzivno raziskoval in umetniško artikuliral travme polpretekle slovenske zgodovine.

Roman *Opoldne nekega dne* sledi pripovedni strategiji *Nespečnosti* in jo celo radikalizira. Medtem ko je pripovedovalec v *Nespečnosti* ob vseh travmah še sposoben lucidne avtorefleksije, pripovedovalec *Opoldneva* tega ni več zmožen. Pripovedovalec *Nespečnosti* samemu sebi postavi neusmiljeno diagnozo, ki je pogoj in pot do ozdravitve: šele odkritje travm iz otroštva in iz družinske zgodovine pomaga junaku do zrelega sprejemanja realnosti; v tem smislu Möderndorfer zgledno sledi Freudovi psihoanalizi. Pripovedovalec *Opoldneva* pa ni sposoben tovrstne avtorefleksije: ne prizna si, da je nesrečen – obratno: nenehno ponavlja, kako je srečen! Prav obsesivno ponavljanje izrazov prekipevajoče sreče zbuja dvom. Celoten roman je napisan kot velikanski dramski monolog; Möderndorferju se tu pozitivno obrestuje »kilometrina« izkušenega dramskega avtorja. Vendar je ta monološkost le navidezna: z njo nam avtor spodmakne trdno oporišče v prepoznavni stvarnosti. Pripovedovalec *Nespečnosti* nam je stvarnost še zmeraj ponujal, pripovedovalec *Opoldneva* pa nam ponuja le svoje čustvo ... točneje: svoje *zaklinjanje sreče*. Möderndorferjeva pripoved je tu monološka po taktiki ter dialoška po strategiji. V romanu *Opoldne nekega dne* – tu je njegova inovativnost – je skrivnost položena v strukturo pripovedovanja: da bi zamolčal svojo nesrečo, popoln polom svojega življenja, pripovedovalec zavaja bralca, predvsem pa samega sebe. Bralec intenzivno sodeluje z besedilom, ki ne odkriva, ampak prikriva stvarnost. Na tem mestu se vsljuje pojmom *ellipse*, ki v retoriki označuje zamolk, izbris dela stavka, ki ga intuitivno razumemo. *Opoldne nekega dne* je na ravni pripovedne tehnike eliptičen roman, roman usodne ellipse. Razkritje prikrite resnice se zgodi šele proti koncu romana. Čeprav po stotridesetih straneh vladavine sreče pričakujemo nevihtni izbruh nesreče, ta pride brez napovedi, nepričakovano in šokantno. Pripovedovalec nenačoma prostovoljno izstopi iz sveta sreče v – smrt. Konec romana je globoko presunljiv. Avtor vztraja pri prvoosebni pripovedi, vendar se vizura bistveno, dramatično spremeni: ne govori več *živi*, temveč *mrtvi pripovedovalec*. Priča smo dantejevskemu sestopu v podzemlje.

Kvintesenca dosedanjega Möderndorferjevega pripovedništva je 825 strani obsežen roman *Druga preteklost* (2017), tragična saga dveh s porokami, še bolj pa z ideoološkimi nasprotji in nasiljem povezanih družin, slovenske in nemške, v peklenskem blodnjaku 20. stoletja. Gre za karseda ambiciozno delo, narativno in jezikovno mojstrovino, eno ključnih literarnih pričevanj o polpretekli zgodovini, enako močno v epskih opisih dogodkov kot v psihološkem sestopu v labirinte človeške intime. Nedvomno avtorjev *opus magnum*.

Vinko Möderndorfer je zadnja leta v izjemni pisateljski kondiciji. Že doslej je ustvaril nenavadno bogat in notranje razvejan opus, kjer so različne veje estetskega izražanja medsebojno organsko povezane s temeljnim umetniškim impulzom. Naj bodo posamezne knjige in faze Möderndorferjevega literarnega razvoja na prvi pogled videti še tako različne, izvirajo iz istega in izredno močnega ustvarjalnega vira. Njegovi tematski, narativni in jezikovni registri so razpeti med dva diametalno nasprotna tečaja, ki bi ju lahko pogojno označili z dvema simbolnima imenoma – Balzaca in Čehova. Balzacovski impulz označuje epski zamah in širino Möderndorferjeve romaneskne pisave, ki najmočneje prihaja do izraza v romanu *Druga preteklost*; čehovljanski moment nenavadno senzibilnega vpogleda v človeško psiho ter izjemne zmožnosti, da iz malih motivov izpelje eksistenciјalno pretresljive zaplete, pa je značilen za Möderndorferjeve zbirke novel in zgodb ter se vpisuje tudi v nekatere romane. Tovrstna rahločutnost in ganljiva pozornost do malih ljudi in njihovih velikih usod je značilna tudi za zbirko enajstih zgodb *Vaje iz tesnobe* (2012), ki je v okviru festivala Vilenica 2020 zasluženo doživela tudi prevod v angleščino, saj s presunljivo umetniško močjo zgledno predstavlja eno od nosilnih razsežnosti Möderndorferjevega sveta.

Vinko Möderndorfer, artistic polymath

Boris A. Novak, PhD

Vinko Möderndorfer is an artistic polymath. The list of artistic disciplines he pursues is fascinating: Möderndorfer is a poet, playwright, fiction and essay writer, author of youth and children's books in different genres (poems, fairy tales and plays), and theatre, television and film director. Very few authors are so versatile. Even fewer can express themselves as well as Möderndorfer in different literary genres and styles.

In his *Lectures on Aesthetics*, Hegel understood the relationship between literary genres in terms of the dialectic triad of thesis, antithesis and synthesis, associated with lyric, epic and dramatic poetry, respectively. In simpler terms, lyric expresses the subjective spirit and epic the objective spirit while drama synthesises epic and lyric spirits into the absolute spirit at the artistic level. Möderndorfer's development as an artist followed the logic of the dialectic triad of literary genres, although albeit in its own way. Instead of Hegel's hierarchy of *lyric – epic – dramatic poetry*, he equally tackled all three different expressions in the order of *lyric – drama (theatre) – epic (stories, novels)*.

Möderndorfer first started out on the Slovenian cultural scene as a poet. His first publications date to the late 1970s, a period of transformational shifts in Slovenian poetry. The neo-avant-garde approach of the 1960s and the beginning of the 1970s had run its course and become a cliché that did not enable young poets to undertake genuine exploration. Vinko Möderndorfer, at the start of his poetic career, was able to subtly grasp the exhaustion of the avant-garde linguistic experiments, embracing not the generation of poetic "fathers" but that of "grandfathers," namely, the poetics of intimism characteristic of the 1950s and the early 1960s. Later, he introduced some elements of radical modernism and neo-avant-garde into his poetic language, particularly a logic of association, i.e. contrast-comparison or co-opposition (*so-protivopostavlenie*), in Yuri Lotman's terms, of words with distant meaning, different counter-point rhythms, unusual use of interpoint, etc. The approaches he used were never used just for the sake of it but to complement the wider and deeper structure of the poetic message. Interestingly

enough, Möderndorfer never felt the need to join the literary movement that sought to overcome the insufficiency of radical modernism and the avant-garde in the late 1970s by adhering to what is now known as *postmodernism*. While forging intensive personal links with members of different literary movements, Möderndorfer never followed postmodernism, which was welcomed by his generation, who swore by it as their historic opportunity. He was a talented literary maverick, who seemed to revisit poetry with the emotional forcefulness of a lyrical confession that had been considered outlived. Later, it became clear that postmodernism had turned into cynical intellectualism and academic formalism that had no interest in articulating fundamental existential categories and the ethical, social and psychological dimensions of humans in society. Like many times before, poetry proved to be above all a matter of the lyrical, where expressing the most personal can claim the widest universality. Möderndorfer's loyalty to his own style and focus on the lyrical essence of poetry, its confessionalism, has paid off, even if it may have not have seemed modern or postmodern enough.

In the 1990s, when Möderndorfer was mainly working on his fiction, particularly within the novel form, his poetry turned to socio-political issues. In this respect, his critical poetry ran parallel to his satirical comedies, which contained a ruthless criticism of Slovenian society in times of political and economic transition from socialism to capitalism, from a non-democratic system to a "democratorship," where the new political and economic "elites" rather than the people rule. The rise of the elites has been based on stealing – as aptly criticised already by Karl Marx – that is, on "primitive accumulation of capital" that has been marked by inhumane brutality. In these poems, Möderndorfer openly and directly communicated a value system typical of the Marxist "criticism of everything existing," which was unwelcome in the new political situation. He referred to the tradition of political and critical poetry of Bertolt Brecht and Jacques Prévert, and Ervin Fritz in Slovenia, in some parts Janez Menart or Andrej Brvar in his youth phase (*Slikanica*, 1969).

In addition to all his other literary work, Möderndorfer has always written love poetry. At first, this was a modern take on intimism, experiencing love with almost child-like gentleness and warmth. Pastel, subtle, sensitive colours of this type of poetry sometimes emerge in his later poems but are set in an essentially different aesthetic and

existential context: the gentleness of the first love has been replaced by passion, wild energy of surrendering to Eros as the fundamental force of life and creation, which brings an ecstatic person to the very brink of existence, where they recognise their own fleetingness and mortality.

When Möderndorfer delved deeper into the exploration of the question of an erotic relationship between two people, his poetic language also underwent a fundamental change: previously light and anecdotal, narrative free verse was replaced by a strong rhythm, as if electrified by the joyful yet bitter erotic experience. The obsessive rhythm, full of syntactic interruptions and silences, perfectly suggests the incessant pulsation of erotic energy. His poetic imagery also became different and richer, as if the genuine love experience had sought and found fresh expressions to render the miracle of erotic intertwinement of two bodies and souls.

The dramatic talent of this versatile author is also expressed through the different formats he has chosen to work in, ranging from writing plays for the theatre, the radio and television, and various genres, including performances with tragic atmosphere, popular comedies and social-political satires. No other Slovenian comic playwright has portrayed so extensively the Slovenian society at the turn of the 21st century, a dramatic transition between two social systems. Möderndorfer has also gained acclaim as an innovative and dynamic film director.

After establishing himself as a fully formed poet and versatile author of the performing arts, Möderndorfer matured into an original and fruitful fiction writer. His powerful voice has left a mark on the literary scene in the last few decades. His narrative talent has been realised in different formats and genres, ranging from short stories and novellas to the most comprehensive portrayal of the world and human destiny in it – the novel.

His collections of short fiction, *Krog male Smrti* (The Small Death Circle, 1993), *Čas brez angelov* (A Time Without Angels, 1994), *Tarok pri Mariji* (Tarot at Maria's, 1994) and novels *Tek za rdečo hudičevko* (Running after the Red She-Devil, 1996), *Pokrajina št. 2* (Landscape No 2, 1998), *Predmestje* (The Suburbs, 2002), *Omejen rok trajanja* (Limited Shelf-Life, 2003) and *Ljubezni Sin jebradca* (The Loves of Blue Beard, 2005) were breaths of fresh air in contemporary Slovenian literature, bringing an unusual and rare

combination of linguistic brilliance and narrative tension, real existential experience and a highbrow approach. The warmth of his artistic empathy, manifested in versatile characters, is closely combined with the sharpness of a critical mind, while temperamental, emotional content is imbued with relaxed, grounding humour that humanises the horror of human violence.

Möderndorfer has received acclaim for his descriptions of sexual scenes: he uses poetic language and daring passion to bring to life intimate contact of two bodies and two people reaching for one another to overcome loneliness and mortality. Regardless of the tragic love passion of the main character, the eroticism of *Running after the Red She-Devil* is portrayed with both irony and self-irony, which produces high inner tension. The language is fresh, rich in metaphors, spirited and full of rhythm yet natural, always in contact with the lively beat of colloquial language.

In the novel *Landscape No. 2*, the analysis of intimacy in sex and distance in love is combined with an insightful portrayal of the traits of post-communist Slovenian society in the 1990s: Möderndorfer perfectly captures the light-hearted atmosphere of a society that mistakenly believes it has transcended any ideology and passionately serves the only remaining value: money. In the form of a crime novel, the author lifts the lid off the infernal whirlwind of history that ruthlessly destroys individuals. The reader's laughter due to satirical effects freezes when learning of the horrible truth that lies beneath the surface of the economic success of modern Slovenian society. Comedy and satire show their dark faces, a dark grotesque, an abyss of violence. The robbers who break into the villa of a political figure from the "ancient regime" steal a painting entitled *Landscape No. 2*, which also hides a document about the most traumatic period in Slovenia's recent history – the post-war massacres of collaborators. The shadow of the past falls on the present. The long arm of history reaches out from the dark abysses and claims the lives of unsuspecting people who have lived under the illusion that there is no history at all. The title of the novel is therefore symbolic: history constantly repeats itself.

Möderndorfer is perhaps the most insightful and radical critic of the Slovenian society in the period of "transition" – that is, what the dramatic break from one social system into completely different one and enormous re-distribution of public assets and power after

1990 (first multi-party elections) and 1991 (Slovenian becomes independent) is euphemistically called here.

No one in contemporary Slovene literature has gone so far in analysing the mechanisms of consumer society as Möderndorfer has. His literary portrayals of this phenomenon are not insightful because of moral rejection of consumerism (although he does not hide his disgust for consumers) but because he accurately demonstrates the strong, yet barely visible connection between consumerism and fascist ideologies on the one hand, and consumerism and the perverted absolutisation of sex on the other: the silenced reason for racist rage in *The Suburbs* is sexual dissatisfaction and perverted jealousy. In this respect, Slavoj Žižek's analysis of the dual and contradictory effect of foreigners on a domestic population is pertinent: while "locals" firmly believe that they are the only ones who possess the true and correct way of enjoying life, and that such should not be accessible to foreigners, they project a different, another, bigger and "wilder" method of enjoyment; the fantasy of "exotic" pleasure. In *The Suburbs*, Möderndorfer revealed the ideological and sexual origins of racism, thus exposing the truth about modern Slovenian society. This is also why his own film adaptation of the novel (2004) was coldly received by Slovenian film critics, while it reaped success at international festivals and has won several awards.

The novel *Nespečnost (Insomnia)* is somewhat similar to *Running after the Red She-Devil* in terms of how erotic relationships are portrayed with irony and self-irony. Regardless of its self-assurance, Möderndorfer's irony reminds one of the principle of the so-called "romantic irony" ingeniously described by Hegel in his *Aesthetics* as the "desperation of a beautiful soul." The author has achieved an excellent balance between the intimacy of his (anti)heroes and the social circumstances of their actions and the suspension of them. In *Insomnia* the narrator, who is unable to establish a genuine love relationship, delves into his own and family memories to find the cause of his trauma in the wheels of history that broke down his grandfather, a political prisoner on Goli Otok (the Yugoslav version of the Gulag) and consequently his whole family. In Freudian terms, the secret that drives Möderndorfer's narrative in *Insomnia* is suppressed trauma, a wound in intimacy that is the result of political and police violence. The selection of insomnia as the narrative prism is a rather fortunate invention as it has provided the author with a

psychological reasoning for his fundamental narrative principle, obsessive repetition of traumatic topics. In addition to Drago Jančar, Möderndorfer is the Slovenian writer who has explored the traumas of recent Slovenian history the most extensively.

The novel *At Midday One Day* follows the narrative strategy of *Insomnia*, and makes it even more radical. While the narrator of the latter is still capable of lucid self-reflection despite his traumas, the narrator of the former is no longer able to do so. The narrator of *Insomnia* ruthlessly self-diagnoses himself, a prerequisite for and a path to healing: only the discovery of childhood trauma and family history can help the main character to maturely accept reality. In this respect, Möderndorfer faithfully follows Freud's psychoanalysis. The narrator in *At Midday One Day* is not capable of such self-reflection: he does not admit he is unhappy; on the contrary, he is constantly repeating how happy he is! Obsessive repetition of expression of utmost happiness is suspicious. The whole novel is written as a great dramatic monologue. The experience of a prolific playwright has paid off in this respect. The monologue, however, is only used to remove the anchors of recognisable reality. The narrator of *Insomnia* was still able to render reality, while the narrator of *At Midday One Day* offers only emotions; he *swears* by his happiness. Möderndorfer's narrative relies on monologue in terms of approach, while its strategy is based on dialogue. The innovation of the novel lies in placing the secret in the structure of narration itself: in order to conceal his unhappiness, the complete collapse of his life, the narrator deceives the reader, and above all himself. The reader intensely works with the text that conceals rather than reveals reality. This makes one think of the rhetorical device of ellipsis – a pause, an omission of a part of a sentence that is intuitively understood by the reader. In terms of narrative technique, *At Midday One Day* is a novel of ellipsis, fateful ellipsis. The revelation of the concealed truth only happens at the end of the novel. Although a hurricane of unhappiness is expected after one hundred and thirty pages of the rule of happiness, its arrival is unannounced, unexpected, even shocking. The narrator suddenly voluntarily exits the world of happiness into... death. The ending of the novel is deeply upsetting. The author insists on employing the first-person narrator, but the gaze changes dramatically: the story is no longer told by a *living* but rather a *dead narrator*, a Dantean descent into the underworld, as it were.

The quintessence of Möderndorfer's existing fiction lies in his most extensive novel, the 825-page *Druga preteklost (A Second Past)*, 2017), which is a tragic saga of two families, a Slovenian and a German one, connected through marriages and, particularly, opposite ideologies and violence in the hell of the 20th century. It is an ambitious work, a narrative and linguistic masterpiece, one of the key literary testimonials about the recent past. It combines epic descriptions of events with equally forceful psychological investigation of the mazes of human intimacy. Without a doubt, his *opus magnum*.

Vinko Möderndorfer has been in top form in recent years. He has created a rich and complex body of works, organically connecting different forms of aesthetic expression with a fundamental artistic impulse. While the various books and stages of his development as an author may seem different indeed, they are all rooted in the same intensive creative source. His thematic, narrative and linguistic registers are distributed between opposite poles, which could be symbolically called Balzac and Chekhov. Möderndorfer's novels are marked by a Balzacian impulse, an epic proportion and span, most prominently expressed in *Druga preteklost (A Second Past)*, while his Chekhovian moments of uncannily sensitive insight into the human mind and an exceptional ability to develop existentially compelling problems are typical of his collections of novellas and short stories, and a few novels. Such sensitivity and placing attention on the little people and their grand stories is also typical of his collection of eleven stories entitled *Vaje iz tesnobe (Exercises in Anxiety)*, 2012), which has rightfully earned a translation into English within Vilenica 2020, as its striking artistic power represents the fundamental dimensions of Möderndorfer's world.

Translated by Tina Škoberne

Ne morem se več spomniti, kakšne barve oči je imela moja mama

»To kar praviš, je strašno,« mi je rekla. »Kako lahko kaj takega pozabiš!« in se je obrnila stran.

Jaz sem še nekaj časa govoril, ni važno, kaj, blebetal sem, se poskušal opravičiti, sram me je bilo, da sem kaj takega sploh izrekel, kar padlo je iz mene, na lepem, ko sva ugasnila luč: »Ne morem se več spomniti, kakšne barve oči je imela moja mama,« ona, moja žena, pa je vmes, ko sem se opravičeval in posipaval s pepelom, zaspala.

Naslednje jutro je ponoči izrečena misel še vedno visela med nama. Pri zajtrku. Na dvorišču, ko sva lezla vsak v svoj avto. V poljubu na lica: »Adijo, se vidiva zvečer,« je bila na ustnicah še vedno njen sled. In potem, okoli poldneva, me je poklicala, ni rekla *zdravo, a greva na kosilo, a imaš čas za kavo, jaz imam pol ure frej*, kar butnilo je iz nje: »Tudi barvo mojih oči boš pozabil!« Očitek. Hrapava jeza v njenem glasu. Zdaj sva že nekaj časa skupaj, koliko že, štiri leta, skoraj pet ali samo štiri ... pozabil sem ...

»Ne bom pozabil! Kaj pa govorиш!«

»No, potem pa povej, kakšne barve oči imam?«

Neumno vprašanje. Blazno neumno. »Pa kaj, se greva kviz?«

»Ne veš.«

»Vem.«

»Zakaj pa potem ne poveš?«

»Modre imaš.«

»Veliko si rabil. Če bi bil prepričan, bi takoj izstrelil. Tako pa si moral razmišljati. Se vidiva zvečer.«

In je odložila.

Res je. Razmišljal sem. Panika me je pograbila. Presenetila me je s takšnim neumnim vprašanjem. Hotel sem reči modre, pa se mi je zazdelo, da so mogoče bolj zelene. Opazila je moje kolebanje. *Zasral sem. Moram popraviti.* In sem kupil vrtnice in steklenico vina.

Moški vedno popravljamo napake z vrtnicami, z dobrim vinom, če se nam zdi, da je potrebna tudi rahla omama, če pa smo ga zares zelo zalomili, potem se vržemo v stroške, kupimo tudi drag parfum. Ki pa je všeč nam. In tako sem kupil tudi parfum. Dior. Peta avenija. Klasika.

Domov sem prišel prej kot običajno. Hotel sem jo presenetiti. Ko bo prišla, bo vse urejeno, pripravljeno, pozabljeno.

Odklenila je vrata in zavzdihnila. To je naredila vsakič, ko se je vrnila domov. Kar oddahnila si je, ko je prišla iz tiste pisarne. Zbrcala je čevlje z nog in pridrsala v sobo. Na mizi vrtnice. Trinajst vrtnic. Zraven steklenica. Dva kozarca. Podolgovata škatlica.

»Kaj pa je to?«

Skomignem z rameni. »Nič. Kar tako. Malo veselja.«

Prikimala je. Prišla je bliže in se čisto rahlo dotaknila rdečih cvetov. Kot bi jih pobožala. Pri tem se ji je na licu pojavil blag nasmej. Uspelo mi je. Pozabljeno! Napaka pozabljeni! Kolebanje pozabljeno!

»Turkizne so.«

»Kaj?«

»Moje oči niso modre, ampak turkizne.«

»Modro, turkizno, a ni vseeno?«

Odkimala je.

Šel sem po kozarca in ju postavil na mizo. Umaknil sem stol, da je lahko sedla. Potem sem svečano odprl vino, da je naredilo *pok!*

»A bova kar iz teh kozarcev?« je prijazno vprašala.

»Je kaj narobe z njimi?«

»Ne, sploh ne. Samo ... ti kozarci so za belo vino, kupil si pa rdečega. Za rdeče vino so tisti kozarci na zgornji polici, malo širši.«

Nasmehnil sem se. »Takoj prinesem.«

Trčila sva. Zacingljalo je. Spila je samo požirek in potem odložila.

»Ni dobro?« sem zaskrbljeno vprašal. Meni se je zdelo odlično. Ravno prav težko, grenko sladko, gost in močan okus ...

»Saj veš, da rdečega vina ne smem. Zaradi kisline. Ali pa si mogoče pozabil?« je rekla in se nasmehnila.

Res je. Pozabil sem. Ne! Nisem pozabil ... Samo spomnil se nissem. Kar je razlika. Vedel sem, samo se zaradi spleta okoliščin prav takrat nisem spomnil. Vse je bilo tako na hitro. Rože, parfum, potem pa toliko različnih steklenic ... V socializmu je bilo lažje. Ni bilo toliko izbire. Zato ga nisi mogel tako zelo polomiti. Steklenica mi je bila všeč. Etiketa tudi. Modra in lepo oblikovana. In cena. Vino je bilo kar precej drago, kar pomeni, da je najbrž dobro. In sem pograbil steklenico. Nisem niti pomislil ... Kaj naj zdaj ...? Naj se ji opravičim. *Pozabil sem, da te kislina jebe, tako kot sem pozabil, kakšne barve oči je imela moja mama.* Kar tiho sem bil. To se mi je zdela v tistem trenutku še najboljša rešitev.

»En požirek mi ne bo škodil,« je rekla, »sicer imam pa zdravila. Če vzamem takoj eno kapsulo, se sploh ne bo poznalo.« In se je odpuščajoče nasmehnila.

Potem je odvila podolgovati paketek. Dior. Peta avenija. *Ni ga odprla prej. Pa ga je videla*, sem razmišljal. *Darilo se vedno najprej odvije*. Gledala je lično stekleničico. Niti trepnila ni. Potem je rekla: »Ga še imam. Sem se ga že malo naveličala.«

Večer je bil potem bolj tih. Prijazen, vendar tihoten. Načrtoval sem nekaj popolnoma drugega. Nekaj nežnosti po popiti steklenici. Ko žlahtni alkohol zmehča misli in mišice, ko se prepustiš prijaznemu večeru in jo objameš in jo božaš ... In ona te objame in te boža ... Pa se ni izšlo. Vino je ostalo nepopito. Zamašila ga je in spravila v hladilnik. »Za goste,« je rekla, »če bo kdo v naslednjih dveh dneh po pomoti zašel k nama. Sicer ga bova morala zliti stran, ker se bo skisalo. Črno vino se hitreje skisa. Belo zdrži dlje časa.«

Prav je imela. Glede vina. In gostov. Če bo kdo *po pomoti* zašel k nama ... Besedici *po pomoti* ni prav nič po pomoti posebej poudarila. S tem mi je hotela namigniti, kot je storila že večkrat zadnje čase, da imava zelo malo obiskov, ona pa je vendar *tako komunikativno bitje! Vsi v njeni družini so bili družabni ljudje. V moji familiji so bili bolj samotarji, v moji!* Sem moral neprestano poslušati.

Sedla je poleg mene. Objel sem jo. Hotel sem izpeljati načrt. Začel sem jo božati. Narahlo, nežno, po vratu sem jo drobno poljubljal ... Všeč ji je bilo. Poljubil sem jo na brado. Božal sem jo po trebuhu in prsih. Poljubil sem jo na nos, na lica, na ustnice.

»Kakšne barve oči imam?« je nenadoma rekla.

Gledal sem jo čisto blizu. Iz oči v oči. Najine ustnice so bile skoraj združene, ko je še zašepetalta: »Zdaj poglej! Natančno si jih oglej, če si jih v petih letih nisi mogel ... No, kakšne so?!«

Vstal sem. »Strupene so,« sem rekел. In šel v kopalnico.

Nisem prižgal luči. Zaprl sem vrata za sabo. Kot večina kopalnic v novodobnih blokih je tudi ta brez oken. Celica z banjo, tušem in straniščno školjko. Tema. Popolna tema. Z rokama sem vajeno dotipal do školjke, jo pokril s pokrovom in sedel. Tema me pomirja. Če bi kadil, bi si enega prižgal. *Prižgati si enega* paše takoj po ljubljenju ali pa takoj po hudi slabici volji. Obakrat pomiri. Enkrat sladkost, drugič grenkobo. Ampak nisem več kadil. Že pet let ne. Kar obsedel sem tam, v straniščni temi, ko imaš oči odprte, tema pa je takšna kot slepota ... Čez čas rdeča lučka pod bojlerjem popolnoma razsvetli temo. Vidiš vse. Kot da je dan, rdečkast dan. In takrat vem, da sem pomirjen.

Vrnil sem se v sobo. »Oprosti,« sem rekel.

Ona je stala ob oknu in gledala v temo. Medtem ko sem se jaz brez cigaret miril, sedeč na straniščni školjki, se je ona preoblekla, pospravila mizo, vrtnice postavila na polico, niso več stale sredi mize, in prižgala televizijo.

»Oprosti,« sem rekel še enkrat, čeprav nisem vedel, zakaj se opravičujem. Najbrž zato, ker sem šel v stranišče in tam sedel nekaj časa.

»Je že v redu,« je rekla, ne da bi se ozrla.

Usedel sem se pred televizor. Zdaj bova skupaj gledala poročila. Gledala bova, kako lažejo, kako se sprenevedajo, kako kradejo, kako ubijajo, kako se družijo in kako razhajajo, kako je vsak dan vse dražje in brez vrednosti, gledala bova, kako se zmerjajo z nasmehi na obrazih, kako se vsi poznajo, kako drug drugemu držijo piskrčke in hkrati gledajo pod kovter, in na koncu bova postrežena še z vremenško karto, ki bo, kot vse v tej deželi, depresivna, slaba, z možnimi padavinami in z razjasnitvami ob koncu tedna, ki pa se zelo redko zgodi.

»Sprašujem se ...« je rekla in se obrnila k meni.

Pogledal sem jo. »Ja?«

»Če poznaš četrto zapoved?«

Utišal sem zvok na televizorju. Samo slike so migotale, voditelj je odpiral usta kot zlakotnela riba v presušenem akvariju, njegovi sogovorniki pa so mahali z rokami in kimali in odkimavali, vse hkrati, se smehljali, cinično dvigovali ustnice in pleše so se jim bleščale v njihovem lastnem znoju.

»Četrta zapoved? Ne morem se spomniti,« sem ji odgovoril. Vedel sem, da bo zdaj sledil tehten in globok pogovor.

»Jasno, da ne. Saj nisi nikoli vedel, da obstaja.«

»Četrta zapoved?« sem ponovil, da bi bilo vsaj približno videti, da razmišljjam, da mi je nekaj do tega, da bi znal odgovoriti na njeno vprašanje.

»Ja, četrta zapoved.«

»Ne, priznam,« sem rekel in ves moj telesni ustroj se je že pripravljal na vročo in najbrž dolgotrajno razpravo. Prekrižal sem roke v naročju. »Vzgojen sem bil v ateistični družini,« sem nadaljeval, »niti moja mama ni bila krščena, niti njene sestre, in tudi jaz nisem bil deležen te vzgoje. Hvala bogu! Hvala bogu, da sem ateist!« Sem se nasmehnil in poskušal speljati ves pogovor v bolj humorne vode.

Ni razumela in ni sprejela mojega humornega namigovanja.

»Zato pa ne spoštuješ,« je rekla samozadovoljno.

»Kaj in koga ne spošтуjem?« sem vprašal in moj srčni utrip je zadivjal z dvakratno močjo.

»Očeta in mater!« je rekla in oči so se ji zasvetile s čudnim leskom.

Molčal sem nekaj časa. Premišljeval sem. Ne. Nisem premišljeval, nabiral sem čas, hotel sem, da bi mislila, da razmišljam ... Potem sem jo vprašal: »In zakaj misliš, da ju ne spoštujem?«

»Ker se ne moreš več spomniti, kakšne barve oči je imela twoja mama, zato!« Je zmagoslavno izstrelila, kot da me je dobila na laži, kot da me je spravila v kot, kot da je dobila vojno, kot da je ponovno pokristjanila polovico sveta.

Nekaj časa sva se gledala. *Tako se gledajo vojaki čez bojno polje*, sem pomislil.

»Greva v posteljo,« sem rekel in se nasmehnil. »Nima smisla ...«

»Ti misliš, da se vse zadeve uredijo v postelji,« je šavsnila proti meni, kot da sem se preveč približal sestradanemu psu, ki je vso mladost preživel na verigi.

»Ja, prav to mislim!« sem kljuboval.

»Pa se ne da! Obstajajo stvari, ki jih ne more razrešiti še tako dober fuk!«

Opala! Sem pomislil. *Kadar se spusti tako daleč in uporabi takšno stilno označeno besedo, je resnično razburjena.*

»Pozabil si, kakšne barve oči je imela twoja mama, zato ker je nisi spoštoval. Četrta zapoved pa se glasi, enkrat od vselej in za vedno si to zapomni ...« Ko je to rekla, je dvignila kazalec visoko v zrak, kot kakšna blazno pozitivna junakinja iz črno-belih sovjetskih filmov, in bila je tako seksi, tako takojšnjega ljubljenja vredna ... *Fanatičnost je stvar erotike*, me je nenadoma obšlo spoznanje, *fanatičnost kliče po ljubljenju, po močnem, kaznovalnem, hudobnem, do krivi butajočem fuku!* Oči so se ji svetile in predstavljal sem si, kako se je ovlažila tudi med nogami. Zadišala je ali pa se mi je samo tako zdelo, prav do mojih nosnic je pridišala, in potem je z visoko dvignjenim prstom nadaljevala: »Spoštuj očeta in mater!«

Potem je bila tišina.

»Zakaj se mi smeješ?« je vprašala.

»Ne smejem se. Nasmiham se.«

»Saj je vseeno. Smeješ se mi. Ironičen si. Ciničen. Vzvišen nad resnico.«

»Tako si seksi,« rečem, »tako si za dol dat, ko se jeziš.«

Zamahnila je z roko, češ, *S kom se sploh pogovarjam! Izgubljen*

primerek! in odbrzela v stranišče, pri tem se je z bokom zadela ob mizo. Niti javknila ni, čeprav jo je moralo zaboleti. Zaloputnila je vrata za sabo.

Prisluhnili sem ... Se je zaklenila? Ni se.

Šel sem za njo. Nisem potrkal. Med nama ni bilo te navade. Pač pa sem previdno odpril vrata in pokukal ... Sedela je na školjki. Noge je imela staknjene skupaj s koleni, podplatki pa so bili zelo narazen in palca na ličnih gejšastih nogicah sta bila obrnjeni rahlo navznoter. Zelo smešno. Kot v kakšnem nemem filmu. Okoli kolen, malo niže, toliko da je pogled še vedno segel do dlakastega stičišča, so se mečka-le njene vedno snežno bele hlačke ... In roke je imela sklenjene pred obrazom. Kot da moli. Sedi na stranišču, lula in moli.

»Ali moliš ali lulaš?« sem vprašal. »Ali oboje?«

Samo pogledala me je in zavila z očmi.

»Tako si lepa, ko lulaš,« sem ji rekel, »tako te imam rad, ko lulaš.«

»A drugače me pa nimaš?« je siknila.

Zdaj sem jaz zavil z očmi. Hotel sem biti samo simpatičen. Naga-jiv. Včasih ji je to bilo všeč. Če sem se šalil. Če sem bil malce erotič-no namigajoč. Vedno jo je to razorožilo. Tokrat ne.

Vstopil sem v kopalnico in sedel na rob kopalne kadi.

»Poslušaj ...« sem rekel. »Tisto včeraj ...«

»... ko si rekel, da se ne spominjaš več, kakšne barve oči je imela tvoja mama?«

»Ja. Prav to. No, to sem rekel kar tako. Spomnil sem se nanjo ... Zelo dobro vem, kakšne barve oči je imela.«

»No, kakšne?!«

»Rjave.« Sem takoj izstrelil, zato da ne bi mislila, da nisem po-vsem prepričan.

Zasmejala se je. Na ves glas. Zmagoslavno. Potem je vstala, se obrnila, mi za hip pokazala lepo in okroglo ritko, pritisnila je na kljukico ob kotličku, da je voda odplaknila njen lunanje, z obema rokama segla do hlačk in si jih na hitro potegnila do pasu, potem pa odbrzela iz kopalnice.

Počasi sem šel za njo. Čakala me je sredi sobe.

»Tvoja mama je imela zelene oči.« Je rekla in me pogledala z očit-no jezo.

»Ne, rjave,« sem rekel in se trudil biti čim bolj odločen.

»Pogledala sem fotografijo.«

»Kdaj?«

»Že zjutraj. Na tisto, ki jo imaš še od pogreba. Na tisto veliko, ki je bila poleg žare. Na njej je še mlada in zelo lepa. Ima velike oči. Točno in zelo dobro se vidi ... Bi rad preveril?«

Odkimal sem.

Prekrižala je roke v naročju. »Obstaja pa še več zapovedi,« je rekla.

Bil sem taho. Vedel sem, da bo v vsakem primeru neizprosno nadaljevala.

»*Ne laži*. To je ena od njih.«

»Nisem se zlagal. Samo spomnil se nisem.«

»To je laž,« je bila odločna. »Zakaj pa nisi takoj povedal, da se ne spomniš?«

Počutil sem se kot otrok. »Zato, ker bi ti še bolj znorela.«

Nič ni več rekla. Namrdnila se je. Roke je imela še vedno prekrižane in gledala je v tla. Nisem vedel, kaj naj naredim. Če bi ji prišel bliže, bi bilo še slabše. Bila je napeta. Čutil sem elektriko, drobne prasketajoče iglice okoli njene avre ... Če bi se je samo dotaknil, bi me ubilo.

»Veš ...« sem rekel, »spoštuj očeta in mater ... To se lepo sliši ... Ampak ...«

Še vedno me ni pogledala.

