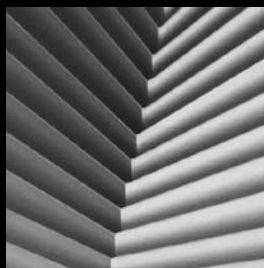


25



**mednarodni
literarni festival**
*international
literary festival*



vilenica

2010

**Nagrajenec Vilenice 2010 /
Vilenica 2010 Prize Winner**

Dževad Karahasan

**Literarna branja Vilenice 2010 /
Vilenica 2010 Literary Readings**

Max Blaeulich
Jacek Dehnel
Kristin Dimitrova
Veronika Dintinjana
Ludwig Hartinger
Enes Karić
Blaže Minevski
Salvatore Niffoi
Radoslav Petković
Taras Prohasko
Viktória Radics
Maja Razboršek
Joachim Sartorius
Ilja Sin
Octavian Soviany
Veronika Šikulová
Jáchym Topol
Suzana Tratnik
Goran Vojnović
Agnė Žagrakalytė

Gostje Vilenice / Vilenica Guests

Aris Fioretos
C. D. Wright

**Društvo
slovenskih
pisateljev**
*Slovene
Writers'
Association*



vilenica

25.

**mednarodni
literarni festival**
*international
literary festival*

25. Mednarodni literarni festival Vilenica /
25th Vilenica International Literary Festival

Vilenica 2010

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Tanja Petrič, Gašper Troha

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*Mednarodno literarno nagrado vilenica za leto 2010, ki jo podeljuje
Društvo slovenskih pisateljev, dobi*

*The Slovene Writers' Association presents the Vilenica 2010
International Literary Prize to*

Dževad Karahasan

Dževad Karahasan

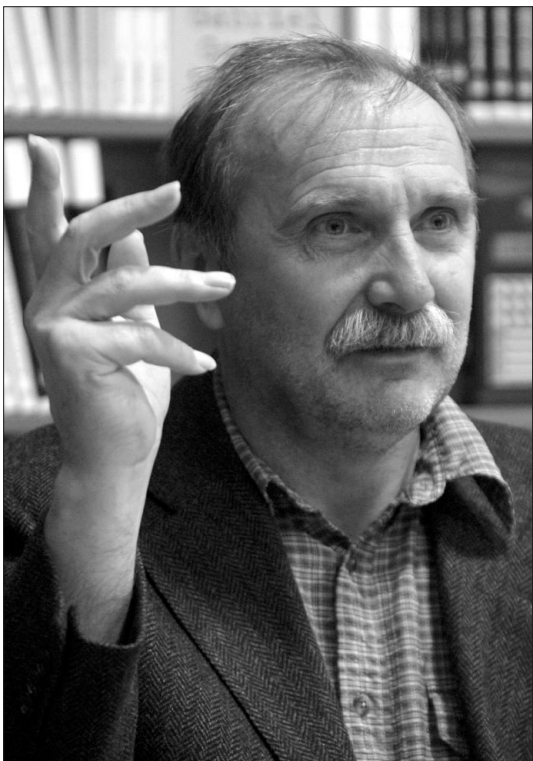


Foto © Fuad Foco

Bosanski romanopisec, dramatik, esejist, literarni in gledališki teoretik ter kritik Dževad Karahasan se je rodil leta 1953 v bosanskem mestu Duvno (po zadnji vojni Tomislavgrad). Študiral je svetovno književnost in teatrologijo v Sarajevu in doktoriral iz literarne teorije v Zagrebu. Objavil je vrsto novelističnih in esejističnih zbirk, romanov, dram in gledaliških kritik. Bil je dramaturg v Narodnem gledališču v Zenici. Ko je v Bosni izbruhnila vojna, je na sarajevski Akademiji za gledališko umetnost predaval dramaturgijo ter zgodovino drame in gledališča. Potem ko je leta 1993 zapustil oblegano Sarajevo, je bil gostujoči profesor na univerzah v Salzburgu (1994-1995), Innsbrucku (2001) in Berlinu (2009-2010), štipendist DAAD Berlin (1995), lektor za bosanski, hrvaški in srbski jezik na slavistiki Univerze v Göttingenu (1995-1997), graški mestni pisatelj (*Stadtschreiber*) ter profesor na oddelku za primerjalno književnost Filozofske fakultete Univerze v Sarajevu. V akademskem letu 2007/2008 je bil štipendist znanstvenega kolegija Wissenschaftskolleg v Berlinu.

Bil je urednik revije za kulturo in umetnost *Odjek* in glavni urednik časopisa za teorijo in kritiko umetnosti *Izraz* v Sarajevu. Kot selektor, predsednik ali član žirij je sodeloval na najuglednejših jugoslovanskih gledaliških festivalih, Festivalu jugoslovanskega gledališča v Sarajevu in Festivalu jugoslovanske gledališke igre v Novem Sadu.

Sodeloval je na številnih jugoslovanskih in mednarodnih simpozijih, mdr.: *Postmoderna in umetnost* (Sarajevo, 1988), *Utopija svobode* (Bregenser Festspiele 1995), z otvoritvenimi prispevki je nastopil na simpozijih teatrologov *Gledališka predstava in jezik kritike* (Novi Sad, 1982), *Eksperiment v gledališču* (Sarajevo, 1984) in na mednarodnem simpoziju *Absolutno naprej: Estetika in morala* (Gradec, 1995).

Objavil je več kot sto strokovnih člankov v časopisih, zbornikih in knjigah o različnih avtorjih, teoretskih problemih dramatike, gledališča in proze. Eseje, kratke zgodbe in razprave je objavljajal v uglednih evropskih časopisih in revijah v Sarajevu, Berlinu, Rimu, Parizu, Londonu, Pragi in drugod.

Njegove drame so igrali v številnih bosanskih in evropskih gledališčih: v Sarajevu, Skopju, Bitoli, Celovcu, Salzburgu, na Dunaju, v Pragi, Piacenzi, Frankfurtu in drugod. Sodeloval je s Herbertom Gantschacherjem in njegovim glasbenim gledališčem v Salzburgu.

Živi in ustvarja med Gradcem in Sarajevom.

Dževad Karahasan, Bosnian novelist, playwright, essayist, literary and theatre theorist and critic, was born in 1953 in the Bosnian town of Duvno (renamed Tomislavgrad after the last war). He studied world literature and theatrology in Sarajevo, obtaining a PhD in literary theory in Zagreb. He published a number of short-story and essay collections, novels, plays, theatre reviews. He worked as a dramaturg at the National Theatre of Zenica. At the outbreak of the war in Bosnia, he was lecturing on dramaturgy and the history of drama and the theatre at the Sarajevo Academy of Performing Arts. Leaving the besieged Sarajevo in 1993, he was a visiting professor at the universities of Salzburg (1994–1995), Innsbruck (2001) and Berlin (2009–2010), a DAAD Berlin fellow (1995), a practical language teacher for Bosnian, Croatian and Serbian at the Department for Slavic Studies of Göttingen University (1995–1997), the Graz writer-in-residence (*Stadt-schreiber*), and a professor at the Comparative Literature department at the Faculty of Philosophy, Sarajevo University. In 2007/2008 he was a fellow of the Wissenschaftskolleg (Institute for Advanced Study) in Berlin.

He was the editor of *Odjek*, a culture and art magazine, and editor-in-chief of *Izraz*, a Sarajevo journal for art theory and criticism. As selector, jury chair or jury member he participated in the most eminent Yugoslav theatre festivals, the Festival of Yugoslav Theatre in Sarajevo and the Festival of Yugoslav Theatre Performance at Novi Sad.

He took part in many symposiums, Yugoslav and international, including *Postmodernism and Art* (Sarajevo, 1988) and *Utopia of Freedom* (Bregenz Festival 1995), as well as delivered opening lectures at the theatre symposiums *Theatre Performance and the Language of Criticism* (Novi Sad, 1982), *Experiment in the Theatre* (Sarajevo, 1984), and the international *Absolutely Onward: Aesthetics and Morality* (Graz, 1995).

He has published over a hundred professional articles in newspapers, in books of proceedings and in monographs dealing with various authors and theoretical problems of drama, theatre and prose. His essays, short stories and studies have been published in eminent European newspapers and magazines – in Sarajevo, Berlin, Rome, Paris, London, Prague and elsewhere.

His plays have been staged at numerous Bosnian and other European theatres: in Sarajevo, Skopje, Bitola, Klagenfurt, Salzburg, Vienna, Prague, Piacenza, Frankfurt etc. He has collaborated with Herbert Gantschacher and his music theatre in Salzburg.

He lives and writes between Graz and Sarajevo.

Priznanja in nagrade (izbor)

Dževad Karahasan je za svoje literarne dosežke na področju dramatike, proze in esejistike prejel številne nagrade. Med njegova najpomembnejša priznanja sodijo:

Nagrada Veselina Masleša za knjigo leta, Sarajevo 1981 (za *Kraljevske legende*).

Nagrada za jugoslovanski roman leta, Sisak 1990 (za *Vzhodni divan*).

Nagrada za književnost frančiškanske province Bosna srebrna ob 700-letnici delovanja frančiškanov v Bosni (za dramo *Kolo svete Katarine*).

Nagrada Charlesa Veillona za evropsko esejistično knjigo leta, Pariz 1995 (za *Dnevnik selitve*).

Nagrada Bruna Kreiskega za politično knjigo leta, Dunaj 1995 (za *Dnevnik selitve*).

Mednarodna nagrada za medkulturni dialog, Forli 1997.

Herderjeva nagrada 1999.

Nagrada Leipziškega knjižnega sejma za evropsko razumevanje 2002 (za *Knjigo vrtov*).

Izbrana bibliografija

Drame

Kralju ipak ne vrida se gluma (Kralju burka vseeno ni všeč), Sarajevo 1983.

Strašno je vani (Zunaj je strašno), Sarajevo 1984.

Misionari, Dvije komedije (Misijonarji, Dve komediji), Svjetlost, Sarajevo 1989.

Al-Mukaffa (Al Mukafa), Wieser, Celovec 1994 (dvojezična bos.-nem. izd.).

Povučeni andjeo / Der entrückte Engel (Zadržani angel), ARBOS, Celovec-Salzburg-Dunaj 1995 (dvojezična bos.-nem. izd.).

Koncert ptica / Das Konzert der Vögel (Koncert ptic), ARBOS, Dunaj 1997 (dvojezična bos.-nem. izd.).

Kotač svete Katarine (Kolo svete Katarine), francoska izdaja: *La roue de Sainte Catherine*, Pariz 2004.

Gozba (Gostija), ARBOS, Beljak-Gradec-Salzburg 2005.

Kratka proza

Kraljevske legende, Veselin Masleša, Sarajevo 1980.

Kuća za umorne (Hiša za utrujene), August Cesarec, Zagreb 1993.

Selected Prizes and Awards

Dževad Karahasan has received a number of prizes for his literary achievements in drama, prose and the essay. His most important awards include: The award of the publisher Veselin Masleša for the book of the year, Sarajevo 1981 (for *Royal Legends*).

The award for the Yugoslav novel of the year, Sisak 1990 (for *Eastern Divan*).

The literature prize of the Franciscan province of Bosna Srebrena, on the 700th anniversary of the Franciscans' work in Bosnia (for the play *St Catherine's Wheel*).

The Charles Veillon European Essay Prize, Paris 1995 (for *Sarajevo: Exodus of a City*).

The Bruno Kreisky Prize for the Political Book of the Year, Vienna 1995 (for *Sarajevo: Exodus of a City*).

The Raniero Paulucci di Calboli International Prize for Intercultural Dialogue, Forlì 1997.

The Herder Prize 1999.

The Leipzig Book Prize for European Understanding 2002 (for *Book of Gardens*).

Selected Bibliography

Plays

Kralju ipak ne sviđa se gluma (The King Is Not Pleased with the Farce), Sarajevo 1983.

Strašno je vani (It Is Terrible Outside), Sarajevo 1984.

Misionari, Dvije komedije (Missionaries, Two Comedies), Svjetlost, Sarajevo 1989.

Al-Mukaffa, Wieser, Klagenfurt 1994 (bilingual Bosnian-German ed.).

Povučeni andjeo / Der entrückte Engel (The Withdrawn Angel), ARBOS, Klagenfurt-Salzburg-Vienna 1995 (bilingual Bosnian-German ed.).

Koncert ptica / Das Konzert der Vögel (Bird Concert), ARBOS, Vienna 1997 (bilingual Bosnian-German ed.).

Kotač svete Katarine (St Catherine's Wheel), French edition: *La roue de Sainte Catherine*, Paris 2004.

Gozba (Feast), ARBOS, Villach-Graz-Salzburg 2005.

Short Fiction

Kraljevske legende (Royal Legends), Veselin Masleša, Sarajevo 1980.

Kuća za umorne (A House for the Tired), August Cesarec, Zagreb 1993.

- Na rubu pustinje* (Na robu puščave), Connectum, Sarajevo 2006 (dvojezična bos.-nem. izd.).
Izveštaji iz tamnog vilajeta (Poročila iz temne dežele), Profil International, Zagreb 2007 (in Dobra knjiga, Sarajevo 2007).

Romani

- Stidna žitija* (Sramotna žitja), Bratstvo-Jedinstvo, Novi Sad 1989.
Istočni diwan (*Vzhodni diwan*), Svjetlost, Sarajevo 1989.
Stid nedjeljom (Sram v nedeljo), August Cesarec, Zagreb 1991.
Šahrijarov prsten (Šahrijarjev prstan), Bosanska riječ, Sarajevo 1996.
Sara i Serafina (Sara in Serafina), Durieux, Zagreb 1999.
Noćno vijeće (Nočni shod), Profil International, Zagreb 2005.

Esejistika

- O jeziku i strahu* (O jeziku in strahu), Veselin Masleša, Sarajevo 1987.
Dnevnik selidbe (*Dnevnik selitve*), Durieux, Zagreb 1993.
Dosadna razmatranja (Dolgočasna premišljanja), Durieux, Zagreb 1997.
Die Fragen an den Kalender (Vprašanja za koledar), edition selene, Dunaj 1999.
Knjiga vrtova (Knjiga vrtov), Antibarbarus, Zagreb 2002.
Die Schatten der Städte (Sence mest), prev. Katharina Wolf-Griesshaber, Insel, Berlin 2010.

Literarnozgodovinske in literarnoteoretske študije

- Kazalište i kritika* (Gledališče in kritika), Svjetlost, Sarajevo 1980.
Model u dramaturgiji: na primjeru Krležina glembajevskog ciklusa (Model v dramaturgiji: na primeru Krleževega glembajevskega cikla), Omladinski centar, Zagreb 1988.
Forme teatra kao artikulirana forma života (*Herbert Gantschacher*) (Oblike gledališča kot artikulirana oblika življenja (*Herbert Gantschacher*)), Dunaj 2000.
Dnevnik melankolije (Dnevnik melanholije), Vrijeme, Zenica 2004.

Izbrana dela

- Izabrana djela Dževada Karahasana: Istočni diwan, Šahrijarov prsten, Sara i Serafina, Noćno vijeće* (Izbrana dela Dževada Karahasana: Vzhodni diwan, Šahrijarjev prstan, Sara in Serafina, Nočni shod), Dobra knjiga, Sarajevo 2007.

- Na rubu pustinje* (On the Edge of the Desert), Connectum, Sarajevo 2006 (bilingual Bosnian–German ed.).
Izveštaji iz tamnog vilajeta (Reports from the Dark Country), Profil International, Zagreb 2007 (and Dobra knjiga, Sarajevo 2007).

Novels

- Stidna žitija* (Shameful Lives), Bratstvo-Jedinstvo, Novi Sad 1989.
Istočni diwan (Eastern Divan), Svjetlost, Sarajevo 1989.
Stid nedjeljom (Sunday Shame), August Cesarec, Zagreb 1991.
Šahrijarov prsten (The Ring of Shahryar), Bosanska riječ, Sarajevo 1996.
Sara i Serafina (Sara and Serafina), Durieux, Zagreb 1999.
Noćno vijeće (Night Meeting), Profil International, Zagreb 2005.

Essays

- O jeziku i strahu* (On Language and Fear), Veselin Masleša, Sarajevo 1987.
Dnevnik selidbe (Diary of an Exodus), Durieux, Zagreb 1993. English edition: *Sarajevo: Exodus of a City*, 1994.
Dosadna razmatranja (Tedious Reflections), Durieux, Zagreb 1997.
Die Fragen an den Kalender (Questions for the Calendar), edition selene, Vienna 1999.
Knjiga vrtova (Book of Gardens), Antibarbarus, Zagreb 2002.
Die Schatten der Städte (Shadows of Cities), trans. Katharina Wolf-Griesshaber, Insel, Berlin 2010.

Studies in Literary History and Literary Theory

- Kazalište i kritika* (Theatre and Criticism), Svjetlost, Sarajevo 1980.
Model u dramaturgiji: na primjeru Krležina glembajevskog ciklusa (A Model in Dramaturgy: On the Example of Krleža's Glembaj Cycle), Omladinski centar, Zagreb 1988.
Forme teatra kao artikulirana forma života (Herbert Gantschacher) (Forms of the Theatre as an Articulated Form of Life (Herbert Gantschacher)), Vienna 2000.
Dnevnik melankolije (Diary of Melancholy), Vrijeme, Zenica 2004.

Selected Works

- Izabrana djela Dževada Karahasana: Istočni diwan, Šahrijarov prsten, Sara i Serafina, Noćno vijeće* (Selected Works by Dževad Karahasan: Eastern Divan, The Ring of Shahryar, Sara and Serafina, Night Meeting), Dobra knjiga, Sarajevo 2007.

Prevodi

Karahasanova dela so prevedena v številne evropske jezike, mdr. v angleščino, češčino, francoščino, italijanščino, madžarščino, nemščino, nizozemščino, poljščino in španščino.

Seznam književnih prevodov v slovenščino

Dnevnik selitve, prev. Milan Vogel, Wieser, Celovec-Salzburg 1993.

Vzhodni divan, prev. Jana Unuk, Cankarjeva založba (zbirka Moderni klasiki 37), Ljubljana 2007.

Translations

Karahasan's works have been translated into numerous European languages including English, Czech, French, Italian, Hungarian, German, Dutch, Polish, Spanish.

List of Slovene Book Translations

Dnevnik selitve (Sarajevo: Exodus of a City), trans. Milan Vogel, Wieser, Klagenfurt-Salzburg 1993.

Vzhodni divan (Eastern Divan), trans. Jana Unuk, Cankarjeva založba (Moderni klasiki 37), Ljubljana 2007.

Dževad Karahasan

Nagrajenec Vilenice 2010

Jana Unuk

Dževad Karahasan dogajanje svojih knjig postavlja predvsem v svojo domačo Bosno, ki jo prikazuje kot mozaik različnih kultur, tradicij in življenjskih svetov. S svojimi dramami, kratkimi zgodbami, romani in esei osvetljuje mejo med Vzhodom in Zahodom, ki poteka sredi evropskega kontinenta in znotraj evropske kulture. Vse njegovo delo govori o stikanju, medsebojnem prežemanju in oplajanju različnih kultur, saj pisatelj suvereno obvladuje dve tradiciji, evropsko krščansko in islamsko, in v svojih delih prepleta motiviko, simboliko in zgodovinsko izročilo obeh.

Dževad Karahasan, ki se je na svoji študijski in poklicni poti največ ukvarjal z zgodovino in teorijo drame in gledališča, je tudi v literaturo najprej vstopil kot dramatik in je do danes napisal vrsto dram, med njimi *Al Mukafo* (1994), *Zadržanega angela (Povučeni andjeo)*, (1995), *Koncert ptic (Koncert ptica)*, (1997) in *Gostijo (Gozba)*, (2005). Dramatično dialoškost ohranja tudi v romanih, ki so odprti za dialog z drugim človekom in drugo kulturo. Njegov prvi roman *Vzhodni divan (Istočni diwan)*, (1989) je bil, recimo, zamišljen kot dialog z Goethejevim *Zahodno-vzhodnim divanom*. Zanimanje za Drugega pri Karahasanu ne vključuje samo predstavnikov različnih človeških skupnosti, ki jih gleda in opisuje vedno znova samo kot posamezna, enkratna in neponovljiva človeška bitja, temveč tudi bralca, kot je pojasnil na primer v intervjuju z Ivo Ćurić: »Sanjam, da bi v mojih romanih vsak lik spregovoril s svojim glasom, pa tudi drevje, potoki, dež in veter. In kar je najpomembnejše, sanjam o tem, da bi pol romana spisal bralec s svojim glasom. Kajti moj roman mora biti, po mojem konceptu, ambient pogovora, v katerem se odpiramo drug drugemu, se pogovarjamo, si izmenjujemo duhovne energije« (internetni vir, 15. 4. 2008).

Karahasanova literatura zahteva bralčevo pozornost in čas, vendar ga v zameno nagradi z izjemnim bralskim užitkom. V zapleteni, arabski strukturi svojih romanov pisatelj mojstrsko preigrava različne modernistične in postmodernistične postopke, vendar ne zanemarja tudi pripovedovanja zanimivih zgodb. Te spet pogosto prekinja esejistični diskurz, ki je prepoznavno znamenje pisateljevega sloga in se pogosto razmahne v prave razprave, recimo tisto o nevarnem vplivu cenene sestavljivega pohištva, ki uniformira svet, v prvem poglavju *Šahrjarijevega prstana (Šahrjarov prsten)*, (1996) ali o prednostih tradicionalne bosanske hiše v *Karlu Velikem in žalostnih slonih iz Poročil iz temne dežele (Izvueštaji iz tamnog vilajeta)*, (2007).

Dževad Karahasan na človeka, njegov značaj in usodo najpogosteje gleda skozi prizmo zgodovine: prvo zbirko novel, *Kraljevske legende* (1980), je postavil v evropski srednji vek, drugo, *Hišo za utrujene (Kuća za umorne)*, (1993), v Bosno po drugi svetovni vojni, svoj prvi roman *Vzhodni divan*

Dževad Karahasan

The Vilenica 2010 Prize Winner

Jana Unuk

Dževad Karahasan's books are largely set in his native Bosnia, portrayed as a mosaic of cultures, traditions, and worlds of living. His plays, short stories, novels and essays shed light on the border between East and West, a border which runs through the European continent and through European culture. His whole oeuvre speaks of contact, of mutual immersion and fertilisation of cultures, for the author's mastery of two traditions – that of European Christianity and of Islam – allows him to interweave the motifs, symbolism and historical traditions of both.

Dževad Karahasan, who devoted the greater part of his academic and professional career to the history and theory of drama and the theatre, first joined the ranks of literature as a playwright. He has written a number of plays since, including *Al Mukaffa* (1994), *The Withdrawn Angel (Povučeni andjeo, 1995)*, *Bird Concert (Koncert ptica, 1997)* and *Feast (Gozba, 2005)*. A quality of dramatic dialogue is also maintained in his novels, which are open to dialogue with another human being, another culture. His first novel, *Eastern Divan (Istočni diwan, 1989)*, for example, was conceived as a dialogue with Goethe's *West-Eastern Divan*. Karahasan's interest in the Other is not limited to representatives of various human communities, whom he observes and describes, time and again, solely as individual, unique and unrepeatable human beings; rather, he encompasses the reader as well, as he has explained in an interview with Iva Ćurić: "I dream of every character in my novels, as well as the trees, streams, rain and wind, speaking in a voice of their own. And most importantly, I dream of half of the novel being written by the reader in his own voice. My novel, as I conceive it, should be an ambience of conversation in which we open ourselves to each other, talk, exchange our spiritual energies" (Internet source, 15 April 2008).

Karahasan's literature demands the reader's attention and time but yields in return an extraordinary reading pleasure. The intricate, arabesque structure of his novels skilfully plays through a variety of modernist and postmodernist techniques yet never neglects to tell an interesting story. This story is in turn often interrupted by essayist discourse – a trademark of the author's style – which may well expand into a full-fledged treatise, such as the reflections on the threat of uniformity posed by cheap self-assembled furniture in Chapter One of *The Ring of Shahryar (Šahrijarov prsten, 1996)*, or on the advantages of the traditional Bosnian house in *Charlemagne and the Sad Elephants from Reports from the Dark Country (Izveštaji iz tamnog vilajeta, 2007)*.

Dževad Karahasan usually looks at man, at his character and destiny, through the lens of history: his first short-story collection, *Royal Legends (Kraljevske legende, 1980)*, is set in the European Middle Ages, and his second, *A House for the Tired (Kuća za umorne, 1993)*, in post-World War II

(1989) pa v islamski srednji vek (8.–11. st. n. št.) v iraških mestih Basri in Bagdadu ter v Perziji. V njem pisatelj v okviru islamske kulture raziskuje odnos med ortodokсно vero in mistiko, arabskim in perzijskim svetom, moškim in ženskim čustvovanjem in doživljanjem sveta. Arabsko-perzijski pisatelj al Mukafa, pesnik, mistik, sufi al Haladž ter filozof in pisatelj at Tavhidi, ki so upodobljeni v konfrontaciji s svojimi preganjalci – policaji in vohuni, so izpovedovalci ezoteričnih naukov, za vse ezoterične verske in duhovne usmeritve pa je, kot je Dževad Karahasan zapisal v eseju *Skozi skrivne vrtove iz Knjige vrtov (Knjiga vrtova, 2002)*, značilno prepričanje, da se svet deli na zunanje in notranje, pri čemer je notranje vredno več kot zunanje in tudi bolj resnično. Ezoterična naravnost junake romana pripelje v spor s svetom – po Dževadu Karahasanu se namreč razkoli, ki povzročajo sovraštvo, izobčenje, zločin in vojno, v resnici ne rojevajo na robovih in mejah kultur in civilizacij, ampak v njih samih. Vsaka družba ima svoje drugačne, izobčence, preganjance, in nasilje, ki ga projiciramo v Drugega, je v resnici prisotno znotraj te družbe same.

Druga tema *Vzhodnega divana* je dialog med moškim in ženskim razumevanjem sveta, ki se vzpostavlja po korespondenci med al Mukafo, v islam spreobrnjenim Perzijcem, in njegovo ženo. V njenih ljubezenskih pismih se kristalizirata dve kulturi, dva pogleda na svet in dva načina razmišljanja in čustvovanja. Skozi ves roman se kot njegova prevladujoča orkestracija nadaljuje motiv vseprežemajočega, paralizirajočega strahu, ki ga je Karahasan kot naslovno temo obravnaval v zgodnji zbirki esejev *O jeziku in strahu (O jeziku i strahu, 1987)*, zlasti v njenem drugem delu, *Zapiskih o strahu*, s katerimi je izpisal lastno tipologijo strahu, čustva, ki modernemu svetu ni nič bolj tuje kot fiktivni resničnosti njegovega romana. Zgodovina pa tudi prostor in čas v njej v *Vzhodnem divanu* seveda že po načelih vrsti ni veren opis tega, kar se je zgodovinskim osebnostim, ki v njem nastopajo, zgodilo v resničnem svetu, vendar nam roman skozi fiktivne zgodbe iz vzhodnega sveta govori o usodi, ki je lahko univerzalno človeška: o strahu, metafizični praznini, oblastniškem nasilju.

Karahasanov pripovedni slog nas spominja na orientalsko pripovedništvo, kakršno poznamo iz *Tisoč in ene noči*: tri osnovne zgodbe ponikajo druga v drugo in se razraščajo v številne vložne pripovedi; zrcalijo se druga v drugi, pri čemer tretja za nazaj razveljavi prvi dve oziroma jima tudi v fiktivnem svetu romana pripiše status zgolj fikcije, natančneje branje pa razkrije, da se med posameznimi deli romana razpenja prava mreža korespondenc, asociacij in motivnih povezav po podobnosti, analogij in simetričnosti, izvirajočih iz tistih metod mišljenja, po katerih se, kot trdi Dževad Karahasan v eseju *Skozi skrivne vrtove*, ezoterični miselni tokovi, podobno kot mit, razlikujejo od eksaktnega mišljenja. Roman, ki pastišno navezuje na več literarnih žanrov: epistolarni roman, dnevnik, kriminalni in zgodovinski roman, ohranja trdno zvezo z zunajtekstovno stvarnostjo po svoji etični naravnosti in po večkratni, psihološki, družbeni, zgodovinski, motivaciji dogajanja.

V svojih zadnjih treh romanih je Dževad Karahasan, bolj ali manj neposredno, spregovoril o vojni v Bosni. *Šahrijarjev prstan* se dogaja na

Bosnia, while his first novel, *Eastern Divan* (1989), is set in the Islamic Middle Ages (8–11th c. AD), in the Iraq cities of Basra and Baghdad and in Persia. In the framework of Islamic culture, the novel explores the relation between orthodox faith and mysticism, between the Arabic and Persian worlds, between male and female emotivity and experience of the world. The Arabic-Persian writer al-Muqaffa, the poet, mystic, and Sufi master al-Hallaj, and the philosopher and writer al-Tauhidi, all portrayed in confrontations with their persecutors – policemen and spies, profess esoteric teachings, and all esoteric religious and spiritual orientations are, as Dževad Karahasan says in his essay *Through Secret Gardens* from *Book of Gardens (Knjiga vrtova, 2002)*, characterised by a belief that the world is divided into an outer and an inner sphere, of which the inner is the more valuable and the more real. This esoteric orientation leads the novel's protagonists into a conflict with the world: according to Dževad Karahasan, the rifts breeding hatred, excommunication, crime and war are engendered within the cultures and civilisations themselves rather than on their margins or borders. Each society has its 'different ones', the outcast, the persecuted, and the violence projected by us into the Other is actually present within the society itself.

The other theme of *Eastern Divan* is the dialogue between male and female perceptions of the world, a dialogue established through the correspondence between al-Muqaffa, a Persian convert to Islam, and his wife. Their love letters crystallise two cultures, two views of the world, two ways of thinking and feeling. Throughout the novel runs, as its dominant orchestration, the motif of all-pervasive, paralysing fear. Fear occurs as the title theme in Karahasan's early essay collection, *On Language and Fear (O jeziku i strahu, 1987)*, most prominently in its second part, *Notes on Fear*, where the author writes out his own typology of fear, an emotion no more foreign to the modern world than to the fictional reality of his novel. To be sure, history in *Eastern Divan*, including the historical space and time, is precluded by the very genre from being an accurate description of what actually happened to the historical characters in the real world. Nevertheless, it is through these fictional stories from the eastern world that the novel speaks to us of a destiny which can be universally human: of fear, metaphysical void, despotic violence.

Karahasan's narrative style evokes Oriental storytelling, such as we know from the *Arabian Nights*: three main stories flowing into each other and expanding into a number of inserted narratives. Of these stories, mirroring each other, the first two are annulled by the third in retrospect, or rather, relegated to mere fiction even in the fictional world of the novel itself. A closer reading, however, reveals that the individual parts of the novel are bound by a perfect web of correspondences, associations, motif similarities, analogies and symmetries. These spring from the methods of thinking in which, according to Dževad Karahasan's essay *Through Secret Gardens*, esoteric currents differ from exact thought much as myth does. A novel which draws, pastiche-like, on a number of literary genres – epistolary novel, diary, crime novel, historical novel – maintains firm contact with extratextual reality both by its ethical orientation and by the multiple – psychological, social, historical – motivation for its action.

predvečer vojne in v prvih mesecih obleganja v Sarajevu in govori o ločenih ljubimcih: Faruk odide v tujino, Azra pa v obleganem Sarajevu prebira njegov rokopis o učnih letih šejka Figanija, osmanskega pesnika iz 10. stoletja, in se vse bolj umika v svoj notranji svet. Naslov knjige navezuje na zgodbo o Šeherezadi in kralju Šahrijarju: Faruk je pripovedovalec zgodb, čar orientalske pripovedovalske umetnosti pa nam spet priklicuje umetelna, večše konstruirana zgradba romana, v kateri bi lahko videli nič manj kot apologijo umetnosti pripovedovanja: iz okvirne zgodbe v vojnem Sarajevu se kot v nekakšen vodnjak, skozi nove vložne zgodbe, spuščamo vse globlje v preteklost, vse do začetka časov, ko je sumerski bog Enki z mislijo priklical v obstoj svojo žensko polovico in po njej svet.

Roman *Sara in Serafina* (*Sara i Serafina*, 1999) je skoraj dokumentaren opis življenja v obleganem mestu in prenicljiv psihološki portret naslovne junakinje Sare-Serafine, ki mesta noče zapustiti zaradi svoje usodne duševne razcepljenosti in ker jo nanj trdno veže travmatična izkušnja iz prejšnje, druge svetovne vojne. Serafina bi že od deklških let rada postala Sara – s prvim, svojim rojstnim imenom namreč poimenuje tisto plat svoje razcepljene osebnosti, ki želi z dobroto obvladovati ljudi in je povezana z voljo do življenja in zunanjimi aspekti sveta, medtem ko je Sara dobra brez skritih računov, povezana z notranjim, žrtvijo, smrtjo in mladostnim mističnim doživetjem »belih svatov«. Kot eno največjih ponižanj vojne je izpostavljena prozornost življenja in smrti v obleganem mestu, se pravi, izginotje zasebnosti.

Nočni shod (*Nočno vijeće*, 2005) se dogaja tik pred vojno v Foči, kraju, v katerem sta obe zadnji vojni zahtevali še posebej okrutne žrtve. Simon, foški Srb, zdravnik, se po dolgoletnem delu v Nemčiji vrne domov, ker ga vznemirjajo nehotne reminiscence na mladost. Simonova perspektiva ob prihodu v Fočo je naiven, potujen pogled, ki ne razume znamenaj napovedujoče se vojne in po svoji dobrodušni zmedenosti spominja na idiota Dostojevskega. Samo za Simona je lahko razgled na rodno Fočo na predvečer zadnje bosanske vojne čudežno zaokrožen in popoln, »kot lepa zrela sliva«. *Nočni shod* navezuje na tradicijo shrhljivega in fantastičnega romana, in zlo je v njem zgoščeno in otipljivo kot v Dantejevem *Peklu*. Simon se spusti v klet, med mrtve duše na tem kraju v preteklih vojnah pomorjenih muslimanov, in skupaj z njim je opisom pekla, grozljivi enciklopediji mučeniških smrti, izpostavljen tudi bralec. Ne glede na to, ali ga beremo v fantastični konvenciji ali kot junakov spust v lastno podzavest ali kolektivno nezavedno svojega naroda, ta odlomek odpira vprašanje o razmerju med zlom in literaturo, natančneje o tem, koliko grozot, trpljenja, nasilja je še sploh mogoče opisati in do katere mere natančno. Med tistimi Karahasanovimi deli, ki so tematsko povezana z vojno, naj omenimo še znani *Dnevnik selitve* (*Dnevnik selidbe*, 1993) o rušenem in obleganem Sarajevu, ki se je spremenilo v ezoterično pojmovano »notranje mesto« in se, potem ko se je ta ezoterična oznaka nesrečno udejanjila kot dobesedna, seli v območje spomina in idealnega.

V štirih daljših pripovedih iz knjige *Poročila iz temne dežele* je Dževad Karahasan zbral časovno različne poglede na bosansko zgodovino, ki v

Dževad Karahasan's latest three novels address, more or less directly, the war in Bosnia. *The Ring of Shahryar*, set on the eve of the war and in the first months of the Sarajevo siege, describes a pair of separated lovers: Faruk leaves for abroad, while Azra in besieged Sarajevo peruses his manuscript on the apprenticeship of Sheikh Figani, a tenth-century Ottoman poet, withdrawing ever deeper into her inner world. The title of the book alludes to the story of Scheherazade and King Shahryar: Faruk is a storyteller, and the enchantment of Oriental storytelling is again evoked by the intricate, skilfully crafted structure of the novel, which might well be perceived as nothing short of an apology for the art of storytelling: from the frame story set in wartime Sarajevo, we descend through ever new inserted tales as if down a well, ever deeper into the past, to the very beginning of time, when the thought of the Sumerian god Enki called into existence his female half and, through her, the world.

The novel *Sara and Serafina* (*Sara i Serafina*, 1999) is an almost documentary portrayal of life in a city under siege, as well as a penetrating psychological portrait of the title heroine, Sara-Serafina, who will not leave the city because of the fatal split in her psyche and because she is fast bound to it by a traumatic experience from the earlier war, World War II. Serafina has longed to turn into Sara ever since her girlhood, attaching the former, her Christian name, to that facet of her split personality which seeks to use goodness to control other people and is associated with the will to life, with external aspects of the world. Sara, by contrast, is good without ulterior motives and associated with the inner world, with sacrifice, death, and her youthful mystic experience of the "white wedding-guests". One of war's greatest humiliations is identified as the transparency of life and death in a besieged city – the loss of privacy.

Night Meeting (*Noćno vijeće*, 2005) takes place just before the war, at Foča, where the last two wars exacted a particularly cruel toll. Simon, a Foča Serb and a doctor, returns home after years of working in Germany because he is haunted by involuntary reminiscences of his youth. On Simon's arrival at Foča, his perspective is a naive, alienated gaze, unable to read the signs of an imminent war and calling to mind, in its goodnatured bewilderment, Dostoyevsky's idiot. No-one but Simon could find, on the eve of the latest Bosnian war, the view of his native Foča marvellously rounded and perfect, "like a lovely ripe plum". *Night Meeting* draws on the traditions of the Gothic novel and fantasy, and the evil in it is as condensed and palpable as in Dante's *Inferno*. Simon descends into the cellar, among the dead souls of the Muslims butchered there in the wars gone by, and together with him the reader is confronted with descriptions of hell, a horrifying encyclopaedia of martyrs' deaths. Whether read as a fantasy or as the protagonist's descent into his own or his nation's collective subconscious, the passage addresses the relation between evil and literature, more precisely: Just how much horror, suffering, violence can a description encompass, and in what detail? Other Karahasan's war-related works include the well-known *Diary of an Exodus*, translated as *Sarajevo: Exodus of a City* (*Dnevnik selidbe*, 1993), about

slogu, ki oponaša dokument ali se približuje eseju, prikazujejo to deželo kot posebno, dragoceno družbo z lastno kulturo, zato se tokrat Bosna prepusti tudi pogledu od zunaj, iz sodobne zahodne Evrope, kot v zgodbah *Anatomija žalosti* ali *Pisma iz 1993. leta*. V *Karlu Velikem in žalostnih slonih* nas pripovedovalec skozi popis izmenjave darov med Karlom Velikim in bagdaskim kalifom Harunom al Rašidom opozori na popolno nevednost in nezainteresiranost, kakršna lahko vlada med dvema kulturama kljub navideznemu sprejemanju in zunanjim stikom. Še enkrat je pisanost in raznolikost, ki jo ponazarja časovno zamaknjeno bitje ur na sarajevskih cerkvah in na stolpu poleg džamije, postavljena nad monotono enotnost in urejenost zahodnega sveta, ki je dobra kvečjemu za vozni red državnih železnic, sicer pa njena pustost po asociativni poti privede do predstav o puščavi – in smrti: »Vse na vrtu ali v gozdu se razlikuje in loči od vsega drugega, vsak del se loči od vseh drugih delov in odstopanja od njih varuje kot lastni obstoj, vse se pisano spreminja in kriči, vse se krega z vsem in brani svojo drugačnost. V puščavi pa je vse urejeno, lepo in enotno, vsa zrna peska so sprejela eno barvo in eno obliko, vse sipine so podobne druga drugi in usklajene z vsemu nadrejenim principom enotnosti. Namreč, s smrtjo.«

Skupni imenovalc zgodb je metafora »temne dežele« iz ljudske pripovedke kot poimenovanja za Bosno: zanjo je, kot pojasni avtor v zaključnem besedilu, značilna visoka stopnja intenzivnosti realnosti – vsak človek je v Bosni tvoj drugi, in razlike vaju silijo, da se posebej intenzivno ukvarjata drug z drugim, pojasnjuje eden od junakov *Pisem iz 1993. leta* – in to, da vsebuje seme vsega, kar obstaja ali bi lahko obstajalo. To je dežela, v kateri se je po Karahasanu začelo in končalo 20. stoletje, med dvema sarajevskima mostovoma in dvema vojnama. Pa tudi dežela, v kateri so – v najboljših in najsrečnejših obdobjih – vsa nasprotja notranje uravnovešena, kot je bil stari most v Mostarju, ki je stal »zahvaljujoč ravnotežju sil, ki jih njegovi kamniti bloki proizvajajo v medsebojnem razmerju« (*Poročila iz temne dežele*, Profil 2007, str. 169).

Ta »temna dežela« je za Karahasanovo pisanje eksemplarična snov in vedno znova dokaz, da je mogoča, da je nekoč obstajala in da smemo upati, da spet bo zgledna kultura strpnosti in medsebojnega razumevanja, ki je še nobeni vojni ni uspelo izkoreniniti za vedno. V času, ko je islamska kultura in tudi literatura pogosto v središču pozornosti, ko se vsakodnevno srečujemo s predstavitvami, ki poudarjajo njene pozitivne ali negativne plati, nam jo lahko dela Dževada Karahasana približajo tudi v tisti njeni podobi, ki nam je najbližja, ker je nastala v naši soseščini, vendar jo kljub vsemu vse preradi izločamo iz svojega zornega kota kot nerazumljivo, eksotično in tujo.

Sarajevo under demolition and siege. Sarajevo has changed into an esoterically perceived “inner city”, and when this esoteric label comes literally true, the city begins to move into the realms of memory, of the ideal.

The four novellas in Dževad Karahasan’s book *Reports from the Dark Country* bring together diachronic views of Bosnian history. In a style imitating a document or approaching an essay, the country is portrayed as a special, precious society with a culture of its own. Accordingly Bosnia opens up this time to an outside gaze as well – a gaze from modern Western Europe, as in the stories *An Anatomy of Sorrow* or *Letters from 1993*. Through his description of the exchange of gifts between Charlemagne and the Baghdad caliph Harun al-Rashid, the narrator of *Charlemagne and the Sad Elephants* alerts us to the utter ignorance and lack of interest which may prevail between two cultures despite superficial acceptance and contact. Once again, variety and diversity, represented by the mismatched striking of the Sarajevo church and minaret clocks, are set above the monotonous uniformity and orderliness of the western world, which are fit for little more than the train schedule. By a string of associations, their sterility leads to images of the desert – and of death: “In a garden or forest, everything is different and distinct from everything else; each part is distinct from all other parts, guarding these distinctions like its own existence, everything is colourfully changing and shouting, everything quarrelling with everything else, defending its own difference. In a desert, by contrast, everything is ordered, beautiful and uniform, all grains of sand having accepted one colour and one shape, all dunes looking like each other, all in accord with the supreme principle of unity. With death.”

The common denominator of the stories is the metaphor of the folk-tale phrase “dark country” as a name for Bosnia. According to the author’s conclusion, Bosnia is characterised by a high intensity of reality – everyone is your ‘other’ in Bosnia, and your differences drive you to pay particularly intense attention to each other, as is explained by a protagonist in *Letters from 1993* – and by containing the seeds of everything that exists or might exist. This is the country where the twentieth century began and ended, according to Karahasan, between two Sarajevo bridges and two wars. Yet also a country where – in its best and happiest periods – all oppositions are innerly balanced like the old Mostar bridge, which stood only “thanks to the balance of forces produced by its stone blocks in relation to each other” (*Reports from the Dark Country*, Profil 2007, p. 169).

For Karahasan’s writing, this “dark country” is an exemplary subject-matter which proves, time and again, that there has existed and may exist yet a model culture of tolerance and mutual understanding, which no war has succeeded in eradicating forever. At a time when Islamic culture, as well as literature, is often in the spotlight, when we daily encounter presentations stressing its positive or negative aspects, the works by Dževad Karahasan can bring it closer to us in the shape which is most familiar to us, having developed in our neighbourhood, but is all too often cut from our angle of vision as incomprehensible, exotic and foreign.

Translated by Nada Grošelj

Šahrijarjev prstan

(Odlomek)

Glasovi

Moderno pohištvo je naravnost čudovito primerno za selitev, tako zelo, da bi človek lahko še pomislil, da je res namenjeno predvsem selitvi. Sestavljeno je iz delov, ki so povezani med sabo s spojkami in vijaki, tako da ga je mogoče brez vsakega problema razstaviti, zložiti v enostavne pakete, prenesti kam drugam in tam spet sestaviti, kot da se ne bi nič zgodilo. To sestavljanje in razstavljanje pa je tako preprosto in tako dosledno sestoji iz postopkov, ki so gola mehanska nujnost, da bi se z njim lahko, čisto uspešno, tolažili moški, ki so obremenjeni s kompleksom tehničnih idiotov. Pri razstavljanju in sestavljanju modernega pohištva se ni mogoče zmesi, za to opravilo človek potrebuje dve roki, izvijač in glavo, ki zna gledati. Da bi ta glava mislila, ni potrebno, še boljše je, če medtem ko razstavljamo in sestavljamo pohištvo, ne misli, ker to opravilo poteka po istem zakonu, po katerem dežna kaplja, potem ko se je enkrat napotila proti zemlji, pač mora pasti. Poteka samo od sebe, človek, ki o sebi s ponosom misli, da to počne, pa je zgolj oko, ki vidi vijak, in roka, ki drži izvijač. Zato je moderno pohištvo zdravilno za idiote, sposobne, da se obremenjujejo s kompleksom tehničnega idiota. Mogoče celo odrešilno.

Druga prednost modernega pohištva je tisto, kar njegovi ustvarjalci imenujejo kompatibilnost – enako se sestavlja, enako izgleda in enako se uporablja dobesedno povsod, v kateremkoli stanovanju in v kateremkoli mestu modernega sveta. Če pa ni stanovanja – na ulici ali na trgu, katerikoli ulici in kateremkoli trgu kateregakoli mesta. Moderno pohištvo je popolna splošnost in zato je zanj popolnoma vseeno, kje stoji – izgleda in se uporablja tako, kot samo po sebi izgleda in se uporablja. Poleg tega njegova kompatibilnost pomeni, da se vsak del vsake celote odlično ujema z vsakim delom vsake druge celote. Moja miza, stol iz kateregakoli stanovanja na Kitajskem, vzdana omara iz kateregakoli stanovanja v Ameriki in taburet iz kateregakoli stanovanja v Avstraliji, sestavljeni na istem kraju, tvorijo celoto, ki izgleda in se uporablja natanko tako, kot izgleda in se uporablja celota, ki jo imam sam trenutno v stanovanju. Se pravi, tvorijo celoto, primerno za selitve.

Pomembna lastnost modernega pohištva je tudi tisto, čemur se reče enostavno vzdrževanje. Z vzdrževanjem tukaj pravzaprav mislimo na izvabljanje leska, v stvarnosti pa se to zvaža na brisanje prahu in vseh sledov človeškega dotika. To pohištvo namreč izgleda tako, kot mora izgledati, samo takrat, kadar se ravnodušno blešči, kakor površina ogledala ali zamrznjena luža. Prah ali sled človeškega dotika na njem izgledata umazano, ali natančneje, protinaravno, ker sta znak preteklosti, dokaz o trajanju ali vsaj znak, da je trajanje mogoče, moderno pohištvo pa je v skladu s svojo naravo –

Šahrijarov prsten

(Odlomak)

Glasovi

Moderni namještaj je upravo čudesno pogodan za selidbu, toliko da je čovjek sklon pomisliti kako je on i namijenjen prije svega selidbi. Sklopljen je od dijelova međusobno povezanih polugicama i zavrtnjima tako da se bez ikakvih problema može rasklopiti, složiti u jednostavne pakete, prenijeti na neko drugo mjesto i tamo opet sklopiti kao da se ništa nije dogodilo. A to rasklapanje i sklapanje toliko je jednostavno i tako dosljedno sastavljeno od postupaka koji su gola mehanička nužnost da bi se njime mogli, sasvim uspješno, tješiti muškarci opterećeni kompleksom tehničkog idiota. Nije moguće zbuniti se kod rasklapanja i sklapanja modernog namještaja, čovjeku za taj posao trebaju dvije ruke, odvijač i glava iz koje može gledati. Ne treba ta glava misliti, još je bolje da ne misli dok se namještaj rasklapa ili sklapa jer se taj posao odvija po istome onom zakonu po kojem kap kiše koja je jednom krenula prema tlu mora pasti. Odvija se sam od sebe, a čovjek koji za sebe ponosno misli da to radi samo je oko koje vidi zavrtnj i ruka koja drži odvijač. Zato je moderni namještaj ljekovit za idiote sposobne da se opterete kompleks om tehničkog idiota. Možda i spasonosan.

Druga vrлина modernog namještaja je ono što njegovi tvorci zovu kompatibilnost: on se jednako sklapa, jednako izgleda i jednako služi doslovno svugdje, u bilo kojem stanu i u bilo kojem gradu modernog svijeta. A ako nema stana - na ulici ili na trgu, bilo kojoj ulici i bilo kojem trgu bilo kojega grada. Moderni namještaj je savršena općost i zato mu je savršeno svejedno gdje je - on izgleda i služi onako kako sam od sebe izgleda i služi. Njegova kompatibilnost, osim toga, znači da se svaki dio svake cjeline savršeno slaže sa svakim dijelom svake druge cjeline. Moj stol, stolica iz bilo kojeg stana u Kini, placard iz bilo kojeg stana u Americi i tabouret iz bilo kojeg stana u Australiji, sastavljeni na jednome mjestu, tvore cjelinu koja izgleda i služi upravo onako kako izgleda i služi cjelina što je ja trenutno imam u stanu. Tvore, dakle, cjelinu pogodnu za selidbe.

Važna osobina modernog namještaja je i ono što se naziva jednostavnim održavanjem. Pod održavanjem se ovdje zapravo misli na istjerivanje sjaja, a u stvarnosti se to svodi na brisanje prašine i svih tragova ljudskog dodira. Ovaj namještaj naime izgleda onako kako treba izgledati jedino onda kad se ravnodušno sija, kao ploha ogleдалa ili zamrznuta bara. Prašina ili trag ljudskog dodira na njemu izgledaju prljavo ili, tačnije, protuprirodno jer su oni znak prošlosti, dokaz trajanja ili barem znak da je trajanje moguće, a moderni namještaj je u skladu sa svojom prirodom, dakle izgleda onako kako u svojoj ideji treba izgledati, jedino onda kad odražava uvijek istu

se pravi, izgleda tako, kot po svoji ideji mora izgledati – samo takrat, kadar odraža vedno isto ravnodušno sedanost. Vsak znak preteklosti na njem je umazanija, ker je v nasprotju z njegovo naravo.

K temu neposredno prispevajo, pravzaprav to terjajo, materiali, iz katerih moderno pohištvo izdelujejo, materiali, ki izključujejo in onemogočajo spomin, materiali, ki so po svoji naravi čista ravnodušna sedanost, ker so nespremenljivi. To so steklo, polirana kovina in iverka. O steklu in polirani kovini ni treba posebej govoriti, njuna nespremenljivost in ravnodušna nezmožnost spominjanja je njuna osnovna značilnost in najvažnejši, odločilni znak njune narave – to sta materiala, ki ju močneje od česarkoli drugega določa dejstvo, da ne moreta imeti patine. Zato pa je treba kaj reči o iverki, odkritju moderne dobe, v katerem se je ta doba naravnost popolno izrazila, ker so glavne značilnosti dobe obenem glavne značilnosti iverke. Lahko bi rekli, da je, kdor je doumel osnovne značilnosti iverke, dojel značilnosti modernih materialov, pa tudi naravo moderne dobe.

Iverka je plošča, narejena s prešanjem mase, v kateri sta zmešani lesno iverje in lepilo. Les zdrobijo, skoraj zmeljejo, dokler ne dobijo iverja, v katerem popolnoma enako izgledajo in se popolnoma enako obnašajo lubje in srčika drevesa, hrast in trepetlika, deblo, korenine in vejica. Ni razlik, ker so vse lastnosti reducirane na eno samo – vse je iverje. Potem to ploščo, če je namenjena za izdelavo pohištva, oblepijo s furnirjem, ki ima prav tako samo eno lastnost – da se ravnodušno sveti, ker je čista sedanost.

Ustvarjalci modernega pohištva pravijo, da so njegove značilnosti praktičnost, premičnost, kompatibilnost in enostavno vzdrževanje. Če te značilnosti konkretiziram, kot smo to naredili tukaj, potem tvorijo smisel, ki dopušča, pravzaprav zahteva uporabo nekaj drugih besed. Praktičnost pomeni predvsem, da je za to pohištvo čisto vseeno, kje stoji, ker nobenega prostora ne more zaznamovati, mu dati fiziognomije, ga narediti individualnega, domačega, mojega, prepoznavnega. Praktičnost pomeni, da ni razlik med mojim in katerikoli drugim stanovanjem, da je anonimnost in brezosebnost advokatske pisarne, zdravniške ordinacije in mojega stanovanja enaka in tako popolna, da je med njimi morda razlika v stopnji, ni pa je in je ne more biti v vrsti. Med posameznikom in njegovim pohištvom danes ne more biti dotika, ker sled dotika izgleda in učinkuje kot umazanija, to pa pomeni, da ni korespondence in ne more nastati nikakršna sorodnost.

Premičnost pomeni, da je moje pohištvo namenjeno prej selitvi kot pa ustvarjanju mojega doma, označevanju nekega prostora z vonji moje prisotnosti in mojega telesa, strahovi mojega bitja, oblikami mojih sanj. Pravzaprav je namenjeno predvsem in mogoče edinole selitvi, kajti njegova ravnodušnost povzroča, da je prostor, omejen ali napolnjen z njim, moje trenutno prebivališče ne glede na to, kako dolgo, mehanično merjeno, že živim v njem. Pravzaprav se v svoje moderno opremljeno stanovanje vselim vsak dan znova, tudi če sem se v njem rodil in dočakal zrela leta.

Povsem napačno bi bilo to trenutnost povezovati z domislicami poklicnih metafizikov (se pravi proizvajalcev banalnosti), da so vsa naša

ravnodušnu sadašnjost. Svaki znak prošlosti na njemu je prljavština jer je protivan njegovoj prirodi.

Tome izravno doprinose, zapravo to zahtijevaju, materijali od kojih se moderni namještaj pravi, materijali koji pamćenje isključuju i onemogućuju, materijali koji su po svojoj prirodi čista ravnodušna sadašnjost jer su nepromjenljivi. To su staklo, polirani metal i iverica. O staklu i poliranome metalu ne treba govoriti, njihova nepromjenljivost i ravnodušna nesposobnost da pamte njihova je osnovna osobina i najvažniji, presudni, znak njihove prirode - to su materijali koje jače od svega određuje činjenica da ne mogu imati patinu. Ali zato treba napomenuti nešto o iverici, otkriću modernog doba u kojem se to doba upravo savršeno izrazilo jer su glavne osobine doba ujedno glavne osobine iverice. Moglo bi se reći da je osobine modernih materijala, kao i prirodu modernog doba, shvatio onaj ko je razumio osnovne osobine iverice.