»Zakaj pa bi morali vedno to upoštevati?«

Dvignila je pogled. Res je imela turkizne oči. Hladne in ostre kot nebrušen kamen. »Zato, ker so to zapovedi. Ne ubijaj! Ne kradi! Ne laži ...«

Prekinil sem jo ... »Ja, to že ... Mislim, *ne ubijaj, ne kradi* ... Ampak, *spoštuj očeta in mater* ...?«

»Tudi to je zakon!«

»Kaj pa če starši niso vredni, da bi jih spoštovali?«

Čez obraz se ji je razlila čudna topost. Razširila je oči. Odprla usta. »Vedno!« je zakričala, »starši so vedno vredni spoštovanja! Rodili so nas. Brez njih nas ne bi bilo!«

»Mogoče bi bilo boljše,« je izletelo iz mene. Niti zavedal se nisem, kaj sem rekel ...

»Kaaaaj? Ne morem verjeti!« je rekla in zaokrožila po sobi, kot da ji bo gibanje pomagalo k lažjemu razumevanju neverjetnih reči.

»Nekateri ljudje ne bi smeli imeti otrok!« sem nadaljeval. »In ni treba, da spoštuješ slabe starše! Ni treba, da nosiš v sebi ta grozni pritisk, da moraš nekoga spoštovati, čeprav je bil slab do tebe, čeprav ti je naredil samo škodo!« sem rekel. Tokrat sem prvič povzdignil glas.

Obstala je.

Gledala sva se.

»Prinesel si trinajst vrtnic,« je rekla čez čas. »Trinajst pa je nesrečna številka.«

Nisem odgovoril. Ne bi imelo smisla.

»Zelo sva si različna,« je še rekla.

Prikimal sem.

»Mislim, da nisva za skupaj.«

Prikimal sem.

»Nocoj bom spala v dnevni sobi.«

»Bom jaz.«

»Ne, bom jaz!«

Vdal sem se. Ne bi imelo smisla ... Moralo je biti po njeno. »Prav. Bom jaz v spalnici.«

Še sva se gledala.

Nenadoma je stal pred mano tujec. In ona je čutila isto. Dva tujca v skupni dnevni sobi. Zaprl sem oči. Za hip. Zares sem se hotel spomniti barve oči svoje matere. Nisem bil prepričan. Rjave, zelene, turkizne, modre ... Kadar me je imela rada, je imela rjave, čokoladne. Kadar me ni imela rada, je imela zelene. Kadar se je smejal, kadar me je držala v naročju, so bile vijoličaste. Kadar me je tepla, mi pulila lase, me zaklenila v stranišče, ugasnila luč ... Kadar me je zatajila, izdala ... takrat ni imela oči. Imela je luknje. Kadar sva šla na morje, kadar me je dvignila in vrgla v zrak, kadar me je pokrivala v spanju, sedela ob meni in mi polagala mrzle obkladke na čelo, je imela bele, svetle, kot angelska perut.

»Vedno drugačne,« sem rekel sam zase.

Ni me več poslušala. »Spat bi šla,« je rekla.

Prikimal sem.

»Še ta teden se bom odselila.«

Prikimal sem.

I can't remember what colour my mom's eyes were anymore

"What you're saying is horrible," she told me. "How can you forget something like this!" and she turned away.

I kept talking for some time, it doesn't matter what I was saying, I was babbling, trying to apologize, I was ashamed for having even uttered something like this, it just fell out of me, all of a sudden, when we turned the light off: "I can't remember what colour my mom's eyes were anymore," and while I was apologizing, wearing sackcloth and ashes, she, my wife, fell asleep.

The next morning what I said in the night still lingered over us. At breakfast. In the morning, when each of us climbed into our own car. In her kiss on the cheeks: "Bye, see you in the evening," there was still a trace of her on my lips. And then, around noon, she called me, she didn't say *hello, let's go for lunch, do you have time for coffee, I have half an hour free*, it just erupted out of her: "You'll forget the colour of my eyes too!" Reproach. Rough anger in her voice. We've been together for a while now, how many is it, four years, almost five or just four... I forgot...

"I won't forget! What are you talking about!"

"Well, then, tell me what colour my eyes are?"

A stupid question. Insanely stupid. "What is this, a quiz?"

"You don't know."

"I do know."

"Why don't you tell me then?"

"They're blue."

"It took you some time. If you were sure, you would shoot it out right away. But you had to think. I'll see you in the evening."

And she hung up.

It is true. I was thinking. I panicked. She surprised me with such a stupid question. I wanted to say blue, but then I thought that perhaps they are a bit more green. She noticed me hesitating. *I screwed up. I have to fix it.* So I bought roses and a bottle of wine.

We, men always fix our mistakes with roses, with good wine if we feel like we need a bit of intoxication as well, but if we really screwed up badly, then we jump for the expenses and buy an expensive perfume as well. But one that we like. And so I bought a perfume. Dior. Fifth Avenue. A classic.

I came home earlier than usual. I wanted to surprise her. When she comes, everything will be arranged, prepared, forgotten.

She unlocked the door and sighed. She did this every time she came home. She was simply relieved when she came out of that office. She kicked off her shoes and slid into the room. Roses on the table. Thirteen roses. Next to them, a bottle. Two glasses. An elongated box.

“And what is this?”

I shrugged. “Nothing. Just like that. A little bit of joy.”

She nodded. She came closer and just slightly touched the red flowers. As if to caress them. A faint smile appeared on her cheek when doing so. I’d done it. Forgotten! Mistake forgotten! Hesitation forgotten!

“They’re turquoise.”

“What?”

“My eyes, they’re not blue, they’re turquoise.”

“Blue, turquoise, does it matter?”

She shook her head.

I went to get glasses and I placed them on the table. I pulled the chair back so she could sit down. Then I ceremoniously opened the wine with a *bang!*

“Are we going to drink out of these glasses?” she asked kindly.

“Is there something wrong with them?”

“No, not at all. It’s just... these glasses are for white wine, but you bought red. For red wine, we have glasses on the top shelf. They’re a little wider.”

I smiled. “I’ll bring them right away.”

We clinked. The glasses tinkled. She only took one sip and then put it down.

“Not good?” I asked anxiously. The wine tasted wonderful to me. Just heavy enough, bitter sweet, thick and strong taste...

“You know I can’t have red wine. Because of the acid. Or perhaps you forgot?” she said and smiled.

It’s true. I forgot. No! I didn’t forget... I just didn’t remember. There’s a difference. I knew it, I just didn’t remember it at the time because of all the circumstances. It was all done so fast. Flowers, perfume, and then so many different bottles... It was easier in socialism. There wasn’t so much choice. So you couldn’t screw up that much. I liked the bottle. The label too. Blue and nicely designed.

And the price. The wine was quite expensive, which means it's probably good. So I grabbed the bottle. I didn't even think... What should I do now...? Should I apologize to her. *I forgot that acid fucks with you, just like I forgot what colour my mom's eyes were.* I just kept quiet. That seemed like the best solution at the time.

"One sip won't hurt," she said, "and besides, I have my medicine. If I take one capsule right away, it won't even show." And she smiled apologetically.

Then she unwrapped the elongated package. Dior. Fifth Avenue. *She hadn't opened it before. But she saw it,* I thought. *One always unwraps the gift first.* She looked at the neat bottle. She didn't even blink. Then she said, "I still have it. I've already gotten a little tired of it."

The evening was quieter after that. Friendly, but quietish. I was planning something completely different. Some tenderness after drinking the bottle. When noble alcohol softens thoughts and muscles, when you indulge in the lovely evening and hug and caress her... But it didn't work out... The wine was left unfinished. She corked it up and put it in the fridge. "For the guests," she said, "if someone accidentally happens to pop by these next two days. Otherwise we'll have to pour it out because it's going to get sour. Red wine sours faster. White lasts longer."

She was right. About the wine. And the guests. If someone *accidentally* happens to pop by...

It wasn't at all by mistake that she emphasized the word *accidentally*. By doing so, she wanted to hint to me, as she has done many times lately, that we have very few visits but she is *such a communicative creature! Everyone in her family was sociable. There were more loners in my family, in mine!* I had to listen to that constantly.

She sat beside me. I hugged her. I wanted to carry out the plan. I started stroking her. Lightly, gently, I kissed her softly on the neck... She liked it. I kissed her on the chin. I caressed her belly and breasts. I kissed her on the nose, on the cheeks, on the lips.

"What colour are my eyes?" she said all of a sudden.

I looked at her from quite close. Face to face. Our lips were almost joined when she whispered, "Now look! Take a close look at them if you haven't been able to in five years... Well, what are they like?!"

I stood up. "They're poisonous," I said. And went to the bathroom.

I didn't turn on the lights. I closed the door behind me. Like most bathrooms in modern buildings, this one has no windows. A cell with a bath, shower and toilet bowl. Darkness. Complete darkness. I used my hands to find the toilet with my hands, covered it with the lid and sat down. The darkness calms me down. If I smoked, I would light one up. To light one up immediately after making love or immediately after a seriously bad mood sets in feels good. Calms down in both cases. One time sweetness, another time bitterness. But I don't smoke anymore. Haven't for five years. I just sat there, in the darkness of the toilet, when your eyes are open and the darkness is like blindness... Over time, the tiny red light under the boiler completely illuminates the darkness. You see everything. Like it's day, a reddish day. And that's when I know I'm calm.

I went back to the room. "I'm sorry," I said.

She stood by the window and stared into the darkness. While I calmed down without a cigarette, sitting on the toilet, she changed her clothes, cleared the table, placed the roses on the shelf – they were no longer standing in the middle of the table – and turned on the television. "I'm sorry," I said again, though I didn't know why I apologized. Probably because I went to the toilet and sat there for a while.

"It's okay," she said without looking.

I sat down in front of the TV. We will now watch the news together. We will watch how they lie, how they cheat, how they steal, how they kill, how they socialize and how they break up, how every day everything is more expensive and worthless, we will watch how they scoff at each other with smiles on their faces, how they all know each other, how they hold each other's pots and look under each other's blankets at the same time, and in the end we will be served a weather map that will be, like everything else in this country, depressing, bad, with possible rainfall and clearing up during the weekend, but that rarely happens.

"I wonder..." she said and turned to me.

I looked at her. "Yes?"

"If you know the fourth commandment?"

I muted the sound on the TV. Only the images flickered, the presenter opened his mouth like a famished fish in a parched aquarium, while his interlocutors waved their hands and nodded and shook their heads, all at the same time, smiling, cynically raising their lips and their bald patches glistening in their own sweat.

"The fourth commandment? I can't remember," I answered. I knew a weighty and deep conversation would follow.

"Of course not. You never even knew it existed."

"The fourth commandment?" I repeated, so that it would at least roughly seem as if I'm thinking, as if I care about what the answer to her question is.

"Yes, the fourth commandment."

"No, I admit," I said, and my whole body was already preparing for a hot and probably lengthy discussion. I crossed my arms in my lap. "I was raised in an atheist family," I continued, "my mother wasn't baptized and her sisters neither, and I didn't have that upbringing either. Thank God! Thank God I'm an atheist!" I smiled and tried to steer the whole conversation into more humorous waters.

She didn't understand and didn't accept my humorous insinuation. "That's why you don't respect," she said smugly.

"What and who don't I respect?" I asked and my heartbeat went mad with twice the force.

"Your father and mother!" she said and her eyes lit up with an odd glitter.

I was silent for a while. I was thinking. No. I wasn't thinking, I was accumulating time, I wanted her to think I was thinking... Then I asked her, "And why is it that you think I don't respect them?"

"Because you can't remember what colour your mom's eyes were anymore, that's why!" she exclaimed triumphantly, as if she'd caught me lying, as if she'd backed me into a corner, as if she'd won the war, as if she'd re-Christianised half of the world.

For a while we looked at each other. *That's how soldiers look at each other across the battlefield*, I thought.

"Let's go to bed," I said and smiled. "It doesn't make sense..."

"You think all things get sorted out in bed," she snapped at me, as if I had gotten too close to a starving dog who had spent all his youth on a leash.

"Yes, that's exactly what I think!" I defied her.

"But you can't! There are things that even such a good fuck can't solve!"

Uh-uh! I thought. *When she stoops so low and uses such a stylistically labelled word, she's really upset.*

"You forgot what colour your mom's eyes were because you didn't respect her. And the fourth commandment reads, remember this

once and for all and forever..." When she said that, she raised her index finger high in the air, like some insanely positive heroine from a black-and-white Soviet movie, and she was so sexy, so worthy of instant love making... *Fanaticism is a matter of eroticism*, a discovery that suddenly struck me, *fanaticism calls for love making, for a strong, punitive, evil, blood-pounding fuck!* Her eyes lit up and I imagined her getting wet between her legs as well. She smelled nice, or so it seemed to me, she smelled nice right up to my nostrils, and then she continued with a finger raised high, "Honour your father and mother!"

Then silence.

"Why are you laughing at me?" she asked.

"I'm not laughing. I'm smiling."

"It doesn't matter. You're laughing at me. You're being ironic. Cynical. Conceited above the truth."

"You're so sexy," I said, "you're so doable when you're angry."

She waved her hand, as if to say, *Who am I even talking to! A lost case!* and hurried to the toilet, banging her side against the table. She didn't even groan, even though it must have hurt her. She slammed the door behind her.

I listened... Did she lock herself in? She didn't.

I went after her. I didn't knock. There was no such habit between us. But I carefully opened the door and peeked... She was sitting on the toilet. Her knees were tucked together, and her tiny soles were far apart, and her toes on her neat geisha legs were turned slightly inward. Very funny. Like in some silent movie. Around her knees, a little lower, so much so that my gaze still reached the hairy junction, her always snow-white panties crumpled... And her hands were clasped in front of her face. As if praying. Sitting on the toilet, peeing and praying.

"Are you praying or peeing?" I asked. "Or both?"

She just looked at me and rolled her eyes.

"You're so beautiful when you pee," I told her, "I love you so much when you pee."

"And you don't otherwise?" she hissed.

Now I rolled my eyes. I just wanted to be cute. Naughty. She used to like it. If I joked. If I dropped tiny erotic hints. It always disarmed her. Not this time.

I entered the bathroom and sat on the edge of the bathtub.

“Listen...” I said. “About yesterday...”

“...when you said that you don’t remember what colour your mom’s eyes were?”

“Yes. That’s right. Well, I said it just like that. I remembered her... I know very well what colour her eyes were.”

“Well, what colour?”

“Brown.” I blurted out, so she wouldn’t think that I’m not completely sure.

She laughed. Aloud. Triumphantly. Then she got up, turned around, showed me her nice and round tush for a moment, pressed to flush the toilet so that the water washed away her pee, reached for her panties with both hands and quickly pulled them up to her waist, then hurried out of the bathroom.

I followed her slowly. She was waiting for me in the middle of the room.

“Your mom had green eyes,” she said, looking at me with obvious anger.

“No, brown,” I said, trying to be as determined as possible.

“I looked at the photo.”

“When?”

“Already in the morning. The one you’ve had since the funeral. The big one that stood by the urn. She is still young and very beautiful in it. She has big eyes. You can see accurately and very well... Would you like to check?”

I shook my head.

She folded her arms in her lap. “But more commandments exist,” she said.

I was quiet. I knew she would continue relentlessly anyway.

“*Do not lie.* This is one of them.”

“I didn’t lie. I just didn’t remember.”

“That’s a lie.” She was determined. “Why didn’t you tell me right away that you don’t remember?!”

I felt like a child. “Because it would drive you even crazier.”

She said nothing more. She frowned. Her arms were still crossed and she was staring at the ground. I didn’t know what to do. If I moved closer to her, it would get even worse. She was tense. I could feel the electricity, the tiny crackling needles around her aura... Just touching her would kill me.

“You know...” I said, “honour your father and mother... It sounds nice... But...”

She still didn't look at me.

"But why should we always follow that?"

She looked up. She really had turquoise eyes. Cold and sharp as uncut stone. "Because these are the commandments. Don't kill! Don't steal! Do not lie..."

I interrupted her... "Yeah, true... I mean, *don't kill, don't steal...* But, *honour your father and mother...*?"

"That's the law too!"

"What if the parents aren't worth respecting?"

A strange dullness spilled over her face. She widened her eyes. She opened her mouth. "Always!" she shouted, "parents are always worth respecting! They gave birth to us. We wouldn't be here without them!"

"Perhaps that would be better," just came out of me. I wasn't even aware of what I said...

"Whaaaaat? I can't believe it!" she said and circled the room as if the movement would help her understand these unbelievable things more easily.

"Some people shouldn't have children!" I continued. "And you don't have to respect bad parents! You don't have to carry this awful pressure inside of you to have to respect someone, although this someone was bad to you, although all he or she ever did to you was harm you!" I said. This time I raised my voice for the first time.

She stopped.

We looked at each other.

"You brought thirteen roses," she said after a while. "Thirteen is an unlucky number."

I didn't answer. It wouldn't make sense.

"We are very different," she added.

I nodded.

"I don't think we should be together."

I nodded.

"I'm going to sleep in the living room tonight."

"I'll sleep there."

"No, I will!"

I gave in. It wouldn't make any sense... It had to be her way. "Fine. I'll sleep in the bedroom."

We still looked at each other.

Suddenly, a stranger stood in front of me. And she felt the same. Two strangers in a common living room. I closed my eyes. For a

second. I really wanted to remember the colour of my mother's eyes. I wasn't sure. Brown, green, turquoise, blue... When she loved me, they were brown, chocolaty. When she didn't love me, they were green. When she laughed, when she held me in her arms, they were purple. When she beat me, pulled out my hair, locked me in the toilet, turned off the light... When she denied me, betrayed me... there were no eyes then. There were holes. When we went to the seaside, when she lifted me up and threw me in the air, when she covered me up in my sleep, sat next to me and put cold compresses on my forehead... she had white eyes, bright as angelic wings.

"Always different," I said to myself.

She wasn't listening to me anymore. "I want to go to sleep," she said.

I nodded.

"I'll move out this week."

I nodded.

Translated by Petra Meterc

Gostje
Vilenice 2020

Vilenica

Guests 2020



Foto © Sarah Earheart

Thomas Antonic

Thomas Antonic (1980), avstrijski pesnik, pisatelj, glasbenik, filmar, multimedijski imetnik. Študiral je nemško književnost in filozofijo; je raziskovalec na Univerzi na Dunaju, Stanfordovi univerzi in Kalifornijski univerzi v Berkeleyju. Deluje zlasti na področjih eksperimentalne literature, multimedijskih presečišč glasbe, vizualne umetnosti, poezije, montaže, improvizacije, spontane proze in drugih tehnik na osnovi naključij. Med drugim preučuje stike in odnose med avtorji ameriške beatniške generacije ter literaturo in kulturo v nemških avtorjev. Nekatere njegove novejše knjige so *Der Bär im Kaninchenfell* (2013; Medved v kunčjem krznu), *JOE: 9/11* (2014), *DEAD LINE: Bild/Text/Cut-Up* (2016), *Flackernde Felsbilder übler Nachtvögel / Flickering Cave-Paintings of Noxious Nightbirds* (2017; Migljajoče jamske risbe ogabnih nočnih ptic).

Thomas Antonic (1980) is an Austrian poet, musician, writer, filmmaker, and multimedia artist. He studied German Literature and Philosophy; he is a researcher at the University of Vienna, Stanford University and the University of California, Berkeley. He works mainly in the fields of experimental literature, multi-media intersections of music, visual arts, poetry, cut-up, improvisation, spontaneous prose and other principles of coincidence. Among other things, he studies the contacts and relationships between authors of the American Beatnik generation and the literature and culture in German authors. His most recent works are: *Der Bär im Kaninchenfell* (2013; A Bear in Rabbit Fur), *JOE: 9/11* (2014), *DEAD LINE: Bild/Text/Cut-Up* (2016), *Flackernde Felsbilder übler Nachtvögel / Flickering Cave-Paintings of Noxious Nightbirds* (2017).

United States of Absurdia

(Auszüge)

II

In Kirchen, Moscheen, Synagogen und Tempeln
huldigen sie einem MÄNNLICHEN GOTT.
Und ihre Waffen allesamt sind phallisch
wie ihre Wolkenkratzer und Ideen:
Quellen des Irrsinns, Hunger nach Macht, Zeichen der Schwäche.
Ein kriegerischer Hüpfmarsch in der Wüstentanzschule.

Wir hören nicht länger zu, verlassen das Pantheon, Santa Maria ad Martyres, gehen nicht mehr zum Ticketschalter, zollen keinen Tribut mehr, ziehen die weiße Katze einer falschen Wissenschaft vor, Rituale und Schamanentrommeln, alogische Sprachen, irrationale Zeichen, geben zurück was uns nicht gehört, am Ursprung des Lebens eine Umpolung der Schöpfung, in die Höhle, die Gebärmutter, die mit Stacheldraht umwickelt ist, den wir durchschneiden und hineinkriechen, Schutz suchend vor dem ERlöser, bis die Vergangenheit stirbt und er mit ihr, und der Neubeginn eine andere Welt HERvorbringt, befreit vom Privileg, befreit vom Blut, dem zERstörERischen Blutbad, in dem die Wächter ERtrinken, von GiERzERfressen, ihrem eigenen Konsum.

Wir stehen am neuen Ufer und schauen den Dämonen zu, die im reißenden Strom absaufen. Die Akopalyse ist der Anfang, mit Tränen zwar, doch hoffnungsreich, von Staub bedeckt nach der Explosion, der uns bis zur Unkenntlichkeit geschminkt hat, das Gesicht bedeckt, bis sich der Rauch verflüchtigt und wir wieder lernen zu lieben. Nur noch in der Ferne ist Donnergrollen vernehmbar wie ein unehrlicher Seufzer, wie der Großvater, der seinen Namen gegen ein paar Klumpen Gold getauscht hat, weil er von seinen Träumen getäuscht wurde und seinen Irrtum erst erkannt hat, als es schon zu spät war und er sich nichts mehr eingestehen konnte. Er redete sich ein, Gott sei in ihm.

Die Nacht war jung und plötzlich stand sie da. Ich küsste sie, umarmte sie, und er beobachtete uns und sah eifersüchtig zu. Denn ER ist ein eifersüchtiger Gott. Doch wir machen aus unserer Affäre

kein Geheimnis. Vielleicht macht es ihn sogar scharf, wenn er uns von oben beäugt.

Aber ich bin nur ihr Schüler und lerne mich nicht länger zu fürchten vor dem was ich sehe und dem Unsichtbaren. Nimm meine Hand, lege sie auf deine Brüste, führe sie hin zu deinem Altar und sauge mich auf, verschlinge mich ganz, sodass ich neu geboren werde.

Wenn die uralten Schwänze in euren Hauptstädten, vormals Zentren der Macht, zu schrumpfen beginnen, verschrumpeln und verkrumpeln, und die Priester ihre Gebete vergessen, an einen Vater, einen Sohn und einen Geist, dann ist das keine Blasphemie. Dann bricht der Morgen an. Und es wird bloß sichtbar, was von der dunklen Nacht verborgen war und in Fesseln lag, in Sklaverei, die in der Dämmerung abgeschüttelt wird. Eine Armee toter Männer verschwindet in ihren Gräbern, je heller es wird. Falsche Propheten, die Kinder verführten. Erst jetzt können wir sie von ihren geilen Blicken bewahren.

Herr Schelling meinte übrigens, Geister seien ein poetisches Produkt Gottes.

Schleichsritte einer verliebten Wüstenwachtel.

III

Texas Travel Textures

In dieser Wüste wäre Regen bitter nötig. Doch was hier heran-naht, ist bloß ein Shitstorm. Der Batteriestatus ist niedrig. Es ist noch genug Energie übrig, eine Mauer zu errichten, mit Löchern, durch die Spukgestalten dringen in den Kopf des Königs, der in Las Vegas seine Beerdigung vorbereitet. Währenddessen verkommen die Schirmherren des Jazz im schwülen Gruselkabinett von New Orleans und verdienen sich ihren Leichenschmaus. Meine Infrastruktur zerbröckelt schneller als erwartet. Ich habe sie mit einer simulierten Wirklichkeit verwechselt, in der ich verschwunden bin, ohne es zu merken.

Der Glaube ist die Polizei des Geistes. Er ist uniformiert oder universell, bewaffnet oder nicht gewappnet. Ich frage mich: Welche Einreisebestimmungen hat mein Geist? Verhafte ich fremde Gedanken, die illegal eingedrungen sind? Entgegen den Wünschen meiner Eltern, Lehrer, Priester? Oder einfach nur entgegen dem Sicherheitswahn, der mich beruhigen soll? Wurden andere durchgewinkt, unhinterfragt, weil sie sich angepasst verhalten, gemäß meiner Identität, und einen gültigen Reisepass besitzen? Bin ich mir sicher, nicht Opfer eines Schwindels geworden zu sein? Das hier ist ein friedlicher Ort. Unerwünscht sind *bandidos*, auch wenn sie Haudegen sind und kämpfen ohne zu kämpfen, wie Zen-Meister, für Coltan oder Baumwolle, einerlei. Meine *firewall* schützt nicht vor den Hackern, die auf das Netzwerk zugreifen und sich in den Datenverkehr einschleusen und den Contentfilter ignorieren. Computerwürmer aus dem Darknet setzen sich auf meiner Festplatte fest und vermehren sich.

Die Nebelhörner in den Tropen beantworten keine Fragen. Manchmal verliere ich mich im Rhythmus der Unterdrückung und die Erinnerungen beginnen zu sprechen, bis ich mich verfahre, falsch abgebogen, auf dem Weg von Chicago nach Texas durch den *rust belt*.

Schon wieder haben sie jemanden fotografiert, der seinen Freund mit „Sieg heil“ grüßte. Er wurde gefeuert und setzt sich in einen anderen Sessel. Ich steige aus dem Auto neben einem Feld in der Prärie und fotografiere den verwesenden Kadaver eines Rehs. Ein Flugzeug taucht auf und versprüht Pestizide über einem Feld neben der Straße, Fipronil, Glyphosat, Neonicotinoide, von denen ich auch meinen Teil abbekomme. Das macht aber nichts, denn die sind mittlerweile überall, an den Polkappen, in den Tiefen der Meere, in verlassenen Bergseen, Flüssen, Gletschern, Pflanzen, Tieren, Menschen. Etwas später, im Olde Main Street Inn von Chadron, in dem Uncle Jack und Anna, vor langer Zeit verstorben, ihr Unwesen treiben, Gegenstände bewegen, Türen zuschlagen, über die Treppen poltern, ohne dass man sie sieht, sitze ich an der Bar und du gibst mir einen Kuss wie ein Solo von John Coltrane, oder Wadada Leo Smith, der sich nie in dieser Gegend blicken ließ. Während Insektizide in FlohkrebSEN, die zehntausend Meter unter dem Meeresspiegel leben, gefunden werden.

Ich liebe Blei, Liebe und Terror in den heulenden Ebenen von Nir-gendwo.

Tod ist wie Leben ohne Angst.
Wie alle Coltrane-Soli auf einmal!

Združene države Absurdije

(odlomki)

II

V cerkvah, mošejah, sinagogah in templjih
častijo MOŠKEGA BOGA.

Njihovo orožje je vse po vrsti falično
kot njihovi nebotičniki in ideje:
vrelci norosti, lakota po moči, znaki šibkosti.
Vojni marš puščavske plesne šole.

Že dolgo ne poslušamo več, zapuščamo Panteon, Svetu Marijo ad Martyres, ne gremo do okanca z vstopnicami, ne plačujemo več tributov, raje imamo belo muco kakor lažno znanost, rituale in šamsko bobnanje, alegorične jezike, iracionalna znamenja, vrnemo, kar nam ne pripada, ob izvoru življenja spreobrnjeno stvarjenje, pekel, maternico, ovito z bodečo žico, ki jo prerežemo in se splazimo noter, iščemo zaščito pred odrešenikom, dokler preteklost ne umre in ON skupaj z njo, in nov začetek ne prinese novega sveta, prostega privilegijev, prostega krvi, uničujočega pokola, v katerem utonejo čuvaji, požre jih pohlep, njihovo lastno potrošništvo.

Stojimo na novem bregu in gledamo demone, ki tonejo, ko jih tok nosi s seboj. Apokalipsa je začetek, ki se sicer začne s solzami, a je polna upanja, zakrita s peskom po eksploziji, ki nas je namaskirala do neprepoznavnosti, zakriva obraz, dokler se dim ne razpuhti in se spet ne naučimo ljubiti. Grmenje le še v daljavi kot nečasten vzdihljaj, kot ded, ki je svoje ime zamenjal za nekaj kep zlata, ker so ga sanje preslepile in je svojo zmoto spoznal šele, ko je bilo že prepozno in si ni mogel priznati ničesar več. Dopovedoval si je, da je Bog v njem.

Noč je bila mlada in nenadoma je bila tu. Poljubil sem jo in objel, on naju je opazoval in ljubosumno gledal. Kajti ON je ljubosumen Bog. Toda midva nisva skrivala svojega ljubimkanja. Morda ga celo vzburja, če si naju ogleduje od zgoraj.

Toda jaz sem samo njen učenec in se učim, kako se ne več batiti tega, kar vidim, in tistega, česar ne. Primi me za dlan, položi si jo na prsi, odvedi jo do svojega oltarja in me posesaj, celega me pogoltni, tako da se bom na novo rodil.

Ko se prastari tiči v vaših velemestih, prej centrih moči, začnejo krčiti, gubati in kneti, duhovniki pa pozabijo svoje molitve k Očetu, Sinu in Duhu, to ni blasfemija. Takrat napoči jutro. In videti je le to, kar je bilo pred temno nočjo skrito in vklenjeno, zasužnjeno, česar so se otresli v somraku. Vojska mrtvih mož izginja v svojih grobovih, bolj ko se dani. Lažni preroki, ki zavajajo otroke. Šele zdaj jih lahko obvarujemo pred njihovimi pohotnimi pogledi.

Gospod Schelling je med drugim menil, da so duhovi poetični produkt Boga.

Pritajeni koraki zaljubljene puščavske prepelice.

III

Texas Travel Textures

V tej puščavi bi bil dež krvavo potreben. Toda to, kar se ji bliža, je *shitstorm*. Preostalo je le še malo baterije. Energije je še toliko, da zgradijo zid, z luknjami, skozi katere prihajajo prikazni v kraljevo glavo, ki v Las Vegasu pripravlja svoj pogreb. Medtem pristaši džeza umirajo v soparni hiši groze v New Orleansu in si služijo svojo sedmino. Moja infrastruktura razпадa hitreje, kot sem pričakoval. Zamenjal sem jo za simulacijo resničnosti, v kateri sem izginil, ne da bi to opazil.

Vera je dušni policaj. Je uniformiran ali univerzalen, oborožen ali neoborožen. Sprašujem se: Kakšne vstopne pogoje ima moja duša? Ali aretiram tuje misli, ki so ilegalno vdrle? V nasprotju z željami svojih staršev, učiteljev, duhovnikov? Ali pa le v nasprotju z varnostno norijo, ki naj bi me pomirila? Ali sem drugim pogledal skozi prste, brez zaslisanja, ker so se ustrezno vedli, v skladu z mojo identiteto, in so imeli veljavjen potni list? Ali sem prepričan, da nisem postal žrtev prevare? To tukaj je prijeten kraj. *Bandidosi* niso zaželeni, četudi so le pretepači in se borijo, ne da bi se borili, kot zenovski mojstri, za koltan ali bombaž, vseeno. Moj *firewall* me ne ščiti pred hekerji, ki imajo dostop do omrežja ter se vtihotapljajo v prenos podatkov in ignorirajo filtre vsebine. Računalniški črvi iz temnega spleta se zažirajo v moj trdi tisk in se tam množijo.

V tropih rogozi za meglo ne odgovarjajo na vprašanja. Včasih se izgubim v ritmu zatiranja in spomini spregovorijo, dokler se ne izgubim, ne zavijem narobe, na poti iz Chicaga v Teksas čez *pas rje*.

Že spet so fotografirali nekoga, ki je prijatelja pozdravil z *sieg heil*. Odpustili so ga in presedel se je na drug stol. Izstopim iz avtomobila ob polju v preriji in fotografiram razpadajoče truplo srne. Pojavi se letalo in na polje poleg ceste razprši pesticide, fipronil, glifosat, neonikotinoid, od katerih tudi jaz dobim svoj delež. Toda nič za to, ti so sedaj že povsod, na obeh polih, v morskih globinah, v zapuščenih gorskih jezerih, rekah, ledenikih, rastlinah, živalih in ljudeh. Nekoliko pozneje v Olde Main Street Innu v Chadronu, kjer sta pred mnogimi leti umrla Uncle Jack in Anna, ki zdaj počneta grdobije, premikata predmete, loputata z vrati, ropotata po stopnicah, ne da bi ju kdo videl, sedim za točilnim pultom in poljubiš me kot solo Johna Coltrana ali Wadada Lea Smitha, ki ju tukaj nikoli niso videli. Medtem ko najdejo insekticide v postranicah, ki živijo deset tisoč metrov pod morsko gladino.

Ljubim svinec, ljubezen in teror v cmeravih ravninah sredi ničesar.

Smrt je kot življenje brez strahu.
Kot vsi Coltranovi soli naenkrat!

Prevedla Tina Štrancar

United States of Absurdia

(Excerpts)

II

In churches, mosques, synagogues and temples
they pay homage to a MALE GOD.

And their weapons are all phallic,
like their skyscrapers and ideas:

Sources of insanity, hunger for power, signs of weakness.
A warlike bouncy march in the desert dance school.

We no longer listen, leave the Pantheon, Santa Maria ad Martyres, no longer go to the ticket office, no longer pay tribute, prefer the white cat to a false science, rituals and shaman drums, illogical languages, irrational signs, give back what does not belong to us, at the origin of life, a reversal of the polarity of creation, into the cave, the uterus wrapped with barbed wire, which we cut through and crawl into, seeking protection from the Redeemer until the past dies and he with it, and the new beginning brings forth another world, liberated from privilege, liberated from blood, the destructive blood-bath, in which the Guardians drown, devoured by GREED, their own consumption.

We stand at the new shore and watch the demons drown in the torrential stream. The apocalypse is the beginning, accompanied by tears, indeed, yet hopeful, concealed by dust after the explosion, make-up applied beyond recognition, covering our faces, until the smoke disappears and we learn to love again. Only in the distance can the rumbling of thunder be heard like a dishonest sigh, like the grandfather who exchanged his name for a few lumps of gold because he was deceived by his dreams and only recognized his error when it was already too late and he could no longer admit anything to himself. He told himself God was in him.

The night was young and suddenly she stood there. I kissed her, embraced her and he watched us and did so jealously. For He is a jealous God. But we don't make a secret of our affair. Maybe it even turns him on as he gapes from above.

But I am only her disciple and no longer learn to fear what I see and the invisible. Take my hand, put it on your breasts, lead it to

your altar and suck me up, devour me completely, so that I will be born again.

When the ancient tails in your capitals, formerly centers of power, begin to shrink, and shrivel, and the priests forget their prayers to a father, a son and a spirit, it's not blasphemy. Then the morning comes. And that which was hidden from the dark night emerges, in shackles, in a slavery that is shaken off at dusk. An army of dead men disappears into their graves as the light increases. False prophets who seduced children. Only now can we save them from their horny looks.

Incidentally, Herr Schelling believed that spirits were a poetic product of God.

Stealthy steps of a desert quail, in love.

III

Texas Travel Textures

Rain would be bitterly needed in this desert. But what's approaching is just a shitstorm. The battery status is low. There's still enough energy left to build a wall, with holes, through which ghostly figures penetrate into the head of the king who's preparing his funeral in Las Vegas. Meanwhile, the patrons of jazz are degenerating into the sultry horror chamber of New Orleans and earning their funeral feast. My infrastructure is crumbling faster than expected. I've confused it with a simulated reality in which I've disappeared without realizing it.

Faith is the police of the spirit. He's uniformed or universal, armed or unarmed. I ask myself: What entry regulations does my mind have? Am I arresting alien thoughts that've entered illegally? Against the wishes of my parents, teachers, priests? Or just against the security craze that's supposed to calm me down? Were others waved through, unquestioned, because they act like conformists, according to my identity, and have a valid passport? Am I sure I haven't fallen victim to a con? This is a peaceful place. Banditos are undesirable,

even if they are warhorses and fight without fighting, like Zen masters, for coltan or cotton, no matter. My firewall doesn't protect against hackers who access the network and infiltrate the traffic and ignore the content filter. Computer worms from the darknet are getting stuck on my hard drive and multiplying.

The foghorns in the tropics don't answer any questions. Sometimes I lose myself in the rhythm of oppression and the memories begin to speak until I get lost, take a wrong turn, on the way from Chicago to Texas, travelling through the Rust Belt.