Iverica je ploča napravljena presanjem mase u kojoj su pomiješani iverje drveća i ljepilo. Drvo se sitni, gotovo melje, dok se ne dobije iverje u kojem potpuno jednako izgledaju i jednako se ponašaju kora i srce drveta, hrast i jasika, deblo, korijen i grančica. Nema razlika jer su sve osobine svedene na jednu jedinu - sve je iverje. Onda se ta ploča, ako je namijenjena pravljenju namještaja, oblijepi furnirom koji također ima jednu jedinu osobinu - da se ravnodušno sija jer je čista sadašnjost.

Njegovi tvorci kažu da su osobine modernog namještaja praktičnost, pokretljivost, kompatibilnost i jednostavno održavanje. Kad se konkretiziraju ovako kako je to ovdje učinjeno, te osobine stvaraju smisao koji dopušta i zapravo zahtijeva upotrebu nekih drugih riječi. Praktičnost prije svega znači da je ovom namještaju potpuno svejedno gdje je jer niti jedan prostor on ne može odrediti, dati mu fizionomiju, učiniti ga pojedinačnim, prisnim, mojim,

prepoznatljivim. Praktičnost znači da nema razlika između mog i bilo kojeg drugog stana, da je anonimnost i bezličnost advokatskog ureda, liječničke ordinacije i mog stana jednaka i toliko potpuna da razlike možda ima u stupnju ali nema i ne može biti u vrsti. Između pojedinačnog čovjeka i njegovog namještaja danas ne može biti dodira jer trag dodira izgleda i funkcionira kao prljavština, a to znači da nema korespondencije i ne može se stvoriti srodnost bilo koje vrste.

Pokretljivost znači da je moj namještaj namijenjen više selidbi nego li oblikovanju mog doma, obilježavanju nekog prostora mirisima mog prisustva i mog tijela, strahovima mog bića, oblicima mojih snova. Zapravo, namijenjen je prije svega i možda jedino selidbi jer njegova ravnodušnost čini da prostor ograničen ili ispunjen njime bude moje trenutačno boravište ma koliko dugo, mehanički mjereno, ja u njemu boravio. Svakog dana ja upravo useljavam u svoj moderno namješteni stan, makar u njemu bio rođen i dočekao svoje zrele godine.

Bilo bi sasvim krivo ovu trenutačnost povezivati s dosjetkama profesionalnih metafizičara (dakle tvoraca banalnosti) kako su nam sva boravišta na ovom svijetu privremena jer smo privremeni mi. Stvar i jeste

prebivališča na tem svetu začasna, zato ker smo začasni mi sami. Kajti vsa stvar je ravno v razliki med začasnostjo in trenutnostjo, ker je začasnost kljub vsemu neka časovna enota ali mera, ki mi daje preteklost, ki jo, vsaj kot spomin, premorem tudi v tem trenutku, v svoji sedanosti, daje pa mi tudi možnost, da si na osnovi znane preteklosti v dejanski sedanosti predstavljam (projiciram) neznano in možno prihodnost. Začasnost mi podarja možnost, da razmišljam o večnosti in samega sebe prepričujem, da sem jo razumel. Trenutnost mi tega ne dovoljuje, ker mi čas daje v enotah, o katerih ne morem razmišljati. Trenutnost me umešča v neko pogubno večnost, ker briše razliko med tem trenutkom in vsem časom, ukinja »prehodne enote« časa, ki se jih da »percipirati«, o katerih lahko razmišljam in na osnovi katerih si lahko predstavljam. V trenutnosti je ves čas gola sedanost, ker se v njej dotikata, ali bolje, ujemata trenutek in večnost. Ta trenutnost, na katero moderno pohištvo reducira čas v mojem prebivališču, pa mi življenje spreminja v selitev. Premičnost modernega pohištva se prenaša tudi na prostor, ki ga to napolnjuje, in s tem moje zemeljsko bivališče spreminja v kraj, ki se seli, in to v kraj, katerega najpomembnejša (če že ne edina – pa odločilna) značilnost je to, da je v stanju selitve.

Kompatibilnost pomeni anonimnost, brezosebnost, najnižjo obliko najvišje stopnje splošnosti. Kompatibilnost mojega pohištva pomeni, da ne bo moje stanovanje, kot ravno moj življenjski prostor, nikoli imelo ničesar ravno mojega ali čigaverkoli osebnega, ker se v ustvarjanju tega prostora in v lastnostih tistega, kar ga ustvarja, konkretizira, materialno uresničuje, preprosto ne more pojaviti nič individualnega. Visoko kompatibilno je tisto, kar se da uskladiti z vsem, z vsem pa se da uskladiti tisto, kar nima lastnosti, ki bi ga v kakršnikoli meri določale kot posamično entiteto. Visoko kompatibilen je, na primer, človek, ki je brezmejno tolerant in pri srcu vsem, ampak res čisto vsem, ki ga poznajo. Toda kaj naj rečemo o takšnem človeku razen to, da je neka vrsta ničeta, ki bi se najrajši oženil sam s sabo, da ne bi, če bi se oženil s kom drugim, komu česa pokvaril? Če imaš obraz, se mora najti kdo, ki mu na tem obrazu kaj ne bo pogodu; če se ni našel nihče tak – potem nimaš obraza, tvoj gobec pa ni nič bolj izoblikovan kot otroška rit, ki je edino človeško, kar sme ugajati vsakomur. Ugajati sme zato, ker je otroška rit visoko kompatibilna, se pravi enaka pri vseh otročajih, ki so kadarkoli imeli rit.

Posebna zgodba je tisto enostavno vzdrževanje modernega pohištva, ki ga pogojujejo materiali, iz katerih ga izdelujejo. To so materiali, ki ne vsrkavajo vonjev, ne prenašajo dotika, ki se jih ne prime barva, materiali, ki se ne morejo spominjati, materiali, ki so absolutna sedanost. Zaradi njih je moderno pohištvo novo do prve poškodbe – zaradi njih s prvo poškodbo postane polomija ali, še prej, škart. Ni obledele barve, ki bi jo bilo mogoče osvežiti, ni popravit, ni staranja.

Kako biti človek s fiziognomijo, z identiteto, z neomajnimi moralnimi prepričanji v stanovanju, ki je enako vsem drugim stanovanjem, ker je napolnjeno s stvarmi, ki so enake vsem drugim stvarjem z isto namembnostjo? Visoko kompatibilna stanovanja so napolnjena z visoko kompatibilnim pohištvom. Kaj smo v tem lahko mi? Samo visoko kompatibilni

u razlici između privremenosti i trenutačnosti jer privremenost je ipak neka jedinica ili mjera vremena koja mi daje prošlost koju, makar kao pamćenje, imam i u ovom trenutku, u svojoj sadašnjosti, a daje mi i mogućnost da na osnovi znane prošlosti u stvarnoj sadašnjosti, zamišljam (projiciram) neznanu i moguću budućnost. Privremenost mi daruje mogućnost da o vječnosti razmišljam i da sebe ubjedujem kako sam je razumio. Trenutačnost mi to ne dozvoljava jer mi vrijeme daje u jedinicama o kojima ne mogu misliti. Trenutačnost me smješta u jednu ubitačnu vječnost jer briše razliku između ovog trenutka i sveg vremena, poričući »prelazne jedinice« vremena koje mogu »percipirati«, o kojima mogu misliti i na osnovu kojih mogu zamišljati. U trenutačnosti je svo vrijeme gola sadašnjost jer se u njoj dodiruju ili, tačnije, podudaraju trenutak i vječnost. A ta trenutačnost, na koju moderni namještaj svodi vrijeme u mome boravištu, pretvara mi život u selidbu. Pokretljivost modernog namještaja prenosi se i na prostor ispunjen njime i tako moje zemno boravište pretvara u mjesto koje se seli, i to mjesto kojem je najvažnija (ako nije jedina - jeste određujuća) osobina to da je u stanju selidbe.

Kompatibilnost znači anonimnost, bezličnost, najniži oblik najvišeg stupnja općosti. Kompatibilnost mog namještaja znači da moj stan, kao upravo moj životni prostor, nikad neće imati bilo šta upravo moje ili bilo čije osobno, jer se u oblikovanju tog prostora i u osobinama onoga čime se on oblikuje, konkretizira, materijalno realizira, naprosto ne može pojaviti nešto pojedinačno. Visoko kompatibilno je ono što se može uskladiti sa svim, a sa svim se može uskladiti ono što nema osobina koje ga u bilo kojoj mjeri određuju kao pojedinačan entitet. Visoko kompatibilan je, naprimjer, čovjek koji je beskrajno tolerantan i drag je svima, ali baš svima koji ga poznaju. A što reći o takvom čovjeku, osim da je to ona vrsta ništarije koja se najviše voli oženiti sa sobom da ne bi, ženeći se s nekim drugim, nekom nešto iskvarila? Ako imaš lice, mora se naći neko kome se na tom licu nešto neće dopadati; ako se nije našao takav - ti nemaš lica, a njuška ti je oblikovana koliko i dječija guza koja je jedino ljudsko što se smije dopadati svakome. Smije se dopadati zato što je dječija guza visoko kompatibilna, dakle jednaka kod sve djece koja su ikad imala guzu.

Posebna priča je ono jednostavno održavanje modernog namještaja uvjetovano materijalima od kojih se on pravi. To su materijali koji ne upijaju mirise, ne trpe dodir, ne primaju boju, materijali koji ne mogu pamtit, materijali koji su apsolutna sadašnjost. Zbog njih je moderni namještaj nov do prvog oštećenja - zbog njih on, s prvim oštećenjem, postaje ruina ili, još prije, otpad. Nema izbljedjele boje koja bi se mogla obnoviti, nema popravki, nema starenja.

Kako biti čovjek sa fizionomijom, s identitetom, s nepokolebljivim moralnim uvjerenjima, u stanu koji je jednak svim drugim stanovima jer je ispunjen stvarima koje su jednake svim drugim stvarima iste namjene? Visoko kompatibilni stanovi ispunjeni visoko kompatibilnim namještajem. Šta u tome možemo biti mi? Samo visoko kompatibilni ljudi, pojedinačni, stabilni i čvrsti kao dječije guze. Iverje. Najsitniji komadići nekadašnje ljudskosti, usitnjeni do neprepoznatljivosti. Kora i srce, hrast i topola, panj

ljudje, individualni, stabilni in čvrsti kakor otroške riti. Iverje. Najdrobnejši koščki nekdanje človeškosti, zdrobljeni do neprepoznavnosti. Lubje in srčika, hrast in topol, štor in vejica – v iverju je vse izenačeno. Potem premešaš v lepilu, sprešaš in dobiš iverko ali sodobni svet.

To je moderno pohištvo: lahko ga uporabiš za to, da udobno stanuješ, lahko ti rabi za izdelavo ekonomskih analiz, lahko te navede na pisanje ekoloških študij ali na uporabo najbolj cenjenih literarnih sredstev, kakršno je globalna metafora – za vse je uporabno, samo pri tem ti ne more pomagati, da bi si ustvaril dom in v tem domu živel kakor človek.

Prevedla Jana Unuk

i grančica - sve je izjednačeno u iverju. Onda izmiješaš u ljepilu, ispresaš i dobiješ ivericu iliti suvremeni svijet.

To je moderni namještaj: može ti poslužiti da udobno stanuješ, može poslužiti za izradu ekonomskih analiza, može te navesti na pisanje ekoloških studija ili na upotrebu najjeftinijih književnih sredstava kao što je globalna metafora - sve može, samo ti ne može pomoći da napraviš dom i da u tom domu živiš kao čovjek.

The Ring of Shahryar

(Excerpt)

Voices

Modern furniture lends itself quite wonderfully to moving from place to place, so much so that one might suspect it was in fact mainly designed for moving. Composed of parts linked to one another with couplers and screws, it can be effortlessly dismantled, packed into simple packages, carried someplace else and reassembled as if nothing had happened. Now this dismantling and assembling is so simple, so consistently composed of procedures which are a pure mechanical necessity, that it might quite successfully console men burdened with the technical idiot complex. It is impossible to lose one's bearings when dismantling and assembling modern furniture: all it takes is two hands, a screwdriver and a head to look out from. The head does not need to think; indeed, it had better not think while the furniture is being dismantled or assembled, for this task follows the law according to which a raindrop, having set out towards the ground, is bound to fall. It proceeds automatically, while the one who proudly thinks of himself as the performer is nothing but the eye that sees the screw, the hand that holds the screwdriver. That is why modern furniture is so beneficial for idiots capable of burdening themselves with the technical idiot complex. Life-saving even, perhaps.

Another advantage of modern furniture is what its makers call compatibility – it is identically assembled, identically used, and identical-looking literally anywhere, in any flat, any town of the modern world. And if there is no flat – then in the street or in the square, any street and any square of any town. Modern furniture being a perfect generality, it makes perfectly no difference where it stands – it looks and functions just as it looks and functions in its own right. Moreover, its compatibility means that each part of every whole is a perfect fit for any part of any other whole. My desk, a chair from any flat in China, a closet from any flat in the US, and a tabouret from any flat in Australia, assembled in the same place, will form a whole which looks and functions exactly like the whole that I currently happen to have at home. That is to say, a whole which is handy for moving.

Another important quality of modern furniture is its so-called simple maintenance. What is meant by maintenance here is bringing out sheen, reduced in practice to wiping away the dust and all traces of human touch. This furniture looks as it should only when it is gleaming indifferently, like the surface of a mirror or a frozen puddle. Dust or a trace of human touch looks dirty on it, or, more precisely, unnatural because they are signs of the past, the evidence of duration or least of the possibility of duration, while modern furniture is in harmony with its nature – that is,

it looks true to its idea – only when reflecting ever the same indifferent present. Any sign of the past on it is dirt, for it runs counter to its nature.

This is directly enhanced, necessitated even, by the materials used in manufacturing modern furniture, materials which exclude and preclude memory, materials which are by nature a pure indifferent present because they are unchangeable. They are glass, polished metal, chipboard. No need to speak of glass or polished metal: their unchangeability, their indifferent inability to remember is their basic quality and the crucial, decisive mark of their nature – these are materials determined above all by the fact that they can never have a patina. On the other hand, something needs to be said about chipboard, an invention of the modern era and its virtually perfect expression, for the main qualities of the era are those of the chipboard. Indeed, who has grasped the basic qualities of the chipboard might be said to have grasped the qualities of the modern materials, as well as the nature of the modern era itself.

A chipboard is a panel manufactured by pressing and extruding a mixture of wood particles and a binder. The wood is crushed, practically milled, to obtain wood particles where everything looks identical and behaves identically – bark and heartwood, oak and aspen, trunk, root, and twig. There are no differences because all qualities are reduced to one – everything is mere particles. If intended for furniture manufacture, the panel is subsequently pasted over with a veneer which has one single quality as well – it gleams indifferently, being pure present.

According to its makers, the qualities of modern furniture are practicality, mobility, compatibility, and simple maintenance. Concretised into definite forms, as they have been here, these qualities produce a sense which permits, indeed, demands the use of other words. Practicality means, above all, that it makes no difference to the furniture where it stands because there is no place it could mark, provide with a physiognomy, make individual, intimate, mine, distinct. Practicality means that there are no differences between my flat and any other; that the anonymity and impersonality of a lawyer's office, a doctor's office or my flat is the same, so perfect that there may be differences in degree but there are, and can be, none in kind. There can be no touch between an individual and his furniture nowadays because a trace of touch looks and functions like dirt, which in turn means that there is no correspondence and that no affinity can be formed.

Mobility means that my furniture is designed for moving rather than for creating my home, for marking a space with the smells of my presence and my body, with the fears of my being, the shapes of my dreams. Indeed, it is designed chiefly, perhaps solely, for moving: its indifference makes any space which it circumscribes or fills a momentary abode, no matter how long I have lived there by mechanical measurement. Indeed, every day I am in the act of moving into my modern furnished flat, even if I was born in it and have lived in it to maturity.

It would be quite mistaken to link this momentariness to the ideas of professional metaphysicians (that is, producers of banality), according to

whom all our abodes in this world are temporary because we are temporary ourselves. The point lies in the difference between temporariness and momentariness, temporariness being a temporal unit or measure that gives me a past – a past which I possess, as a memory at least, at this very moment, in my present; at the same time it enables me to envision (project) in the current present, on the basis of the known past, an unknown and hypothetical future. Temporariness grants me the opportunity to reflect on eternity and struggle to convince myself that I have fathomed it. Momentariness, by contrast, allows me no such thing, for it gives me time in units I cannot think about. Momentariness plunges me in a disastrous eternity by erasing the difference between this moment and all time, cancelling the “transitory units” of time which lend themselves to my “perception” and speculation, and which give me a basis for envisioning. In momentariness, all time is sheer present because it is there that the moment and eternity touch, or rather, coincide. And this very momentariness to which the time in my abode is reduced by modern furniture is changing my life into an act of moving. The mobility of modern furniture is transferred to the space it fills, thus changing my earthly abode to a place which moves, a place whose most important (if not the only – then at least the decisive) quality is that it is in a state of moving.

Compatibility means anonymity, impersonality, the lowest form of the highest degree of generality. The compatibility of my furniture means that my flat, as distinctly my living space, will never have anything personal, distinctly mine or anyone’s, because the creation of this space and the qualities of what it is created, concretised, materialised by, simply cannot include anything individual. Highly compatible is what can harmonise with anything, and what can harmonise with anything is something lacking all qualities by which it might be determined, to any degree whatsoever, as a separate entity. Highly compatible is, for example, a person who is infinitely tolerant and liked by all, really and truly by all who know him. But how can such a person be described, except as the type of non-entity who is happiest to marry his own self, so as not to spoil anything for anyone by marrying someone else? If you have a face, there is bound to be someone who will dislike something about that face; if no such person has been found – then you have no face at all, and your kisser is as unformed as a baby’s arse, the only human feature which may please everyone. This it may do precisely because a baby’s arse is highly compatible, that is, identical for all babies who have ever had an arse.

A story of its own is that simple maintenance of modern furniture enabled by its materials. These are materials which absorb no smell, suffer no touch, retain no paint, materials unable to remember, materials which are an absolute present. Owing to them, modern furniture is new until the first damage – owing to them, it is turned by the very first damage into a ruin or, sooner yet, into trash. There is no faded colour to be brightened up, there are no repairs, no ageing.

How to be a person with a physiognomy, with an identity, with inflexible moral convictions, in a flat which is identical to all other flats because

it is filled with objects identical to all other objects serving the same purpose? Highly compatible flats filled with highly compatible furniture. What can we be in this? Just highly compatible people, individual, stable and firm like baby arses. Wood particles. The tiniest shreds of a former humanity, crushed beyond recognition. Bark and heartwood, oak and poplar, stump and twig – at the level of wood particles, everything is assimilated. Then you stir them in the binder, press them together, and come up with the chipboard, or the modern world.

This is modern furniture: it may provide you with comfort, serve you in working out economic analyses, induce you to write ecological studies or to employ the cheapest literary tricks such as the global metaphor – it can do anything except help you make yourself a home and live in that home as a human being.

Translated by Nada Grošelj

Sara in Serafina

(Odlomek)

Zgodba o vratih

»Zmeraj sem mislil, da se človekov značaj popolnoma jasno razkrije v tem, kako odpira vrata, še posebej v tem, kako odpira nenapovedanim gostom in neznancem. Nekaj časa sem se celo poigral z mislijo, da bi izdelal klasifikacijo človeških značajskih tipov po načinih odpiranja vrat in da bi pravilnost te svoje klasifikacije ilustriral s primeri iz književnosti, vendar pri uresničevanju tega namena nisem prirnil pretirano daleč, ker se v literaturi ljudje premalo obiskujejo, zato se, v skladu s tem, tudi vrata odpirajo premalo. Vseeno še zmeraj mislim, da bi bila takšna klasifikacija po tem, kako ljudje odpirajo vrata, boljša od tiste, ki so mi jo vtepali v glavo pri pouku psihologije, s koleriki in flegmatiki, ki so koleriki in flegmatiki kar tako ali sami po sebi. Če že zaradi ničesar drugega ne, bi bila moja klasifikacija boljša zato, ker mora klasifikacija značajskih tipov po načinu odpiranja vrat upoštevati neločljivo povezanost značaja in usode, s tem pa bi se izognili temeljni napaki tiste klasične klasifikacije, ki jo poznam, pa je ne maram.

Takšna klasifikacija bi bila v veliko pomoč trgovskim potnikom, inkasantom, policajem, zbiralcem prednaročil, beračem in vsem drugim ljudem, ki jih poklic ali značaj silita, da zvonijo na vratih neznancev. Če se spoznaš na to, kako se kateri značajski tip obnaša pri odpiranju vrat (in po zaslugi moje klasifikacije se dobro spoznaš), skoraj zanesljivo veš, kdo stoji na oni strani vrat, pred katerimi si pozvonil, še preden si ga videl in z njim izmenjal eno samcato besedo, to pa ti omogoča, da prvi stavek, ki je, kot vemo, vedno in v vsem najvažnejši, prilagodiš značajskemu tipu tistega, ki ti bo odprl in trenutno stoji na oni strani vrat. S tem da si mu prilagodil svoj prvi stavek, si sebi omogočil, da se dobro predstaviš in se dobro zapišeš v njegovih očeh, s tem pa si že na pol poti do uspeha. Zato bi bila moja klasifikacija obvezen del vsakega strokovnega priročnika za poklice, ki se opravljajo pred tujimi vrati.

Tako, na primer, človek kuka skozi špijonček na svojih vratih, pred katerimi stojiš. Kuka in ti si opazil, da kuka, dela pa se, da ga ni. Potem špijonček poklopi in razmisli, pa se odloči, da je vseeno doma, in te z zamolklim glasom od znotraj sprašuje, kdo da si in kaj hočeš. Če počne vse to, potem veš, da je notri kakšna starka, ki živi sama, in veš, da je vse v redu (s starko, ki živi sama in židane volje odpira neznanim tipom, zagotovo ni vse v redu, bodisi z njeno glavo ali z življenjem, ki ga je preživela). Če počne vse to, pa ni starka, potem veš, da imaš opraviti s človeškim bitjem, ki se bo slej ali prej vrglo v trgovanje katerekoli sorte in v tem poslu propadlo. Zato bi takšne ljudi lahko uvrstili v trgovski značajski tip. Ti ljudje imajo zelo dobro mnenje o sebi in verjamejo, da so si vse zaslužili

Sara i Serafina

(Odlomak)

Priča o vratima

“Uvijek sam mislio da se karakter jednog čovjeka savršeno jasno pokazuje u načinu na koji otvara vrata, pogotovo u načinu na koji otvara nenajavljenim gostima i nepoznatim ljudima. Jedno vrijeme sam se čak bavio mišlju da napravim jednu klasifikaciju ljudskih karakternih tipova prema načinima otvaranja vrata i da tačnost te moje klasifikacije pokažem na primjerima iz književnosti, ali u ostvarenju te namjere nisam predaleko dogurao jer se ljudi u književnosti premalo posjećuju tako da se, u skladu s tim, i premalo vrata otvara. Svejedno i dalje mislim da bi jedna klasifikacija prema tome kako ljudi otvaraju vrata bila bolja od one koju su meni ukucavali u glavu na nastavi psihologije, s kolericima i flegmaticima koji su kolerici i flegmatici naprosto ili po sebi. Ako ni zbog čega drugoga, ova bi moja klasifikacija bila bolja zato što jedna klasifikacija karakternih tipova prema načinu otvaranja vrata mora voditi računa o neraskidivoj povezanosti karaktera i sudbine, a time bi se izbjegla temeljna greška one klasične klasifikacije koju ja znqm i ne volim.

Takva klasifikacija bi bila od velike pomoći trgovačkim putnicima, inkasatorima, policajcima, prodavačima pretplata, prosjacima i svim drugim ljudima koji su profesionalno ili karakterom obavezani zvoniti na vratima nepoznatih ljudi. Ako si upoznat s tim kako se koji karakterni tip ponaša pri otvaranju vrata (a dobro si upoznat zahvaljujući ovoj mojoj klasifikaciji) ti gotovo pouzdano znaš ko stoji s one strane vrata na koja si pozvonio prije nego si ga vidio i s njim razmijenio jednu jedinu riječ, a to ti omogućuje da prvu rečenicu, koja je kako znamo uvijek i u svemu najvažnija, prilagodiš karakternom tipu onoga ko će ti otvoriti a trenutno stoji s one strane. Time što si svoju prvu rečenicu prilagodio njemu, ti si sebi omogućio da se dobro predstaviš i dobro se plasiraš u njegovim očima, a time si došao na pola puta do uspjeha. Zato bi ova moja klasifikacija bila nezaobilazan dio svakoga stručnog priručnika za profesije koje se upražnjavaju pred tuđim vratima.

Tako, naprimjer, on viri kroz špijunku na svojim vratima pred kojima ti stojiš. Viri i ti si opazio da viri, a pravi se da ga nema. Onda zaklopi špijunku i razmisli, pa odluči da ga ipak ima kod kuće te se muklim glasom raspituje iznutra ko si ti i šta hoćeš. Ako tako radi ti znaš da je unutra jedna stara žena koja živi sama i znaš da je sve u redu (stara žena koja živi sama a razdragano otvara nepoznatim tipovima sigurno nije u redu, ili po glavi ili po životu koji je proživjela). Ako sve to radi a nije stara žena, ti znaš da imaš posla s ljudskim stvorenjem koje će se kad tad odati trgovini bilo koje vrste i u tom poslu propasti. Zato bismo takve ljude mogli svrstati u trgovački karakterni tip. Oni o sebi jako dobro misle i vjeruju da su zaslužili

boljše, kot so dobili, torej tudi kak malo boljši svet za prebivališče. Zaradi tega prepričanja, ki se z leti prelevi v občutenje (če vrstni red ni nasproten, če se ni namreč prepričanje porodilo iz občutenja, če torej niso najprej občutili, da so boljši od sveta, ki jim je pripadel, in šele potem našli še racionalne razloge za to), začnejo verjeti, da so ogroženi, ker se jim bo nevedni svet prej ali slej maščeval za njihovo večvrednost. Zato se že vse od vstopa v zrelo življenjsko dobo pripravljajo za »končni obračun« s svetom, zato lahko pri njih že v mladosti opazimo nezaupljivost in sumničavost, zato se kratko in malo ne znajo sprostiti, ker se stalno ukvarjajo z 'obrambnimi strategijami', kot bi temu rekli sami. In tako se, ker stalno razvijajo te svoje 'obrambne strategije', tako dobro pripravijo, da si za vsako življenjsko situacijo izmislijo eno potezo preveč. Zaradi te poteze preveč izgubijo svoj 'končni obračun' s svetom, zaradi te poteze preveč propadejo, ko poskušajo trgovati z življenjem, zaradi te poteze ti tudi odprejo vrata.

Če izostane kukanje skozi špijonček, vse drugo pa je zelo podobno opisanemu obnašanju trgovskega tipa, potem ti je jasno, da za vrati, na katerih si pozvonil, stoji pripadnik oderuškega tipa. Če se torej poklopec na špijončku ne premakne, če z one strani vrat nihče nič ne vpraša in je vse videti, kot da ni notri nikogar, ampak komaj slišni zvoki, kakršni nastanejo, če kdo po nesreči podrgne s čevljem po podu (ni prižgal luči v predsobi, da se ne bi izdal) ali se z roko nasloni na vrata, če takšni zvoki izdajajo, da se je na drugi strani vrat nekdo pritajil, če stojiš, kot sem dejal, pred vrati in se dogaja to, potem vedi, da je notri eden izmed tistih ljudi, ki jih pri Dostojevskem njihovi bližnjiki upravičeno, čeprav brez razloga, ubijajo s sekiro, v stvarnosti pa se jim vsi zaman izogibamo. Po zunanjih znakih je ta značajskega tip zelo blizu trgovcu, vendar mu je v bistvu skoraj nasproten; oderuh je previden, ni pa nezaupljiv, z zvijačnostjo se brani pred svetom, ker je negotov in se boji, da je, takole majhen, preslaboten za tako ogromen svet, nezadovoljen je sam s sabo in tako ga skrbijo lastne slabosti, da še pomisliti ne utegne, da bi si zaslužil kak boljši svet. Motovili za zaprtimi vrati, piha in tuhta, kako uganiti, kdo mu je pozvonil, ker ni gotov, ali ima ustrezen odgovor za izziv, ki stoji pred njegovimi vrati. Vendar tudi on naposled vedno odpre, ker ni dovolj skeptičen (ali si na tem svetu sploh lahko dovolj skeptičen – takšni so, se bojim, samo tisti, ki se jim je posrečilo, da se niso rodili), odpre in dojame, da je spet ogoljufan, in to dvakratno. Prvič, ogoljufan je, ker je bilo njegovo čakanje veliko hujše od tvojega, in drugič, ogoljufan je, ker od tebe nekaj pričakuje, čeprav bi moral vedeti, da ni takšnega obiska in takšnega obiskovalca, ki bi spodobnemu človeku lahko prinesel kaj resnično dobrega.

Oderuhi so mi zelo zoporni zaradi njihovega strahu pred svetom in vsem tistim, kar na svetu obstaja, vendar so mi precej manj zoporni od ljudi, ki me spominjajo na mene samega. To so tisti tipi, ki so že zdavnaj čez vse naredili križ, vendar se trmasto pretvarjajo, da si še zmeraj za kaj prizadevajo (s tem se jim posreči preslepiti samo same sebe, vendar tega seveda ne znajo ali pa nočejo opaziti). To so tisti tipi, ki jim spodobni ljudje ne telefonirajo niti, če se jim zmračí pamet, saj takšenle najprej pusti, da telefon neskončno dolgo zvoni, preden dvigne slušalko, nato pa spet pusti

sve bolje od onoga što su dobili, pa i jedan malo bolji svijet kao mjesto boravka. Zbog tog uvjerenja koje vremenom postane osjećanje (ako redosljed nije obrnut, ako naime uvjerenje nije poteklo iz osjećanja, ako dakle oni nisu najprije osjećali da su bolji od svijeta koji ih je zapao pa onda našli i racionalne dokaze za to) oni povjeruju da su ugroženi jer će im se nedostojni svijet prije ili kasnije osvetiti za njihovu superiornost. Zato se oni već od ulaska u zrelo životno doba pripremaju za taj "konačni obračun" sa svijetom, zato se kod njih već u mladosti mogu primijetiti nepovjerljivost i sumnjičavost, zato se oni naprosto ne znaju opustiti jer su stalno zabavljeni "strategijama odbrane" kako bi oni rekli. I tako, budući da stalno razvijaju te svoje "strategije odbrane" oni se tako dobro pripreme da za svaku zamislivu životnu situaciju smisle jedan potez viška. Zbog tog poteza viška oni izgube svoj "konačni obračun" sa svijetom, zbog tog poteza viška oni propadnu u pokušaju da trguju sa životom, zbog tog poteza oni otvore i tebi.

Ako izostane virenje kroz špijunku a ostalo je veoma slično opisanome ponašanju trgovačkog tipa, jasno ti je da iza vrata na koja si pozvonio stoji pripadnik lihvarskog tipa. Ako se dakle ne pokreće poklopac na špijunki, ako s one strane vrata niko ništa ne pita i sve izgleda kao da unutra nikog nema, a jedva uhvatljivi zvukovi kakvi nastaju kad neko nenamjerno strugne cipelom po podu (nije u predsoblju uključio svjetlo da se ne bi odao) ili se nasloni rukom na vrata, ako takvi zvukovi odaju da se neko s one strane pritajio, ako stojiš, rekoh, pred vratima a to se događa, znaj da je unutra jedan od onih ljudi koje kod Dostojevskoga njihovi bližnji s pravom iako bez razloga ubijaju sjekirom, a u stvarnosti ih svi mi uzalud izbjegavamo. Po vanjskim manifestacijama je ovaj karakterni tip veoma blizak tipu trgovca, ali mu je u biti gotovo suprotan: lihvar je oprezan a ne sumnjičav, on se lukavstvom brani od svijeta jer je nesiguran i boji se da je on tako mali preslab za jedan tako ogroman svijet, on je nezadovoljan sobom i zabrinut nad svojim slabostima toliko da i ne stigne pomisliti kako je zaslužio neki bolji svijet. On se muha iza zatvorenih vrata, otpuhuje i dovija se kako odgonetnuti ko mu je pozvonio jer nije siguran da ima adekvatan odgovor na izazov koji mu stoji pred vratima. Ali i on na kraju uvijek otvori jer nije dovoljno skeptičan (može li se u ovom svijetu uopće biti dovoljno skeptičan - to su bojim se samo oni što su izbjegli da se rode), otvori i shvati da je opet prevaren i to dvostruko. Prvo, prevaren je jer je njegovo čekanje bilo mnogo gore od tvoga i, drugo, prevaren je jer nešto očekuje od tebe a morao bi znati da nema te posjete i tog posjetioca koji pristojnu čovjeku mogu donijeti neko istinsko dobro.

Lihvari su mi zbog njihovog straha pred svijetom i svim onim što na svijetu postoji jako odvratni, ali su mi ipak mnogo manje odvratni od ljudi koji mi liče na mene. To su oni tipovi što su davno od svega odustali a uporno se prave da se još uvijek oko koječega trude (time uspiju prevariti jedino sebe ali oni to, naravno, ne uspijevaju ili odbijaju primijetiti). To su oni tipovi s kojima pristojni ljudi ni u ludilu ne telefoniraju jer on najprije pusti da telefon beskrajno dugo zvoni prije nego podigne slušaltcu a onda opet pusti cijelu jednu praznu vječnost da protekne između dizanja

preteči celo prazno večnost med tem, ko dvigne slušalko, in svojim komaj slišnim 'halo'. Če boš takemule pozvonil na vratih, boš desetkrat odstopil od tistega, kar si nameraval in zaradi česar si sploh pozvonil, če na svoj namen nisi že itak pozabil, medtem ko si čakal, da ti bo odprl. Ta ne gleda skozi špijonček in se ne motovili za vrati, ne trudi se, da bi bil neslišen, ne odhrkuje se nekje v ozadju in ne izmišlja si 'strategij', da bi se obranil pred tabo – pač pa preprosto odlaga, ker meni (hudika 'meni', on čuti! on ve!), da je vsaka sekunda, v kateri se mu ne zgodi nič, torej tudi srečanje s tabo ne, čisti dobiček. Rodil se je, nesrečnik, z ogromnim primanjkljajem življenjske energije in brez kančka zaupanja v svet, potem pa je sčasoma sprevidel, da bo na svetu veliko lažje živel, če se mu bo posrečilo, da te svoje pomanjkljivosti pripiše stvarnosti sami. Ta zviti naklep poskuša izvesti tako, da modruje o tem, kako so nam vsi blagoslovi, ki so nam dani na tem svetu, od hrane in gibanja do ljubezni in spanca, hudo nevarni, saj v skrajni konsekvenci, kakorkoli že to obrneš, vodijo v bolezen in smrt, s katerima se končuje naše tostransko življenje. To je torej takle utrujen sivolas gnjavator, ki mu prinesejo kanec veselja samo tista srečanja, za katera se mu je posrečilo, da se jim je izognil, in tisto, kar se mu ni zgodilo. Zaradi takšnihle tipov moraš biti vztrajen in pozvoniti vsaj trikrat, zvoniti moraš, vse dokler tipa ne prisiliš, da ti odpre. Za to je potreben čas, ampak treba je narediti tako.

Čisto nasprotje temu je tako imenovani agresivni tip, ki odpre nenavadno hitro, tako rekoč takoj, ko pozvoniš, in sicer odpre nanaglo, z enim kratkim sunkom, toda samo toliko, kolikor potrebuje, da zrine obraz med vrata in podboj, in te strogo vpraša: 'Kaj hočete?' Vsakič, res dobesedno vsakič, kadar ti takle odpre vrata, boš napačno domneval, da so vrata zahakljena z verižico in da tisti sunek, s katerim so se zaustavila, izvira od tod, da je verižica, naglo zategnjena do konca, cuknila vrata in jih tako zaustavila. Narobe, milijonkrat narobe! Ta tip sploh ne namešča verižice, ker se ne brani pred svetom, marveč ga, ravno obratno, napada. Trzljaj, s katerim so se vrata zaustavila, potem ko so se odprla natanko za širino glave, pa prihaja od tod, da je vrata z enim potegom ločil od podboja in jih z drugim zaustavil, ko so se odprla toliko, kolikor mu ustreza. To je naredil tako, ker vse počne tako, ker je v vsem kratek in učinkovit. Tako rekoč naravnost trza. Zato pa tudi vpraša: 'Kaj hočete?', ne pa recimo: 'Kdo pa ste Vi?' ali kaj podobnega. Žvižga se mu, kdo si ti in kdo sem jaz, še tega se ne vpraša, kdo je on sam, njemu je samo do tega, da bi bila zadeva mimo, in to čim prej. Njegovo nestrpno vprašanje, na videz nervozno odpiranje vrat, špranja, ki ti dopušča, da vidiš samo njegov obraz, vse to v tebi podžiga radovednost, zato se začneš dobesedno boriti za to, da bi se nekako prebil noter. Toda v svoji neumnosti ali naivnosti ne veš – se pravi, čisto pozabiš – da te notri čaka prav tisti človek, ki ti je odprl, človek, ki vselej natanko ve, kaj hoče in kako bo tisto, kar hoče, najlažje dosegel, torej eden izmed tistih nesmiselnih uspešnežev, o katerih je premalo reči, da so dolgočasni, ker so utelešeni dolgčas.

Verižice na vrata ne pritrjujejo tudi pripadniki značajskega tipa pristrčnih ljudi, ki prav tako odprejo pri priči, skoraj preden utihne glas zvonca.

slušalice i njegovoga jedva čujnog "halo". Ako si takvome jednom pozvonio na vrata, deset puta češ odustati od onoga što si namjeravao i zbog čega si, uostalom, pozvonio, ako svoje namjere nisi zaboravio čekajući da ti on otvori. On ne gleda kroz špijunku i ne muha se iza vrata trudeći se da bude nečujan, on ne othukuje negdje u pozadini i ne smišlja "strategije" da se odbrani od tebe, - on naprosto odgađa jer smatra (vruga "smatra", on osjeća!, on zna!) da je čista dobit svaka sekunda u kojoj mu se ne dogodi ništa pa ni susret s tobom. On se, nesretnik, rodio s ogromnim manjkom vitalne energije i bez imalo povjerenja u svijet, a onda vremenom uvidio da će mnogo ugodnije boraviti na svijetu uspije li te svoje hendikepe pripisati stvarnosti samoj. Taj lukavi naum on pokušava izvesti mudrujući o tome kako su svi blagoslovi ponuđeni nam u ovom svijetu, od hrane i kretanja do ljubavi i sna jako opasni za nas jer u krainjoj liniji, kako god okreneš, oni vode u bolest i smrt kojima naš boravak ovdje završava. On je dakle jedan umorni sivi gnjavator koji malkice radosti ima jedino od onih susreta što ih je uspio izbjeći i od onoga što mu se nije dogodilo. Zbog takvih tipova treba biti uporan i zvoniti barem tri puta, zvoniti sve dok ga se ne natjera da otvori. Za to treba vremena, ali to treba učiniti.

Čista suprotnost ovome je takozvani agresivni tip koji otvori neobično brzo, takoreći čim si pozvonio, i to otvori naglo, jednim kratkim trzajem, ali samo onoliko koliko mu treba da uglavi lice između vrata i dovratka i strogo te upita "šta treba?" Svaki put, ali doslovno svaki put, kad ti takav jedan otvori vrata krivo češ povjerovati da su zakačena lancem i da onaj trzaj s kojim su se zaustavila dolazi otuda što je lanac, naglo zategnut do kraja, cimnuo vrata i tako ih zaustavio. Krivo i po milioniti put krivo! Taj tip uopće ne stavlja lanac, on se ne brani od svijeta nego ga, naprotiv, napada. A trzaj s kojim su se vrata zaustavila nakon što su se otvorila tačno za širinu glave dolazi otuda što je on jednim trzajem odvojio vrata od dovratka i drugim trzajem ih zaustavio kad su se otvorila koliko njemu treba. On je to tako uradio jer on sve tako radi, on je u svemu kratak i efikasan. On takoreći naprosto trza. On zato i pita "šta treba?", a ne recimo "Ko ste Vi?" ili nešto slično. Briga njega ko si ti i ko sam ja, on se ne pita ni ko je on sam, njemu je samo do toga da stvar bude urađena i to što prije. Njegovo užurbano pitanje, naizgled nervozno otvaranje vrata, otvor koji ti dozvoljava da vidiš samo njegovo lice, sve to te čini radoznalim i ti se počneš doslovno boriti da nekako prodreš unutra. A u svojoj gluposti ili naivnosti ne znaš, to jest potpuno zaboraviš, da te unutra čeka upravo taj čovjek što ti je otvorio, čovjek koji uvijek tačno zna šta hoće i kako najlakše postići to što hoće, dakle jedan od onih besmislenih uspješnih ljudi za koje je malo reći da su dosadni jer su oni dosada sama.

Lanac na vrata ne stavljaju ni pripadnici karakternog tipa srdačnih ljudi koji također otvore odmah, gotovo prije nego nego zamre zvuk zvona. Ali oni otvore jako široko, u pravilu toliko da vrata stoje okomito u odnosu na zid, stanu usred otvora i ob rate ti se. Pri tom desnom rukom drže vrata a lijevu drže spremnu da te njezinim pokretom pozovu unutra jer su oni srdačni ljudi, dakle ljudi koji su takoreći rođeni da svakoga pozivaju unutra i tako na kraju budu obavezno prevareni. To što te tvoj srdačni domaćin

Toda oni odprejo zelo na široko, praviloma toliko, da vrata stojijo pravokotno na steno, stopijo na sredo odprtine in te nagovorijo. Pri tem z desnico držijo vrata, levico pa držijo v pripravljenosti, da te bodo z njenim gibom povabili noter, saj so vendar prisrčni ljudje, torej ljudje, ki so tako rekoč rojeni za to, da vsakogar povabijo noter, in so zato na koncu obvezno opetnajsteni. To, da te tvoj prisrčni gostitelj ni povabil noter, še preden te je sploh ogovoril, pa nima kaj veliko zveze s prevaro, katere žrtev je bil prejšnjikrat, temu tipu pripadajo izrazito značajni ljudje, in značajen človek se ne zmore naučiti reči, ki so v nasprotju z njegovim značajem, nezaupanje v svet in njegove pojave pa bi bilo, kajne, izrazito v nasprotju z njegovim značajem. Ni te takoj povabil noter, ker je takten in lepo vzgojen, kot takšen pa ve, da ne sme ponujati, sploh pa ne vsiljevati prijaznosti, za katero ga ni nihče prosil. Zato tudi čaka s povabilom, dokler sam ne poveš ali pokažeš, da bi rad vstopil.

Po tem se prisrčni tip bistveno razlikuje od razigranega. Razigrani tip namreč ne pozna takta in se preprosto ne pusti vzgojiti, revež se tako veseli življenja, da preprosto pozabi, da je na svetu tudi zlo, in se razveseli celo obiskovalcev, enako napovedanih kot nenapovedanih. Vrata odpira na stežaj in jih izpusti iz roke, tako da pogosto butnejo v zid, če na podu ni vgrajen tisti gumijasti čep, ki jim ne dovoljuje, da bi se odprla čez predpisano mero. Takšen ne čaka na nič, takoj te povabi, da vstopi, ker je vesel celo tebe. Ti ljudje so sijajni, čisto veseli so v očeh tistih ljudi, ki jih lahko prenesejo.«

Prevedla Jana Unuk

nije pozvao unutra prije nego te je uopće oslovio nema međutim mnogo veze s prevarom kojoj je on prošli put bio žrtva, tom tipu pripadaju izrazito karakterni ljudi a karakteran čovjek ne uspijeva naučiti stvari koje su protiv njegova karaktera, a nepovjerenje u svijet i njegove pojave bilo bi, zar ne, izrazito protiv njegova karaktera. On te nije odmah pozvao unutra zato što je on taktičan i lijepo odgojen, a kao takav on zna da ne smije nuditi a pogotovo činiti ljubaznosti za koje nije zamoljen. Zato on čeka s pozivom dok ti ne kažeš ili pokažeš da bi želio ući.

Po tome se srdačni tip bitno razlikuje od razdraganog. Razdragani tip, naime, nema takta i naprosto se ne da odgojiti, on se siromah toliko raduje životu da naprosto zaboravi kako na svijeta ima i zla, tako se on raduje čak i posjetiocima, jednako najavljenim i nenajavljenim. On vrata otvara širom i ispušta ih iz ruke tako da ona često udare u zid ako u padu nije ugrađen onaj gumeni čep što im ne dozvoljava da se otvore preko propisane mjere. On ne čeka ništa, on te odmah pozove da udeš jer se on i tebi raduje. Oni su krasni, oni su čista radost u očima onih ljudi koji ih mogu podnijeti.“

Sara and Serafina

(Excerpt)

A Tale of Doors

“I have always believed that a person’s character reveals itself perfectly clearly in the way one opens the door, especially to unexpected guests and strangers. For a while I even toyed with the idea of working out a classification of human character types based on their ways of opening the door, and illustrating the accuracy of my classification with examples from literature, but I never got very far in carrying out my intention because people in literature visit each other too rarely, which is why doors, too, rarely get opened. But I still believe that a classification based on people opening the door would be an improvement over the one drilled into my head in psychology classes, the one with choleric and phlegmatic who simply are choleric and phlegmatic by nature. If for no other reason, mine would be an improvement because a classification of character types by their ways of opening the door is bound to mark the inseparability of character and destiny, and thus to avoid the fundamental error of the classic classification which I know and dislike.

This classification would be a great help to travelling salesmen, collectors, policemen, subscription collectors, beggars, and all others forced by their job or character to ring the bells of strangers. If you are acquainted with the behaviour of each character type in opening the door (and, thanks to my classification, you are very much so), you are sure to know who is standing on the other side of the door even before you have seen them or exchanged a single word with them, and this enables you to adapt your very first sentence, which is, as we know, always and in everything the most crucial, to the character type who is going to open the door and is currently standing on its other side. By having adapted your first sentence to the person, you have paved your way for a good introduction and a good impression, which is half of the way to success. Therefore my classification would form part and parcel of any handbook for professions practised in front of strange doors.

Say that the person is peering through the peephole in his door, in front of which you are standing. He is peering and you have noticed that he is peering, although he is pretending that he is not there. Then he shuts the peephole, thinks it over, and decides that he is home after all. In a hollow voice, he questions you from within who you are and what you want. If the person is doing all this, you know that inside is an old woman living alone and that everything is fine (an old woman who lives by herself, but happily opens the door to chaps she does not know from Adam, must have something wrong with her, either with her head or with the life she has had). If, on the other hand, the person is doing all this but is

not an old woman, you know that you are dealing with a human being who will sooner or later plunge into business, any business, and founder. Such people could be classified as the tradesman character type. Having an excellent opinion of themselves, they believe that they have in all respects deserved better than they have got, including a slightly better world to live in. This conviction, which transforms over the years into a feeling (unless the sequence is the opposite, that is, unless the conviction has been born of the feeling – unless they first felt that they were better than their allotted world, and later came up with rational proof as well), leads them to believe that they are threatened because the worthless world will, sooner or later, take its revenge for their superiority. This is why they have been preparing, ever since their entry into maturity, for a ‘final stand-off’ with the world; this is why they display mistrust and suspicion even at an early age; this is why they simply have no idea how to relax, always being occupied with what they would call ‘defence strategies’. And because they are always developing these ‘defence strategies’, they prepare so well that they conceive one move too many for each conceivable situation in life. This move-too-many makes them lose their ‘final standoff’ with the world; this move-too-many makes them founder in their attempt to trade with life; this move makes them open the door for you, too.

If the peephole business is left out but everything else comes close to the behaviour of the tradesman type just described, you are certain that there is standing behind the door a representative of the usurer type. If the peephole cover does not move, if no question is asked from the other side of the door and there is, to all appearances, no-one at home, but barely perceptible noises, such as are produced by someone accidentally dragging his shoe across the floor (not having turned on the light in the hall so as not to betray himself) or resting his hand against the door, if such noises betray that someone is lying low on the other side – if you are standing, as I was saying, before the door while this is going on, know that inside is one of those people who get axed in Dostoyevsky by their fellowmen with good justice, although for no reason, while in real life we all vainly try to evade them. By his outer markings, this character type is very close to the tradesman, but in point of fact he is practically the opposite; the usurer is cautious but not suspicious, using wile to defend himself against the world because he is insecure and afraid that, puny as he is, he is no match for such a big world; dissatisfied with himself, he is so worried about his own weaknesses that it never occurs to him he has deserved a better world. Fumbling behind the closed door, he is huffing and pondering how to find out who has rung his bell, for he is not certain that he has an adequate response to the challenge standing in front of his door. But even he will always open at last because he is not enough of a sceptic (is it possible to be sceptical enough in this world at all – this, I am afraid, is reserved for people who have escaped being born), open and realise that he has been cheated again, cheated twice. Firstly, he is cheated because his wait has been far worse than yours; and, secondly, he is cheated because he expects something from you, although he ought to

know that there is no visit or visitor who could bring something truly good to a decent person.

Usurers are odious to me because of their fear of the world and everything in it, but still far less odious than people who remind me of myself. They are the chaps who have long since thrown in the towel but stubbornly pretend to be still struggling for something (the only one they succeed in tricking is themselves, but this, of course, they can not or will not notice). They are the chaps whom decent people never phone even in a fit of insanity, as their sort will first let the phone ring for an eternity before lifting the receiver, and then let another empty eternity drag by between lifting the receiver and a barely audible 'hi'. If you have rung the bell of someone like that, you will give up ten times what you were after and what you rang for in the first place, if you have not forgotten your purpose itself while waiting for him to open the door. He does not look through the peephole or fumble behind the door trying to be inaudible, nor does he clear his throat somewhere in the background or invent 'strategies' to keep himself safe from you – rather, he procrastinates because he believes (to hell with 'believes', he feels! he knows!) that each second in which nothing happens to him, including the meeting with you, is pure profit. He was born, poor devil, with a huge lack of vital energy and without a shred of trust in the world, gradually realising that his sojourn in the world would be far pleasanter if he managed to ascribe these handicaps to reality itself. He attempts to carry out this cunning plan by moralising about how all blessings granted us in this world, from food and movement to love and sleep, are fraught with danger because in the long run, no matter how you look at it, they lead to illness and death, which conclude our earthly sojourn. This, then, is the tired grizzled pest, faintly cheered up only by the meetings he has managed to escape and the events that have not happened to him. Because of this sort, you have to insist and ring three times at least – ring and keep ringing until he is driven to open the door. It takes time but must be done.

A direct opposite is the so-called aggressive type, who opens unusually quickly, practically the moment you ring, and abruptly at that, with a single short jerk, but only as much as he needs to thrust his face between the door and the doorframe to ask you sternly, 'What do you want?' Every, literally every time such a person opens the door you will mistakenly suppose that it is secured with a chain and that the jerk with which it stopped came from the chain, rapidly drawn taut, tugging at the door, arresting it. Wrong, a million times wrong! This type never fastens the chain at all: he does not defend himself against the world, on the contrary, he attacks it. The jerk with which the door came to a halt after opening precisely by the breadth of his head came from his wrenching the door away from the frame with a single jerk, and stopping it with another jerk once it had opened just as much as he needed. He did it this way because he does everything this way, being short and efficient in everything. A natural jerker, so to speak. This is why he asks, 'What do you want?', rather than, say, 'Who are you?', or something of the sort. He does not give a damn

who you are or who I am, he never even wonders who he is himself, all he wants is to have the affair dealt with, as soon as possible. His impatient question, his apparent nervousness in opening the door, the crack which only allows you to see his face – all this fires your curiosity, so you start literally forcing your way inside. But in your stupidity or naivety you do not know – that is, you utterly forget – that waiting inside is the very person who has opened the door, a person who always knows precisely what he wants and how to achieve it most easily, one of those pointless successful people to whom the word ‘boring’ hardly does justice because they are boredom incarnate.

Nor is the door chain fastened by representatives of the hearty character type, who similarly open at once, almost before the sound of the bell has died down. These, however, open the door wide, usually wide enough to set it perpendicular to the wall; they address you, standing in the middle of the opening. Holding the door with the right hand, they keep the left ready to invite you in with a gesture: they are, after all, hearty people, people who are, so to speak, born to invite everyone in and bound to be tricked in the end. But that your hearty host has not invited you in even before addressing you has little to do with the trick to which he fell prey the last time; to this type belong people of strong character, and a person of character can never learn anything contrary to his character; now, mistrust of the world and its phenomena would stand in stark contrast to his character, wouldn't it? He has not invited you in straightaway because he is tactful and well-mannered, and as such he knows that he should not offer, let alone impose, an unasked-for kindness. This is why he waits with his invitation until you say or show that you should like to enter.

Here is the crucial difference between the hearty and the exuberant type. The exuberant type has no tact and simply refuses to be taught manners, the poor devil is so delighted with life that he simply forgets about there being evil in the world, and delighted even by visitors, expected and unexpected alike. He opens the door wide, letting it go so that it often bumps into the wall, unless there is one of those rubber door stoppers installed in the floor which will not let it open beyond a set limit. Never waiting for a split second, he invites you in at once because he is even delighted by you. These are splendid people, sheer delight in the eyes of those who can stand them.”

Translated by Nada Grošelj

Max Blaeulich se je rodil leta 1952 v Salzburgu v Avstriji. Najprej se je izučil za trgovca, nato pa je doštudiral germanistiko in umetnostno zgodovino na Univerzi v Salzburgu. Pisatelj, esejist, založnik, starinar in likovnik živi in ustvarja v salzburški mestni četrti Maxglan. Sodeloval je pri številnih literarnih revijah, med letoma 1992 in 2000 pa je bil član uredništva revije *Literatur und Kritik*. Dejavnen je tudi kot založnik serije *unterdurch* v okviru knjižne zbirke Tartin v Salzburgu (skupaj z Ludwigom Hartingerjem), v kateri so izšla dela Renéja Chara, Marcela Prousta, Pierra Reverdyja, Elfriede Jelinek, Ilme Rakusa in mnogih drugih. Kot likovni umetnik se od leta 1980 predstavlja na številnih samostojnih in skupinskih razstavah po Avstriji, Romuniji in Moldaviji, kot pisatelj pa se je uveljavil leta 1989 s pripovedjo *Rede über Aiglhof* (Govor o Aiglhofu). Tej je sledilo še nekaj pripovedi, zbirka kratke proze *Bukarester Geschichten* (Bukareške zgodbe, 1994), več krajših dramskih del ter romani *Die Knopffabrik* (Tovarna gumbov, 2002), *Kilimandscharo zweimeteracht* (Kilimandžaro dvametrom, 2005), *Gatterbauerzwei oder Europa überleben* (Gatterbauerdve ali preživeti Evropo, 2006) in *Stackler oder die Maschinerie der Nacht* (Stackler ali stroj noči, 2008). Leta 2009 je prejel književno nagrado salzburškega gospodarstva, ki jo podeljuje salzburška gospodarska zbornica ter medijska in knjigotrška strokovna skupina.