Again they photographed someone greeting his friend with "Sieg heil". He was fired and sits in another chair. I get out of the car next to a field in the prairie and photograph the decaying carcass of a deer. A plane appears and sprays pesticides over a field beside the road, fipronil, glyphosate, neonicotinoids, and I get my share of it, too. But that doesn't matter, because now they're everywhere, at the polar caps, in the depths of the seas, in abandoned mountain lakes, rivers, glaciers, plants, animals, people. A little later, in the Olde Main Street Inn of Chadron, where Uncle Jack and Anna, passed a long time ago, they're there, doing their mischief, moving objects, slamming doors, rumbling across the stairs without being seen; I sit at the bar and you give me a kiss like a John Coltrane or Wadada Leo Smith solo, never seen in the parts. While insecticides are found in minuscule crayfish living ten thousand meters below sea level.

I love lead, love and terror in the howling plains of nowhere.

Death is like life without fear.
Like all Coltrane solos at once!

Translated by the author



Foto © Dan O'Brien

Mary Costello

Mary Costello, irska pisateljica. Preden se je v celoti posvetila pisanju, je več let delala kot učiteljica. Njena zbirka kratkih zgodb *The China Factory* (2012; Kitajska tovarna) je bila nominirana za Guardianovo nagrado za prvenec in prišla v ožji izbor za irsko književno nagrado. Njen prvi roman *Academy Street* (2014) je bil nominiran za mednarodno dublinsko književno nagrado, nagrado costa za romaneskni prvenec in nagrado EU za literaturo, osvojil pa je nagrado irski roman leta 2014; preveden je bil v več jezikov. Njen drugi roman *The River Capture* (2019; Zajetje reke) se ukvarja z obsesivnim življenjem Jamesa Joycea ter njegovim pisanjem romana *Ulysses*; uvrščen je bil na ožji seznam kandidatov za irsko književno nagrado, nominiran pa tudi za roman leta Skupine Kerry in literarno nagrado mesta Dalkey.

Mary Costello is from Galway, Ireland. Her short story collection, *The China Factory* (2012), was nominated for the Guardian First Book Award and shortlisted for an Irish Book Award. Her first novel, *Academy Street* (2014), won the Irish Novel of the Year Award and was named overall Irish Book of the Year in 2014. It was shortlisted for the International Dublin Literary Award, the Costa First Novel Prize, the EU Prize for Literature and the Prix Littéraire des Ambassadeurs de la Francophonie en Irlande, and has been translated into several languages. Her second novel, *The River Capture* (2019) was shortlisted for the Irish Book Awards, the Kerry Group Novel of the Year and the Dalkey Novel Award.

The river capture

(Excerpt)

[Luke O'Brien, the protagonist of the novel, is a 34-year old teacher and thinker, who is obsessed with James Joyce's novel *Ulysses*.]

Has Luke ever abstained from eating meat or considered the benefits of routine fasting?

In his early childhood, as a result of his parents' feeble attempt to respect the last vestiges of Catholicism still extant in them, the family half-heartedly abstained from meat on Ash Wednesdays and Good Fridays. In 2004 he observed the 24-hour Lenten fast with the Belvedere boys, during which he developed such an acute headache that he was rendered half blind and fully mute. At the end of the fast he experienced a brief feeling of elation followed by a profound – and again brief – sense of peace. While he retains a great admiration for those who lead disciplined ascetic lives, he suspects his own innate nature veers towards the gluttonous, the conger eel, making him an unlikely candidate for ascetic practices. Rachid, who fasted Ramadan annually, ardently advocated the benefits of fasting for the body, mind, and soul – and to ensure a place in Heaven. Luke watched the film 'Hunger' three times. After one viewing he read about the process of ketosis and though the thought of his body eating itself from the inside out repulsed him, the knowledge that fasting helps repair hair follicles temporarily interested him.

What theories concerning mankind's evolution interest Luke and what separate theories has he himself hatched?

Bio-techies and astronomers royal alike agree that a. Darwinian evolution is drawing to a close; b. Man is on the precipice of a great anthropogenic catastrophe and c. the posthuman era is fast approaching when computers will augment our brains and out-think and out-do mankind so that he finally looses the shackles of body and blood allowing the human species to diverge into artificially enhanced, intelligent cybernetic organisms. *However*, as we await our fleshless progeny and if, in the interim, man hasn't already boiled himself to death through global warming or exterminated himself in a major environmental perturbation or so psychically damaged himself by intolerable stress, pervasive surveillance and inhuman

violence that his soul is corroded beyond redemption and his very humanity is compromised beyond repair, Luke theorises that he – we – will either (a) eat ourselves into extinction by reason of obesity-induced immobility, infertility, sperm immotility and sterility or (b) epigenetically mutate – after reaching a tipping point of consciousness – into an enlightened, ungendered, asexual hermaphroditic species existing on a plane (and among a new biota on the planet) so spiritually elevated that the base instincts and appetites we are currently encumbered with will be sublimated into sublime, mystical states of bliss. In other words, Man will be either too fat to fuck or too blissed out to bother. Either way, Elijah is coming.

What evidence forms the basis of such theorising?

The consistent rise in childhood and adult obesity, diseases of the affluent and the growth in the fat industry – gastric reduction surgery, fat clinics, etc.; the preponderance of motorised buggies operated by gargantuan persons in supermarket aisles, airports and public spaces; the demand for oversized seats on passenger aeroplanes, the widening of aisles on said aeroplanes and the notable increase in width, girth and weight of flight attendants; the demand for the introduction of a sugar tax and other fat-reducing measures; the 50% drop in human sperm count in the last forty years; the growth and widespread availability of online porn thus abrogating the need for sexual congress with another human being, thus-thus eliminating the possibility of reproduction; the growth and success rates of IVF and surrogacy; the no-longer-impossible-to-imagine scenario of *The Handmaid's Tale*; the evolutionary queering of humanity encompassing the rise in non-binary sexual orientation, the broadening of the sexual continuum, the shifting and fluidifying of gender reaching its possible culmination in a median gender akin to the hermaphrodite, where we will all be both male and female or neither, but very content; the human impulse for enlightenment, the human urge for the expansion of consciousness and/or altered states of consciousness; the contingent growth in consciousness programmes, self-awareness courses and the popularity of spirituality gurus and mentors. The proximity of Sisyphus's hour of descent as theorised by Albert Camus. The idea of the epiphany. The concept of the tipping point. The hypothetical phenomenon of the hundredth monkey effect. Luke's own susceptibility to revelations.

Why does Luke not regard the idea of man's extinction as tragic?

Because it will mean the end of suffering. Because the natural order of every thing is that it ends. Because it will be time for a new era and the turn of a new species to inhabit whatever survives of this planet. Because when the time comes, it will be the right thing to happen. Because man is not the centre of the universe. Because the universe has undergone previous cataclysmic changes and survived and there is no reason to suspect it will not continue to exist. Because man will return to the great consciousness of the universe and get a well-earned rest after all his travails.

The universe is conscious?

If we accept that the day is not far off when scientists will confirm that all sentient beings are conscious and indeed – and notwithstanding – that some degree of consciousness will be attributed to what we now regard as non-sentients (single cell organisms, plants, organic matter), it is possible to imagine the universe as a great and continuous flow of consciousness, in the form of all matter, sentient and non-sentient, constantly in flux, moving and changing, forever dying and being reborn and transforming. In other words: the universe itself striving for greater consciousness. Luke is attracted to the ideas that philosopher David Chalmers postulates: firstly that consciousness might be a fundamental feature or property of the universe, like space-time or energy or mass. 'Tied to the diaphanous, indeterminate workings of the quantum world, or something non-physical.' And secondly that consciousness might be universal: Pan-psychism (pan meaning all and psyche meaning mind) – the idea every system has some degree of consciousness. Not just humans and apes and dogs but also sea anemones and microbes and even sub-atomic particles. That microbes and photons might have some primitive element of subjective feeling, some precursor to consciousness, the first brief flickering of mind. And the further you advance along the continuum – from photon to sea-floor creature to mouse to man – the greater the consciousness. (And if we consider that 400 million years ago we swam in the same gene pool as creatures that later evolved into fish and birds [are not our hands converted fins?] then it's not such a stretch to imagine we might share consciousness with these and other distant kin.) So, all across the planet, trillions of minds are constantly generating vivid subjec-

tive experiences not unlike our own. Such ideas, while odd to the Western mind, are not inconsistent with Eastern philosophies where the human mind is seen as continuous with Nature.

How, now, is Luke alerted to his own altered state of consciousness?

When he stands, prompted by the need to relieve himself, the wall to his fore and the two walls to his sides tilt to the right and he tilts with them before dropping back down on the chair and reconsidering whether the walk to the bathroom is absolutely necessary. He stands again, touches the spot above his pubic bone, which, being sensitive, indicates a full bladder. Lily meows. He turns, walks, slips and falls.

Zajetje reke

(odlomek)

[Protagonist romana Luke O'Brien je 34-letni učitelj in mislec, ki je obseden z romanom *Ulikses* Jamesa Joycea.]

Se je Luke kdaj odpovedal uživanju mesa ali premišljeval o koristih rutinskega postenja?

V njegovem zgodnjem otroštvu se je njegova družina zaradi medlega poskusa staršev, da bi spoštovali zadnje sledi katolicizma, ki so še ostajale v njiju, nezavzeto vzdržala uživanja mesta na pepelnično sredo in veliki petek. Leta 2004 se je ob velikem postu 24 ur postil s fanti iz Belvederja, pri čemer je dobil tako hud glavobol, da je zaradi njega napol oslepel in povsem oglušel. Ob koncu posta je izkusil kratek občutek vzhičenosti, ki mu je sledil globok – in spet kratkotrajen – občutek miru. Čeprav je ohranil veliko mero spoštovanja tistih, ki živijo disciplinirana asketska življenja, sumi, da se njegova narava nagiba k lakomnosti, tako kot pri gruju, zaradi česar je malo verjeten kandidat za asketske prakse. Rachid, ki se je vsako leto postil za ramadan, je goreče zagovarjal koristi postenja za telo, glavo in dušo – in zato, da si zagotoviš mesto v nebesih. Luke si je film *Lakota* ogledal trikrat. Po prvem ogledu je bral o ketozi, in čeprav se mu je misel na telo, ki od znotraj navzven samega sebe pojé, upirala, ga je védenje, da postenje pomaga pri obnavljanju lasnih mešičkov, nekaj časa zanimalo.

Katere teorije v zvezi z evolucijo človeštva zanimajo Luka in katere ločene teorije je skoval sam?

Biotehnologji in tudi kraljevi astronomi se strinjajo, da a) se darvinska evolucija bliža koncu; b) je človek na robu velike antropoge- ne katastrofe; in da c) se nam naglo približuje postčloveško obdobje, ko bodo računalniki povečali naše možgane in človeštvo premagali pri mišljenju in delu, da bo slednje končno izgubilo verige telesa in krvi, kar bo človeku omogočilo spremembo v umetno izpopolnjen, inteligenten kibernetski organizem. *Vendar pa* medtem ko čakamo na svoje netolesno potomstvo in če se v tem času človek še ne bo do smrti skuhal z globalnim segreganjem ali se iztrebil v veliki okoljski perturbaciji ali samemu sebi povzročil take fizične škode od nevzdržnega stresa, vsesplošno razširjenega nadzora in nečloveškega

nasilja, da bo njegova duša razvrta onkraj odrešenja in bo njegova človeškost nepopravljivo ogrožena, Luke teoretizira, se bomo, on sam in mi vsi, bodisi a) prenajedli do izumrtja od nepremičnosti, ki jo povzroča čezmerna debelost, od neplodnosti, nepremičnosti semenčic in sterilnosti ali b) epigenetsko mutirali – potem ko bomo dosegli prelomno točko v zavesti – v razsvetljeno, brezspolno, asekualno hermafrodisko vrsto, ki bo obstajala na ravni (in med novim biomom na planetu), ki je tako duhovno privzdignjena, da bodo osnovni nagoni in apetiti, s katerimi smo trenutno obremenjeni, sublimirali v vzvišeno, mistično stanje blaženosti. Z drugimi besedami, Človek bo bodisi predebel, da bi fukal, ali pa preveč blažen, da bi mu bilo mar. V vsakem primeru, Elija prihaja.

Kateri dokazi so osnova za tako teoretiziranje?

Dosledno naraščanje čezmerne debelosti pri otrocih in odraslih, bolezni premožnih in rast industrije debelosti – kirurgija zmanjševanja želodca, klinike za debelost itd.; prevlada motoriziranih vozičkov, ki jih na hodnikih supermarketov, letališčih in javnih prostorih upravljajo gromozanski ljudje; povpraševanje po večjih sedežih na potniških letalih, širitev hodnikov na omenjenih letalih in opazno povečanje širine, obsega in teže stvardes; povpraševanje po uvedbi davka na sladkor in drugih ukrepov za zmanjšanje mačob; 50-odstotni padec koncentracije človeške sperme v zadnjih štiridesetih letih; rast in vsesplošna dostopnost spletnih pornografskih vsebin, ki odpravlja potrebo po spolnem občevanju z drugim človeškim bitjem in s tem izločita možnost reprodukcije; stopnja rasti in uspešnosti oploditve *in vitro* ter nadomestnega materinstva; dejstvo, da si scenarija *Dekline zgodbe* ni več nemogoče zamišljati; evolucijski kviring človeštva, ki vključuje porast nebinarne spolne usmerjenosti, širjenje spolnega kontinuma, prehodnost in fluidnost spola, ki dosežeta svoj vrhunc v srednjem spolu, sorodnem hermafroditu, ko bomo vsi moški in ženska ali nič od tega, toda zelo zadovoljni; človeški vzgib za razsvetljenje, človeška potreba po širjenju zavesti in/ali spremenjenih stanjih zavesti; kontingenčen porast programov zavesti, tečajev samozavedanja ter priljubljenost duhovnih gurujev in mentorjev. Bližina Sizifove ure spusta, kot jo je teoretiziral Albert Camus. Ideja epifanije. Koncept prelomne točke. Hipotetični pojavi učinka stote opice. Lukova lastna dovzetnost za razojetja.

Zakaj Luke ideje o izumrtju človeka nima za tragično?

Ker bo to pomenilo konec trpljenja. Ker je naravni red vsake stvari ta, da se konča. Ker bo čas za novo obdobje in bo nova vrsta na vrsti, da naseli, karkoli že bo od tega planeta preživel. Kajti ko bo prišel čas, bo to prava stvar, ki se mora zgoditi. Ker človek ni središče vesolja. Ker je vesolje že v preteklosti doživelo kataklizmične spremembe in preživel in ni razloga, da bi sumili, da ne bo še naprej obstajalo. Ker se bo človek vrnil v veliko zavest vesolja in si po vsem svojem garanju prislužil zaslужen počitek.

Ima vesolje zavest?

Če sprejmem, da ni daleč dan, ko bodo znanstveniki potrdili, da imajo vsa čuteča bitja zavest in prav zares – in ne glede na to – da bo neka stopnja zavesti pripisana tistemu, kar zdaj razumemo kot nečuteče (enocelični organizmi, rastline, organska snov), si lahko zamišljamo vesolje kot velik in neprekinjen tok zavesti, v obliki vseh materij, čutečih in nečutečih, nenehno v toku, ki se giblje in spreminja, večno umira, se preraja in preobraža. Z drugimi besedami: vesolje samo po sebi stremi k večji zavesti. Luka privlačijo ideje filozofa Davida Chalmersa: prvič, da je zavest morda temeljna lastnost ali lastnina vesolja, kot so prostor-čas, energija ali masa. »Vezana na nejasno, nedoločeno delovanje kvantnega sveta ali na nekaj nefizičnega.« In drugič, da je zavest morda univerzalna: panpsihiزم (*pan* pomeni vse in *psiha* um) – ideja, da ima vsak sistem določeno mero zavesti. Ne samo ljudje in opice in psi, ampak tudi morske vetrnice in mikrobi ter celo subatomski delci. Da mikrobi in fotoni morda posedujejo nekakšen primitiven element subjektivnega občutenja, nekakšnega predhodnika zavesti, prvo kratko migljanje uma. In čim dlje napredujemo po kontinuumu – od fotona in bitja na morskem dnu do miške in človeka –, tem večja je zavest. (In če upoštevamo, da smo pred 400 milijoni let plavali v istem genskem bazenu kot bitja, ki so se kasneje razvila v ribe in ptice [mar niso naše roke preobražene plavuti?], potem si ni tako težko predstavljati, da bi lahko delili zavest s temi in drugimi oddaljenimi sorodniki.) Torej po vsem svetu trilijoni umov nenehno ustvarjajo žive subjektivne izkušnje, ki niso tako drugačne od naših. Take ideje, čeprav zahodnemu umu nenavadne, niso v neskladju z vzhodnimi filozofijami, ki razumejo človeški um viden kot kontinuum Narave.

Kako torej je Luka opozorjen na svoje lastno spremenjeno stanje zavesti?

Ko stoji, spodbujen od potrebe po olajšanju, se stena pred njim in dve steni ob njegovih straneh nagnejo v desno in on se nagne z njimi, preden se spusti nazaj na stol in ponovno premisli, ali je sprehod do kopalnice absolutno potreben. Ponovno vstane, se dotakne mesta nad svojo sramno kostjo, ki, ker je občutljiva, nakazuje na poln mehur. Lily zamijavka. Obrne se, hodi, spodrsne mu in pade.

Prevedla Petra Meterc



Foto © Frakcja R

Krystyna Dąbrowska

Krystyna Dąbrowska (1979), poljska pesnica, prevajalka in esejistka. Študirala je grafiko na Akademiji lepih umetnosti v Varšavi. Doslej je izdala štiri pesniške zbirke: *Biuro podróży* (2006; Potovalna agencija), *Białe krzesła* (2012; Beli stoli), *Czas i przesłona* (2014; Čas in zaslonka) ter *Ścieżki dźwiękowe* (2018; Zvočni posnetki). Za *Bele stole* je leta 2013 prejela nagrado sklada Kościelskega in nagrado Wiślawie Szymborske, za *Zvočne posnetke* pa leta 2019 literarno nagrado glavnega mesta Varšave. Prevodi njenih pesmi so bili objavljeni v več tujih literarnih revijah (npr. v *Harper's Magazine*, *The Threepenny Review*, *Plowshares*, *Modern Poetry in Translation*, *Akzente*, *Sinn und Form*, *Manuskripte*, *Poësie*, *Revista Crátera*). Tudi sama prevaja poezijo iz angleščine, med drugim avtorjev Williama Carlosa Williamsa, W. B. Yeatsa, Thomasa Hardyja, Thomasa Gunna, Charlesa Simica in Kim Moore, pa pisma Elizabeth Bishop in Roberta Lowlla. Leta 2017 je v italijanskem prevodu Leonarda Masiya izšel izbor njenih pesmi *La faccia del mio vicino*, leta 2018 pa v nemškem prevodu Renate Schmidgall knjiga *Austausch der Fenster*. Živi in ustvarja v Varšavi.

Krystyna Dąbrowska (1979), is a Polish poet, essayist and translator. She graduated from Graphic Design at the Academy of Fine Arts in Warsaw. She has authored four poetry books: *Biuro podróży* (2006; Travel Agency), *Białe krzesła* (2012; White Chairs), *Czas i przesłona* (2014; Time and Aperture), and *Ścieżki dźwiękowe* (2018; Soundtracks). In 2013 she won the Wiślawa Szymborska Award and the Kościelski fund Award for *White Chairs*; in 2019 she received the Literary Award of the Capital City of Warsaw for *Soundtracks*. Translations of her poems have been published in many foreign literary magazines (for example, in *Harper's Magazine*, *The Threepenny Review*, *Plowshares*, *Modern Poetry in Translation*, *Akzente*, *Sinn und Form*, *Manuskripte*, *Poësie*, *Revista Crátera*). She translates poetry from English as well, and her translations include the poetry of W. C. Williams, W. B. Yeats, Thomas Hardy, Thomas Gunn, Charles Simic, and Kim Moore, as well as selected letters of Elizabeth Bishop and Robert Lowell. In 2017, a selection of her poems, *La faccia del mio vicino*, was published in Italian translation by Leonard Masi and in 2018, the selection *Austausch der Fenster* was published in Renate Schmidgall's German translation. She lives and works in Warsaw.

Biuro podróży

Jestem biurem podróży dla umarłych,
organizuję im przeloty do snów żywych.
Zgłaszą się do mnie sławne osobistości, jak Heraklit,
żeby odwiedzić zakochanego w nim pisarza,
ale i zmarli nie znani szerzej – jak pewien gospodarz ze wsi Wasiły
pragnący doradzić żonie w sprawie hodowli królików.
Czasem wielopokoleniowa rodzina czarteruje samolot
i ląduje na czole ostatniego potomka.
Mam też do czynienia z zabitymi
którzy, kursując regularnie do snów ocalałych,
zbierają punkty w programie *frequent flyer*.
Nikomu nie odmawiam swoich usług.
Wynajduję jak najlepsze połączenia
i wyrzucam sobie, kiedy młody chłopak,
żeby dostać się do snu swojej dziewczyny,
musi lecieć z przesiadką w śnie chrąpiącej baby.
Albo gdy warunki pogodowe powodują awaryjne lądowanie
i umarły dzwoni: zrób coś,
utkwiłem w śnie przeróżonego dziecka!
Takie wypadki to stres i wyzwanie
dla mnie, małego biura o dużych ambicjach –
bo chociaż nie mam wstępu ani do świata zmarłych,
ani do cudzych snów,
dzięki mnie się spotykają.

Imiona

Lato, sezon arbuzów.
I twoja o nich opowieść:
dzieciństwo, dom opieki
dla nieuleczalnie chorych,
białe kornety szarytek
żeglujące w ogrodzie.
Twój dziadek, dyrektor domu,
hodował arbuzy w inspektach.
Przychodziły tam siostry
zaklepać sobie owoce
– jeszcze niedojrzałe
na pępowinach łodyg –
i każda pisała
starannymi literami
na wybranym arbuzie swoje imię.
Miały tu coś własnego,
czego zazdrośnie strzegły.
Arbuzy rosły, a z nimi
na zielono-pasiastej skórce
imiona, coraz większe.
Jakby się oderwały
od mniszek pielęgniarek,
noszone przez nie skromnie jak habity,
i żyły drugim życiem
soczystych owoców,
rozpychających się wśród liści.
Czasem arbuzy pękały.
Szczelina szła przez imię.
Ukazywał się w środku
rubinowy miąższ.

Rodzeństwo

Stara kobieta tańczy flamenco.
W jej wysiłku tli się dawna lekkość.
Jest wysoka, chuda jak zgarbiona czapla,
ma falbaniastą spódnicę, zapadnięte policzki.
Stara kobieta tańczy młodą,
która zginęła w czasie wojny.
Po występie zmywa makijaż, zdejmuje perukę
i suknię, wkłada spodnie, marynarkę
i staje się tym, kim jest poza sceną:
mężczyzną, bratem zabitej.
Stary mężczyzna wraca do domu.
Uwił go sobie ze strzępów przeszłości,
fotografii, afiszów i wycinków z gazet.
Wśród nich wszędzie suknie, które sam haftuje:
wielobarwne egzotyczne ptaki.
I portret siostry – stawia przy nim kwiaty.
Przed wojną jeździli po całej Europie,
słynny duet nastoletnich tancerzy.
Później getto, ucieczka, rozdzielenie.
Wy tłumaczył sobie, że jeżeli przeżył,
to jedynie żeby wcielać się w nią w tańcu.
Stary tancerz zaparza herbatę.
Cisza. Pora wygaszonych światel.
Za chwilę pojedzie spać, lecz przedtem, tak jak stał,
bez kostiumu i pudru, stepuje w progu kuchni
w rytm kościanego stukotu kastanietów.

Nasz język

Kiedy mówisz *czy mogę jeszcze pospać, bo mam w sobie bryłę snu i ona musi się roztopić jak lód na wiosnę,*

kiedy narzekam na zastój w pisaniu,
a ty radzisz *cierpliwości! ucz się jej ode mnie,*
na co ja, że to tak jakby się uczyć
wegetarianizmu od kota,

kiedy wspominamy naszą całonocną
jazdę w wietnamskie góry wytrząśaczem wspomnień,

albo jak w jednej z europejskich stolic
rozglądalismy się gwałtownie
za podwórkiem moczooddajnym ,

kiedy spotykamy się w pół drogi
między moją a twoją sekluzją
i ruszamy na obchód dzielnicy, a w oknach
stare kobiety opierają łokcie
na poduszkach obserwacyjnych,

chcę wtedy wciągnąć nasz język na listę
zagrożonych języków mniejszości,
bo zna go tylko dwoje ludzi
i trudno go ochronić,
a równocześnie na listę najmocniejszych,
bo jak na razie chroni nas.

Bajka o jeżach

Piszesz mi o pewnym oswojonym jeżu,
który zakochał się w ryżowej szczotce.

Zamknięty w czterech ścianach znalazł tego kogoś
jak on i nie jak on, inność i pokrewieństwo.

Ile się wokół niej natupał, zanim pojął,
że inność ma przewagę nie do pokonania.

A ile my tupiemy wokół siebie,
najpierw oczarowane sobą dzikie jeże,

później tak często z gniewem, że to drugie
jest na nas głuche jak rzecz. Albo sami

głuchniemy, drewniejemy. Uciekamy.
Chyba, że coś nas tknie: to mój prawdziwy jeż,

z którym chcę kluczyć choćby i bezsilnie
między tym, co podobne, a tym, co w nas inne.

Potovalna agencija

Sem potovalna agencija za mrtve,
organiziram jim prelete v sanje živih.

Pri meni se oglašajo slavne osebnosti, kot Heraklit,
ki bi rad obiskal vanj zaljubljenega pisatelja,
toda tudi manj znani pokojniki – kot neki kmet iz vasi Wasiły,
ki bi rad svetoval ženi v zvezi z rejo kuncev.

Včasih večgeneracijska družina zakupi čarterski let
in pristane na čelu zadnjega potomca.

Opraviti imam tudi z ubitimi,
ki redno potujejo v sanje preživelih
in zbirajo točke v programu *frequent flyer*.

Nikomur ne odrekam svojih storitev.

Iščem jim čim boljše povezave
in si očitam, kadar mora mlad fant,
da bi prispel v sanje svojega dekleta,
prestopiti v sanjah smrčeče babnice.

Ali kadar vremenske razmere zakrivijo zasilni pristanek
in pokojnik telefonira: Naredi kaj,
obtičal sem v sanjah na smrt prestrašenega otroka!

Takšni dogodki so zame, malo agencijo
z velikimi ambicijami, stres in izziv –
saj se, čeprav nimam dostopa niti v svet mrtvih
niti v tuje sanje,
ti srečujejo po moji zaslugi.

Imena

Poletje, sezona lubenic.
In tvoja zgodba o njih:
otroštvo, zavetišče
za neozdravljivo bolne,
beli korneti usmiljenk,
ki jadrajo po vrtu.
Tvoj dedek, ravnatelj zavetišča,
je gojil lubenice v rastlinjaku.
Sestre so prihajale tja,
da so si nagledale zase plodove
– še nezrele
na popkovnicah stebel –
in vsaka je s skrbnimi črkami
napisala svoje ime
na izbrano lubenico.
Tu so imele nekaj lastnega,
kar so ljubosumno čuvale.
Lubenice so rasle, z njimi pa
imena, vse večja
na zeleno progastih lupinah.
Kot da bi se ločila
od nun, bolniških strežnic,
ki so jih nosile skromno kot habite,
in živila drugo življenje
sočnih plodov,
ki so se napenjali med listi.
Včasih so lubenice počile.
Razpoka je stekla čez ime.
Notri se je pokazala
rubinasta mečava.

Sorojenca

Stará ženska pleše flamenko.
V njenem naporu še tli nekdanja luhkost.
Visoka je, suha kot zgrbljena čaplja,
v krilu z volani, z upadlimi lici.
Starka pleše mlado žensko,
ki je umrla med vojno.
Po nastopu si izmije ličila, sname lasuljo
in obleko, obleče hlače, suknič
in postane, kdor je, ko ni na odru:
moški, brat umorjene.
Stari moški se vrača v svoj dom.
Spletel si ga je iz drobcev preteklosti,
fotografij, letakov in izrezkov iz časopisov.
Med njimi vsepovsod obleke, ki jih veze sam:
pisane eksotične ptice.
In sestrin portret – predenj postavlja rože.
Pred vojno sta gostovala po vsej Evropi,
slavni par najstniških plesalcev.
Pozneje geto, pobeg, ločitev.
Govoril si je, da je preživel
samo zato, da bi se utelešal vanjo v plesu.
Stari plesalec si skuha čaj.
Tišina. Čas pogašenih luči.
Čez hip bo šel spat, toda še prej kar tak, kot je,
brez kostuma in pudra, na pragu kuhinje zapleše step
v ritmu koščenega šklepeta kastanjet.

Najin jezik

Kadar rečeš ali *lahko še malo
spim, ker je v meni kepa sanj
in se mora staliti
kot led spomladi,*

kadar se pritožujem nad zastojem v pisanju
in mi svetuješ *potrpi! uči se potrpeti od mene,*
na kar jaz, da je to isto, kot bi se učila
vegetarianstva od mačke,

kadar priklicujeva najine celonočne
vožnje v vietnamske gore s tresalnikom spominov

ali kako sva se v eni od evropskih prestolnic
divje razgledovala
za dvoriščem mokriščem,

kadar se srečava na pol poti
med mojo in tvojo osamo
in krenea na obhod sosekske, na oknih pa
stare ženske naslanjajo komolce
na opazovalne blazine,

takrat bi najin jezik rada vpisala na seznam
ogroženih jezikov manjšin,
ker ga poznata samo dva človeka
in ga je težko ohraniti,
in sočasno na seznam najmočnejših,
ker naju zaenkrat ohranja.

Pravljica o ježih

Pišeš mi o nekem udomačenem ježu,
ki se je zaljubil v krtačo iz riževe slame.

Zaprt med štiri stene je našel tega nekoga,
ki je in ni kot on, drugačnost in sorodnost.

Kako se je okrog nje nacepetal, preden je dojel,
da ima drugačnost nepremagljivo premoč.

Kako pa mi cepetamo drug okoli drugega,
najprej drug od drugega očarani divji ježi,

pozneje tako pogosto jezni, da je ta drugi
gluh za nas kakor stvar. Ali pa sami

glušimo, drevenimo. Bežimo.
Razen če nas kaj zbode: to je moj pravi jež,

s katerim želim tavati, četudi nemočno,
med tem, kar je podobno, in tem, kar je v naju drugo.

Prevedla Jana Unuk

Travel Agency

I am a travel agency for the dead,
I book them flights to the dreams of the living.
Famous celebrities apply to me, like Heraclitus,
to be able to visit a writer who's in love with him,
but so do the lesser-known dead – like a farmer from Wasil'y village,
wishing to advise his wife on matters of rabbit breeding.
Sometimes several generations of a family charter an airplane
and land on the brow of their final descendant.
I also have dealings with the murdered,
who on regular trips to the dreams of the survivors,
collect up points in a frequent flyer program.
I never deny my services to anyone.
I find them the very best connections
and I reproach myself when a young lover,
to get into his girlfriend's dream,
must make a transfer in the dream of a snoring crone.
Or when weather conditions force an emergency landing
and the dead man calls me: do something,
I'm stuck in the dream of a terrified child!
Incidents like these mean stress and a challenge
for me, a minor business with major ambitions –
for though I have no access either to the dead men's world
or to other people dreams,
thanks to me they come into contact.

Names

Summer, season of watermelons.
And your story about them:
childhood, a nursing home
for the incurably sick,
the white cornettes of the Sisters of Charity
sailing along in the garden.
Your grandpa, who ran the home,
grew watermelons in cold frames.
The sisters would come there
to lay claim to the fruits
— as yet under-ripe
on their umbilical stems —
and in careful even letters,
on the melon of her choice,
each would write her name.
Here they had something of their own,
which they jealously guarded.
The watermelons grew, and with them
on the green stripy skins
so did the names, ever bigger.
As if they had broken free
of the nursing nuns,
who wore them modestly like their habits,
and were living a second life
as succulent fruits,
jostling for space among the leaves.
Sometimes the watermelons burst.
A crack ran through the name.
And there inside appeared
the ruby-colored flesh.

Siblings

An aged woman dances flamenco.
In her effort a former lightness smolders.
She is tall and slender like a humpbacked heron,
her skirt has frills and ruffles, her cheeks are sunken in.
The aged woman dances like a young one,
a girl who perished during wartime.
After the show she wipes off the make-up, takes off the wig
and dress, then puts on pants and a jacket
and becomes the person she is off stage:
a male one – the dead girl's brother.
The aged man goes back to his home.
He wove it himself from scraps of the past,
photographs, posters and newspaper cuttings.
In between hang the dresses, which he sews by hand:
multi-colored birds of paradise.
And his sister's portrait, fresh flowers beside it.
At one time they travelled the countries of Europe,
a celebrated teenage dancing couple.
Then came the ghetto, escaping, separation.
He told himself straight that if he had survived
it was only to be her embodiment in dance.
The aged dancer brews a pot of tea.
Silence. It's time the lights went out.
Quite soon now he'll go to bed, but first, just as he is,
with no costume or powder, he dances tap in the kitchen doorway
to the beat of the bone-hard rattle of castanets.

Translated by Antonia Lloyd-Jones

Our Language

When you say *can I sleep
a little longer since this chunk
of dream has to melt in me
like ice in spring,*

when I complain about a writing slump
and you counsel *Take it easy, same as me!*
to which I say that's like learning
vegetarianism from a cat,

when we recall our all-night trip
in a shaker of memories to the Vietnamese mountains,

or how in a certain European capital,
we found ourselves looking urgently
for a pee-friendly courtyard,

when we meet halfway
between your solitude and mine
and make the rounds of the neighborhood
where old women prop elbows
on sentinel pillows,

I want to place what we speak on a list
of endangered minority languages
because only two people know it
and it's hard to preserve,
but also on a list of the strongest
because for now it shelters us.

Translated by Karen Kovacik

A Tale about Hedgehogs

You wrote to me about a tame pet hedgehog
who fell in love with a scrubbing brush.

Shut inside four walls he'd found that special someone
like him and not like him, otherness and kinship.

How hard he pattered around it before he understood
that otherness has an advantage that cannot be overcome.

And how hard we've been pattering around each other,
at first like wild hedgehogs mutually enthralled,

later so often incensed that the other
is deaf as a thing to us. Or else we're the ones who

are going deaf, turning to wood. Always running away.
Unless something pricks us: that's my real hedgehog

with whom I want to keep dodging, however helplessly,
between what's the same and what's different about us.

Translated by Antonia Lloyd-Jones



Foto © Manca Jevšček

Nina Dragičević

Nina Dragičević (1984), slovenska pesnica, eseistka, skladateljica, magistrka sociologije. Je avtorica štirih knjig: romana *Kdo ima druge skrbi* (2014), eseističnih monografij *Slavne neznane. Zvočne umetnice v konstrukciji družbe* (2016) in *Med njima je glasba. Glasba v konstrukciji lezbične scene* (2017) ter pesnitve *Ljubav reče greva* (2019). Je članica in sodelavka Društva slovenskih pisateljev. Leta 2018 je kot prva v zgodovini pesniške nagrade vitez poezije prejela obe nagradi – nagrado strokovne žirije in nagrado občinstva. Isto leto sta ji bili dodeljeni listina Univerze v Ljubljani za izjemne dosežke in priznanje Fakultete za družbene vede. Prav tako je bila leta 2018 finalistka za evropsko nagrado Palma Ars Acustica. Leta 2019 je bila avtorica v fokusu na mednarodnem festivalu sodobnih umetnosti Mesto žensk. Njena pesniška knjiga *Ljubav reče greva* je bila leta 2019 finalistka tako za Veronikino kot za Jenkovo nagrado.

Nina Dragičević (1984) is a poet, essayist, and composer who holds a Master's degree in sociology. She is the author of four books: the novel *Who has other concerns* (2014), the essay collections *Famous Unknowns: Women Sound Artists in Construction of Society* (2016), and *The Music Between Them: Music in Construction of Lesbian Communities* (2017), and the poem *Love Says Let's Go* (2019). She is a member and collaborator of the Slovenian Writers' Association. In 2018, she was the first ever to receive both of the Knight of Poetry Awards – the award of the professional jury and the audience award. In the same year, she received the Ceremonial award certificate for exceptional achievements from the University of Ljubljana and a recognition award of the Faculty of Social Sciences. She was also a finalist for the 2018 Palma Ars Acustica European Award. In 2019, she was the “author in focus” of the City of Women International Festival of Contemporary Arts. Her poetry collection *Love Says Let's Go* was a finalist in 2019 for both the Veronika Award and the Jenko Award.

ljubav reče greva
(odlomek)

če bi začetek bil bi ponoči odjeka ritmizirano bobnenje
simetrične detonacije tik nad menoj (nikjer drugje)
to je
distance nad menoj
sploh ne tu
a predvsem *tu* in natanko zato
bobnenje in ne šum
detonacije in ne koraki.

ti koraki so koraki po neiztrebljivem minskem polju
to niso koraki po neiztrebljivem minskem polju
pač pa telesa mine
to je
to so
tla našpičena
po katerih detonira telo mina,
ne, ker bi jo tla pognala,
temveč,
ker lahko.

tako se telo mina detonira se regenerira se vedno znova
komponira ponovitev, ki to je ali pa ni, a
gotovo na meni,
ki gotovo nisem niti po izbiri niti slučaju
temveč
prisotna moteča v prisotnosti zvoka,
ki ga gotovo prisiljena gotovo jaz
pri sebi gotovo deklariram
et voilà
kompozicija detonacij alias tako pač je,
se lahko ponovi, zato, ker lahko,
zato začetkov ni
in
pazi to
tudi koncem ne.

* * *

grem, grem, se obujem se oblečem se pravi se zavijem obtežim, grem ven, *vrə*

grem, zastajam, postajam grem do vogala zstanem obstanem se obrnem zstanem se obrnem

postanem *skupaj* tiščim veke se parijo, še, še se drgnejo dražijo, še bolj še bolj še

bolj močno se stiskajo mečkajo ovijajo navznoter gledam predse korak nazaj se obrnem korak nazaj se obrnem

pomislim *skupaj* in sam posmeh me je,

se prenesem, obrnem, zasukam, stopim grem nazaj stopim se obrnem, grem domov

se obrnem v mesto grem, ne grem, nekaj pravi, naj ne, ne nekaj, ne kaj, nekdo, saj res, nekdo, torej nekaj, ne nekaj, nekdo, prav, nekdo si pravim ne,

kaj le mi je, vem, vem, kaj mi je, ko mislim, kaj vse se lahko zgodi, in se tudi bo.

piše mi *ljubav* reče *greva* ves čas hoče *greva*,

ko jo tako preganja reče *ljubi me brzo* hodi počasi hodim od pa do, ko piše *ljubav* grem po čik mi praviloma pade na tla zrem si mislim, bi ga pobrala, zunaj gotovo ne bi lizala teh tal, a kdo ve, kaj vse sem že pozrla, pa sem še kar, *vidi me sad*, nočem in nočem umret, zato nekoč bo še fina vojna, kaj le bom če zmagam,

a ko piše *ljubav*,

a ko kliče *ljubav*, se javim, ker njen klic pomeni, da je še živa.

ljubav reče *kaj počneš* rečem *pišem* reče *o čem*, *ljubav* mojstrica nemogočih vprašanj,

rečem *kaj naj* reče *kaj*, *kaj naj* rečem *pišem*, *kaj naj* reče *kaj boš* rečem *nič* reče *kaj lahko* rečem *kaj naj* reče *kar zmoreš*, rečem *nič*, reče *greva*. pretirano me skrbi, ali je živa, ko tako vztrajam, da nikogar ni, predvsem ne živih, drugih pa kolikor hočeš, a nočem, a komu mar. preložim na

kadar pač že, rečem *pišem o odhajanju, stenah, prisežem, da sem srečala haushofer, njena stena en sam nateg, le ljubi se ji ne, meni pa tudi ne, ljubim te.*

rečem *šla bi*, pišem *šla bi*, zastanem *kam le razpredam*, torej, *grem*,
rečem *šla bi*, reče *kam le* rečem *šla bi* reče *z mano* rečem nič,
šla bi in komaj čakam, da pride.

dalje rečem, razmišljam na glas, da je ne bi skrbelo, da nisem živa
pa še kako,

rečem *kako nas je woolf vse skupaj do konca zjebala s tisto sobo, ni pa povedala, kdo jo je zgradil, ni pa povedala, koliko sob je imela, gotovo pa ni povedala, da gotovo ni bila tu, kaj šele zdaj.*

ko me zanese, me zaskrbi, kaj le ji govorim, ko govorim, ne vem, ali
je živa se potegnem za uzde, rečem *te to sploh zanima* jo pa še kako,

govoriva le še med seboj,
udar je opravil svoje, zjutraj greva spat.

rečem *kaj pa ti počnes*, reče *pišem, mislim nate, nekako živim*, resnično
živi, pomislim,

pomisli, da me dolgočasi, reče *te to sploh zanima* naju seveda vse,
a povsem poprijemava obči antiinteres, zanima naju seveda, kar
rečeva, a

nobena ne ve, koliko bo še druga živa,

varčujeva čas, porabiva ga, da se vprašava, ali naju zanima.

reče *pišeš o odhajanju* rečem *da reče vem reče prinesem sheparda* reče
shepard kavboj vedno gre reče *patti smith reče kavboj* reče *ljubav*,
jessica lange reče kavboj reče *ljubav*,

še kar sva tu že celo večnost sediva in govoriva že pol ure *kam, kam*
reče *pridi k meni* greva k meni sediva pri meni leživa pri meni in
sprašujeva se, *kam*,

reče *pridi k meni* pride k meni.

ljubav se ne sprašuje, kam, tu je in izigrava sprijaznjenost,
reče *naredila sem, kar je bilo mogoče* si vrta v glavo tlači tolažbo,
pa še to si je morala izdolbsti sama do obisti jasno sama jasno reče
prinesem sheparda čitaj, shepard je šel v avto odpeljal po ameriki spal v motelih, shepard je šel, shepard je šel,

žal, žal mi je, ko jo poslušam *ljubav* gledam ven na parking, kje je
shepard, kje avto, ni, ni, žal mi je,
ni, ni, zato *kam le* vedno pomeni *tu*.

pokončala jo bom, *ljubav*, tako ali drugače bodisi z razkritjem,
spominjanjem vedno znova bodisi z molkom, reče *povej, povej,*
toliko te že poznam reče,

ve, kaj bom rekla, upa, da bom, da bo končno povedala, da nima za živet,
upa, da ne bom, da bo rekla, da sva srečni,
ko reče *colette ni imela za živet, so pomagali frendi*, rečem *ethel ni imela za živet, so pomagali frendi*,
reče *vidiš* rečem *kaj* reče, ko torej tolaži, ko šele mnogo kasneje reče *kakšen zločin*.

love says let's go

(excerpt)

if there were a beginning would be at night a rhythmical rumble
goes off
symmetrical detonations right above me (nowhere else)
that is
distances above me
not here at all
but *here* above all and so precisely
rumble not noise
detonations not footsteps.

these footsteps are footsteps through an ineradicable minefield
these are not footsteps through the ineradicable minefield
but bodies-mines
that is
this is
the ground spiked
through which the body mine is detonating
not because the ground would drive it up
but
because it can.

this is how the body mine detonates regenerates again and again
composing a repetition, which may be one or not, but is
certainly on me,
who certainly am neither by choice nor coincidence
but
present interfering in the presence of sound,
which i certainly forced certainly i
by me certainly declare
et voilà
the composition of detonations aka that's how it is
can get repeated, because it can,
which is why there are no beginnings
and
mind you
no endings either.

i go, go, shoes on clothes on wrap myself weigh myself down, go out, *vra*

go, stand still, go slow, go to the corner stop pause turn stop turn become *together* squeeze eyelids copulating, more, yet more rubbing against each other chafing, yet more yet more yet

more intensely more intensely snuggling creasing tightening in i look in front

step back turn step back turn

i think *together* and all in disdain,

carry myself over, turn, turning around, step back take step turn go home

i turn go to the city, i am not, something is saying don't, not something, not a thing, someone, right, someone, thus something, not something, someone, right, someone i tell myself don't, but what is going on with me, i know, know what it is, when i think about all that could happen, and it sure will.

love writes says *let's go* wants *let's go* all the time,

when thus haunted and chased she says *love me fast* walks slowly i walk from and to, when *love* writes i take a cigarette it drops on the ground i stare think to myself, should i pick it up, outside surely wouldn't lick the ground, but who knows what i've swallowed thus far, but still i am *look at me now*, won't and won't die, someday there'll be a fine war, what if i win,

but when *love* writes,

when *love* calls, i answer because her call means she is still alive.

love she says *what are you doing* i say *i'm writing* she says *about what*, *love* the master of impossible questions,

i say *what should i do* she says *what, what should i do* i say *i'm writing* *what else should i do* she says *what will you do* i say *nothing* she says *what can you do* i say *what should i do* she says *what you can*, i say nothing, she says *let's go*.

i'm overly worried if she's alive, when i insist that there is noone, especially no living, while there are many others as many as you wish, but i don't, but who cares. i postpone to

whenever, say *i'm writing about departing, walls, i swear i have met haushofer, her wall is just a scam, she just does not feel like it and neither do i, i love you.*

i say *i would go*, i'm writing *i would go*, pause *but where i'm dwelling on it, so, i go,*

i say *i would go*, she says *but where i say i would go* she says *with me*
i say nothing,

i would like to and can't wait till she comes.

further i say, thinking out loud, so she wouldn't worry that i'm not alive i sure am,

i say *how woolf totally fucked us up, all of us, with that room, well she didn't say who had built it, and she didn't say how many rooms she had, and she definitely didn't say that she most definitely wasn't here, let alone now.*

when i get carried away, get worried, what am i saying to her when i'm talking, don't know if she is alive i curb myself, say *are you even interested in this* she is she sure is, we're talking only to each other now,

the putsch has done its job, in the morning we go to sleep.

i say *and what are you doing*, she says *i'm writing, thinking about you, living somehow*, she really is, i think,

she thinks i am bored, she says *are you even interested in this* of course we are in all of it, but we are assuming the general antiinterest, wholly, we are interested of course in what we are saying, but neither of us knows how much longer the other will still be alive, we're saving time, using it to ask ourselves whether we're interested.

she says *you're writing about departing* i say yes she says *i know* says *i'll bring shepard says shepard the cowboy always goes* says *patti smith says cowboy says love, jessica lange says cowboy says love,*

we are still here have been sitting here forever and for half an hour already we are saying *but where, but where* she says *come to me* we go to me are sitting by me are lying by me and are asking each other, *where,*

she says *come to me* comes to me.

love does not ask herself where, she is here playing resignation, says *i've done everything i could* drilling into her head suppressing consolation,

and even this she had to carve out on her own to the core clearly
on her own clearly says *i'll bring shepard read shepard went into a car*
drove off across america slept in motels, shepard went, shepard went,
sorry, i feel sorry when listening to her *love* i am looking out at the
parking lot, where is shepard, where is the car, there isn't anything,
there isn't, i'm sorry,

there isn't, there isn't, which is why *where possibly* always means *here*.
i will finish her off, *love*, one way or another either with a revelation,
a recollection over and over again or with silence, she says *tell me, tell*
me, i do know you that much she says,

knows what i will say, she hopes i will, so she will finally tell me that
she doesn't make a living,

she hopes i won't so she will say we're happy,

when she says *colette didn't make a living, friends helped*, i say *ethel*
didn't make a living, friends helped,

she says *see* i say *what* she says, when thus comforting, when only
much later she says

what a crime.

Translated by Barbara Jurša



Foto © Zhanna Gladko

Volha Hapejeva

Volha Hapejeva (Вольга Гапеева; 1982), beloruska pisateljica, pesnica in prevajalka. Študirala je na univerzah v Minsku in Vilni, leta 2012 je doktorirala iz primerjalnega jezikoslovja. Piše poezijo, prozo in drame pa tudi knjige za otroke. Sodelovala je na številnih literarnih festivalih in srečanjih ter prejela več mednarodnih štipendij, na primer v Avstriji (rezidenca v Gradcu), Nemčiji in Latviji. Je članica beloruskega centra PEN in neodvisne beloruske zveze pisateljev. Njena dela so prevedena v več jezikov (npr. angleščino, češčino, makedonščino, nemščino, poljščino, ruščino, slovenščino), pesmi pa je objavljala tudi v ZDA, Avstriji, Nemčiji, na Poljskem, v Gruziji in Litvi; tudi sama prevaja poezijo (največ iz angleščine, nemščine in japonsčine).

Med njenimi doslej izdanimi deli so knjige Рэканструкцыя неба (2003; Rekonstrukcija neba), Няголены ранак (2007; Neobrito jutro), Метад муараевых крэсак (2012; Tehnika moariranja), Прысац і пожня (2013; Pepel in strnišče), Сумны суп (2014; Otožna juha), Дзве Авечкі (2017; Dve Ovčki), Граматыка снегу (2017; Gramatika snega), Чорныя макі (2019; Črni mak), Кэмэл-трэвэл (2019; Camel-travel) in *Mutantengarten* (2020; Vrt mutantov).

Volha Hapeyeva (Вольга Гапеева; 1982) is a Belarusian poet, writer and translator. She has studied at the University of Minsk and Vilnius and obtained a PhD in Comparative Linguistics in 2012. She writes poetry, prose and plays as well as children's books. She has participated in numerous literary festivals and meetings and received several international scholarships, for example, in Austria (residency in Graz), Germany and Latvia. She is a member of the Belarusian PEN Center and the Independent Belarusian Writers' Union. Her works have been translated into several languages (for example, Czech, English, German, Macedonian, Polish, Russian, Slovenian), and she has also published her poems in the USA, Austria, Germany, Poland, Georgia and Lithuania. Hapeyeva also translates poetry, mostly from English, German and Japanese.

Among the works published so far by Hapeyeva are Рэканструкцыя неба (2003; Reconstruction of the Sky), Няголены ранак (2007; Unshaven Morning), Метад муараевых крэсак (2012; Moiré Fringe Method), Прысац і пожня (2013; Embers and Stubble), Сумны суп (2014; Sad Soup), Дзве Авечкі (2017; Two Sheep), Граматыка снегу (2017; The Grammar of Snow), Чорныя макі (2019; Black Poppy), Кэмэл-трэвэл (2019; Camel-Travel) and *Mutantengarten* (2020; The Garden of Mutants).

13 каstryчніка

на чорным фоне жоўты арнамент з кветак
я разглядаю здымак
думаю
тое кавалак шпалераў або фіранка?

як дрэва зімой што скінула лісце
крэслы
у куце агаліла каркас

і такое блакітнае неба
сонечны дзень
13 каstryчніка

Агрыпіна прыносіць талерку грыбоў
свайму мужу той памірае
саступіўшы трон сыну Нерону

Малер дае свой першы канцэрт
святкуе народзіны Маргарэт Тэтчэр
Грынвіч робіцца нулявым мерыдыянам

Ларыса і Насця слухаюць рубрыку
гэты дзень у гісторыі
значныя падзеі і значныя людзі

*вось Настуся добра вучыся
можа і пра ўяве раскажуць па тэлевізіі*

Ларыса працуе ў краме Насця студэнтка ў медвучэльні
*мамо а ты ведала што сцягновая косць
самая вялікая ў целе чалавека
а крывяносных судзін у нас ажно 100 тысяч кіламетраў*
мая ты разумніца хадзем есци

асколкавае раненне грудной клеткі з пашкоджаннем унутраных органаў
ірваныя раненні сцётнаў
пералом касцей чэрапа

чытаю апісанне траўм
думаю:
як гэта пабачыць на ўласныя вочы тую самую вялікую костку
не на макеце ў класе
а на ўласнай назе
і яшчэ 20 хвілін спадзявацца
што прыедзе хуткая і выратуе
і цябе і маму і ўсіх-усіх

але то зона абстрэлу
і хуткая не паедзе
і 100 тысяч кіламетраў судзін зробяцца ўраз непатрэбнымі
бо тое што па іх цякло
усё выцекла

*мамо вось я і патрапіла ў навіны
аказалася самае вялікае маё дасягненне – загінуць ад абстрэлу гарматы
горка так усміхнуцца
і дадаць
у міжнародны дзень па зніжэнні рызыкі бедстваў*

нязначны дзень у гісторыі
нязначных людзей

павольней за іншыя органы
рэгенеруеца сэрца
і цалкам
ніколі не абнаўляеца
так напісана ў падручніку

значыцца
Аумаю
усе хто туды патрапіў там застануцца

у кагось сатрэцца левая частка цела
знікне твар
і на месцы старога вырасце новы
перамяшаюцца мовы
імёны гады

моій сад мутантаў
дзе заблукалі мы

трэба напісаць новы верш сёння
кажаш ты зранку

пра чорнага сабаку
які быў маёй адзінотай

лепш напішы пра качку якая была тваёй радасцю
раю я
і ўжо бачу як яна робіцца часткаю верша
але сёння ты ў меланхолії
рэдка смяешся з жартай
і зусім не разглядаеш качку сваім персанажам
няўклюда
нязграба
пасуе адно калыханкам лімерыкам
а табе трэба пісаць сур'ёзны ўдумлівы тэкст
і мы з качкай застаёмся па гэты бок няўяўнай рэальнасці
а ты з сабакам па той
і адзінае месца дзе мы ўсе сустракаемся
гэты верш

цяперашні час даецца мне цяжка
мінулы ведаю лепиш
там і жыву
вось бы як у кіно
згубіць памяць
і тых хто там прапісаўся
не маючы майго на тое дазволу
тады кожную згадку буду спакойна здымамаць
як волас з пляча паліто
не здолеўши прыгадаць ужо
чыйны

13. oktober

rumen ornament iz cvetlic na črnem ozadju
ogledujem si posnetek
sprašujem se
je to košček tapete ali zavese?

kot drevje, ki pozimi odvrže listje
naslanjači
v kotu se vidi skelet

in takšno sinje nebo
sončen dan
13. oktobra

Agripina prinese krožnik z gobami
svojemu možu, ta umre
prepusti prestol sinu Neronu

Mahler ima prvi koncert
rojstni dan praznuje Margaret Thatcher

Greenwich je ničelni poldnevnik

Larisa in Nastja poslušata program
ta dan v zgodovini
pomembni datumi in pomembni ljudje

*le uči se lepo, Nastjenka
morda tudi o tebi kaj povedo po televiziji*

Larisa dela v trgovini, Nastja študira na medicinski fakulteti

*mama, si vedela, da je stegnenica
najdaljsa kost v cloveškem telesu
krvnih žil pa imamo kar za 100 tisoč kilometrov*

ti moja pametnjakinja, greva jest

strelna rana prsnega koša s poškodbo notranjih organov
razmesarjeno ranjeno stegno
zlom lobanjskih kosti

berem opis poškodb
pomislim:
kako je, če na lastne oči pogledaš to največjo kost
ni je na učnem modelu v razredu
v tvojem telesu je
še 20 trenutkov upaš
da pride prva pomoč in reši
tebe in mamo in vse-vse

vendar to je strelska cona
in prva pomoč ne pride
in 100 tisoč kilometrov žil je iznenada odveč
kajti to, kar je teklo skoznje
je že vse odteklo

*mama, pa sem se znašla v novicah
pokazalo se je, kaj je moj največji dosežek – umreti od strela puške
grenko se nasmehniti
in nekaj pridati
mednarodnemu dnevnu boju proti revščini*

nepomemben dan v zgodovini
nepomembnih ljudi

počasneje kot drugi organi
se regenerira srce
v celoti
se nikoli ne obnovi
tako piše v priročniku

torej
mislim
vsi, ki so se znašli tam, tudi ostanejo tam

pri nekom se izbriše leva stran telesa
izgine obraz
in na mestu starega zrase nov
pomešajo se jeziki
imena nizkotnežev

moj vrt mutantov
kjer smo se zgubili

* * *

treba je napisati novo pesem danes
rečeš zjutraj

o črnem psu
ki je bil moja samota

raje napiši o raci, ki je bila tvoja radost
predlagam
in že vidim, kako postaja del pesmi
toda danes si melanholična
le redko se nasmehneš dovtipom
in sploh ne vidiš race kot svojega junaka
umazanka
neotesanka
primerna je le za uspavanke, smešnice
ti pa moraš napisati resno, zahtevno besedilo
in z raco ostaneva na tej strani nedojemljive resničnosti
ti s psom pa na drugi
in edino mesto, kjer se vsi srečamo
je ta pesem

sedanjik mi povzroča preglavice
preteklik mi gre bolje
tam tudi živim
kot v kinu
ko zgubim spomin
in tiste, ki so vanj vstopili
brez mojega dovoljenja
mirno snamem iz spomina
kot las s plašča
ne da bi se spomnila
čigav je

Prevedla Veronika Sorokin

13 October

a yellow pattern of flowers in the background of black
I inspect the photo
think
is that a piece of wallpaper or a curtain

like a winter tree which has shed its leaves
an armchair
in the corner exposes its bones

and such a blue sky
a sunny day
13 October

Agrippina gives a plate of mushrooms
to her husband. He dies
leaving the throne to her son, Nero

Mahler gives his first concert

Margaret Thatcher celebrates her birthday

Greenwich is made Prime Meridian

Larisa and Nascia are watching
This day in history
important dates, important people

*see, Nascia, sweetheart, study hard
and maybe one day they'll talk about you on TV*

Larysa works in a shop, Nascia is a student of medicine

*mum, did you know that the femur is
the longest bone in the human body
and that we contain up to one hundred thousand kilometres of blood vessels?*

there's my clever girl, let's go eat

missile wound to the thorax with damage to internal organs
lacerations to the thighs
a fractured skull

I read the account of the injuries
think:
what is it like to see that longest bone in the body with your own eyes
not on the mannequin in the classroom
but on your own leg
and for twenty whole minutes to hope
that the ambulance will come and save
you and mum and everyone

but this is the firing zone
and the ambulance will not come
and one hundred thousand kilometres of vessels are suddenly redundant
because what had flowed inside them
has completely run out

*mum, look, I'm in the news
it turned out my greatest accomplishment was to die from shelling
on the international day for disaster reduction*

an unimportant day in history
for unimportant people

* * *

the heart regenerates
more slowly than other organs
and is never renewed
completely
that's what it says in the textbook

this means
I think
that everyone in there will remain

the left side of one person's body will be erased
a face will disappear
a new one growing in the place of the old
languages, years, names
will intermingle

in my garden of mutants
where we lost our way

today I must write a new poem
you say this morning

about the black dog
who was my solitude

you should write about the duck who was your joy
I advise
and already I can see it becoming part of the poem

but today you are in melancholy
rarely laugh at jokes
and just don't see the duck as one of your characters
a fool
an oaf
fitting only for lullabies, limericks
and you have to write a thoughtful serious text
so me and the duck are left on this side of inconceivable reality
with you and the dog on the other
and the only place where we all meet
is in this poem

* * *

the present tense is giving me difficulties
I am better at the past
and so I live there
if only it were like in those movies
me losing my memory
and the people who've moved into it
without my permission
I would calmly remove each recollection of them
like a hair off a coat shoulder
already unable to recall
whose it was

Translated by Annie Rutherford



Foto © Laima Stasiulionytė

Aušra Kaziliūnaitė

Aušra Kaziliūnaitė (1987), litovska pesnica. Leta 2011 je diplomirala iz zgodovine in na Univerzi v Vilni magistrirala iz religiologije. Raziskuje med drugim na področjih filozofije Michel'a Foucaulta, filmske teorije in utopičnih študij. Doslej je izdala štiri pesniške knjige: *Pirmaji lietuviška knyga* (2007; Prva litovska knjiga), *20 % koncentracijos stovykla* (2009; 20-odstotno koncentracijsko taborišče), *Mėnulis yra tabletė* (2014; Luna je tableta) in *esu aptrupėjusios sienos* (2016; sem podrta stena). Knjiga *Luna je tableta* je izšla tudi v angleškem prevodu (2018) in bila uvrščena med pet najboljših del baltske književnosti. Njene pesmi so prevedene tudi v ruščino, francoščino, poljščino in latvijsčino in druge jezike. Za svojo poezijo je prejela več domačih literarnih nagrad, med drugim nagrado Elene Mezginaitė in nagrado za mlade umetnike Ministrstva za kulturo. Je aktivna udeleženka litovskega literarnega življenja, od leta 2012 je članica Društva litovskih pisateljev.

Aušra Kaziliūnaitė (1987) is a Lithuanian poet. In 2011 she received her Bachelor of Arts in history and later received her master's degree in religious studies from the University of Vilnius. She researches, among other things, the fields of Michel Foucault's philosophy, film theory and utopian studies. She has so far published four books of poetry: *Pirmaji lietuviška knyga* (2007; The First Lithuanian Book), *20 % koncentracijos stovykla* (2009; 20% Concentration Camp), *Mėnulis yra tabletė* (2014; The Moon Is a Pill), *esu aptrupėjusios sienos* (2016; I Am Crumbled Walls). A selection of her poems, *The Moon is a Pill* (Parthian Books, 2018), was published in English and was ranked among the five best works of Baltic literature recently translated into English. Her poems have also been translated into Russian, French, Polish, Latvian and other languages. She has received numerous Lithuanian national awards, including the Young Artist Prize from the Ministry of Culture and the Elena Mezginaitė award. She is an active participant in Lithuanian literary life, and since 2012 she has been a member of the Lithuanian Writers' Association.

šventinis makiažas

Mačiau angelus su automatais rankose
jie liūdnai žvelgė į grindis oro uostose ir stotyse

lūkuriavo

Mačiau tėvų siustus aštuonmečius
kurie pribėgę prie žmogaus teisių aktyvistų
šaukė – grąžinkit mums vaivorykštę –

kikeno

Mačiau vyru, kurie manėsi esantys tikri vyrai
ir moteris, kurios manėsi esančios tikros moterys
susipažindamos vietoj vardo jos sakydavo
– esu to ir to moteris –

Mačiau ištuštėjusius kaimus, kertamus miškus
užtvenktas upes ir mažų miestelių bažnyčias

Veidrodyje

žirgų lenktynės

stovskyloje žmonių kūnai mėtosi ant arklių mėšlo
nejuda bet bėga
bet snaudžia

bet nemiršta

jei būtų mirę mes jų gailėtume
sakytume – kaip žiauru, ten buvo mažų vaikų
jie verkė dar kelias minutes po to kai jau buvo sušaudyti
mums būtų labai labai liūdna, mes reikšmingai susižvalgytume
eitume į maximą pirkti batono, žiūrėtume serialus
darytume viską, kad tik kuo greičiau tai pamirštume
namie persistumdytume baldus, kalbėtume apie meną
iš knygos išsirašytume pyrago receptą, vėl kalbėtume apie meną

bet dabar kai jie nemirė, kai guli stovskyloje, tvarte, aptverti
tvoromis
kai apsupti kariuomenės tyso ant lenktyninių arklių mėšlo
mes jų nekenčiam labiau nei savęs ir darom viską, kad tik kuo
greičiau juos pamirštume
einame į maximą pirkti batono, žiūrime serialus

einame į maximą pirkti batono

is̄kamša

vieną dieną prie konteinerio pastebėjau paliktą paukščio iškamšą
pastebėjau ir pamiršau, bet ji manęs nepamiršo, net émė persekioti –
kad ir kur eičiau, kad ir ką sutikčiau, visur mačiau nutriušusią
paukščio iškamšą

iš pradžių tiesiog apsimesdavau, kad jos nematau
lai sau rodosi, man kas – nei čiulbėti, nei kirsti snapu vis tiek neįstengė

bet galiausiai visai sujžūlėjo – émė šmëžuoti ne tik viešose erdvėse –
įsimaišiusi tarp studentų, klausytojų, praeivių gatvėse –
rodydavosi draugų kompanijose, nevengė patupéti ir ant artimujų galvų

tada bandžiau gražiuoju, prięjau ir paklausiau jos – ką čia veikia ir
ko nori, ta iškamša

bet ji tik nebyliai tupėjo

o tévas, ant kurio galvos ji galop įsitaikė, tik klausiamai pažvelgė į mane
téti, tau ant galvos paukštis! – sušnibždėjau
bet jis numojo ranka, suprask – didelio čia daikto

nuo tada iškamšą jau regėjau ir sapnuose, net ten negaléjau nuo jos
pailséti

beveik nebemiegojau, beveik nebevalgiau, beveik nebebuvau
mačiau ją ir toliau – visada tokią pat sustingusią vienoje pozoe,
nebyliaj, apipešiotą

man émė atrodyti, kad ji šiek tiek šypsosi. iškamša iš manęs šaipési
prięjau, čiupau ją ir mečiau iš visų jégų į sieną. tik, pasirodo, ten
buvo ne siena, o veidrodis

tąkart tame pirmą kartą išvydau skrendantį paukštį

pavasaris

sédėdama šalia užuodžiu –
tavo rūbai slepia žaizdas

per odą prasikalusius
magnolijų žiedus

omletas

ruošiausi kepti omletą
praskėliau vieną kiaušinį
tada antrą
trečiame radau murziną berniuką

sédéjo be tėvų, vienas
prekybos centre
šalia savęs turėjo dėžutę

apsidairiau ar niekas nemato
ir toliau gaminau
pusryčius

laisvė

senas rašytojas su pasišlykštėjimu žvelgdamas į mane
pro stipriai sukaštus dantis iškošia
– kas tau gali uždrausti rašyti ką nori?
suprask jo laikais buvo cenzūra o dabar mes gyvename
šiltnamio sąlygom ir nokstam kaip kokie pomidorai

– kas tau gali uždrausti rašyti ką nori?
klausia manęs išverstakės žuvys nematomoj laiko upėj
– kas tau gali uždrausti rašyti ką nori?
teiraujas Peliukas Mikis ir misteris Jėzus
susikibę už rankų sapnų proskynoj
toj pačioj kurioj skęstu kurioj paskendau ir nuskęsiu

– kas tau gali uždrausti rašyti ką nori?
klausia manęs moliuskai kriauklės bangos žuvédros ir dumbliai
nuskendusių laivų kapitonai ir nekaltos mergaitės –
po dešimties metų jos jau skelbs tostus ir gers viena kitos kraują
prie paminklo Andersono undinélei ar kitam viešbuty

– kas tau gali uždrausti rašyti ką nori?
nerimsta daugiaaukščio langų stiklai
ir praplaukiantys debesys

atsisuku į juos ir sakau
– jūs man galit uždrausti ir
uždrausti man gali šermukšnių kekių raudonis

ménulis yra tabletė

ménulis yra tabletė
su grioveliu
per vidurį

pyktis yra tabletė
su grioveliu
per vidurį

mindaugo tiltas yra tabletė
su grioveliu
per vidurį

vasara yra tabletė
su grioveliu
per vidurį

sausra afrikoje
galinti nusinešti
500 tūkstančių vaikų gyvybes
yra tabletė
su grioveliu
per vidurį

mylima moteris yra tabletė
su grioveliu
per vidurį

mentai mušantys protestuotojų šunij
yra tabletė
su grioveliu
per vidurį

užleisti vietą autobuse
yra tabletė
su grioveliu
per vidurį

dainuoti iš laimės
palaidojus save
yra tabletė
su grioveliu
per vidurį

tyla yra tabletė
su grioveliu
per vidurį

tame griovyje gulėdamas
kažką vapa
girtas laikas

niekada neklauusk
kas iškasė šitą griovį
kas iškasė mums šią dieną
kas sukalė jos dantyse
spurdantį paukštį
PERLAUŽK

vieną pusę nuryk
kitą –
abiem rankom atvéręs paukščio dangtį
įdék ir vėl uždaryk

tada pagaliau
pamatysi –

dienos dantimis
rieda
kraujo lašai

net kai nieko neliks

net kai nieko neliks
liks tie sujaukti patalai
gilus kvėpavimas
ir tavo pirkštai
ant besibaigiančios vasaros kūno

o kas jei dievas yra žuvėdra

visa mūsų istorija stengdamasi pamatyti troško nematyti

mes tiek kartą ieškojom patvirtinimo
kad šikart jau visam, kad dabar jau tikrai viskas labai tikra
kad iki grabo lentos etc etc

tieka kartą norėjom aiškių ir apčiuopiamų įrodymų
ko nors konkretaus ir matomo
o kas jei jų yra, o kas jei dievas yra

o kas jei dievas yra žuvėdra į visas puses pašaipiai kraipanti galvą
ryjanti dar gyvas žuvis ir šikanti ant baltarusių rašytojo

o kas jei dievas yra apelsinų sultys
kurių galiojimo data ant pakelio nenurodyta
kurias kažkoks dėdė Stasys nusipirko pusryčiams prieš šešerius metus

o kas jei dievas yra tas atletiškas vaikinas
rudomis akimis, tiksliai nurodęs savo penio išmatavimus
gėjų puslapy

o kas jei dievas yra
tik mes jo nepastebim

praznično līčilo

Videla sem angele z avtomatskimi puškami v rokah
na letališčih in postajah so žalostno strmeli v tla

čakali so

Videla sem osemletnike, ki so jih poslali starši
stekli so k borcem za človekove pravice
in kričali: vrnite nam mavrico

hihitali so se

Videla sem moške, ki so mislili, da so pravi moški
in ženske, ki so mislide, da so prave ženske
kadar so se predstavile, so namesto imena povedale:
sem ženska tega in tega

Videla sem izpraznjene vasi, izsekane gozdove
zajezene reke in cerkvice majhnih mest

V ogledalu

konjske dirke

v taboru se človeška telesa valjajo po konjskem gnoju
ne premikajo se, ampak tečejo
smrčijo

in ne umirajo

če bi umrli, bi žalovali za njimi
dejali bi: kako grozno, tam so bili majhni otroci
jokali so še nekaj minut po tem, ko so jih ustrelili
zelo zelo bi nam bilo hudo, pomenljivo bi se spogledali
in odšli v maximo kuperti štruco kruha, gledali bi nadaljevanke

na vso moč bi se trudili vse skupaj čim prej pozabiti
preuredili bi pohištvo, se pogovarjali o umetnosti
si iz knjige izpisali recept za kolač, se spet pogovarjali o umetnosti

toda ker niso umrli, ker ležijo v taboru, v hlevu, za ograjo,
ker obkroženi z vojaki poležavajo na iztrebkih dirkalnih konj
jih sovražimo bolj kot same sebe in se na vso moč trudimo vse
skupaj čim prej pozabiti
gremo v maximo po štruco kruha, gledamo nadaljevanke

gremo v maximo po štruco kruha

nagačena

nekega dne sem ob smetišču zagledala zapuščeno nagačeno ptico
videla sem jo in pozabila nanjo, vendar ona name ni pozabila,
začela me je celo zalezovati –
kamorkoli sem šla, kogarkoli sem srečala, povsod sem videla
umazano ptico

sprva sem se pretvarjala, da je ne opazim
kar naj se nastavlja tam, kaj mi mar – saj še kljuna ne zna odpreti

a sčasoma je postala nesramna, ni se pojavljala samo na javnih mestih –
med študenti, občinstvom, pešci na ulici –
temveč tudi v družbi mojih prijateljev, ni ji bilo nerodno čepeti na
glavah mojih bližnjih

zato sem skušala biti vljudna, stopila sem k njej in jo vprašala: kaj
počneš tukaj in kaj hočeš?
a ona je samo nemo čepela
in moj oče, na čigar glavi je nazadnje pristala, me je samo začudeno
pogledal
oče, na glavi imaš ptico! sem zašepetala
toda on je zamahnil z roko: kaj mi mar

od takrat se mi je nagačena ptica prikazovala tudi v sanjah, niti tam
se nisem mogla spočiti od nje
skoraj nisem več spala, skoraj nisem več jedla, skoraj me ni bilo več –
kar naprej sem jo videvala – vedno je negibno stala v enakem
položaju, nema, oskulbljena
zazdelo se mi je, da se pritajeno smehlja. nagačena ptica se mi posmehuje
pristopila sem, jo zgrabilna in z vso močjo vrgla v steno. a pokazalo
se je, da tam ni bila stena, temveč ogledalo

takrat sem v njem prvič zagledala letečo ptico

pomlad

ko sedim poleg tebe, zavoham
rane pod tvojimi oblačili

cvetove magnolije
ki poganjajo skozi kožo

omleta

nameravala sem speči omleto
ubila sem jajce
nato še eno
v tretjem sem našla umazanega fanta

sedel je brez staršev, sam
v nakupovalnem središču
s škatlico ob sebi

preverila sem, ali kdo gleda
in naprej pripravljala
zajtrk

svoboda

stari pisatelj me gleda z gnušom
skozi stisnjene zobe zarenči:
le kdo ti lahko prepove, da pišeš, kar hočeš?
veste, v njegovih časih je obstajala cenzura, zdaj pa živimo
v rastlinjaku in zorimo kot kakšni paradižniki

le kdo ti lahko prepove, da pišeš, kar hočeš?
vpraša riba z izbuljenimi očmi v nevidni reki časa
le kdo ti lahko prepove, da pišeš, kar hočeš?
vprašata Miki Miška in gospod Jezus
ki se držita za roke v luknji sanj
v katero se pogrezam, v katero sem se in se bom pogreznila

le kdo ti lahko prepove, da pišeš, kar hočeš?
me sprašujejo rakci, školjke, valovi, galebi in alge
kapitani potopljenih ladij in nedolžne deklice –
čez desetletje bodo nazdravljalni in pili drug drugega kri
ob spomeniku Andersenovi sireni ali v kakem drugemu hotelu

le kdo ti lahko prepove, da pišeš, kar hočeš?
nemirno ječijo šipe v oknih blokov
in mimo plavajoči oblaki

obrnem se proti njim in rečem:
vi mi lahko prepoveste in
prepove mi lahko rdečina v šopih jerebik

luna je tableta

luna je tableta

z zarezo

na sredini

jeza je tableta

z zarezo

na sredini

mindaugasov most je tableta

z zarezo

na sredini

poletje je tableta

z zarezo

na sredini

suša v afriki

ki lahko izbriše

življenja petsto tisoč otrok

je tableta

z zarezo

na sredini

ljubljena ženska je tableta

z zarezo

na sredini

policaji, ki pretepajo psa protestnikov

so tableta

z zarezo

na sredini

odreči se sedežu na avtobusu

je tableta

z zarezo

na sredini

peti od veselja
potem ko si pokopal samega sebe
je tableta
z zarezo
na sredini

tišina je tableta
z zarezo
na sredini

v tej zarezi leži
pijani čas
in nekaj blebeta

nikoli ne vprašaj
kdo je naredil to zarezo
kdo je izrezal ta dan za nas
kdo je v njegove zobe
zapičil plahutajočo ptico
PRELOMI JO

pogoltni polovico
drugo pa –
potem ko z obema rokama odpreš pokrov ptice –
položi v notranjost in zapri

tedaj boš končno
videl –
kako se po zobeh dneva
kotalijo
kapljice krvi

tudi ko nič ne ostane

tudi ko nič ne ostane
ostanejo tiste zmečkane rjuhe
globoki vdihi
in tvoji prsti
na telesu poletja, ki se končuje

kaj če je bog galeb

vsa naša zgodovina si v želji, da bi videla, zatiska oči

tako dolgo smo iskali potrditev
da je zdaj končno dovolj, kajti zdaj je vse že tako resnično,
da bo zadoščalo do konca naših dni, itd. itd.