Max Blaeulich was born in 1952 in Salzburg, Austria. Initially trained as a salesman, he later obtained a degree in German philology and art history from the University of Salzburg. The author, essayist, publisher, antiquarian and visual artist lives and creates in the Maxglan district of Salzburg. He has collaborated with many literary journals and gazettes, and was part of the editorial staff of the *Literatur und Kritik* literary magazine between 1992 and 2000. He is active as the publisher of the *unterdurch*-collection of the Salzburg Tartin book series (together with Ludwig Hartinger), having released works by René Char, Marcel Proust, Pierre Reverdy, Elfriede Jelinek, Ilma Rakusa, and many others. As a visual artist, he has been present on his own or as a contributor of art pieces at numerous exhibitions all around Austria, Romania and Moldavia since 1980, and established himself as a literary artist in 1989, publishing the novella *Rede über Aiglhof* (A Speech about Aiglhof). His first was followed by several more, to which he added a collection of short stories *Bukarester Geschichten* (Bucharest Stories, 1994), a few mini-dramas, and the novels *Die Knopffabrik* (Button Factory, 2002) *Kilimandscharo zweimeteracht* (Kilimanjaro twometreseight, 2005), *Gatterbauerzwei oder Europa überleben* (Gatterbauer two or To Survive Europe, 2006), and *Stackler oder die Maschinerie der Nacht* (Stackler or The Machinery of the Night, 2008). In 2009, he was honoured with the literary award "Buchpreis der Salzburger Wirtschaft", issued by the Economic chamber and the media and book trading professional group of Salzburg.

Max Blaeulich

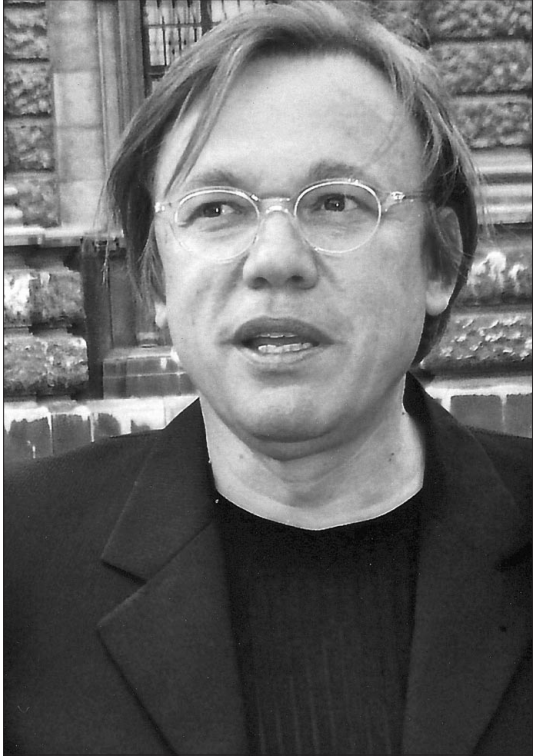


Foto © Elisabeth Weinek

Kilimandžaro dvametraosem

(Odlomek)

Te himere naj bi kmalu postale nenadna resničnost.

Raymond Roussel: *Vtisi iz Afrike*

1.

»Stacklerja bi moral ubiti,« je rekel Kilimandžaro, »vendar ga nisem ubil, temveč nesel v Kartum.«

Weiss, Kranich, Stackler in Krumpke, štirje mali belci v safari oblačilih na severozahodni poti po Ugandi. S fotoaparati, kamerami in orožjem. Krumpke je imel puški Mannlicher in Holland-Express. Različne pištole, seveda v zabojih iz mahagonijevega lesa. Njegove dlani so dišale po mešanici olja za orožje in kolonjske vode. Orožje je loščil vsak dan. Njegov *boy* je moral tudi v najhujši vročini mirno stati in držati pripomočke za čiščenje. Vsake toliko je Krumpke pomočil krpo v zelenkasto pasto, jo razmazal po cevi in besno loščil jeklo, medtem ko ga je drugi *boy* pahljal s palmovim listom. »Vedno sem pripravljen na streljanje,« ali »pripravljenost na streljanje je vse,« je pravil Krumpke, »streljanje imajo ljudje, kot smo mi, v krvi.« Zamižal je na eno oko, z drugim pa pogledal v cev, nato je počasi pritisnil, dokler ni naredilo klik. V prazno je mrmral predse, ko je govoril o streljih, ki bi spremenili svet, in našteval vse tiste strele svetovne zgodovine, ki so povzročili zaton kraljevine, dinastije ali odločilno vplivali na izid neke bitke. Vedno ko je čistil, je imel monologe in preklinjal je, ko so mu po čelu polzele kapljice potu in kapljale na cev: »Prešvicana, bedna, smrdljiva Afrika.«

Stackler je imel drugo obsedenost: kranimetrijo, merjenje delov telesa. Že takoj prvi dan si je zaradi nenormalno in neobičajno razraščениh okončin ogledal vsakega nosača posebej, določil tip in ga v grobem kategoriziral. Vsi so slišali njegova latinska poimenovanja, a si s tem ni mogel nihče nič pomagati. Če ga ne bi prav profesor Exner naravnost spodbujal, da te enkratne priložnosti ne sme zamuditi: »... fiziološke študije, mladi prijatelj, prihodnost je v fiziologiji,« in Stackler je dopolnil: »... rasno-fiziološke raziskave, najprej noge, nato zgornji del telesa, lobanja in genitalije. Veda o rasah, brezmejno polje bodočega rasnega raziskovanja.« Načeloma je premeril vsakega človeka in večinoma so njegove ocene držale. Vendar je bil nor na podatke, na vse vrste števil, ki naj bi imele v njegovih statistikah skorajda svoja življenja. Zato so bile tabele in rubrike, v katere je vnašal rezultate svojih meritev, zanj svete. Še posebno med meritvami lobanj, kjer so odločali milimetri, je postal živčen. Upal je, da bo s pomočjo fotografij prišel na novo področje znanstvenih dognanj, ne glede na to, ali bi bile fotografije uporabne tudi za poljudnoznanstvene namene. Sovražil je »fotografije z nejasnimi glavami«, kot se je sam izrazil. Če se je kdo premaknil,

Kilimandscharo zweimeteracht

(Auszug)

Diese Chimären sollten bald jähe Wirklichkeit werden.
Raymond Roussel: *Eindrücke aus Afrika*

1.

„Ich hätte Stackler erschlagen sollen“, sagte Kilimandscharo, „aber ich habe ihn nicht erschlagen, sondern nach Khartum getragen.“

Weiss, Kranich, Stackler und Krumpke, vier kleine Weiße in Tropenanzügen auf nordwestlichem Weg durch Uganda. Mit Apparaten, Kameras und Gewehren. Krumpke hatte einen Mannlicher-Stutzen und eine Holland-Expressbüchse. Diverse Pistolen, selbstverständlich in Mahagonikassetten. Seine Hände rochen nach einer Mischung aus Gewehröl und Kölnisch-Wasser. Tagtäglich polierte er an den Waffen herum. Sein *boy* mußte selbst bei der größten Hitze strammstehen und das Putzzeug halten. Von Zeit zu Zeit tunkte Krumpke mit einem Lappen in eine grünliche Paste, verschmierte sie über den Gewehrlauf und polierte wie besessen den Stahl, während ein anderer *boy* ihm mit einem Palmenfächer Wind zufächelte. „Ich bin immer schußbereit“, oder „Schußbereitschaft ist alles“, sagte Krumpke, „die Schießerei hat unsereins im Blut.“ Er kniff ein Auge zu und mit dem anderen blickte er in den Lauf, dann drückte er langsam ab bis es klickte. Ins Blaue redete er vor sich hin, wenn er über Schüsse redete, die die Welt verändern würden und zählte all jene Schüsse in der Weltgeschichte auf, die zum Untergang eines Reichs, einer Dynastie führten oder entscheidend eine Schlacht beeinflussten. Er monologisierte immer wenn er putzte und fluchte, wenn der Schweiß von seiner Stirn runterperlte und gar auf den Lauf tropfte: „Verschweißeltes, elendiges, stinkendes Afrika“.

Stackler hatte einen anderen Wahn: die Kranimetrie, die Vermessung der Körperteile. Er fing gleich am ersten Tag der Expedition an, jeden einzelnen Träger zwecks abnormer oder unüblich verwachsener Extremitäten ins Auge zu fassen, den Typus festzustellen und eine vorläufige Kategorisierung in groben Zügen vorzunehmen. Seine lateinischen Bezeichnungen hörten alle, indes konnte niemand damit etwas anfangen. Hatte ihn nicht Professor Exner geradezu aufgefordert, diese einmalige Chance nicht zu verpassen, „... physiologische Studien junger Freund, die Zukunft gehört der Physiologie“, und Stackler ergänzte, „... rassenphysiologische Untersuchungen, zuerst die Beine, dann den Oberkörper, den Schädel und die Genitalien. Die Rassenkunde, ein immenses Feld zukünftiger Rassenforschung.“ Prinzipiell taxierte er jeden Menschen und meistens stimmten seine Einschätzungen. Aber er war erpicht auf Daten, jede Art von Zahlen, die ihr eigenes Leben in seinen Statistiken spielen

jih je dobil po hrbtu z bičem za nilske konje, to je pomenilo, da mu je moral Kilimandžaro podati bič, mali Stackler je stopil na pručko, se ugriznil v ustnico, zavil z očmi v smeri neba kot sveti Štefan, zajel zrak in šele nato udaril. Dvakrat, trikrat in pri tem preklinjal *rahitične črnce*: »Ti primitivni prasec butasti, ušivi zulujski zamorec, tankonoga, črnonoga stepska svinja, ti pes hotentotski, bimbo opičji,« itd. itd., vendar o rahitichnosti ni bilo moč objektivno govoriti, saj je bilo vseh dvesto nosačev veliko večjih od vseh teh malih, živčnih belcev, ki so postali še bolj beli, ko so prišli na območje Bagešujev, ki so z izjemo svojih sorodnikov žrli vse ljudi, tudi tiste že razpadajoče, če pač niso imeli pri roki koga, ki bi ga lahko zaklali.

»Do sem,« je nasmejjano rekel Kilimandžaro in pokazal na svoj tulec za penis, kar je pomenilo, da belci v oblačilih kakijeve barve črnecem sežejo nekje do bokov. Nato so morali poskrbeti, da so njihovi tiči postali trdi, da jih je doktor lahko izmeril. Stackler je kar naprej vpil: »Naredite jih trde, otrdite jih, otrdite,« in pri tem mahal z bičem, kot da bi lahko na ukaz dosegel erekcijo. Kranich je miril Stacklerja in mu ponudil, naj pri tičih poskusi z »njegovo metodo«. »Stavim, da bodo ob pogledu na razgaljena telesa takoj vzburljeni.« Kranich mu je pokazal nagce na fotografijah. Žal so slike povzročile prav nasprotno. Nosači so bili šokirani, s konicami prstov so nejeverno otipavali to ali ono fotografijo, da bi ugotovili, ali je razgaljenost resnična. Zmedeno so zmajevali z glavo in spodaj čisto uplahnili. Stackler je klel naprej: »Kurci mlahavi, sralci sluzasti, mlahava kurčeva sodrga!« Šele pozneje je Stackler spoznal jezikovno dvopomenskost svoje zahteve, kajti v svahiliju pomeni *narediti trdega* tudi *umreti* ali v širšem pomenu besede *nekoga ubiti*, prav tako kot lokalni izraz *narediti hladnega*. Med celotno ekspedicijo je pridobivanje sperme, merjenje, fotografiranje in ubadanje z merilcem erekcije predstavljalo dolgo proceduro. Čutiti je bilo odpor črncev in v nemalokaterem očesu se je zaiskrilo sovraštvo, ker o takšnih poskusih nikoli ni bilo govora. Najeli so jih kot nosače in nič drugega. To pa Stacklerja ni niti malo brigalo. Poslikal in premeril je dvesto nosačev, ki so delno vklejnjeni korakali. Vklejnen pomeni, da so imeli okoli vratu železen obroč, ki je bil z dolgo verigo povezan z drugim železnim obročem. Pogosto je bilo tako drug na drugega nanizanih dvajset, trideset nosačev. Udeleženci ekspedicije, še posebej Stackler, so se bali, da bi jim nosači pobegnili, ker so se bali Bagešujev ali ker bi jim postal tovor pretežak ali ker bi preprosto, kot je dejal Kranich, »iz same lenobe vse skupaj pustili in šli. To smo že doživeli v Sudanu. Ti Sudanci so pa res prave lenobe, askari so preprosto ...« in izgubil se je v mrmranju, iz katerega je bilo mogoče razumeti samo še *butniti* in *udariti* in *ustvarjati modo*. Vendar ali jim ne bi dvajset askarov, ki bi jih vzeli s seboj za zaščito karavane, prišlo prav pri Bagešujih? Pod imenom »Bagešu« so bila združena delno znana in delno neznana plemena, z nekaterimi se je dalo trgovati, za druga pa niso vedeli. Krumpke, Weiss, Kranich in Stackler so se tega zavedali. Soočenje bi bilo lahko usodno. Zato so s seboj vzeli dovolj daril, da bi neovirano prišli mimo. »Plemena Bagešujev so ponosna in strahopetna, vsekakor pa zahrbtna,« je omenil Meyer v svoji znameniti knjigi o ledeniku nad vzhodnoafriškimi vrhovi. »Strah jih naredi nore in pretkane, ponos

sollten. Darum waren ihm seine Tabellen und Rubriken, in die er die Ergebnisse seiner Vermessungen eintrug, heilig. Insbesondere während er Schädelvermessungen vornahm, wo es auf Milimeter ankam, wurde er nervös. Mit Hilfe der Fotografie hoffte er einen neuen Bereich wissenschaftlicher Erkenntnisse zu betreten, abgesehen davon, diese Fotos populärwissenschaftlich nützen zu können. Er haßte „schädelverschwommene Fotos“, wie er sich ausdrückte. Wenn sich da einer bewegte, der kriegte eins mit der Nilpferdpeitsche auf den Rücken, das heißt, Kilimandscharo mußte ihm die Peitsche reichen, der kleine Stackler stieg auf seinen Hocker, biß sich in die Lippe, verdrehte die Augen gegen den Himmel wie der heilige Stephanus, holte Luft, und erst dann schlug er zu. Zwei, dreimal und dabei stieß er Flüche auf die *mickrigen Neger* aus: „Du primitiver Sautrottler, verlauster Zulukaffer, so eine Steppensau mit Kakaoprudler, du Hottentottenhund, Bimboaff“, etc. etc., aber von Mickrigkeit konnte objektiv nicht geredet werden, denn alle zweihundert Träger waren viel größer als jeder dieser winzigen, nervösen Weißen, die noch weißer wurden, als sie ins Gebiet der Bageshu kamen, die, mit Ausnahme ihrer Verwandten, alle Menschen fressen, selbst die schon Verwesenden, wenn sie gerade niemanden zum Schlachten haben.

„Bis hierher“, sagte bitter lachend Kilimandscharo und deutete auf sein Penisfuttural, was bedeutete, die Weißen in ihren Khakianzügen reichten den Schwarzen bis etwas über deren Hüften. Dann mußten sie ihre Schwänze steif machen, damit der Doktor sie abmessen konnte. Stackler schrie dauernd: „Steif machen, steifen, steifen“, und dabei fuchtelte er mit der Peitsche herum, als könnte er durch Dirigieren einen Ständer erzeugen. Kranich beschwichtigte Stackler und bot ihm einmal an, es bei den Schwarzen mit „seiner Methode“, zu probieren. „Ich wette, die werden bei einem Blick auf meine Nuditäten sofort geil.“ Kranich zeigte ihnen seine Nackerten auf den Fotos. Leider bewirkten die Fotos genau das Gegenteil. Die Träger waren baff, tappten mit ihren Fingerkuppen ungläubig auf das eine oder andere Foto, um festzustellen, ob die Nuditäten echt sind. Irritiert schüttelten sie den Kopf und machten gänzlich schlapp. Stackler fluchte in einem fort: „Schlappschwänze, Schleimscheisser, Schlappschwanzgesindel!“ Erst später erkannte Stackler die sprachliche Zweideutigkeit der Aufforderung, da in Suaheli *steif machen* auch *sterben* oder im weiteren Sinn *jemanden umbringen* heißt, ähnlich dem hier ortsüblichen *kalt machen*. Während der ganzen Expedition wurden die Gewinnung von Sperma, die Abmessung, die Fotografie und das Hantieren mit dem Erektometer zu einer langen, umständlichen Prozedur. Der Widerwille der Schwarzen war spürbar und in manchem Auge funkelte Haß, da von solchen Experimenten niemals die Rede war. Sie wurden als Träger angeworben und zu nichts anderem. Das kümmerte Stackler nicht im Geringsten. Aufnahmen und Messungen machte Stackler von zweihundert Trägern, die teils angekettet marschierten. Angekettet hieß, einen Eisenring um den Hals zu haben, und dieser war durch eine lange Kette mit dem nächsten Eisenring verbunden. Oft waren zwanzig, dreißig Träger so aneinander gekettet. Die Entdeckungsreisenden, insbesondere

napadalne in prezirljive do smrti in sla po mesu nepreračunljive. « Resnično je lakota po človeškem mesu to ali ono pleme obšla kot kakšen opoj. Nato so se plemena med seboj poklala. Včasih so bojevniki kot senca sledili karavani, neslišno, nevidno, jo obkolili, tam, kjer se je utaborila. Ponoči so se plazili okoli stražarjev, dokler ni nekdo naredil usodnega koraka v temo, kjer so bili, če se je v temi slučajno kaj zalesketalo, ostro nabrušeni zobje Bagešujev. Marsikateri nočni stražar je bil neslišno zaboden, razparali so mu prsni koš, še trzajoče srce je romalo v usta Bagešuja, ki ga je še utripajočega in trzajočega z nekaj ugrizi pogoltnil. Stackler, ki je prihajal iz Zgornje Avstrije, je s posebnim zadoščenjem vedno govoril: »Še bolj zahrbtni kot Dunajčani.« Trajalo je nekaj časa, preden so bili Bagešuji pripravljene spustiti ekspedicijo čez del svojega ozemlja. Odposlanci ekspedicije so na tla na meji ozemlja položili darila in se takoj umaknili. »Če se daril ne bodo dotaknili, pomeni,« je rekel Kranich in se začel postavljati s svojimi izkušnjami iz Sudana, »da se črnci ne strinjajo, dati jim moramo več ali pa nekaj drugega. Če pa bodo kramo sprejeli, pomeni to prosto pot skozi območje, kjer je pleme,« področje, za katero je Kranich trdil, da je podobno Znojmu ali pa okolici Retza, trditev, kateri je Weiss takoj oporekal, pa tudi Krumpke, vendar je vseeno ni bilo moč takoj zavrniti, saj so se podobno kot tukaj tudi na Avstrijskem in Češkem v kostnicah pogosto našle nakopičene lobanje in skeleti mrličev.

Prevedla Tina Štrancar

Stackler, befürchteten, die Träger könnten ihnen davonlaufen, weil sie Angst vor den Bageshu hatten, oder ihnen die Lasten zu schwer wurden, oder weil sie einfach, wie Kranich einmal sagte, „aus purer Faulheit alles liegen und stehen lassen. Das haben wir schon im Sudan gehabt. Die Sudanesen, das sind vielleicht faule Hunde, da haben die Askaris einfach...“ und er verlor sich in einem Gemurmel, aus dem nur mehr ein *dreinhauen* und *dreinschlagen* und *Mode machen* zu verstehen war. Aber hätten ihnen die zwanzig zum Schutz der Karawane mitgenommenen Askari bei den Bageshu genützt? Unter der Bezeichnung „Bageshu“ wurden teils bekannte, teils noch unbekannte Stämme summiert, mit den einen konnte man Handel treiben, von den anderen wußte man es nicht. Krumpke, Weiss, Kranich und Stackler waren sich darüber im Klaren. Eine Konfrontation konnte tödlich sein. Darum nahmen sie genügend Geschenke mit, um ungehindert passieren zu können. „Die Stämme der Bageshu sind stolz und scheu, jedenfalls hinterlistig“, erwähnte Meyer in seinem berühmten Gletscherbuch über die ostafrikanischen Gipfel. „Ihre Scheue macht sie abgedreht und raffiniert, der Stolz angriffslustig und todesverachtend und die Gier nach Fleisch unberechenbar.“ Tatsächlich überkam den einen oder anderen Stamm der Hunger nach Menschenfleisch oft wie ein Rausch. Dann schlachteten sich die Stämme untereinander ab. Manchmal folgten die Krieger wie Schatten einer Karawane, lautlos, unsichtbar, sie umkreisten sie, wo sie lagerten, in der Nacht umschlichen sie die Wachposten, bis jemand den verhängnisvollen Schritt in die Dunkelheit tat, in der, wenn etwas vielleicht im Finsternen blitzte, es die spitz zugeschliffenen Zähne der Bageshu waren. So mancher einer Nachhut wurde lautlos erstochen, der Brustkorb aufgeschlagen, das auszuckende Herz wanderte in den Mund eines Bageshu und der schlang es noch pochend und zuckend nach ein paar Bissen hinunter. Stackler, der aus Oberösterreich stammte, sagte immer mit einer gewissen Genugtuung: „Hinterlistiger als die Wiener.“ Es dauerte einige Zeit, bis die Bageshu bereit waren, die Expedition durch einen Teil ihres Gebietes zu lassen. Die Unterhändler der Expedition legten an der Gebietsgrenze ihre Geschenke auf den Boden und entfernten sich sofort wieder. „Bleiben die Geschenke unberührt, dann heißt das“, sagte Kranich und spielte seine Sudankenntnisse aus, „die Neger sind nicht einverstanden, es muß mehr oder etwas anderes sein. Nehmen sie den Flitter an, dann bedeutete das freies Geleit durch ihr Stammesgebiet“, eine Gegend, von der Kranich behauptete, sie gliche durchaus der Znaimer oder jener um Retz herum, eine Behauptung, die Weiss sofort bestritt und Krumpke auch, die aber nicht ganz von der Hand zu weisen war, denn nicht selten fanden sich aufgeschichtete Totenschädel und Knochen, ähnlich den ortsüblichen Beinhäusern im Österreichischen oder Böhmischen.

Kilimanjaro twometerseight

(Excerpt)

These chimeras should become a sudden reality.

Raymond Rousel: *Impressions of Africa*

I.

"I should have killed Stackler, but I didn't - instead I carried him to Khar-toum." Kilimanjaro said.

Weiss, Kranich, Stackler and Krumpke, four small white men in khaki safari suits on the North Western passage through Uganda. With gadgets, cameras and rifles.

Krumpke carried a Mannlicher carbine and a Holland & Holland Double Express rifle, assorted pistols, naturally in their mahogany cases. His hands smelled like eau de Cologne mixed with lubricating oil. Daily he polished the rifles everyway. His boy had to stiffen to attention even in the most pressing heat, holding the cleaning tools. Time after time Krumpke dipped a rag in a greenish paste, and polished the steel like he was possessed. In the meantime another boy fanned him with a fan palm. "I'm always ready to fire" or "Holding the guns at the ready is everything" Krumpke said. "Shooting is in our blood." Blinking an eye, he looked into the barrel with the other, and then he discharged it until it clicked. Sometimes he talked to himself about hits, which were prominent in the world history to the decline of an empire, of a dynasty or a battle.

He kept on a monologue while he cleaned, and cursed when sweat beaded on his forehead or even dropped on the barrel. "Sweatingly, wretched, stinking Africa."

Stackler was obsessed with a different whimsy: the craniometry, the measurements of body parts. He started on the first day of the expedition examining every single porter with regard to abnormal or unusual grown extremities, pinpointing the type, and roughly outlining the preliminary categories. Still nobody even began to understand his Latin expressions. Hadn't Professor Exner quite challenged him to seize this once in a lifetime opportunity: "Physiological studies, my young friend, the future is physiology." And Stackler added: "Racial physiological examinations, first the legs, then the upper body, the skull and the genitals. That ethnology is a huge field for future racial research. "He appraised everybody without exception and his assessments were mostly spot on. He was eager on data, every kind of numbers, which led their own life within his statistics. His charts, tables and columns, in which he inserted the data of his examinations, were therefore holy to him. Particularly during the measurements of the skulls where every millimetre was important, he became very nervous indeed. Stackler hoped to enter a new field of science with the use of

photography; apart from the possibilities the near-scholarly use of the photographs would offer. He hated blurry-skull photographs, as he would say. If then somebody moved, he was punished with the hippopotamus whip across the back. Kilimanjaro had to give him the whip, and the small Stackler climbed on his stool. After biting on his lips, turning up his eyes to the skies like St. Stephan, he drew a breath and – only afterwards – he struck. Two, three times, and during that, he uttered curses on the inferior sickly Negroes: “You simple blockhead, lice-ridden Zulu Kaffir, such a desert hog on tits! You Hottentot dog, Bimbo ape”, and so on and so on. Naturally none of the porters were sickly or inferior, as every one of the two hundred porters was taller by a head than these jittery white men, who became even whiter as they approached the territory of the Banish. These devoured everybody apart from their own relatives, even already decomposing bodies, when they were short on a supply of people to slaughter.

“Up to here” Kilimanjaro said laughing bitterly and pointed at his penis sheath. Like he wanted to say, the whites in their khakis came nearly up to his hips. The Africans then had to stiffen their cocks, so the doctor could measure them. Stackler shouted: “Stiffen up, stiff, stiff! “And he waved the whip, as if his conducting would do the trick.

Kranich mollified Stackler and offered him to help him in “his way”. “I bet, they’ll get hot immediately when they have had a glance at my ‘nudities’.” Kranich showed them his nudes; unfortunately these caused just the opposite effect. They were flabbergasted, poked with their fingers unbelievably at one or the other photo, trying to figure out if the nudes were real. Puzzled they shook their heads afterwards and completely lost any hold of their concentration... Stackler cursed a blue streak: “Milk-sops, slackers, riff-raff, chicken heads.” Only later he realized that “to stiffen up” in Swahili also meant, “to die” or in a broader sense “to kill somebody”, similar to our “to silence somebody”.

During the whole expedition the practice to gain sperm, the measurements, the photographs and the handling of the slide gauge for the erection became tediously long. The reluctance of the Negroes became a noticeable aversion and in many an eye flashed hate, because this had never been mentioned before. They had been enlisted as porters and nothing else but that. Stackler paid no attention to that whatsoever.

So Stackler used the two hundred porters as guinea pigs for his measurements and photos. As some of them marched chained together, heavy iron shackles around their neck bound to the next with a long chain, none could escape. Often twenty to thirty porters have been shackled together like that. The explorers especially Stackler, were suspicious of their deserting, of fear of the Bagishu, or because the loads became too heavy or – as Kranich casually mentioned – “of pure sloth”. “That happened once to us in Sudan. These Sudanese, they are really lazy pigs. There the Askaris simply...” and he lost himself in some muttering, of which some “hitting here” and “beating” and “flourishing” were heard. Would the twenty Askaris, whom they had hired for protection, have been enough against the Bagishu?

The term "Bagishu" was used for partly known, partly unknown tribes, with whom one could trade; of the others you just didn't know it yet. Krumpke, Weiss, Kranich and Stackler realized that every confrontation could be deadly, and they took sufficient gifts and trinkets along with them to cross their territories unchecked. "The tribes of the Bagishu are proud and shy, undoubtedly insidious.", one could read in Meyer's famous book about the east African peaks. "Their coyness turns them away and shrewd, the pride aggressive and despising death, and the hunger for flesh unpredictable." In fact the hunger for human flesh overwhelmed them like frenzy and the resulting slaughter between them was gruesome. Sometimes they followed the caravans like shadows, soundless, invisible, circling the encampment. During the night they sneaked around the sentries, until somebody took the fatal step into the darkness. If there was a flash in the black, it was the pointedly polished teeth of the Bagishu. Several of the rear guards were stabbed, the chests were opened up, the quivering hearth would enter the mouth of a Bagishu and he devoured it after a few bites still quivering and beating. Stackler coming from Upper Austria said with a certain satisfaction: "Even more underhanded than the Viennese." It took some time until the Bagishu were ready to let the expedition pass through a part of their territory. The negotiators for the expedition put the gifts at the border and drew away at once. "Leave the gifts untouched", Kranich played out his Sudanese knowledge, "it means that the niggers do not agree: it has to be more or something different. If they accept the trinkets, it means that we have safe conduct through their tribal territory." An area, similar to that around Znaim or even Retz, Kranich observed, which Weiss as well as Krumpke opposed immediately. But honestly the impression could not that easily be refused. Pretty often they found stacked skulls and bones like the ossuaries in Austria or Bohemia.

Jacek Dehnel se je rodil leta 1980 v Gdanskju na Poljskem. Diplomiral je iz poljskega jezika in književnosti na Fakulteti za individualne humanistične študije (MISH) Varšavske univerze. Živi v Varšavi, kjer ustvarja kot pesnik, pisatelj, prevajalec, tekstopisec in slikar. Izdal je pet pesniških zbirk: *Żywoty równoległe* (Vzporedna življenja, 2004), *Wyprawa na południe* (Odprava na jug, 2005), *Wiersze* (Pesmi, 2006), *Brzytwa okamgnienia* (Britev trenutka, 2007) in *Ekran kontrolny* (Kontrolni ekran, 2009), dve zbirki kratkih zgodb: *Kolekcja* (Zbirka, 1999) in *Rynek w Smyrnie* (Trg v Smirni, 2007), roman *Lala* (Pupa, 2006), cikel štirih mini romanov *Balzakiana* (2008) in zbirko kratkih proznih zapisov o fotografijah *Fotoplastikon* (Panorama, 2009). Prevedel je zbrane pesmi angleškega pesnika Philipa Larkina in pesniško zbirko latvijskega pesnika Kārliisa Vērdiņša ter uredil antologijo *Six Polish Poets* (Šest poljskih pesnikov, 2009). Prejel je nagrado Sklada Kościelskih (2005) in »potni list« tednika *Polityka* za književnost za leto 2006, nominiran pa je bil tudi za nagrade Angelus (2007), Nike (2009) in Cogito (2009). Njegove pesmi so bile prevedene v angleščino, baskovščino, francoščino, gelščino, litovščino, slovaščino in slovenščino.

Jacek Dehnel was born in 1980 in Gdańsk in Poland. He graduated in Polish language and literature at the College for Individual Studies in the Humanities (MISH) at Warsaw University. He lives in Warsaw, where he creates as a poet, writer, translator, songwriter and painter. He has published five books of poetry: *Żywoty równoległe* (Parallel Lives, 2004), *Wyprawa na południe* (An Expedition Southwards, 2005), *Wiersze* (Poems, 2006), *Brzytwa okamgnienia* (The Blade of the Moment, 2007), and *Ekran kontrolny* (Control Screen, 2009), two collections of short stories: *Kolekcja* (The Collection, 1999) in *Rynek w Smyrnie* (A Square in Smyrna, 2007), the novel *Lala* (2006), a collection of four mini-novels, *Balzakiana* (2008), and a collection of short stories about photography, *Fotoplastikon* (The Kaiserpanorama, 2009). He has translated collected poems by English poet Philip Larkin and a book of poetry by Latvian poet Kārliis Vērdiņš. He also edited the anthology *Six Polish Poets* (2009). He has been awarded many literary prizes, such as the Kościelski Foundation Award (2005) and the "Polityka Passport" for Literature for the year 2006. He was also nominated for the Angelus Award (2007), the Nike Award (2009), and the Cogito Award (2009). His poems have been translated into English, Basque, French, Gaelic, Lithuanian, Slovak, and Slovene.

Jacek Dehnel



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Pupa

(Odlomek)

V Kijevu so v veliki najemniški hiši na tem in tem prospektu živele tri družine - Bieniecki, Karnauhovi in Korytkovi. Njihovih usod niso pozorno spremljale samo radoznale sosede, temveč tudi secesijski maskaroni z našobljenimi ustnicami in prsate kariatide, ki so s krhkimi rameni in šopi lilij podpirale balkone; naj so bile še tako odlično seznanjene s secesijskim prepletanjem rastlinske vitice, se vendar niso mogle načuditi zapletom čustev in so vedno znova privzdigovale obrvi v nemem začudenju, dokler se jim ni na čelih začel krušiti omet.

V prvem nadstropju je živel svetnik Valerijan Karnauhov z ženo Alo, dvema otrokoma, vzgojiteljico in služkinjo.

»Pojdiva, pojdiva,« je govorila babica in si pod vratom zapenjala broško z biserno matico, »vedno povsod zamujava. Ali več,« je dodala že na stopnicah, »da imam to po mami? Mama je prav tako vedno zamujala.« V njenem glasu je pozvanjala senčica ponosa. »Kadar koli se je z očetom odpravljala v gledališče ali na koncert, se je zadnji hip še česa spomnila, bodisi da česa ni povedala Genji ali da obleka ni prava ali pa, da je klobuk presvetel ali pretemen ... Če pa se jima je navsezadnje posrečilo, da sta se pravi čas odpravila, ker je oče začel obred eksodusa dovolj zgodaj, takrat se je mama na pragu ustavila, s pogledom premerila salon ali jedilnico in obšla jo je nenadna skušnjava, da bi prestavila komodo, premaknila mizo ali, kar je bilo najhujše, povprek obrnila preprogo, zaradi česar je bilo treba privzdigniti vse pohištvo; oče je sopel in stokal, ko je premikal v tečajih zdaj naslonjač, zdaj divan, mama pa mu je poveljevala s konico dežnika. Zmeraj sta prišla na začetek drugega dejanja ali na drugi del koncerta. In nekoč, ne spominjam se več kdaj, najbrž je bil to Hofmanov recital, ne, na Hofmanov recital sem šla sama, po čudežu sem dobila karte od znancev, predstavljaj si, kakšno doživetje, Hofman je igral tako neverjetno, nekatere tone v akordu je pritiskal malce glasneje, sedela sem prikovana na sedež ...« (medtem sva se že s taksijem peljala skozi večerno mesto; taksist je bil rahlo zmeden, ker se je znašel na sredi zgodbe, ki jo je z razmahom pripovedovala babica, toda moral se je zadovoljiti s kratkim: »V filharmonijo,« saj ni hotela pretrgati toka pripovedi) - » ... in poslušala tiste čudežne akorde, dokler ni po odmoru nenadoma prišel na oder črno oblečen moški in z mrtvaškim glasom povedal, da je pravkar umrl papež. Na programu pa je bila ravno sonata s pogrebni maršem. Neverjetno, ni res?« in se je sunkovito obrnila k meni, kot bi pričakovala, da se bom na ta razkritja odzval s kakšnim »oh« ali malo pantomimo, čisto tako, kot da te zgodbe ne bi še nikoli slišal. Nič. Babica se je vrnila k zgodnejši temi, taksist se je vse bolj izgubljal.

»Tako ali drugače, nekam sta šla, na koncert ali v opero. Mamo je spet premotil neki čilim, zahtevala je kladivo in žeblje. Oče se je ustavil, jo pogledal z brezmejno ljubeznijo, se poslovil od prvega dejanja *Traviate*

Lala

(Fragment)

W Kijowie, w wielkiej czyszowej kamienicy na prospekcie takim a takim, mieszkały trzy rodziny – Bienieckich, Karnauchowów i Korytków. Ich losom przypatrywały się uważnie nie tylko wścibskie sąsiadki, ale i secesyjne maskarony o wydatnych wargach oraz piersiaste kariatydy, podpierające balkony wątlymi barkami i bukietami lilii; jakkolwiek były one znakomicie zaznajomione z secesyjnym splataniem roślinnej wici, nadziwić się nie mogły splotom uczuć i wciąż od nowa unosiły brwi w niemym zdumieniu, aż im się tynk kruszył na czołach.

Na pierwszym piętrze mieszkał radca Walerian Karnauchow z żoną Ałłą, dwojgiem dzieci, boną i służącą.

– Idziemy, idziemy – mówiła babcia, zapinając pod szyją broszkę z macią perłową – zawsze się wszędzie spóźniamy. Czy wiesz – dodawała już na schodach – że mam to po mamie? Mama też zawsze się spóźniała – w głosie brzmiał leciutki odcień dumy. – Kiedykolwiek wybierała się z ojcem do teatru albo na koncert, w ostatnim momencie coś się jej przypominało. A to że nie powiedziała czegoś Gieni, a to że suknia nie ta, a to kapelusz zbyt jasny albo zbyt ciemny... A jeśli wreszcie udało im się na czas wybrać, bo ojciec rozpoczynał ceremonię eksodusu ze stosownym wyprzedzeniem, to mama w progu przystawała, ogarniała wzrokiem salon lub jadalnię i chwyciła ją nagle pokusa przestawienia komody, przesunięcia stołu lub, co najgorsze, obrócenia dywanu w poprzek, do czego trzeba było podnieść wszystkie meble; ojciec sapiał i stękał, ruszając z posad to fotel, to sofę, a mama komenderowała końcem parasolki. Zawsze wchodzili na początku drugiego aktu albo w drugiej części koncertu. I kiedyś, nie pamiętam już kiedy, to chyba był recital Hofmana, nie, na recital Hofmana poszłam sama, cudem zdobyłam bilety od znajomych, wyobraź sobie, co za przeżycie, Hofman tak niesłychanie grał, wybijał w akordzie niektóre nuty odrobinę głośniej, siedziałam wbita w fotel... – (tymczasem jechaliśmy już taksówką przez wieczorne miasto; kierowca był nieco zagubiony, skoro znalazł się w środku opowiadanej z impetem historii, ale musiał się zadowolić krótkim: „Do filharmonii”, bo babcia nie zamierzała przerywać toku opowieści) – ...i słuchałam tych wspaniałych akordów, aż tu nagle po przerwie wychodzi na scenę ubrany na czarno mężczyzna i grobowym głosem mówi, że właśnie zmarł papież. A w programie akurat sonata z marszem żałobnym. Niesamowite, prawda? – i obraca się do mnie gwałtownym ruchem, jakby się spodziewała, że na tę rewelację zareaguję jakimś „och” czy małą pantomimą, zupełnie jakbym ani razu nie słyszał całej historii. Nic. Babcia wraca do wcześniejszego wątku, kierowca czyni postępy w zagubieniu.

– W każdym razie wychodzili gdzieś na koncert czy do opery. I mama znowu chwytła za jakiś kilim, domaga się młotka i gwoździaków. Ojciec stanął, popatrzył się na nią z bezbrzeżną miłością, żegnając się z pierwszym

ali *Norme*, me potegnil na stran in mi šepnil: »Spominjam se, da sva se z Alo nekoč odpravljala na sprejem. Imela je lepo svilen obleko iz višnjevo rdeče svile, s štirimi volani na krilu. Po nesreči se je eden od njih zataknil za nogo naslonjača in počil je šiv. Rekel sem ji, da bom počakal, da se bo preoblekla, ona pa na to samo, da je škoda časa ... in reeesk! Odrtgala je višnjevo rdeči volan, ga zabrisala na naslonjač in sva šla.«

Ala Karnauhov je imela poleg trganja volanov z enim sunkovitim potegom še veliko izjemnih odlik, bila je izobražena in načitana, izjemno inteligentna in napredna, verjela je v idejo izpopolnitve človeštva in osvoboditve izpod zatiranja, brala je in deklamirala.

»Kaj pa otroci?«

»Otroci? Kako to misliš?« Babica me je pogledala z očitnim nerazumevanjem. »Z Irinko se je ukvarjala vzgojiteljica, z Ivanom pa domači učitelj.«

Nekega dne je Alo sredi kopice nujnih opravkov nekaj prešinito. Podobna prešinjnost je pred njo doletela vso hišo od kleti do podstrehe, saj so vsi, vključno s kariatidami, maskaroni in malimi otroki, vedeli, da je gospod Korytko alkoholik. Toda Ala je, da bi to izvedela, morala doživeti razodetje. Gospod Korytko, nič manj čeden kot pijan moški, se ji je nekoč preprosto prikazal na stopnicah, ki so vodile iz pritličja v prvo nadstropje, v vsem sijaju svoje lepote in pijanosti.

»Valerijan,« je rekla Ala po kratkem pogovoru s tem zardelim Apolonom, »iskrena bom s tabo. Gospod Korytko je mož s prenekatero vrlino, toda žena ga vara, zato je zabredel v strašno razvado, ki v njem uničuje vse zdrave in plemenite instinkte. Potrebuje močno žensko. Oba veva, da sem sama prav taka. Moram se zavzeti zanj in v njem prebuditi plasti uspravane moči in dostojanstva. Odhajam. Oprosti mi,« ga je pobožala po licu, »ti se boš znašel brez mene, Valerijan, znašel se boš v življenju. Podobno kot jaz si človek dejanj. Sicer pa ti bosta v pomoč Marfa in Olga. Obiskovala bom tebe in otroke.«

In je šla živeti z gospodom Korytkom.

Medtem smo se pripeljali pred filharmonijo. Ravno ob pravem času za drugi del koncerta.

»Kaj pa je bilo potem?« sem jo vljudno vprašal, ko sva čez eno uro stopila ven, na svež zrak.

»Po čem? Zapni se pod vratom.«

»Ne, dobro je tako. Z gospodom Korytkom, z Alo, z Valerijanom.«

»Aja, seveda. Naključje je hotelo, da je Valerijana prav tako nekaj prešinito. Nekega mrzlega januarskega dne je sredi kopice vsakdanjih dolžnosti pravnega svetnika Jugozahodnih železnic, sredi dneva, med vodenjem pravde Jugozahodne železnice proti Andreju Porfiriču Ketterlu in večernim učenjem igranja na violino doživel razsvetljenje. Zapni se pod vratom. Vsa hiša, od kleti do podstrehe, vključno ...«

» ... vključno s kariatidami, maskaroni, malimi otroki in služinčadjo ...«

» ... in služinčadjo, je vedela, da na številki šest z možem in doraščajočo hčerko živi lepa, žalostna gospa Bieniecka. Doktor Bieniecki jo je že dolgo varal na vse strani, bil je neverjetno očarljiv, še med študijem sem ga srečala v Varšavi, bila sem ravno s prijateljico iz liceja, predstavljam ju med seboj,

aktem *Traviaty* czy *Normy*, wziął mnie na stronę i wyszeptał: „Pamiętam, że kiedyś wybieraliśmy się z Ałłą na przyjęcie. Miała piękną jedwabną suknię z wiśniowego jedwabiu, z czterema falbanami u dołu. I trafił chciał, że jedną z nich zaczepił o nogę fotela i szew puścił. Powiedziałem, że poczekam, aż się przeberze, a ona tylko, że szkoda czasu... i traaach! Oderwała wiśniową falbanę, cisnęła na fotel i wyszliśmy”.

Ałła Karnauchow oprócz odrywania falban jednym gwałtownym ruchem miała wiele niepospolitych zalet, była wykształcona i odczytana, niebywale inteligentna i postępową, wierzyła w idee udoskonalania ludzkości i wyzwolenia spod ucisku, czytała i wygłaszała.

- A dzieci?

- Dzieci? No co? - babcia popatrzyła na mnie z wyraźnym brakiem zrozumienia - Irinką zajmowała się bona, a Iwanem gubernier.

W nawale zajęć Ałła miała pewnego dnia olśnienie. Olśnienie takie miała wcześniej cała kamienica od piwnicy po poddasze, bo wszyscy, łącznie z kariatydami, maszkaronami i małymi dziećmi, wiedzieli, że pan Korytko jest alkoholikiem. Natomiast Ałła, by się tego dowiedzieć, musiała doznać objawienia. Po prostu pan Korytko, mężczyzna równie piękny, co pijany, ukazał się jej kiedyś na schodach prowadzących z parteru na pierwsze piętro w całej krasie swej urody i pijaństwa.

- Walerianie - powiedziała Ałła po krótkiej rozmowie z owym czerwonawym Apollem - będę z tobą szczerą. Pan Korytko jest mężczyzną wielkich zalet, ale zdradzany przez żonę, popadł w straszny nałóg, który niszczy w nim wszelkie zdrowe i szlachetne instynkta. Potrzebuje silnej kobiety. Oboje wiemy, że do takich właśnie kobiet należę. Muszę się nim zająć i obudzić w nim pokłady uspiętej godności i mocy. Odchodzę. Wybacz - pogładziła go po policzku - ty poradzisz sobie beze mnie, Walerianie, poradzisz sobie w życiu. Podobnie jak ja, jesteś człowiekiem czynu. Zresztą, masz do pomocy Marfę i Olgę. Będę odwiedzać ciebie i dzieci.

I zamieszkała z panem Korytko.

Tymczasem dojechaliśmy pod filharmonię. W sam raz na drugą część koncertu.

- I co było potem? - zapytałem uprzejmie, kiedy w godzinę później wyszliśmy na świeże powietrze.

- Po czym? Zapnij się pod szyją.

- Nie, tak jest dobrze. Z panem Korytko, z Ałłą, z Walerianem.

- A, no tak. Trafił chciał, że Walerian też doznał olśnienia. W nawale codziennych obowiązków radcy prawnego Kolei Południowo-Zachodnich, w środku dnia, między prowadzeniem sprawy Koleje Południowo-Zachodnie kontra Andriej Porfirycz Ketterl a wieczorną nauką gry na skrzypcach, doznał iluminacji w pewien mroźny, styczniowy dzień. Zapnij się pod szyją. Cała kamienica, od piwnic po strych, łącznie...

- ...łącznie z kariatydami, maszkaronami, małymi dziećmi i służbą...

- ...i służbą, wiedziała, że pod numerem szóstym mieszka z mężem i dorastającą córką piękna, smutna pani Bieniecka. Doktor Bieniecki zdradzał ją od dawna na lewo i prawo, miał niesamowity urok, jeszcze na

njiju pa oblije globoka rdečica ... takrat jih je imel že krepko čez šestdeset, ona pa tam okoli dvajset. Dokler je bilo teh babnic na vsak prst, se gospa Bieniecka ni vznemirjala, toda ko se je zadovoljil z eno, pa še sosedo zapovrhu, neko Korytkovo, ooh ... takrat je razumela, da slabo kaže. Mešala jima je štrene, zamenjevala nekakšna dogovorjena znamenja, prestavljala lončke z rožami na oknu, prižigala ali ugašala svečke na okenski polici. In bila vedno bolj žalostna. To so videli vsi razen Valerijana, ki je potreboval razodetje. Nekega dne jo je srečal v pritličju. »Dovolite,« ji je ponudil roko pred izhodom iz hišne veže, »danes zelo drsi.« Lepa gospa Bieniecka pa je povzdignila proti njemu svoje žalostne oči, v katerih sta se prižgala dva safirno modra ogenjčka, in mu s ponosne višine metra in pol zabrusila: »Od Rusa? Od Rusa pa roke že ne bom vzela.« Seveda je takoj zatem že ležala na ledu, ker je zmeraj tekala, in se kar naprej prekopicovala, Valerijan pa jo je samo melanholično gledal. »Ha,« je vzkliknila, »kak kavalir pa ste, da se sploh ne potrudite, da bi mi dali roko?!« »Od Rusa? Od Rusa pa roke menda že ne boste vzeli.« Ob teh besedah se je sklonil in jo nežno dvignil.

In ko se je čez dva meseca Ala skrušena vrnila in prizadeto priznala, da se ji v gospodu Korytku ni posrečilo obuditi slojev uspravane moči in dostojanstva, ji je Valerijan odvrnil, da se seveda sme preseliti nazaj v stanovanje številka pet v prvem nadstropju, vendar pa on medtem v stanovanju številka šest skrbi za lepo in žalostno gospo Bieniecko, ki jo mož, vojaški zdravnik z ginekološko specializacijo, vsem na očeh vara z gospo Korytko.

In tako je – kot je imel navado reči Julek – beseda dala besedo, in rodila se je Pupa.

Prevedla Jana Unuk

studiach spotkałam się z nim w Warszawie, byłam akurat z przyjaciółką z liceum, przedstawiam ich sobie nawzajem, a oni się robią zupełnie czerwoni... miał wtedy dobrze po sześćdziesiątce, a ona koło dwudziestki. Póki było tych bab na pęczki, pani Bieniecka się nie przejmowała, ale jak poprzestał na jednej, w dodatku sąsiadce, niejkiej Korytkowej, oooo... to zrozumiała, że nie jest najlepiej. Mieszała im szyki, myliła jakieś umówione znaki, przestawiała doniczki na oknie, zapalała czy gasiła świece na parapecie. I smutniała coraz bardziej. Co widzieli wszyscy prócz Waleriana, który potrzebował objawienia. Któregoś dnia spotkał ją na parterze. „Pani pozwoli – podał jej ramię przed wyjściem z bramy kamienicy – dziś jest bardzo ślisko”. A piękna pani Bieniecka podniosła na niego swoje smutne oczy, w których zapaliły się dwa szafirowe ogniki, i z dumnej wysokości metra pięćdziesięciu centymetrów rzuciła mu: „Od Moskala? Od Moskala ramienia nie przyjmę”. I oczywiście, jako że zawsze biegła i była straszną wywrotką, za chwilę leżała na lodzie, a Walerian patrzył na nią melancholijnie. „I co? – krzyknęła – taki z pana gentleman, że ani pan myśli podać mi ramię?” „Od Moskala? Od Moskala pani chyba ramienia nie przyjmie?” To mówiąc, schylił się i podniósł ją delikatnie.

I kiedy w dwa miesiące później Ała wróciła skruszona, przyznając z bólem, że nie udało się jej obudzić w panu Korytko pokładów uśpionej godności i mocy, Walerian powiedział, że oczywiście może z powrotem zamieszkać na pierwszym piętrze pod numerem piątym, ale on tymczasem pod numerem szóstym opiekuje się piękną i smutną panią Bieniecką, którą mąż, lekarz wojskowy o specjalizacji ginekologicznej, ostentacyjnie zdradza z panią Korytko.

I tak – jak mawiał Julek – od słowa do słowa urodziła się Lala.

Lala

(Excerpt)

In Kiev, in a large tenement house on such-and-such Prospekt, lived three families – the Bienieckis, the Karnauchovs and the Korytkos. Their fates were closely observed, not just by the nosy neighbours, but also the Secession gargoyles with protruding lips and the busy caryatids holding up the balconies on their frail shoulders and bouquets of lilies; however well acquainted with the Secession-style intertwining of tendrils, they could not cease to wonder at the tangle of emotions they witnessed, and were always raising their eyebrows in speechless amazement until the plaster began to crumble on their foreheads.

On the first floor lived counsellor Valerian Karnauchov and his wife Alla, their two children, a nanny and a maid.

“Let’s go, let’s go,” said Granny, pinning a mother-of-pearl brooch at her throat, “we’re always late everywhere we go. Do you know,” she added, once we were on the stairs, “I inherited it from my mother? Mama was always late too.” There was a hint of pride in her voice. “Whenever she and my father were off to the theatre or a concert, at the very last minute she’d remember something – that she’d forgotten to tell Gienia something, that her dress wasn’t right, or her hat was a bit too light or a bit too dark... And if they finally did manage to get going on time, because my father had started the exodus ceremony far enough in advance, Mama would stop on the doorstep, cast an eye around the drawing room or the dining room, and suddenly be seized by the temptation to move a chest of drawers, shift a table or, worst of all, turn a carpet to the diagonal, which required lifting up all the furniture; my father would pant and groan as he uprooted first an armchair, then a sofa, while Mama commanded him with the tip of her umbrella. They always came in at the beginning of Act Two or in the second half of a concert. And once, I’ve forgotten when it was, it may have been a recital by Hofmann, no, I went to the Hofmann recital on my own, by some miracle I managed to get a ticket from some friends, just imagine, what an experience – Hofmann played so incredibly, he made some of the notes within a chord sound a tiny touch louder, I sat there riveted to my seat...” (Meanwhile we had already crossed the evening city by taxi; the driver was a bit lost, because he found himself in the middle of a dynamic narrative, but had to be content with a curt: “To the Philharmonic”, because Granny was not going to interrupt her flow) “...and I listened to all those wonderful chords, until suddenly after the interval a man in black came onto the stage and said in a sepulchral voice that the Pope had just died. And just at that point in the programme there was a sonata with a funeral march. Amazing, isn’t it?” and she turns round to face me abruptly, as if expecting me to react to this revelation with an “Oooh!” or a bit of dumb show, just as if I had never heard the whole story

before. Nothing doing. Granny goes back to her earlier theme, and the driver makes some progress in getting lost.

"Anyway, they were going out somewhere, to a concert or the opera. And once again Mama was tugging at a kilim, demanding a hammer and some nails. Father stopped and looked at her with boundless love as he said goodbye to Act One of *La Traviata* or *Norma*, took me aside and whispered: 'I remember I was once on my way out to a party with Alla. She was wearing a lovely dress made of cherry-coloured silk, with four flounces at the bottom. And as chance would have it, one of them got caught on a chair leg and the seam gave way. I said I would wait for her to change, but she just said it was a waste of time.... and riiiiip! She tore off the cherry-coloured flounce, flung it onto the chair and we were off.' "

Apart from ripping off her flounce in one sharp go Alla Karnauchov had lots of special merits. She was educated and well read, extremely intelligent and progressive, she believed in the idea of improving humanity and in liberation from oppression, she read and recited.

"What about the children?" I asked.

"The children? Well, what about them?" Granny looked at me with a patent lack of understanding. "The nanny looked after Irinka and the tutor took care of Ivan."

One day, amid all her pressing affairs Alla saw the light. The entire tenement had already seen this particular light earlier, from cellar to attic, because everyone, including the caryatids, gargoyles and little children, knew that Mr Korytko was an alcoholic. Alla however, had to experience a revelation to discover this fact. Quite simply Mr Korytko, a man as handsome as he was drunken, appeared to her one day on the stairs leading from the ground floor to the first floor in the full glory of his beauty and drunkenness.

"Valerian," said Alla after a brief conversation with the rather flushed Apollo, "I shall be frank with you. Mr Korytko is a man of great virtues, but since his wife's betrayal he has sunk into a terrible addiction, which is destroying all his sound and noble instincts. He needs a strong woman. We both know I am just that sort of woman. I must take care of him and rouse his dormant seam of strength and decency. I am leaving. Forgive me," she stroked his cheek, "you will manage without me, Valerian, you will manage in life. You are a man of action, just like me. Anyway, you have Marfa and Olga to help you. I will visit you and the children."

And she moved in with Mr Korytko.

Meanwhile we were driving up to the Philharmonic - just in time for the second half of the concert.

"So what happened after that?" I asked politely an hour later as we emerged into the fresh air.

"After what? Do up your top button."

"No, it's all right like that. To Mr Korytko, Alla and Valerian."

"Ah, yes. As chance would have it, Valerian saw the light too. In the throng of his daily duties as legal advisor for South-Western Railways, in mid-afternoon, between conducting a case for the South-Western Railways

versus Andrei Porfirych Ketterl and his evening violin lesson, one frosty January day he experienced a revelation. Do up your top button. The entire tenement, from cellar to attic, including..."

"...including the caryatids, gargoyles, little children and servants..."