kar naprej smo si žeeli jasnih in oprijemljivih dokazov
nečesa konkretnega in vidnega
toda kaj če v resnici obstajajo, kaj če bog obstaja

kaj če je bog galeb, ki v vse smeri posmehljivo obrača glavo
ki pozira žive ribe in serje na beloruskega pisatelja

kaj če je bog pomarančni sok
katerega rok uporabe ni naveden na embalaži
in ki ga je neki striček Stasys kupil za zajtrk pred šestimi leti

kaj če je bog tisti atletski mladenič
z rjavimi očmi, ki na gejevski spletni strani
navaja natančno dolžino svojega penisa

kaj če bog je –
le mi ga ne opazimo

Prevedel Klemen Pisk

holiday make-up

i saw angels with automatic rifles in their hands
staring sadly at the floor in airports and stations

waiting

i saw eight-year-olds sent by their parents
running up to human rights activists
shouting – give us back the rainbow –

giggling

i saw men who thought they were real men
and women who thought they were real women
saying in greeting, instead of a name –
i am so and so's woman –

i saw emptied villages, forests felled
dammed rivers and steeples of small towns

in the mirror

horse races

at the camp, people's bodies lie about on horse manure
unmoving, but running
snoring

and they don't die

if they were dead, we would say
how cruel, there were little kids there
they cried for a few minutes after they were shot
and it would be very very sad, and we would look at each other
meaningfully, then go to Maxima to buy white bread and
we would watch TV shows, doing everything to forget more quickly
we would rearrange our furniture, talk about art
copy out a recipe for cake from a book, talk about art again

but now that they're not dead, lying in the camp, in the pen, enclosed
and surrounded by soldiers, stretched out on racehorse dung
we hate them more than ourselves, and we do everything to forget them
as quickly as possible
we go to Maxima to buy white bread, we watch TV shows

we go to Maxima to buy white bread

stuffed

one day, by the dumpster, i saw an abandoned stuffed bird
i saw it and forgot, but it didn't forget me, it even began to stalk me –
wherever and whenever i would go, whomever i would meet, i saw
the ragged bird

at first, i pretended not to see it
let it show itself, what do i care – it neither chirps nor pecks at me

but eventually, it grew rude – appearing not only in public places –
among students, listeners, pedestrians –
but showing up among friends, perching even on my loved ones' heads

so i tried to make nice, asking – what are you doing here and what
do you want?

but the stuffed thing just squatted there – silent
and my father, on whose head it eventually perched, only looked at
me inquiringly

dad – i whispered – there's a bird on your head!
but he just waived his hand, you know – big deal

from that time on, i began to see the stuffed creature in my dreams –
no escape – i hardly slept, i barely ate, i barely was –
and i would keep seeing it – always frozen in the same pose, mute,
frayed,

though it began to seem to me that it was smiling – the stuffed
bird was mocking me

so i finally snatched it up and threw it with all my strength at the
wall, only, it turned out,
that wasn't the wall, but a mirror.

that was the first time i saw a bird fly
in a mirror

spring

sitting next to you i can smell
the wounds under your clothes

magnolia blossoms
pushing through your skin

omelet

i was planning to cook an omelet
i broke one egg
then another
and in the third i found a grimy boy

sitting there, parentless, alone
in a shopping mall
with a small box at his side

i looked around to see if anyone saw
then continued to prepare
breakfast

freedom

an old writer looks at me with disgust
and squeezes some words out through his teeth:
who can stop you from writing what you want?
we must understand that his times were those of censorship
and we now live in a greenhouse like some kind of tomatoes

who can stop you from writing what you want?
asks the fish with bulging eyes in the unseen stream of time
who can stop you from writing what you want?
wonder aloud Mickey Mouse and Mr. Jesus
holding hands in the orifice of dreams
in which i drown did drown and will drown

who can stop you from writing what you want?
ask the clams and seashells the waves gulls and seaweed
the drowned ship's captains and the innocent maidens –
in a decade they'll give toasts as they drink each other's blood
by the monument to Anderson's mermaid or some other hotel

who can stop you from writing what you want?
uneasily stammers the glass in the windows of block apartments
with clouds drifting by

i turn to them all and say –
you can all stop me and so can
the red in a cluster of rowan berries

the moon is a pill

the moon is a pill
with a groove
down the middle

anger is a pill
with a groove
down the middle

Mindaugas Bridge is a pill
with a groove
down the middle

summer is a pill
with a groove
down the middle

drought in Africa
that wipes away
the lives of 500 thousand children
is a pill
with a groove
down the middle

a beloved woman is a pill
with a groove
down the middle

a cop striking the protestors' dog
is a pill
with a groove
down the middle

to give up one's seat on the bus
is a pill
with a groove
down the middle

to sing from joy
having buried one's self
is a pill
with a groove
down the middle

silence is a pill
with a groove
down the middle

drunken time lies
in the groove
and babbles

never ask
who cut this groove
who dug this day for us
who nailed a twitching bird
to its teeth
BREAK IT

swallow one half
and the other –
opening the bird's lid with both hands
insert the pill and close

then you will finally
see –

drops of blood
streaking
over the day's teeth

even when nothing else is left

even when nothing else is left
the crumpled sheets remain
the deep breaths
and your fingers
on the body of summer's end

and so what, if god is a seagull

all our history of trying to see, craves not to see

for so long we looked for confirmation
that this time it's for good, that now everything is really real
that to the very grave, etc., etc.

time and time again, we wanted clear and tangible evidence
something concrete and visible
but so what if it's there, and so what if god exists

and so what, if god is a seagull, turning his head to all sides in disdain
swallowing fishes live, and shitting on a Belarusian writer

and so what if god is orange juice
whose expiration date is missing and which
some uncle Stan bought for breakfast some six years ago

and so what, if god is that athletic young man
with brown eyes, showing the exact measure of his penis
on a gay website

and so what, if god is –
only we don't notice him

Translated by Rimas Uzgiris



Foto © Damijan Simčič

Marko Kravos

Marko Kravos (1943), slovenski pesnik, pisatelj, eseist in prevajalec iz Trsta. Diplomiral iz slavistike, 25 let vodil založniško hišo v Trstu, bil dozent na slovenistikni Univerze v Trstu. Je član slovenskega centra PEN, ki mu je predsedoval v letih 1996–2000, in Društva slovenskih pisateljev, kjer bil tajnik in član upravnega odbora društva. V Trstu predseduje društvu Skupina 85/Gruppo 85, v Ljubljani pa društvu Bralna značka. Izdal je 27 pesniških zbirk in 16 knjig za otroke, preveden je v 29 jezikov. Sam prevaja iz italijanščine, srbsčine in hrvaščine ter španščine. Na Slovenskem je prejel nagrado Prešernovega sklada in zlatnik poezije v Celju, v Italiji pa nagrade Astrolabio d'oro v Pisi, Premio Reggio Calabria, v Trstu nagrado Scritture di frontiera in v Varni nagrado Društva bolgarskih pisateljev.

Novejše zbirke: *Sol na jezik/Sale sulla lingua* (Trst 2013), *V kamen, v vodo* (izbor, Ljubljana 2013), *So na jezik* (Banja Luka 2016), *U kamen, u vodu* (Beograd 2016), *Zlato ustje L'oro in bocca* (Trst 2017), *Kot suho zlato* (Ljubljana 2017), *Quattro venti Štirje vetrovi* (Salerno 2019).

Marko Kravos (1943) is a Slovenian poet, writer, essayist, and translator from Trieste. He graduated in Slavic Studies, ran a publishing house in Trieste for 25 years, and was an assistant professor at the Department for Slovene Language and Literature at the University of Trieste. He is a member of the Slovenian PEN Centre, which he chaired from 1996 to 2000, and of the Slovenian Writers' Association, where he was a secretary and a member of the association's administrative board. In Trieste, he presides over the association Skupina 85/Gruppo 85, and in Ljubljana he presides over the Bralna značka association. He has published 27 poetry collections and 16 children's books, and his work has been translated into 29 languages. He himself translates from Italian, Serbian, Croatian, and Spanish. In Slovenia he received the Prešeren Fund Award and The Golden Coin of Poetry in Celje, in Italy the Astrolabio d'oro Award in Pisa, the Premio Reggio Calabria Award, the Scritture di frontiera award in Trieste, and, in Bulgaria, the award of the Bulgarian Writers' Association in Varna.

Newest collections: *Salt On Tongue* (*Sol na jezik/Sale sulla lingua*, Trieste 2013), *In Stone, In Water* (*V kamen, v vodo*, selection, Ljubljana 2013), *Salt On Tongue* (*So na jezik*, Banja Luka 2016), *In Stone, In Water* (*U kamen, u vodu*, Belgrade 2016), *Golden Leather* (*Zlato ustje/L'oro in bocca*, Trieste 2017), *As Solid Gold* (*Kot suho zlato*, Ljubljana 2017), *Four Winds* (*Quattro venti/Štirje vetrovi*, Salerno 2019).

Rodovna pesem

Nekoč živel je človek,
bos in suh,
nikoli ne bi postal moj oče
brez sinovih zaslug.
Pred tem si je tudi oče,
svoje dni, seveda,
odbral med predniki deda.
Potem je moj sin nekega maja,
ne čisto brez muk in bolečin,
zvlekel brezskrbnega Marka iz raja,
mu nataknil starševski čin.
Zdaj sem tu. Za vrt skrbim,
in se veselim, če kaj iz zemlje pogleda.
Sam sebi sem nono in vnuk,
rodilnik in pokolenje.
Sam. Sam s svojo brado.
Rod in dom. Star klobuk
poveznen na otročjo glavo.

Nekoč živel je človek,
bos in suh.

Sol na jezik

Tri zrna soli v usta, na jezik
in z jezikom preko zob in ustnic:
sol še bližnji smrti podeli
okus po ljubezni.

Vrzi, vrzi belo sol v morje,
naj se k rodni vodi vrne,
naj se navzame modrine.
Sol se topi, a ne mine.

Iglavci, listavci

v ozadju morje in Kosovel

Veje, vrši v krošnjah,
gre in se vrača med veje,
po spočetnem vzduhu
brezbožne bore razmaje,
zajame poganske hraste
... veter ... Mrazi gladino,
v mraku spodjeda breg.

Zviška z neba se utrinjajo
listi, sočutni šumevci.
Bor v bregu – bos na begu
pred lastnimi iglami.
Sivi kamni so sivi kamni.
Se morje kdaj reši soli?
Bor ima iglice v krvi.

Priče

Kličem besedo za pričo,
kličem moč za molk,
kličem sebe iz dna svoje duše
v neobstojni majski dan.

Solze in smeh kličem
in zaljubljene vzdihе:
naj bom dlan na rami,
naj bom češnja v ustih.

Roka se je zaprla,
nekakšen nič je v pesti;
roka se je odprla
kot usta v zadregi.

Kličem palec, kazalec,
sredinec, prstanec, mezinec:
kličem in kličem.
Rad bi si obliznil prste.

Pitna pesem

V klet in sod gre, kar bilo je breme trti,
kar bilo je včeraj dež in znoj in prst,
treba je pred rodnim soncem skriti
v mrak, mir in hlad. Potem šele oživi,
ime dobi, v kozarcu zadiha, diši,
spet komu prevzame srce omahljivo,
v nov krog zvabi razposajeno telo.

Vino.

Vino so davni Iliri si v grob dajali,
meni je z njim že na tem svetu lepo.

Kot suho zlato

Kaj je za bregom novega?
Navdih iz Mezopotama.

V sedlu, na krilatem žrebcu,
spodaj se po starem vrti zemlja.

¿Da prabeseda prenovi svet,
reši človeka? Klinopisje v glini.

KLINOPISJE

Kdor gre, bi bil rad drugje,
kje daleč, kje bliže.

Kdor ostane, živi po metulje: če.
Če bo svet še kdaj cvetoče polje.

Kdor odide, je še zmerom sam,
kdor na novo pride, vse mu je tuje.

NA SVOJE

Vzemi si v misel biser,
biser kot misel.

Kdo vse vzame tebe vase,
ko si živ ali mrtev,

v kaj vse te zgnete,
ko se kdaj v školjki znajdes.

BISER

Svet je vse nižji, daleč nekje se kadi.
Vstajajo megle: so se gore sesedle?

Svet je vse nižji, od tu in tam se kadi.
Lega mrak, brli jutro čez rosno polje?

Svet je vse nižji, kadi se bliže in bliže.
Svet se kazi. Ne, nič ni z očmi narobe.

NIŽAVJE

Gostí se sivina, v pasovih. Ohranja
morje sledove ribje jate ob selitvi?

Morda zapisuje veter med vale
beg vseh živih na nove obale?

In kam z mrtvimi z nemim molkom
v globini! Z zavržki v svinčenem morju.

NE-MI

Bolj so kratki dnevi,
bolj je v slepem kotu lepo.

Izza sive podlage sije sonce s plešo,
v krogu, v mrtvaškem plesu triada,

zlati osel, zlato tele in Evropa krava.
Na drevesu spoznanja rase banana.

LEPI KOT

Čeprav se zrno za zrnom osuva,
zaživi vsak hip vsak trenutek znova.

Žitje se v zaliv izliva, a ta hip uživa
v naročju neveste, kaj mar tesnoba.

Morje je shramba svetlobe,
oko v vesolju, nepreštevna rosa.

ZALIV

Z glavo že med oblaki, na Rimski cesti,
z jetri med potepuhi v podvozu.

Spomin. Bo od te drobovine kaj ostalo,
ko zlezeš v medenico neveste matere?

Jezik na dlani: zahvalni dar za izročilo.
Molk bo kot suho zlato zvenel v jami.

ZLATO

Pod vsako zvezdo tiči zgodba, pesem,
izum po občutku, praštevilo brez para,

spočetek, sredina, kraj lepo na vretenu, nit,
zvénjena rima, stópica, igla in šiv, satje za glas.

Izrek, izročilo s pravo mero. Manj je črnila,
manj sprenevedanja. Brščanje molka je kvas.

PESEM

Kinship poem

There once lived a man,
barefoot and thin,
he would never become my father,
without his son's merits.
Before that, the father as well,
in his days, of course,
selected a grandfather among his ancestors.
Then my son came one May,
not quite without torment and pain,
pulled the careless Mark from paradise,
and put a parental rank on him.
Now I am here. I take care of the garden
and feel joy if something pops out of the soil.
I am my own grandpa and grandchild,
genitive and lineage.
Alone. Alone with my beard.
Kinship and home. Old hat
pulled onto a childish head.

There once lived a man,
barefoot and thin.

Translated by Petra Meterc

Salt on the tongue

Three grains of salt in the mouth, on the tongue
and with the tongue against teeth and lips:
salt also gives nearing death
the taste of love.

Throw, throw white salt into the sea,
hand it over to mother water,
let it soak through into her blueness.
The salt dissolves, and does not disappear.

Pinewood, hardwood

the sea and Kosovel in the background

Whistles, rustles through the leaves,
comes and goes among the branches
from its very first sigh
shakes godless pines,
shrouds pagan oaks
...the wind... Chills the surfaces,
at dusk washes away the coast.

From the sky above leaves
resound, and hiss together.
The pine tree on the coast – barefoot flees
from its own needles.
Grey stones are grey stones.
Does the sea ever get rid of salt?
The pine tree has needles in its blood.

Translated by Sandro Pecchiari

Witnesses

I call word for witness,
I call power for silence,
I call myself from the bottom of my soul,
into an impermanent May day.

Tears and laughter I call
and sighs of being in love:
let me be the hand on the shoulder,
let me be the cherry in the mouth.

The hand opened,
there is some sort of nothing in the fist;

the hand opened,
like embarrassed mouth.

I call thumb, forefinger,
middle finger, ring finger, little finger:
I call and call.
I would like to lick my fingers.

Drinkable poem

That which was a burden to the vine goes into the cellar and into
the barrel,
that which was rain and sweat and soil yesterday
needs to be hidden from the native sun
into dusk, peace and cool. Only then it comes to life,
gets a name, breathes in the glass, smells good,
takes over someone's indecisive heart,
lures the boisterous body into a new circle.
Wine.

Wine was put into graves by ancient Illyrians,
me I find this world with it already beautiful.

Like solid gold

What is new up the sleeve?
Inspiration from Mesopotamia.

In the saddle, on a winged stallion,
the earth spins as usual underneath.

{For the ancient word to renew the world,
to save a man? Cuneiform in clay.

CUNEIFORM

Whoever goes, would like to be somewhere else,
somewhere far, somewhere closer.

Whoever stays lives like butterflies do: if.
If the world will ever be a flourishing field again.

Whoever leaves is still alone,
whoever comes anew, to him everything is foreign.

ON ONE'S OWN

Take a pearl into your thoughts,
a pearl as a thought.

Who all takes you in,
when you're alive or dead,

what all does it knead you into
when you find yourself in a shell someday.

PEARL

The world is getting lower and lower, from somewhere afar a
smoke is coming.

Mists are rising: have the mountains collapsed?

The world is getting lower and lower, from here and there a smoke
is coming.

Twilight lays, morning flickers across the dewy field?

The world is getting lower, the smoke is getting closer and closer.
The world is spoiling. No, there is nothing wrong with the eyes.

LOWLANDS

Greyness is becoming thicker, in strips. Does the sea
preserve the traces of a shoal of fish when migrating?

Perhaps it writes the wind between the waves
the escape of all the living to the new shores?

And where to with the dead with the deaf silence
in depth! With discards in the leaden sea.

DEAF

The shorter the days,
the nicer it is in the blind spot.

From behind the grey grounding the sun shines with baldness,
in a circle, a triad in a danse macabre,

golden donkey, golden calf and European cow.
On the tree of knowledge grows a banana.

BEAUTIFUL SPOT

Despite grain after grain dropping,
it comes to life again in every instant in every moment.

Life pours into the bay, enjoying this instant
in the bride's lap, no care for anxiety.

The sea is a storehouse of light,
an eye in space, innumerable dew.

BAY

With head already in the clouds, on the Roman road,
with liver among vagrants in the undercarriage.

Memory. Will there be something left of these entrails,
when you climb into the bride's mother's pelvis?

Tongue in the palm of your hand: a thank you gift for tradition.
Silence will sound like solid gold in the cave.

GOLD

Beneath each star hides a story, a poem,
invention by feeling, prime number without pair,

origin, middle, a place nice on the spindle, thread,
ringing rhyme, foot, needle and stitch, honeycomb for voice.

Theorem, tradition in the right measure. Less ink,
less ignorance. The sprouting of silence is yeast.

POEM

Translated by Petra Meterc



Foto © Darya Koltsova

Miroslav Lajuk

Miroslav Lajuk (Мирослав Лайюк; 1990), ukrajinski pesnik in pisatelj. Doktoriral je iz filozofije in književnosti na Nacionalni univerzi Kijevsko-Mogiljanske akademije. Od leta 2019 je vodja avtorske oddaje ‚Čas poezije‘ na ukrajinski javni radioteleviziji. Njegova dela so prevedena v več jezikov, med drugim v angleščino, češčino in nemščino. Udeležil se je pesniških festivalov in literarnih dogodkov v Južni Afriki, Avstriji, na Hrvaškem, Češkem, Poljskem, v Litvi itd. Prejel je veliko nagrado Mlade republike pesnikov (2011), prvo nagrado natečaja največjega neodvisnega ukrajinskega založnika Smoloskip (2012), mednarodno nagrado Olesa Hončarja (2012), dvakrat nagrado Kronanje besede (2012 in 2013) ter nagrado ukrajinskega portala Litakcent za pesniški zbirki *Osat!* (2013) in *Metrofobija* (2015), njegov roman *Babornja* pa se je uvrstil na seznam ‚Knjige leta BBC.‘

Najpomembnejša dosedanja Lajukova dela so *Самому стати світом* (2008; *Postati svet samemu sebi*), *Ocote!* (2013; *Osat!*), *Метрофобія* (2015; *Metrofobija*), *Баборня* (2016; *Babornja*), *Світ не створений* (2018; *Svet ni ustvarjen*), *Троянда* (2019; *Vrtnica*), *Заврик і його молодший брат* (2019; *Zaver in njegov mlajši brat* [slikanica]).

Myroslav Laiuk (Мирослав Лайюк; 1990) is a Ukrainian poet and writer. He received his PhD in Philosophy and Literature from the National University of the Kiev-Mohyla Academy. Since 2019 he has been the host of show ‘Time of Poetry’ on Ukrainian public radio and television. His works have been translated into several languages, including Czech, English and German. He has attended poetry festivals and literary events in South Africa, Austria, Croatia, the Czech Republic, Poland, Lithuania, and elsewhere. He received the Grand Prix of Poets’ Young Republic (2011), the first prize of the competition of the largest independent Ukrainian publisher Smoloskip (2012), the Oles Honchar International Prize (2012), the prize from the Coronation of the Word (in both 2012 and 2013) and the prize of the Ukrainian website Litakcent for poetry collections *Sow-Thistle!* (2013) and *Metrophobia* (2015), and his novel *Babornya* was listed at the BBC Books of the Year list.

The most important works published so far by Miroslav Lajuk are *Самому стати світом* (2008; To Become a World of Your Own), *Ocote!* (2013; Sow-Thistle!), *Метрофобія* (2015; *Metrophobia*), *Баборня* (2016; *Babornya*), *Світ не створений* (2018; The World is Not Created), *Троянда* (2019; Rose), *Заврик і його молодший брат* (2019; Saur And His Younger Brother [picture book]).

Почали повертатися і розказувати

Усе частіше почали повертатися і розказувати –
ті. Нагадувати дідусів і бабусь, людей з історією,
що так само говорять про пережите,
наймовірні факти й притчі, хочуть, аби їх слухали,
ставили уточнювальні питання, підтакували.

Один такий на вокзалі, з пов'язкою навколо голови,
розповідав про музиканта, який привіз на скрипку і,
коли не було боїв, грав, в інший час – брав зброю і бився.
Якось він кинув автомат у ковилу, витяг з чохла скрипку –
і заграв дуже сильно, як бог. І вороги почали падати,
просто ніби від куль... Та успіх був недовгим,
бо на боці чужих теж воював скрипаль, теж дуже добрий,
він побіг у свій табір за інструментом, а потім почав грати
ту саму мелодію – і падали вже наші.

І так ці двоє грали, аж поки навколо них не стало
нікого живого... Бо музика не знає, де добро, а де зло.

...Ну? Може, хтось хоче йому заперечити? Хто наважиться?

Чоловік на вокзалі також висловив думку, що тяга до війни –
таки у природі людській. Бо якщо людина захоче,
то, навіть взявши музику до рук, – убиватиме.

Хто має що заперечити?

Я забув, я забув

Ми оголювалися і навіть не знали, що так не можна.

Я забув, я забув. Ми самі придумували ігри.

Ми слухали шастання вершників над нами.

Я забув, я забув. Ми придумували мені ім'я,
ми позбавляли мене імені. Я забув, я забув.

Ми обіцяли легко пробачати й любити знову.

Я забув, я забув. Ми обіцяли, що приймемо Засліплення
як дар. Ми обіцяли світитися, ніби сірник, що догорає,
а від нього підпалують інший сірник. Я забув,
я забув. І став такий холодний,

що таким холодним може бути тільки друге серце,
в якому лиш крижинки нот
створеної тобою музики. Забув.

І я став такий зрячий,
що побачив Засліплення збоку, ніби душа,
що зрити своє тіло на простирадлі. І я забув.

Що таке історія

Знаю: вона як Троянда:
 Троянда дивиться на квітку – і квітка в'яне;
 але квітці від того тільки краще, тоді як тут –
 тільки жертви, криваві й нарешті байдужі, гербарієві.

«Ба-а, – каже дитина шмарката, – що таке синь?» –
 «Синій колір, небо», – і небо над ними. –
 «Що таке натина?» – і стара жінка хоче показати,
 натина росте лиш біля купи конячого гною. –
 «Така рослина, що в голод їли». – «Що таке смерть?» –
 і смерть уважна, мов відмінниця,
 яка хоче піймати учительку на помилці,
 сіла на підвіконня. – «А це те, що сталося з нашим дідом,
 який у лісі колись пропав. Пропав ради історії». –
 «Ба, а що таке історія?» –

І жінка виходить на горб: там вітер – зносить, калічить,
 він як голка – жінка пробує вселити туди нитку життя.
 Стара посилає дитину по куртку, сама ж втуплюється
 у зарослу вільхами ріку – глуху, як перед повінню:
 «Історія – ...якось ми посварилися з Василиною,
 сусідкою. І та розказала, що коли півшіку тому
 вони вішали в лісі твого діда

він тремтів, як осиковий листок.
 Тремтів, як осиковий листок».

Першовідкривачі не помиляються

Жага мандрів просто зносить голову, мов п'янкий дух
у селищах, що живуть з виробництва алкоголю.
І вони йдуть уперед, аби дати людству цінні знання, –
першовідкривачі. Першовідкривачі,
віднаходячи нові землі, приречені неодмінно на поразку.

Вони складають перші карти, і Африка виглядає
як велика сливка; Азія, мов поточена з боків паляниця,
ріки, вони ж насправді значно вужчі.

Першовідкривачі часто приречені на те,
щоб виглядати недолугими, щоб бути недосконалими:
у них немає фактів, крім фактів власних очей і чуттів.
Це інші приходять після, озброєні купами книжок,
озброєні приладами, приходять по накресленому маршруту,
проходять по сливці й кажуть: це не сливка,

шановний, ви помилилися! Ви помилилися, це не сливка,
це гроно винограду. Першовідкривачі приречені на поразку,
але Африка для них – це жінка, у якої вони – перші.

А перший раз немислимо помилитися,
адже неможливо помилитися, коли несила віправити.
Бо тоді все життя, весь світ доведеться називати

великою помилкою,
а не першим коханням.

Začeli so se vračati in priovedovati

Vse pogosteje so se začeli vračati in priovedovati – tisti. Se spominjati dedov in babic, ljudi s preteklostjo, ki prav tako govorijo o preživetem, neverjetna dejstva in parbole, želijo, da bi jih poslušali, jih spraševali o podrobnostih in jim pritrjevali.

Eden takšnih je na železniški postaji, s povezano glavo, priovedoval o glasbeniku, ki je s sabo prinesel violino in nanjo, ko ni bilo bojev, igrал, drugače pa vzel orožje in se bojeval. Nekoč je vrgel brzostrelko v travo, vzel iz kovčka violino – in zaigral na vso moč, kot Bog. In sovražniki so pričeli padati, kakor da od krogel … A uspešen ni bil dolgo, saj se je na nasprotnikovi strani tudi bojeval violinist, tudi zelo dober, stekel je v svoj tabor po inštrument, nakar je začel igrati isto melodijo – in že so padali naši.

In tako sta ta dva igrala, vse dokler okoli njiju ni bilo več žive duše … Kajti glasba ne ve, kje je dobro in kje zlo.

… No? Mu morebiti želi kdo ugovarjati? Si kdo drzne?

Moški na postaji je obenem izrazil misel, da je gon po vojni vendorle v človeški naravi. Ker če se človeku zahoče, bo segel celo po glasbi – in z njo ubijal.

Bi kdo ugovarjal?

Pozabil sem, pozabil sem

Razgalili smo se in niti nismo vedeli, da naj se ne bi.
Pozabil sem, pozabil sem. Sami smo si izmislili igro.
Poslušali smo šviganje jezdecev nad nami.
Pozabil sem, pozabil sem. Izmislili smo si moje ime,
znebili smo se mojega imena. Pozabil sem, pozabil.

Obljubili smo si hitro odpuščanje in vnovično ljubezen.
Pozabil sem, pozabil. Obljubili smo, da bomo Slepoto sprejeli
kot dar. Obljubili smo, da bomo sijali kot vžigalica, ki dogoreva
in služi za prižiganje druge vžigalice. Pozabil sem,
pozabil sem. In postal nekako hladen,

kakor je lahko hladno le drugo srce,
v katerem je zgolj ledeni drobir not,
ustvarjen s tvojo glasbo. Pozabil sem.

In spregledal sem v takšni meri,
da sem videl Slepoto od strani kot duša,
ki zre v svoje telo na rjuhi. In pozabil sem.

Kaj je to zgodovina

Vem: je kot Vrtnica:
vrtnica opazuje rožo – in roža vene
vendar roži to ugaja, medtem ko so tu
samo žrtve, krvave in končno brezbrizne, herbarijske.

»Ba-bica,« pravi otrok smrkajoč, »kaj je to sinjina?«
»Sinja barva, nebo,« in nebo nad njima. –
»Kaj je to loboda?« In stara ženica bi rada pokazala,
da loboda rase samo blizu kupa konjskega gnoja.
»Taka rastlina, ki so jo jedli med lakoto.« »Kaj je to smrt?«
In pozorna smrt, kot odličnjakinja,
ki hoče ujeti učiteljico pri napaki,
je sedla na okensko polico. – »To pa je tisto, kar se je zgodilo z
našim dedom,
ki je nekoč izginil v gozdu. Izginil zaradi zgodovine.«
»Babi, kaj pa je to zgodovina?«

In ženska odide na grič: tam je veter – uničuje, pustoši,
je kot šivanka – ženska poskuša vanjo vdeti nit življenja.
Starka pošlje otroka po jakno, sama pa se zatopi v
reko, obrasio z jelšami – tiho, kot pred povodnjijo:
»Zgodovina – … nekoč sva se sprli z Vasilinko,
sosedo. In ta je dejala, da ko so pred pol stoletja
obesili tvojega deda v gozdu,

je trepetal kot trepetlika.
Trepetal kot trepetlika.«

Raziskovalci se ne motijo

Strast do potovanj zmeša glavo kot opojen duh
vasi, kjer živijo od predelave alkohola.
In gredo naprej, da bi ljudstvu dali dragoceno znanje –
raziskovalci. Raziskovalci,
ki odkrivajo nova ozemlja, so zanesljivo obsojeni na poraz.

Rišejo prve zemljevide in Afrika je videti
kot velika sliva; Azija kot obgrizeni hlebec,
reke, pravzaprav znatno ožje.

Raziskovalci so pogosto obsojeni na
videz onemogosti, nepopolnosti.
Manjkajo jim dejstva razen dejstva lastnih oči in čutov.
Drugi so tisti, ki pridejo kasneje, oboroženi s kupi knjig,
oboroženi s pripomočki, pridejo po začrtani poti,
prehodijo slivo in rečejo: to ni sliva,

spoštovani, zmotili ste se! Zmotili ste se, to ni sliva,
to je grozd. Prvopristopniki so obsojeni na poraz,
vendar je Afrika zanje – ženska, pri kateri so – prvi.
Toda prvič se je nepredstavljivo zmotiti,
saj se je nemogoče zmotiti, kadar tega ni moč popraviti.
Kajti tedaj je vse življenje, ves svet treba poimenovati

velika zmota
in ne prva ljubezen.

Prevedla Janja Vollmaier Lubej

They are coming back and telling stories

They are coming back and telling stories more often now – those people.
They remind us of our grandparents, people with history,
also talking about the bygone,
unbelievable facts and parables; willing to be heard,
asked specific questions, played along.

At the station, one of these men with his head bandaged,
told strangers about a musician who took a violin to the front line
and played it when there were no battles, played;
otherwise took up arms and fought.
Once, when our guys battled theirs
he threw his gun into the feather grass, took his violin out of the case
and started to play. He played as great as God.
And enemies began falling as if they were shot.
They didn't understand what was going on but ours all the more.
But the success didn't last long – there was another violinist in the
enemy ranks.

He was a good one too. He ran to his camp, took the violin,
and started playing the same melody – and our guys began falling.

Those two played till there was
no one alive around them... Music is not aware of good and evil.

...Anybody want to object? Who will dare?

The man at the station proposed that the thirst for war
is in human nature. If a man has a desire to kill, he will kill.
Even with music.

I forgot, I forgot

We undressed and didn't even know we shouldn't
I forgot, I forgot. We made up games.
We listened to riders above our heads.
I forgot, I forgot. We made up my name,
we deprived me of my name. I forgot, I forgot.
We promised to forgive lightly and love again.
I forgot, I forgot. We promised to accept Dazzle
as a gift. We promised to be as full of light
as a match that is burning out,
lighting another match. I forgot,
I forgot. And became so cold

as might be another heart –
with the icy notes of the music
created once
by you. Forgot

and I gained sight.
I observed the Dazzle as the soul might
observe the body at the bed sheet. And I forgot.

I forgot, I forgot.

What is history

I know: it's like a Rose:
the Rose looks at the flower – and the flower fades;
but the flower feels better because of that, and here –
only sacrifices itself to the herbarium, bloody and finally indifferent.

“Gra-an,” says a child, “what’s the blue?” –
“Blue color, the sky” – and the sky is above them. –
“What is natin?” – and an old woman wants to show
the natin growing only on a heap of horse manure. –
“A plant people ate during famine.” – “What is death?” –
and death sits on the window sill, attentive, as the excellence,
willing to catch her teacher making a mistake
“This is what happened to our grandfather,
who disappeared in the forest once. Gone missing for the sake of
history.” –
“Gran, what’s history?” –

And the woman reaches the hill: there the wind blows –
demolishes, cripples.
It is like a needle – the woman tries to insert the thread of life there.
The old one asks the child to bring a jacket,
she looks at the river overgrown with alders –
the deaf river as before the flood:
“History – ...once we fell out with Vasylyna,
a neighbor. And she said
when a half-century ago
they were hanging your grandfather in the forest
he trembled like an aspen leaf.
trembled like an aspen leaf.”

Explorers do not make mistakes

Wanderlust blows the mind absolutely, like the winey air in villages
making a living from producing strong alcoholic beverages.
And they move forward to give people precious knowledge,
explorers. Explorers
finding new lands, are certainly fated to fail.