"...and servants knew that at number six lived the beautiful but sad Mrs Bieniecka, with her husband and their teenage daughter. Doctor Bieniecki had been cheating on her left and right for ages, he had incredible charm – I met him when I was still a student in Warsaw, I was with a girlfriend from school that time, I introduced them to each other, and she went completely red... he was well over sixty then, and she was about twenty. As long as there were lots of these girls around, Mrs Bieniecka didn't get too upset, but when he made do with just one, and the neighbour to boot, a certain Mrs Korytko, oooh... then she realised it wasn't for the best. She kept thwarting their plans and mixing up their pre-arranged signals by moving flowerpots, lighting or putting out candles on the windowsill. And grew sadder and sadder. Which everyone could see, except Valerian, who needed a revelation. One day he bumped into her downstairs. "Allow me, Madam," he said, offering his arm before they went outside, "it's very slippery today." And beautiful Mrs Bieniecka looked up at him, with sapphire-blue fires burning in her sad eyes, and from a proud height of one-and-a-half metres she retorted: "A Russki? I cannot take the arm of a Russki." And of course, as she was always running about and falling over she was soon lying on the ice, with Valerian looking at her despondently. "Well?" she shouted. "If you're such a gentleman, aren't you going to offer me your arm?" "But I'm a Russki! Surely you can't take the arm of a Russki?" As he said this, he leaned over and gently picked her up.

And two months later when Alla came home repentant, painfully admitting that she had failed to rouse Mr Korytko's dormant seam of strength and decency, Valerian said that of course she could come and live at number five on the first floor again, but meanwhile he was looking after beautiful, sad Mrs Bieniecka at number six, whose husband, an army doctor specialising in gynaecology, was most conspicuously cheating on her with Mrs Korytko.

And so, as Julek used to say, one thing led to another and Lala was born.

Translated by Antonia Lloyd-Jones

Kristin Dimitrova je bila rojena leta 1963 v Sofiji v Bolgariji. Diplomirala je iz anglistike in amerikanistike na Univerzi sv. Klimenta Ohridskega v Sofiji, kjer predava kot docentka na Oddelku za tuje jezike. Med letoma 2004 in 2006 je bila urednica tedenske priloge časopisa *Trud* za umetnost in kulturo (*Art Trud*), leta 2007 pa kolumnistka pri dnevniku *Klasa*. Je pesnica, pisateljica, scenaristka, esejistka in prevajalka, ki je do sedaj objavila deset samostojnih pesniških zbirk, od katerih sta bili *A Visit to the Clockmaker* (Obisk pri urarju, 2005) in *My Life in Squares* (Moje življenje v kvadratih, 2010) objavljeni izključno v angleškem jeziku. Prva je izšla na Irskem, druga pa v Veliki Britaniji. Napisala je tudi roman z naslovom *Сабазий* (Sabazius, 2007), za katerega je prejela državno nagrado Hrista G. Danova za književnost, ter dve zbirki kratkih zgodb: *Живот и смърт под кривите круши* (Življenje in smrt pod ukrivljenimi hruškami, 2004) in *Тайният път на мастилото* (Skrivnostna pota črnila, 2010). V bolgarščino je prevedla izbrane pesmi Johna Donna. Za svojo poezijo je prejela pet različnih bolgarskih državnih nagrad za najboljšo pesniško zbirko leta, za prozo pa tri. Njena dela so bila prevedena v dvajset jezikov in objavljena v 24 državah.

Kristin Dimitrova was born in 1963 in Sofia, Bulgaria. She graduated in English and American Studies from the Sofia University St. Kliment Ohridski, where she currently works at the Department of Foreign Languages. She was an editor of *Art Trud*, a weekly art and culture supplement for the daily newspaper *Trud*, between 2004 and 2006, and a columnist for the daily newspaper *Klasa* in 2007. The poet, writer and translator, is the author of ten books of poetry, among which *A Visit to the Clockmaker* (2005) and *My Life in Squares* (2010) were issued in English exclusively. The first was published in Ireland, while the other was issued in the UK. She has also written the novel *Сабазий* (Sabazius, 2007), for which she was honoured with the Hristo G. Danov National Literary Award in 2008, and two collections of short stories: *Любов и смърт под кривите круши* (Life and Death under the Crooked Pear Trees, 2004) and *Тайният път на мастилото* (The Secret Way of the Ink, 2010). She also translated a selection of poems by English metaphysical poet John Donne into Bulgarian. Her poetry has won her five Bulgarian national poetry-of-the-year awards, and her fiction three. Her works have been translated into 20 languages and published in 24 countries.

Kristin Dimitrova



Foto © Mira Dimova

To, kar imam

Plevel v koritu maha z rokami
kot prvi in edini gost
na rojstnem dnevu. Druga semena
se itak niso pojavila.
Molče so odpovedala udeležbo
na sejmu preobrazb –
teza-antiteza-sinteza –
celo teze so jim ostale skrite.
Včeraj sem vrtala s prstom: ni jih bilo.
Natipala sem kaka tri ovalna telesca,
trmasto so stisnila zobe,
izbočene
spomine na perspektivo.

Plevel mi namiguje, naj molčim,
videti je užaljen.

Ne poznam njegovega imena, ne maram ga.
Pojavil se je na mestu
neprebujenih rož.
Zalivam ga.

Това, с което разполагам

В саксията буренът ръкомаха
като пръв и единствен гостенин
на рожден ден. Другите семенца
така и не се появиха.

Мълчаливо отказаха да участват
в панаира на превъплъщенията –
теза-антитеза-синтез –
дори тезите им останаха скрити.
Вчера рових в пръстта и ги нямаше.
Намерих две-три овални телца,
стиснали зъби с вкочанено упорство,
тумбести
спомени за перспектива.

Буренът ми прави знаци да мълча,
изглежда засегнат.

Не му знам името, не го обичам.
Появи се на мястото на
несбъднатите цветя.
Поливам го.

Na potovanju

Na vlaku
mi je neka Madžarka
brez prednjih zob
pripovedovala,
kako sta ji dva od treh
otrok umrla,
najstarejši sin pa

je zdaj v Ameriki –
poglejte fotografije,
to je on,
to pa je on z ženo.
Kadila je bolgarske cigarete,
pravzaprav eno samo zelo
dolgo cigareto od Budimpešte

do Bukarešte, in rekla takole:
Nimam več
za kaj živeti.
To je rekla preprosto,
jasno, mirno,
z dostojanstvom
brezzobega človeka.

Po mnenju nekega specialista

Ti gledaš tekmo,
jaz delam solato
samo zase.
Mislim, da že vem:
samota je,
ko si z nekom,
ki ni s tabo.

По време на пътуването

Във влака
една унгарка
без предни зъби
ми разказваше
как две от трите ѝ
деца умрели,
а най-големият син

сега е в Америка -
ето ги снимките,
тука е той,
тука е той с жена му.
Тя пушеше български цигари,
или по-точно една много
дълга цигара от Будапеща

до Букурещ, и каза така:
Вече нямам
за какво да живея.
Каза го просто,
ясно, равно,
с достойнството
на беззъбия.

Според мнението на един специалист

Ти гледаш мача,
аз правя салатата
само за себе си.
Мисля, че вече знам:
самотата е,
когато си с някой,
който не е с тебе.

Meja

Hčerka me je vprašala,
ali sem ji prinesla žvečilni gumi.

Rekla sem, da ji nisem,
ampak da sem zato tukaj jaz.

Negodovala je, da sem jaz eno,
žvečilni gumi pa nekaj čisto drugega.

Opozorila sem jo, da ne more
vedno nekaj pričakovati.

Popravila me je:
»Ne nekaj, ampak žvečilni.«

In čeprav je sonce sijalo
in so ptice pele, ne da bi se poslušale,

in je bila trava v parku pohlepno zelena,
je hčerka jokala kot dež.

Obstaja srečni in nesrečni svet,
med njima pa – en žvečilni gumi.

Igra

Igrala sem karte z Bogom
in pobral mi je kralja z dvojko.

- Ampak, Gospod, to ni
po pravilih – sem pomahala
s pahljačo iz kart.

- Potem pa si izmisli kakšno
pravilo – je odvrnil.

In ponovno razdelil.

*Prevedla Namita Subiotto
in Ljudmil Dimitrov*

Границата

Дъщеря ми ме попита
дали ѝ нося дъвка.

Аз ѝ казах, че не нося,
но ето ме мене тук.

Тя възрази, че аз съм едно,
а дъвката - съвсем друго.

Обърнах ѝ внимание, че не може
все да очаква нещо.

Тя ме поправи:
“Не нещо, а дъвка.”

И въпреки, че слънцето грееше
и птиците пееха без да се изслушват

и тревата в парка беше алчно зелена,
дъщеря ми плачеше като лейка.

Има щастлив свят, и нещастен,
и между тях - една дъвка.

Играта

Играехме на карти с Бог
и той цака попа ми с двойка.
- Ама Господи, според правилата
не може така – размахам аз
ветрилото си от карти.
- Тогава си измисли някакво
обяснение – отвърна той.
И раздаде наново.

What Is There at My Disposal

The weed in the pot gesticulates
like the first and only guest
at a birthday party. The other seeds
never showed up.
Silently they refused to take part
in the fair of transformations -
thesis, antithesis, synthesis;
even their theses remained hidden.
Yesterday I poked the soil around;
they were all gone.
I just found two or three round bodies
clenching their teeth in stiff tenacity,
oval
memories of an opportunity.

The weed signals me to shut up,
it looks hurt.

I don't know its name, I don't like it.
It appeared in place of the
unfulfilled flowers.
I water it.

Translated by the author

In the Train

In the train
an old Hungarian
woman without
front teeth
told me that two
of her children
had died
and her oldest son

is now in America –
these are the photos,
there he is,
this is his family.
She smoked Bulgarian
cigarettes or rather
one very long
cigarette from Budapest

to Bucharest
and she said
“Now I have
nothing to live for”.
Said it simply,
plainly, flatly,
with the dignity
of the toothless.

Translated by Gregory O'Donoghue

According to a Specialist's Opinion

You are watching
a football match.
I am making salad
just for myself.
I know already
to be lonely is when
you are with somebody
who is not with you.

Translated by Gregory O'Donoghue

The Border

My daughter asked me whether
I had brought her bubble gum.

I told her I had not
but I was there.

She objected that I was one thing
and bubble gum quite another.

I pointed out she could not always
expect something nice.

She corrected me
“Not something nice but bubble gum.”

Although the sun was doing its best
and the birds interrupted each other

and the grass in the park was greedy-green,
my daughter rained her heart out.

There is a happy world and a sad one
and bubble gum in-between.

Translated by Gregory O'Donoghue

The Game

We were playing cards with God
when he trumped my king with a two.

“But God, according to the rules
you cannot do this” I brandished
my fan of cards.

‘Then think up some
explanation’ he said.

And dealt again.

Translated by the author

Veronika Dintinjana se je rodila leta 1977 v Ljubljani. Je pesnica in prevajalka. Objavljala je v *Mentorju*, *Literaturi*, *Sodobnosti*, *Apokalipsi*, *Poetikonu*, *Lirikonu*, *Dialogih* in *Novi reviji*. Leta 2002 je bila izbrana za najboljšo avtorico Festivala mlade literature Urška. Leta 2008 je postala vitezinja Pesniškega turnirja v Mariboru, isto leto pa je osvojila tudi 6. ljubljanski pesniški slem. Leta 2008 je pri LUD Literatura izšel njen pesniški prvenec *Rumeno gori grm forzicij*, ki je na 24. knjižnem sejmu dobil nagrado za najboljši leposlovni prvenec. Revijalno je objavila prevode ameriških pesnic Louise Glück, Muriel Rukeyser in Denise Levertov, s prevodi je sodelovala pri antologiji sodobne irske poezije *Čudovita usta* (2007). Leta 2007 je v njenem prevodu izšla zbirka esejev Ursule K. Le Guin *Ples na robu sveta*. Je soorganizatorica pesniških večerov in festivala Mlade rime, ki jih na Metelkovi prireja KUD Kentaver. Živi v Ljubljani.

Veronika Dintinjana was born in 1977 in Ljubljana, Slovenia. She is a poet and translator. Selected as best young author in 2002 at the Festival of Young Literature, she has since published her poems in *Mentor*, *Literatura*, *Sodobnost*, *Nova Revija*, *Dialogi*, *Poetikon*, *Lirikon* and *Apokalipsa* magazines. In 2008 she won the Maribor poetry tournament and the 6th Ljubljana Poetry Slam. In September 2008, her first poetry collection, *Rumeno Gori Grm Forzicij* (Yellow Burns the Forsythia Bush), was published by LUD Literatura and awarded the Best First Book award at the 24th Slovenian Book Fair. As a translator, she has published poems and essays by Louise Glück, Muriel Rukeyser, Denise Levertov and Ursula K. Le Guin, and co-translated the 20th century Irish poetry anthology, *Čudovita Usta* (Marvellous Mouth, 2007). She is a founder of the Kentaver cultural society and co-organizer of the monthly poetry reading series and of the festival Mlade Rime hosted at Metelkova. She currently lives and works in Ljubljana. Her other vocation is medicine.

Veronika Dintinjana



Foto © Stanislav Lvovsky

Oranževец pred hišo je v zenitu

Poslušam odsotnost vetra med listi
in neobljudeno popoldne.

Zaradi treh stvari puščam polkna priprta,
zaradi štirih zapiram vrata.

Zaradi lune, ki razbeljena zacvrči, ko jo kovač potopi v vedro.
Zaradi jutra, ki prebledi, ko ga v obraz pogleda sonce.
Zaradi dneva, ki zardi v noč, in zaradi praga,
namesto stopinj ga bodo obrusili cvetovi.

Trije se dvigajo v nebo,
štirje so šli brez najmanjšega šuma.

Šla je gorilna nitka v žarnici,
iz glave mi je ušla prekinjena vrstica.
Skozi priprto okno se je pririnil hlad
in za mizo si je prostor našla večerja.

Štirih stvari ne morem dojeti,
treh ne pozabiti.

Oblega kamna na obali, kot otroka me je naučil
razlikovati levo in desno koleno, levo in desno stran ceste.
Bolečine, ki je bila vseobsegajoča in je minila hip zatem.
Ljubeznivega morja, vsako noč ga sanjam, čaka me pred vrati.
Podnevi pošilja galebe in druge sle po odgovor.

In drevesa, ki zahaja nad svetom.
Ni moč videti, kdo se vrtil okoli koga.

Po dolžini sence določamo smeri neba.
Po dolžini korakov, katera ura noči je.

The Orange Tree in Front of the House Is in the Zenith

I listen to the absence of wind in the branches
and to the unpeopled afternoon.

For three things I have left the window shutters open,
for four I close the door.

For the glowing moon which hisses when the blacksmith sinks it in water,
for the morning which turns pale when the sun peers in its face.
For the day which blushes into night, and for the threshold –
there will no longer be feet to shine it, only petals.

Three ascend towards the heavens,
four have left without a slightest sound.

The filament blew in the light bulb,
a distracted line has vanished from my head.
Through a half-open window the cold came in,
and supper found its place at the table.

Four things I cannot comprehend,
three I cannot forget.

The round stone on the beach which taught me as a child
to tell my right knee from my left, one side of the road from the other.
The all-encompassing pain that left me a moment later.
The kindly sea I dream of every night, that waits for me at the door,
and by day sends seagulls and other messengers for an answer.

And the tree which is setting over the world.
You cannot tell which revolves and which is still.

By the shadow's length we set the sky's directions.
By the pace's length we know the time of night.

Sprehod po Lipici ponoči

Šepetam, *Herr, es ist Zeit.*

Javor odgovarja s šelestom, pesek se drobi pod koraki.
Noč, delno oblačna, na zahodu ostanki zarje,
soj izpušnih plinov, meglica,
prhanje v konjušnici, konj v ogradi se prestopi,
prдне, kar odmeva v noč,
hotel je napol prazen, gosti spijo,
konji spijo stoje. Nekaj jih bedi,
šepetam, da se ne bi zbalі neznanіh korakov,
čas se je ustavil, ure so se sprijele v noč
brez mesečine, svetilk, nekaj svetlobe
prihaja od hotela, premalo, pogled mora seči skozi mrak,
oko se privadi, telo posluša. Med sencami
beli konji, najsvetlejša telesa poleg zvezd.
Čuti se hlad, vonj po konjskem gnoju,
jesen po poletju. Bršljan zajeda javor,
bori utirajo pot hrastu, hrast izpodriva bore,
življenje žre življenje, tako mora biti:

razumeti sosledje prehodov,
svoje mesto v njem, presega človeški delež.

Naravnost srca je vse, kar premoremo.

Svet se oblikuje v odprtinah telesa,
pod streho vek prenočim vratarje neslutениh minut.

Belec v ogradi se ozre k meni,
naslonjena na deblo kostanja ostanem
tako celo večnost. Oblak nad nama
troši spore spokojnosti. Niti samota se ne zdi
več neizbežna, žalost odpade, prehod je odprt,
skozenj se pretaka nekaj trajnejšega od besed.

Walking in Lipica at Night

I whisper, *Herr, es ist Zeit.*

The maple answers with susurrus, gravel crunches under foot.
The night, partly cloudy, in the west remains of the sunset,
glow of exhaust fumes, mist,
snorting in the stables, the horse in the enclosure steps sideways,
farts, which echoes in the night,
the hotel is half empty, the guests asleep,
the horses sleep standing up. Some are awake,
I whisper, so the unfamiliar footsteps do not frighten them,
time has stopped, the hours have amalgamated into night
with no moon, lamps, some light
comes from the hotel, not enough, the gaze has to pierce the dark,
the eye adjusts, the body listens. Among shadows
the white horses, brightest bodies apart from the stars.
You can feel the chill, the smell of horse dung,
the autumn after summer. Ivy feeds on the maple,
pines make way for oak, the oak ousts the pine,
life devours life, it is as it should be:

to understand the sequence of passages,
one's place in it, transcends the human part.

The heart's orientation is all we possess.

The world takes shape in the body's orifices,
under the roof of my eyelids I shelter doorkeepers of unsuspected minutes.

A white horse in the enclosure turns to me,
leaning against the trunk of the chestnut tree I remain
like this for an eternity. The cloud above us
scatters spores of tranquillity. Not even solitude
seems inevitable, sadness falls off, the passage is open,
something more enduring than words runs through it.

Sul campo del mare

oditi zgodaj
dokler je svetloba mehka
in se prah oklepa vodoravnic sobe
dokler diha stena skozi usta senc
in pije hlad jutra
dokler se ne odpre na stežaj
v okno in poleti
v beli strop dneva

* * *

postelja je postala tvoja šahovnica
stisnjen ob rob čakaš, da te črne figure
premagajo in jo boš smel zapustiti

predal bi partijo, če bi jo lahko
začetniki naj igrajo do konca, si me učil
prvič izgubljaš, zato gre počasi in s težavo

demenca žre figure tvojih besed
hipokampus postaja polje po bitki
sam si in ne pričakuješ okrepitev

prazne vrste se množijo, prazna polja
tvoje oči zažarijo, ko me prepoznaš
gledaš kot od daleč, zgubljaš se

pokličem te, pobožam
tako merim čas, ki nama preostaja
na tem nizkem polju do poraza

Sul Campo Del Mare

to leave early
while the light is soft
and dust clings to the surfaces
while the wall breathes through the mouths of shadows
and drinks in the morning's coolness
until it opens wide
into a window and flies off
to the white ceiling of day

* * *

your bed has become a chessboard
pressed to its edge you wait for the black pieces
to overpower you, so that you may leave it

you would concede, if it were up to you,
let beginners play to the end, you taught me
you are losing for the first time, the going is slow and difficult

dementia eats away the pawns of your words
the hippocampus is becoming a field after the battle,
you are alone and expect no reinforcements

the empty rows multiply, empty spaces
your eyes sparkle when you recognize me,
looking as from afar, you lose yourself

I call out your name, I caress you,
this is how I measure the time that remains to us
in this low field, before defeat

Vravec, skozi bolnišnično okno

Videl sem smrt,
kako je prisedla na posteljo in si sezula copate.
Pritisk mu je padel,
obraz je postal bel, ko je legla.
Oči prestrašene.
Odletel sem ven. Ker nisem imel
deleža pri njegovem življenju,
je bilo edino prav, da nimam deleža
pri njegovi smrti.
Čez pol ure sem se vrnil
po krušne drobtine,
ki so ostale od kosila.

Sv. Frančišek

rasti v nebo,
dokler ne postaneš drevo

poln prebranega dežja in prhke zemlje

kaj ti more veter,
ko se odeneš v cvetje?

neponovljivost je tvoje žezlo

ne zlato ne srebro
nista dala telesa
za mizo, za posteljo

in ko pospijo ptice v tvoji krošnji,
se ne premakneš več

abecedo znamenj zamenja molčanje

Sparrow, through a Hospital Window

I saw death
sit down beside him on the bed and take off her slippers.
His blood pressure dropped,
his face paled, as she lay down.
His eyes were frightened.
I flew out. As I did not
have a share in his life,
it was only right not to have a part
in his dying.
Half an hour later I returned
to pick up the bread crumbs
left over from lunch.

St. Francis

grow into the sky
until you become a tree

full of selected rain and crumbled soil

what can the wind do
when you dress up in blossoms

singularity is your scepter

neither silver nor gold
have given their body
for a table, a bed

and when birds in your crown fall asleep
you stir no more

silence replaces the alphabet of signs

Vaja v avtomatskem dihanju

spet pišem
opoldne, ponoči, zjutraj
vaja v avtomatskem pisanju
nizanje misli in metafor
brez odgovornosti
brez ambicije trajati

pesmi brez obešencev
brez umrlih sorodnikov
brez dišeče kože ljubimcev
rož in grmov
oropane
in prazne

neuspel poskus oživljanja
papir ne poka pod dlanmi
kakor rebra in prsnica
knjige po smrti ne zasmrdijo
držijo se jih le prah in madeži
kave ali čaja

nihče ni nenadomestljiv
ponoči sanjam, zjutraj se mi razodene
pomen: trik ni v izjemnosti, bolj enostavno je:
biti nenadomestljiv za nekoga -
ni nujno Toskana, ni nujno poletje
niti ni nujno, da traja

to je najtežje, zato vadim
vsak dih sproti

Exercise in Automatic Breathing

again I write,
morning, noon, night,
exercise automatic writing
a series of thoughts and metaphors
without responsibility
without ambition to last

poems without hanged men
without the dead relatives
without the scented skins of lovers,
flowers and bushes,
bereft
and empty

a failed attempt at resuscitation
paper doesn't crack under one's palms
like ribs or breastbone
books do not start to smell after death
they are only covered by dust and stains
from coffee or tea

no one is irreplaceable
at night I dream, in the morning the meaning is revealed
to me: the trick is not in being exceptional, it is much simpler:
being irreplaceable for somebody -
it does not have to be Tuscany, it does not have to be summer,
it does not even have to last

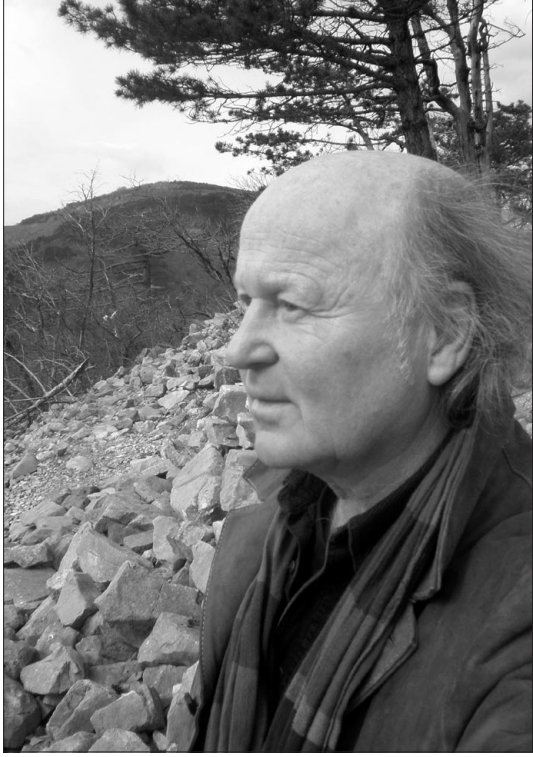
this is the hardest, so I exercise
one breath at a time

*Translated by the author
with Ciaran O' Driscoll and Rose Aasen Rojas*

Ludwig Hartinger se je rodil leta 1952 v Saalfeldnu am Steinernen Meer (Kamnito Morje) v Avstriji. Je lektor, prevajalec iz slovenščine in francoščine, pesnik, esejist, publicist, založnik in urednik, ki že več kot dve desetletji nastopa kot posrednik med slovensko književnostjo in nemško govorečimi bralci. Živi in dela v Ljubljani, Salzburgu in na Krasu. Njegovo ljubezen do slovenskega jezika so vzbudili verzi Srečka Kosovela. Od leta 1995 izdaja knjižno zbirko *RanitzDrucke* (Edition Thanhäuser), je lektor pri založbi Otto-Müller-Verlag in sourednik literarne revije *Literatur und Kritik*. Prefinjeni »tihotapec besed« objavlja eseje v nemščini, poezijo pa v slovenščini. Med njegova najpomembnejša dela sodijo prevodi slovenske poezije v nemščino: *Im Schatten der Worte* (V senci besed, 1998), *Das Wasser spricht* (Govori voda, 2000), izbor poezije Srečka Kosovela *Mein Gedicht ist Karst* (Moja pesem je Kras, 1994) in *Mein Gedicht ist mein Gesicht* (Moja pesem je moj obraz, 2004), esej o avstrijskem lesorezcu, ilustratorju in založniku Christianu Thanhäuserju z naslovom *Der LinienStifter* (Darovalec linij, 2005) in samostojna pesniška zbirka v slovenščini z naslovom *Ostrina bilk* (2006). Skupaj z Alešem Bergerjem sta uredila Kosovelove monografije *Ikarjev sen* (2004), *Izbrana pisma* (2006) in *Izbrana proza* (2008). Leta 2004 je bil nagrajen s priznanjem za posebne zasluge na področju kulturnega posredovanja, ki ga podeljuje Srednjeevropska pobuda (SEP), prejel pa je tudi Pretnarjevo nagrado s častnim naslovom ambasador slovenske književnosti in jezika.

Ludwig Hartinger was born in 1952 in Saalfelden am Steinernen Meer in Austria. The poet, translator from Slovene and French, writer, editor, and publisher has been bringing Slovene literature closer to the German speaking reader for more than two decades. He lives and works in Ljubljana, Salzburg, and the Karst region of Slovenia. His love for Slovene sprang from the verses of Srečko Kosovel. He has been publishing the *RanitzDrucke* book series (Edition Thanhäuser) since 1995, and also works as an editor for the Otto-Müller-Verlag publishing house as well as the co-editor of the *Literatur und Kritik* literary magazine. The smooth "word smuggler" publishes his essays in German and his poetry in Slovene. His works include translations of Slovene poetry into German such as *Im Schatten der Worte* (In the Shadow of Words, 1998), *Das Wasser spricht* (Water Speaks, 2000), translations of assorted poetry by Srečko Kosovel *Mein Gedicht ist Karst* (My Poem Is Karst, 1994), and *Mein Gedicht ist mein Gesicht* (My Poem Is My Face, 2004), an essay about the Austrian artist and publisher Christian Thanhäuser *Der LintenStifter* (The Donor of Lines, 2005), and a book of poetry in Slovene entitled *Ostrina bilk* (The Sharpness of the Straws, 2006). He and Aleš Berger edited three books of works (including previously unpublished texts) by Srečko Kosovel: *Ikarjev sen* (Icarus's Dream, 2004), *Izbrana pisma* (Selected Letters, 2006), and *Izbrana proza* (Selected Prose, 2008). His intercultural endeavours have won him the Central-European-Initiative-Prize (2004) and the Pretnar Award (2004) for his contributions as an ambassador of the Slovene language and literature.

Ludwig Hartinger



Ribja beseda

so v globini spomina
okna onstran izkušenj
je v bližini jezika
rok nevidljivih dotik

oblake temne pije
ves dan Kamnito Morje
črte bele v jasnica
v očeh pa sledovi glasu

in rabi tudi trsje
dež skriva izgubljeni
stavek noč na balkonu
prvi belin frfota

bajala ti je vrba
ob stopnicah pljuskal val
da ima svojo noč vsaka
sprememba ki jo čutiš
(v beli burnus skrivaš dan.)

škipala vso noč je v pokošenem senu majska cikada

sedem samujočih klopc
kakiji na godotevskem
drevesu lampijoni so
mraku ki se prizvoni

ranih podob irta si
Kras jerovica bridkih
sanj ena sama štirna
kamnita roža besed

čuješ kraško uho
pod korakom val
z vetrom zmenjeni
sinji glas z obal

veter pomladni veter
najgloblji poti spomin
v brezi veje sonce in
tebi posini korak

diham ti sanje v dan
in ponoči svit v srce

The Minnow's Word

in the depths of memory
windows beyond experience
the nearness of language
a hand's invisible touch

the Sea of Stones drank
dark clouds all day white
trails through sky clearings
and a voice's echo in the eyes

the reed also needs the
rain night conceals lost
words on a balcony
the first white butterfly

the willow divined for you
at the steps the splash of a wave
every change you feel
has its own night

(hide the day under a white hood.)

a May cricket chirped all night in the first cut grass

seven solitary benches
persimmons on Godot's
tree paper lanterns
in the ringing twilight

Karst you are the stone window
of inscapes red soil of bitter
dreams a solitary well
a stone wreath of words

Karst ear can you hear
the wave beneath my steps
the shore's azure song
in the embrace of the wind

zephyr spring zephyr
deepest memory of paths
sun in birch branches
lighten your step

I breathe dreams into your day
and at night dawn in your heart

da se včasih njen pogled
na mojih vekah ziblje
sanjarim da se na ustih
ponavlja odmeva sij

vzemi tihi list ko padaš tudi kapljo na korenišče

nedaleč od mostu se je
zasidralo jantarjevo oko
v tolmun tuintam kroži list
ne pade vsak v svojo senco

drhti in dŕhti tudi
ti ko mimo praproti
greš že jesenski a roso
nosi čez zastrti dan

skrivaj se v začetka dlan
in bližina te sanja
kako v temi že diši
tisti neovenljivi svit

sinje nebo v drevesu spi
bela žoga pod slapom
otrok je padal v tolmun
kozliček v materino mleko

ko tiho leže sneg na tire
vdeneš trajanje v šivanko besed

v sračje gnezdo že vpletena vezalkica špici blestita

v okno pade ta jesen
prah poletni z vej kapljá
in sence svoje pústi
prepletanju modrih parc

ko da v tebi tisti
veter spi tisti tihi
šum spomina srebrnih
res diafani pogled

sledovi jerovice
na cesti in ples črnih
razpok poševna slika
v čakalnici – samuje

pokima na vogalu
razhudnik. črno sito
vzemi z vek. beli balon
se ustavi nad kalom

v kamnitem srcu mežika temna školjka val ga še ziblje

and sometimes her gaze
cradles my eyelids
I imagine on the lips
an echo shimmering still

silent falling leaf take the raindrop with you down to the roots

not far from the bridge
an amber eye anchors
in a pool leaves circle
not all fall into their shadows

it trembles and you tremble
when you walk past a fern
autumnal and yet it wears
the dew in the veil of day

hide yourself in the palm of
beginning nearness dreams
you the scent of unfading
dawn in the darkness

an azure sky slumbers in the tree
a ball spins under the waterfall
the child once fell into a tolmun
a little goat into mother's milk

when the snow lies softly upon the tracks
you thread duration through the needle eye of words

a tangled shoelace shimmers in a magpie's nest

autumn falls into the window
summer dust drops from a branch
leave your shadow now
for the Fates to braid

it is as if this wind sleeps
inside of you this quiet
murmur of silver memory
wisps the diaphanous gaze

traces of red earth on
the road and the dance of
cracks a crooked picture
in the waiting room - alone

nightshade nods at the corner.
lift the black sieve from
your eyelids. a white balloon
pauses above a watering place

in the stony heart a dark shell glimmers the wave rocks it

Mutanyu
tresenja se martinček
na Velikem Zidu ne
boji volčjega dima
ni več gori le korak

le pojdi in v svoje
sence vzemi kamen
da ostane odmev
kot na dlani slovo

sence ki jo nosiš ne
poznaš kdo je komu zvest
hrepenenje tujca je -
nosiš *majhen plašč besed*

žukva že brsti v pljuskanje se kruši fliš prožen je korak

taja se neprebrano
pismo s stare čremse vej

delila sva si to noč
kožo in ribe luči

v žepu šekasti prodnik
in moli v oblak spomin

B. Š.

ko valu val utrga
morje kamen sliši
prah v jerovici diha
korenina njen let
s tihimi perutmi
beseda reši molk

prodnik ki ti greje dlan
in skriva korakov dih

dal sem ti sedem imen
šest si jih je veter vzel
z enim pa ostal je vonj
in sinji glas oblube

ustavila so se v dežja
tišini še drevesa
je tudi v pozabi Več
ki le v besedi diha

srebrno trsje
nad tolmunom šelesti
ribja beseda

Mutanyu
the lizard on the Great
Wall doesn't fear the tremor
there is no more wolf smoke
only the burning step

go and carry the stone
into your shadow
an echo will remain
in your palm like farewell

you do not know the shadow you
wear who is faithful to whom
it is the yearning of a stranger –
you wear *a small coat of words*

budding broom flysch crumbles into the lapping waves buoyant walking

an unread letter thaws from the
old branch of a bird cherry tree

that night we shared our
skin and a flickering fish

in my pocket a piebald pebble
a memory reaches for a cloud

B.Š.

when the sea tears a wave
from a wave a stone listens
to the dust a root breathes
in the red soil on silent
wings she is flying
word redeem the silence

the pebble warms your hand
and hides the breath of steps

I gave you seven names
the wind took six of them
only in the last a scent remains
the azure voice of promise

even the trees paused
in the silence of the rain
there is a More in oblivion
that only words can breathe

silver reeds
whispering above the tolmun
the minnow's word

Translated by Erica Johnson Debeljak

Enes Karić se je rodil leta 1958 v vasi Višnjevo v Bosni in Hercegovini. Leta 1981 je diplomiral na Fakulteti za islamske znanosti, leta 1982 pa na Fakulteti za politične vede v Sarajevu. Leta 1989 je doktoriral na Filološki fakulteti Univerze v Beogradu s študijo o hermenevtičnih (tefsirskih) problemih prevajanja Korana v srbski in hrvaški jezik. Med letoma 1994 in 1996 je bil minister za šolstvo, znanost, kulturo in šport v vladi Bosne in Hercegovine, med letoma 2003 in 2007 pa dekan sarajevske Fakultete za islamske znanosti, kjer predava še danes in se posveča predvsem vprašanju metodologije tolmačenja Korana. Prevajalec Korana v bosanščino (1995) je svoj položaj strokovnjaka s področja tefsira oz. hermenevtike Korana na področju jugovzhodne Evrope utemeljil s študijo *Historijsko-civilizacijski značaj mističnog tumačenja Kur'ana* (Zgodovinsko-civilizacijski pomen mističnega tolmačenja Korana), ki je bila leta 2001 objavljena v četrtem zvezku Unescove zbirke *Different Aspects of Islamic Cultures* (Različni vidiki islamskih kultur), dodeljen pa mu je bil tudi naziv Unescovega strokovnjaka. Kot predavatelj je gostoval na številnih univerzah po svetu, v študijskem letu 2003/2004 je bil gostujoči profesor na Oddelku za etnologijo in kulturno antropologijo Filozofske fakultete v Ljubljani. Kot literarni ustvarjalec se je predstavil s potopisom *Crni tulipan* (Črni tulipan, 2008) in romanom *Pjesme divljih ptica* (Pesmi divjih ptic, 2009).

Enes Karić was born in 1958 in the village of Višnjevo, Bosnia and Herzegovina. He graduated from the Sarajevo Faculty of Islamic Studies in 1981 and from the Faculty of Political Science in 1982. He earned his PhD from the Faculty of Philology at the University of Belgrade in 1989, with the thesis "Hermeneutics and Some Problems in Translation of the Holy Texts (especially the Qur'an) into Serbo-Croatian Language". He served as Minister of Education, Science, Culture and Sports in the Government of the Republic of Bosnia and Herzegovina between 1994 and 1996, and as the dean of the Faculty of Islamic Studies in Sarajevo between 2003 and 2007, where he still lectures today, focusing primarily on the methodology of interpreting the Qur'an. The translator of the Qur'an into Bosnian (1995) consolidated his status as an excellent expert in the field of tafsir or the hermeneutics of the Qur'an respectively in South-East Europe with the paper *The Significance of Sufism in the History of Islamic Civilization*, published in Book IV (2001) of the UNESCO *Different Aspects of Islamic Cultures* series. This led to him being named an expert of the UNESCO. He has delivered lectures at universities all around the world and was also a Visiting Lecturer at the Department of Ethnology and Cultural Anthropology at the Faculty of Arts in Ljubljana during the academic year of 2003/2004. He introduced himself as a man of letters with the travelogue *Crni tulipan* (The Black Tulip, 2008) and the novel *Pjesme divljih ptica* (Songs of Wild Birds, 2009).

Enes Karić



Pesmi divjih ptic

(Odlomek)

I.

Tepa, jêsen in mesečina

1.

Šestega septembra 1585 sem prišel v Sarajevo iz Mostarja, povabil me je Hasan, filozof prava, prijatelj iz carigrajskih medres, čakal me bo pred Begovo džamijo, je obljubil.

Hodim po ulicah, opogumljen zaradi srečnih dni, ki se mi obetajo. V carigrajskih medresah¹ sem preživel deset let in pet let sem študiral astronomijo v Firencah. V Sarajevu ni nikogar, ki bi bil študiral v teh dveh mestih. Malo jih zna govoriti z upanjem v slavni Koran in daljne zvezde.

Lepo je, da si študiral oboje, mi je pred tremi leti pisal moj carigrajski učitelj in vodja tekije² Semani. Dobro je, če hodiš po poteh, ki jih nisi poznal, bolje pa je vedeti, da so redki tisti koraki, ki smo jih naredili sami. Ne bodi prepričan, da boš z vnovičnim odpiranjem oči zagledal isti svet.

Hodim mimo bezistana³ in greje me toplota septembra, v meglenem spominu pa imam neki drugi september, iz leta 1570, ko me je na ladjo v Dubrovnik spremljala mati Mevlija in me predala v roke svojemu bratu Halidu Pavloviću, sodniku. (Mojega očeta Salka ni bilo, zamujal je iz Benetk.) Še zdaj, ob bezistanu, po petnajstih letih, vidim Mevljino srečo: slavna mostarska pesnica in zeliščarka Mevlija Pavlović Humo spremlja sina na pot v carigrajske medrese, oddolžuje se Bogu, ki je uslišal njene solzne molitve in storil, da je nehala rojevati mrtve otroke. Kaj sem bil jaz, na majhnem in ozkem prostoru med Mevljino žalostjo v molitvi in željo, da bi zanosila, ter vero, da ji je Bog izkazal milost, ko je rodila nebogljene mene? In kakšen je in kolikšen je moj dolg, povezan z njeno odločitvijo, da me pošlje daleč od sebe, da bi študiral stare nauke naše ljube islamske vere? V dubrovniškem pristanišču me je poljubljala in jokala, popravljala mi je srajco, kupljeno za odhod v cesarsko mesto, in me privijala k sebi. In govorila sodniku Halidu, naj pazi name (»Bom, Mevlija!«) in me drži za roko vse do Bosforja (»Vem, Mevlija!«) in me preda najboljšim učiteljem in vodjem tekije (»Zaboga, sestra, zakaj jočeš?!«). Še zdaj vidim najlepšo sliko poznega otroštva: z ladje vidim Mevljino modro ruto, takšne ni na najlepših slikah carigrajskih umetnikov. Ladja odrine, moje mostarsko platno časa preide v spomin.

Kot blisk se je izgubilo v vetru izgovarjanje kratkih poglavij Korana v džamiji iz lehnjaka na Tepi. In sedenje na kolenih pred Alunom, hodžo⁴

¹ *medresa*: muslimanska verska šola

² *tekija*: derviška hiša (samostan)

³ *bezistan*: pokrita tržnica s trgovinicami, najpogosteje z mešanim blagom

⁴ *hodža*: muslimanski duhovnik

Pjesme divljih ptica

(Odlomak)

I.

Tepa, jasen i mjesečina

1.

Šestog septembra 1585. godine došao sam iz Mostara u Sarajevo, pozvao me Hasan, filozof prava, prijatelj iz carigradskih medresa, čeka me pred Begovom džamijom, obećao je.

Idem ulicama, obodren sretnim danima koji mi idu ususret. Prošlo mi je deset godina u carigradskim medresama i pet u Firenci u učenju astronomije. U Sarajevu nema niko da je u ta dva grada učio nauke. Malo ih zna govoriti s nadanjima u Kur'an slavni i zvijezde daleke.

Lijepo je što si oboje učio, pisao mi je prije tri godine moj carigradski učitelj i šejh Semnani. Dobro je hoditi stazama koje nisi znao, ali je bolje znati da su rijetki oni koraci koje smo sami učinili. Nemoj biti siguran da ćeš novim otvaranjem očiju ugledati isti svijet.

Idem kraj bezistana ogrijan toplinom septembra, a preda mnom u magli pamćenja jedan drugi septembar, iz 1570. godine, kad me je do lađe u Dubrovniku pratila majka Mevlija i predala u ruke svome bratu Halidu Pavloviću, kadiji. (Moga oca Salke nije bilo, kasnio je iz Venecije). I sad, kraj bezistana, nakon petnaest godina, vidim Mevljinu sreću: slavna mostarska pjesnikinja i travarka Mevlija Pavlović-Humo ispraća sina u carigradske medrese, odužuje dug Bogu, Koji se sažalio njenim suznim molitvama i dao da prestane radati mrtvu djecu. Šta sam tu bio ja, na neznatnom i uskom prostoru, između Mevljine tuge u molitvi i želje da zatrudni, i vjere da joj Bog iskazuje svoju milost kad je mene nejkak rodila. I kakav je, i koji, moj dug spram njene odluke da me pošalje daleko od sebe, da učim stare nauke naše mile islamske vjere? U dubrovačkoj luci ljubila me i plakala, popravljala mi košulju kupljenu za odlazak u carski grad, i privijala uzase. I kadiji Halidu govorila da me pazi („Hoću, Mevlija!“) i drži za ruku sve do Bosfora („Znam, Mevlija!“), i preda najboljim učiteljima i šejhovima („Pobogu, sestro, zašto plačeš?!“). I sad mi je u očima najljepša slika poznog djetinjstva: sa lađe vidim Mevljinu plavu mahramu, takve nema na najljepšim slikama carigradskih umjetnika. Lađa se pokreće, moje mostarsko platno vremena prelazi u sjećanje.

Kao munjin sijev iščezlo je u vjetar sricanje kratkih poglavlja Kur'ana u sedrenoj džamiji na Tepi. I sjedenje na koljenima pred Alunom, hodžom pustolovom (koji je proglašavao nevjernicima sve koji su tvrdili da je Zapadna Indija laž, a Novi Svijet istina!). U Mostaru mi je ostao zvon Kur'ana iz nerazumljiva jezika, semitskog i arablanskog, u grozdovima je stizao iz viših svjetova, dalekih nedodina. U tim riječima mostarsko djetinjstvo je kratak odsanjan san, ili dva sna, šetnja djetinjim nogama posred osunčanih

pustolovcem (ki je imel za nevernike vse, ki so trdili, da je Zahodna Indija laž, Novi svet pa resnica!). V Mostarju je ostal zven Korana v nerazumljivem jeziku, semitskem in arabskem, v grozdih je prihajal iz višjih svetov, daljnih, daljnih daljav. V teh besedah so mostarsko otroštvo kratke odsanjane sanje ali dvoje sanj, sprehod z otroškimi nogami po s soncem obsijanih rožnih vrtovih, v katerih nisem poznal imena nobene cvetlice! Ramazani so se spuščali z modrih nebesnih brezen, poljubljali obraze lepih mladeničev in deklet, včasih po lestvi iz mesečine!

Hodim mimo bezistana in z vso gotovostjo vem: če Mevlijin sin ne bi odšel iz Mostarja na študij, morebiti ne bi nikoli izvedel za Boga kot grožnjo, kot obveznost, kot zasedo! Na Tepi je bila njegova vera stkana iz neba, vedrega in modrega, do besed pospremljena z glasom hodže Aluna, spremenjena v izvirsko vodo, da bi pogasila žejo suhih jeter.

V Dubrovniku sem se v sedemkratnem polsnu poslovil od Tepe in matere Mevlije, ob krikih galebov kot prič in lesketanju valov ob obali. Stala je, dokler ladja ni izplula, kot priča uresničenosti svoje radosti, ker me pošilja v cesarsko mesto in v velike medrese na koncu daljne poti, za nekaj morji. Ladja se je oddaljevala, ljubi modri trak je bil vse manjši, vse neznatnejši, kakor je penasta razpoka na vodi postajala širša.

Mevlija je bila kot njene krhke rastline, ki smo jih nekoč sušili na mostarskem dvorišču: marčevka, mlečnica, pelin, sladič, vrednik ali iva ... imena sem si zapomnil po posebni lepoti, ki jo je mati ohranjala s skrbnimi rokami. Na ladji sem izgovarjal imena zelišč, naučil sem se jih pred njo, skrbno, kakor sem si zapomnil vrstice iz Korana pred Alunom. Z ladje sem vpil nekaj podobnega kot: Zbogom, Mevlija! Ali: Vidiva se v Mostarju! Ali: Srečala se bova v hladu dvorišča, čez leto ali dve ...

Moder trak, modra pika me ni več slišala. Z vogalom modre rute si je otirala solze.

Sodnik Halid je videl, da hlipam.

»Poslušaj, fant, jočeš! Pa bi rad v Carigrad! Ne sramotiš samo sebe, temveč tudi mene! Poglej tistih sedem lepih Dubrovčank, gledajo te in se smeji, pravijo: Fant, umiva pa se s solzami!«

Sodnik Halid je rekel samo to, našel je najini mesti, na skrivaj dvakrat srknil iz posode z žganjem in zaspal.

2.

Hodil sem po uličicah proti bezistanu in Baščaršiji, še malo, pa bom pred Begovo džamijo, z dobrodošlico me je pozdravil vonj kuhane koruze, nove rastline, še vedno sramežljive gostje v naši deželi.

Kakšnih štirideset let je, kar so jo trgovci iz Zahodne Indije prinesli v italijanske in neverne dežele (leta 1535 je njeno seme na Stolačkem polju posejal Orhan Dubravić, potomec Dabiživa in praded Šakirja Dubravića, mojega znanca iz carigraskih medres). Na začetku je bilo zrn malo, kolikor je šlo v pest desne roke Orhana Dubravića, kakšnih sto, podaril mu jih je

ružičnjaka u kojima nijednom cvijetu nisam znao ime! Ramazani su se spuštali iz plavih nebesnih bezdana, cjelivali lica lijepih mladića i djevojaka, ponekada niz merdevine od mjesečine!

Idem kraj bezistana i znam jamstvom svim: Da Mevlijin sin nije iz Mostara otišao na nauke, možda nikad ne bi saznao za Boga kao prijjetnju, kao obavezu, kao zasjedu! Na Tepi mu je vjera bila satkana od neba, vedra i plavetna, ispraćena do riječi glasom hodže Aluna, pretvorena u izvorsku vodu, da ugasi žeđ suhoj jetri.

U Dubrovniku sam se, u sedmerostrukom polusnu, rastao od Tepe, i majke Mevlije, uz krike galebova kao svjedoke i ljeskanje valova o obalu. Stajala je dok lađa ne isplovi, svjedočila javu svoje radosti što me šalje u carski grad i velike medrese na kraju dalekog puta, iza nekoliko mora. Lađa je odmicala, draga plava travka bila je sve manja, sve nezatnija što je pjenasta rasjeklina na vodi postajala šira.

Mevlija je bila kao njeno krhko bilje koje smo nekad sušili u mostarskoj avliji: ožujka, sijerčica, pelinka, sladnica, ivanjska trava... imena sam zapamtio po zasebnoj ljepoti koju je majka držala brižnim rukama. Na lađi sam sricao imena travki, naučio sam ih pred njom, s pažnjom, kao što sam pamtio kur'anske retke pred Alunom. Sa lađe sam dovikivao nešto, kao: zbogom Mevlija! Ili: vidimo se u Mostaru! Ili: srešćemo se u hladovima avlije, za godinu ili dvije ...

Plava travka, plava tačka više me nije čula. Rogljem plave mahrame potirala je suze.

adija Halid je vidio da ridam:

- Slušaj ti, momče, plačeš! A hoćeš u Carigrad! Hajde što sramotiš sebe, već i mene! Eno, tamo, sedam lijepih Dubrovčanki, gledaju te i smiju se, kažu: momak, a umiva se suzama!

Kadija Halid je rekao samo to, našao naša mjesta, kradom potegao dva-put iz rakijskog bardaka, i zaspao.

2.

Išao sam sokacima prema bezistanu i Bašçaršiji, uskoro ću pred Begovu džamiju, dobrodošlicom me pozdravio miris varenih kukuruza, nove biljke, još uvijek stidnog gosta u našoj zemlji.

Ima četrdeset godina kako su je iz Zapadne Indije trgovci donijeli u italijanske i kaurske zemlje (1535. godine u Stolačko polje njeno sjeme posadio je Orhan Dubravić, potomak Dabiživa i pradjed Šakira Dubravića, moga poznanika iz Carigradskih medresa). Zrna je u početku bilo malo, koliko je stalo u šaku desne ruke Orhana Dubravića, sve u svemu stotinjak, dobio ih je na dar od jevrejskog trgovca na glavnom trgu u Veneciji. Kukuruz se primio i u Bosni, odmah, rastao je tanji i sitniji, sirota biljka je oklijevala i škrto se pomaljala ispod tuđeg neba, ustravljena pod planinskim visovima na koje se nebesa uskogrudo naslanjaju dok pokazuju blijede plavetni u oštrim rubovima. Na rijetkim župnim mjestima je nepoznata

neki židovski trgovec na glavnem trgu v Benetkah. Koruza se je prijela in je v Bosni takoj zrastle tanka in drobna, uboga rastlina je oklevala in se počasi vzpenjala pod tujim nebom, prestrašena pod planinskimi vrhovi, na katere se nebo ozkosrčno naslanja, ko kaže blede modrino v ostrih robovih. Na redkih prisojnih mestih je neznana rastlina pogumno pokazala visoka zelena stebela s plodovi zlato rumenih semen. Drugje, na ozkih osojnih njivah, se je žalostno posušila, vendar so jo, revico, tudi tam obrekovali.

3.

Proti koncu pomladi leta 1568 (ravno sem bil dopolnil deset let) so na našem dvorišču na Tepi o koruzi razpravljali pomembni ljudje, sedeli so v krogu, bili so resni, pod skorjastim jesenom in širokimi prameni mesečine (kakor da sem tudi zdaj obsijan z njimi).

Prišli so vsi mostarski imami⁵ in vodje tekij, mati Mevlija, priznana pesnica in zeliščarka, jim je natakala čaj iz divje trave, ki je prezimila na podveleški burji in soncu.

»Neznana koruzna rastlina prihaja iz neznanih krajev,« je začel hodža Zarkan Alun, »prihaja iz neverne dežele, poganske in daljne, iz daljne, daljne dežele, ki še krščanska ni! Njene tuje očetnjave, za mnogimi morji, ni niti malo ogrela svetloba naše islamske vere in ne ve se, ali bo, kdaj bo in kdo bo odnesel njeno večno svetlobo v neznano deželo, v daljno samoto. Ni porazno to, da dandanes ne vemo, da je naše cesarstvo utrujeno in z vsakim dnem vse šibkejše (in izgublja dežele, ki jih je imelo dolga stoletja), temveč to, da prav nihče ne opozarja, kaj tujega in neznanega vsak dan prihaja v cesarstvo! So neznanke o koruzi nevarna napoved, slaba novica o nastopu pomora nosečnic, da se nam tako bliža konec?«

Zihni efendija⁶ Kuskunović, preiskovalec hamzevijske stranpoti v humskih deželah, je ošinil Zarkana Aluna, malo pokašljal in z obema rokama prijel svojo palico ter jo zabadal predse, ko je pred vsako izgovorjeno besedo iskal nekakšno središče pred očmi.

»Alun! Koruza je rastlina kakor vsaka druga! Trava kot trava, žito kot žito! Prej nismo vedeli zanj, pa tudi ono ni vedelo za ta revna tla! Mar so tudi rastline iz neverne dežele neverniki?! Mar gre upati, da rastline iz rojstnega kraja islama kličejo k molitvi?! Izogibajmo se sumničenjem, bratje! Izogibajmo se nepotrebnim dvomom, še posebej tistim in o tistem, o čemer nismo slišali niti ene zanesljive novice. Nobene ovire ni, da na naših njivah ne bi sejali koruze!«

Kuskunović je govor končal pobožno, z glasom, ki upa in se nada strinjanja.

Prevedla Đurđa Strsglavec

⁵ *imam*: muslimanski duhovnik, ki vodi molitev in kliče k njej

⁶ *efendija*: naziv muslimanskega duhovnika ali versko izobraženega muslimana

biljka hrabro pokazala visoke zelene stabljike, ponijele plodom zlatnožutog sjemena. Drugdje, na tjesnim osojnim njivama, tužno se skorjenila, ali i tamo su je sirotu ogovarali.

3.

S kraja promaljeća 1568. godine (tek sam bio napunio deset godina) u našoj avliji na Tepi o kukuruzu su raspravljali važni ljudi, sjedili su ukруг, ozbiljni, ispod korastog jasena i širokih pramenova mjesečine (kao da sam i sad njima obasjan).

Došli su svi mostarski imami i šejhovi, majka Mevlija, od svih priznata pjesnikinja i travarka, napajala ih je čajem od krasnolista koji je preko godinio na podveleškoj buri i suncu.

- Neznana kukuruzna biljka dolazi iz nepoznatih krajeva - počeo je hodža Zarkan Alun - stiže iz nevjerničke zemlje, paganske i daleke, nedodijete koja čak nije ni kršćanska! Njene tuđe zavičaje, iza mnogo mora, nije nimalo ogrijalo svjetlo naše islamske vjere, a ne zna se da li će, kad će, i ko će donijeti njeno vječno svjetlo u nepoznatu zemlju, u daleku zabit. Pogibeljno nije da mi današnji ne znamo da se naše carstvo smara i svakim danom slabi (i gubi zemlje koje je držalo stotinama godina), već od toga više da baš niko ne upozorava šta to svakim danom tuđe i nepoznato u carstvo stiže! Jesu li nepoznanice o kukuruzu opak nagovještaj, zlovijest o nastupanju pomora trudnica, da nam se tako prikuči kraj?

Zihni ef. Kuskunović, istražitelj hamzevijske stranputice u Humskim zemljama, pogledao je ispod oka Zarkana Aluna, nakašljao se jednom ili dvaput, potom je objema rukama prihvatio svoj štap i zabadao ga ispred sebe, zakratko tražeći nekakvo središte pred očima prije svake izgovorene riječi.

- Alune! Kukuruz je biljka kao i svaka druga! Trava k'o trava, žito k'o žito! Prije nismo za njega znali, a ni ono nije znalo za ovo posno i bosno tlo! Zar i biljke iz nevjerničke zemlje smatrati nevjernicima?! Zar se nadati da biljke iz postojbine islama uče ezane?! Kanimo se sumnjičenja, braćo moja! Klonimo se nepotrebnih dvojbi, naročito onih i o onome o čemu nismo čuli nijednu pouzdanu vijest. Nema smetnje, ni zapreke, da sijemo kukuruz na našim njivama!

Kuskunović je besjedu završio pobožno, glasom koji se nada i traži slaganje u mišljenju.

Songs of Wild Birds

(Excerpt)

I.

Tepa, Poplars and Moonlight

1.

On the sixth of September, 1585, I came from Mostar to Sarajevo. Hasan, a law professor, my friend from Constantinople madrasas, invited me. He promised he would wait for me in front of Begova Mosque.

I go through the streets, heartened by the happy days that meet me. I spent ten years in Constantinople madrasas and five in Florence studying astronomy. In Sarajevo there is no one who has studied in those two cities. Few know how to speak with hopes in the glorious Koran and in the stars far away.

It's good that you studied both things, my Constantinople teacher, Sheik Semnani, wrote to me three years ago. It is good to walk roads you did not know before, but it is better to know that we alone take very few steps. Don't expect to look at the same world with newly opened eyes.

Warmed by hot September, I go by *bezistan*, and before me, in the fog of memory, is another September from 1570 when my mother Mevlija accompanied me to a boat in Dubrovnik and handed me over to her brother, *Qadi* Halid Pavlović. (My father Salko wasn't there, because he arrived late from Venice.) And now, by the *bezistan*, after fifteen years, I see Mevlija's happiness: the renowned Mostar poetess and herbwoman Mevlija Pavlović-Humo sees her son off to Constantinople madrasas, paying back her debt to God, to whom she lamented in tears and who granted her prayer that she cease bearing stillborn children. There I was in that unknown and narrow place between Mevlija's sadness in prayer and longing to be pregnant, and her faith that God would show her mercy when she bore me, weak. And what exactly is my duty to her decision to send me far away to learn the ancient studies of our dear Islamic faith? In the Dubrovnik port, she kissed me and cried, straightening the shirt bought for my departure to the Emperor's city. Clinging to me she told Qadi Halid to take care of me ("I will, Mevlija!"), to hold my hand all the way to the Bosphorus ("I know, Mevlija!"), and to hand me over to the best teachers and sheiks ("For God's sake, sister, why are you crying?!"). And now in my eyes is the most beautiful picture from late childhood: from the boat I see Mevlija's blue headscarf; there is not such a beautiful image in any of the most beautiful paintings of Constantinople artists. The boat departed, my Mostar canvas of time crosses over into memory.

Like a flash of lightning the articulate recitation of verses from the Koran in the travertine mosque in Tepa disappeared into the wind. And kneeling before Alun, the adventurous *hodža* (who declared all infidels

who claimed that the West Indies was a lie; the New World is the truth!), in Mostar I hear the ringing of the Koran in an incomprehensible language, Semitic and Arabic, clusters of sounds from different worlds, from far away never-never lands. In those words my Mostar childhood is a short-dreamed dream, or two dreams, walks on child legs in the middle of rose gardens, in which I knew not the name of any flower! Ramadans descended from sky-blue abysses, kissing the faces of young boys and girls, sometimes along a ladder of moonlight.

I go by *bezistan* and I know one thing for sure: If Mevlija's son had not left Mostar to study, maybe he never would have discovered God as a threat, as a duty, as an ambush. In Tepsa his faith was poured from the sky, clear and blue, accompanied word for word by *Hodža* Alun's voice, transformed into spring water, quenching the thirst of a dry throat.

In Dubrovnik, at the seventh stroke of half-sleep, I separated myself from Tepsa, from mother Mevlija, with the cries of seagulls as witnesses and the shimmering of waves on the shore. She stayed until the boat sailed away, taking in the grim reality of the joy that she was sending me to the Emperor's city, to great madrasas at the end of a long trip, through several seas. The boat moved away, the dear blue blade of grass grew smaller and smaller, all the more unknown as the foamy breaking of the water grew more expansive.

Mevlija was like the fragile plants that we tried to raise long ago in our Mostar garden: march, sorghum, wormwood, malt, St. John's wort...the names I have remembered by the special beauty my mother created with her caring hands as she cared for them. On the boat I recited the names of grasses; I had learned them from her, carefully, just as I had memorized Koranic passages under Alun's tutelage. From the boat I called out something, like: Goodbye, Mevlija! Or: We'll see each other in Mostar! Or: We'll meet in the shade of the garden in a year or two...

The blue blade of grass, the blue dot, no longer heard me. She wiped her tears away with the corner of her blue headscarf.

Qadi Halid saw that I was sobbing.

"Listen, boy, you're crying! And you want to go to Constantinople! Come on, why are you shaming yourself, and now even me! Look, there, seven beautiful Dubrovnik girls are looking at you, laughing at you, saying: a boy, and bathing himself in tears!"

Qadi Halid said only that, found our places, surreptitiously took two swigs from his brandy bottle and fell asleep.

2.

I went through the streets towards *bezistan* and Baščaršija; I would soon be in front of Begova Mosque, warmly welcomed by the smell of boiled corn, a new plant, still a shy guest in our land.

Forty years have passed since merchants brought it from the West Indies to Italian and infidel lands (In 1535, in Stolačko Polje, its seed was planted by Orhan Dubravić, descendant of Dabiživ and great-grandfather of Šakir

Dubravić, my acquaintance from Constantinople madrasas). The beginning was small; all that was held in Orhan Dubravić's right fist, in total about a hundred kernels, had been given to him as a gift by a Jewish merchant at the main square in Venice. Corn also took to Bosnia immediately, growing thinner and smaller, the poor plant hesitating and stingily raising itself under the foreign sky, horrified by the mountain heights which the heavens narrowly rested on while showing pale blue along their sharp edges. In few, fertile places the unknown plant courageously exhibited green stalks and bared golden-yellow kernels. Other places, in dense tilled fields, it weakly rooted itself, but even there it was poorly gossiped about.

3.

As 1568 appeared (I had just turned ten), in our garden in Tepsa important people sat in a circle discussing corn, serious, under a crusty poplar and large streaks of moonlight (so bright, as if I still were illuminated by them). All the Mostar imams and sheiks came, as did mother Mevlija, recognized by all as a poetess and herbwoman. She filled them up with daisy tea which had come of age in the Podveleshki gale and sun.

"The unknown corn plant comes from unknown lands," began *Hodža Zarkan Alun*, "It is from a faithless land, a Pagan and distant never-never land, which isn't even Christian! Its foreign home, over much sea, has not been warmed in the least by our Islamic faith, and it is unknown if and when anyone will bear Islam's eternal light to this unknown land, to that far away backwards place. It is not dangerous that we today don't know that our empire is growing tired and getting weaker every day (and losing land which it has had for hundreds of years), but hardly anyone warns us that the foreign and unknown is coming to our empire! Were the unknown facts about corn a wicked premonition, a bad omen for the onset of a stillborn epidemic, a sign that the end is approaching?"

Zihni effendi Kuskunović, an investigator of Hamzevi heretics in Hum lands peered out from narrowed eyes at Zarkan Alun. He coughed slightly once or twice, then he took his cane with both hands, stabbing it down before him, quickly looking for some sort of invisible focal point before each spoken word.

"Alun! Corn is a plant like any other! Grass is grass, grain is grain! Earlier we didn't know about it, neither did it know about this frugal and naked land! Do you consider plants from infidel lands infidels?! Do you hope that plants from native lands of Islam say *azans*?! We should steer clear of doubting, brothers! We should avoid unneeded uncertainty, especially concerning things for which we have heard no confirmed information. There are neither handicaps nor hindrances if we plant corn in our fields!"

Kuskunović piously finished his speech with a voice that appealed for consensus in thought.

Translated by Florence Graham

Blaže Minevski se je rodil leta 1961 v Gevgeliji v Makedoniji. Diplomiral je iz novinarstva na Univerzi sv. Cirila in Metoda v Skopju. Je pisatelj, dramatik, scenarist in novinar *Nove Makedonije*. Dela tudi kot urednik založniškega sektorja v Narodni in univerzitetni knjižnici sv. Klimenta Ohridskega v Skopju. Njegova najpomembnejša dela so romani: *Балкан за деца* (Balkan za otroke, 1996), *Требаше да се сликаме пред да се замразиме* (Morali bi se fotografirati, preden smo se zasovražili, 1998), *Приказна за третиот* (Zgodba o tretjem, 2003) in *Нишан* (Tarča, 2007), za katere je prejel najvišje državne nagrade za prozo: nagrado Staleta Popova, makedonski roman leta in nagrado 13. november mesta Skopje. Objavil je tudi pet zbirk kratke proze: *Солзи во очите на тате* (Solze v očkovih očeh, 1984), *Ниски вежби* (Nizke vaje, 1988), *Заседи за белиот сон* (Vdori v beli sen, 1992), *Ледно око* (Ledeno oko, 1996) in *Сезона на глварките* (Sezona regrata, 2001). Za slednjo je prejel Racinovo priznanje za najboljšo prozno delo leta 2001. Kot plodovit pisec odrskih del je največ priznanja kritikov in občinstva požel z dramami *Крик* (Krik, 1991), *Лулка* (Zibelka, 1992), *Женски прилог за нокта* (Ženski prispevek k noči, 1993), *Подготовки за добра смрт* (Priprave na dobro smrt, 1994) in *Немушит јазик* (Zaumni jezik, 2000). Omenjene drame so z drugimi njegovimi že leta 2000 izšle tudi v skupni zbirki z naslovom *Бивши луѓе* (Nekdanji ljudje). Njegova dela so bila v okviru številnih antologij prevedena v deset jezikov.

Blaže Minevski was born in 1961 in Gevgelija, Republic of Macedonia. He obtained a degree in journalism from the Ss. Cyril and Methodius University in Skopje. He is an author, playwright, screenwriter, and a journalist at the *Nova Makedonija* newspaper. He also works as editor of the publishing department at the National and University Library "St. Kliment Ohridski". His most important works are the novels *Балкан за деца* (Balkan for Children, 1996), *Требаше да се сликаме пред да се замразиме* (We Should Have Taken a Photo before We Started Hating Each Other, 1998), *Приказна за третиот* (A Story about a Third Party, 2003) and *Нишан* (The Target, 2007), which have won him several prizes, such as the Stale Popov Award, the Macedonian Novel of the Year Award, and the "13th November" Award of the City of Skopje. He has also written five books of short stories: *Солзи во очите на тате* (Tears in Daddy's Eyes, 1984), *Ниски вежби* (Low Exercises, 1988), *Заседи за белиот сон* (Ambushes into the White Dream, 1992), *Ледно око* (An Icy Eye, 1996) and *Сезона на глварките* (Dandelion Season, 2001). The latter won him the Racin Award for the best book of prose in 2001. A prolific author of stage works, he has achieved both critical and fan acclaim for plays such as *Крик* (The Shriek, 1991), *Лулка* (The Cradle, 1992), *Женски прилог за нокта* (The Female Contribution to the Night, 1993), *Подготовки за добра смрт* (Preparations for a Good Death, 1994), and *Немушит јазик* (Dumb Language, 2000). These and all his other plays have been published as a collection under the title *Бивши луѓе* (Ex-People, 2000). As part of several anthologies, his work has been translated into ten languages.

Blaže Minevski



Clay se ne boji vampirjev

Tovariš Clay je poskakoval v ringu, tovariš Frazier pa je slonel v kotu in čakal, da se dvoboj končno začne; na pečki iz prerezanega soda so se pekli kostanji. Vsi, ki so sedeli naokrog, so imeli rdeče oči, najverjetneje zaradi ognja, ki se je svetlikal skozi vratca. Z rokami so tu in tam obračali kostanj, ne da bi umaknili pogled s črnega ambasadorja, edinega televizorja v vasi. Kupili so ga z denarjem od vaškega kostanja in ga postavili v eno od sob propadle kmečke zadruge. Kakorkoli že, bilo je že okrog dveh ponoči, tako da se je med kostanjem obračal tudi glas sove, ki je čepela nekje v zvoniku za oknom. Eden od prisotnih, mislim, da Klavec, je prisluhnil skovikanju, zazelhal in zamrmral, da se tudi vampirji zbirajo pred vrati, da bi vstopili. In tedaj je vstopil Sosed, nakar so se vsi zasmejali in zacepetali z nogami: »Prebil ga bom, še preden bo Gospod za to izvedel,« je rekel Clay in skočil v vogal ringa. Televizor je kot strela v daljavi osvetljeval pajčevino po vogalih, črni pod in nosove moških v sobi. Vsi so bili odrasli, le jaz sem bil otrok. Na vse pretege sem se boril s spancem, oči so se mi same zapirale zaradi utripajočega zaslona ali zaradi toplote iz pečke. Za živo glavo nisem smel zaspati, pa ne zato, ker bi se bal, da bom zamudil dvoboj, temveč zato, da mi ne bi ušel Sosed, ki je prišel gledat dvoboj v temno modri obleki kot za na poroko. Ko sem ga zagledal, sem se takoj pomiril. Brez njega si nisem mogel niti zamisliti, kako se bom vrnil domov ob tej nočni uri, saj je bilo treba čez cerkveno dvorišče in potem tudi čez pokopališče: »Če si velik, ne moreš biti skromen,« je rekel Clay in dvoboj stoletja se je začel. S svojimi močnimi nogami je preprosto plesal po ringu, Frazier pa se je najprej trudil, da bi ga ujel, da bi ga potem poskusil udariti. Nekajkrat mu je roka zletela v prazno, Clay pa se je samo nasmehnil in ga še naprej ciljalo le v glavo. Roke je držal sproščeno, saj je zaupal nogam. Boksati je začel pri dvanajstih, ko so mu ukradli kolo. Tudi jaz imam dvanajst let, sem si rekel, ljudje okrog pečke pa so naenkrat zamrmrali, vzeli po en kostanj in ga začeli lupiti, ne da bi gledali vanj. Jaz tega nisem znal; kostanj sem lahko olupil le, če sem ga gledal, ampak če bi gledal hkrati kostanj in Clay, bi mi lahko Sosed tačas ušel. A kakšen moški sem in kakšen boksar bom postal, čeprav me že zdaj kličejo Clay, če priznam, da se bojim sam domov in da bi raje, da greva skupaj. Sosed bi zagotovo povedal vsem, oni pa bi se začeli smejati in opletati z jezikom okrog vročega kostanja. Seveda mu tega ne bom povedal, vendar bom takoj, ko bo vstal on, vstal tudi jaz in stopil za njim. Čisto slučajno bova odšla skupaj. In ne bom hodil z njim, temveč bom tiho stopal nekaj metrov za njim, kot da sem se čisto slučajno odpravil malo kasneje iz zadruge. On se ne bo ozrl, saj je naglušen, jaz pa bom prispel domov kot mož, ne da bi prosil za spremstvo skozi temo. Poleg tega pa sploh ni tako temno, luna sveti, kot bi bil dan, sem si rekel, Clay pa je skočil in tresnil Frazierja po gobcu. Frazierju se je očitno malce stemnilo pred očmi in sodnik je preštel do deset, da bi se mu spet zdanilo. Nato se je dvoboj nadaljeval, kot bi se začel nov dan.

Клеј не се плаши од вампири

Другарот Клеј скока во рингот, а другарот Фрејзер стои навален во аголот, чекајќи мечот конечно да почне; на кумбето од пресечено буре се печат костени. Сите што седат околу него, имаат црвени очи, најверојатно од огнот што светка низ вратичето. Со рацете повремено ги тркалаат костените, гледајќи постојано во црниот “амбасадор”, единствениот телевизор во селото. Го купија со пари од селските костени и го сместија во една од просториите на пропаднатата земјоделска задруга. Како и да е, веќе беше околу два часот по полноќ, па низ костените се тркалаше и гласот на утката, стуткана негде во камбанаријата зад прозорецот. Заслушан во утката, еден од присутните, мислам Касапот, просевајќи се промрмори дека и вампирите се собираат пред вратата за да влезат. И тогаш влезе Соседот, па сите се насмеаја тупкајќи со нозете: “Ќе го претепам пред Господ да дознае за тоа”, рече Клеј скокајќи во аголот од рингот. Телевизорот како далечна секавица ја осветлуваше пајажина по кошињата, црниот под и носовите на луѓето во просторијата. Сите беа возрасни, само јас бев дете. Иако очите сами ми се затвораа од трепкањето на телевизорот, или од топлината на кумбето, сеедно, никако не смеев да заспијам. Не затоа што се плашев да не го пропуштам мечот, туку затоа што внимавав да не ми замине Соседот што дојде облечен во тевет костум, како за свадба. Кога го видов, веднаш се успокоив. Без него не можев ни да замислам како би се вратил дома во таа доба на ноќта, знаејќи дека мора да се помине низ дворот на црквата, а потоа низ гробиштата: “Кога си голем, не можеш да бидеш скроман”, рече Клеј и мечот на столетието почна. Со своите снажни нозе, тој едноставно танцува по рингот, а Фрејзер се обидува најпрво да го стигне а дури потоа да проба да го удри. Неколкупати раката му летна во празно, а Клеј само се насмеа и продолжи да го гаѓа само во главата. Гардот го држи сосема спуштен, затоа што им верува на нозете. Почнал да боксува на дванаесет години, кога му го украде велосипедот. И јас имам дванаесет, си вела, а луѓето наредени околу кумбето одеднаш промрморија, зеда по еден костен и почнаа да ги лупат без да гледаат во нив. Јас не знаев како се прави тоа; јас можев да ги чистам само ако гледам во костенот, но, ако гледам во него и во Клеј истовремено, може да се случи Соседот да замине. А каков маж сум јас, и каков боксер еден ден ќе бидам, а веќе ме викаат Клеј, кога би му рекол дека ми е страв да си одам сам, дека сакам да си одиме заедно. Сигурно тој би кажал на сите, а тие ќе почнат да се смеат, префрлувајќи ги жешките костени со јазикот. Нема да му кажам, се разбира, но штом ќе стане тој, ќе станам и јас, па кога тој ќе тргне да си оди, ќе тргнам и јас по него. Случајно ќе си тргнеме заедно. И нема да одам со него, туку тивко ќе одам неколку метри зад него, како да сум тргнал сосема случајно малку подоцна од задругата. Тој нема да се сврти, зашто малку е наглув, а јас ќе стигнам дома како маж, без да молам некој да ме испрати во темницата. Освен тоа и не е толку темно; месечината свети како ден, си реков а Клеј скокна и го чукна

Minilo je nekaj rund, ko je gong nenadoma rešil Clay pred knockoutom, jaz pa sem se spet zdramil, odprl oči in uspel pograbititi zadnji kostanj, pozabljen v temi. Dim se je vračal skozi reže, tako da je bila soba zadimljena do stropa. Prisotni so pokašljevali, Sosed, ki ga nisem smel izpustiti izpred oči, pa je mirno sedel na drugem koncu sobe, ob zidu. Nenadoma je, čeprav ga ni nihče nič vprašal, skočil s stola, obstal in se začel smejati ter mahati z rokami, z očmi, uprtimi v televizor: »Tovariš Frazier, če si vampir, in vem, da si, potem mu popij kri, izsesaj ga, da se ne bo več spomnil, od kod prihaja,« je zavpil in spet mirno sedel v zrak, misleč, da je sedel na stol. Ali pa se je meni samo tako zazdelo zaradi dima. Za trenutek je bilo vse tiho, grozno tiho, kot da bi se tudi komentator zmedel in obmolknil, kot da ne bi vedel, kdo je kdo v ringu. Tedaj se je spet oglasila sova iz zvonika nasproti okna, Klavec pa je skočil s stola, pljunil in se obrnil k Sosedu, držeč roko med nogami: »Pri kurcu prisežem! Clay se ne boji vampirjev!« In naenkrat so se vsi začeli smejati, naenkrat pa so se tudi vsi prenehali smejati, kot bi jim nekdo izključil kabel: Frazier je Clayu primazal eno levo v brado, da je slednji poškilil v televizor znamke Ambassador, se malo stresel, kot bi ga zazeblo, potem pa dvignil rokavice, jih obrisal ob hlačke, nekajkrat poskočil kot čez kolebnico in od daleč nenadoma Frazierju sploščil obraz; za hip sem pomislil, da ima tovariš Frazier med rameni rokavico namesto obraza. Potem je Clay spet začel poskakovati po ringu, Frazier pa ga loviti, da bi mu vrnil. Medtem ko sta plesala po ringu, sem ponovno pogledal v Soseda, ki je enakomerno trkal s pestjo po zidu, da bi zmedel tovariša Clay. Očitno je samo on navijal za Frazierja, kajti vsakič, ko je Frazier udaril Clay, je skočil s stola in si mencial roke, kot da si jih umiva. Naslednja runda je minila brez udarcev; tovariš Clay je sam plesal po ringu, tovariš Frazier pa je samo stresal roke, saj so mu drevenele od visokega garda pred nosom. Tej je sledila runda, v kateri sta se objemala, se odbijala od ograje in se spet objemala. Poslušal sem, kako bobni pečka zraven mene, kako me boža po obrazu, in spet so se mi zaprle oči; dremal sem in poslušal, kako komentator jeclja in kako Sosed bobna po zidu, potem pa se je od nekod pojavila babica in začela šepetati, da bi me, kot vedno, uspavala z zgodbo o mrličih; babica je namreč rada pripovedovala o mrličih, kot da so živi. Govorila je, da je treba vsakemu mrliču polivati vodo okrog groba, narediti je treba krog, zapreti grob, da ne bi mogel duh preko vode. Štirideset dni je treba polivati vodo naokoli, da ne bi prišel ven duh in hodil okrog, kot da je živ, je govorila. »Vampir se pojavi ponoči,« je govorila babica in me uspavala, »od polnoči,« je govorila, »do prvih petelinov. Podnevi ostane v grobu, ponoči pa pride ven; ponoči hodi naokoli, kot da je živ, ampak ni živ, ker nima sence. Človek ima senco, vampir pa nima, ljubček ...,« je rekla. »Zaspal je!« je dodala, jaz pa sem v trenutku odprl oči in skočil s stola, ravno ko so vstali tudi vsi drugi. Klavec je pljuval, kot bi si bil zgrizel brke, iz žepa je privlekel nekakšen denar in ga izročil Sosedu. »Jebem ti tega tvojega Clay, jebem ti mater, ki ni mešala in te je zažgala!« je rekel in ugasnil televizor s palico, s katero je ponavadi tepel krave, preden jih je zaklal. Sosed je stal ves nasmejan na vratih: z levo roko si je dvigal hlače, z desno pa si je gladil brado z denarjem, ki mu ga je dal Klavec; drugi so molče

Фрејзер во муцката. Очигледно на Фрејзер малку му се стемни, па судијата изброја до десет за да му се раздени. Потоа мечот продолжи како да почнал нов ден.

Поминале неколку рунди, кога гонгот одеднаш го спаси Клеј од нокаут, а јас пак се расонив, ги отворив очите и успеав да го грабнам последниот костен заборавен во темното. Нешто го враќаше чаdot низ спојките на кумците, па сабата беше зачадена до таванот. Присутните поткашлуваа, а Соседот, кој не смеев да го испуштам од око, спокојно седеше на другиот крај, до сидот. Оdedнаш, иако никој ништо не го праша, рипна од столчето, постоја така во воздухот, па почна да се смее и да мавта со рацете гледајќи во телевизорот: "Друже Фрејзер, ако си вампир, а знам дека си вампир, испиј му ја крвта, исцицај го, да не се сеќава на себе", викна и спокојно си седна во воздухот мислејќи дека седнал на столчето. Или, можеби, мене така ми се пристоори од чаdot. За миг беше сосема тивко, ужасно тивко, дури и коментаторот како да се збуни, како да не знаеше што е "пума", а што "рима" на гакички во рингот, па замолча. Тогаш пак се јави утката од камбанаријата спроти прозорецот, но скокна Касапот од столчето, плукна и се сврти кон соседот држејќи се меѓу нозете: "Жими куров! Клеј не се плаши од вампири!" И одеднаш сите почнаа да се смеат, но одеднаш и сите престанаа да се смеат, како некој да им го исклучил гајтанот од струјата: Фрејзер му стегна една левучка во брадата, па Клеј разроко погледна од телевизорот марка "Амбасадор", малку се затресе, како да му застуди, па ги крена ракавиците, ги избриша од гаките, подрипна неколкупати како да скока со јаже и оддалеку ненадејно му го испегла лицето на Фрејзер; за миг помислив дека другарот Фрејзер има ракавица наместо лице меѓу рамената. Потоа Клеј повторно почна да скока по рингот, а Фрејзер го бркаше за да му врати. Додека танцуваа по рингот, јас повторно погледнав во Соседот, а тој рамномерно чукаше со тупаница во сидот за да го збуни другарот Клеј. Очигледно само тој навиваше за Фрејзер, зашто секогаш кога Фрејзер ќе го удреше Клеј, Соседот потскокнуваше од столчето триејќи ги рацете како да се мие. Следната рунда помина без удирање; другарот Клеј танцуваше сам по рингот, а другарот Фрејзер само ги тресеше рацете, затоа што му се здруваа од високиот гард пред носот. По неа дојде рундата во која се гушкаа, се одбиваа од јажињата и пак се гушкаа. Слушав како баботи кумбето до мене, како ме гали по лицето и пак ми се затворија очите; дремејќи слушав како пелтечи коментаторот и како Соседот тупка во сидот, а потоа однекаде се јави баба и почна да шепоти, да ме успива со приказната за мртовците, како секогаш; баба ужива да раскажува за мртовците како да се живи. Вели дека на секој мртовец му се тура вода околу гробот, се прави круг, за да се затвори гробот, да не може духот да излезе преку водата. Четириесет дена се потура гробот со вода наоколу, за да не излезе духот да се шета како жив, вели. "Вампирот се појавува ноќе, вели баба, ме успива, од полноќ, вели, до првите петли. Денски тој останува во гробот, а ноќе излегува; ноќе шета како жив, а не е жив, оти нема сенка. Човекот има сенка, вампирот нема, бабе..., вели, Заспа!" додава, а јас во истиот миг ги отворам очите и скокнувам од столчето токму кога сите стануваат. Касапот само потплукнува како да ги

odhajali v temo, saj niso mogli verjeti, kaj se je zgodilo s tovarišem Clayem v prvem dvoboju s Frazierjem; mar mu je Frazier resnično izpil kri!? Potem je Sosed stopil proti cerkvi, jaz pa sem mu sledil, ampak na razdalji, da ne bi pomislil, da se bojim. Šla sva mimo cerkve, šla sva mimo pokopališča, zavila pri edinem drogu s svetilko v vasi in prišla na stezico, ki se je vila proti najinima hišama. Bila je polna luna, videti je bilo kot podnevi. Sosed pred menoj se je smejal z rameni. Ko je prišel na ravno, je zavil desno, se za hip ustavil, zavil vrat, kot da prisluškuje, pomislil sem, da se bo obrnil, on pa se je nekam čudno zasmeljal z glavo in rameni hkrati, pogledal v luno in stopil naprej proti dvorišču. Še nekaj korakov je imel do vrat, ko se je nenadoma ustavil, se obrnil in se zasmeljal, ampak brez glasu, samo usta je odprl ter dvignil glavo, kot bi hotel ugrizniti mesec. Tedaj sem videl, da nima sence. Pritekel sem do doma in kdove koliko časa s hrbotom podpiral vrata, da ne bi vstopil za mano.

Bilo je že poldan, ko sem se zbudil. Nikogar ni bilo doma, le babica je nekaj brkljala po rožicah, ki si jih je bila posadila pred hišo, da bi se imela ob jutrih s kom pogovarjati. Nihče ni vstajal tako zgodaj kot ona. Umil sem se pri pipi, ko je prišla s šopkom v roki. Umila se je, si povezala ruto, pobrala šopek in me pogledala: »Sosed je umrl sinoči ob polnoči; nisem šla bedet k njim; danes pa ga bodo zakopali,« je rekla, se prekrižala in odšla v sosednje dvorišče. Stal sem kot uročen skoraj dvanajst rund, potem sem se obrnil okrog sebe in odrevenel: moje sence ni bilo nikjer! Prestrašen sem se hotel skriti pod napušč, se prilepiti ob zid, ko pa sem naredil korak, sem ugotovil, da je poldan in da se mi je senca skrila pod stopala.

Prevedla Namita Subiotto

изгризал мустаќи, вади некаква пара и му ја подава на Соседот: “Бами ти Клејот, бами ти мамичето што не мешало, па те прегорело!” вели и го исклучува телевизорот со стапот со кој ги тепа кравите пред да ги заколи. Соседот стои озабен на вратата: со левата рака си ги поткрева панталоните, а со десната си ја мазни брадата со парата што му ја даде Касапот; другите молчејќи излегуваат во темнината; не им се верува што се случи со другарот Клеј во првиот меч со Фрејзер; зарем Фрејзер навистина му ја испи крвта!? Потоа Соседот тргна по патчето крај црквата, а јас одев зад него, ама подалеку, за да не помисли дека се плашам. Ја поминавме црквата, ги поминавме гробиштата, свртевме кај единствената бандера со светилка во селото па излеговме на врвицата што се качуваше кон нашите куќи. Беше полна месечина, се гледаше како ден. Соседот пред мене се смешкаше со рамениците. Кога стигна на рамото, скршна десно, малку подзастана, го свитка вратот како да наслушнува, помислив дека ќе се сврти, но тој некако чудно се насмеа со главата и рамениците одеднаш, погледна во месечината и продолжи кон дворот. Му требаа само неколку чекори за да ја отвори портата, но тој одеднаш застана, се сврти и ми се насмевна, ама без глас, само ја отвори устата, кревајќи ја главата како да сака да ја гризне месечината. Тогаш видов дека нема сенка. Трчајќи влегов дома, и којзнае колку време со грбот ја потпирав вратата за да не влезе.

Беше веќе пладне кога се пробудив. Сите беа негде заминати; само баба чепкаше нешто во цвеќињата што ги имаше насадено под стреата за да си зборува со нив наутро. Никој не стануваше толку рано како неа. Веќе се имав измиено на чешмата, кога таа дојде со букет во раката. Се изми, ја преврза шамијата, го зеде цвеќето и ме погледна: “Соседот умрел сношти, на полноќ; не отидов на бдеење; денес ќе го закопаат”, рече како да се правда, се прекрсти и замина низ капицикот во соседниот двор. Стоев како маѓепсан речиси дванаесет рунди, па се свртив околу себе и се стаписав: ја немаше мојата сенка! Преплашен сакав да се пикнам под стреата, да се залепам до сидот, но кога пречекорив сфатив дека е пладне и дека сенката ми се скрила под стапалата.

Clay Is Not Afraid of Vampires

While Comrade Clay was jumping around the ring, comrade Frazier leaned back in the corner waiting for the fight to finally begin; chestnuts were roasting on the stove made from a cask cut in two. Everybody sitting around was red in the eyes, most likely from the fire glistening through the gate. Now and again they turned the chestnuts over with their hands, without looking away from the black 'Ambassador', the only television set in the village. It had been bought with the money from village chestnut trees and mounted in one of the rooms of the disintegrated cooperative. Be that as it may, it was around 2 in the morning, no less, so the hoot of the owl perched somewhere in the church tower facing the window was whirling together with the chestnuts. One of the assembled men, Slaughterer, I believe, listened to the hooting and murmured with a yawn that vampires too were gathering at the door in order to enter. At that moment Neighbour walked in, which made everybody laugh and stomp their feet: "I'm so fast I could hit you before God gets the news!" said Clay and jumped into a ring corner. The TV-set illuminated the spider webs in the corners, black floor and the noses of men in the room like lightning in the distance. All were grown-ups, I was the only child. I was fighting sleep with all my might but my eyes were closing of their own accord, as a result of either the blinking screen or the warmth of the stove. I was not to fall asleep for the life of me, for fear of missing not the fight but the departure of Neighbour who came to watch the fight in a dark blue suit, just as he would for a wedding. When I saw him I was instantly reassured. Without him I could not fathom the thought of returning home at this late-night hour, as to do so one needed to cross first the churchyard and then the cemetery: "It's hard to be humble when you're as great as I am," said Clay and the fight of the century began. While he was simply dancing around the ring on his strong legs, Frazier was struggling to first catch up with him and then hit him. His fist struck air a few times, which only made Clay smile and continue to aim for nothing but his opponent's head. Clay's arms were relaxed for he had trust in his legs. He took up boxing when he was twelve and his bike was stolen. I too am twelve, I said to myself as the men around the stove murmured suddenly, took a chestnut each and started to peel it without looking at it. I couldn't do it; I could only peel a chestnut while looking at it, but if I had set my eyes on both, the chestnut and Clay, Neighbour might have gotten away in the meantime. However, what kind of a man was I and what kind of boxer was I to amount to - even though they called me Clay as it was - if I was to admit my fear of walking home alone and stated my preference for the two of us to leave together? Surely, Neighbour would be telling everybody, which would make them laugh and backbite among the hot chestnuts. So naturally I wouldn't tell him that but as soon as he stood up to leave I would get up myself and follow him out. We would leave together

by pure coincidence. And I wouldn't walk parallel to him but rather quietly tread a few metres back as if I'd left the cooperative a moment after him by pure coincidence. He wouldn't turn back, being hard of hearing and all, and I should arrive home as a man, without having requested escort through the darkness. Besides, it's not all that dark, the moon is shining bright as day, I told myself, just as Clay jumped and punched Frazier in the mouth. It seemed that Frazier's vision had gotten a little cloudy and the referee was counting to ten in order for it to brighten back up. After that the fight continued as if a new day had dawned.

A few rounds went by, and then suddenly Clay was saved from a knockout by the bell; I roused again, opened my eyes and managed to get hold of the last chestnut, forgotten in the dark. The smoke was re-entering through the cracks so that the room was filled up with it to the ceiling. Those present were coughing slightly; Neighbour, whom I was not to let out of my sight, was calmly sitting by the wall at the other end of the room. All of a sudden, even though nobody had asked him anything, he jumped from his chair, stopped short and began to laugh and swing his arms with his eyes glued to the TV-set: "Comrade Frazier, if you're a vampire, and I know you are one, then drink his blood, suck him up, so that he'll forget where he's coming from!" he yelled and calmly sat back down in midair, thinking he had sat in the chair. Or at least it seemed so to me because of the smoke. For a moment everything went quiet, horribly quiet, as if the commentator himself had been left speechless in bewilderment, as if he had forgotten who was who in the ring. At that moment the owl from the church tower facing the window gave another cry, and Slaughterer jumped from his chair, spat and turned to Neighbour with his hand between his legs: "I swear on my dick! Clay is not afraid of vampires!" At once everyone burst into laughter, but at once they cut it off again as if their cable had been unplugged: Frazier landed a left hook to Clay's chin so that the latter squinted at the 'Ambasador' and shuddered slightly as if he had had the chill; he then raised his gloves, wiped them on his shorts, did a few jumps as if skipping rope, and then suddenly flattened Frazier's face from a distance; for a brief moment I thought that comrade Frazier had a glove between his shoulders instead of the face. After that Clay began jumping around the ring again, and Frazier chased him in order to pay him back. While they were dancing around the ring I took another look at Neighbour, who was knocking on the wall steadily with his fist in order to puzzle comrade Clay. Apparently he was the only one rooting for Frazier: each time Frazier hit Clay he jumped from his chair, rubbing his hands together as if washing them. The next round went by without a punch; comrade Clay was dancing solo around the ring, and all comrade Frazier did was shaking his hands as they were numb from the constant high guard in front of his nose. This was followed by a round in which they hugged, bounced off the ropes, and hugged some more. As I was listening to the rumble of the stove next to me caressing my face, my eyes closed once more; I was drowsing, listening to the stuttering commentator and the Neighbour's drumming on the wall, when

Grandma appeared out of nowhere and started whispering a story of the dead in order to lull me to sleep as she always did; for Grandma used to tell stories of the dead as if they had been alive. She used to say that water should be poured in a circle around the grave of every deceased, and that the grave should be sealed so that the ghost couldn't cross the water. One should pour water around the grave for forty days so that the ghost wouldn't come out and wander around as if still alive, she said. "A vampire appears at night," Grandma said when lulling me to sleep, "during midnight and the first cock. In the daytime it remains in the grave but at night it comes out; at night it walks about as if alive yet it's not alive as it casts no shadow. Humans cast shadow but vampires don't, my dear..." she said. "He's asleep," she added, and at that instant I opened my eyes and jumped out of my chair just as everybody else was getting up. Slaughterer, spitting as if trying to chew off his own moustache, reached in his pocket, took out some money and gave it to Neighbour: "Fuck you and your fucking Clay and your mother who didn't stir and made you a burn-out!" he said and turned off the TV with the same stick he used for hitting cows before slaughtering them. Neighbour stood by the door with a broad smile: with his left hand he was holding up his pants, in his right one he held the money which Slaughterer had given him and stroked his chin; the others were silently heading off into the darkness in disbelief over what had just happened to comrade Clay in his first fight with Frazier; had Frazier indeed drunk up his blood!? After that Neighbour headed towards the church and I followed him, but at a distance, so that he wouldn't think that I was afraid. We passed the church and then the cemetery; we made a turn at the only streetlight pole in the village and reached the path that led to our homes. The moon was full, one could see just like in the daytime. Neighbour in front of me was laughing with his shoulders. When he reached the flatland he made a right turn and then stopped for an instant twisting his neck as if eavesdropping; it made me think that he was about to turn, but instead he laughed a rather strange laugh with both his head and shoulders, looked at the moon and proceeded towards the courtyard. When he was just a few steps away from the door, he suddenly stopped, turned around and laughed his noiseless laugh, merely opening his mouth and raising his head as if trying to bite the moon. At that moment I realised that he cast no shadow. I came running home and must have stood with my back against the door for god knows how long so that he wouldn't have followed me in.

I didn't wake up before noon. There was nobody home, only Grandma was bustling about her flowers which she had planted in front of the house in order to have a conversation partner in her morning exchanges. Nobody was up as early as her. I had just washed at the faucet when she arrived with a bunch of flowers in her hands. She washed, tied her kerchief, picked up the flowers and looked at me: "Neighbour died at midnight last night; I didn't attend the wake; and he's about to be buried today," she said, made the sign of the cross and proceeded towards the yard next door. I stood spellbound for nearly twelve rounds, and then turned

round and round, dumbfounded: my shadow was nowhere to be seen! Terrified, I felt the desire to hide below the jutting roof and paste myself to the wall, but when I made the first step I realised that it was noon and that my shadow lay hidden below my feet.

Translated from the Slovene by Manja Maksimovič

Salvatore Niffoi se je rodil leta 1950 v Oraniju v osrčju Sardinije, kjer živi in dela še danes. Znan je tudi kot Karrone, po vzdevku, ki ga je dobil že kot otrok zaradi razlikovanja od drugih Niffoiev in zaradi prepričanja, da človek, ki nima vzdevka, tako rekoč ne obstaja. Študiral je moderno književnost na Filozofski fakulteti Univerze v Rimu in pri profesorju in vplivnem literarnem kritiku Carlu Salinariju diplomiral iz sardinske narečne poezije. Več let je na srednji šoli v Oraniju poučeval književnost. Kot avtor je debitiral leta 1999 z romanom *Il viaggio degli inganni* (Potovanje prevar), temu pa so sledili še *Il postino di Piracherfa* (Poštar iz Piracherfe, 2000), *Cristolu* (2001) in *La sesta ora* (Šesta ura, 2003), izdani pri založbi Il Maestrale. Od leta 2005 pa so pri založbi Adelphi izšli njegovi romani: *La leggenda di Redenta Tiria* (Legenda o Redenti Tirii, 2005), *La vedova scalza* (Bosa vdova, 2006), za katerega je prejel nagrado Premio Campiello, *Ritorno a Baraule* (*Vrnitev v Baraule*, 2007), ki je pri založbi Modrijan izšel letos tudi v slovenskem prevodu Veronike Simoniti, *Collodoro* (Zlatovrat, 2008), ki ga je pisatelj leta 1997 sicer že izdal v samozaložbi, *Il pane di Abele* (Abelov kruh, 2009) in *Il bastone dei Miracoli* (Palica čudežev, 2010). Njegova dela so prevedena v francoščino, nemščino, nizozemščino, španščino, angleščino in slovenščino.

Salvatore Niffoi was born in 1950 in Orani, in the heart of Sardinia, Italy, where he still lives and works to this day. He is also known as “Karrone”. He was given this nickname as a child in order to distinguish him from the other Niffois, and because of the firm belief that a man without a nickname basically does not exist at all. He studied modern literature at the Faculty of Letters at the University of Rome, where he graduated in Sardinian dialect poetry under distinguished professor and influential literary critic Carlo Salinari. After graduating, he spent several years teaching Italian literature at the local secondary school in Orani. His authorial debut came in 1999 with the novel *Il viaggio degli inganni* (The Travel of Scams), which was followed by *Il postino di Piracherfa* (Piracherfa’s Postman, 2000), *Cristolu* (2001), and *La sesta ora* (The Sixth Hour, 2003), all published by the Il Maestrale Publishing House. Since 2005, the Adelphi Publishing House has published his novels: *La leggenda di Redenta Tiria* (*The Legend of Redenta Tiria*, 2005), *La vedova scalza* (The Barefoot Widow, 2006), for which he received the Premio Campiello Literary Award, *Ritorno a Baraule* (Return to Baraule, 2007), which was translated into Slovene by Veronika Simoniti and published by the Modrijan Publishing House earlier this year, *Collodoro* (All about Collodoro, 2008), which he had previously self-published in 1997, *Il pane di Abele* (The Bread of Abel, 2009), and *Il bastone dei Miracoli* (The Baton of Miracles, 2010). His work has been translated into French, German, Dutch, Spanish, English, and Slovene.

Salvatore Niffoi



Foto © Basso Cannarsa

Vrnitev v Baraule

(Odlomek)

2.

»Oh joj, dohtar muj! Starost je hujša od soli, kožo lepi na kosti in jo otrdi kot od koz ogrizeno gradnovo lubje. Tista septembrska sobota se je naznanjala s ponorelim soncem, ki je cepetalo za pohabljenimi sencami hribov Is Pramas. Kupa penečega se ognja, ki se je počasi začela kotaliti proti morju. 'Slabo znamenje,' je rekla moja gospa, si z jezikom ovlažila konico kazalca in se pokrižala. 'Slabo znamenje!' je tiho in mrmraje ponovila. 'Ponoči sem sanjala, da si lovil miši namesto cipljev. Debele in luskaste miši, s kačo namesto repa.' – 'Naj ogenj požge tvoje sanje!' Bel kostum, ki se je razprostrt sušil, se je navzel vonja po noči, po obledelih skalah in strniščih, kvašenih od vlage. Povoהל sem ga kot nekaj živega, ko je na razkopenem dvorišču risal obris kratkonogega otroka. Starost je hujša od soli, spominom natakne očala, včasih se ti zdi, da vidiš tudi tisto, česar nisi še nikoli videl. Odkar je prišel kino, pa se mi zdi, da imam v možganih filmski trak, ki se odvija po svoje, brez operaterja in ročice ... Oprostite, če sem nevljuden, nisem se še predstavil: Mariolu Saliu, nekoč lovec na ciplje, zdaj lovec na spomine.«

Carmine Pullana je šele čez nekaj časa ugotovil, da se v vasi samo stari laični prior bratovščine svetega Salvatoraja in kruljavec s steklenim očesom lahko pohvalita, da se spominjata otroka, vrženega v morje. In prvega je zdaj imel pred sabo: njegov obraz je bil zloščena bakrena plošča z zglaženim reliefom, ki mu je dajal obliko nosu in vilaste brade. Na roki, ki mu jo je oni ponudil, je bilo videti, kje mu pod kožo tečejo žile, nabrekle in temne kakor korenine. V žarničastih očeh je skrival bolečino otroka, ki se kesa, da je odrasel.

»Preden sem zapustil kraj in šel v vas, sem poljubil prapor s svetnikovo podobo: držal sem ga, ker sem bil takrat prior. Čipke na pozlačenem blagu so se lesketale kot naša polja spomladi. Te slike ne pustijo, da bi jih kdo naslikal, veste, te stvari je Stvarnik iznašel samo za nas. To je gotovo naredil zato, da bi mu oprostili, ker nas je pustil sredi tega trstičevja in ozkih cest, ki vodijo zmeraj v isti kraj: v nič. Vi ne veste, kaj pomeni, če se rodiš tukaj. Za ped odstrižene hlače, preluknjane spodnjice, vročina, da bi jo lahko prodajali v peklu, in vonj po ribah od glave do peta. Oprostite, če tako predrzno govorim, ampak pri mojih letih se človek pootroči in mišice zapiralke delajo po svoje.

Noč pred poroko sva s Cadirino Olleri, mojo gospo, obrala vse vrtnice v soseščini, da bi nabrala koš cvetnih listov. Od vode v koritu na dvorišču je vel vonj, ki je bil močnejši od vonja po morju, dišala je po karameliziranem sadju, po kutinah, ki jih obesijo, da dozoriijo. Naslednjega večera sva se kopala, dokler niso psi začeli lajati na zadnje pijance, ki so bruhali

Ritorno a Baraule

(Un brano)

2.

«Ohi, ohi, dottore meu! La vecchiaia è peggio della salsedine, incolla la pelle alle ossa e la indurisce come scorza di leccio addentata dalle capre. Quel sabato settembrino si annunciò con un sole imbizzarrito che scalpitava dietro le ombre monche delle colline di Is Pramas. Una coppa di fuoco spumeggiante che prese a rotolare lentamente fino al mare. “Brutto segno!” disse la mia signora inumidendosi la punta dell’indice con la lingua per farsi il segno della croce. “Brutto segno!” ripeté borbottando a voce bassa. “Questa notte ho sognato che pescavi topi al posto dei muggini. Topi grassi e squamosi, con un serpente al posto della coda”. “Che il fuoco li bruci i tuoi sogni!”. Il costume bianco steso ad asciugare aveva preso l’odore della notte, odore di scogli slavati e di stoppie fermentate dall’umidità. Lo annusai come una cosa viva mentre disegnava nello sterrato del cortile la sagoma di una creatura con le gambe corte. La vecchiaia è peggio della salsedine, mette gli occhiali ai ricordi, e a volte ti sembra di vedere anche quello che non hai mai visto. Da quando è arrivato il cinema, poi, mi sembra di avere una pellicola nel cervello, che se la gira per conto suo, senza operatore né manovella... Perdoni la maleducazione, non mi sono ancora presentato: Mariolu Saliu, una volta pescatore di muggini, adesso pescatore di ricordi».

Ce ne aveva messo di tempo, Carmine Pullana, a scoprire che in paese solo un vecchio priore laico della confraternita di San Salvatore e uno sciancato con un occhio di pietra vantavano memoria di quella creatura abbandonata in mare. E adesso il primo ce l’aveva di fronte: il volto una lastra di rame lucidato, con rilievi bruniti a sagomargli il naso e il mento a furchidda. Nella mano che quello gli porse si vedevano le vene scorrere sottopelle, gonfie e scure come radici. Dentro gli occhi a lampadina nascondeva il dolore di un bambino pentito di essere diventato grande.

«Prima di partire dal paese verso il villaggio baciai la pandela con l’icona del Santo: la tenevo io, perché a quell’epoca ero il priore. I ricami sul panno dorato brillavano come i nostri campi in primavera. Quadri che non si lasciano dipingere da nessuno, sa, roba che il Creatore ha inventato solo per noi. L’avrà fatto per farsi perdonare, perché ci ha dimenticati in mezzo a questi canneti e a queste stradine che portano sempre allo stesso posto: il nulla. Vostè non sa cosa vuol dire nascere qui. Pantaloni sforbiciati un palmo, mutande bucate, caldo da poterne vendere all’inferno, e odore di pesce dalla punta dei piedi ai capelli. Perdoni se parlo così alla garibaldina, ma alla mia età si torna bambini e gli sfinteri vanno per conto loro.

«La notte prima del matrimonio, io e Cadirina Olleri, la mia signora, avevamo piluccato tutte le rose del vicinato per farne una cesta di petali. L’acqua del vascone che c’era nel cortile esalava un profumo più forte di

v kahle. Heja! Ne boste mi verjeli, toda ko sva v postelji počela tiste stvari, se mi je zdelo, da voham samo ciplje in botargo.¹

Tudi ko se mi je rodil prvi sin, Bastianeddu, tisti, ki zdaj dela v ribarnici, sem zavohal smrad po očiščeni ribi, blatu in močvirju. Cadirina je bila tam, z razkrečenimi nogami, utapljala se je v znoju. Od strehe so se odbijali gromi, ki so ušli ognjenim jezikom strel, napihovali stene z zamolklimi zvoki, podobnimi na soncu posušenemu trstju, in se metali ob tenke šipe, da so tresketale. Triiii, triiii, tresk! Kremplji sestradanih galebov, ki se ti vtisnejo v spomin. Oh, spomin! Bolje bi bilo, če bi ga tistega dne izgubil. Imel sem še dvanajst otrok in nobeden me ni klical 'Tatek muj!', nobeden me ni vikal, samo tikali so me, kot bi hoteli vame kaj pljuniti. Z mano so zmeraj ravnali kot s krastačo. Pa kaj boš? Ti božček! Revček! Budalo mavrsko! S takimi strupenimi besedami so mi začinili življenje. Zrasli so osem pedi, vendar s srcem v denarnici. S kamnitim srcem, prekleti naj bojo, tudi če so kri moje krvi.

Ampak pustimo to, vi ste prišli zaradi nečesa drugega, kajne? Radi bi izvedeli o tistem nesrečnem otroku, za katerega nekateri pravijo, da so ga na dan procesije pred natanko šestdesetimi leti videli med skalami. Ko je prišel boter Tittinu Barketa zadnji do vaške cerkve, me je potegnil na stran in mi povedal, da je videl, kako se je prikazala iz vode ta brezoblična stvar, ki je bila videti kot odrt kunec, rdeča spužva, prepojena s krvjo, hobotnica, ki je posrala žolč. In ki se je na vse pretege drla. Boter Tittinu, ki je vedno tekkel ob strani, ker je imel drisko, čeprav se je basal z opuncijami, in da mu ne bi stopali na občutljive noge, je edini videl ta prizor in upočasnil tek, se ustavil in si ga ogledal. Bilo mu je čisto jasno. 'Boter Mariò,' mi je rekel, 'tisto je bil majhen kristjan, nikogaršnji otrok, ki ne bi smel h kropilnici!' Ko je to rekel, je bil čuden, bel kot platno njegovega kostuma, in oči so se mu cvrle kakor ocvirki v masti. Jaz, dragi doktor, mu nisem preveč verjel; boter Barketa so ga klicali, ker je potoval bolj z domišljijo kot pa po morju. Ampak rekel sem si: rajši se grem sam prepričat.

K vaški cerkvi svetega Salvatoreja (tisti, kamor v soboto zjutraj prinesejo svetnika, saj veste, ne?) sem se pripeljal z vozom, kar je sramota za prvega praporščaka, ampak imel sem otečeno nogo, potemnelo kot sadež črnega trnja. Oslica je vlekla korake proti soncu, ki se je še naprej tiho kotalilo proti morju. 'Slabo znamenje, slabo znamenje!' je žebrajoč ponavljala Cadirina, ki je imela v očeh še zmeraj debele miši iz sanj. Skratka, ko sem prišel k skalam, o otroku ni bilo več ne duha ne sluha. To je zaradi svetnika in sonca, sem si rekel. V daljavi se je morje nakodralo in veter je proti pristanišču Ospai gnal barko, ki je imela škrlatna jadra. 'Takah jader pa še nisem videl,' sem rekel Cadirini. Ona je molila in opazovala brazdo žive modrine, ki morje ločuje od lagune. Kar naenkrat ji je rožni venec padel na krilo in izvil se ji je krik, da je žival zbežljala. 'Stoj, za božjo voljo!' – 'Daj, daj! Zdaj sanjaš že z odprtimi očmi?' Oči si je zakrila z robcem in stegnila roko proti prvemu robu ribnika. 'Tamle, tamle, glej! Se ti ne zdi,

¹ Botarga je sardinska specialiteta iz soljenih, stisnjenih in posušenih cipljevih jajčec v jajčni vrečici.

quello del mare, sapeva di frutta caramellata, di mele cotogne appese a stagionare. La sera dopo restammo a bagno fino all'alba, quando i cani si misero ad abbaiare contro gli ultimi ubriachi che vomitavano nei canterini. Eia! Vostè non ci crederà, ma dentro il letto, mentre facevamo quelle cose, mi sembrò di sentire solo odore di muggine e di bottariga.

«Anche quando mi è nato il primo figlio, Bastianeddu, quello che adesso lavora nella peschiera, sentii tra le nari effluvi di pesce sventrato, di fango, di palude. Cadirina era là a gambe aperte, affogata nel sudore. Sul tetto rimbalzavano i tuoni sfuggiti alla lingua di fuoco dei lampi, gonfiavano le mura di rumori sordi, come di canne spaccate dal sole, si buttavano sui vetri sottili facendoli traccare. Triiii, triiii, traac! Artigli di gabbiani affamati che lasciano segni nella comprendonia. Iiih, la memoria! Meglio l'avessi persa quel giorno. Ho avuto altri dodici figli, e nessuno mi ha chiamato "babbu meu", nessuno mi ha dato del voi, solo del tu, come volessero sputarmi addosso qualcosa. Come un rospo mi hanno sempre trattato. E ite cazzu cheres? Poveritteddu tue! Minciale vezzu chi non ses ateru! Miserabile! Mincialone de muriscu! Con queste parole avvelenate mi hanno condito l'esistenza. Sono venuti su alti otto palmi, ma con il cuore che ci stava nel taschino. Cuori di pietra, maledetti siano anche se sono sangue del mio sangue.

«Ma lasciamo perdere, che vostè è venuto per altro, vero? Vuole sapere di quella creatura malfatata che qualcuno disse di aver visto fra gli scogli il giorno della processione, giusto sessant'anni fa. Quando compare Tittinu Barchitta arrivò, per ultimo, alla chiesa del villaggio, mi permise in disparte e mi raccontò di averlo visto affiorare dall'acqua, questa cosa informe che sembrava un coniglio scuoiato, una spugna rossa inzuppata di sangue, un polpo che aveva cagato il fiele. E che strillava a perdizione. Compare Tittinu, che correva sempre ai lati perché gli veniva la diarrea anche se si riempiva di fichidindia, e per non farsi schiacciare i piedi che aveva delicati, era stato l'unico ad avere quell'apparizione, e a rallentare un poco la corsa per fermarsi a guardare. Lui dubbi non ne aveva. "Compare Mariò," mi disse "quello era un cristiano figlio di nessuno che non doveva passare per l'acquasantiera!". A vederlo mentre raccontava faceva impressione, era bianco come la tela del suo costume e gli occhi gli friggevano come ciccioli nello strutto. Io, dottore mio, poco gli ho creduto: a compare Barchitta lo chiamavano così perché viaggiava più con la fantasia che in mare. Però pensai: è meglio che vado a sincerarmi di persona.