They compose the first maps, and Africa looks
like a big plum, and Asia is like a loaf nibbled along the edges,
rivers, they are actually considerably narrower.

Explorers are often fated to
look poor, being imperfect:
they have no facts except the facts of their own eyes and their own senses.
It is the others who come afterwards, armed with piles of books,
armed with devices, they follow the traced road,
pass the plum and say: that's not a plum,

Sir, you are mistaken! You are mistaken, it's not a plum, it's
a bunch of grapes. Explorers are often fated to fail,
but for them, Africa is a woman for whom they were the first.
And it's impossible to make a mistake when you are the first,
After all, one cannot make a mistake, when one has no power to fix it.
Thus all of life, the whole world then should be called

a great mistake,
not the first love.

Translated by Bohdana Neborak



Foto © Gabriela Cuzepan

Elena Medel

Elena Medel (1985), španska pesnica, ustanoviteljica in direktorica pesniške založbe La Bella Varsovia. Leta 2015 je v knjigi *Un día negro en una casa de mentira* (Črn dan v hiši laži) izdala svoje tri pesniške zbirke: *Mi primer bikini* (2001; Moj prvi bikini), *Tara* (2006) in *Chatterton* (2014). Za svoj prvenec, ki je pozneje izšel tudi v angleščini, je že pri 16 letih prejela nagrado »mlada Andaluzija«. Njenе pesmi so prevedene v angleščino, arabščino, armenščino, baskovščino, francoščino, italijanščino, nemščino, poljsčino, portugalščino, romunščino, slovenščino, svahili in švedščino. Objavila je tudi dve knjigi esejev – *El mundo mago. Cómo vivir con Antonio Machado* (2015; Čarobni svet. Kako živeti z Antoniem Machadom) in *Todo lo que hay que saber sobre poesía* (2018; Vse, kar je treba vedeti o poeziji) – ter roman *Las maravillas* (2020; Čudeži). Doslej je prejela številne literarne nagrade, med njimi nagrado Loewe za mlade pesnike in nagrado Sklada princese Girone za umetnost (2016). Ameriška revija *Publishers Weekly* jo je razglasila za eno od »dvajstih najpomembnejših avtoric, ki pišejo v španščini«. Živi v Madridu.

Elena Medel (1985) is a Spanish poet, and the founder and director of the poetry publishing house La Bella Varsovia. In 2015, she published her three poetry collections in the book *Un día negro en una casa de mentira* (Black Day in the House of Lies): *Mi primer bikini* (2001; My First Bikini), *Tara* (2006) and *Chatterton* (2014). For her debut, which was later published in English, she received the "Young Andalusia" award at the age of 16. Her poems have been translated into Arabic, Armenian, Basque, English, French, German, Italian, Polish, Portuguese, Romanian, Slovenian, Swahili and Swedish. She has also published two books of essays – *El mundo mago. Cómo vivir con Antonio Machado* (2015; The Magic World: How to Live With Antonio Machado) and *Todo lo que hay que saber sobre poesía* (2018; Everything you need to know about poetry) – and the novel *Las maravillas* (2020; Miracles). She has been awarded several literary prizes, including the Loewe Prize for Young Poets and the Princess of Girona Foundation Awards 2016 in the Arts Category. Elena Medel is one of the "12 Essential Spanish-language Female Authors" according to *Publishers Weekly*. She lives in Madrid.

Maceta de hortensias en nuestra terraza: Ascenso

Morado o violeta o azul sucio, más bien: una maceta de plástico negro con una hortensia que se asoma al balcón. La vida costaba dieciocho euros y no había nada que temer. Para la supervivencia compré un manual sobre jardinería; bastaba con anotar cuándo crecer en un tiesto de cerámica, cuándo el pulgón y cuándo los esquejes.

Porque toda mujer se casa con su casa,
desde la terraza
mi salón con ropa de domingo:
mesa en el centro, mantel blanco, muchos platos rebosantes,
mi amor feliz,
sereno,
y en el primer plano de la fotografía
una maceta
de plástico negro con una hortensia
morada o violeta o más bien azul sucio
que se asoma al balcón.

En su sitio el estribillo de los electrodomésticos, el servicio de dos para cada comida, todavía dos – él, yo: las plantas cuentan por su cuenta – sentados al almuerzo, todavía los designios familiares – flechazo, noviazgo, aceptación, convivencia: más tarde matrimonio, hijos, nuevos volúmenes en el álbum de sus casas – todavía sentados al almuerzo. Todo en su sitio.

Mientras tanto, en la casa, el hombre duerme.
La mujer
no.

Maceta de hortensias en nuestra terraza: Pulgón

Zarpa una flor desde Brasil hasta Francia,
y con su simbolismo condena a la mujer
que la riega en una maceta de plástico negro
asomada al balcón.

De haber escogido un jazmín o una begonía
para la terraza de nuestro piso de alquiler,
de haber atendido a la florista

– *la han arrancado de su hábitat: por mucho que te empeñes, nada sobrevive
en un clima al que no pertenece* –

qué escribiría hoy
dónde viviría hoy
con quién sería.

Pero la hortensia es solo una flor.

Y los rastros del daño de la piel de la planta
dejan también su rastro de daño en las manos que la cuidan
aunque la hortensia sea solo una flor.

Porque cuando todo va bien
algo se mancha.

De modo que sí, que esto es el fracaso: una mota oscura y leve
sobre la piel,
más hebra de tizne que se marca cuando la yema del dedo insiste
en ella
y se aferra en lugar de borrarla;
más hebra de tizne que lunar
como ningún libro explicó,
más mancha que hebra, que tizne o que lunar, más
es.

Mientras tanto, en la casa, el hombre duerme.

La mujer
no.

Maceta de hortensias en nuestra terraza: Caída

Fiel al mecanismo de la época en la que los narradores omniscientes habitaban en cada personaje
ensayé la justificación: un balcón lleno de plantas
cultivando su propio idioma.

En él

con él

hablaba. No atendía a los consejos
por teléfono; nunca comprendí
las advertencias de los manuales de jardinería.

Pese a los genes que indicaban mi buena disposición
ante una maceta de hortensias en las peores condiciones,
no conseguí más que unos brazos de plástico negro y unos pechos como
hortensias de color morado o violeta o azul sucio
cuando miento y respondo como si algo fuera bien.

Ninguna mujer se casa con sus plantas.

Ante el pulgón, dos únicos remedios: arrojar la planta a la basura
o cederla a mis mayores. En esta situación
– para el insecticida es tarde –
una madre sabrá cómo actuar.

Mientras tanto, en la casa, la mujer duerme.

El hombre
ya no está.

*A virginia, madre de dos hijos,
compañera de primaria de la autora*

Ocupáis tres asientos frente a mí en el autobús que se desplaza desde nuestro barrio alejado del centro al centro;

al centro de nuestra localidad minúscula, entiéndase, no al centro de las cosas, no a la esencia misma ni a la materia nuclear donde la vida

bang

donde la vida

se expande y obedece a todos los fenómenos – etcétera – que dicta la astrofísica. Lo proclaman las asignaturas que rodeábamos porque éramos de letras; lo proclaman los inexpugnables mecanismos que atañen a vocablos tan comunes

como *universo, vida, muerte, amor.*

Ocupáis tres asientos frente a mí

en la parte trasera del transporte público: el niño a la derecha, en el centro la niña, la madre a la izquierda.

Ahora tú, hija pequeña de Virginia: chándal rosa gastado – igual que los plumieres de tu madre – con un personaje que mi edad y condición soltera ignoran.

Ahora tú, hijo mayor de Virginia, intuyo en tu barbilla y tus orejas los rasgos que heredaste de tu padre, y me pregunto si Virginia los maldice
– Virginia, ¿los maldices? –
a la hora del baño.

Pero tú, Virginia, tan rubia, ¿lo recuerdas?
Allá donde entonces combatíamos piojos

ahora

bang

ahora

escondemos el tiempo.

Aquí tú lees una revista, Virginia, aquí tú no me reconoces: ¿te sirven los consejos del cuché,
oh tú, tan rubia e inocente?

Virginia, siempre con mi edad y ahora con dos hijos, sin anillo en el dedo, con un bolso colmado de galletas:

Virginia, hijo mayor de Virginia, hija pequeña de Virginia,
años luz caídos
años luz quebrados en la comisura de los labios,
cerrad los ojos y pedid un deseo

frente a mí

en el autobús destartalado que nos salva del barrio periférico y nos acerca al centro, lejos de los bancos en los que los adolescentes beben y las noches golpean los jardines,
cierra los ojos, Virginia,
porque en estos veintiocho minutos de trayecto he pensado en nosotras,
en ti que no me reconoces veinte años más tarde, en tus canas
donde la gente que nunca te habló, en tus canas donde la gente
reía y se burlaba.

Cristal del autobús junto a Virginia, espejito de ambas,
tus uñas rojas comidas al fregar los platos, una gota de laca roja en
tu dedo anular,
oh Virginia, oh rubia e inocente,
yo he pensado en nosotras,

bang

yo he pensado en nosotras.

No sé si sabes a lo que me refiero.

Te estoy hablando del fracaso.

Lonec s hortenzijami na najini terasi: Vzpon

Škrlatna ali vijoličasta ali, raje, umazano modra: črn plastičen lonec s hortenzijo, ki stoji na balkonu. Za življenje je bilo treba odšteti osemnajst evrov in bojazni ni bilo nobene. Da bi preživel, sem kupila vrtnarski priročnik; zadostoval je podatek, kdaj jo je treba presaditi v keramični lonec, kdaj ji preveriti listne uši in kdaj jo prirezati.

Kajti vsaka ženska se poroči s svojim domom;
s terase
moja dnevna soba v pražnji obleki:
miza na sredini, bel prt, obilje obloženih krožnikov,
moja ljubezen srečna,
umirjena,
in na fotografiji v ospredju
črni
plastičen lonec s škrlatno ali
vijoličasto ali, raje, umazano modro hortenzijo,
ki stoji na balkonu.

Na svojem mestu refren gospodinjskih aparatov, servis za dva pri vsakem obroku, še zmeraj dva – on, jaz: rože ne štejejo –, sede pri kosilu, še zmeraj bližnje misli – zatreskanost, parček, sprejemanje, skupen dom: pozneje poroka, otroci, novi zvezki v albumu njunih domov –, še zmeraj sede pri obedu. Vse na svojem mestu.

Medtem mož doma spi.
Žena
bedi.

Lonec s hortenzijami na najini terasi: Listne uši

Izpluje cvet iz Brazilije v Francijo
in s svojo simboliko obsodi žensko,
ki ga zaliva v črnem plastičnem loncu
na balkonu.

Če bi za na balkon najinega najetega stanovanja
izbrala jasmin ali begonijo,
če bi upoštevala cvetličarko

— *iztrgali so jo iz njenega habitata: naj se še tako trudiš, nič ne prezivi
v tujem podnebju —*
kaj bi danes pisala
kje bi danes živila
s kom neki.

A hortenzija je le cvet.

In sledovi poškodb na koži rastline
puštijo svojo sled poškodb na dlaneh, ki jo negujejo,
čeprav je hortenzija le cvet.

Kadar je namreč vse lepo in prav,
nastane madež.

Tako da, ja, to je poraz: temna drobcena lisa
na koži,
bolj maroga, ki ji jo vtisne vztrajna prstna blazinica,
ko tišči, namesto da bi jo izbrisala;
bolj maroga kot materino znamenje,
o tem ni pisalo v nobeni knjigi,
bolj madež kot maroga, kot maroga ali znamenje, precej
bolj.

Medtem mož doma spi.
Žena
bedi.

Lonec s hortenzijami na najini terasi: Padec

Predana obdobju, ko so vsevedni pripovedovalci
bivali v vsakem liku,
sem poskušala vzorec privzeti: poln balkon rastlin,
ki govorijo svoj lasten jezik.

V njem

z njim

sem govorila. Nisem upoštevala
nasvetov po telefonu; niti nikoli doumela
svaril v vrtnarskih priročnikih.

Čeprav so mi geni zagotavljalvi vzdržljivost
za nego lonca s hortenzijami v najslabšem stanju,
sem dobila zgolj roke iz črne plastike in prsi kot
hortenzije v škrlatni ali vijoličasti ali umazano modri barvi,
če lažem in se delam, kot da je kaj prav.

Nobena ženska se ne poroči s svojimi rožami.

Za listne uši, edini rešitvi: rastlino vrzi v smeti
ali jo podari staršem. V taki situaciji
– za insekticid je prepozno –
bo mati vedela, kako ravnati.

Medtem žena doma spi.

Moža

ni več.

***Virginii, materi dveh otrok,
avtoričini sošolki iz osnovne šole***

Sedite na treh sedežih nasproti mene v avtobusu, ki pelje
iz naše soseske, daleč od centra,
v center;
v center našega naselja, se razume, ne pa v center vsega, ne v samo
bistvo niti v jedrsko snov, kjer se življenje

bang

kjer se življenje

razširja in podreja vsem pojavom – in tako naprej –, ki jih narekuje
astrofizika. Tako učijo predmeti, ki smo se jih izogibali, ker smo
bili družboslovci; tako učijo neomajni mehanizmi, ki zadevajo tako
vsakdanje besede

kot *vesolje, življenje, smrt, ljubezen.*

Sedite na treh sedežih nasproti mene

v zadnjem delu javnega prevoznega sredstva: fantič na desni, na
sredini deklica, mati na levi.

Zdaj ti, Virginiiina hčerkica: zguljena roza trenirka – tako
kot peresnice tvoje mame – s podobo otroškega junaka,
ki ga moja starost in samskost ne poznata.

Zdaj ti, Virginiiin starejši otrok, v tvoji bradi in tvojih uhljih slutim
poteze, ki si jih podedoval od očeta, in se sprašujem,
ali jih Virginia preklinja
– Virginia, jih preklinjaš? –
kadar je čas za kopanje.

In ti, Virginia, tako svetlolasa, se ga spominjaš?
Tam, kjer smo se takrat otepali bolh

zdaj

bang

zdaj

skrivamo čas.

Tukaj bereš revijo, Virginia, tukaj me ne prepoznaš: ti koristijo
nasveti s sijajnega papirja
oh, ti, tako svetlolasa in nedolžna?

Virginia, večno mojih let in zdaj z otrokoma, brez prstana na
roki, s torbico, prepolno piškotov: Virginia, Virginiiin starejši sin,
Virginiiina mlajša hči,

padec	svetlobnih let
v kotičkih ust lom	svetlobnih let
zaprite oči in si kaj zaželite	

nasproti mene

v razmajanem avtobusu, ki nas nosi z obrobja in približuje
centru, daleč stran od klopi, kjer najstniki piyejo in noči bičajo
vrtove,

zapri oči, Virginia,

kajti v teh osemindvajsetih minutah vožnje sem razmišljala o naju,
o tebi, ki me po dvajsetih letih ne prepoznaš, o tvojih sivih laseh,
kjer ljudje niso spregovorili s tabo, o tvojih sivih laseh, kjer so se
ljudje
smejali in posmehovali.

Steklo avtobusa ob Virginiji, zrcalce obeh,

tvoji rdeči nohti, skrhani od pomivanja posode, kaplja rdečega laka
na tvojem prstancu,
oh, Virginia, oh, svetlolasa in nedolžna,
razmišljala sem o naju,

bang

razmišljala sem o naju.

Ne vem, ali veš, o čem govorim.

Govorim ti o porazu.

Prevedla Marjeta Drobnič

Hydrangea on our terrace: Moving in

Purple or violet or, better, dirty blue: hydrangea
in a black plastic pot, balanced
on our balcony. The cost of living
was eighteen euros and there was nothing
to fear. To keep it alive I bought
a gardening manual and noted down
when to re-pot it in ceramic,
when to check for aphids,
when to take cuttings.

Because every woman
marries her house,
from the terrace
my living-room in its Sunday best:
the table as centrepiece, with its white cloth,
and many heaped
plates,
my love, my serene
happiness,
and in the foreground of the photograph
a hydrangea,
purple or violet or, better, dirty blue,
in a black pot balanced on the balcony.

In their proper place the white-goods sing,
the knives and forks for two at every meal, just two –
him and me: the plants don't count –
sitting down to lunch,
all the usual plans – love at first sight,
boyfriend/girlfriend, coupledom, moving
in together: later on marriage, children, new
volumes in the album of their homes – still
sitting down to lunch. Everything in its right
place.

Meanwhile in the house, the man is sleeping.
The woman stays
awake.

Hydrangea on our terrace: Aphid

A flower sets sail from Brazil to France
and with its symbolism condemns
the woman who waters it
in its black plastic pot
balanced on the balcony.

If I'd bought a begonia or jasmine
for the terrace of our rented flat,
if I'd listened to the florist
– *they've torn it from its habitat:*
however well you care for it,
 nothing survives
in an alien climate –
where would I be living now
and who with.

But the hydrangea is only a flower
and the traces of damage on its skin
leave traces of damage on the hands
of the woman who tends it
though the hydrangea is only a flower.

Because when everything goes well
it leaves a stain.

So, yes, this is disaster: a tiny black speck
on the skin,
more like a streak of soot,
imprinted when the finger-tip
presses too hard
and sticks instead of wiping it away,
more like a streak of soot
than a beauty spot,
the manual was silent on this point,
more stain than streak, than soot, than beauty spot,
a good deal more.

Meanwhile, in the house, the man is sleeping.
The woman stays
awake.

Hydrangea on our terrace: Free fall

Loyal to the tradition of the omniscient narrator, who read the minds of every character, I tried to make it work for me: a balconyful of plants, cultivating their own dialect.

In it

to it

I spoke. I paid no mind to telephone advice; I ignored the warnings in the gardening manuals.

Despite the genes displaying my good will faced with a dying hydrangea, all I get is black plastic arms and breasts like purple, violet or dirty blue hydrangeas whenever I lie and pretend anything is going well.

No woman
marries her plants.

Only two cures for aphids:
throw out the plant
or give it to your parents,
In a case like this –
too late now for insecticide –
mother knows best.

Meanwhile, in the house, the woman is sleeping,
the man
gone.

Translated by Terence Dooley

**To Virginia, mother of two,
the author's elementary school classmate**

You occupy three seats in front of me on the bus travelling from our suburb, far from the center, to the center; to the center of our tiny neighborhood, I mean, not to the center of the things, not to the very essence or to that nuclear matter where life

bang

where life

expands and arises from the phenomena – etcetera – dictated by astrophysics. So profess the classes we'd skip because we belonged in arts and letters; so profess the unyielding ways and means germane to terms as commonplace as *universe, life, death, love.*

You occupy three seats in front of me in the back of the bus: the boy on the right, the girl in the center, the mother on the left.

Now you, Virginia's little girl: faded pink tracksuit – just like your mother's pencil cases – bearing a cartoon character unknown to my age and single status.

Now you, Virginia's oldest son, in your chin and ears I see the traits inherited from your father, and ask myself if Virginia hates them
– Virginia, do you hate them? – at bath time.

But you, Virginia, so blonde, do you remember him?
There, where we'd fight off lice

now

bang

now

we're hiding time.

Here you read a magazine, Virginia, here you don't recognize me:
do you like the tabloid tips,
oh you, so blonde and innocent?

Virginia, always my same age and now mother of two, ring missing from your finger, a bag bursting with treats:

Virginia, Virginia's oldest son, Virginia's youngest daughter,

light-years fallen

light-years broken at the corners of the mouth,

close your eyes and make a wish.

in front of me.

on the battered bus delivering us from the suburbs, bringing us closer to

the center, far from the benches where teenagers drink and nights pummel the gardens,

close your eyes, Virginia,

because in this twenty-eight-minute journey I've thought of us,
of you who don't remember me after twenty years, of your gray
hair where those who never said a word to you, of your gray hair
where everyone
sneered and taunted

Bus window by Virginia, little mirror of the two of us,
your red nails wrecked while washing dishes, just a single drop of
red lacquer on your ring finger,
oh Virginia, oh blonde and innocent,
I've thought of us.

bang

I've thought of us.

I don't know if you see what I'm referring to.

I'm talking to you about failure.

Translated by José A. Villar-Portela



Foto © David Gazarov

Sibila Petlevski

Sibila Petlevski (1964), hrvaška pisateljica, pesnica, dramatičarka, teoretičarka, znanstvenica, urednica in prevajalka. Študirala je primerjalno književnost in angleščino na Filozofski fakulteti v Zagrebu, kjer je tudi doktorirala; je redna profesorica književnosti na Akademiji dramskih umetnosti Univerze v Zagrebu ter dopisna članica francoske pesniške akademije L'Académie Mallarmé in L'Académie européenne de poésie. Njena poezija in proza sta prevedeni v več svetovnih jezikov. Piše v hrvaščini in angleščini. Nastopila je na številnih večjih mednarodnih literarnih srečanjih. Je dobitница nagrade Vladimirja Nazorja (1993), nagrade za poezijo na Mednarodnem festivalu poezije (2005) in nagrade Petra Brečića za prispevek k teoretski dramaturgiji (2001). Drama *Ledeni general* je bila nagrajena v evropskem izboru Berliner Festspiele TT Stückemarkt (2005), Čas laži pa je leta 2010 dobil nagrado tportala za roman leta.

Med njenimi deli so pesniške zbirke *Kristali* (1988), *Skok s mesta* (1990; Skok z mesta), *Babylon* (2000), *Libitina* (2002), romani *Francuska suita* (1996; Francoska suita), *Koreografija patnje* (2002; Koreografija trpljenja), *Moj Antonio Diavolo* (2007), *Vrijeme laži* (2009; Čas laži) ter drame *Ledeni general* (2005), *Cagliostro Forever* (2007), *Rimbaud's House* (2007; Rimbaudova hiša), *Lyrebird* (2014) in *Mexicana* (2016).

Sibila Petlevski (1964) is a Croatian writer, poet, playwright, theorist, scientist, editor, and translator. She studied Comparative Literature and English at the Faculty of Arts in Zagreb, where she also received her doctorate. She is a full professor of literature at University of Zagreb's Academy of Dramatic Arts and a corresponding member of the French L'Académie Mallarmé and L'Académie européenne de poésie. Her poetry and prose has been translated into several world languages. She writes in Croatian and English. Petlevski has appeared at many major international literary fora. She is a recipient of the Vladimir Nazor Award (1993), the Poetry Award at the International Poetry Festival (2005), and the Peter Brečić Award for Contribution to Theoretical Dramaturgy (2001). Her play *Eisgeneral* received an award in the European selection of Berliner Festspiele TT Stückemarkt (2005), and *Time of Lies* received the tportal award for novel of the year in 2010.

Among her books are collections of poems *Kristali* (1988; Crystals), *Skok s mesta* (1990; Standing Jump), *Babylon* (2000), *Libitina* (2002), novels *Francuska suita* (1996; French Suite), *Koreografija patnje* (2002; Choreography of Suffering), *Moj Antonio Diavolo* (2007; My Antonio Diavolo), *Vrijeme laži* (2009; Time of Lies) and plays *Ledeni general* (2005; Eisgeneral), *Cagliostro Forever* (2007), *Rimbaud's House* (2007), *Lyrebird* (2014) and *Mexicana* (2016).

Ona se spušta

Nepoznata sila crta repovima
lastavica: čitav je vidik išaran

linijama gladi, linijama bijega.
Iz oka spirale silovito izlijeću

mušice i njihove točke zavijaju
u crno narančasto nebo. Hajde

da vidimo tko bi se danas usudio
rasporiti ptice; pročitati sudbinu

svijeta iz njihovih crijeva? Noć
ne treba predviđati: ona se spušta.

Rat

Poslije duge i jake kiše, vučije
mlijeko je razasulo perle preko

svakog starog panja u šumi.
Krvotočne gljive, ružičaste

kao vime mlade krave i sitne
kao staklene pikule za igru

dječaka odavno mrtvih,
čekale su strpljivo u mraku

da iz njihovih spora proklijje
sjećanje na rat, pa da polako,

milimetar po milimetar, krenu
u potragu za novom hranom.

Strašnik

Zlodušnice crnim štapovima
dijele zrak na kubne metre:

ovdje se više ne može disati
slobodno. Kao muhe bez krila

pužu ptice uvaljane u katran
neba. Skriven ispod košulje,

Strašnik izgoni strah iz mojih
grudi. Srce mi je zeleno: gvalja

lišća otkucava ponoć. Još samo
za odustajanje ima vremena.

Drogirani

Među krošnjama dugina
drveta mali sisavci udišu

maglu eukaliptusovih kapi.
Drogirani, palcima sporo

i nježno stružu. Jedna po
jedna, ispod kore se ukazuju

boje: crvena kao hrđa, žuta
kao tepih cvjetova akacije,

ružičasta i plava kao rudača
opala. Stabla dižu ruke uvis.

Preko ruba

Život ide dalje ljubičastim
venama na prozirnoj koži

onih koji točno znaju kako se
rodit sretni, kako rasti jedno

uz drugo gusto natiskani
kao stapke bijelog jasenka

na strmini okupanoj suncem;
kako sići bez spoticanja i kako

bez straha nagnuti glavu nad
ponor preko zelenog ruba.

Poslušnost

Ne želim govoriti o rukama
koje su pomaknule list poslušne

biljke da bi oslobostile prostor
za rast zla, jer su to iste ruke

koje se pobožno sklapaju
s dlanovima molitvene trave

dok mi probadaju jezik špranjom
zelenog srca i provaljuju u tajnu

tijela okretanjem zupčanika
na repu oklopljenog guštera.

Svjedoci

Tužna sam jer ne znam
jesi li Kristova drača iz

Sirije ili žžula s otoka
na kojem sam rođena;

jadika ili babilonska vrba.
Hoće li oči svjedoka kad ih

operu u tvojem lišću znati
kako razlikovati skrlet od

boje purpura? Da niknem
iz vode uvis kao jablan

s Eufrata, ili da žalosna
pustim kosu niz rijeku?

Izumiranje svjetla

Znam da ćeš zaštitit rukom
meko tjeme djeteta, živi puls

ispod kore neba zaustavljenog
u pokretu; spriječiti izumiranje

svjetla u oblaku međuzvjezdane
prašine, uloviti iluziju boje naše

krvi u zrcalu svemirske maglice.
Učinit ćeš sve da nam se učini

da je sve isto kao prije, i znam:
opet ćemo povjerovati da smo živi.

Vječna ljubav

Kad jedne blijede usne dodirnu
druge i vrisak ublaže poljupcem;

kad nam ljubav izmakne tlo pod
nogama koje više ne hodaju ovom

Zemljom i kad u bijelim očima
oko nas zaigraju ličinke šarenih

leptira – mi ćemo se zagrliti čvršće
i smijati se glasnije od sijamskih

blizanaca dok se jedno drugome
goli umataju u plućne maramice.

Čuvar sreće

Noć je bijesan pas: vuče se uz
ogrodu s bljeskom zvijezda u oku.

Iz grmlja iskaču zvončari: stapke
grozničnice tresu zvoncima kao da

prijete. Posjednuti licem u lice,
ljubavni parovi stavlju jedni

drugima ruke na ramena i čekaju
da ih obuzme mir. Ni za pedalj se

ne smiju pomaknuti. Čuvar njihove
sreće izbacuje iz grla nevidljivu kost.

Spušča se

Neznana sila riše z repi
lastovk: celotno obzorje je porisano

s črtami lakote, s črtami bega.
Iz očesa spirale silovito izletavajo

mušice in njihove pike ovijajo
v črn(in)o oranžno nebo. Pa

poglejmo, kdo bi si danes drznil
razparati ptice; prebrati usodo

sveta iz njihovih črev. Noči
ni treba predvidevati: spušča se.

Vojna

Po dolgem in močnem deževju je volčje
mleko posulo bisere po

vsakem starem panju v gozdu.
Krvotočne gobe, rožnate

kakor vime mlade krave in drobne
kakor steklene frnikole za igro

dečkov zdavnaj mrtvih,
so potrežljivo čakale v temi,

da iz njihovih spor vzklijе
spomin na vojno in da se počasi,

milimeter za milimetrom, odpravijo
iskat novo hrano.

Sršaj

Zlodejevke s črnimi palicami
delijo zrak na kubične metre:

tu se ne da več dihati
svobodno. Kakor muhe brez kril

se plazijo ptice, prekrite s katranom
neba. Sršaj, skrit pod srajco,

izganja srh iz mojih
neder. Moje srce je zeleno: kepa

listja bije polnoč. Samo še
za odnehanje je dovolj časa.

Drogirani

Med krošnjami mavričnega
drevesa majhni sesalci vdihavajo

meglo evkaliptusovih kapelj.
Drogirani s palci počasi

in nežno strgajo. Druga za
drugo se pod lubjem razkrivajo

barve: rdeča kakor rja, rumena
kakor preprogna cvetov akacije,

rožnata in modra kakor opalna
ruda. Drevesa dvigajo roke v zrak.

Čez rob

Življenje gre naprej po vijoličastih
žilah na prozorni koži

tistih, ki točno vedo, kako se
rodit srečen, kako rasti drug

ob drugem tesno skupaj
kakor stebelca jesenčka

na strmini, okopani s soncem;
kako sestopiti brez spotikanja in kako

brez strahu pomoliti glavo nad
brezno čez zelen rob.

Ubogljivost

Nočem govoriti o rokah,
ki so odmaknile list ubogljive

rastline, da bi naredile prostor
za rast zla, ker so to iste roke,

ki pobožno sklepajo dlani
z molilno rastlino,

medtem ko mi prebadajo jezik s trščico
zelenega srca in vlamljajo v skrivnost

telesa z vrtenjem zobnika
na repu oklepljenega kuščarja.

Priče

Žalostna sem, ker ne vem,
ali si kristusov trn iz

Sirije ali žižula z otoka,
na katerem sem se rodila;

povešava iva ali vrba žalujka.
Ali bodo oči prič, ko si jih

bodo umile v tvojem listju, vedele,
kako ločiti med škrlatom

in barvo purpurja? Naj vzniknem
iz vode pokončno kakor topol

z Evfrata ali naj žalobna
spustim lase po reki?

Izumiranje luči

Vem, da boš z roko zaščitil
mehko teme otroka, živi utrip

pod skorjo neba, ustavljenega
sredi gibanja; preprečil izumiranje

luči v oblaku medzvezdnega
prahu, ujel iluzijo barve naše

krvi v ogledalu vesoljske meglice.
Storil boš vse, da se nam bo zazdelo,

da je vse tako kot prej, in vem:
znova bomo verjeli, da smo živi.

Večna ljubezen

Ko se ene blede ustnice dotaknejo
drugih in vrisk ublažijo s poljubom;

ko nama ljubezen spodnese tla pod
nogami, ki ne hodijo več po tej

Zemlji, in ko v belih očeh
okrog naju zaplešejo ličinke pisanih

metuljev – se bova objela močneje
in se smejala glasnejše od siamskih

dvojčkov, medtem ko se drug drugemu
gola zavijata v pljučni mreni.

Varuh sreče

Noč je stekel pes: vleče se ob
ograji z bleskom zvezd v očesu.

Iz grmovja skačejo zvončarji: stebelca
čeladnice stresajo zvonce, kakor da bi

grozila. Ljubezenski pari, ki si
sedijo nasproti, polagajo drug

drugemu roke na ramena in čakajo,
da jih preplavi mir. Niti za ped se

ne smejo premakniti. Varuh njihove
sreče izvrže iz grla nevidno kost.

Prevedla Đurđa Strsoglavec

It falls

An unknown force uses
the tails of swallows to draw:

the whole vista is mottled with
lines of hunger, lines of escape.

Flies fly out of the spiral's eye:
their spots darken the orange sky.

Let's see who would dare to gut
the birds today; read the fate of

the world from their entrails?
No need to predict the night: it falls.

War

After a long and heavy rain,
the wolf-milk scattered puff-balls
across every old stump in the forest.
Bloodstream fungi, pink as udders
of young cows, and tiny as marbles
for the games of long-dead boys,
waited patiently in the dark for
the memory of the war to sprout
from their spores, so they could
slowly move in search of a new food.

Horror plant

Evil souls divide the air
into cubic meters with

black sticks: one can no
longer breathe freely here.

Like wingless flies, birds
crawl into the tarry sky.

Hidden under my shirt,
Horror Plant expels fear

from my chest. My heart
is green: a clump of leaves

beating midnight. There is
no time except for giving up.

Drugged

In the canopy of rainbow
trees, small mammals inhale

the mist of eucalyptus drops.
They scrape the trunk with

their thumbs, gently and slowly.
One by one, the colors appear

below the bark: red as rust,
yellow as the carpet of wattle

flowers, pink and blue as opal
ore. Trees lift their hands in glory.

Over the edge

Life goes on through the purple
veins under the pale, translucent

skin of those who know exactly
how to be born happy, how to

grow side by side like stalks of
white dittany on a slope bathed

in sunlight; how to descend a
mountain without stumbling and

how to lean their heads fearlessly
over the green edge of the abyss.

Obedience

I do not want to talk about
the hands that have moved

the leaf of the obedient plant
to make room for the growth

of evil, because they are the same
pious hands that pray palms up

with the leaves of the prayer
grass as they pierce my tongue

with a slit of the greenheart
tree, and break into the mystery

of my body by turning the gear on
the spiny tail of the girdled lizard.

Witnesses

I am sad because I do not know
if you are a Syrian Christ thorn or

a jujube from the island where
I was born; a weeping willow or

the willow of Babylon. Will the eyes
of the witnesses distinguish the scarlet

from the purple when they are washed
in your leaves? Should I sprout up from

the water like the Euphrates poplar
or let my hair down the river of tears?

The extinction of light

I know that you will protect
the baby's soft scalp, the live

pulse beneath the crust of
the sky stopped in motion;

prevent the extinction of light
in a cloud of interstellar dust;

that you will catch the illusion of
the color of our blood in the mirror

of the space nebula. You will do
anything to make it look like it was

before, and I know: we will again
be convinced that we are alive.

Eternal love

When one pair of pale lips touches
the other pair of pale lips softening

the scream with a kiss; when love cuts
the ground from under our feet that

no longer walk on this Earth; when
the larvae of brightly colored butterflies

begin to dance in the white eyes all
around us, we'll hug each other tightly

and laugh like Siamese twins when they
wrap each other in the tissues of their lungs.

The guardian of happiness

This night is a rabid dog dragging
along a fence with star-glazed eyes.

Bell ringers pop out of the bushes:
mad dogweed stems shake the bells

as if threatening. Seated face to face,
loving couples put hands on each other's

shoulders waiting for serenity to take
hold of them. They should not move an

inch. The guardian of their happiness
is trying to cough up an invisible bone.

Translated by the author



Foto © Petr Machan

Marek Šindelka

Marek Šindelka (1984), češki pesnik in pisatelj. Na Karlovi univerzi v Pragi je študiral kulturologijo in scenaristiko na tamkajšnji filmski akademiji. Za svoj prvenec *Strychnin a jiné básně* (2005; Strihnin in druge zgodbe) je leta 2006 prejel nagrado Jiříja Ortna; tudi roman *Chyba* (2008; Napaka) so bralci in kritiki lepo sprejeli. Leta 2011 je objavil kratkoprazno zbirko *Zůstaňte s námi* (Ostanite z nami), v kateri je izrazil kritičen in ironičen pogled na sodobno življenje; knjiga je leta zatem dobila nagrado magnesia litera in bila nominirana za nagrado Josefa Škvoreckega. Tudi *Mapa Anny* (2014; Anin zemljevid) je zbirka kratkih zgodb, ki so med seboj povezane ter obravnavajo osebna občutjenja in življenja mladih. Leta 2016 izdal naslednji roman *Únava materiálu* (Utrjenost materiala), v katerem tematizira aktualno evropsko migrantsko krizo.

Marek Šindelka (1984) is a Czech poet and writer. He studied Cultural Studies and Screenwriting at Charles University in Prague, at the film academy there. He received the Jiří Orten Award in 2006 for his debut *Strychnin a jiné básně* (2005; Strychnine and Other Stories); also the novel *Chyba* (2008; Aberrant) was well received by readers and critics alike. In 2011 he published a volume of short stories called *Zůstaňte s námi* (Stay Tuned), expressing a critical and ironic view on contemporary life. The book received the Magnesia Litera award for 2012 and was nominated for the 2012 Josef Škvorecký Prize. His next book, *Mapa Anny* (2014; Map of Anna), is a collection of interconnected short stories that each deal with the personal feelings and lives of young people. In 2016 Šindelka published the novel *Únava materiálu* (Material Fatigue), in which he discusses the current European migrant crisis.