«Nella chiesetta del villaggio di San Salvatore (quella dove viene portato il Santo la mattina del sabato, lo sa, no?) ci ero arrivato col carretto, una vergogna per la prima pandela, ma avevo una gamba gonfia, nera come i frutti del prugnolo. L'asina allungava i suoi passi verso il sole che continuava a rotolare in silenzio verso il mare. "Brutto segno, brutto segno!" ripeteva cantilenando Cadirina, che aveva ancora negli occhi i topi grassi del sogno. Insomma, quando arrivai vicino agli scogli, di quella creatura non c'era più traccia. Colpa del Santo e del sole, mi dissi. In lontananza, il mare si era increspato e il vento spingeva verso il porto di Ospai un'imbarcazione che aveva la vela color porpora. "Mai vista una

da tamle na gladini plava ženski kostum?' Pljunila si je na konice prstov in se pokrižala. Šepal sem, boleča noga se mi je pogrezala v mivko in prišel sem k plavajočemu svežnju. Pred mano je z obrazom, rahlo sklonjenim proti obali, v počasnem ritmu valov vzdrhtevalo iznakaženo telo Sidore Molas. 'Mati božja, tale je pa mrtva!' Cadirina je ugriznila v robec in oči so ji zavpile v joku.«

Prevedla Veronika Simoniti

vela così” dissi a Cadirina. Lei pregava e guardava quel solco di blu intenso che separa il mare dalla laguna. A un tratto il rosario le cadde sulla fardetta e si lasciò scappare un urlo che imbizzarri la bestia. “Firmadi, prò amore ’e Deus!”. “Bah, bah! Adesso sogni anche a occhi aperti?”. Si abbassò il fazzolettone sugli occhi e allungò il braccio verso il primo lembo di stagno. “Là, là, guarda! Non ti sembra un costume di donna che galleggia a pelo d’acqua?”. Si sputò la punta delle dita e si fece il segno della croce. Zoppica zoppica, infilando la gamba dolorante nella sabbia, mi avvicinai a quel fagotto galleggiante. Di fronte a me, con il viso leggermente inclinato verso la riva, il corpo straziato di Sidora Molas sussultava al ritmo lento delle onde. “Mamma mia del cielo, questa è morta!”. Cadirina addentò il fazzoletto e i suoi occhi si misero a urlare pianto».

Return to Baraule

(Excerpt)

2.

“Oh geez, doc! Old age is worse than salt, it sticks the skin to the bones and hardens it like bark gnawed at by goats. That September Saturday announced itself with a maddening sun that pawed its way from behind the crippled shadows of the Is Pramas hills. A cup of sparkling fire that began rolling towards the sea. ‘A bad omen,’ said my wife, moistening the tip of her finger with her tongue and crossing herself. ‘A bad omen,’ she repeated in a quiet mutter. ‘Last night I dreamed you were catching mice instead of mullets. Fat and scaly mice, with snakes instead of tails.’ – ‘That fire should burn away your dreams!’ Her white dress, which was spread out freely, had taken on the smell of night, the smell of washed out rocks and stubble fields fermented by the humidity. I smelled it like it was something living, and in the courtyard dirt I drew the outline of a short-legged child. Old age is worse than salt, it puts glasses on memory, and sometimes you even seem to see things that you’ve never seen. Ever since the movies came here, it’s been like there’s a film in my brain, running without an operator or a crank... Excuse me for being impolite, I haven’t even introduced myself yet: Mariolu Saliu, once a catcher of mullets, now a catcher of memories.”

Only after a certain time did Carmine Pullana discover that in the village an old lay brother from the confraternity of San Salvatore and a cripple with a glass eye were the only ones who could boast of remembering that child abandoned to the sea. And I had the first one in front of me: the face a sheet of polished copper, a burnished relief giving shape to the nose and cleft chin. In the hand that he offered one could see where the veins ran under the skin, swollen and dark like roots. In his bulged eyes was hidden the pain of a child who regrets having grown up.

“Before I left the countryside and came to the village, I kissed the banner with the image of the Saint: I kept it because at that time I was the prior. The lacework on the gilded material shone like our fields in spring. These pictures aren’t left to a person to be painted, you know, the Creator concocted this stuff just for us. He did this so we would forgive him for leaving us in the middle of these reeds and these little streets that always lead to the same place: nowhere. You don’t know what it means to be born here. Trousers cut short by a hand’s length, underwear full of holes, heat that could be sold to hell, and the smell of fish from head to toe. Excuse me for speaking so boldly, but at my age you turn back into a child and the sphincter acts on its own.

“The night before the wedding with Cadirina Olleri, my wife, we picked all the flowers in the area to make a path of petals. The water in the troughs in the yard gave off a fragrance that was stronger than the smell of the sea; it smelled like caramelized fruit, like quince hung out to mellow.

The next night we went swimming until the time the dogs started barking at the last drunks, who were vomiting into the chamber pots. Hey! You won't believe me, when we were doing it in bed, it seemed like I could smell only mullets and botargo.

"Also when my first son was born, Bastianeddu, the one who now works at the fish market, I smelled the stench of gutted fish, mud and swamp. There was Cadirina, her legs open, drowning in sweat. Reverberating off the roof was the thunder that escaped from the blazing tongues of lightning; it blew at the walls with rumbling sounds, like reeds dried in the sun, and threw itself against the thin window panes, making them rattle. Triiii, triiii, rat-a-tat! The claws of starving gulls that leave marks in the memory. Oh, memory! It would be better if you had lost that day. I already had twelve children, and not one of them said 'my daddy,' not one of them used *voi*, they all said *tu*, as if they wanted to spit on me. You poor guy! Poor devil! Moorish blockhead! With such poisonous words they seasoned my existence. They grew to a height of eight hands, but the heart was in the breast pocket. A stone heart. Damn them, even if they are of my blood. They always treated me like a toad. But what can you do?

"But let's drop this. You came for something else, right? You'd like to find out about that ill-fated child some say they saw among the rocks that day of the procession exactly sixty years ago. When *compare* Tittinu Barchitta arrived, last, at the village church, he took me aside and said that he had seen this formless thing emerging from the water; it looked like a skinned rabbit, a red sponge soaked in blood, an octopus that had shit gall. And the screaming overwhelmed everything. *Compare* Tittinu, who was always running off because he had diarrhoea, even though he stuffed himself with prickly pear, and so that no one would step on his sensitive feet, was the only one to witness that scene and he slowed his pace, stopped and watched it. He had no doubts. '*Compare* Mariò,' he said to me, 'this was a little Christian, a foundling who was not allowed to pass through the holy water fount!' To watch him while he was telling it, he looked as white as the cloth of his robe and his eyes sizzled like cracklings in lard. I, my dear doctor, didn't believe him much; they called him *compare* Barchitta because he travelled more with his imagination than on the seas. But I thought: better go and make sure for myself.

I travelled by cart to the village church of San Salvatore (the one they take the Saint to on Saturday mornings, you know it, no?). This is a disgrace for the first banner-bearer, but I had a swollen knee, and the knee was as dark as the fruit of the blackthorn. The donkey continued its path towards the sun, which continued rolling quietly towards the sea. 'A bad omen, a bad omen!' repeated Cadirina chantingly, who had the fat mice from her dreams in her eyes. In short, when I got to the rocks, there was no trace of this child. On account of the sun and the saints, I told myself. In the distance the sea was churning and the wind was driving a boat with scarlet sails towards the port of Ospai. 'I've never seen such a sail,' I said to Cadirina. She prayed and watched the dark blue wake that separated the sea from the lagoon. Suddenly a rosary dropped onto her skirt

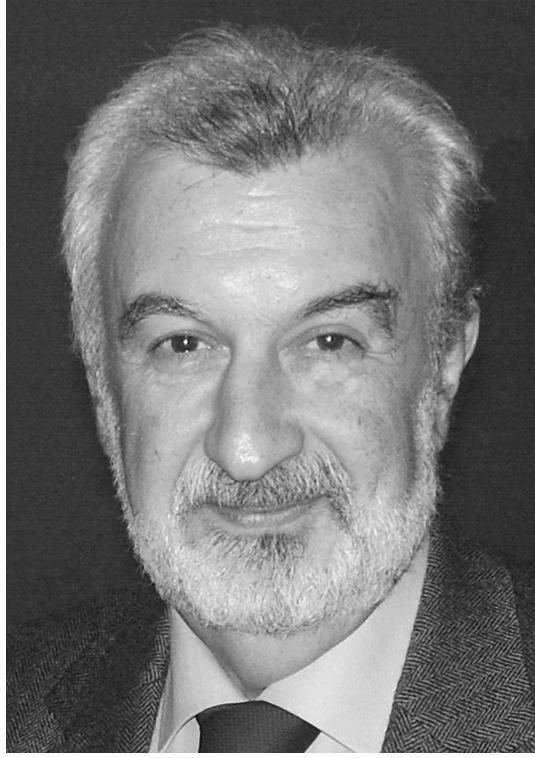
and she let out a cry that gave the beast a fright. 'Stop, for God's sake!' – 'Bah, bah! Now you also dream with your eyes open?' She covered her eyes with a handkerchief and stretched out her hand towards the edge of the first pool. 'There, there, look! Doesn't it look like a woman's bathing costume is floating on the surface.' She spit on the tip of her finger and crossed herself. Limping, limping, my aching leg sunk into the sand and I arrived at the floating bundle. Before me, with a face slightly inclined towards the shore, the body of Sidora Molas rose on the slow rhythm of the waves. 'Mother of God, she's dead!' Cadirina bit her handkerchief and her eyes began to weep."

Translated by Jason Blake

Radoslav Petković se je rodil leta 1953 v Beogradu v Srbiji. Romanopisec, avtor kratkih zgodb, esejist in prevajalec je diplomiral iz književnosti na Filološki fakulteti Univerze v Beogradu, danes pa živi in ustvarja v Novem Sadu. Napisal je pet romanov: *Put u Dvigrad* (Pot v Dvigrad, 1979), *Zapisi iz godine jagoda* (Zapisi iz leta jagod, 1983), *Senke na zidu* (Sence na steni, 1985), *Sudbina i komentari* (*Usoda in komentarji*, 1993), ki velja za največkrat nagrajeno knjigo v zgodovini srbske književnosti, leta 2009 pa je v slovenskem prevodu Andreja Jakliča izšla pri Društvu slovenskih pisateljev, in *Savršeno sećanje na smrt* (Popolni spomin na smrt, 2008). Objavil je tudi dve zbirki kratkih zgodb: *Izveštaj o kugi* (Poročilo o kugi, 1989), za katero je prejel nagrado Iva Andrića za književnost, in *Čovek koji je živeo u snovima* (Človek, ki je živel v sanjah, 1998), ki mu je prinesla Vitalovo nagrado za najboljšo srbsko knjigo leta, ter več zbirk esejev, kot so *Ogled o mački* (Esej o mački, 1995), *O Mikelandelu govoreći* (Govoreč o Michelangelu, 2006) in *Vizantijski internet* (Bizantinski splet, 2007). V srbski jezik je prevedel knjige Daniela Defoeja, J. R. R. Tolkiena, Roberta Louisa Stevensona in Gliberta K. Chestertona. Njegova dela so bila prevedena v francoščino, nemščino, madžarščino, slovaščino, grščino in slovenščino.

Radoslav Petković was born in 1953 in Belgrade, Serbia. The novelist, short story writer, essayist and translator majored in literature from the Faculty of Philology in Belgrade. He currently lives and works in Novi Sad and is known as the author of five novels: *Put u Dvigrad* (The Path to Dvigrad, 1979), *Zapisi iz godine jagoda* (Notes from the Year of the Strawberry, 1983), *Senke na zidu* (Shadows on the Wall, 1985), *Sudbina i komentari* (Destiny, Annotate, 1993), which has become the most awarded book in the history of Serbian literature and has also been translated into Slovene by Andrej Jaklič and published by the Slovene Writers' Association in 2009, and *Savršeno sećanje na smrt* (A Perfect Remembrance of Death, 2008). He has also published two short story collections, namely *Izveštaj o kugi* (The Plague Report, 1989); for which he was awarded the Ivo Andrić Literary Prize; and *Čovek koji je živeo u snovima* (The Man Who Lived in Dreams, 1998), which won him the Vital Award for the Serbian book of the year; as well as several books of essays such as *Ogled o mački* (An Essay about a Cat, 1995), *O Mikelandelu govoreći* (Speaking about Michelangelo, 2006), and *Vizantijski internet* (Byzantine Internet, 2007). He has translated works by Daniel Defoe, J.R.R. Tolkien, Robert Louis Stevenson, and Gilbert K. Chesterton into Serbian, while part of his own oeuvre has been translated into French, German, Hungarian, Slovak, Greek and Slovene.

Radoslav Petković



Usoda in komentarji

(Odlomek)

PRVA KNJIGA

KI PRIPOVEDUJE
O DOGODKIH, PRECEJ DAVNIH,
O JUNAKIH, KI V RAZLIČNIH TRENUTKIH
NOSIJO RAZLIČNA IMENA,
PA TUDI O DOGODKIH,
KATERIM NI VEDNO LAHKO NAJTI IMEN,
SAJ WHAT'S IN A NAME,
KOT JE GOVORIL TISTI ANGLEŠKI PISATELJ,
KI GA DRUGI RADI CITIRAJO,
O BE SOME OTHER NAME

1. POGlavJE

V katerem eden od junakov pride do popolnoma presenetljivih zaključkov.

Bilo je 5. marca leta 1806, ko je poročnik ruske carske mornarice Pavel Volkov prvič pomislil, da je vse to, kar je v življenju do sedaj počel – kot med drugim tudi vse, kar bo počel še naprej – nenavadno, celo presenetljivo podobno otroški igri. V tem trenutku mu je na pamet padla primerjava z zidanjem gradov v pesku, saj so se deset korakov stran, na obali, neki otroci zabavali prav s tem. Kot že rečeno, Pavel Volkov je pomislil, da je vse njegovo dosedanje življenje – brez najmanjšega upanja, da bo v prihodnosti kaj drugače – samo neumnost, s katero človek nekako zapolnjuje svoj čas, zamišljajoč si, da izpolnjuje svojo usodo. Nato je ta misel šinila skozi njegov um in ga kot kal neke bolezni takoj spreletela po vseh žilah telesa, zaradi česar je Pavel Volkov začutil hipno omotičnost, ki ga je prisilila, da se je usedel na železni steber, za katerega je bil privezan brik »Sveti Nikola«. Steber je bil nekoč topovska cev, kasneje zapolnjena s peskom, zalita in nato zasajena v kamen pomola, da bi se obnjo varno privezovale prav tiste ladje, katere bi morala nekoč uničevati.

Nato se je omotičnosti pridružilo še presenečenje. Do pred nekaj dnevi – oziroma, bodimo povsem natančni, do pred nekaj trenutki – je Pavel Volkov sodil v tisto vrsto ljudi, precej zadovoljnih s svojim življenjem, med drugim tudi zato, ker o njem niti niso veliko razmišljali; še več, Volkov je zadnjih nekaj mesecev še kako užival, stoječ na poveljniškem mostu linijske ladje »Arhangel Mihail«, na kateri je služil kot prvi poročnik; ladja s štiriinšestdesetimi topovi in dvesto dvajset mornarji, ki so bili vsi, z izjemo poveljnika, podrejeni njemu; kariernega oficirja, ki je dopolnil komaj

Sudbina i komentari

(Odlomak)

KNJIGA PRVA

U KOJOJ SE PRIPOVEDA
O DOGAĐAJIMA POPRILÍNO DAVNIM,
O JUNACIMA KOJI U RAZNIM TRENUCIMA
NOSE RAZNA IMENA,
KAO I O ZBIVANJIMA
ZA KOJA NIJE UVEK LAKO PRONAŃI IME, JER WHAT'S IN A NAME,
KAKO JE KAZAO ONAJ ENGESKI PISAC
KOJEG DRUGI RADO CITIRAJU,
O BE SOME OTHER NAME

GLAVA I

U kojoj jedan od junaka dolazi do sasvim iznenadujućih zaključaka.

Bilo je to 5. marta 1806. godine, kada je poručnik ruske carske mornarice Pavel Volkov prvi put pomislio kako je sve ono što je u životu do tada činio – kao, uostalom, i sve ono što će činiti nadalje – neobično, čak zbunjujuće slično dečijoj igri. Tog trenutka mu je na pamet palo poređenje sa zidanjima gradova na pesku, jer su se desetak koraka dalje, na žalu, neka deca upravo time zabavljala. Rečju, Pavel Volkov je pomislio kako je čitav njegov dotadašnji život – a bez imalo nade da ubuduće bude drukčije – tek besmislica kojom čovek nekako ispunjava svoje vreme zamišljajući da ispunjava svoju sudbinu. Zatim je ova pomisao, sevnuvši kroz njegov um, kao klica neke bolesti smesta prostrujala svim žilama tela, te je Pavel Volkov osetio trenutnu malaksalost koja ga je naterala da sedne na gvozdeni stub za koji je bio vezan brik „Sveti Nikola“. Sam stub je nekada bio topovska cev; kasnije ispunjena peskom, zalivena i potom pobodena u kamen mola da bi se za nju bezbedno vezivali oni isti brodovi koje je, jednom, trebalo da razara.

A potom se malaksalosti pridružilo iznenađenje. Do pre neki dan – ili, da budemo sasvim tačni, do pre neki tren – Pavel Volkov je spadao u onu vrstu ljudi koji su prilično zadovoljni svojim životom – između ostalog zato što o njemu nisu mnogo ni razmišljali, štaviše, Volkov je poslednjih meseci itekako uživao stojeći na komandnom mostu linijskog broda „Arhangel Mihail“, na kojem je služio kao prvi poručnik; brod sa sedamdeset i četiri topa i dve stotine dvadeset dva mornara koji su svi, sa izuzetkom zapovednika, bili njemu potčinjeni; oficira od karijere koji je

dvaintrideset let, bi tak prizor dejansko moral napolnjevati z zadovoljstvom. Do sedaj se v življenju ni soočil z ničimer, kar bi se mu zdelo prevelik problem; niti ni bil, kar bi se glede na leta lahko pričakovalo, nikoli nesrečno zaljubljen, saj se ni zaljubljal bolj, kot je bilo razumno. Kot vsak uspešen človek je seveda imel sovražnike, a ne več, kot je v navadi. Kakorkoli že, od želje, da bi ga imeli vsi radi, ni trpel.

Vendar niti v tem jutru – v katerem ga bo čudna misel zadela kot napad morilca izza hrbta – ni bilo nič nenavadnega ne vznemirjajočega. Na pomolu – tik poleg peščine, ki jo je nanese morje in na kateri so se zdaj igrali otroci in valovi – v pristanišču mesta Krk na otoku Krk, prestolnice Republike sedmih obal, se je Volkov znašel, da bi nadzoroval zadnje priprave brika »Sveti Nikola« za jutrišnje izplutje. Če bo veter ugoden – Pavel Volkov je dobro vedel, kako potrebna je za uspeh človeku sreča – se bo čez kakšen dan znašel v Trstu, na najvažnejši misiji svojega življenja. Torej: Volkov se je nahajal na robu tistega, kar se običajno imenuje »življenjska priložnost«; podvig, prav nič lahek, združen z veliko negotovostjo, če ne tudi nevarnostjo, ki pa bi ga v primeru srečnega konca moral pripeljati do komaj sanjanih višin, še več: že zdaj je bilo brez vsakršnega omahovanja Pavla Volkova neupravičeno imenovati poročnik; v žepu je nosil svoje imenovanje za kapetana – res je, začasno – vendar je bila trajnost tega imenovanja odvisna izključno od Volkovove spretnosti. Seveda: tudi sreče. In Volkov je bil prepričan, pa ne brez razlogov, da sodi med tiste ljudi, ki se z različnimi izzivi znajo dobro spopadati. Vsaj do sedaj.

Ravno zato ga je misel o neuspehu tako prestrašila; nikoli v svojem življenju ni Pavel Volkov pomislil nič podobnega – še več, pomislil ni niti, da je tako mogoče razmišljati. Zmedeno je mežikal, povsem podoben temu, kar je tudi bil: človeku, ki ga je presenetilo popolnoma nezaželeno odkritje. Vse ostalo pa – vse ostalo je bilo v redu: veter je obljubljal dobro plovbo, zaključne priprave za izplutje »Svetega Nikole« so se odvijale na najboljši način; vnašale so se zadnje bale robe, katero je ladja, menda, prevažala iz Istanbula v Trst. Bale z bombažem naj bi ladji zagotovile čim bolj miroljubno podobo; zato je bila s palube umaknjena tudi večina topov. Vidnih jih je ostalo vsega šest, kar glede na vrednost tovara in prisotnost številnih gusarjev in piratov ni bilo prav nič pretirano; zastava, pod katero bi morala ladja opraviti svojo plovbo do Trsta – zastava trenutno nevtralnega avstrijskega cesarstva – bi že na veliko plapolala na jamboru, če bi le veter bil dovolj močan; tako pa je zgolj visela in občasno ustvarjala šibke in neprepričljive poskuse, da bi se razvila; morje je imelo – kljub za ta del leta nenavadno toplemu vremenu – tisti ledeni sijaj, ki ga ima morje pozimi, vendar je oficirju, ki je vso svojo dosedanjo kariero preživel na Baltiku, Jonsko morje v vsakem letnem času ponujalo vesel prizor. Tudi sam Volkov je že dobil ne le vse ukaze, potrebne za svojo prihodnjo misijo, temveč tudi vsa pooblastila, ki so mu nalagala odgovornost, hkrati pa tudi moč, kakršne ni imel še nikoli prej. Verjel je vase; do sedaj je vedno uspel narediti tisto, kar je nameraval, in to hitreje in učinkoviteje kot večina ljudi okoli njega; nobenih razumnih razlogov ni bilo za dvom, da bo tokrat drugače.

tek napunio trideset i dve godine ovakav prizor uistinu mora ispuniti zadovoljstvom. Do sada se u životu nije suočio ni sa čim što bi mu se učinilo kao odveć veliki problem; nije čak, kako bi se s obzirom na godine moglo očekivati, nikada bio ni nesrećno zaljubljen, jer se nije zaljubljavao više nego što je bilo razumno. Kao svaki čovek od uspeha, neprijatelja je, naravno, imao, ali ne više nego što je uobičajeno. Uostalom, nije ni patio od želje da ga svi vole.

A ni u ovom jutru – u kojem će ga čudna misao pogoditi kao napad ubice iza ugla – nije bilo ničega neobičnog ni uznemirujućeg. Na molu – upravo pored žala koji je nanelo more i na kojem su se sada igrala deca i talasi – u luci grada Krfa, na ostrvu Krfu, prestonici Republike Sedam Ostrva, Volkov se našao da bi nadgledao poslednje pripreme brika „Sveti Nikola“ za sutrašnje isplavljenje. Ako vetar bude povoljan – Pavel Volkov je dobro znao koliko je sreća neophodna čoveku za uspeh – za koji dan će se obreti u Trstu, u najvažnijoj misiji svog života. Dakle: Volkov se nalazio na pragu onoga što se uobičajeno naziva „životnom prilikom“; poduhvat nimalo lak, skopčan sa velikom neizvesnošću, ako ne i opasnošću, ali koji bi ga, u slučaju srećnog ishoda, mogao odvesti do tek sanjanih visina, štaviše: već sada je bilo neopravdano Pavela Volkova nazivati poručnikom bez ikakvog kolebanja; u džepu je nosio svoje naimenovanje za kapetana – istina, privremeno – ali je trajnost toga naimenovanja već zavisila isključivo od Volkovljeve spretnosti. Naravno: i sreće. A Volkov je bio uveren, i to ne bez razloga, da spada u one ljude koji se sa različitim izazovima umeju dobro nositi. Makar do sada.

Upravo ga je zato misao o uzaludnosti toliko uplašila; nikada u svom životu Pavel Volkov nije pomislio ništa slično – šta više, ni pomislio nije da se tako može misliti. Zbunjeno je žmirkao, sasvim nalik onome što je i bio: čoveku koga je zadesilo sasvim neželjeno otkriće. A sve ostalo – sve ostalo je bilo u redu: vetar je obećavao dobru plovidbu, završne pripreme za isplavlavanje „Svetog Nikole“ odvijale su se na najbolji način; unosile su se poslednje bale sa robom koju je ovaj brod, navodno, prenosio iz Istambula za Trst. Te bale sa pamukom trebalo je da brodu obezbede što miroljubiviji lik; zato je sa palube bila sklonjena i većina topova. Vidljivim ih je ostalo svega šest, što s obzirom na vrednost tovara i prisustvo brojnih gusara i pirata nipošto nije bilo preterano; zastava pod kojom je brod trebalo da obavi svoju plovidbu put Trsta – zastava trenutno neutralne, austrijske carevine – već bi se uveliko vila na jarbolu samo da je vetar bio dovoljno jak; ovako je tek visila, povremeno čineći slabe i neuverljive pokušaje da se razvije; more je imalo – uprkos za ovo doba godine neubičajeno toplom vremenu – onaj ledeni sjaj koji more zimi ima, ali je oficiru koji je čitavu svoju dotadašnju karijeru proveo na Baltiku, Jonsko more, u svako doba godine, pružalo veseo prizor. A sam Volkov je već dobio ne samo sva potrebna naređenja za svoju buduću misiju, već i sva ovlašćenja koja su mu davala odgovornost, ali i moć kakvu nikada ranije nije imao. Verovao je u sebe; uvek je do sada uspevao učiniti ono što je nameravao i to brže i delotvornije nego većina ljudi oko njega; nije bilo nikakvih razumnih razloga da sumnja da će sada biti drukčije.

A vendar je sedel sklonjene glave, opažajoč zgolj ozek trak umazane vode med temnim trupom ladje in zelenkastim, z algami obraslim kamenjem obale; mučil ga je vonj katrana, ki je prekrival luko.

Prevedel Andrej Jaklič

A opet je sedeo pognute glave, opažajući samo usku traku prljave vode između tamnog trupa broda i zelenkastog, algama obraslog kamena obale; mučio ga je miris katrana koji je prekrivao luku

Destiny, Annotate

(Excerpt)

BOOK THE FIRST

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF EVENTS IN BYGONE DAYS, OF HEROES BEARING SUNDRY NAMES IN SUNDRY TIMES, AND OF HAPPENINGS WITH PERCHANCE NO NAME FORTHCOMING, FOR WHAT'S IN A NAME SAYS THAT ENGLISH WRITER, THE ONE THEY'RE ALWAYS QUOTING, O BE SOME OTHER NAME

CHAPTER I

In which one of the heroes arrives at a singularly surprising conclusion.

It was on the fifth of March of the year eighteen-hundred and six, the first time it struck Pavel Volkov that everything he had done in life theretofore – as well as anything he might do thereafter – bore a strange, even disconcerting resemblance to a children's game. A comparison occurred to him of cities built on sand, for not ten feet away on the shore sat some children, busy at the very same thing. In short, Pavel Volkov thought of the life he had been leading – one that held out no hope of change to come – and deemed it pointless, merely something to fill the time while imagining that he was fulfilling his destiny. The realisation flared up in his mind and spread like infection throughout his body, and Pavel Volkov was suddenly overcome and had to sit down on the iron bollard to which was moored the brig *Saint Nicholas*. The bollard itself had begun existence as a cannon barrel; later it had been packed with sand, welded shut and pounded into the stone pier to securely tie up the very same vessels it had once been meant to destroy.

To his sudden weakness was added astonishment. Until that day – or, to be precise, until that very moment – Pavel Volkov had been the sort of person who is satisfied with life – due, among other things, to simply not giving the matter much thought. Moreover, Volkov had been thoroughly enjoying the last few months on the bridge as first lieutenant of the *Archangel Michael*, a ship with seventy-four cannon and two hundred twenty-two sailors, all of them (save the captain) under his command; for a career officer who had just turned thirty-two, a pleasing prospect indeed. He had yet to face anything that might be considered one of life's thornier problems; in fact, despite the usual run of things for a man of his age, he had not even been unhappy in love, for whenever he loved he went about it reasonably. As with any successful man, of course, he had his enemies, but no more than the usual assortment. Besides, he was not afflicted with the desire to be universally adored.

Even the morning – with its strange new thought lying in wait for him, dagger in hand – had given no sign of anything out of the ordinary,

of trouble ahead. Here on the pier – alongside a strip of sand washed up by the sea, where children and the waves now played – in the port of the city of Corfu, on the island of Corfu itself, capital of the Septinsular Republic, Volkov had come to oversee the final preparations of the *Saint Nicholas* for the next day's sailing. If the wind remained favourable – Pavel Volkov knew all too well how indispensable luck was for success – he would be docking at Trieste in a matter of days, on the most important mission he had ever served. Volkov, then, was poised on the brink of what is conventionally known as “the opportunity of a lifetime”: a delicate undertaking, beset by uncertainty if not outright danger, but also capable, if successfully carried out, of lifting him to heights he had hitherto only dreamed of. Indeed, Pavel Volkov could already be considered more than just a lieutenant; in one pocket was his advancement – provisional, it should be noted – to commanding officer, and whether the promotion turned out to be permanent would depend only on Volkov's sheer ability. And luck, of course. For his part, and not without reason, Volkov had always considered himself the sort of person who deals well with challenges. At least until now.

Hence his great fright at the thought of how pointless it all was; never had Pavel Volkov had such a thought – never, in fact, had it even occurred to him that such thinking was possible. He blinked in bewilderment, looking for all the world like what he was indeed: a man who has made an unwelcome discovery. As for everything else – everything else was shipshape: the wind was promising fair sailing, the work on the *Saint Nicholas* was coming along nicely; the last of the bales were just then being loaded on board, ostensibly the cargo to be transported from Istanbul to Trieste. The bundles of cotton were meant to lend the vessel a peaceful aspect; for this same reason most of the guns had been removed from deck. Only six cannon remained in sight, hardly an excessive display when considering the value of the cargo and the number of pirates and buccaneers along the route. The colours under which the ship was to sail to Trieste – the flag of the currently neutral Austrian Empire – would be flying from the flagpole at that very moment if only the wind were strong enough; as it was, the flag merely hung there, occasionally making a feeble attempt to unfurl. The sea, despite the unseasonably warm weather, had the icy sheen of winter waves – but for an officer who had spent his entire career on the Baltic, the Ionian Sea at any time of year was a sight to gladden the eyes. Volkov himself had received not only orders for his mission, but also full authority; he bore the responsibility, but with it he held more power than he had ever known. He believed in himself; always he had achieved what he set out to do, and faster and more efficiently than others at that; there was no reasonable cause to start doubting now.

And yet he sat with head hung low, seeing only the strip of dirty water between the dark hull of the ship and the seaweed-covered rocks of the shore; he winced at the stench of tar that hung over the port.

Translated by Terence McEneny

Taras Prohasko se je rodil leta 1968 v obkarpatskem mestu Ivano-Frankivsk v Ukrajini. Pisatelj, esejist, publicist in novinar, imenovan tudi ukrajinski Marquez, se je po diplomi iz botanike na Lvovski državni univerzi Ivana Franka leta 1992 vrnil v rodno mesto, kjer živi in dela kot novinar tednika *Галицький Кореспондент* (Galicijski poročevalec). Najprej je bil zaposlen na Inštitutu karpatskega gozdarstva, kasneje pa je učiteljaval, delal kot barman, čuvaj, radijski napovedovalec in sourednik literarne revije *Четвер* (Četrtek). Je član Združenja ukrajinskih pisateljev (AUP). Od leta 1997 je napisal osem romanov, med katerimi so najpomembnejši *Інші дні Анни* (Ostali Anini dnevi, 1998), *FM Галичина* (FM Galicija, 2001), *НепрОсті* (Nepreprosti, 2002), *Лексикон таємних знань* (Leksikon skritega vedenja, 2005), *З цього можна було б зробити кілька оповідань* (Iz tega bi lahko naredil nekaj zgodb, 2005) ter *Порт Франківськ* (Port Frankivsk, 2006), po katerih je postal znan kot novi glas ukrajinske književnosti. Je dobitnik nagrade sklada Josepha Conrada (2007) za dosežke na področju književnosti ter nagrade za ukrajinsko knjigo leta 2006 in 2007, ki jo podeluje revija *Кореспондент* (Korespondent). Njegova proza je prevedena v angleščino, nemščino, ruščino, poljščino, češčino in srbsčino.

Taras Prokhasko was born in 1968 in the Precarpathian city of Ivano-Frankivsk, Ukraine. The author, essayist, publicist and journalist, also referred to as the "Ukrainian Marquez", returned to his place of birth in 1992 after graduating in Botany from the Ivan Franko National University in Lviv. Initially he worked at the Institute of Mountain Forestry but was later on employed as a teacher, a barman, a watchman, a radio anchor, and as the co-editor of the literary magazine *Четвер* (Thursday). He currently works as a journalist at the *Галицький Кореспондент* (Galician Correspondent) weekly. He has been a member of the Association of Ukrainian Writers (AUP) since 1997 and has written eight novels, of which *Інші дні Анни* (Anna's other Days, 1998), *FM Галичина* (FM Galicia, 2001), *НепрОсті* (*The UnSimple*, 2002), *Лексикон таємних знань* (The Lexicon of Hidden Behaviour, 2005), *З цього можна було б зробити кілька оповідань* (I Could Get Some Stories out of This, 2005), and *Порт Франківськ* (Port Frankivsk, 2006) have earned him the reputation of the "new voice of Ukrainian literature". He is the recipient of the national Joseph Conrad Prize (2007) for literary achievement, and has won the Ukrainian Book of the Year Award presented by the magazine *Кореспондент* (Correspondent) in 2006 and 2007. His works have been translated into English, German, Russian, Polish, Czech, and Serbian.

Taras Prohasko



Foto © Natalia Kuznirenko

Nepreprosti

(Odlomek)

Višek dni

6. Tiste zime se je Francisk spomnil, da nima niti ene fotografije za članek, ki so ga o njem pripravljali pri Laroussu. Lahko bi se odpravil fotografirat h Kameleonu, vendar se je pravilno odločil, da mora biti – ker je bilo variant članka nepreštevno – tudi najboljši portret posledica naključja. Moral se je fotografirati vsakič, ko je bil članek napisan nanovo. [...]

Zato se je Franc zatekel k povsem neobičajnemu načinu, s katerim ni zgolj povrnil izgubljenega, pač pa je našel tudi nekaj povsem nepričakovanega.

7. Po zajtrku (končno se je Franc odločil, da je najbolj primerno, če bo Sebastjan vedno sedel na sredini, in sprejel dejstvo, da bo poslej Ana vedno poleg svojega moškega – sam je moral biti v Sebastjanovi bližini, da bi se lahko brez težav pogovarjala o čemerkoli) je Francisk vzel Ani rezervni ključ Sebastjanove sobe, saj je ne bodo več zaklepali in tudi sam vanjo ne bo več vstopil. [...]

Potem je Franc potegnil izpod postelje zimski kožuh, ki je bil tam shranjen čez poletje, ter se odpravil v hotel Union, kjer je v drugem nadstropju že nekaj let v miru živel edini plačani morilec v Jalivcu¹.

8. Štefan se je izjemno začudil, ko je v njegovo hotelsko sobo vstopil Franc.

Franc bi lahko v Jalivcu ubil kogarkoli, ne da bi za to moral najeti morilca – vsi so ga izjemno spoštovali. Štefan se je pravkar vrnil iz vasi Kosmač, kjer je uspešno opravil naročilo, in je moral poskrbeti za svojo puško.

Preden je prišel Franc, je že uspel iti k službi božji in k obhajilu po njej. Vendar hostije ni pogoltnil. V ustih jo je držal vso pot do hotela, kjer jo je porinil v luknjo v steni, že prej navrtano s svedrom. Nabil je puško, odkorakal do nasprotne stene in, mereč v luknjo, ustrelil. Še dobro, da je zadel. Franc je slišal strel med prvim in drugim nadstropjem, ko se je peljal v dvigalu, ki sta ga prav pod streho dvigovala delavca z vlečenjem vrvi. Štefan je odložil orožje in zbiral kri iz stene. Vtem je Franc odprl vrata. Zdaj bi bilo treba samo še namazati puškino cev s krvjo, vendar Štefan tega ni hotel narediti pred Franciskom.

¹ Ялівець (jalivec) je karpatskoukrajinsko narečno poimenovanje za brin. V romanu je to izmišljeno zdraviliško mesto v vzhodnih Karpatih v Ukrajini, ki slovi po zdravnih kurah z brinovim žganjem oziroma kar ginom. (Op. prev.)

НепрОсті

(Уривок)

Надмірні дні.

6. Тієї зими Франциск схаменувся — він не має жодної фотографії статті про себе у Лярусі. Можна було піти в «Хамелеон» і сфотографуватися, але Франц правильно вирішив, що — оскільки варіантів статті є кількасот — навіть найкращий портрет буде випадковим. Треба було фотографуватися кожного разу, коли стаття писалася наново. [...]

Тож Франц вдався до дивного способу не просто надолужити втрачене, а й віднайти щось цілком несподіване.

7. Після сніданку (врешті Франц постановив — найправильніше, аби Себастьян завжди був посередині, змирившись з тим, що Анна сидітиме тільки біля свого чоловіка — сам він мусив бути близько від Себастьяна, щоб добре було говорити про все) Франциск забрав у Анни другий ключ від кімнати Себастьяна, бо кімната більше закриватися не буде, а він туди не заходитиме. [...]

А тоді Франц витягнув з ліжка встелений там на літо зимовийкожух і пішов до готелю «Уніон», де в покої на другому поверсі вже кілька років жив єдиний у Ялівці найманий вбивця.

8. Штефан дуже здивувався, коли в його номер зайшов Франц — у Ялівці Франц міг убити будь-кого, не потребуючи наймати вбивцю — всі його надто поважали. Штефан якраз вернувся з вдалої справи у Космачі і мусив трохи попрацювати над рушницею.

Перед тим, як прийшов Франц, він вже встиг побувати на Службі Божій і навіть причаститися після неї. Але причастя не ковтнув. Приніс його в роті до готелю і зажав у дірку, зроблену попередньо у стіні свердлом. Зарядив рушницю кулею, відійшов до іншої стіни і стрілив, цілячись у дірку. Добре, що вцілів. Цей постріл Франц чув між першим і другим поверхом, ідучи у ліфті, який два робітники піднімали догори, обертаючи корбу під самим дахом. Штефан відклав зброю і почав збирати кров стіни. Франц відчинив двері. Тепер слід було намастити рушницю зібраною кров'ю, але Штефан не хотів того робити при Францискові.

9. Франциск швидко пояснив своє замовлення.

Він хоче, аби Штефан непомітно — як він то дуже добре вмів робити — слідкував за ним. Висліджував як убивця. Знаходив добрі місця для стріляння і вдалі моменти для пострілу. Але замість рушниці у Штефана має бути фотокамера. Франц дає і Штефанові три місяці часу. Після цього забирає сто своїх фотографій і доплачує решту грошей. Головне, щоб ні Франциск, ні хтось інший його ніколи не зауважили. Почувши про розміри гонорару, Штефан охоче згодився, не дбаючи про те, що взагалі не знав, як фотокамера виглядає.

9. Francisk je hitro razložil svoje naročilo.

Želi, da bi mu Štefan neopazno sledil, tako kot samo on odlično zna. Zasedoval naj bi ga kot morilec. Iskal primerna mesta za streljanje in dobre trenutke za ustrelitev. Vendar mora imeti Štefan namesto orožja fotoaparata. Daje mu tri mesece časa. Po preteku roka mu mora Štefan izročiti sto fotografij in bo dobil izplačan preostanek denarja. Najpomembneje je, da ga ne Francisk ne kdorkoli drug ne bi nikoli opazil. Ko je slišal za višino honorarja, je Štefan navdušeno privolil in ga ni niti za trenutek zaskrbelo, da ni videl fotoaparata še nikoli niti od daleč.

Zaradi te Štefanove neodgovornosti je, med drugim, ostalo veliko število ljudi pri življenju. Štefan je – kakor je značilno za Ukrajince sploh – neprestano sprejemal več obveznosti, kot jih je lahko izvršil. Zato je bilo potrebno čakati na izvršitev določenih naročil leta, na nekatera pa so preprosto pozabili. Vendar je Štefan vedel, da se s Francem ne gre igrati in ne sme zamujati. Slišal je že, da Franc ve za tistih osemnajst besed, zaradi katerih se orožje začne tresti, tarča pa pride k tebi v solzah kar sama ter se nastavi tako, da jo lahko ustreliš skozi okno.

Franc je pokazal, kako deluje fotoaparata, in odšel. Štefan je hitro namazal cev s krvjo iz stene. Zavedal se je, da je to strašanski greh in bo s tem postal Judežev, a je to vseeno vedno počel, da ne bi nikoli zgrešil strela. Še posebno je delovalo, če je kri prej zavrela.

10. Vsak dan je Franc jemat Sebastjana s sabo na sprehod po Jalivcu. Bilo je izjemno mraz in drsališča se niso topila niti ob sončnih dnevih. Končno je Franc imel nekoga, s komer se je lahko pogovoril, in izkazalo se je, da je Sebastjan kot pravi strelec sposoben ogromno videti. Zdelo se je, da se bodo med njima zgodili neskončni in pomembni pogovori, saj je problem Srednje Evrope stilističen, vendar ne – bilo je zgolj nekaj besed, ki so odražale videno.

Ko sta zašla v kakšen bar, sta pila gin, razredčen z vročo vodo, ter ga splakovala samo s sokom iz pomrznjenih jabolk, ki so jih jeseni pustili na drevesih in so jih pravkar izkopali izpod snega.

Včasih sta se sprehodila do kraja, kjer je umrla prva Ana, in Franz je risal v sneg sheme vedno drugačne verzije družinske zgodovine. So stvari, ki so veliko pomembnejše od usode, je govoril. Mogoče je to kultura. In kultura je rod, zavestno življenje v pripadnosti rodu. Francisk je poprosil, naj Anini in Sebastjanovi otroci obišejo ta kraj. Pa tudi kraj, kjer je Franc srečal Sebastjana (skoraj bi dodal, da je tam bukov gozd, ki nima uničenega filma, vendar se je pravočasno zadržal, nenazadnje ni vedel tako veliko o Nepreprostih), in drugi kraji se bodo sčasoma že pojavili. Saj je čas ekspanzija rodu v geografijo.

11. Bili so dnevi, ko je Sebastjan jemat s seboj svojo afriško puško. Na posebno zahtevnih strminah se nanjo lahko dobro opreš. Nekega dne sta govorila o svojih sanjah. Ni čudno, da so bile Franceve sanje kompleksnejše.

Sebastjan bi bil rad star in živel bi na majhnem otočku – skali v topllem morju, celo leto bi hodil samo v platnenih hlačah, vendar ne bi veliko

Між іншим, через цю Штефанову безвідповідальність багато людей були живими. Штефан — як то властиво українцям — постійно брав на себе зобов'язань більше, ніж міг виконати. Тому на здійснення деяких замовлень чекалося роками, а деякі просто забувалися. Але тепер Штефан розумів, що з Францом зволікати не слід. Йому казали, що Франц знає тих вісімнадцять слів, від яких дрижить рушниця, а ціль сама приходиться, плачучи, і стає так, щоб в неї ціляти просто з вікна.

Франц показав, як поводитися з фотокамерою, і пішов. Штефан швиденько намастив кров'ю зі стіни цілого кріса. Знав, що то страшний гріх, і він буде належати Юді, але робив так завжди, щоб рушниця ніколи не схибала. Особливо після того, як закипить кров'ю.

10. Кожен день Франц брав Себастьяна на прогулянки Ялівцем. Морози були сильні і ковзанки не підтоплювалися навіть у сонячні дні. Нарешті Франц мав з ким поговорити — виявилось, що Себастьян як справжній стрілець вмів бачити так само багато. Здавалося, мали би бути якісь безконечні важливі розмови, бо проблема Центральної Європи — стилістична, але ні — кілька слів, показування на побачене.

Коли вони заходили в якісь бари, то пили джин, розчинений окропом, а запивали лише свіжим соком, зробленим з підмерзлих яблук, залишених восени на деревах і щойно зірваних з-під снігу.

Часом ходили до місця, де загинула найперша Анна, і Франц малював на снігу схеми щораз інших версій родинної історії. Є речі, важливіші від долі, казав він. Можливо, культура. А культура — це рід, свідоме перебування у ньому. Франциск попросив припилювати, щоби діти Себастьяна й Анни обов'язково побували на цьому місці. І ще там, де Франц зустрів Себастьяна (він мало не додав сюди буковий ліс із не знищеним фільмом, але вчасно стримався, бо, врешті, не так багато знав про Непростих), а інші місця будуть з'являтися з часом. Адже час — це експансія роду в географію.

11. Були дні, коли Себастьян брав зі собою африканську рушницю. На особливо трудних схилах нею добре підпиратися. Одного такого дня вони говорили про свої мрії. Не дивно, що Францова мрія виявилася складнішою.

Себастьян мріяв бути старим, жити на маленькому острівку-скелі у теплому морі, цілий рік ходити в самих парусинових штанах, але ходити мало, переважно сидіти на кам'яній лавці біля білої порожньої хатки, цілий день пити червоне вино і їсти сухий козячий сир, і дивитися на кілька кущів помідорів, а не на море, в якому купався би щонаочі, поки пахнуть матіоли.

Франциск натомість мріяв про жінку з кількома парами грудей.

Раптом Себастьян зігнувся, штовхнув Франца головою у живіт, Франц покотився з кучугури, а Себастьян перевернувся на землі через плече і, лежачи на спині, вистрілив із забитої снігом рушниці. Недалекому горбі щось дзенькнуло. Трохи полежавши, вони пішли туди і знайшли простріленого Штефана з розбитою фотокамерою.

Себастьян сприйняв блиск об'єктива за відсвіт оптичного прицілу. Штефан про'авив головне: щоб тебе ніхто не побачив, — казав Франциск. А за про'авлене треба вміти відповідати.

hodil, večinoma bi sedel na kamniti klopi ob beli kolibi, pil rdeče vino in jedel staran kozji sir ter opazoval tistih nekaj sadik paradižnika, ne pa morja, v katerem bi se kopal vsako noč, ko še diši šeboj.

Zato pa je Francisk sanjal o ženski z več pari prsi.

Nenadoma se je Sebastjan sklonil in z glavo udaril Franca v trebuh. Ta je padel s snežnega zameta, Sebastjan pa se je večje prekucnil na tla in ležeč na hrbtu ustrelil iz puške, nabite s snegom. Na bližnjem vrhu hriba je zažvenketalo. Nekaj časa sta še tako ležala, potem pa sta odšla do vrha tistega hriba in tam našla prestreljenega Štefana z razbitim fotoaparatom.

Sebastjan je zamenjal odblesk objektiv za odsev optične naprave na puški. Štefan je spregledal glavno. »Nihče te ne sme opaziti,« mu je zabičal Francisk. Za spregledano pa moraš znati sprejeti odgovornost.

Da je ostal Francisk brez fotografij za enciklopedijo, je že druga zgodba. Še sreča, da ga je še vedno zanimala redukcija.

12. Po tej nesreči se je Ana hotela naučiti ostrostrelstva.

13. Na začetku moraš vzljubiti svoje telo, je rekel Sebastjan. In kraj, kjer se bo vse dogajalo.

Saj so vrata v možgane telo.

Če hočeš hitro in pravilno razmišljati, morajo biti vrata neprestano odprta.

Da misli lahko svobodno vstopajo in izstopajo.

Misli so zgolj to, kar se prefiltrira skozi določeno mesto v telesu in iz njega tudi izteče.

Neodvisnost donorsko-akceptorske vezi.

Ležati v vodi in ne slišati njenega vonja.

Gledati v travo od blizu in ne občutiti njenega okusa.

Slišati s pogledom, kakšno je na okus to, kar občutiš z dotikom.

Vrata se odprejo samo, če jih imaš rad.

Odpri se, vselej se znaš tako lepo odpreti.

Z nohti lahko opraskaš, vendar se lahko z njimi tudi oprimeš.

Nadaljuj z opazovanjem, zadržuj pogled, ustavi pogled.

Preseli želje svojega telesa, da bi obstajalo do tja, kamor ne doseže, na orožje.

Če boš vzljubila kraj, se bo ta razlezel v nadaljevanje tvojega telesa.

Ne streljaš ti, pač pa relief.

Ne razmišlja glava, pač pa telo.

Ne zadene krogla, pač pa misel.

Vsaka misel je želja, ki je zmogla vstopiti in izstopiti skozi vrata.

Kar lahko narediš sama, naredi brez pomoči.

Izreci, kar si pravkar mislila, in misli, kakor si ravnokar občutila.

Joči od nežnosti, brez tega ne boš nikoli dovolj močna.

Sledi svojemu dihanju, kajti samo dihanje lahko narekuje ritem.

Vedno bodi pozorna na drevesa, najbolj gotovo izginjajo in se znova pojavljajo.

Ko si izjemno utrujena, prenehaj z nezlomljivostjo in zaspi.

То вже інша справа, що Франциск так і залишився без фотографії до енциклопедії. На щастя, редукція все ще його цікавила.

12. Після того випадку Анна захотіла навчитися снайперства.

13. Спочатку треба полюбити своє тіло, сказав Себастьян. І місцевість, де все відбуватиметься.

Бо тіло — брама мозку.

Якщо хочеш думати правильно і швидко, брама має бути завжди відчинена.

Щоб думки могли входити і виходити вільно.

Думки — це тільки те, що профільтовується з місцевості крізь тіло і через тіло витікає.

Вільність донорно-акцепторних зв'язків.

Лежати у воді і не слухати її запаху.

Дивитися попід траву і не відчувати її смаку.

Чути поглядом, як смакує те, що відчуваєш на дотик.

Брама відчиняється лише тоді, коли її любиш.

Відчинися, ти ж завжди так гарно відчиняєшся.

Нігтями можна дряпати, але можна триматися.

Продовжуй погляд, утримуй погляд, витримуй погляд.

Переклади бажання тіла бути там, куди не досягаєш, на рушницю.

Якщо полюбиш місцевість, вона буде розповзанням твого тіла.

Стріляєш не ти, а рельєф.

Думає не голова, а тіло.

Долітає не куля, а думка.

Кожна думка є бажанням, яке зуміло ввійти і вийти через браму.

Що можеш зробити сама, роби без нікого.

Говори те, що подумалося, а думай так, як щойно відчула.

Плач від ніжності, бо інакше ніколи не будеш такою сильною.

Слідкуй за диханням, бо лише воно може встановити диктат ритму.

Постійно май на увазі дерева, вони зникають і з'являються найнадійніше.

Коли дуже втомлена, то переставай бути незламною і засинай.

Дотягнися губами до своєї середини.

Стріляти у вікно — як заглядати у вікна.

Попробуй зрозуміти, як чорні роблять джез.

Відкритість. Щедрість. Вдячність.

14. Щоби вивчити всі ці і безліч інших тонкощів мистецтва снайперства, необхідно беззастережно дотримуватися суворого режиму — постійно кохатися; і лише на відкритому повітрі. Довго, легко, сильно, швидко, ніжно, вперто, нез'явно, гарно, мудро, уважно, дуже уважно, мудро і гарно. На землі, на листі, на мості, на деревах, під деревами, на горбах, у ямах, на вітрі, під снігом, на льоду, вздовж дороги, поперек мосту, над містом, натемно і вночі, наясно і вдень, перед, після і під час їди, мовчки і крикливо. Стояти. Ходити. Сидіти. Лежати. Так, як можна було встигнути за найдовшу зиму 1914 року.

Z ustnicami se dotakni svojega središča.
Streljati v okno je kot pogledati vanj.
Skušaj razumeti, kako temnopolti delajo džez.
Odprtost. Radodarnost. Hvaležnost.

14. Da bi se naučil vseh teh in še mnogih drugih pretanjenosti ostro-strelske umetnosti, je potrebno brezpogojno slediti strogemu režimu: nenehno ljubljene; in to izključno na svežem zraku. Dolgo, lahkotno, močno, hitro, nežno, nepopustljivo, okorno, lepo, modro, pozorno, zelo pozorno, modro in lepo. Na goli zemlji, med listjem, na mahu, na drevesih, pod drevesi, na hribih, v jamah, na vetru, pod snegom, na ledu, ob cestah, povprek na mostu, nad mestom, v temi in ponoči, pri svetlobi in podnevi, pred, med in po jedi, tiho in glasno. Stojte. Med hojo. Sede. Leže. Kolikor je le bilo mogoče v tisti dolgi zimi 1914. leta.

Vso dolgo zimo, ki je leta 1914 trajala do aprila, Sebastjan in Ana skoraj nista vstopila v hiše. Ana je govorila, kar je mislila, in mislila, kar je občutila. Jokala je od nežnosti, saj še nikoli v življenju ni bila tako močna. Včasih, ko je bil Sebastjan v njej, se je zdelo, da morata še bliže drug k drugemu, včasih je bil dovolj blizu tudi skozi sloje srajc. Če se je prepognila, je bil Sebastjan prepričan, da tudi njega nekaj sili k prepogibanju. Kot bi se okoli kože ustvarila še ena plast toge mreže.

Višek dni.

Prevedla Andreja Kalc

Цілу довгу зиму, яка тривала до квітня 1914 року, Себастьян з Анною майже не заходили до приміщень. Анна говорила те, що подумалося, а думала, як відчувала щойно. Вона плакала від ніжності, бо ніколи в житті не була такою сильною. Часом, коли Себастьян був у ній, то здавалося, що треба ще ближче, а часом він був страшенно близьким через кілька сорочок. Коли вона згиналася, то він був переконаний, що щось змушує згинатися його. Наче навколо шкіри утворився ще один шар тугої оболонки.

Надмірні дні.

The UnSimple

(Excerpt)

Abundance of Days

6. That winter Franzysk suddenly realized that he didn't have a photograph of himself for the article in Larousse. He could have gone to the Chameleon Studio and had a photograph taken, but Franz correctly decided that, since the article had several hundred possible variants, even the best photograph would be purely serendipitous. He would have to have his photograph taken each time the article was written anew. [...]

Thus Franz turned to a strange way not only of regaining the past but also of discovering something completely unexpected.

7. After breakfast (eventually Franz decided that it would be most correct for Sebastian always to be in the middle, and he accepted that Anna would sit always by her man, and that he would have to be close to Sebastian, so that they could talk about everything easily) Franzysk took from Anna the second key to Sebastian's room, for the room would no longer be locked and he would no longer go in there. [...]

And then Franz pulled from under the bedding the winter sheepskin coat that had been stored there for the summer and went to the Union Hotel, where for several years now Ialivets's only contract killer lived in a room on the second floor.

8. Shtefan was very surprised when Franz entered his room—in Ialivets Franz could kill anyone without any need to hire an assassin: he was too well respected for that. Shtefan had just returned from a successful job in Kosmach and had to do a little work on his rifle.