Únava materiálu

(ukázka z románu)

Muži se pustili do práce. Amir pozoroval pohyb bot – jedny prochovené běžecké, jeden pář černých polobotek, jedny pevné kotníkové pracovní, místy s lehkými prasklinami v kůži (ty patřily k vytetovaným hodinkám). Pamatoval si způsob chůze – krátké energické kroky běžeckých bot, polobotky vykračující špičkami od sebe, přerušovaný pohyb pracovních, dva kroky, pauza, klapnutí podrážky, tři kroky, pauza, otočka, krok.

Vzali prvního z chlapců a začali ho nakládat. Shrbený mužík se strništěm přešlápl z nohy na nohu, ale zvednout hlavu a pohlédnout tím směrem se neodvážil. Amir viděl, jak pracovní boty odvádějí chlapce k dodávce. Viděl, jak ruka s hodinkami sevřela plastovou rukojeť odlamovacího řezáku, palcem vysunula list čepele podobný břitvě a jediným soustředěným tahem prořízla bok sedadla. Ruka opatrně stáhla potah z konstrukce, odkryla vrstvu molitanu a obnažila kovovou klec. Svařené kovové pruty přesně kopírující tvar sedadla. Paže sevřely chlapce a začaly ho sunout do klece. Všechno se odehrávalo v tichosti, bylo slyšet jen oddechování, občasné vrznutí kovu, šustění látky.

Chlapec mlčel a snažil se pomáhat, soukal se do klece, nohy musel pokrčit pod sebe, ruce semknout pevně podél těla, hlavu napasovat přesně do opěrky krku pro řidiče. Seděl v kleci jako v nestvůrném korzetu, nemohl se ani hnout. Široce otevřenýma očima hleděl přímo před sebe, ale neříkal nic. „OK?“ zeptal se kdosi. Chlapec polekané přikývl. Začali ho balit do molitanu, tělo postupně zmizelo pod jeho měkkými pláty. Ruce molitan přelepily stříbrnou páskou. Pak přes celé sedadlo přetáhly černý potah. V místech hlavy byl proděravělý množstvím malinkých otvorů pro vzduch. Kdosi vzal velkou jehlu s černou nití a začal potah sešívat. Chlapec byl pryč. Jako by ho auto pozřelo. Ruce zabouchly dveře a šly si pro dalšího.

Amir naprázdno polkl, zachytily bratrův pohled. Oči plné nejistoty, tak černé, že si Amir mimoděk pomyslel, že musí být těžké, těžší než oči jiných lidí. Na otázku, kterou v nich četl, Amir odpověděl nepatrným kývnutím hlavy – aby bratra uklidnil, aby dal najevo, že je všechno v pořádku, všechno bylo domluveno právě takto, tímto způsobem, není se čeho bát. Pak ale hlavou uhnnul, protože už bratrův pohled nedokázal snést. Otřel si čelo.

Muž s hodinkami mezitím nakládal dalšího chlapce. Další sedadlo se otevřelo a vstřebalo do sebe mladé tvárné tělo. Další pár očí zmizel pod černým potahem. Auto se plnilo těly. Pak opět ruka s hodinkami, šest hodin, čtyřicet osm minut: ten čas začal dávat jakýsi podivný smysl, Amir si byl jistý, že ten údaj je něčím nesmírně důležitý – vlna závratě, jako když se zhoupne loď, trochu se mu zatočila hlava, potřebuje čas, jen ještě trochu času, poprvé skutečně zaváhal, nejradši by okamžitě odešel, jsou přece jiné možnosti, jiné cesty, pak mu ale došlo: mají peníze, mají naše peníze. Ohlédl se na mužíka, už byl zase v té své škvíře. Měl najednou strašnou chuť ho praštit, přelomit mu tu jeho odpornou neholenou čelist, cítil, jak se mu do kloubů zatnute pěsti nalévá krev, nacpat ho celého to té jeho škvíry, narvat ho tam, až z něho nic nezbude. To všechno Amirovi proběhlo hlavou v setině vteřiny, kdy se ruce přiblížily, aby si vzaly bratra. Jenže jakmile chlap došel až k nim, zachytily Amirův pohled a bratra se nedotkl. Snad právě pro ten pohled, pro to, co se dělo v jeho očích, si ruce vytáhly z řady jeho.

Evropan ho odváděl k menšímu z obou aut. To je dobře, napadlo Amira, nebude se jich tam mačkat tolík. Ohlédl se na bratra, stál tam vedle dvou dalších chlapců a vedle toho příhrbeného mužíka (teprve teď si všiml, že je skoro o hlavu nižší než bratr). Amir se pokusil lehce usmát: všechno je v pořádku, všechno je, jak má být. Snažil se tvářit klidně, ale ruce se mu třásly a na čele vyrážel pot ve velkých krůpějích.

Muž otevřel kapotu auta, motor svinutý jako vnitřnosti. Amir znejistěl. Poprvé Evropanovi pohlédl do tváře, ale nebyl schopen zaznamenat v ní jediný rys. Viděl jen pohyb: Evropan lehce kývl bradou směrem ke kapotě, tomu gestu nebylo možné jakkoliv odporovat, veškeré otázky byly tím nepatrným pohybem vyloučeny. Amir viděl, že v horní části motoru je neveliká kapsa. Karoserie byla proříznutá tak, že kapsa zasahovala až do části palubní desky, přesto byl ten prostor děsivě malý, nedovedl si představit, že by se tam mohlo vejít lidské tělo. Znovu nejistě pohlédl do Evropanovy tváře a okamžitě pochopil, že to muž myslí naprostoto vážně: přidržoval kapotu a čekal.

Amir se naposledy ohlédl na bratra. Naposledy zachytily ten pohled, tu prosbu: ano, ten pohled prosil o ujištění, prosil, jako prosí malé děti, aby se na noc nezhasínalo. Dělo se něco kolem? Dělo se něco dalšího? Amir už si nebyl jistý. Vyhoupil se na bok karoserie

a začal se soukat do motoru. Připadalo mu to šílené. V kapse byl prostor asi jako ve středně velkém cestovním kufru. Když byli malí, zavírali se do takového kufru s kamarádem. Kufr byl celý potrhaný, ležel na polici u stropu v chudičkém bytě, patřil kamarádovu otci, který brousil nože. Otec už nežije, kamarád je v armádě. Bratr tenkrát ještě nebyl na světě. Zamykali se v tom kufru, jenže to byli děti, jejich těla byla poloviční. A přesto si dobře pamatoval hrůzu, když se víko zavřelo a zámek zavkl. Po minutě začal Amir bušit do stěn a křičel, ať ho pustí ven. Kamarád se tenkrát smál. Teď bylo všechno hroznivě tiché.

Amir se pokoušel nacpat do motoru. Lehl si na bok, snažil se přitáhnout kolena k hrudi, ale nohy do kapsy pořád dostat nemohl. Prostor byl příliš úzký. Muž k němu přistoupil a zapřel se mu rukama do kolen. Namáčkl ho do té škvíry. Amirovi začalo pískat v uších, někde uvnitř se rozvibroval vysoký pichlavý tón. S hrůzou ucítil, jak mu stlačená žebra dolehla na plíce, ze kterých proti jeho vůli unikl vzduch. Muž mu do rukou, které měl skrčené někde pod bradou, vložil půllitrovou plastovou lahev s vodou. Nával paniky. Amir něco začal říkat, sám nevěděl co, chtěl ven, ale muž nad ním přibouchl kapotu. Všechno se propadlo do tmy. Čas se zastavil: šest hodin, čtyřicet osm minut.

Chtěl křičet, ale nemohl se nadechnout. Neslyšel nic, kromě svého srdce, které mu tlouklo do kolen, bušilo v hrdle, ve tváři, v kořeni nosu. Bušilo do kovových stěn karoserie. Musím se uklidnit, říkal si, jinak se nenadechnu. Všechno hučelo – to se v hlavě hromadila krev. Bylo mu na zvracení. Pevně sevřel čelist. Nesmí panikařit, není to tak zlé. Přece jenom má nějaký kyslík, došlo mu najednou. Jinak by už ztratil vědomí. Uvědomil si, že dýchá. Velmi mělce, ale dýchá. Nohy už necítil, kolena opřená do žeber, ale nějaký prostor pro nádech tam přece jen zbyl. Vzpomněl si na Evropana: přece ví, co dělá. Už v té kapsli převezl hodně lidí. Ví, co dělá.

Začal pracovat na tepu: soustředil se na zběsilý tlukot srdce a pomaličku, úder po úderu ho přemlouval ke klidu. Blížil se k němu, jako se člověk blíží k divokému koni. Kde to jenom viděl? V dětství? Otec? V televizi? Viděl tu napřaženou ruku, lehce rozechvělé špičky prstů, jak se blíží k těm obrovským vzpurným nozdrám. Díry, co do hlavy divokého zvířete vedou vzduch, aortální jámy, koňská hlava tepe, všechny ty šlachy, bok se zatřese, vlna masa, svalová vlna, kterou probíhá život. A pak se ruka konečně dotkne obrovské horké

kosti. Sklouzne po ní, sjede někam k očím. A s každým výdechem se tep v tom strašném zvířeti tiší.

Amir se konečně trochu uklidnil. Co se dělo venku? Vůbec netušil, kolik času uběhlo. Čas se zastavil. Nebo běžel dvakrát rychleji. Nehrálo to žádnou roli. Měl už jen dech, tep a tmu. Snažil se udržet to všechno v klidu. Ve tmě se tvořily krevní obrazce. Hnědorudé pulzující sraženiny. Postupně začínaly zářit, rozplétat se do fascinujících živých ornamentů. Jde to z nervů, usoudil Amir a pohnul rukou, aby se dotkl stěny, chtěl se jenom ujistit, že tam pořád je. Vtom mu plastová lahev vyklouzla z dlaní a trochu se svezla na stranu. Vodu bude potřebovat. Chtěl se pro ni natáhnout, ale ruce měl zaklíněné tak, že s nimi nebyl schopný pohnout ani o centimetr. Lahev zmizela v prostoru, v gejzírech zářících bodů, které se mu tvořily pod víčky. Vlastně ne pod víčky, protože oči měl otevřené. Ale ani tím si po chvíli nebyl tak jistý.

Najednou se celý prostor otřásl, ozval se ohlušující rachot: motor se rozběhl, kdosi nastartoval. I kdyby chtěl křičet, nikdo už ho neuslyší. S hrůzou ucítil první nasládlý závan spálené nafty. Auto se dalo do pohybu.

Utrujenost materiala

(odlomek iz romana)

Možje so se lotili dela. Amir je opazoval premikanje čevljev – para shojenih tekaških, para črnih nizkih čevljev, pa močnih visokih delovnih, mestoma z drobnimi razpokami v usnu (ti so sodili k vte-tovirani uri). Zapomnil si je način hoje – kratki, energični koraki tekaških čevljev, nizki čevlji, stopajoči z konicami navzven, prekinjeno gibanje delovnih, dva koraka, premor, klopot podplatov, trije koraki, premor, obrat, korak.

Zagrabili so prvega fanta in ga začeli nakladati. Sključen možic s strniščem se je prestopil z ene noge na drugo, ni pa si upal dvigniti glave in pogledati v tisto smer. Amir je videl, kako delovni čevlji peljejo fanta h kombiju. Videl je, kako je roka z uro stisnila plastičen ročaj noža z lomljivim rezilom, s palcem porinila ven list klina, podobnega britvi, in z eno samo premišljeno potezo prerezala stranski del sedeža. Roka je s konstrukcije previdno snela prevleko, odkrila plast poliuretanske pene in razgalila kovinsko kletko. Zvarjene kovinske palice, točno posnemajoče obliko sedeža. Roke so objele fanta in ga začele riniti v kletko. Vse se je dogajalo v tišini, slišati je bilo le dihanje, občasno škripanje kovine, šuštenje blaga.

Fant je molčal in skušal pomagati, lezel je v kletko, noge je moral skrčiti podse, roke je stisnil trdno k telesu, glavo namestil natanko v naslonjalo vratu za vozниke. Sedel je v kletki kot v pošastnem korzetu, ni se mogel niti premakniti. S široko odprtimi očmi je zrl naravnost predse, rekel pa ni nič. »Okej?« ga je nekdo vprašal. Fant je preplašeno prikimal. Začeli so ga zavijati v poliuretansko peno, telo je postopoma izginilo pod njenimi mehkimi ploščami. Roke so poliuretan prelepile s srebrnim trakom. Potem so čez cel sedež potegnili črno prevleko. Le na mestu, kjer je bila glava, je bila preluknjana s številnimi majcenimi odprtinicami za zrak. Nekdo je vzel veliko šivanko s črno nitjo in prevleko začel šivati skupaj. Fanta ni bilo več. Kot da bi ga avto pozrl. Roke so zaloputnile vrata in šle po naslednjega.

Amir je na suho pogoltnil slino, ujel je bratov pogled. Oči polne negotovosti, tako črne, da je Amir nehote pomislil, da morajo biti težke, težje od oči drugih ljudi. Na vprašanje, ki ga je prebral v njih, je Amir odgovoril z neznatnim kimljajem glave – da bi brata pomiril, da bi pokazal, da je vse v redu, vse je bilo dogovorjeno natanko takole, na ta način, ni se česa batiti. Potem pa je umaknil glavo, ker bratovega pogleda ni mogel več prenesti. Obrisal si je čelo.

Moški z uro je medtem nalagal naslednjega fanta. Naslednji sedež se je odprl in posrkal vase mledo gnetljivo telo. Naslednji par oči je izginil pod črno prevleko. Avto se je polnil s telesi. Potem spet roka z uro, šest in osem inštirideset minut: ta čas je začel dajati nekakšen čuden smisel, Amir je bil prepričan, da je ta podatek v nečem neizmerno pomemben – val vrtoglavice, kot če se zaguga ladja, malo se mu je zavrtelo v glavi, potrebuje čas, samo še malo časa, prvič je resnično okleval, najrajši bi pri priči odšel, saj so še druge možnosti, druge poti, potem pa mu je potegnilo: imajo denar, imajo najin denar. Ozrl se je na možica, že spet je bil v tisti svoji reži. Naenkrat ga je strašansko prijelo, da bi ga mahnil, mu zlomil tisto njegovo odvratno neobrito čeljust, čutil je, kako se mu v skele stisnjene pesti zgrinja kri, celega bi stlačil v tisto njegovo režo, nabasal bi ga tja, da ne bi nič ostalo od njega. Vse to je šinilo skozi Amirjevo glavo v drobcu sekunde, ko so se roke približale, da bi prijele brata. Ampak takoj ko je možakar prišel prav do njiju, je ujel Amirjev pogled in se brata ni dotaknil. Morda so roke ravno zaradi tega pogleda, tega, kar se je dogajalo v njegovih očeh, iz vrste potegnile njega.

Europejec ga je peljal k manjšemu od obeh avtov. To je v redu, je pomislil Amir, notri se jih ne bo gnetlo toliko. Ozrl se je na brata, stal je tam, zraven še dveh fantov in tistega sklučenega možica (še zdaj je opazil, da je skoraj za glavo manjši od brata). Amir se je poskusil rahlo nasmehniti: vse je v redu, vse je, kot mora biti. Trudil se je držati mirno, toda roke so se mu tresle in na čelu se mu je nabiral pot v velikih kapljah.

Moški je odprl pokrov avta, notri motor zvit kot drobovje. Amirja je obšla negotovost. Prvič je Evropejca pogledal v obraz, vendar na njem ni bil zmožen prepoznati nobene poteze. Videl je le mig: Evropejec je lahno pokimal z brado proti pokrovu, tej kretnji se nikakor ni dalo nasprotovati, s tem neznanim gibom je bilo izključeno vsako vprašanje. Amir je videl, da je v zgornjem delu motorja nevelik žep. Karoserija je bila prerezana tako, da je žep segal vse do dela armature, vseeno pa je bil prostor grozljivo majhen, ni si znal predstavljati, da bi se lahko noter stlačilo človeško telo. Spet je negotovo pogledal v Evropejčev obraz in pri priči doumel, da moški misli popolnoma resno: držal je pokrov in čakal.

Amir se je še zadnjič ozrl na brata. Zadnjič je ujel njegov pogled, prošnjo: ja, pogled je prosil za zagotovilo, prosil, kot prosijo majhni otroci, naj se ponoči luč ne ugasne. Zavihtel se je na bok karoserije

in začel lesti v motor. To se mu je zdeло noro. V žepu je bilo prostora približno toliko kot v srednje velikem potovalnem kovčku. Ko sta bila majhna, sta se s prijateljčkom zapirala v tak kovček. Kovček je bil ves raztrgan, ležal je na polici pod stropom v revnem stanovanju, bil je last prijateljčkovega očeta, ki je brusil nože. Oče ne živi več, prijateljček je v vojski. Brata takrat še ni bilo na svetu. Zaklepala sta se v kovček, ampak takrat sta bila otroka, njuni telesi sta bili pol manjši. Vseeno se je dobro spomnil groze, ko se je pokrov zaprl in je ključavnica šklocnila. Čez minuto je začel Amir tolči po stenah in vpil, naj ga spustijo ven. Prijateljček se je takrat smejal. Zdaj je bilo vse grozljivo tiko. Amir se je trudil stlačiti v motor. Ulegel se je na bok, skušal kolena povleči na prsi, ampak nog še vedno ni mogel spraviti v žep. Prostor je bil preozek. Moški je stopil k njemu in se mu z rokami uprl ob kolena. Zgnetel ga je v tisto režo. Amirju je začelo piskati v ušesih, nekje v notranjosti je začel vibrirati visok zbadajoč ton. Z grozo je začutil, kako so mu stlačena rebra pritisnila na pljuča, iz katerih je proti njegovi volji ušel zrak. Moški mu je v roke, ki jih je imel skrčene nekje pod brado, v taknil pollitrsko plastenko z vodo. Napad panike. Amir je začel nekaj govoriti, sam ni vedel, kaj, hotel je ven, ampak moški nad njim je zaloputnil pokrov motorja. Vse se je pogreznilo v temo. Čas se je ustavil: šest in osemnštirideset minut.

Hotel je vpiti, vendar ni mogel zajeti sape. Slišal ni nič razen svojega srca, ki mu je butalo v kolena, razbijalo v grlu, v obrazu, v nosnem korenju. Butalo je v kovinske stene karoserije. Moram se pomiriti, si je rekel, sicer ne bom prišel do sape. Vse je bučalo – v glavi se je kopčila kri. Šlo mu je na bruhanje. Trdno je stisnil čeljust. Ne sme paničariti, ni tako hudo. Saj vendar ima kisik, mu je naenkrat potegnilo. Sicer bi že izgubil zavest. Zavedel se je, da diha. Zelo plitvo, vendar diha. Nog ni več čutil, kolena naslonjena na rebra, toda nekaj prostora za vdih je vseeno še ostalo. Spomnil se je Evropejca: saj ve, kaj dela. V tem žepu je prepeljal že veliko ljudi. Ve, kaj dela.

Pozornost je posvetil utripu: osredotočil se je na pobesnelo razbijanje srca in prav počasi, udarec za udarcem, ga je pregovarjal, naj se pomiri. Bližal se mu je, kot se človek približuje divjem konju. Le kje je to videl? V otroštvu? Oče? Na televiziji? Videl je tisto iztegnjeno roko, lahno vztrepetale konice prstov, kako se bližajo velikanskim uporniškim nozdrivim. Odprtine, ki v glavo divje živali vodijo zrak, aortna votlina, konjska glava udriha, vse tiste kite, bok

se strese, val mesa, mišični val, po katerem steče življenje. In potem se roka končno dotakne velikanske vroče kosti. Zdrsne po njej, se zapelje nekam k očem. In z vsakim izdihom se utrip v tej strašni živali ublaži.

Amir se je končno malo pomiril. Kaj se je dogajalo zunaj? Niti sanjalo se mu ni, koliko časa je minilo. Čas se je ustavil. Ali pa je tekel dvakrat hitreje. To ni igralo nobene vloge. Imel je samo še dih, utrip in temo. Trudil se je ostati miren. V temi so se oblikovali krvni vzorci. Rjavordeče utripajoče usedline. Postopoma so začele sijati, se razpletati v fascinantne žive ornamente. To je od živcev, je menil Amir in premaknil roko, da bi se dotaknil stene, hotel se je samo prepričati, da je še vedno tam. Vtem mu je plastenka zdrsnila iz dlani in se malce zapeljala na stran. Vodo bo potreboval. Hotel se je stegniti ponjo, vendar je imel roke ukleščene tako, da jih ni mogel premakniti niti za centimeter. Steklenica je izginila v prostoru, v gejzirjih sijočih točk, ki so se oblikovale pod vekami. Pravzaprav ne pod vekami, kajti oči je imel odprte. Ampak čez trenutek ni bil več tako prepričan niti o tem.

Naenkrat se je ves prostor stresel, oglasil se je oglušuječ ropot: motor se je zagnal, nekdo je vžgal. Četudi bi želet vpiti, ga nihče ne bo več slišal. Z grozo je začutil prvi sladkobni piš pokurjene nafte. Avto se je premaknil.

Prevedla Nives Vidrih

Material fatigue

(an excerpt from the novel)

The men set to work. Amir watched the movement of the shoes – one worn pair of running shoes, one pair of black dress shoes, one solid pair of ankle-high work boots, leather slightly cracked in spots (those belonged to the tattooed watch). He remembered their way of walking – the running shoes' short, vigorous steps, the dress shoes striding bowlegged, the work boots' stop-and-go, two steps, pause, soles clicking, three steps, pause, turn, step.

They took the first boy and loaded him in. The small hunched man with the stubble shuffled in place, but didn't dare raise his head and look in that direction. Amir saw the work boots leading the boys over to the van. Saw the hand with the wristwatch gripping a box cutter's plastic handle, slide the blade forward using his thumb, and in a single concentrated motion slice open the side of a seat. The hand carefully removed the cover from the frame, exposing the foam cushion and the cage of metal rods beneath that gave the seat its shape. The arms took hold of the boy and maneuvered him into the cage. It all took place in silence, the only sound breathing, an occasional squeak of metal, a rustling of fabric.

The boy remained silent, spooled up inside the cage, legs crumpled beneath him, arms clamped tightly to his sides, head fit tightly into the frame of the driver's headrest. Trapped in the cage like some monstrous corset, unable to move, he stared wide-eyed straight ahead. "OK?" someone asked. The boy nodded fearfully. They proceeded to wrap him in foam, his body bit by bit disappearing beneath the layers of cushion. The hands secured the foam in place with silver tape. Then pulled the cover back over the entire seat. Where his head was, they pierced the cover with tiny holes so he could breathe. Someone took a big needle and black thread and sewed the cover closed. The boy was gone. As if the car had swallowed him up. The hands slammed the door shut and went for the next one.

Amir swallowed drily, catching his brother's gaze. Eyes filled with uncertainty, so black Amir thought they must be heavy, heavier than other people's eyes. Amir answered the question he saw in them with a slight nod – to reassure his brother, make it clear that everything was all right, this was what they agreed, there was nothing to

worry about. But then he ducked his head, unable to bear the look in his brother's eyes. He wiped his forehead.

Meanwhile the man with the watch had loaded up another boy. Another seat opened and stuffed with a young, malleable body. Another pair of eyes gone, underneath a black cover. They filled the car with bodies. Then again, the hand with the watch, six forty-eight: the time began to take on a strange meaning. Amir was sure it must be something extremely important – a wave of dizziness came over him, like when a boat pitches at sea, his head swam, he needed time, just a bit more time. For the first time, he actually hesitated. He would have walked out on the spot, there were other options, other ways, but then it hit him: they have money, they have our money. He glanced over at the little man, now back in his crack again. Suddenly Amir had a terrible urge to smash him, to break his disgusting unshaved jaw in two, he could feel the blood rushing to the knuckles of his clenched fist, shove the man's whole body into that stupid crack of his, stuff him in there till there was nothing left of him. All of this ran through Amir's head in a hundredth of a second as the hands came for his brother. But when the man reached him, he caught the look on Amir's face and didn't touch his brother. Maybe because of that look, because of what happened in his eyes, the hands pulled him out of line instead.

The European led him to the smaller of the two cars. That's good, Amir thought, they won't be able to squeeze in as many. He looked back at his brother, standing next to two other boys and the hunched little man (he just noticed now that the man was nearly a head shorter than his brother). Amir attempted a slight smile: Everything is all right, everything is as it should be. He tried to look calm, but his hands shook and there were large beads of sweat on his forehead.

The man opened the car's hood, engine curled like intestines. Amir hesitated. He looked the European in the face for the first time, but couldn't make out a single feature. All he saw was movement: the European giving a slight nod of his chin toward the hood, a gesture impossible to defy, so insignificant as to rule out any questions. Amir saw a small pocket on top of the engine. The car's body had been cut so the pocket extended up into the dashboard, but still the space was frighteningly small. He couldn't imagine a person's body fitting inside. He gave another hesitant glance at the European's face and saw that the man was serious: he held the hood, waiting.

Amir looked one last time at his brother. One last time he took in that pleading look on his face: yes, pleading for assurance, pleading like a child for the lights to be left on at night. Had something else happened? Something he hadn't noticed? Suddenly Amir was no longer sure. He flopped onto his side and started wriggling into the space. This is insane, he thought. The pocket was about as large a medium-size suitcase. When Amir was little, he and his friend had hidden inside a suitcase that big. It was tattered all over and sat on a shelf near the ceiling in the shabby apartment that belonged to his friend's father who sharpened knives. His friend's father was no longer alive, his friend was in the army. His brother hadn't been born yet. He and his friend had locked themselves inside the suitcase, except that they were children, their bodies were half the size. Yet he still remembered the horror when the lid closed and the lock clicked shut. Within a minute, Amir was pounding the walls and shouting for someone to let him out. His friend just laughed. Now there was just terrible silence.

Amir tried to squeeze into the engine. He lay on his side, trying to pull his knees to his chest, but couldn't fit his legs. The pocket was too narrow. The man stepped up and pressed his arms to his knees. Stuffed him into the crack. Amir heard a whistling in his ears, a high, piercing tone from somewhere inside him. With horror he felt his ribs compress against his lungs as all the air escaped from them against his will. The man inserted a half-liter plastic bottle of water into his hands, crunched up beneath his chin. Wave of panic. Amir started to say something, he didn't even know what, he just wanted out, but the man slammed the hood shut on top of him. Everything plunged into darkness. Time came to a stop: six hours, forty-eight minutes.

He wanted to scream, but couldn't breathe. He could hear nothing except his own heart thumping against his knees, pounding in his throat, face, the base of his nose. Pounding against the auto body's metal walls. I need to calm down, he thought, or else I won't be able to breathe. Everything was buzzing – blood accumulating in his head. He thought he was going to vomit. He clenched his jaw tightly. No need to panic, it's not that bad. He must be getting oxygen, he suddenly realized, or else he would have passed out. He was breathing. Shallow breaths, but still. He could no longer feel his legs, knees up against his ribs, but there must be some space left

for breathing. He thought of the European: Surely he knows what he's doing. He's transported a lot of people the same way before. He knows what he's doing.

Amir went to work on his pulse: concentrating on his furious heartbeat, little by little, stroke by stroke, talking it down. Approaching it as a man would approach a wild horse. Where did he know that from? His childhood? His father? TV? He could see the outstretched hand, the slightly trembling fingertips nearing the defiant nostrils. The enormous holes that bring air into the wild animal's head, the aortic hollow, the pulse in the head, the sinews, flank shudders, a ripple of flesh, a wave of life passing through muscle. And then at last the hand touches that enormous length of bone. Slides along it, toward the eyes. With every breath the fearful creature's pulse calming more and more.

Amir finally calmed down a bit. What was going on out there? He had no idea how much time had passed. Time had come to a stop. Or was running twice as fast. It played no role. All he had now was breath, pulse, and darkness. He tried to keep it all calm. Patterns of blood formed in the darkness. Red-brown pulsing clots. They began to glow and weave together into fascinating living designs. Those are my nerves, Amir thought. He shifted his hand to touch the wall. Just to make sure it was still there. The plastic bottle slipped from his hands and dropped off to the side. He was going to need water. He tried to reach out for it, but his hands were wedged in so tightly he couldn't move them even half an inch. The bottle disappeared from view, vanishing in the geysers of glowing dots beneath his eyelids. Or no, his eyes were open. But after a while he wasn't even sure of that anymore. Suddenly the whole space shook with a deafening roar: the engine was running, someone had started the car. Even if he could scream, nobody would hear him now. With horror he caught the first sweet whiffs of burned diesel fuel. The car went into motion.

Translated by Alex Zucker



Foto © Jure Teržan

Kaja Teržan

Kaja Teržan (1986), slovenska pesnica. Odraščala je v Škofji Loki in Stockholmu. Študij umetnostne zgodovine in sociologije na Filozofski fakulteti v Ljubljani je predčasno prekinila in se preusmerila na širše področje sodočnoplesne performativne prakse. Zadnjih pet let je zaposlena v vrtcu. Leta 2015 je pri Centru za slovensko književnost v zbirki Aleph izšel njen pesniški prvenec *Delta*, ki je bil nominiran za Veronikino nagrado. Prav tako leta 2015 se je s performansom *Delta*, ki zajema zajeten delež pesmi iz zbirke, uvrstila na mednarodni bienale mladih umetnikov Mediteranea v Milanu. Leta 2016 so se ji pri tem projektu pridružili pianistka Manca Udovič in drugi. Udeležila se je številnih branj po Sloveniji, kjer je predstavljala svojo poezijo, to pa je javnosti približala tudi v tujini, saj je sodelovala pri literarnih projektih v Berlinu, na Dunaju, v Granadi in Kostariki. Konec leta 2018 je v zbirki Aleph izšla tudi njena druga pesniška zbirka *Krog*, ki je bila nominirana za nagrado kritičko sito. Zanje je prejela Jenkovo nagrado.

Kaja Teržan (1986) grew up in Škofja Loka and Stockholm. She finished her studies of Art History and Sociology at the Faculty of Arts in Ljubljana prematurely and switched to the wider field of contemporary dance performative practice. For the last five years she has been working in a kindergarten. In 2015, the Center for Slovenian Literature published her poetry collection debut *Delta* in the Aleph collection, which was nominated for the Veronika Award. Also in 2015, she presented her performance *Delta*, which includes many poems from the collection, at the International Biennial of Young Artists Mediterranea in Milan. In 2016, pianist Manca Udovič and others joined the project. She took part in several readings in Slovenia, where she presented her poetry and also presented it to the public abroad, as she was involved in literary projects in Berlin, Vienna, Granada, and Costa Rica. At the end of 2018, her second collection of poems, *Circle* (*Krog*), was also published in the Aleph collection and was nominated for the Critical Sieve Award. She received the Jenko Award for it.

...

Dnevi so kratki,
želje pa dolge, napete koprene
med razobesjenimi palicami pod stropom,
nizko nad glavami.
Najtežje je biti iskren do svojih sovražnikov;
lahko ti namreč postanejo naklonjeni.
Kdo bi to hotel; v deželi vojn
je ravnovesje enako pomembno.
In vsakič, ko rečeš NE, se v mojih pljučih
zmanjša pretok kisika in na kup zbiram
zaveznike iz sosednjih organov, da bi
kakor samurajke, za čast, ne slavo,
postali zadnja vojska
pred popolnim uničenjem.
Potem pa spet tisti nasmeh, ki ga
pošiljaš pred sabo, na sredo bojišča,
namesto palic, kopja, meča, pušk.
In boli bolj in smeši bolj in vidim te
golega. Samo človek, brez spola,
celo brez telesa, ki bi ga zeblo. Pametno
si ga spravil, balzamiral vnaprej, da ne bi
kdo česa pozabil ali se zmotil pri zaporedju.
Izdolben format življenja; prepojen s soljo,
smolo, začimbami ... kdo bi še hotel
večno živeti, ko pa lahko *toliko* poveš
z dramatičnim koncem, in ko vsi vemo,
da ta ne obstaja in da ni niti tebe niti mene,
ko se tisoč vetrov vrtinči v spiralo in opravi
s hišami in poslopji vseh vrst, in se v prazni
pokrajini napolni kotanja z deževnico za nekaj
novega ...

Ruj

Nekoč, na podestu, ko je sonce
komaj oplazilo okno, sem si izmisnila
svojo prihodnost ... Stara bom trideset
in še nikoli poprej tako srečna.

Bila si tam in me slišala – od znotraj.

Vse je zapisano ... Nekdo
se je zmotil, ko je bral in
vse pripravil: misli, besede in dejanja,
vzporedne niti na statvah – snutek
za naslednjih nekaj let ...

Mogoče se ti moram le približevati
s konstantno preračunano zamudo.
Toda ti si mi dala konkretnе napotke ...

Da bi morala slediti telesu, je bilo eno.

Moje telо ima enak potencial kakor ruj,
ves rdeč, ki iz zemlje potegne železo
in telо se ne strinja, ko ga vozim okoli
kot bolnika ... A je modro in ostaja tiho.

Motiv predloge je vendarle isti, toda
ni ga mogoče odtiskovati v neskončno:
tudi vajenci se od mojstrov nekoč oddaljijo
in tako cerkvene ladje nikoli ne odražajo
samo enega duha. Menjavanje draperij
pri istih svetnikih je nenameren odraz
preobrazbe. Kdo romа? Romarji?

Hodijo mimo nas, dokler ne bomo mi
hodili mimo njih. Ni vseeno, katero
besedo uporabiš za tistega, ki je izgnan
od znotraj. Nič drugega mi toliko ne pomeni.

Lepa Vide

Svojo srčno občudovano teto sem držala za roko, ko sva prečkali mostiček, ki je le v nameri spominjal na tistega pri Popaju. Na sredini sva se ustavili za slikanje s kapitanom naše *Princeze Danaje*. Bilo je kot in vsakem filmu, ki pa ga dotelej še nisem videla. Kovčke so prijeli mladi, precej suhi fantje, oblečeni v polikane hlače in sukničče na gumbe. Angleščina je prišla prav, čeprav ni bila nujna. Pri kabini smo se ustavili. Fant je dobil nekaj drobiža, se zahvalil; s teto pa sva se namestili. Občudovala sem vsak košček zglajenega pohištva ... Kasneje sva se zadržali v nekakšni avli ali sprejemnici ali pa je bila to jedilnica, ne vem. Vedno je bila polna sadja v obliku živali, rastlin in mitskih bitij. Prijazna, a smešno oblečena dekleta pa so stala zraven, se smehljala in nakazovala na ponujene dobrote z gracioznimi gibi svojih rok. Te roke so me pospremile v sanje, toda postale so čudno prazne in utrujene. Njihov nasmej pa je ostajal zadaj kakor pena valov, ki jih je ustvarjala sila naše ladje. Naslednji dan ob zori so ta ista dekleta, v soju drugačne garderobe, nosila kavo in roglicke ... Eno od njih je slišalo tetine besede in se pretirano navdušilo: »Pa saj vi ste iz Slovenije!« Razgovorilo se je o svojem otroku in nekakšnem partnerju. Kasneje mi je teta povedala, da je imelo dekle v grlu cmok. V mislih sem videla zataknjen cmok iz pšeničnega zdroba in jajc, ki mi ga je mati vedno dajala v juho. Toliko sem razumela.

Iz tal v nos in usta

Pred leti,
ko so bila naša naselja
žive tvorbe ljudi, ne le hiš,
ko so žene posedale skupaj
s kavo, cigareto in
napolitankami Kraš ... na balkonu,
pred vhodi hiš, ko so otroci,
buškasti in vsestransko obdelani,
še lahko nosili zemljo v usta,
ne da bi zboleli za smrtnostjo,
in si ti plezal na bližnji hrast,
namesto da bi se povzpel
po stopnicah do stanovanja,
skromnega skupka
prostorske nujnosti,
sem sama nekje na severu Evrope
okušala dom *v primerjavi*
z vsem ostalim.
Nos, tla – nostalgija in
moja nemost, ko sem se vrnila
v nekaj, kar je bilo preveč povezano
za moje prepišno telo.

...

The days are short,
and the wishes long, stretched veils
between sticks hoisted under the ceiling,
low above the heads.

To be honest with your enemies is most difficult;
because they might grow fond of you.

Who would want that; in the land of wars
balance is equally important.

And every time you say NO, the oxygen flow
in my lungs reduces and I pile up
allies from neighbouring organs, so they might
become, as female samurais, for honour, not glory,
the last army
before annihilation.

And then again that smile that you
send in front of you to the middle of the battlefield,
instead of sticks, lances, swords, guns.