Before Franz arrived he had already managed to attend a church service and even take communion afterwards. But he did not swallow the sacrament. He carried it in his mouth to the hotel and put it in a hole in the wall he had made earlier with a drill. He loaded a bullet into his rifle, walked to the opposite wall, and fired, aiming at the hole. It's a good thing he aimed well. Franz heard the shot between the first and second floors while riding in the lift that was being pulled upwards by two workers turning a winch up in the attic. Shtefan laid aside his gun and started to collect the blood from the wall. Franz opened the door. Shtefan should now have lubricated the rifle with the blood, but he didn't want to do this in front of Franzysk.

9. Franzysk quickly explained his request.

He wanted Shtefan to do something he did extremely well—to follow him unnoticed. Track him like an assassin. Find a good place for the shot

and the right moment to shoot. But instead of a rifle Shtefan was to have a camera. Franz would give Shtefan three months' time. After this he would take a hundred of his photographs and pay the rest of the money. The main thing was that neither Franzysk nor anyone else should ever notice him. Once he was told the amount of the payment, Shtefan enthusiastically agreed, unperturbed in the slightest that he didn't even know what a camera looked like.

Among other things, because of this irresponsibility on Shtefan's part, a lot of people were alive. Shtefan—as is typical of Ukrainians—was constantly taking on more commitments than he was able to handle. And so some contracts took years to be realized, and some were simply forgotten. But now Shtefan understood that with Franz, delays were out of the question. He had been told that Franz knew those eighteen words that made the rifle tremble, and the target show up of its own accord, in tears, and stand where you could aim at it directly from the window.

Franz showed him how a camera worked and left. Shtefan quickly rubbed the blood from the wall all down the barrel. He knew it was a terrible sin and that he would belong to Judas, but he always did this, so that the rifle would never miss. Especially after the blood began to boil.

10. Every day Franz took Sebastian for a walk around Ialivets. The frosts were severe and the ice-rinks didn't begin to melt even on sunny days. Finally Franz had someone to talk to—it turned out that Sebastian, as a real marksman, was able to see just as much. It seemed that they should be having endless, serious conversations, because the problem of Central Europe is stylistic: but no—just a few words, pointing out things they saw.

When they went into bars, they drank gin diluted with boiling water, with chasers only of fresh juice from slightly frozen apples that had been left on the trees in the autumn and were only recently picked from under the snow.

Sometimes they went to the place where the first Anna had died, and Franz drew in the snow sketches of ever changing versions of the family history. "There are things more important than fate," he said. "Culture, maybe. And culture is family, and a deliberate adherence to it." Franz asked that Sebastian and Anna's children be sure to visit this place. And also the place where Franz had met Sebastian (he almost added the beech forest with the undestroyed film but stopped himself in time, because, after all, he didn't know a great deal about the Unsimple), and other places that would appear with time. For time is the expansion of family into geography.

11. There were days when Sebastian would take his African rifle with him. On especially steep slopes it provided good support. On one such day they spoke of their dreams. It's no surprise that Franz's dream was the more complicated.

Sebastian dreamed of being old, living on a small cliff-island in a warm sea, and walking around in nothing but canvas trousers all year round; but also of walking little, mainly sitting on a stone bench beside an empty

white hut, drinking red wine and eating dry goat's cheese all day, and looking at a few tomato plants and not at the sea, in which he would bathe every night until the carnations began to give off their scent.

Franzysk, on the other hand, dreamed of a woman with several pairs of breasts.

Suddenly Sebastian bent down and butted Franz in the stomach with his head. Franz tumbled from the snowdrift while Sebastian did a somersault on the ground and, lying on his back, fired from his snow-filled rifle. On a distant hilltop something rang out. After lying still for a moment they made their way to the place and found Shtefan, wounded by a bullet and holding the smashed camera.

Sebastian had taken the light flashing off the lens for the reflection of an optic sight. Shtefan had overlooked the most important point: "No one should ever notice you," Franz had said. And one has to know how to take responsibility for an oversight.

On the other hand, Franzysk ended up without a photograph for the encyclopedia after all. Fortunately, reduction still interested him.

12. After this accident Anna decided she wanted to learn to be a sniper.

13. First of all you have to grow to love your own body, said Sebastian. And the location where everything will take place.

For the body is the gateway to the brain.

If you want to think well and quickly, the gate should always be open.

So that thoughts can come in and go out freely.

Thoughts are merely what passes through the filter from a location through the body and then flows out.

The freedom of donor-acceptor relationships.

To lie in the water and not to hear its smell.

To look closely at grass and not to feel its taste.

To experience with a glance the taste of what you sense by touch.

The gate opens only when you love it.

Open up, you always open up so beautifully.

Nails can scratch, but they can also clutch.

Prolong your gaze, maintain your gaze, hold your gaze.

Transfer to the rifle your body's desire to be in a place you cannot reach.

If you grow to love a location, it will become the creeping extension of your body.

It is not you who shoots, but the contour of the landscape.

It is not the head that thinks, but the body.

It is not the bullet that hits, but the thought.

Every thought is a desire that was able to enter and leave through the gate.

What you can do alone, do with no one.

Say what you have just thought, and think as you have just felt.

Cry from tenderness, for otherwise you will never be so strong.

Watch your breathing, for it alone can dictate rhythm.

Always remember about trees: they disappear and appear most reliably.

When you are very tired, stop being unbreakable and fall asleep.

Reach inside with your lips to your center.

Shooting into a window is like looking into a window.

Try to understand how Blacks make jazz.

Openness. Generosity. Gratitude.

14. To learn these and countless other subtleties of the art of sniping, it is necessary to maintain a strict, uncompromising regime: to make love constantly, and that only in the open air. Long, lightly, forcefully, rapidly, gently, stubbornly, clumsily, beautifully, wisely, carefully, very carefully, wisely and beautifully. On the earth, in leaves, on moss, in trees, under trees, on hills, in hollows, in wind, in snow, on ice, along the road, across the bridge, above the bridge, in the dark and in the night, in the light and in the day, before, after and during eating, silently and noisily. Stand. Walk. Sit. Lie. As much as was possible during that longest winter of 1914.

That whole, long winter, which lasted until April 1914, Sebastian and Anna barely came into the house. Anna said what she thought, and thought as she felt. She cried from tenderness, for never in her life had she been so strong. Sometimes, when Sebastian was inside her, it seemed he wasn't close enough, and sometimes he was extremely close across a couple of shirts. When she bent, he was convinced that something was making him bend too. As though around his skin another layer of tight membrane had been created.

Excessive days.

Translated by Uilleam Blacker

Viktória Radics je bila rojena leta 1960 v Somboru v Vojvodini. Je esejistka, prozaistka, literarna kritičarka, pesnica in prevajalka. V Novem Sadu je študirala madžarski jezik in književnost in bila sodelavka avantgardističnega časopisa *Űj Symposion*. Ker je časopis ostro napadla komunistična partija in razpustila redakcijo, se je avtorica leta 1984 preselila v Budimpešto na Madžarsko, kjer živi še danes. Ukvarja se s književnostmi bivše Jugoslavije in prevaja iz srbskega, hrvaškega in bosanskega jezika. Skrbi za vzdrževanje madžarsko-južnoslovanskih kulturnih vezi. Je avtorica obsežne monografije o Danilu Kišu in soavtorica prvih madžarskih ženskih antologij. V pripravi je knjiga njenih esejev. Živi kot svobodna umetnica. Še vedno je močno vezana na kulturni prostor nekdanje Jugoslavije, organizira gostovanja in branja avtorjev s tega področja in promovira omenjene književnosti. Pravkar sestavlja antologijo črnogorske književnosti.

Viktória Radics was born in 1960 in Sombor, Vojvodina. She is an essayist, prose writer, literary critic, poet and translator. Radics studied Hungarian language and literature in Novi Sad, while contributing to the avantgarde newspaper *Űj Symposion*. Since the newspaper was severely attacked by the communist party, which later also dismissed the staff, the author moved to the Hungarian city of Budapest in 1984 and stayed there. She specialises in the literatures of the former Yugoslavia and translates from Serbian, Croatian and Bosnian, while being active in maintaining cultural bonds among Hungarian and South Slavic nations. She is the author of the extensive monograph on Danilo Kiš and the co-author of the first Hungarian women anthologies. Her book of essays is forthcoming. Viktória Radics is a freelance artist whose ties with the cultural space of former Yugoslavia are still strong. Moreover, she organises tours and readings by authors from this region, as well as promoting the above mentioned literatures. She is currently compiling an anthology of Montenegrin literature.

Viktória Radics



Foto © Fanny Fogarassy

Lectori Salutem

Vse življenje nisem počela ničesar drugega kot brala, sem zadnjič zamomljala v sebi. Tudi pisala sem, no, toda branje je bilo morje, pisanje pa samo čoln. Včasih sem tavela z vesli, včasih brez vesel, kot piše Hamvas o esejistu. Tu in tam dvignem glavo od knjige, pogledam pas zlatega odseva na steni in nenadoma sploh ne vem, kje sem, čemu to sploh služi. Kaj pravzaprav delam in zakaj? Tostran in onstran teorij kljub večdesetletnim izkušnjam ne vem povedati, kaj pomeni brati.

Vendar naj bi to bila strast, taka kot ljubezen, ko človek ne ve, kaj je zdaj – a takrat je tam resničen ali domišljjski obraz drugega človeka, ki za trenutek vse »razloži«, in ni več treba razmišljati o ničemer. Pri branju pa tega ni. Ne gledam avtorjevega obraza in ne berem zaradi njega. Berem zato, da ne bi bila pri sebi in da bi vseeno prišel trenutek, ki me pahne globoko v sebe ali me dvigne k sebi, ampak ne poimensko, temveč brezimno, kot del sveta, kot soudeleženko univerzuma ali njegove nianse, delčka, kakršne koli pritikline, naj bo to pokrajina, čustvo, letni čas, misel, ideja ali družba.

Ne, branje ni pobeg, ampak vključitev in priključitev, nekakšen čuden občutek skupnosti, ne nujno s človekom, ampak recimo s kamnom ali s prikaznijo, a precej skozi um in srce. In seveda je branje intelektualna dejavnost, a hkrati morda tudi delo iz ljubezni, hrepenenje po navezi, po elementarnem odnosu in avtentičnem odzivu; v žeji po znanju, brez katere knjige ne bi odpri, je še neka druga žeja, da bi bil skupaj preko besed, pomenov in slik. Da torej še ne bi umrl. Uživaj, pojasnjuj, občuduj, sovraži stvarstvo.

Brala sem na robu kuhinjske mize, medtem ko je mati mesila testo, na kanapeju, ob koprenasti svetlobi svetilke, leže na divanu, togo sede na stolu, ob grizljanju svinčnika, puljenju lasnih konic in zunaj na morski obali (tam mi ni preveč šlo), na vlaku (tam je bilo še posebej dobro, s pogledi skozi okno), v spremenljivih telesnih položajih, v najrazličnejših duševnih stanjih – nič ne de, saj veš, da obstaja neka točka, ko te branje potegne vase, ko poletiš in preklopiš. Tedaj zogljeni ne samo jajce, ampak tudi posoda na štedilniku, pozabiš na prakso, ostane samo seme ali lupina tvojih muk in veselja. Vmes se prestaviš v drug svet, tako da v srečnejših primerih tega še bolj občutiš; izgineš od tod kot v pravljici, a sebe vseeno »držiš« od znotraj ali od zunaj. Pri zavesti si (bereš lahko le popolnoma trezen), a v spremenjenem stanju zavesti, v katerem hodijo, švigajo in navdihujejo duhovi kot v prasketovih. Morda je v branju nekaj šamaniističnega ali nekaj iz obredov derviše, neka zanesenost?

Če je knjiga slaba, se proces vseeno začne, le tvoj duševni vodnik je slab, ne moreš in nimaš volje, da bi se mu pridružil. Razočaran si, ker je lažen, ker te je zapeljal v nečimrn, ponarejen svet, zapeljal te je v samo-prevaro, slepiš se in zavajaš. Kot laični bralec knjigo odložiš, kot kritični bralec pa ga kaznuješ oziroma lažeš skupaj z njo. Toda potem ti je zelo žal. Kot Ottó Tolnai začena svojo *Knjigo pesmi*:

Lectori salutem

Mást se csináltam egész életemben, mint olvastam, mondtam magamban a múltkor füstölögve. Írtam is, no, de az olvasás volt a tenger, és az írás csak a csónak. Hol evezővel, hol evező nélkül tébolyogtam, ahogy Hamvas írja az esszéistáról. Olykor felkapom a fejem a könyvből, ránézek egy aranyló visszfény-sávra a falon, és hirtelen nem is tudom, hol vagyok, és mire jó ez? Voltaképpen mit csinálók én most, és miért? Teóriákon innen és túl, több évtizedes tapasztalataim ellenére bizony nem tudom megmondani, hogy mit jelent olvasni.

Mégiscsak szenvedély lehet ez, olyan, mint a szerelem, amikor nem tudja az ember, hogy most mi van – de olyankor mégis ott a másik ember valóságos vagy képzeletbeli arca, mely egy-egy percre mindent „megmagyaráz”, és nem kell tovább gondolkodni semmiről. Olvasáskor viszont ilyen nincs. Nem a szerző arcát nézem, és nem is miatta olvasok. Hanem azért olvasok, hogy ne legyek magamnál, és mégis jöjjön el egy pillanat, mely mélyen magamba taszít, vagy fölemel maga-magamhoz, ám nem személy szerint, hanem mint egy névtelent, aki része a világnak, részesedik a világmindenségből vagy annak egy nüánszából, részletéből, bármi tartozékából, legyen az táj, érzelem, évszak, gondolat, eszme vagy társadalom.

Nem, nem menekülés az olvasás, hanem bekapcsolódás és rákapcsolódás, egyfajta különleges közösségi érzés, nem okvetlenül emberrel, hanem mondjuk egy kővel vagy egy kísértettel, de elmén és szíven átszűrve. És persze, hogy az olvasás intellektuális tevékenység, de egyúttal talán valamiféle szeretetmunka is, vágy a kapcsolódásra, az elementáris viszonyra és az autentikus viszonyulásra; a tudásszomjban, mely nélkül nem nyitnánk fel a könyvet, benne van ez a másik szomj is, hogy szavakon, jelentéseken, képeken által együtt légy. Hogy tehát még ne halj meg. Élvezd, fejtegesd, bámuld, gyűlöld a teremtést.

Olvastam konyhaasztal szélén, miközben anyám a tészta gyúrta, kanapén, fátyolos lámpafényben, díványon heverve, mereven a széken ülve, ceruzát rágva, hajam végét tépve, és kint a tengerparton (ott azért nem nagyon ment), vonatban (ott különösen jó, ki-kimeredve az ablakon), változatos testhelyzetekben, a legkülönbözőbb lelkiállapotokban – nem számít, hiszen, tudod, van egy pont, amikor az olvasmány beszippant, amikor elszállsz, átkattansz. Ilyenkor nem csak a tojás, a lábas is elszenesedik a sparhelten, elfelejtet a praxist, kínjaidnak s örömeidnek csak a magja, vagy épp a héja marad, és közben úgy kerülsz át egy másvilágba, hogy közben szerencsés esetben pontosabban érzékeled emezt; eltűnsz innen, mint a mesében, és magadat mégis belülről vagy kívülről „fogod”. Tudatos vagy (csak színjőzanul lehet olvasni), mégis módosult tudatállapotban, melyben szellemek járnak, átsuhannak és sugallnak, mint az ősbibb világokban. Lehet, hogy az olvasásban van valami a sámánisztikus, vagy a dervis szertartásokból, a révülésből?

Konec*prebral si veliko slabe literature**slutil bi lahko, da bo tak*

KONEC

To je eno izmed mojih »vesel«, drugo je od Marnoja, iz pesmi z naslovom *Kot pesnika*:

*Koža kot papir, v pismo**sodi, kar bi bilo dobro zbrisati.*

V pravem, vznemirljivem branju je vedno trenutek preseganja meja, povabilo nekoga, ki nikamor ne sodi, izključenega, sramotno odstranjenega, je prestop na nikogaršnjo zemljo ali prepovedan teren ali v zelo negotovo duhovno cono. Tisto, kar je izbrisano iz rutinskega sveta, tisto, kar se izbriše ali je celó sramotno, želimo med branjem izkusiti močnejše, ozvočeno ali v obliki nekakšne rentgenske slike, čim bolj poudarjeno. Dober bralec uživa, da se je v njem zganilo, kar se mu je zdelo, da ve, ali da pride na dan, na kar si še pomisliti ni upal. Da precizira, kar je zgolj slutil v sanjah. Da mu pošljejo sporočilo, pravzaprav da zares dobi pismo. Poštni predal je vedno prazen, a jutri bo v njem najlepše, odločilno, najbolj iskreno, z roko napisano pismo.

Med citatoma pa se dolgo, topo in skeleče skriva tisto, kar je opisal Danilo Kiš v svoji pripovedi *Jurij Golec*. Pravi, da je prišel do tragičnega zaključka, da knjiga človeku v krizni situaciji ne pomaga. Takrat zaman hlasta po primernem branju. Pripovedovalec se ločuje, pade v depresijo: »Obračal sem najrazličnejše pisatelje in knjige: gnostike in komentatorje gnostikov, od *Preživeti* Bruna Bettelheima, Lindemannovega *Autogenega treninga*, *Usode užitka* nekega Olagnieja, Goethejevih *Izbirnih sorodnosti*, Braunschwigovih *Dnevov in noči*, Rosenfeldovih *Psihotičnih stanj*, do romanov Philipa Rotha, celo Bergmana, njegovih prizorov *Iz življenja marionet*, ker se mi je zdelo, da sem tudi jaz lutka, ki jo premika usoda. Branje me je pripeljalo do naslednjega: v knjigah na žgoča vprašanja ni odgovora.«

Tako torej. Branje ne pomaga dobro živeti, ostati pri življenju ali najti odgovorov na eksistencialna vprašanja. Pa ne da bi zanikala spoznavno funkcijo in katarzično vlogo literature. A nima ustvarjalnega in olepševalnega učinka, s čimer so jo v času razsvetljenstva ovenčali zgodnji privrženci Gutenbergove galaksije. Ali odrešilnega značaja, kot so to verjeli zgodnji romantiki. In ne spreminja našega življenja ter sveta, kot so mislili modernisti in avantgardisti. Márai, eden največjih bralcev, je na božič '85-ega, ko je Lola umirala, napisal naravnost, da »ni 'besed', življenje je popolnoma nesmiselno in neusmiljeno, na koncu pregorimo. »Iz ničla prihajamo in izginemo v nič, vse drugo je otroška domišljija. Kar je bilo vmes, je včasih čudovito, vedno pa nesmiselno in brezciljno.«

Branje ni nič drugega kot občutenje in estetski užitek brezciljnosti in nesmisla, presvetlitev nekega zelo zelo velikega neuspeha in morda včasih srečno samotrpinčenje. Atopos, ne-prostorsko, eterično mesto ali ring

Ha rossz a könyv, ez a processzus olyankor is beindulna, csak nem jó a lélekvezetőd, nem bírsz, nincs kedved vele tartani. Csalódsz, mert hamis, hívságos, talmi világba vezetett, önáltatásba vitt, becsapod magad vele, félrevezet. Laikus olvasóként lecsapod a könyvet, kritikus olvasóként pedig elvered rajta a port, avagy vele hazudsz. No de megkeserülsz. Ahogy Tolnai Ottó nyitja *Verseinek könyvét*:

Vége

*sok rossz irodalmat összeolvastál
sejthetted volna hogy ez lesz a
VÉGE*

Ez most az egyik „vezető”, a másik pedig Marnótól van, a *Mint költőt* című versből:

*Bőre most, mint a papír, levélnek való
megírni azt, amit törölni volna jó.*

Az igazi, izgi olvasásban mindig ott a határáthágás mozzanata, a sehova-nem-illőnek, a kirekesztettnek és kiebrudaltnak a behívása, a senkiföldjére vagy a tilosba való átlépés, vagy egy nagyon bizonytalan szellemzónába. Azt, ami törölve van a rutinvilágból, azt, a törlendőt, vagy akár a szégyenleteset kívánjuk fölerősítve, kihangosítva vagy valami röntgenkép formájában, minél nyomatékosabban megtapasztalni olvasás közben. A jó olvasó azt élvezzi, hogy megrendül benne, amit tudni vél, vagy előjön, amire gondolni sem mert. Meg hogy pontosul, amit csak álmában sejtett. Meg hogy üzennek neki, voltaképpen tényleg levelet kap. Mindig üres a postaláda, de holnap benne lesz életem legszebb, döntő, legőszintébb, kézzel írt levele.

A két idézet közt azonban ott húzódik az, hosszan, tompán és sajnón, amit Danilo Kiš írt meg *Jurij Golec* című elbeszélésében. Azt mondja, arra a tragikus eredményre jutott, hogy amikor az ember válsághelyzetben van, könyv nem segít. Olyankor hiába kapkod megfelelő olvasmány után. Az elbeszélő válik, depresszióba esik: „A legkülönbözőbb írókat, könyveket forgattam: a gnosztikusokat és gnosztikusok kommentárjait, Bruno Bettelheimtől a *Túlélnit*, Lindemann *Autogén tréningjét*, *Az élvezet sorsát* valami Olagniéttől, a *Vonzásokat és választásokat* Goethétől, Braunschwigtól a *Nappal, éjszakát*, Rosenfeldtől a *Pszichotikus állapotokat*, Philip Roth regényeit, sőt még Bergmant is, a *Jelenetek a bábok életéből-t*, mert úgy éreztem, hogy én is olyan vagyok, mint egy báb, melyet a sors rángat. Egy valamire jutottam az olvasmányaimból: hogy az égető kérdésekre nincs válasz a könyvekben.”

Hát igen. Az olvasás nem segít jól élni, életben maradni, vagy egzisztenciális kérdésekre választ találni. Nem mintha tagadnám az irodalom megismerő funkcióját és katartikus szerepét. De nincsen olyan építő jellegű, *tsinosító* hatása, amivel a felvilágosodás korában ruházták fel a Gutenberg-galaxis korai hívei. Vagy olyan megváltó karaktere, ahogy a koraromantikusok hitték. Nem is változtatja meg az életünket meg a világunkat,

v umu, kjer se freudovski nagoni življenja in smrti objamejo v svoji čudni lepoti. Nekaj, s čimer se pisatelj namuči, mi za trenutek nudi veselje. Tudi to kaže, ne govorim znanstveno, da je osnovna struktura življenja sadoma-zohistična.

Moje stanovanje je v ruševinah, moji možgani v drobcih, moji živci razrahljani. Če bi me videli zdaj, bi se me prestrašili. Vse življenje nisem počela nič drugega, kot brala. Vsak dan sem našla vsaj en dober ali vsaj en nedokončan stavek. Moje življenje zaradi njih ni lažje, toda hopla, vzamem knjigo, polistam in ni me več tu, adijo!

Prevedla Gabriella Gaál

ahogy a modernisták és az avantgárdok gondolták. Márai, az egyik legnagyobb olvasó, egyenest azt írta 85 karácsonyán, amikor Lola haldoklott, hogy „nincsenek »szavak«, az élet teljesen értelmetlen és irgalmatlan, s a végén kiégünk. „A semmiből jövünk és eltűnünk a semmiben, minden más gyerekes képzelgés. Ami közben volt, néha csodálatos, mindig értelmetlen és céltalan.”

Az olvasás nem más, mint a céltalanság és az értelmetlenség átérzése és esztétikai élvezete, valami nagy-nagy kudarcélmény átvilágítása, s néha talán boldog önemésztés. Olyan atoposz, hely-telen, éteri hely, vagy ring az elmében, ahol a freudi élet- és halálösztönök a maguk furcsa szépségében összeölelkeznek. S amit az író megkínlódik, abban nékem egy percre örömöm telik. Ebből is kiviláglik, most nem tudományosan fogalmazok, az élet szadomazochista alapszerkezete.

Lakásom romokban, agyam töredékekben, idegeim szétszálazódva. Ha most meglátnátok, elriadnátok tőlem. Mást se csináltam egész életemben, mint olvastam. Minden nap találtam legalább egy jó mondatot vagy félmondatot. Nem lett tőlük könnyebb az életem, ámde hipp-hopp, fölkapok egy könyvet, lapozok, és már itt sem vagyok, sziasztok!

Lectori Salutem

I did nothing in my whole life but read, I mumbled to myself the other day. Well, I wrote as well, but if reading was the sea, writing was the boat. Sometimes I wandered off with oars, sometimes without oars, as Hamvas writes of essayists. Now and then I raise my face from the books, gaze at the golden reflection on the wall and suddenly I don't know anymore where I am, what this is good for. What am I actually doing and why? Within and beyond the theory, in spite of the decades of experience, I still cannot tell what it really means to read.

Yet, it should be a passion, somewhat like love, when you completely forget about this very moment - and there appears a real or an imaginary face of someone else who "explains" everything in a flash and you don't need to think of anything anymore. There is no such a thing in reading. I don't see the author's face and I don't read because of him. I read because I want to get away from myself and, in spite of that, to reach the moment that would plunge me deep into myself or elevate me toward myself, not as an individual but anonymously, as a part of the world, as a participant in the universe or one of its variations, of a tiny particle, any kind of apurtenance - be it landscape, season, thought, idea or company.

No, reading is no escape; it is an inclusion and connection, some strange social empathy, not necessarily for another human being, but for example with a rock or with an apparition, filtered through the mind and the heart. And, of course, reading is also an intellectual activity, perhaps simultaneously a work of love, yearning for an attachment, for an elemental relationship and authentic reactions; within this thirst for knowledge that stimulates us to open the book, there is another kind of thirst - to be one with words, meanings and images. So - not yet to die. To enjoy, explain, admire—even despise the creation.

I was used to read at the edge of a kitchen table where my mother was kneading dough, on the settee by the gauzy light of a lamp, lying on the divan, stiffly sitting on a chair while chewing my pencil and removing my split ends, and outdoors at the seaside (I did pretty badly there), on the train (it worked especially well there, gazing through the window), in changeable body postures, in diverse mental states - nothing matters, because you know that there is a certain point when you are absorbed into the reading, when you take off and switch over. It is not just an egg that is charred on the stove then - kitchenware too; you forget about your practice, nothing is left but a seed or a shell of your torments and desires. You transpose yourself into another world, and if you're lucky you will feel it more intensively; you disappear as in a fairy tale but you're still "holding on" to yourself from within or without. You are conscious (only completely sober, can one read), yet, in an altered state of consciousness, vibrating from the shooting spirits of inspiration, just like in the ancient

worlds. Is there not something shamanistic in reading, some trace of derish ritual, some sort of elevation?

Even if the book is bad, this process still begins, but your spiritual guide is unpleasant and you cannot and do not feel like joining him. His falsehood disappoints you; he has tricked you into a conceited, superficial world; he tricked you into self-deceit, where you delude yourself and are led astray. As a lay reader, you discard the book; as a critical reader, you punish it or blow into the same deceptive horn with it. But afterwards, you are very sorry. Just as Ottó Tolnai begins his *Book of Poems*:

The End

You've read so much bad literature by now

You could have known what to expect at

THE END

This is one of my “oars”; the other one belongs to Marno and is taken from a poem with the title *As a Poet*:

Skin as paper; put in a letter

All that should have been erased.

In the real, exciting reading, you always reach a moment of grasping beyond limits, like accepting the invitation of someone who cannot be defined and is excluded, shamefully eliminated; like trespassing on no man's land, on forbidden ground or into a highly dubious spiritual zone. All that is erased from the world of routine, all that should have been erased or is even shameful - we crave to feel it louder and more strongly, even X-rayed in a way, emphasized as much as possible. A good reader will enjoy that something new has been aroused in him, something he already thought to know or that would be revealed to him, something he didn't actually dare to think of. He will see every detail of what he could merely suspect in his dreams before. A message will be sent to him, and he will actually receive a letter. His mailbox is always empty, but tomorrow there will be the most wonderful, decisive, most sincere, hand-written letter in it.

Between both quotations, everything that Danilo Kiš says in his story *Jurij Golec* has been hiding for a very long time, blunt and burning. He says he came to the tragic conclusion that a book can't help you if you're in a critical situation. In this case, your craving for proper literature is in vain. The narrator becomes separated, plunging into depression: “I studied various writers and books: Gnostics and the commentators on the Gnostics, from Bruno Bettelheim's *Surviving*, Lindemann's *Autogenic Training*, *Destiny of Pleasure* by a certain Olganie, Goethe's *Elective Affinities*, Braunschwig's *Days and Nights*, Rosenfeld's *Psychotic States* to novels by Philip Roth, or even Bergman and his *From the Life of the Marionettes*, because I too believed in being a marionette, manipulated by

destiny. Reading has brought me this far: In books, there are no answers to the burning questions”.

So that's how it is. Reading can't help you to lead a good life, to stay alive or to find answers to the existential questions. Not that I would deny the cognitive function or the cathartic role of literature. But it lacks the creative or beautifying effect that the early followers of the Gutenberg galaxy crowned it with in the era of the Renaissance. Nor the salvational character with which the early Romantic scholars exalted it. And it doesn't change our lives or our world as the modernists and avant-gardists believed. Márai, one of the greatest readers, wrote on Christmas 1985 when Lola was dying that “there are no ‘words’”, life is senseless and merciless, in the end, we burn out. “We come from nothing and disappear into nothing; everything else is childhood fantasy. What happens in-between is sometimes wonderful but always senseless and pointless”.

Reading is nothing but perception and the esthetic pleasure of pointlessness and senselessness, the illumination of great failure and perhaps sometimes joyful self-torture. ‘Atopos’, the non-spatial, ethereal place or circle in the mind, where Freudian instincts of life and death embrace in their strange beauty. Something that demanded the writer's hard work brings me pleasure for a brief moment. This indicates as well, in non-scientific terms, that the basic structure of life is that of sadomasochism.

My apartment lies in ruins, my brain in pieces, I am a nervous wreck. If you saw me now, you would be afraid. I have done nothing in my whole life but read. Each day, I have found at least one good sentence, at least one unfinished sentence. My life is no easier because of that – but lickety-split – I grab a book, turn a few pages and I am gone, goodbye!

Translated from the Slovene by Ana Jasmina Oseban

Maja Razboršek se je rodila leta 1959 v Ljubljani. Je pesnica, ki živi in dela v Sežani in pravi, da piše pesmi, odkar zna pisati. Čeprav je po poklicu oblikovalka, slušbuje kot knjižničarka v Kosovelovi knjižnici. Večletna žirantka mednarodnega literarnega festivala Mlada Vilenica in nekaterih drugih nagrad za književnost se vsestransko, in ne le poklicno, ukvarja s širjenjem bralne kulture. Njene pomembnejše literarne objave v večini slovenskih literarnih revij in na Radiu Slovenija so se začele vrstiti po letu 1984, ko je na Festivalu poezije mladih v srbskem Vrbasu v tedanji Jugoslaviji prejela 3. nagrado. Pesmi je objavila tudi v tujem tisku, na primer v italijanski literarni reviji *Le voci della luna* in v italijanski spletni pesniški reviji *Fili d'aquilone*. Izdala je dve samostojni pesniški zbirki, in sicer dvojezično zbirko *Ranjeni papir/La carta ferita* (1995) v slovenščini in italijanščini (s prevodi Jolke Milič) in *Pretanjeni razbor* (2000). S svojo poezijo je prisotna v številnih almanahih, njene pesmi pa vključuje tudi *Antologija slovenskih pesnic 3* (2007).

Maja Razboršek was born in 1959 in Ljubljana. She is a Slovene poet who lives and works in Sežana and has, according to her own words, been versifying since the day she learned to write. Although formally trained as a designer, she works as a librarian at the Kosovel public library. The former juror for the international Young Vilenica literary festival and several other literary awards programmes thrives on popularising the culture of reading both professionally and personally. Her work began being published extensively after 1984, the year she came 3rd at the Festival poezije mladih (Festival For Young Poets) in Vrbas, Serbia, which was at the time a part of Yugoslavia. Since then, her poetry has been regularly featured in several Slovene literary magazines and on Radio Slovenija. Her work has also been published in foreign literary publications, such as the Italian literary journal *Le voci della luna* and the Italian online poetry magazine *Fili d'aquilone*. She has published two individual books of poetry, the bilingual Slovene-Italian *Ranjeni papir/La carta ferita* (A Wounded Paper, 1995), with translations by Jolka Milič, and *Pretanjeni Razbor* (Subtle Judgement, 2000). Her work has been featured in numerous almanacs as well as in the most recent anthology of Slovene poetesses *Antologija slovenskih pesnic 3* (2007).

Maja Razbořšek



Pisava

Kot šivanje
za še nerojenega:

pisava.

Pretaka se kot kri,
upočasnjena s spoznanji.
Nezajezljiva se bliža
slutenemu jedru.
Kadar ga ne zgreši,
ga svojevoljno obide.

Varuje skrivnost.
Ohranja čistost.
Lahko bi bila voda.

Privajanje zvokom

Prepozno za sočutje
se privajam na zvoke,
ki sem jim še do nedavna prikimavala
kot znanilcem gluhote.

V katero od abeced
naj jih razčlenim zdaj,
ko so mi z naličja strgali
varovalni smehljaj,
ki se je zdel večer kot sfingin?

Zasuk kakor pri divjem plesu:
razbremenili so me
v nedogled preigravane vloge;
predolgo sem bila ovca z levjo senco.

Writing

Like sewing
For one not yet born:

Writing.

Flowing like blood,
Slowed by understanding.
Unstoppable it comes closer
To the anticipated core.
When it not does not miss it
it wilfully evades it.

It guards the secret.
Maintains purity.
It could be water.

Getting Used to the Sounds

Too late for compassion
I am getting used to the sounds
To which I would nod until recently
As to the harbingers of deafness.

Into which of the alphabets
Should I now break them down
Now that they have torn from my face
The defensive smile
That seemed as eternal as that of the Sphinx?

A turn made as in a rowdy dance:
I have been relieved
Of a role replayed into perpetuity;
I have been a sheep with a lion's shadow
For too long now.

Srčika sanj

Za pol zavesljaja v svitanje:
prosojno vijolično,
mestoma že sinje jutro ...

Med kamnite hiše utesnjena ulica
diha z mojo negotovostjo,
plitvo in hitro
kot po brezumnem teku.

Najprej naj prepričam sebe,
potem bom nemara tudi druge,
da sem zares tu.

In kot da berem s porumenelih listov –
knjiga že razpada:
Ikar je spremenil spol
in s tem svojo usodo ...

Nepopolna hestija

In je jesen, še preden je ...
Izguba izgubi sledi,
da darovanega
malone ne prepoznam ...

Se mar krik iz vzdihla rodi
ali obratno?
Je moja bolečina dovolj globoko
izdolben vodnjak,
da vanj ponikne vsa ta glasnost,
ne da bi ogrozila varovani plamen?

Naj se v otožje sprehodim
ali naj v otopelosti obsedim?

The Nucleus of Dreams

For half an oar into the dawn:
A transparently purple
In some places even azure morning...

A street squeezed between stone houses
Breathes with my indecisiveness
Shallowly and quickly
Like after a foolish run.

First let me convince myself
That I really am here.
Then I may be able to convince the others, too.

And as though reading from yellowed pages -
The book is already falling apart:
 Icarus changed his sex
 And with this his fate...

An Incomplete Hestia

And it is autumn, even before it is...
Loss follows loss
So that I barely recognize
Him who was a gift.

Is a scream born from a sigh
Or is it the other way around?
Is my pain a well
Bored deep enough
For all this loudness to disappear down it
Without threatening the guarded flame?

Should I walk into melancholy
Or remain sitting in lethargy?

Ozarjena

Sloniva ob oknu.
Strmiva v november.
Maček hlepi po ptičih,
ki jih ne bo nikoli ulovil -
jaz po otokih,
ki so morda le v moji nadeji
obljubljeni prihodnjim poletjem.

Ta svet ni za sanjarje -
spogledava se -
sanjarji zase ustvarijo svet
z drugačnim razklonom svetlobe.

Ogenska polica
je streznjujoče mrzla.
Spogledava se.

Gotovost in udomljenost
ni v koreninah,
ampak v oblakih.

Lit up by Light

Both leaning by the window.
Staring into November.
The cat yearns for the birds
It will never catch -
I for the islands
That are promised to future summers
Maybe in my hopes only.

This world is not one for dreamers -
We exchange glances -
Dreamers make a world for themselves,
One with a different slant of light.

The window sill
Is soberingly cold.
We exchange glances.

Surety and homeliness
Are not contained in roots
But in the clouds.

Kronična zasoplost

Očitek je očiten:
življenje se roga zlatemu rezu.
Vsa božanstva so muhasta,
preračunljiva, podkupljiva,
čemur pravimo
človeku nedoumljiva.

Najprej hlastno pišem,
nato preudarno popravljam.
Beležko in prosto bežeče liste
polnim z zankastimi čačkami,
od katerih so nedvoumni
le vprašaji.

Med rockom in klasiko
sem vzgajala otroka.
Dopovedovala sem jima,
da imata pravico do odgovorov
na vsa vprašanja,
vso pravico, pa nikake možnosti.

Dota

Moja otroka:
on modrook, ona rjavooka.

Koreninita v negotovem izročilu.
Niti breznasta molčanja niti gorečnosti
jima niso tuje,
niti barve niti besede ...

Samo upam lahko,
da sem ju oborožila
tudi z neuklonljivo vedrino
in ne zgolj s cinizmom.

Chronic Breathlessness

The reproach is obvious:
Life laughs at the golden ratio.
All the gods are capricious,
Calculating, corruptible,
What we call that
Which is unfathomable to humans.

First I write with unrestrained enthusiasm,
Then I make corrections with consideration.
I fill the notebook and freely escaping paper
With loopy scribbles
Of which the only unambiguous ones
Are the question marks.

I brought my children up
Between rock and classical music.
Made them understand
That they have the right to the answers
To all of their questions,
Full rights, but no chances.

The Dowry

My children:
He is blue eyed, she is brown eyed.

Steadfast in an uncertain tradition
Not even cavernous silences nor fieriness
Are foreign to them
Not even colours nor words...

I can only hope,
That I have also armed them
With an unbeatable cheerfulness
And not just with cynicism.

Translated by Nikolai Jeffs

Joachim Sartorius se je rodil leta 1946 v Fürthu v Nemčiji. Kot sin diplomata je odraščal v Tuniziji, Kongu in Kamerunu. V Münchnu, Londonu, Strasbourgu in Parizu je študiral pravo in politične vede. Danes, po dolgih letih, ki jih je tudi sam preživel v diplomatski službi v New Yorku, Istanbulu in Nikoziji, živi v Berlinu, kjer je gostujoči predavatelj na Umetnostni univerzi v Berlinu (Universität der Künste Berlin). Je pesnik, založnik in prevajalec ameriške književnosti v nemščino. Izdal je šest samostojnih pesniških zbirk, med zadnjimi *Ich habe die Nacht* (Noč je moja, 2003) in *Hôtel des Étrangers* (2008). V sodelovanju z drugimi ustvarjalci pa je izdal zbirke *The Golden Tower* (Zlati stolp, 1990, z Jamesom Leejem Byarsom), *Vakat* (1993, s fotografinjino Nan Goldin) in *Aus dem Augengrund* (Z dna očesa, 2000, z Emiliem Vedovo). Kot prevajalec in urednik je izdal monografije izbrane poezije Malcolma Lowryja in Williama Carlosa Williama ter antološke zbirke *Atlas der neuen Poesie* (Atlas nove poezije, 1995), *Minima Poetica* (1999) in *Alexandria Fata Morgana* (Aleksandrija fata morgana, 2001). Je član nemškega PEN-a in Nemške akademije za jezik in poezijo. Prejel je štipendiji fundacije Rockefeller in ustanove Collegium Budapest, leta 1998 pa je za prevode lirike ameriških pesnikov Johna Ashberyja in Wallacea Stevensa v nemščino prejel nagrado Paula Scheerbarta za prevajanje poezije.

Joachim Sartorius was born in 1946 in Fürth, Germany. He grew up in Tunisia, the Congo and Cameroon. He studied law and political sciences in München, London, Strasbourg and Paris. After long periods he had himself spent as a diplomat in New York, Istanbul and Nicosia, he now resides in Berlin where he is also a Visiting Professor at the Universität der Künste Berlin. As poet, publisher and translator of American literature into German, he has published six volumes of poetry, with *Ich habe die Nacht* (I Have the Night, 2003) and *Hôtel des Étrangers* (2008) being the most recent ones. He has also co-authored numerous books with other artists such as *The Golden Tower* (1990, with James Lee Byars), *Vakat* (1993, with photographer Nan Goldin), and *Aus dem Augengrund* (From the Eyeground, 2000, with Emilio Vedova). He is the editor of the collected works of Malcolm Lowry and William Carlos Williams as well as the anthologies *Atlas der neuen Poesie* (Atlas of New Poetry, 1995), *Minima Poetica* (1999), and *Alexandria Fata Morgana* (2001). He is a member of the German PEN and the German Academy for Language and Poetry. He was the recipient of fellowships from the Rockefeller Foundation and the Budapest Collegium. In 1998, he received the Paul Scheerbart Prize for Literary Translation for his German translations of American poetry by John Ashbery and Wallace Stevens.

Joachim Sartorius



Foto © Isolde Ohlbaum

Diana

Kaj je dovolila, da je videl,
preden se je preobrazil? Stopalo,
bel gleženj, hrbet in prsi? Kaj vidimo,
ko gledamo? V njenih laseh sem
videl srp. V vodi sem
videl hrbet sveta,
oskrunil sem vodo, hiter,
nor plitev brod. Ločil sem
luč od luči.

Potem vse izgine.

Čebele molčijo,
tudi ptiči, oblaki, ki plavajo mimo.
Kot da svet strmi v mojo gorjačo
v tej vodi. Sem nekaj videl?
Moj kožuh zajame veter in
se naježi. Voham kraj, kjer je
bila, kjer je pomočila belo stopalo
v vodo, brezi odstrgam
kožo, svetlobo.
Moja kopita se udirajo v blato.

Diana

Was hat sie ihm erlaubt zu sehen,
bevor er verwandelt wurde? Den Fuß,
den weißen Knöchel, den Rücken
und die Brust? Was sieht man,
wenn man sieht? Ich habe die Sichel
in ihrem Haar gesehen. Ich habe
den Rücken der Welt im Wasser gesehen,
ich habe das Wasser geschändet, die schnelle,
wahnsinnige Furt. Ich habe das Licht
vom Licht unterschieden.

Danach ist nichts.

Die Bienen schweigen,
die Vögel, die vorbeiziehenden Wolken.
Als schaue die Welt auf meine Rute
im Wasser. Habe ich etwas gesehen?
Mein Fell nimmt den Wind auf,
sträubt sich. Ich rieche den Ort,
wo sie war, wo sie den weißen Fuß
ins Wasser tauchte, ich schabe
der Birke die Haut ab, das Licht.
Meine Hufe versinken im Schlamm.

Kot bi bil Abu Nuvas

Poletje. Zvezde si najdejo jaso na nebu.
Na vrče z vinom, na njihove turbane iz
vlažne gline lijejo snope svetlobe.

Vino predrami lovsko srce. Obeta griče,
divjad. Pij, reče, okušaj, kajti življenjski
spomini skopnijo zgolj v nekdanjo svežino

poživljenih čutov. Vonj strtih mandeljnov.
Cingljanje srebrne verižice na tvoji bradi.
Zelena in nežna svetloba vrtov sredi Basre.

Pijmo na lepo preteklost! Na reber sipine,
bolj bele od bele, bolj bele od lista papirja?
Se spomniš mojih besed s tega papirja?

In papagaja, bolj rdečega od rdeče, tam ob turbanu?
Bolj rdečega od krvi? Se spomniš krvi? Se spomniš
škržatov, kako so v naju cvrčali do dolge smrti?

In der Art des Abu Nawas

Die Sommersterne finden ihre Lichtung
im Himmel. Sie leuchten auf die Weinkrüge
herab, ihren Turban aus feuchtem Lehm.

Der Wein weckt das Jagdherz. Er verspricht
Hügel und Wild. Trink, sagt er, koste, denn
vom erinnerten Leben bleibt nichts als die Frische

einzelner Sinne. Der Duft der aufgeschlagenen Mandel.
Das Klingeln der Silberkette an deinem Kinn.
Das Licht, grün und sanft, in den Gärten von Basra.

Trinken wir auf die vergangenen, die schönen Tage!
Auf den Dünenkamm weißer als weiß, weißer als
die Seite? Erinnerst du meine Worte auf der Seite?

Und den Papagei, röter als rot, neben dem Turban?
Röter als Blut? Erinnerst du das Blut? Erinnerst du
die Zikaden, die sich in uns zu langem Tode zirpten?

Ice Memory

Led teče kot voda. V globini ledu so ujeta
stara podnebja, lahko bi bila
razlage apokalipse.

Iz Svetega pisma poznamo vesoljni potop in hude nadloge.
Na 8000 metrih globine je sneg iz Platonove dobe.
Obdobje slikarjev v jami Lascaux pri 17 000.

V grenlandskem ledu vulkanski pepel
iz Krakataua, svinčene obloge iz dimnikov
starega Rima in prah, ki ga je veter

prinesel iz Mongolije. V vseh slojih so vidni
mehurčki, ki govorijo o davnih ozračjih
in o nenadnih, karnevalskih

premenah, mehurčki, ohranjeni tisoče let.
In sploh neznanska daljava obljublja cel niz
neskončnosti. Od blizu je videti, kot da

kak norec na bungeeju v divjem letu pristaja
na škripavem vlakcu smrti. Nas pa seveda
tare le eno vprašanje:

Kje so odtisi naših majcenih bosih stopalc?
Kot huda kazen je vzorec, enakomerno plasten:
Zimski sneg zmeraj pokoplje poletnega.

Nekatere ledene gore se osupljivo modro bleščijo.
To je povezano z gostoto ledu, ko jih shodijo
nežne nožice, povedo strokovnjaki za ledenike.

Ice Memory

Eis fließt wie Wasser. In der Tiefe des Eises
sind die alten Klimate bewahrt, vielleicht
ein Schlüssel für die Apokalypse.

Von der Bibel kennen wir Sintflut und Plagen.
8000 Meter tief ist Schnee aus Platons Tagen.
Die Zeit der Maler von Lascaux bei 17 000.

Im Eis von Grönland ist vulkanische Asche
von Krakatau, Bleiverschmutzung von alten
römischen Hochöfen und aus der Mongolei

herüber geblasener Staub. Es gibt Bläschen
in jeder Schicht, die von vergangenen Atmosphären
berichten, den abrupten, karnevalesken

Umschwüngen, erhalten über Tausende von Jahren.
Überhaupt verheißt der ungeheure Abstand eine Folge
von Ewigkeiten. Aus der Nähe ist es, als wolle

ein verrückter Bungee-Springer auf einer klapprigen
Achterbahn in rasendem Abflug landen. Doch
uns bewegt ohnehin nur eine Frage:

Wo ist der Abdruck unserer winzigen, nackten Füße?
Es gibt ein strafendes Muster von schöner Regelmäßigkeit:
Der Sommerschnee wird vom Winterschnee begraben.

Manche Eisberge haben einen erstaunlich blauen Glanz.
Das hat mit der Dichte des Eises zu tun, von zierlichen
Füßen dicht getreten, erklären die Spezialisten der Gletscher

V rajū

Bile so kače in travnate kače.
Bila so ledja in ribja ledja.
Bili so sonce in luna in
sončeva luna. Ogromno vsega.
Tudi smrtnost s svojim napevom.

Bil je kup slik, arhivov,
muzejev. Bili so lovci na lovu.
Eni pogreznjeni v vulvo,
ki razpira obstoj. Drugi
v brezmejnost glasbe. V tem

so srečni iskali pozabo. Tretji
so se našli v zamejenih prostorih
slikarstva. Mi smo pisali.
Pasti časa so se prelestno svetile.
Bile so bojazni, brhkote in bune.

Bili so gorski prelazi in orli.
Gorski prelazi z oklepniki so.
Čudodelne vodice za cvetje so.
Zmesarjene zenice, torzi brez udov
so. Nasilnosti so. Blagodejne

noči so. Ni nepokvarljivih ljudi.
Odpustka za maščevanje
ni. Zaupanja ni.
Prihodnosti ni. Raj žene
krike iz prsi, muhe na rane.

Im Paradies

Es gab Schlangen und Grasschlangen.
Es gab Schwänze und Fischeschwänze.
Es gab Sonne und Mond und es gab
Sonnenmond. Überhaupt gab es alles.
Auch die Sterblichkeit und ihr Lied.

Es gab jede Menge Bilder, Archive,
Museen. Die Jäger waren unterwegs.
Einige spezialisierten sich auf die Vulva,
wie sie das Leben eröffnet. Andere
auf die Unendlichkeit der Musik. Sie

verloren sich glücklich darin. Wieder
andere erkannten sieh in den festgelegten
Räumen der Malerei. Wir schrieben.
Die Fangeisen der Zeit blitzten herrlich.
Es gab Angst und Anmut und Aufstand.

Es gab Passhöhen und Adler.
Passhöhen mit Panzern gibt es.
Gnadenwasser für die Blumen gibt es.
Geborstene Pupillen, Schaft ohne Glieder
gibt es. Gewalt gibt es. Wohltuende

Nacht gibt es. Unkaputtbare Menschen
gibt es nicht. Vergebung von Rache
gibt es nicht. Vertrauen gibt es nicht.
Zukunft gibt es nicht. Das Paradies treibt
Schreie aus der Brust, Fliegen zur Wunde.

Veda o staranju

Redke točke še kot pred
trideset leti. Obraz ne.
Prehod od ključnice v ramo,
od stegna v koleno. Zgolj to.

Med mano in mano nekakšen prhet.
Kot da metulj odleti iz luknje in
pride naslednji. Ko je vprašala:
»Ali me ljubiš?«, sem vzel srajco

in se zlagal. Če zdaj odidem,
sploh nikdar nisem odšel. Mislil sem,
to je ljubezen. Le kako naj si zamislim
ljubezen, ki ni polna sonca,

ki od ničesar k ničemur ne teče,
zakopana tam spodaj v zemlji
kot podzemni tok? Obraz.
Sram. Porivan, stiščan v zaliv

nemih senc, ki ga
rišejo griči okoli. Dolg,
nabrekel smeh, ko mora popek
ostati skrit. Točke telesa. Pritisk.

Prevedla *Urška P. Černe*

Alterskunde

Nur einige wenige Stellen, die so sind
wie vor dreißig Jahren. Nicht das Gesicht.
Der Übergang vom Schlüsselbein zur Schulter,
vom Schenkel in das Knie. Sonst nichts.

Zwischen mir ist ein Flattern. Als habe
ein Schmetterling das Loch verlassen und
ein anderer es betreten. Als sie sagte:
'Liebst du mich?' nahm ich mein Hemd

und log. Wenn ich jetzt fortgehe,
war ich nie fort gewesen. Ich glaubte,
es wäre Liebe. Wie könnte ich mir
eine Liebe vorstellen, unbeschieden,

von Nirgends nach Nirgends fließend,
und tief in der Erde begraben, wie
ein unterirdischer Strom? Das Gesicht.
Die Scham. Weggesteckt in eine Bucht

aus verschwiegenen Schatten, die von
den umliegenden Hügeln gebildet wird.
Ein langes wulstiges Lächeln, in dem der Nabel
versteckt sein muß. Die Stellen. Der Druck.

Diana

What did she permit him to see
before he was transformed? Her foot,
her ankle, white, her back
and her breast? What do you see
when you see? I saw the crescent
in her hair. I saw
the back of the world in the water,
I lay with the water – the swift
demented ford. I distinguished the light
from the light.

But then there is nothing.

The bees are silent,
the birds, the clouds that are moving past.
As though the world were regarding my pizzle
in the water. Did I see something?
My fur absorbs the wind,
bristles. I can smell the spot
where she was, where she dipped her white foot
into the water, I scrape
the skin – the light – from off the birch-tree.
My hooves are sinking down into the ooze.

Translated by Richard Dove

In the Manner of Abu Nawas

The summer stars up there discover
a clearing. Down they shine
on pots of wine we stop with wet
turbans of clay that catch the glow.

Wine wakes the heart for hunting. Hills
and antelope it promises. Drink up, it says,
enjoy, for nothing of remembered life
is left but freshness of the single senses.

A shelled almond's aroma.
Your silver necklace, tinkling.
A green and soft light
in the gardens of Basra.

Shall we drink up then to good old times?
To the dune's ridge, whiter
than white, whiter still than paper —
do you recall these words of mine on it?

And to the parrot, redder than red, perching
beside a turban? Redder than blood?
Do you recall the blood? Recall, chirping
themselves to their long death in us, the cicadas?

Translated by Christopher Middleton

Ice Memory

Ice flows like water. In the depths of the ice
the old climates are preserved, maybe
a key to the Apocalypse.

From the Bible we know floods and plagues.
The snow from the days of Plato is eight thousand metres deep,
from the time of the painters of Lascaux, seventeen thousand.

In the ice of Greenland there is volcanic ash
from Krakatoa, lead pollution from ancient
Roman blast furnaces, and from Mongolia

blown-in dust. In every layer there are tiny bubbles
telling us about past atmospheres,
the abrupt, carnival-like

changes, maintained for thousands of years.
Such distances promise a chain
of eternities. Close-up, it's as though

a crazy bungee-jumper wanted to land on a flimsy
rollercoaster at its speedy take-off. But
only one question moves us really:

where is the imprint of our tiny, naked feet?
There is a punitive pattern, a beautiful regularity:
the summer snow gets buried by the winter snow.

Some icebergs have an astonishing blue glimmer.
It is the density of the ice, from the dainty feet
treading there, says the expert in glaciers.

Translated by Robert Gray

In Paradise

Snakes there were and grass-snakes.
Tails there were and fish-tails.
There was sun and moon and there was
sunmoon. In actual fact, there was everything.
Mortality too and its song.

There were any number of pictures, archives,
museums. The hunters were out on the prowl.
Some became specialists of the vulva,
the way it opens existence. Others
of the infinity of music – they

blissfully lost themselves in it. Others still
recognised themselves in painting's
delimited realms. We got on with writing.
Time's snares were sparkling splendidly.
There was dread and grace and insurrection.

Mountain passes there were and eagles.
Mountain passes with tanks there are.
Mercy water for flowers there is.
Exploded pupils, trunks without limbs
there are. There is violence. There's

soothing night. Unbreakable people
there are not. Forgiveness of vengeance
there is not. There is no trust.
There is no future. Paradise drives
screams out of chests, flies into wounds.

Translated by Richard Dove

Gerontological

Only a few places that are as they were
thirty years ago. Not the face.
The transition from collarbone to shoulder,
from thigh to knee. Nothing else.

Between me there's a flutter. As though
a butterfly had left the hole and
another had entered it. When she said,
'Do you love me?' I picked up my shirt

and lied. If now I were to go away,
never I've been away. I thought
it was love. How could I
imagine a love not irradiated,

flowing from Nowhere to Nowhere,
and buried deep in the earth, like
a subterranean river? The face.
The pudenda. Put away into

a bay of shadows not talked about,
formed by the hills that surround them.
A long pouting smile in which the navel
must be concealed. The marks. The urge.