And it hurts more and it ridicules more and I see you
naked. Only a human, without gender,
without even a body that would feel cold.

You have stored it
wisely, embalmed it in advance, so that no one
would forget anything or get the sequence wrong.

A format of life carved out; soaked in salt,
resin, spices... who would want to
live forever, when you can tell *so much*
with a dramatic ending, and when we all know
that it doesn't exist and that there is no you nor I,
when a thousand winds whirl into a spiral and finish
the houses and buildings of all sorts, and a hollow
fills up with rainwater in the empty landscape for something
new...

Smoke tree

Once, on the landing, when sun
barely brushed up against window, I made up
my future... I will be thirty
and will have never before been so happy.
You were there and you heard me – from within.
It is all written... Someone
made a mistake when reading and
prepared it all: thoughts, words and deeds,
parallel threads on a loom – outlines
for the next couple of years...
Maybe I only need to come close to you
with a constantly calculated delay.
But you gave me concrete directions...
that I should follow my body was one.
My body has the same potential as the smoke tree,
all red, pulling iron out of the earth,
and the body doesn't agree, when I drive it around
as a patient... But it is wise and remains silent.
The motive of the source material is the same, but
it cannot be printed out into infinity:
even apprentices move away from their masters someday
and so the aisles never reflect
one spirit only. Changing draperies
with the same saints is an unintentional reflection
of a transformation. Who goes on a pilgrimage? Pilgrims?
They walk past us, until we will
walk past them. It is not all the same which
word you use for the one who has been deported
from within. Nothing else means that much to me.

Beautiful Vidas

I held my heartily admired aunt's hand when crossing the small bridge which only resembled the one from Popeye in its intention. We stopped in the middle to take a photo with the captain of our *Princess Danaë*. It was as in every film which I never saw after that. Young, quite skinny boys, dressed in suit trousers and jackets with buttons picked up suitcases. English came in handy, although it wasn't necessary. We stopped by the cabin. The boy got some change, thanked us; and my aunt and I settled in. I admired every piece of the polished furniture... Later on we got detained in some kind of a lobby or a reception room, or was that the dining room?, I don't know. It was always full of fruits shaped like animals, plants and mythical creatures. Beside us stood nice but funnily dressed girls, smiling and pointing to the offered delicacies with graceful movements of their hands. These hands walked me into my dreams, but became oddly empty and tired. Their smile stayed behind like the foam of the waves created by the force of our ship. The next day at dawn these same girls, shining in different clothes, were serving coffee and croissants... One of them heard my aunt's words and got overly excited: "But you are from Slovenia!" She went on and on about her child and some kind of a partner. Later on my aunt told me that the girl had a lump in her throat. In my mind, I saw the lump of semolina and eggs that my mother always used to put in my soup. That's how much I understood.

From floor into nose and into mouth

Years back,
when our settlements
were living growths of people, not just houses,
when wives sat about together
with coffee, cigarettes and
Kraš wafers... on the balcony,
in front of the entrances of the houses, when children,
all bumped and knocked around in all forms,
could still bring dirt to their mouths,
without falling ill from deadliness,
and you climbed onto the nearby oak,
instead of climbing
the stairs to the apartment,
a modest unit
of space necessity,
I alone somewhere in the north of Europe,
tasted home *in comparison*
to everything else.
Nose, floor – nostalgia and
my muteness, when I came back
to something too connected
for my draughty body.

Translated by Petra Meterc

Dosedanji udeleženci in nagrajenci Vilenice

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

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DISPUT / DISPUTATION: *Czesław Miłosz: Ćwarta učna ura / The Fourth Teaching Lesson*

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DISPUT / DISPUTATION: *György Konrád: Sredine / From the Centre*

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

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

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DISPUT / DISPUTATION: *Evgen Bavčar: Univerzalizmi in njihova Facies Hypocritica / Universalisms and Their Facies Hypocritica*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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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 Juráňová, Jaan Kaplinski, Dražen Katunarić, 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 Senser, Sande Stojčevski, Vojo Šindolić, 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*

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

Slavko Mihalić

Utemeljitev nagrade / Laudation: *Veno Taufer*

KRISTAL VILENICE 2000 / 2000 CRYSTAL VILENICA AWARD – *István Vörös*

V publikaciji *Vilenica 2000* in na literarnih prireditvah so sodelovali / The following are represented in the *Vilenica Almanac 2000* and took part in the literary readings:

Zoran Ančevski, Peter Božič, Uke Bucpapaj, Aleš Čar, Primož Čučnik, Jacques Darras, Lidija Dimkovska, Mircea Dinescu, Michael Donhauser, Janis Elsbergs, Leopold Federmaier, Mila Haugová, Željko Ivanković, Liudvikas Jakimavičius, Urs Karpf, Georgiu Konstantinov, Hasso Krull, Gary Lawless, Umberto Mangani, Erik Menkveld, Jaume Perez Montaner, Imre Oravec, Silvana Paletti, Katherine Pierpoint, Angelina Polonskaya, Milorad Popović, Ana Ristović, Sudeep Sen, Marcin Sendecki, Ronny Someck, Marjan Strojan, Brina Švigelj Mérat, Yórgos 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 SLOVENSKIH 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 Bilocerkivec*

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 Benniš, Natalka Bilocerkivec, 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, Mariša Krese, Roman Ludva, Sonja Manojlović, Narlan Matos, Marián Milčák, Ban'ya Natsuishi, Claudio Pozzani, Matthew Rohrer, Erik Stinus, Franco Supino, Vivienne Verme, 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 / 2001 YOUNG VILENICA AWARD – *Špela Poljak*

MEDNARODNO LITERARNO NAGRADO VILENICA DRUŠTVA SLOVENSKIH PISATELJEV ZA LETO 2002 JE PREJELA / THE SLOVENE WRITERS' ASSOCIATION AWARDED THE 2002 VILENICA INTERNATIONAL LITERARY PRIZE TO

Ana Blandiana

Utemeljitev nagrade / Laudation: *Lidija Dimkovska*

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, Dritero Agolli, Andriy Bondar, Snežana Bukal, Bora Čosić, Jozefina Dautbegović, Tanja Dückers, Oswald Egger, Chuah Guat Eng, Jakša Fiamengo, Ioan Flora, Janice Galloway, Sinan Gudžević, Michál Hvorecký, Anatol Kudravec, Anatolij Kudrjavicki, Leena Lander, Franco Manzoni, Maciej Melecki, Dušan Merc, Petr Mikeš, Vinko Möderndorfer, Herta Müller, Patricia Nolan, Knut Ødegård, Justo Jorge Padron, Monika Van Paemel, Ratimir Pavlović,

Janis Rokpelnis, Ken Smith, Glen Sorestad, Luan Starova, Vidosav Stevanović, Lucija Stupica, Tone Škrjanec, Willem Van Toorn, Pál Závada

DELAVNICE / WORKSHOPS: *Prevajanje poezije, O literaturi na internetu, O vizualni in literarni podobi / On Translating Poetry, On Literature on the Internet, On Visual and Literary Image*

MLADA VILENICA 2002 / 2002 YOUNG VILENICA AWARD – *Ana Šalgaj*

MEDNARODNO LITERARNO NAGRADO VILENICA DRUŠTVA SLOVENSKIH PISATELJEV ZA LETO 2003 JE PREJEL / THE SLOVENE WRITERS' ASSOCIATION AWARDED THE 2003 VILENICA INTERNATIONAL LITERARY PRIZE TO

Mirko Kovac

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 Abăluș, Hana Andronikova, Kostas Assimacopoulos, Vladimír Balla, Marek Bieńczyk, Boris Biletić, Gordana Mihailova Bošnakoska, Nicole Brossard, René de Ceccatty, Paulo da Costa, John F. Deane, Paulette Dubé, Lynn Emanuel, Pavle Goranović, Norbert Gstrein, Jacques Izoard, Rutger Kopland, Herkus Kunčius, Taras Luchuk, Donal McLaughlin, Tom Petsinis, Vivienne Plumb, Gregor Podlogar, Alek Popov, Stella Rotenberg, Paolo Ruffilli, Fiona Sampson, Ljudka Silnova, Andrej E. Skubic, Eira Stenberg, James Tate, Krisztina Tóth, Suzana Tratnik, Christian Uetz, Vladimir Vertlib, Erika Vouk, Juli Zeh

DELAVNICE / WORKSHOPS: *Prevajanje poezije, Prostori transgresije, Revija v reviji / Translating Poetry, Places of Transgression, Review In Review*

MLADA VILENICA 2003 / 2003 YOUNG VILENICA AWARD – *Žiga Mohorič, Agata Venier*

MEDNARODNO LITERARNO NAGRADO VILENICA DRUŠTVA SLOVENSKIH 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, Štefan Caraman, Daša Drndić, Martin Fahrner, Edward Foster, Georgi Gospodinov, Gintaras Grajauskas, Daniela Kapitáňová, Vojislav Karanović, Artjom Kavalevski, Juris Kronbergs, Alain Lance, Sydney Lea, Vasyl Makhno, Katarina Marinčič, Txema Martínez Inglés, Valžina Mort, Novica Novaković, Gino Pastega, Szilárd Podmaniczky, Aleksandar Prokopiev, Barbara Simoniti, Peter Steiner, Anni Sumari, Vladimir P. Štefanec, Cai Tianxin, Krzysztof Varga, Peter Weber, Andrea Zanzotto

PREVAJALSKA DELAVNICA / TRANSLATION WORKSHOP: Mererid Puw Davies, Louis De Paor, Helena Sinervo

DISPUT / DISPUTATION: Primer Edvard Kocbek in svoboda izražanja danes / The Edvard Kocbek Case and the Freedom of Expression Today

MLADA VILENICA 2004 / 2004 YOUNG VILENICA AWARD – Eva Rener, Brigit Berčon

MEDNARODNO LITERARNO NAGRADO VILENICA DRUŠTVA SLOVENSKIH PISATELJEV ZA LETO 2005 STA PREJELA / THE SLOVENE WRITERS' ASSOCIATION AWARDED THE 2005 VILENICA INTERNATIONAL LITERARY PRIZE TO

Ilma Rakusa in Karl-Markus Gauß

Utemeljitev nagrade / Laudation: Vesna Kondrič Horvat, Drago Jančar

KRISTAL VILENICE 2005 / 2005 CRYSTAL VILENICA AWARD – Vladas Braziūnas

V publikaciji *Vilenica 2005* in na literarnih prireditvah so sodelovali / The following are represented in the *Vilenica Almanac 2005* and took part in the literary readings:

Carlos A. Aguilera, Veljko Barbieri, Juras Barisevič, Vladas Braziūnas, Anna Maria Carpi, Theodora Dimova, Jure Jakob, Janez Kajzer, Viljam Klimáček, Olivera Korvezirovska, Cvetka Lipuš, Jaan Malin, Jim McGarrah, Anna Mitgutsch, Sinead 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 paradigm« / 'The Possibilities of Coexistence of Different Cultures in Europe and the Process of Searching a New Cultural Paradigm'

MODERATOR: Aleš Debreljak

MLADA VILENICA 2005 / 2005 YOUNG VILENICA AWARD – Rožana Švara, Eva Mohorič

MEDNARODNO LITERARNO NAGRADO VILENICA DRUŠTVA SLOVENSKIH 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 Borbely, Yiorgos Chouliaras, Daiva Čepauskaitė, Ervin Fritz, Tatjana Gromača, Brian Henry, Oto Horvat, Nora Iuga, Iva Jevtić, Ekaterina Yossifova, Zdenko Kodrič, Márkus Kopcsay, Miran Košuta, Mojca Kumerdej, Terézia Mora, Birgit Müller-Wieland, Tõnu Ónnepalu, Claudio Pozzani, Gabriel Rosenstock, Goran Samardžić, Ostap Slyvynsky, Breda Smolnikar, Olga Tokarczuk, Marko Uršič, Raphael Urweider

OKROGLA MIZA SEP NA VILENICI / CEI ROUND TABLE DISCUSSION AT VILENICA: „*Kdo sliši sosedovo zgodbo?*“ / *Who Can Hear One's Neighbour's Story?*“

MODERATORKA / MODERATOR: *Simona Škrabec*

DOBITEK ŠTIPENDIJE SEP 2006 / 2006 CEI FELLOWSHIP WINNER: *Goce Smilevski*, Makedonija / Macedonia

MANJ POZNANE KNJIŽEVNOSTI EVROPE NA VILENICI / LESSER-KNOWN LITERATURES OF EUROPE AT VILENICA: *Sodobna baskovska književnost / Contemporary Basque Writing: Barnardo Atxaga, Harkaitz Cano, Miren Agur Meabe, Rikardo Arregi, Kirmen Uribe*
MLADA VILENICA 2006 / 2006 YOUNG VILENICA AWARD – *Dita Škalič, Aljaž Ferencek, Miroslava Furtkevičová*

MEDNARODNO LITERARNO NAGRADO VILENICA DRUŠTVA SLOVENSKIH PISATELJEV ZA LETO 2007 JE PREJEL / THE SLOVENE WRITERS' ASSOCIATION AWARDED THE 2007 VILENICA INTERNATIONAL LITERARY PRIZE TO

Goran Stefanovski

Utemeljitev nagrade / Laudation: *Lidija Dimkovska*

KRISTAL VILENICE 2007 / 2007 CRYSTAL VILENICA AWARD – *Piotr Sommer*
SLOVENSKI AVTOR V SREDIŠČU 2007 / SLOVENIAN AUTHOR IN FOCUS 2007 – *Milan Dekleva*

V publikaciji *Vilenica 2007* in na literarnih prireditvah so sodelovali / The following are represented in the *Vilenica Almanac 2007* and took part in the literary readings:

David Albahari, Attila Bartis, Ataol Behramoğlu, Balša Brković, Gentian Çoçoli, Dumitru Crudu, Vytautas Deksnys, 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'

MODERATORKA / MODERATOR: Alenka Puhar

DOBITNICA ŠTIPENDIJE SEP 2007 / 2007 CEI FELLOWSHIP WINNER: Mariana Kijanovska / Marianna Kijanovska, 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 Síomáin, Dairena Ní Chinnéide, Micheál Ó Conghaile, Cathal Ó Séarcaigh, Gabriel Rosenstock

MLADA VILENICA 2007 / 2007 YOUNG VILENICA AWARD – Katja Lavrenčič, Matic Može

MEDNARODNO LITERARNO NAGRADO VILENICA DRUŠTVA SLOVENSKIH 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 Blaškovič, Cvetanka Elenkova, Iztok Geister, Andrej Hadanovič, Kica Kolbe, Florin Lăzărescu, Arian Leka, Yang Lian, Diego Marani, Jean-Michel Maulpoix, Irina Nekit, Imre Oravec, Marina Palej, Ulrich Peltzer, Ivana Sajko, Peter Stamm, Magdalena Svetina Terčon, Dušan Šarotar, Bina Štampe Žmavc, Jüri Talvet, Zoé Valdés, Andrea Winkler, Yo Yo, Inga Žolude

OKROGLA MIZA SEP NA VILENICI / CEI ROUND TABLE DISCUSSION AT VILENICA:

›Avtor med tekstom in kontekstom / 'The Author between Text and Context'

MODERATOR: Marko Uršič

DOBITNICA ŠTIPENDIJE SEP 2008 / 2008 CEI FELLOWSHIP WINNER: Ivana Sajko, Hrvaska / Croatia

MANJ POZNANE KNJIŽEVNOSTI EVROPE NA VILENICI / LESSER-KNOWN LITERATURES OF EUROPE AT VILENICA: Sodobna litovska književnost / Contemporary Lithuanian Writing: Eugenijus Ališanka, Birutė Jonuškaitė, Sigitas Parulskis, Kornelijus Platelis, Tomas Venclova

MLADA VILENICA 2008 / 2008 YOUNG VILENICA AWARD – Liam Visentin, Ana Šemrov

MEDNARODNO LITERARNO NAGRADO VILENICA DRUŠTVA SLOVENSKIH 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 Benová, 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, Victor Rodríguez Núñez, Maria Šleahtičhi, Ewa Sonnenberg, Vlada Urošević, Oksana Zabužko

OKROGLA MIZA SEP NA VILENICI / CEI ROUND TABLE DISCUSSION AT VILENICA:
'Izbira med svobodo in zapovedjo: literarna avtonomija in mehanizmi izbora' / 'Choice between Freedom and Command: Literary Autonomy and the Mechanics of Choice'
MODERATOR: *Andrej Blatnik*

DOBITEK ŠTIPENDIJE SEP 2009 / 2009 CEI FELLOWSHIP WINNER: *Dragan Radovančević*, Srbija / Serbia

MANJ POZNANE KANJIŽEVNOSTI EVROPE NA VILENICI / LESSER-KNOWN LITERATURES OF EUROPE AT VILENICA: *Flandrija na Vilenici / Flanders at Vilenica: Miriam Van Hee, Stefan Hertmans, Monika Van Paemel, Peter Verhelst*
MLADA VILENICA 2009 / 2009 YOUNG VILENICA AWARD – *Jana Stekar, Gaja Rupnik Caruso*

MEDNARODNO LITERARNO NAGRADO VILENICA DRUŠTVA SLOVENSKIH PISATELJEV ZA LETO 2010 JE PREJEL / THE SLOVENE WRITERS' ASSOCIATION AWARDED THE 2010 VILENICA INTERNATIONAL LITERARY PRIZE TO

Dževad Karahasan

Utemeljitev nagrade / Laudation: *Jana Unuk*

KRISTAL VILENICE 2010 / 2010 CRYSTAL VILENICA AWARD – *Goran Vojnović*
SLOVENSKI AVTOR V SREDIŠČU 2010 / SLOVENIAN AUTHOR IN FOCUS 2010 –
Tomaž Šalamun

V publikaciji *Vilenica 2010* in na literarnih prireditvah so sodelovali / The following are represented in the *Vilenica Almanac 2010* and took part in the literary readings:

Max Blaeulich, Jacek Dehnel, Kristin Dimitrova, Veronika Dintinjana, Aris Fioretos, Ludwig Hartinger, Enes Karić, Blaže Minevski, Salvatore Niffoi,

Radoslav Petković, Taras Prohasko, Viktória Radics, Maja Razboršek, Joachim Sartorius, Illja Sin, Octavian Soviany, Veronika Šikulová, Jáchym Topol, Suzana Tratnik, Goran Vojnović, C. D. Wright, Agnë Žagrakalyté

OKROGLA MIZA SEP NA VILENICI / CEI ROUND TABLE DISCUSSION AT VILENICA: *>O branju: braalna izkušnja in njene oblike v sodobnem času</i> / 'On Reading: Reading Experience and its Forms in Modern Times'*

MODERATORKA / MODERATOR: *Tanja Lesničar Pučko*

DOBITNICA ŠTIPENDIJE SEP 2010 / 2010 CEI FELLOWSHIP WINNER: *Maja Hrgović, Hrvaska / 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, William Owen Roberts, Angharad Price*

MLADA VILENICA 2010 / 2010 YOUNG VILENICA AWARD – *Nina Rozman, Rok Muhič, Lidija Magdevska*

MEDNARODNO LITERARNO NAGRADO VILENICA DRUŠTVA SLOVENSKIH PISATELJEV ZA LETO 2011 JE PREJEL / THE SLOVENE WRITERS' ASSOCIATION AWARDED THE 2011 VILENICA INTERNATIONAL LITERARY PRIZE TO

Mircea Cărtărescu

Utemeljitev nagrade / Laudation: *Lidija Dimkovska*

KRISTAL VILENICE 2011 / 2011 CRYSTAL VILENICA AWARD – *Dan Coman*
SLOVENSKI AVTOR V SREDIŠČU 2011 / SLOVENIAN AUTHOR IN FOCUS 2011 – *Drago Jančar*

V publikaciji *Vilenica 2011* in na literarnih prireditvah so sodelovali / The following are represented in the *Vilenica Almanac 2011* and took part in the literary readings:

Pavel Brycz, Pierluigi Cappello, Sarah Clancey, Dan Coman, Ivan Dobnik, György Dragomán, Jean-Michel Espitallier, Xavier Farré Vidal, Guy Helminger, Stanka Hrastelj, Ljiljana Jokić Kaspar, Gorazd Kocijančič, Tatjana Komissarova, Alain Lance, Vesna Lemaić, Vladimir Levčev, Nikola Madžirov, Alberto Manguel, Aleksander Peršolja, Edo Popović, Angelika Reitzer, Tomasz Rózycki, 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</i> / 'Read Me Live'*

MODERATOR: *Gregor Podlogar*

DOBITNIK ŠTIPENDIJE SEP 2011 / 2011 CEI FELLOWSHIP WINNER: *Ognjen Spahić, Črna gora / Montenegro*

MANJ POZNANE KNJIŽEVNOSTI EVROPE NA VILENICI / LESSER-KNOWN LITERATURES OF EUROPE AT VILENICA: *Turčija na Vilenici / Turkey at Vilenica: Nazli Eray, Nedim Gürsel, Mehmet Yaşin*

MLADA VILENICA 2011 / 2011 YOUNG VILENICA AWARD – *Julija Železnik, Teja Gerjovič, Lara Ružič Povirk*

MEDNARODNO LITERARNO NAGRADO VILENICA DRUŠTVA SLOVENSKIH 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 Petnis, Sebastijan Pregelj, Pino Roveredo, Monique Schwitter, Bekim Sejranović, Dmitrij Strocev, Kārlis Vērdiņš, Gian Mario Villalta, Jiaxin Wang, Aldo Žerjal

OKROGLA MIZA SEP NA VILENICI / CEI ROUND TABLE DISCUSSION AT VILENICA: »*Avtorji nomadi*« / *'Nomadic Writers'*

MODERATORKA / MODERATOR: *Iva Kosmos*

DOBITNICA ŠTIPENDIJE SEP 2012 / 2012 CEI FELLOWSHIP WINNER: *Ajla Terzić*, Bosna in Hercegovina / Bosnia and Herzegovina

MANJ POZNANE KNJIŽEVNOSTI EVROPE NA VILENICI / LESSER-KNOWN LITERATURES OF EUROPE AT VILENICA: *Hebrejska književnost na Vilenici / Hebrew literature at Vilenica*: *Hana Amichai, Sami Michael, Hava Pinhas-Cohen, Nurit Zarchi*

MLADA VILENICA 2012 / 2012 YOUNG VILENICA AWARD – *Tilka Namestnik, Marta Radic, Veronika Martinčič*

MEDNARODNO LITERARNO NAGRADO VILENICA DRUŠTVA SLOVENSKIH PISATELJEV ZA LETO 2013 JE PREJELA / THE SLOVENE WRITERS' ASSOCIATION AWARDED THE 2013 VILENICA INTERNATIONAL LITERARY PRIZE TO

Olga Tokarczuk

Utemeljitev nagrade / Laudation: *Jana Unuk*

KRISTAL VILENICE 2013 / 2013 CRYSTAL VILENICA AWARD – *Tanja Maljarčuk*
SLOVENSKI AVTOR V SREDIŠČU 2013 / SLOVENIAN AUTHOR IN FOCUS 2013 – *Florjan Lipuš*

V publikaciji *Vilenica 2013* in na literarnih prireditvah so sodelovali / The following are represented in the *Vilenica Almanac 2013* and took part in the literary readings:

Anna Auziņa, Mauro Covacich, Silvija Čoleva, Radka Denemarková, Rodica Draghinceşti, Miriam Drev, Katharina Hacker, Olli Heikkonen, Brian Henry, Ignacy Karpowicz, Vladimir Kopić, 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*

MODERATORKA / MODERATOR: Vesna Humar

DOBITEK ŠTIPENDIJE SEP 2013 / 2013 CEI FELLOWSHIP WINNER: Artem Čapaj / Artem Chapeye, Ukrajina / Ukraine

MANJ POZNANE KNJIŽEVNOSTI EVROPE NA VILENICI / LESSER-KNOWN LITERATURES OF EUROPE AT VILENICA: Švica na Vilenici / Switzerland at Vilenica: Lukas Bärfuss, Arno Camenisch, Pietro de Marchi, Michel Layaz, Ilma Rakusa

MLADA VILENICA 2013 / 2013 YOUNG VILENICA AWARD – Ajda Furlan, Jerneja Rupnik, Eva Salopek

MEDNARODNO LITERARNO NAGRADO VILENICA DRUŠTVA SLOVENSKIH 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 Künnapi, János Lackfi, Fiston Mwanza Mujila, Andrej Nikolaidis, Tomislav Osmanli, Ioana Pârvulescu, Tone Peršak, Alek Popov, Stanislava Repar, Jaroslav Rudiš, Roman Simić Bodrožić, Linda Spalding, Dimitra Xidous, Visar Zhiti

OKROGLA MIZA SEP NA VILENICI / CEI ROUND TABLE DISCUSSION AT VILENICA:
»Iz jezika v jezik« / *From Language to Language*

MODERATORKA / MODERATOR: Erica Johnson Debeljak

DOBITEK ŠTIPENDIJE SEP 2014 / 2014 CEI FELLOWSHIP WINNER: Mirko Božić, Bosna in Hercegovina / Bosnia and Herzegovina

MANJ POZNANE KNJIŽEVNOSTI EVROPE NA VILENICI / LESSER-KNOWN LITERATURES OF EUROPE AT VILENICA: Luksemburg na Vilenici / Luxembourg at Vilenica: Alexandra Fixmer, Guy Helminger, Nico Helminger, Pol Sax

MLADA VILENICA 2014 / 2014 YOUNG VILENICA AWARD – Lota Martinjak, Patricija Kavčič, Lara Ružič Povirk

MEDNARODNO LITERARNO NAGRADO VILENICA DRUŠTVA SLOVENSKIH PISATELJEV ZA LETO 2015 JE PREJEL / THE SLOVENE WRITERS' ASSOCIATION AWARDED THE 2015 VILENICA INTERNATIONAL LITERARY PRIZE TO

Jáchym Topol

Utemeljitev nagrade / Laudation: *Alenka Jensterle-Doležal*

KRISTAL VILENICE 2015 / 2015 CRYSTAL VILENICA AWARD – *Blerina Rogova Gaxha* in *Polona Glavan*

SLOVENSKI AVTOR V SREDIŠČU 2015 / SLOVENIAN AUTHOR IN FOCUS 2015 – *Milan Jesih*

V publikaciji *Vilenica 2015* in na literarnih prireditvah so sodelovali / The following are represented in the *Vilenica Almanac 2015* and took part in the literary readings:

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OKROGLA MIZA SEP NA VILENICI / CEI ROUND TABLE DISCUSSION AT VILENICA: *'Odzven prostora'* / 'Reflections of Place'

MODERATOR / MODERATOR: *Boštjan Narat*

DOBITEK ŠTIPENDIJE SEP 2015 / 2015 CEI FELLOWSHIP WINNER: *Katerina Kalitko / Kateryna Kalytko*, Ukrainska / Ukraine

MANJ POZNANE KNJIŽEVNOSTI NA VILENICI / LESSER-KNOWN LITERATURES AT VILENICA: *Indija na Vilenici / India at Vilenica: Sitanshu Yashaschandra, K. Satchidanandan*

MLADA VILENICA 2015 / 2015 YOUNG VILENICA AWARD – *David Čop, Kiara Sara Knafelc, Chiara Lepore, Lina Malovič, Špela Zadel*

MEDNARODNO LITERARNO NAGRADO VILENICA DRUŠTVA SLOVENSKIH PISATELJEV ZA LETO 2016 JE PREJELA / THE SLOVENE WRITERS' ASSOCIATION AWARDED THE 2016 VILENICA INTERNATIONAL LITERARY PRIZE TO

Dubravka Ugrešić

Utemeljitev nagrade / Laudation: *Durđa Srsgoglavec*

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:

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Kalitko, Cvetka Lipuš, Valerio Magrelli, Aksinija Mihajlova, Carlos Pascual, Ülar Ploom, Gábor Schein, Robert Schindel, Korana Serdarević, Mariusz Sieniewicz, Bogdan Succeavă, Kateřina Tučková, Les Wicks

OKROGLA MIZA SEP NA VILENICI / CEI ROUND TABLE DISCUSSION AT VILENICA: *'Literatura in etika' / 'Literature and Ethics'*

MODERATOR / MODERATOR: *Carlos Pascual*

DOBITNICA ŠTIPENDIJE SEP 2016 / 2016 CEI FELLOWSHIP WINNER: *Tanja Bakić, Črna gora / Montenegro*

MANJ POZNANE KNJIŽEVNOSTI NA VILENICI / LESSER-KNOWN LITERATURES AT VILENICA: *Latvija na Vilenici / Latvia at Vilenica: Ingmāra Balode, Artis Ostups, Arvis Viguls*

MLADA VILENICA 2016 / 2016 YOUNG VILENICA AWARD – *Miša Gregorič, Nejka Vratnik, Ekaterina Mihajloška, Aljaž Primožič, Lara Ružič Povirk, Alja Tursunović, Eric Renzi, Lota Martinjak, Tomi Petek*

MEDNARODNO LITERARNO NAGRADO VILENICA DRUŠTVA SLOVENSKIH PISATELJEV ZA LETO 2017 JE PREJEL / THE SLOVENE WRITERS' ASSOCIATION AWARDED THE 2017 VILENICA INTERNATIONAL LITERARY PRIZE TO

Jurij Andruhovič

Utemeljitev nagrade / Laudation: *Aleš Šteger*

KRISTAL VILENICE 2017 / 2017 CRYSTAL VILENICA AWARD – *Antonella Bukovaz SLOVENSKA AVTORICA V SREDIŠČU 2017 / SLOVENIAN AUTHOR IN FOCUS 2017 – Maja Vidmar*

V publikaciji *Vilenica 2017* in na literarnih prireditvah so sodelovali / The following are represented in the *Vilenica Almanac 2017* and took part in the literary readings:

Tanja Bakić, Andrej Blatnik, Antonella Bukovaz, Rumena Bužarovska, Anja Golob, Alenka Jensterle Doležal, Boris Jukić, Esther Kinsky, Vladimir Pištalo, Delimir Rešicki, Samir Sayegh, Fahredin Shehu, Hedi Wyss, Kerrie O'Brien, Iain Reid

OKROGLA MIZA SEP NA VILENICI / CEI ROUND TABLE DISCUSSION AT VILENICA: *'Literatura, ki spreminja svet, ki spreminja literaturo' / 'Literature That Changes the World That Changes Literature'*

MODERATORKA / MODERATOR: *Iva Kosmos*

DOBITNIK ŠTIPENDIJE SEP 2017 / 2017 CEI FELLOWSHIP WINNER: *Andrij Ljubka / Andriy Lyubka, Ukrajina / Ukraine*

MANJ POZNANE KNJIŽEVNOSTI NA VILENICI / LESSER-KNOWN LITERATURES AT VILENICA: *Norveška na Vilenici / Norway at Vilenica: Inger Elisabeth Hansen, Torgeir Schjerven*

MLADA VILENICA 2017 / 2017 YOUNG VILENICA AWARD – *Rebeka Deželak, Sara Lindič, Una Ljubin, Laura Markić, Nika Mravlja, Vesna Muzek, Laura Vuga*

MEDNARODNO LITERARNO NAGRADO VILENICA DRUŠTVA SLOVENSKIH PISATELJEV ZA LETO 2018 JE PREJEL / THE SLOVENE WRITERS' ASSOCIATION AWARDED THE 2018 VILENICA INTERNATIONAL LITERARY PRIZE TO

Ilja Trojanow

Utemeljitev nagrade / Laudation: *Vesna Kondrič Horvat*

KRISTAL VILENICE 2018 / 2018 CRYSTAL VILENICA AWARD – Šota Iatašvili
SLOVENSKA AVTORICA V SREDIŠČU 2018 / SLOVENIAN AUTHOR IN FOCUS 2018 –
Mojca Kumerdej

V publikaciji *Vilenica 2018* in na literarnih prireditvah so sodelovali / The following are represented in the *Vilenica Almanac 2018* and took part in the literary readings:

David Bandelj, Petre Barbu, Éilís Ní Dhuibhne, Violetta Grzegorzewska, Brian Henry, Šota Iatašvili, Noémi Kiss, Uršula Kovalyk, Andrij Ljubka, Karin Peschka, Primož Repar, Stuart Ross, Simona Semenič

OKROGLA MIZA SEP NA VILENICI / CEI ROUND TABLE DISCUSSION AT VILENICA: »Pisati in preživeti« / 'Writing and Surviving'

MODERATOR / MODERATOR: *Aljoša Harlamov*

DOBITNICA PISATELJSKE NAGRADE SEP 2018 / 2018 CEI AWARD FOR WRITERS IN RESIDENCE: *Maria Paula Erizanu*, Moldavija / Moldova

MANJ POZNANE KNJIŽEVNOSTI NA VILENICI / LESSER-KNOWN LITERATURES AT VILENICA: *Malta na Vilenici / Malta at Vilenica: Clare Azzopardi, Norbert Bugeja, Immanuel Mifsud, Loranne Vella*

MEDNARODNO LITERARNO NAGRADO VILENICA DRUŠTVA SLOVENSKIH PISATELJEV ZA LETO 2019 JE PREJEL / THE SLOVENE WRITERS' ASSOCIATION AWARDED THE 2019 VILENICA INTERNATIONAL LITERARY PRIZE TO

Dragan Velikić

Utemeljitev nagrade / Laudation: *Jutka Rudaš*

KRISTAL VILENICE 2019 / 2019 CRYSTAL VILENICA AWARD – *Manjola Nasi*
SLOVENSKI AVTOR V SREDIŠČU 2019 / SLOVENIAN AUTHOR IN FOCUS 2019 –
Esad Babačić

V publikaciji *Vilenica 2019* in na literarnih prireditvah so sodelovali / The following are represented in the *Vilenica Almanac 2019* and took part in the literary readings:

Mohamad Abdul Al Munem, Petar Andonovski, Ayesha Chatterjee, Maria Paula Erizanu, Jasmin B. Frelib, Zvonko Karanović, Enes Karić, Nataša Kramberger, Jonas Lüscher, Ace Mermolja, Amanda Mihalopulu, Manjola Nasi, Sverrir Norland, Carolina Pihelgas, Elizabeth Reapy, Ivana Šojat

OKROGLA MIZA SEP NA VILENICI / CEI ROUND TABLE DISCUSSION AT VILENICA: *>Ego in fabula<*

MODERATOR: *Andrej Pleterski*

DOBITNIK PISATELJSKE NAGRADOV SEP 2019/ 2019 CEI AWARD FOR WRITERS IN RESIDENCE: *Ivan Šopov / Ivan Shopov*, Severna Makedonija / North Macedonia
MANJ POZNANE KNJIŽEVNOSTI NA VILENICI / LESSER-KNOWN LITERATURES AT VILENICA: *Sodobna italijanska poezija na Vilenici / Contemporary Italian Poetry at Vilenica: Silvia Brè, Maria Grazia Calandrone, Claudio Damiani, Gian Mario Villalta*

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Tone Peršak, podpredsednik žirije, pisatelj / vice president of the jury, prose writer

Matej Bogataj, literarni in gledališki kritik / literary and theatre critic

Ludwig Hartinger, urednik, prevajalec, pesnik / editor, translator, poet

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

Martin Lissiach, literarni posrednik / literary mediator

Amalija Maček, prevajalka / translator

Aleš Mustar, pesnik in prevajalec / poet and translator

Andrej Pleterski, prevajalec / translator

Julija Potrč Šavli, prevajalka / translator

Jutka Rudaš, izredna profesorica za madžarsko književnost na Filozofski fakulteti Univerze v Mariboru / Associate Professor of Hungarian literature at the Faculty of Arts, University of Maribor

Durđa Strsoglavec, izredna profesorica za južnoslovanske književnosti in prevajanje v slovenščino na Filozofski fakulteti Univerze v Ljubljani / Associate Professor of South Slavic Studies and translation into Slovene at the Faculty of Arts, University of Ljubljana

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Ljudmil Dimitrov, prevajalec, urednik (Bolgarija) / translator, editor (Bulgaria)

Orsolya Gállos, prevajalka (Madžarska) / translator (Hungary)

Alenka Jensterle Doležal, docentka za slovensko književnost na Filozofski fakulteti v Pragi (Česka) / 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)

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Judit Reiman, prevajalka, predavateljica na Univerzi v Budimpešti (Madžarska) / translator, lecturer at the University of Budapest (Hungary)

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35. Mednarodni literarni festival Vilenica /
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Vilenica 2020

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Aleš Učakar

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