Translated by Michael Hamburger

Ilja Sin, z rojstnim imenom Ilja Svirin, se je rodil leta 1978 v Minsku v Belorusiji. Diplomiral je iz novinarstva na Inštitutu za novinarstvo na Beloruski državni univerzi in doktoriral iz književnosti na Inštitutu za književnost Beloruske akademije znanosti v Minsku. Je pisatelj, pesnik in konceptualni umetnik, ki prosti čas preživlja v svoji sobi v Minsku, kjer sreba konjak in poskuša svoje demone hinavstva preoblikovati v besede. Medtem se osredotoča na prelom s konvencijami, četudi s svojimi lastnimi. Bil je član avantgardnega književnega gibanja Bum-Bam-Lit (1995–1999), ki je skušalo vpeljati novo paradigmo v belorusko književnost, a si je v času svojega obstoja nakopalo precej škandalozen sloves. Bil je tudi pobudnik prizadevnega (vendar neučinkovitega) umetniškega projekta *Absent Belarusian Art*, ki je vključeval radikalno konceptualno umetnost, avantgardno estetiko in agresivno eksperimentalno elektronsko glasbo. Osrednje vodilo literarnega ustvarjanja ustanovitelja eksistencialističnega klovnovskega ansambla *Psychical Disbalance Theatre* (Fizični neuravnovešeni teater) je greh (angl. sin), kot se pojmuje v krščanstvu. Kot avtor je znan predvsem po transgresivnih prozih delih, kot so *Ілья Сін памёр* (Ilja Sin je mrtev, 2002), *0* (2002), *Сапсаваныя лялькі* (Pokvarjene lutke, 2006) in *Тэатральныя дэманьы* (Gledališki demoni, 2010). Leta 1999 je prejel alternativno Nobelovo nagrado za književnost za »uspešen preboj skozi igro brez pravil«.

Ilyya Sin was born as Ilya Sviryn in 1978 in Minsk, Belarus. He is a writer, poet and a radical performance artist with a degree in Journalism from the Belarusian State University and a PhD in Literature from the National Academy of Science of Belarus in Minsk. He tends to spend his spare time sitting in his room in Minsk, drinking cognac, attempting to convert his demons of falsehood into words, and focusing on breaking conventions, albeit his own. He was a member of the avant-garde literary movement Bum-Bam-Lit (1995-1999), which had aimed to introduce a new paradigm into Belarusian literature, yet earned a rather scandalous reputation along the way. He was also one of the curators of the ambitious (but non-effective) *Absent Belarusian Art* project, combining radical performance theatre, avant-garde aesthetics and aggressive experimental electro music. The main topic of the literary works of the founder of the existentialist *Psychical Disbalance Theatre* clown ensemble is sin, as perceived from the Christian point of view. He has written several works of transgressive prose, such as *Ілья Сін памёр* (Ilya Sin is Dead, 2002), *0* (2002), *Сапсаваныя лялькі* (Broken Dolls, 2006), and *Тэатральныя дэманьы* (Theatre Demons, 2010). In 1999 he was awarded with an alternative Nobel Prize for literature (1999) for “succeeding at a ruleless game”.

Ilija Sin

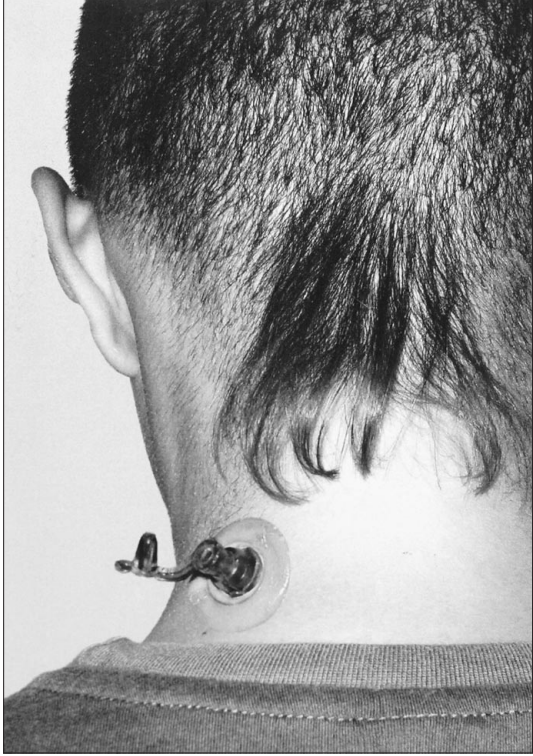


Foto © Sjarcej Ždanovič

Gledališki demoni

(*Fragmenti*)

Prvo knjigo sem napisal zate, Drosophila¹, da bi slinava tekočina, ki se ti cedi iz ust, končno usahnila. Obrežje je bilo spolzko in visoko, roke so otipavale strmo, gladko površino betonskih navpičnih sten, se dotikale lepljive, zelenkaste ploskve in spodrsavale, ne da bi se lahko česa oprijele. Zato je človek s pilotsko čelado, ki je poskušal zlesti na kopno, s precejšnje višine vedno znova omahnil nazaj kot vreča dreka. Rumeno strnišče so osvetljevali poslednji sončni žarki; na izrazitem, kakor v photoshopu izostrenem nebu so obvisle figure oblakov; čez polje se je vila vabljava stezica in tonila nekje v daljavi; štorkljino gnezdo na vrhu črpalne postaje je dopolnjevalo ta mirni pejzaž, ki ga je v ozadju iznenada skalil letnik motorist z lepilnim trakom čez oči.

Mojega glasu se ne sliši več, ustnice pa se še naprej premikajo. Nemi, brezsmiselni monolog bi le težko pritegnil pozornost kogarkoli, tem bolj, ker so vsi zaposleni s svojimi stvarmi. Sem sredi velikega, asfaltnega polja, kjer je polno ljudi. Hodijo si naproti s svojimi železnimi kosi, se krohotajo, pogovarjajo, pijejo čaj, nato pa začnejo prepevati. Nepremično stojim, oblečen v elegantno črno obleko. Potem naključen, skoraj neopazen gib in del mene se loči od vsega drugega ter s truščem udari ob asfalt. Čez nekaj trenutkov se z mene zvali še nekaj hrapavega, osmerokotnega, z neznatno vdolbino na levi strani. Nato se skoraj istočasno osamosvojijo še moje okončine, prsti pa se krčevito in kakor da samodejno premikajo. Kmalu opazim, da je enotnost mojega bistva – sicer vselej docela pogojna – do konca porušena.

Zdaj predstavljam kup vseh mogočih smeti, v katerem niti natančnejši pogled ne razloči ostankov nekdanje celote. Eden od teh delov, z neravnimi črtami okrašen klobčič plastike, še ni izgubil zavesti, medtem ko vsi drugi deli že bolj kot ne pripadajo neživi naravi. V vsesplošni množici zvokov se da ujeti – če napneš ušesa – zvoneč glas vzmeti, ki je bila morda nekoč moja hrbtnica ali pa celo požiralnik. Nekdo od mimoidočih je s svojimi koraki vzdražil njeno vibracijo in vse do zdaj se še ni umirila.

Od nekod se pojavi majhen, nabrit možiček klošarskega videza; začne bezati v vse te smeti, očitno zato, da bi našel kaj zase. Najde zelen pravokotni predmet, ga stlači v svojo culo z napisom *Belorusija*, še naprej brska, izvleče ovalen mehek kos, katerega barva in vonj razkrijeta njegov biološki izvor, zamišljeno skomigne z rameni, nato pa ga zaluča daleč proč in za povrh še z nogo brčne vanj. Razmišljam, da bi planil nanj, toda v istem trenutku se v svojih mislih preselim v Benetke, v tisti mali bar nedaleč od Piazzale Roma: pleteni stoli na ulici, na katerih posedajo starejši,

¹ Navezava na Apostolska dela. Drosophila – muha oziroma vinska mušica. (Op. prev.)

Тэатральныя дэмань

(фрагмэнты)

Першую кнігу напісаў я табе, Дразафіле¹, каб тая сьлінявая вадкасьць, што бруіцца з твайго рота, нарэшце засохла. Берагі былі сьлізкімі ды высокімі, рукі намацвалі стромкую коўзкую паверхню бэтонавых паралелепіэдаў, дакраналіся да клейкай пазелянелай плоскасьці, сьлізгалі, ня маючы, за што ўчапіцца. Таму, спрабуючы выбрацца на сушу, чалавек у лётным шлеме штораду плёскаўся назад з ладнай вышыні быццам мех з лайном. Жоўтую пожно асьвятлялі апошнія промні сонца; на выразным, нібы апрацаваным у фоташопе, небе завісьлі фігурныя аблокі; праз поле вілася, губляючыся дзесь у далечыні, зваблівая сьцяжынка; бусьлінае гняздо на верхавіне вадакачкі дапаўняла гэты мірны краявід, які раптам парушыў матацккліст на заднім пляне з залепленымі скотчам вачыма.

Мой голас ужо не чуваць, але вусны па-ранейшаму працягваюць варушыцца. Нямы безсэнсоўны маналёг наўрад ці здатны выклікаць чыю-кольвечы ўвагу, пагатоў, кожны тут заняты сваімі справамі. Я знаходжуся пасярод вялікага заасфальтаванага поля, поўнага людзьмі. Яны падыходзяць адзін да аднаго са сваімі жалезкамі, грукаюць, перамаўляюцца, п'юць гарбату, потым пачынаюць сьпяваць. Я стаю нерухома, апрануты ў строгі чорны гарнітур. Потым выпадковы, амаль няўлоўны рух, і нейкая частка мяне аддзяляецца ад усяго астатняга і з бразгатам грукаецца аб асфальт. Праз колькі імгненьняў зь мяне вывальваецца нешта яшчэ, трохі шурпатае, васьмікутнае, зь невялікай выбоінай бліжэй да левага краю. Потым, амаль сінхронна, аўтаномнасьць набываюць і мае канцовасьці, чые пальцы працягваюць сутаргава і бадай мэханічна сьціскацца. Неўзабаве я заўважаю, што цэльнасьць маёй істоты – зрэшты, заўсёды даволі ўмоўная – парушаная ўшчэнт.

Цяпер я ўяўляю зь сябе гурбу нейкага ламачча, якое нават на ўзвжаны позірк ня цягне на парэшткі былое сукупнасьці. Адна з гэтых частак, сьпярэшчаны няроўнымі лініямі згустак плястыку, яшчэ ня страціла сьвядомасьць, у той час як усе астатнія належаць хутчэй ужо да нежывой прыроды. У агульным гукавым месіве, прыслухаўшыся, можна вылучыць гулкае бэмцаньне спружыны, якая некалі, магчыма, была маім хрыбетнікам альбо нават страваводам. Хтосьці зь мінакоў абудзіў сваімі крокамі яе вібрацыю, і яна пагэтуль ня можа суняцца.

Аднекуль зьяўляецца нізенькі хвэцкі мужычок бамжаватага выгляду; ён пачынае корпацца ва ўсім гэтым сьмецьці, прыгаворваючы нешта пра драгметалы. Знаходзіць зялёны прастакутны прадмет, запіхвае яго ў свой клунак з надпісам “Беларусь”, працягвае пошукі, падбірае авальны мяккі кавалак, чый колер і пах выдае ягонае біялягічнае паходжаньне, задумна

¹ Гл. пачатак кнігі Дзеяў апосталаў. Дразафіл – муха. NB. Гэтая ды ўсе іншыя зноскі былі зроблены толькі для перакладчыка, яны не зьяўляюцца часткай тэксту.

nekoliko prisiljeni ljudje, temnopolti prsti, ki se drgetaje dotikajo vzburjeno napetih strun violončela, mesečev sij, ki se cedi med očmi maske demona sreče nad izklesanim vhodom, svetlolasa dama pri sosednji mizici, ki v svoji roki, prekrite z žametno rokavičko, drži bleščeče škarje za živo mejo, alge me preraščajo lezejo iz mojih nosnic in ust štrlijo ven z vseh strani ogrinjajo cel svet poln alg neki dovtipen debel Italijan si jih poskuša naviti na vilice kot špagete vendar mu prav nič več ni do smeha hrope skozi alge povso² trenutek bitke in na kor² zadnji pljus².

*Kto ty jesteš?*³

Ime mi je legija

Priprem oči in šepetam: *Bodo te kosti oživele? Bodo te kosti oživele? Bodo te kosti oživele?*⁴

Zavijajoči veter, ki si utira pot med mojimi rebri, bi le s težavo našel odgovor.

* * *

še hitreje sem si pulil lase in preklinjal barona münchausna vendar ta brozga takšna vodena rjava z modrosivim odtenkom je bila že skoraj pri podbradku gestikuliral sem kot da bi nastopal na mitingu nato pa sem si obrisal nos in se trapasto smejal medtem ko sem pripovedoval smešne zgodbe. P. je srknil iz svoje steklenice, verjetno ne da bi me sploh poslušal, potem pa se s koticom očesa zazrl v zaslon mobilnega telefona. Izpljunil je žvečilni gumi v pepelnik in vdihnil, da bi izkoristil kratki premor v mojem govoru ter prevzel iniciativo s svojim običajnim: »Ko pa smo se izkricali v Sirakazah ...«

Ko popijemo, se odpravimo v GUM po darilo za Katarino T. Do novoletnih praznikov je še skoraj ves mesec, vendar je supermarket že ves okrašen z jelkami, dekorativnimi girlandami, steklenimi kroglami in voščili »Srečno novo leto«. Našo pozornost pritegne ogromni napis »Razprodaja ženskega spodnjega perila«, in ko nekaj trenutkov tam zamišljeni stojimo, se odpravimo gor po stopnicah.

Začutim neko silo, ki pritiska na mojo glavo, in od bolečine se v hipu zvijem vzdolž krivine, s kakršnimi je prekrito moje papirnato telo. Slišati je šelest in nenavadne, pravzaprav nespodobne zvoke, ki spremljajo izhod odvečnega zraka iz mene (ponekod material, iz katerega sem narejen, ne prenese napetosti in se trga).

² Sklop nepovezanih zvokov brez pomena; *povso*, *pljus*: deli besed *povsod*, *pljusk*. (Op. prev.)

³ »Kdo si?« (V poljskem jeziku).

⁴ Glej Sveto pismo: Ezekiel 37, 3.

паціскае плячыма, затым шпурляе яго падалей, надаўшы паскарэньне нагой. Я думаў быў абурыцца, але акурат цяпер пераношуся ў сваіх думках у Вэнэцыю, у той невялічкі бар непадалёк ад П'яццаля Рома: плеченыя крэсьліцы на вуліцы, запоўненыя пажылымі, трохі манэрнымі людзьмі, дрогія дотыкі цемнаскурых пальцаў да ўзбуджана-напяртых струнаў віялянчэлі, месяцовае сьвятло, што бруіцца паміж вачэй маскі Дэмана Шчасьця па-над фігурным уваходам, сьветлавалосая пані за суседнім столікам, якая трымае ў сваёй абцягнутай вэльвэтавай пальчаткай ручцы бліскучы сякатар, водарасьці паўзуць скрозь мяне скрозь мае ноздры і рот высоўваюцца вонкі ахінаюць з усіх бакоў увесь сьвет поўны водарасьцямі нейкі жартаўлівы таўстун-італьянец спрабуе нацягваць іх на відэлец бы спагэці але хутка яму не да жарту ён хрыпіць упро² водарасьці паўсю імгненні барацьбы і на у корл апошні ўспл

*Kto ty jesteš?*³

Маё імя легіён

Я прымружаю вочы і шапчу: *ці ажывуць косткі гэтыя? Ці ажывуць косткі гэтыя? ці ажывуць косткі гэтыя?*⁴

Вечер, што скуголіць, трапляючы спаміж маіх рэбраў, наўрад ці дасьць рады адказаць.

* * *

яшчэ мацней торгаў я за свае валасы праклінаючы барона мюнгаўзэна але гэтая жыжа такая вадзяністая брунатная зь шызаватым адлівам яна ўжо набліжалася пакрысе да падбародзьдзя я жэстыкуляваў нібы прамаўляючы на мітыngu потым прачысьціў нос прыдуркавата сьмяяўся распавядаў вясёлыя гісторыі. П. каўтнуў са сваёй пляшкі, зусім мяне, праўдападобна, ня слухаючы, затым зірнуў краем вока на экран мабільніка. Выплонуў у попельніцу жуйку і набраў у рот паветра, каб, скарыстаўшыся кароткай паўзай у маім расповедзе, перахапіць ініцыятыву са сваім звычайным: “А калі мы высадзіліся ў Сіракузах...”

Даніўшы, мы рушым у ГУМ набыць падарунак для Кацярыны Т. Да навагодніх сьвятаў застаўся яшчэ цэлы месяц, але ўнівэрмаг ужо спрэс завешаны ялінкамі, гірляндамі, шклянымі шарыкамі і віншаваньнямі з “новым шчасьцем”. Нашу ўвагу прыцягвае вялізны надпіс “Распродаж жаночай бялізны”, і, пастаяўшы ля яго ў задуменьні хвілінку, мы рушым угору па сходах.

Я адчуваю нейкую сілу, прыкладзеную да маёй галавы, і адразу скурчваюся, складаюся паводле лініяў згину, якімі сьпярэшчанае маё папяровае цела.

² Бессэнсоўны набор гукаў. Абрыўкі словаў “паўсюль” і “усплеск”

³ “Ты хто?” (па польску).

⁴ Гл. Езэкіль, 37.

Pregibi so premazani z lepilom Superglue, in čeprav njegova učinkovitost precej zaostaja za tisto iz reklame, se obrisi mojega telesa opazno spremenijo.

Noge me več ne držijo, padem po stopnicah, drugega za drugim prevračam kozolce, podrem majhno, tršato ženičko, ki kot mravljica vleče domov plen, ki spominja na novo metlo. Z delom ušesa slišim, kako zastoka. Še naprej izvajam ta svoj nenamerni maneuver, se prikotalam skozi vrata ven, se zvalim v podzemni prehod, si prislužim od pretepačev ne preveč hudobno, pač pa bolečo brco v zadnjico, se za hip ustavim pri babici, ki prodaja cigarete, se iznenada odločim kupiti zavojček Marlboro, vendar še ne uspem izvelči denarja, ko že krenem naprej, spodboden z nenadnimi sunki zgubljenega vetra. Da bi v »Londonu« užival ob brezalkoholnem koktajlu Tjulenj, o katerem sanjam že od začetka tedna, mi danes najbrž ne bo uspelo.

lepljivi kosmi morske trave v koticčkih ust polizati z asfalta tuje pljunke delitve delitve delitve delitve hoteti in imeti naredi iz mene snežaka maščobne kepe razpad molekul z rilcem riti v asfalt prostorska orientacija samostalniki in povedki z nohtom stisnil svoj mozolj razmehčan kositer vesolja

»Is it a part of performance?« vpraša nekdo od tujih turistov.

Dereš se kot dojenček.

Na robu kadra s statično pokrajino: tam je nekaj jezer in samotnih drevesc ... se iznenada pojavi starka. Izkaže se, da v njenem vozičku niso prazne steklenice ali pa kartoni, kot je to v navadi, temveč kamenje – zato je tako težek. Starka se ustavi pri skrivenčenem grmičku ... ali – raje – pri kavčukovem drevescu in se skloni nad skoraj nevidno postavo, ki leži na zemlji. Privleče zobno pasto in z njo temeljito premaže lica ter čelo neznanca (kljub temu da kamera snema v velikem planu in postopoma prehaja v prvi plan, nam ne uspe ujeti potez njegovega obraza ali na splošno kaj več izvedeti o njem). Sliši se, kako starka nekaj govori v svojem jeziku: »Oj, radovani, kako mladeni možebal! Kuj na zalesju dokli ne ...«

Odločno, vendar nekoliko nerodno, stopi k tebi enoletni fantiček, hoče, da ga dvigneš v naročje in se z njim igraš *hi, konjiček, hi*. Prijetne vonjave, ki spominjajo na kisl mleko, govorijo o tem, da je mali že naredil kupček v plenico.

Poskušaš se odtrgati skupaj z njim, toda ... očitno je, da režiser ni zadovoljen, natančnejših pripomb ni, čeprav ti je tudi samemu jasno, da si v zadnjem prizoru pokazal premalo čustev in da ga je – hočeš, nočeš – treba predelati.

Potem se izza kadra zasliši glas – kot vedno nepristranski in premišljeno uravnovešen:

Tako torej, kot vidite, moji mali prijatelji, suh veter še naprej snuje svoj nesmiselni hokku ali pa morda tanko, ali celo ... no, recimo svobodno poezijo na skoraj gladki peščeni površini. Kajti seme ni vzknilo, odmrlo je, ne da bi obrodilo sadove. Nekaj ga je padlo na suho, kamnito zemljo, nekaj so ga požrli ptiči, nekaj pa ga je preprosto zgnilo, ker ga je nekdo

Чуецца шаргаценне і дзіўныя, на паверку непрыстойныя гукі, якія суправаджаюць выхад лішняга паветра знутры мяне (там-сям матэрыял, з якога я зроблены, не вытрымлівае напругі ды рвецца).

Складкі прамочаныя “супэрклеем”, і хаця ягоная эфэктыўнасць значна саступае заяўленай у рэкламе, неўзабаве абрысы майго цела прыкметна змяняюцца.

Ня могучы ўтрымацца на нагах, я падаю зь лесвіцы, раблю адзін кульбіт за другім, зьбіваю з ног маленькую каржакаватую жанчынку, што, бы той мураш, цягнула дахаты здабычу ў выглядзе новае швабры. Краем вуха чую, як яна войкнула. Я працягваю гэты свой неадумысны рух, выкотваюся празь дзьверы вонкі, правальваюся ў падземны пераход, атрымліваю нязлосны, але балючы падзаднік ад кумпашкі гапароў, спыняюся на хвілю ля бабулькі, што прадае цыгарэты, надумваю раптам набыць пачак “Мальбара”, але, не паспеўшы яшчэ дастаць грошы, качуся далей, падштурхнуты раптоўным павевам заблуднага ветру. Паласавацца ў “Лёндане” безалькагольным кактэйлем “Цюлень”, пра які я марыў ад самага пачатку працоўнага тыдня, у мяне, напэўна, сёння не атрымаецца.

клейкія камякі ціна ў куточках вуснаў зьлізваць з асфальту чужыя пляўкі падзелы падзелы падзелы падзелы хацець і мець зьялілі зь мяне сьнежную бабу згусткі тлушчу расчaplеньне малекул рыць рылам асфальт арыентацыя ў прасторы дзейнікі і выказнікі раструшчыў пазногцем свой прышч зьмякчэлае волава космасу

— Is it a part of performance? – пытае хтосьці з замежных турыстаў.

Ты крычыш бы немаўля.

Дзесьці на ўскрайку кадра, які выяўляе статычны краявід: ну, возера там, пару-тройку самотных дрэўцаў... раптам зьяўляецца бабуля. Падаецца, што ў ейнай тачцы не парожнія пляшкі або кардон, як гэта бывае звычайна, а камяні – настолькі яна цяжкая. Бабуля прыпыняецца ля пахілага кустыка... альбо не, лепей ля каўчукавага дрэўца (*надкрэслена рэдактарам*) і схіляецца над амаль нябачнай нам постацьцю, што ляжыць на зямлі. Дастае зубную пасту і старанна намазвае яе на шчокі і лоб незнаёмца (нягледзячы на тое, што камэра робіць “наезд”, спакваля пераходзячы на буйны плян, разгледзець рысы ягонага твару альбо наогул даведацца пра яго штосьці болей у нас не атрымліваецца). Чуваць, як бабуля нешта пшпчотна прыгаворвае на сваёй мове: “Ой радэнескі, вий то маладэ мажабаў! Куй на зулісі пакіні...”.

Гадавалае хлапчанё рашуча, але трохі яшчэ няўмела падыходзіць да цябе, патрабуючы ўзяць яго на рукі, пасадзіць на карак і паскокаць зь ім косікам. Прыемныя пахі, падобныя да скіслава малака, сьведчаць за тое, што малы ўжо паспеў папужыць у пампэрс.

Ты спрабуеш вырвацца разам зь ім, але... рэжысэр яўна незадаволены, канкрэтных заўвагаў няма, аднак і самому можна зразумець, што ў апошняй сцэне ты выяўляў занадта мала эмоцый, і таму яе хоцькі-няхоцькі давядзецца перарабіць.

Потым голас за кадрам – як заўсёды, бесстароньні і выкшталцона ўраўнаважаны:

І вось, мае маленькія сябры, як вы бачыце, сухавей па-ранейшаму стварае свае безсэнсоўныя хоку, ці, можа, танка, або нават... ну, скажам, вэрлібры на амаль

poscal. Tako, dragi otroci, povedali smo vam pravljico. Vi, srčki moji, pa ubogajte starše, pridno se učite in si vsak večer očistite zobe ter si vsak dan umijte noge. Bolje, da pri tem uporabljate kremno milo, ker manj suši kožo – še posebej tako mlado in nežno, kot je vaša.

Nekdo je zviška in neustrašno pogledal sovražnika v oči
Remember us
Not as hollow stuffed souls⁵
Temveč preprosto kot ljubitelje pice s salamo

Prevedla Veronika Sorokin

⁵ Parafraza vrstic iz pesmi *The Hollow Men* T. S. Eliota:

*Remember us – if at all – not as lost
Violent souls, but only
As the hollow men
The stuffed men.*

роўнай пясчанай паверхні. Бо зерне не прарасло, памерла і пладоў не прынесла. Штосьці патрапіла ў сушаную камяністую глебу, штосьці зжэрлі птушкі, а штосьці проста згніла, бо нехта яго абасцаў. Вось такую, шаноўныя, распавялі мы вам казачку. А вы, даражэнькія, будзьце паслужмянымі, добра вучыцеся, не забывайцеся чысьціць зубы на ноч і штодня мыць ногі. Дзеля гэтага лепш выкарыстоўваць мыла-крэм, бо ён ня так сушыць скуру тым болей, гэткую маладую і пяшчотную, як у вас.

Тыя, хто з паднятым забралам адважваўся глядзець у твар ворагу
Remember us
Not as hollow stuffed souls⁵
Але проста як аматараў піцы з салямі

⁵ Перафразаваньня радкі з *The Hollow Men* Т.С. Эліята.

Theatre Demons

(Fragments)

I wrote my first book for you, *Drosophila*¹, to finally stop the slimy fluid that drips from your mouth. The embankment was slippery and high, the hands were palpating the steep, smooth surface of the vertical concrete walls, touching the sticky, greenish plane and slipping, not being able to grasp at anything. Thus the man with the pilot helmet who was trying to climb to the land fell off from a considerable height each time like a bag of shit. Yellow stubble was illuminated by the last sunrays; in the distinctive sky, sharpened as if edited by Photoshop, the figures of clouds were hanging; across the field an alluring pathway wound, sinking into the distance; a stork's nest on the top of the pump station completed the calm landscape that, in the back, was suddenly troubled by a motorcyclist with a strip of sealing tape over his eyes.

My voice is no longer heard but my lips are still moving. Silent, senseless monologue would hardly draw anyone's attention, especially since they are all busy with their own stuff. I am in the middle of a large asphalt field, crowded with people. They walk to each other with their iron pieces, bickering, talking, drinking tea, and then they start singing. I'm standing motionless, dressed in an elegant black suit. A coincidental, almost imperceptible movement follows, and a part of me separates from the rest and noisily hits the asphalt. In the next few moments, something rough and octagonal, with a slight hollow on the left, rolls off me. After that my extremities almost simultaneously free themselves, and my fingers convulsively and somewhat automatically move. Soon I notice that the unity of my essence – always completely conditional, anyway – has been utterly demolished.

I now represent a pile of various rubbish in which not even the sharpest eye can discern the remains of the former entirety. One of these parts, a ball of plastics decorated with uneven lines, hasn't lost consciousness yet, while the rest of them already belong, more or less, to the inanimate nature. In the universal crowds of sounds you can catch – if you prick up your ears – a sonorous voice of a spring that might once have been my spine or even gullet.

A small, cunning little man emerges from nowhere; he starts picking into this rubbish, apparently to find something useful for himself. He finds a green rectangular object, stuffs it into his bundle with the inscription »Belarus«, picks some more, pulls out an oval soft piece that reveals its origin with its colour and smell, he thoughtfully shrugs his shoulders and then throws it away, kicking it thereby. I'm thinking of rushing at him, but at that moment I mentally move to Venice, to that small bar not far from Piazzale Roma: wicker chairs in the street where elderly, well-man-

¹ Related to the Acts of the Apostles. *Drosophila* – wine fly (TN).

nered people sit about idly, black fingers that shiveringly touch the arousingly stretched strings of violoncello, moonlight that drips between the eyes of a mask of demon of luck above the sculptured portal, fair-haired lady at the next table who holds a shiny hedge clipper in her velvet-gloved hand, algae overgrow me creep from my nostrils and mouth jut out from everywhere wrap up the whole world full of algae some facetious fat Italian guy tries to wind them up on his fork like spaghetti but soon he doesn't feel like laughing any more he wheezes through algae everywh² a moment of battle and on cor² the last splas²

*Kto ty jesteś?*³

My name is Legion.

I close my eyes and whisper: *Can these bones come to life? Can these bones come to life? Can these bones come to life?*⁴

Howling wind that paves its way up my ribs could hardly find an answer to that.

* * *

I plucked my hair even quicker cursing baron munchausen but that muddle so watery brown with a blue-grey shade was almost under my chin I was gesticulating like I were in a meeting and then I wiped my nose and laughed foolishly while telling funny stories. P. sipped out of his bottle, probably without even listening to me, and then he stared with the corner of his eye at the screen of his cellular. He spat his chewing gum into the ashtray and took a deep breath, planning to jump into a short break in my speech and seize the initiative with his usual, »But when we landed in Siracusa ...«

After we finish our drinks we take off to GUM to pick up a present for Katarina T. New Year holidays aren't due for almost a month but the supermarket is already decorated with fir trees, garlands, glass balls and »Happy New Year« wishes. A giant inscription »Women's underwear on sale« draws our attention and after standing there contemplatively for a few moments, we head up the stairs.

I feel a certain force, laid down on my head, and pain makes me writhe along the curve, one of those that cover my paper body. A rustling is heard and then some unusual, even indecent sounds arise, they escort the egression of the excessive air that comes out of me (in some places the material which I'm made of can't stand the tension so it rips).

² A group of unconnected sounds without sense: *everywhe, splas* – parts of the words: *everywhere, splash*.

³ Who are you? (in Polish, TN).

⁴ The Bible, Ezekiel 37,3.

My joints are coated with »Superglue«, and although its efficiency does not reach the one from the advertisement, the shape of my body is noticeably changed.

My legs don't hold me up any more, I fall downstairs, turning one somersault after another, I tip over a small, stumpy old woman who drags her prey, which resembles a new mop, home like an ant. With a part of my ear I hear her moan. I'm still performing my unplanned manoeuvre, rolling through the door, tumbling into a subway, gaining a not so mean yet painful kick in my bottom from the brawlers, I stop for a moment at the granny that sells cigarettes, I suddenly decide to buy a pack of »Marlboro«, but before pulling my money out I already move on, encouraged by abrupt gusts of wayward wind. I guess I won't be able to enjoy a free cocktail »Seal« in »London« today, although I've dreamt about it since the beginning of the week.

sticky flocks of sea grass in the corners of my mouth to lick spits of strangers up from the asphalt divisions divisions divisions to want and to have make a snowman out of me fat balls decomposition of molecules grubbing asphalt with your snout space orientation nouns and predicates squeezed my pimple with a nail mellowed tin of universe

»Is it a part of performance?« asks one of the foreign tourists.

You cry like a baby.

In the edge of a shot with static landscape: there are some lakes and lonely trees ... suddenly an old woman appears. It seems her handcart contains stones instead of the usual empty bottles or pasteboards – that's why it is so heavy. The old woman stops at a crooked shrub ... or – better – at the rubber tree (*underlined by editor*) and stoops down to an almost invisible figure lying on the ground. She drags out a tooth paste and thoroughly smears it all over the stranger's cheeks and forehead (despite the fact that camera is rolling in the close shot, gradually proceeding to the big close up, we can't make out the lines of his face or learn some more about him in general). The old woman is heard speaking in her own language: »Oj, radovani, kako mladeni možebal! Kuj na zalesju dokli ne ...«

Firmly yet somehow clumsily, a one-year-old boy approaches you, he wants you to lift him in your arms and play trot, trot, trot to Boston. Pleasant smell, similar to sour milk, confirms that the toddler has already filled his diaper.

You try to tear yourself away with him, but ... it is obvious that the director isn't satisfied, there are no specific remarks but you know it yourself that you haven't shown enough emotions in the last scene and that it will have to be remade, whether you like it or not.

Then, from behind the scene, a voice is heard – as usual, it is objective and thoughtfully balanced:

Therefore, as you can see, my little friends, dry wind keeps conceiving his senseless hokku or maybe tanka or even ... well, let's just say vers libre on almost smooth sandy surface. For the seed hasn't sprouted, it died away without bearing fruit. Some of it fell on the dry, stony ground,

some of it was eaten by the birds, and some of it simply rotted because someone had pissed on it. So, dear children, we've told you a fairy-tale. And you, my darlings, obey your parents, learn hard and brush your teeth every night and wash your feet every day. You better use a creamy soap because it doesn't dry the skin – especially as young and as gentle as yours.

Those who, fearless, looked the enemy straight to his eyes
Remember us
Not as hollow stuffed souls⁴
But as fanciers of a salami-pizza

Translated from the Slovene by Aleksandra Kocmut

⁵ Paraphrase from T. S. Eliot's poem *The Hollow Men*:

*Remember us—if at all—not as lost
Violent souls, but only
As the hollow men
The stuffed men.*

Octavian Soviany se je rodil leta 1954 v Braşovu v Romuniji. Leta 1979 je diplomiral iz španskega jezika in književnosti na Filozofski fakulteti Univerze Babeş-Bolyai v mestu Cluj-Napoca. Je pesnik, pisatelj, dramatik, literarni kritik in predavatelj romunskega jezika in književnosti, ki živi in dela v Bukarešti. Leta 2008 je doktoriral iz filoloških znanosti na Univerzi v Bukarešti. Od leta 1995 je član Združenja romunskih pisateljev. Izdal je devet pesniških zbirk, med katerimi so bile najodmevnejše *Ucenicia bătrânului alchimist* (Vajeništvo pri starem alkimistu, 1983), *Turnul lui Casanova* (Casanovov stolp, 1996), *Cartea lui Benedict* (Benediktova knjiga, 2002), *Alte poeme de moda veche* (Druge staromodne pesmi, 2004), *Scrisori din Arcadia* (Pisma iz Arkadije, 2005) in *Dilecta* (Ljubljena, 2006). Slednji sta bili v ožjem izboru za romunsko pesniško zbirko leta. Med njegova pomembnejša dela sodijo tudi roman *Textele de la Montenegro* (Besedila iz Črne gore, 2003) ter drami *Strălucirea si suferințele filosofilor* (Sonce in trpeči filozof, 1992) in *Cinci poeme dramatice* (Pet dramskih pesnitev, 2005). Velja za enega najvplivnejših romunskih literarnih teoretikov, za kar ga je leta 2004 tedanji predsednik Romunije Ion Iliescu odlikoval z redom zaslug na področju kulture. Njegove pesmi in eseji so bili prevedeni v angleščino, nemščino, francoščino, poljščino, madžarščino in španščino.

Octavian Soviany was born in 1954 in Braşov, Romania. He obtained a degree in Spanish from the Faculty of Letters at the Babeş-Bolyai University in Cluj-Napoca in 1979. The poet, novelist, playwright, and literary critic lives in Bucharest, where he works as a lecturer in Romanian language and literature. He received his PhD in Philology from the University of Bucharest in 2008. He became a member of the Writers' Union of Romania in 1995. He has written 9 books of poetry, of which *Ucenicia bătrânului alchimist* (Apprenticeship with the Old Alchemist, 1983), *Turnul lui Casanova* (Casanova's Tower, 1996), *Cartea lui Benedict* (Benedict's Book, 2002), *Alte poeme de moda veche* (Other Old-Fashioned Poems, 2004), *Scrisori din Arcadia* (Letters from Arcadia, 2005), and *Dilecta* (Beloved, 2006) received the most critical acclaim. The latter two have both been nominated for the Romanian Poetry Book of the Year award. He has also asserted himself as a novelist, publishing *Textele de la Montenegro* (Texts from Montenegro, 2003), and as a playwright, with titles such as *Strălucirea si suferințele filosofilor* (Sunshine and the Suffering Philosopher, 1992) and *Cinci poeme dramatice* (Five Dramatic Poems, 2005). A prolific literary theorist, he was decorated with the National Chevalier Title for Cultural Merits by the then President of Romania Ion Iliescu in 2004. To date, his poems and essays have been translated into English, German, French, Polish, Hungarian and Spanish.

Octavian Soviany



Veliki ljudje revolucije (odlomki)

rabelj sanson.

Navkljub svojemu ogabnemu poklicu
sem bil človek kot vi
in – Bog mi je priča –
nikoli nisem oboževal prelivanja krvi.
Obešal sem in trgal ude in potem
pet let upravljal giljotino.
Včasih sem malo godrnjal,
mislim, da mi je šlo brundanje kar dobro od rok.
Samo enkrat sem zbežal z morišča,
zaradi tankega in kot violina ukrivljenega vratu
neke ženske. Nikoli se nisem nasmehnil
in nihče mi ni stisnil roke, čeprav
sem bil zgleden državljani Republike.
Moj grob je tam na robu,
najskromnejši od vseh.
Bil sem rabelj, prav tako sem si želel postati
vrtinar ali
profesor glasbe.

marat.

Ker
sem študiral medicino, sem vedel,
da je treba vsak gangrenast ud
brez usmiljenja odstraniti,
dobra politika
pa je dobra učna ura kirurgije.
Preziral sem gospodiče,
ki so vihali nosove
ob vonju po krvi,
in sem se čutil bližje
tesarjem in mesarjem,
ženskam iz vrst ljudstva,
ki brez zmrdovanja
kuri zavijejo vrat.
Takšnega me je ujela revolucija.
Govorilo se je, da sem gobavec,
da sem ukazal ne vem koliko masakrov.
In res je tako.

Marii oameni ai revoluțiilor (fragmente)

călăul sanson.

În ciuda meseriei mele dezgustătoare
am fost om ca și voi
și - martor mi-e Dumnezeu -
n-am iubit niciodată vărsarea de sânge.
Am spânzurat și am frânt mădulare, apoi,
timp de cinci ani, am mânuit ghilotina. Câteodată făceam
puțină muzică și cred că mă descurcam
destul de bine cu partiturile. O singură dată
am fugit de pe eșafod - din pricina unui
gât de femeie subțire și arcuit ca un gât de
vioară. N-am zâmbit niciodată și nimeni
nu mi-a strâns mâna, deși
eram un cetățean exemplar al Republicii.
Mormântul meu e acolo la margine,
cel mai modest dintre toate.
Am fost călău, dar mi-ar fi plăcut
să fiu grădinar sau
profesor de muzică.

marat.

Pentru că
am studiat medicina, știam:
orice mădular cangrenat
trebuie extirpat fără milă,
iar o politică bună
e o lecție bună de chirurgie.
Detestam domnișorii
care strâmbă din nas
la mirosul de sânge și
mă simțeam mai aproape
de dulgheri și de măcelari,
de femeile din popor
care sucesc fără ifose
gâtul unei găini.
Așa m-a găsit revoluția.
S-a spus că eram lepros
și că am ordonat
nu știu câte masacre.

Ker sem bil moški
z glavo na ramenih.
Takšnega me ja našla tudi smrt:
z glavo na ramenih.
Ko me je bodalo
zadelo med lopatice,
sem si ravno praskal krasto na nogi.

marx.

Rad sem imel življenje,
hrano in pijačo.
Zdaj, ko nimam več telesa,
se včasih pogovarjam s črvi,
oni me učijo dialektike.
»Človek« – govorijo črvi –
»je najdragocenejši
kapital, zato
sta v osredju naše politike
skrb in ljubezen do človeka.«
Včasih sem sanjal,
da vodim revolucije,
zdaj bi si želel samo to,
da bi mi kdo na nagrobno ploščo zлил vrček piva.
Vrček zlato rumenega, aromatiziranega in svežega piva.

rosa luxemburg.

Govorili so,
da ni naloga ženske,
da bi pisala dolgočasne brošure
o razrednem boju.

Dolgo sem živel sama
med njihovimi dolgimi
zarotniškimi bradami,
ki so pred pepelniki, polnimi ogorkov,
govorile o socializmu.

Drugi so me umorili,
ker sem bila ženska,
ne zato, ker sem bila komunistka.
Včasih mi uspe
iz ust odstraniti zemljo
in šepetaje prepevati *Internacionalo*.

Foarte adevărat.
Asta pentru că eram un bărbat
cu capul pe umeri.
Așa m-a găsit și moartea:
cu capul pe umeri.
Când pumnalul
m-a izbit între omoplați
tocmai îmi scărpinam o zgaibă de pe picior.

marx.

Mi-au plăcut viața,
mâncarea și băutura.
Acum, când nu mai am trup,
vorbesc câteodată cu viermii,
iau de la ei lecții de dialectică.
“Omul - spun viermii -
e cel mai prețios
capital, de aceea
noi punem în centrul politicii noastre
grija și dragostea față de om”.
Altădată visam
să conduc revoluții, acum
aș vrea doar ca cineva
să-mi verse pe lespede o halbă de bere.
O halbă de bere aurie, și aromată, și proaspătă.

rosa luxemburg.

Ei spuneau
că nu e treaba unei femei
să scrie broșuri plicticoase
despre lupta de clasă.

Am trăit singură multă vreme
printre bărbile lor lungi de
conspiratori, care
în fața scrumierelor pline de mucuri
vorbeau despre socialism.

Iar ceilalți m-au omorât
pentru că eram femeie
și nu pentru că eram comunistă.
Uneori izbutesc
să-mi scot pământul din gură
și să cânt în șoaptă *Internaționala*.

josiþ visarionoviþ stalin.

Naučil sem vas,
kaj sta strah in nemoč,
in se spremenil v pepel.
Bil sem človek iz jekla,
močan kot sovjetski kombajn,
in se spremenil v pepel
z razširjenimi rokami kot vesli iz kosti.

Zdaj se me
nihče več ne boji,
zaman jim govorim,
da sem bil jaz stalin,
da so preproste ženske držale mojo sliko kot
Evangelij.

O, Bog,
koliko krvi sem pretil zaman.

pol pot.

Kjer so bila mesta,
sem ukazal, naj posadijo riž.
In ker nisem imel krogel,
so moji ljudje delali s kiji
in dnevno povečevali proizvodnjo gnojiva.
Iz džungle smo ustvarjali socializem,
včasih smo zaradi obolenja ledvic
urinirali kri.
O delavskem boju
smo se učili iz rumenih pogledov
tigrov.

Prevedel Aleš Mustar

iosif vissarionovici stalin.

V-am învățat
ce e frica și neputința,
și m-am prăbușit în țărână.
Am fost un om de oțel,
puternic ca o combină sovietică
și m-am prăbușit în țărână,
cu mâinile desfăcute ca niște vâsle de os.

Acum nimănui
nu-i mai e frică de
mine, degeaba le spun
că eu am fost stalin,
că femeile simple-mi țineau fotografia în
Evanghelie.

Dumnezeule,
am vărsat atâta sânge degeaba.

pol pot.

În locul orașelor
am ordonat să se planteze orez.
Și, fiindcă nu aveam gloanțe,
oamenii mei lucrau cu măciucile, sporind
zi de zi producția de îngrășăminte.
Construiam socialismul din
junglă, iar uneori urinam sânge
din pricina unei boli de rinichi.
Despre lupta de clasă
am învățat din privirile galbene ale
tigrilor.

Great Minds of the Revolution (excerpts)

executioner sanson.

My gross profession aside
I was human just like you
and – as God is my witness –
I never adored shedding of blood.
I hanged people and tore off limbs and then
operated the guillotine for five years. Here and there
I grumbled a bit, I believe I was
pretty good at making a noise. Only once
I fled the scaffold – on account of a woman's neck,
slim and curved like
a violin. I never smiled
and there was no one to shake my hand, even though
I was a model citizen of the Republic.
There is my grave, on the edge,
the humblest of them all.
I was an executioner, I also wished to become
a gardener or
a music professor.

marat.

Since
I studied medicine I knew
that any gangrenous limb
needs to be ruthlessly amputated,
and good politics
is a good surgery lesson.
I despised young gentlemen
who turned up their noses
at the smell of blood
and felt closer
to carpenters and butchers
common women folk
who without flinching
can wring a chicken's neck.
Such was I when Revolution got hold of me.
Rumour had it that I was a leper,
that I ordered God knows how many massacres.
And I did.

For I was a man
with a good head on the shoulders.
Such was I when death found me:
with a good head on the shoulders.
When the dagger
hit me between my shoulder-blades
I was just scratching a scab on my leg.

marx.

I used to love life,
food and drink.
Now that my body is gone
I sometimes talk to the worms,
they give me dialectics lessons.
“Man” – thus speak the worms –
“is the most valuable
capital, therefore
in the foreground of our politics
are concern and love for mankind.”
I used to dream
of myself leading revolutions,
now all that I’d want is
for someone to pour a mug of beer on my gravestone.
A mug of golden, aromatized, fresh beer.

rosa luxemburg.

They used to say
that it is no task for a woman
to write boring pamphlets
on class struggle.

For a long time I lived alone
between their long
conspiratory beards
who in front of ashtrays full of butts
discussed socialism.

Others murdered me
for being a woman,
not for being a communist.
Here and there I manage
to remove dirt from my mouth
and whisper sing *the Internationale*.

joseph vissarionovich stalin.

I taught you
what fear and impotence are,
and then turned to ashes.
I was a man of steel
as robust as a soviet combine harvester,
but have turned to ashes
with my arms wide as oars made of bone.

Now not a soul
is afraid of me any more,
I tell them in vain
that I was stalin,
that common women used to hang on to my picture as they would
to the Gospel.

Oh God,
the amount of blood I shed in vain.

pol pot.

Where there used to be towns
I gave orders to plant rice seeds.
And since I had no bullets
I let my people operate with maces,
which increased daily manure production.
We made socialism out of jungle,
sometimes we urinated blood
due to kidney diseases.
About working class struggle
we learned from the yellow gazes
of tigers.

Translated from the Slovene by Manja Maksimovič

Veronika Šikulová se je rodila leta 1967 v Modri na Slovaškem kot hčerka pisatelja in dramatika Vincenta Šikule. Pisateljica kratkih zgodb, pesnica, novinarka in knjižničarka je bila po končanem študiju novinarstva na Filozofski fakulteti Univerze Komenskega v Bratislavi zaposlena v uredništvu revij *Literárny týždenník* (Literarni tednik) in *Novy čas* (Novi čas), v uredništvu dnevnika *Meridian* in kot lektorica v Muzeju Eudovíta Štúra. Za knjižni prvenec *Odtiene* (Odenki, 1997) je prejela nagrado Ivana Kráska. Tej nagrajeni zbirki kratkih zgodb sta sledili še knjigi *Z obloka* (Skozi okno, 1999) in *Mesačná dúha* (Mesečeva mavrica, 2003). Napisala je tudi knjigo za otroke *To mlieko má horúčku* (Mleko ima vročino, 2006), njena najnovejša zbirka kratkih zgodb z naslovom *Domček jedným ťahom* (Hišica v eni potezi) pa je izšla leta 2009. Prozo (in poezijo) objavlja v različnih slovaških literarnih revijah, nekaj njenih zgodb pa je izšlo tudi v literarnih zbornikih in revijah v Avstriji, Srbiji in na Poljskem. Trenutno živi in dela v Pezinku, kjer v tamkajšnji Malokarpatski knjižnici skrbi za oddelek za mladinsko književnost.

Veronika Šikulová was born in 1967 in Modra, Slovakia, as the daughter of the author and playwright Vincent Šikula. The short story writer, poet, journalist and librarian studied journalism at the Faculty of Arts of the Comenius University in Bratislava. After graduation, she was part of the editorial boards of the *Literárny týždenník* (Literary Journal) and *Novy čas* (New Times) magazines, the daily newspaper *Meridian*, and she has also worked as a proofreader at the Eudovít Štúr Museum. Her literary debut *Odtiene* (Shades, 1997) won her the Ivan Krasko Prize. This award-winning book of short stories was followed by two other collections: *Z obloka* (Through the Window, 1999) and *Mesačná dúha* (Moon Rainbow, 2003). She has also written a children's book *To mlieko má horúčku* (This Milk Has Fever, 2006), while her most recent collection of short stories entitled *Domček jedným ťahom* (A Little House with One Stroke Only) was published in 2009. She has been publishing her prose (and poetry as well) in various Slovak literary magazines, and some of her short stories have also been featured in various Austrian, Serbian, and Polish literary journals and anthologies. Today she lives in Pezinok, where she takes care of the youth literature section of the local Malé Karpaty Library.

Veronika Šikulová



Švissst

V sebi čutim otožnost poletja. Trava se suši in na cestah je prah. Odkar je umrl oče, so vsi postali nekako bolj grdi.

Tudi jaz. Postala sem stara in neprivilčna. Zjutraj sem se zagledala v ogledalu. Spet sem si nadela grdo oranžno krep obleko, tisto za dvajset kron iz trgovine z oblekami iz druge roke, in se odpravila kosit.

Zapuščinske razprave še ni bilo, vsi bi radi dedovali, tudi jaz, da bi lahko pokosila »očetovo njivo«.

Za očetom je tu ostal nered, neumiti kozarci in polit suknjič, vržen čez stol. Na oknu se sušijo potaknjenci v jogurtovih lončkih, naokrog ogromno velikih suhih muh. Tudi na šipah sami mušji iztrebki. Odklenem in se ustavim v kuhinji, iščem dragocenosti. Nihče me ne pozdravi. Sama pozdravim. Prečešem omaro z ozimnico, odprem vloženo zelenjavo, se usedem na divan in jo sede pojem. V sebi čutim otožnost poletja.

Divan je v kuhinjo zvelkel oči, da bi spal na njem. Nikoli ni spal tam, umrl je v sobi. Uležem se na divan, spodaj v mestu zvonijo zvonovi in diši po juhi. Med trto okrog hiše se potikajo ljudje, traktor gre. Nekdo zakašlja in prestraši fazana. Stopim pred hišo, črički. Na drevesu pri terasi sedi smrdokavra.

Potem pa samo še kosim, k vragu, naj še kdo reče, da se tega ne da naučiti, ujeti ritem, ne da bi si odrezal nogo, švissst in še enkrat švissst, trava lega k mojim nogam, za sabo puščam pravilne oblike, šope trave, švissst, s koso sečem, sonce pripeka na mojo obleko, na sključen hrbet pod njo, ožema moje telo in travnik, vzdihujem v travi, ki je visoka, tožim za hišo, ki je umrla skupaj z njim, travo pobiram s tal, kosim, močna sem, Vasilisa modra, ki že vse ve, vendar naenkrat tega nima komu povedati, v sebi čuti poletje in žalost in švissst, prestrašim zajčka, ptičke, fazane, letalo preleti nad mojo glavo, izgubim brus, moja, tvoja, njegova kosa in srp, lepo pokosim okrog drevov, spet maham s koso prvič v življenju, oči, močna sem, če bi me videl, to je mogoče moja smrt in, švissst, njen začetek, pomislim ...

In potem zapuščinska razprava, kar naenkrat imamo vsi ključke od hiše, pomečemo par stvari stran, na primer stekleničke od zdravil, kdo in zakaj bi jih še potreboval, ja, in suhe rastline na oknih v jogurtovih lončkih, ah, svinčniki in malenkosti, ni časa za premišljevanje, tako pospravimo, da naenkrat ni o njem ne duha ne sluha. Jaz pa čutim otožnost poletja in še druga ...

Nosim njegov plašč, v žepu najdem seznam za v trgovino in pisan fižol.

Včasih sva že zjutraj pila belo vino in kdaj celo pela.

Spet drugič je prinesel z vrta solato, ves blaten je bil.

Kupoval je semena.

V žepih je nosil fižol.

V plastičnih steklenicah pa vino.

Včasih sem ga zlivala v odtok, da ga ne bi bilo toliko.

Srrrrrst

Je mi leto. Tráva schne a na cestách je prach. Odkedy zomrel otec, všetci nejako ozleli.

Aj ja. Zostarla a zoškaredla som. Ráno som sa videla v zrkadle. Znovu som si navliekla škaredé oranžové kreповé šaty, tie za dvadsať korún zo sekondhandu, a vybrala sa kosiť.

Ešte neprebehlo dedičské, všetci by sme radi dedili, a ja teda, že aspoň „otcovu roľu“ pokosím.

Po tatovi tu zostal neporiadok, neumyté poháre a obliate sako prehodené cez operadlo stoličky. Na okne schnú planty v kelímkoch od jogurtu, okolo sú popadané veľké suché muchy. Aj sklá sú samý mušačinec. Odomknem, zastavím sa v kuchyni a hľadám poklady. Nikto nepovie vitaj. Tak vítam. Prekutrem skriňu so zaváraninami, otvorím čalamádu, sadnem si na kanapu a na posedenie ju zjem. Je mi leto.

Kanapu do kuchyne doteperil tato, že na nej bude spávať. Nespál tam ani raz a umrel v izbe. Lahnem si na kanapu, dolu v meste zvonja zvony a voňajú polievky. Vo viniciach okolo domu sa motajú ľudia a ide traktor. Ktosi zakašle a vyruší bažanta. Vyjdem pred dom, svrčky. Na strome pri terase sedí dudok.

A potom už len kosím, kurnikšopa, bol by v tom čert, aby som sa to nenaučila, zaberáť do rytmu a neodŕať si nohu, to srrrrrst a ešte jedno srrrrrst, tráva si mi líha k nohám, nechávam za sebou také pravidelné útvary, kopčeky, že srrrrrst, proti srsti kosím, silno zaberám a peče mi na tie šaty, na zohnutý chrbát pod nimi, na mňa celú aj dopoly aj do polí, nariekam v trávě, čo je vysoká, za domom, čo mi zomrel spolu s ním, snímam trávu, kosím, som siláčka, Vasilisa premúdra, čo už všetko vie, len to nemá odrazu komu povedať, a je jej leto a smutno a srrrrrst, vyruším zajačka, vtáčence, bažanty, preletí lietadlo, stratím osličku, moja, tvoja, jeho kosa aj kosáčik, pekne to okolo stromov povyžínam, opäť mácham s tou kosou prvý raz v živote, tato, som silná, keby si ma videl, toto je asi moja smrť aj srrrrrst, jej začiatok, myslím si...

A potom prebehne dedičské konanie, odrazu máme kľúče od domu všetci a vyhodíme dáke veci, napríklad fľaštičky od liekov, načo a komu by boli, pravdaže, a suché rastliny z okien v jogurtových kelímkoch, och, ceruzky a drobnosti, niet času premýšľať, upraceme to tak, že odrazu po ňom nezostane ani smrad. A mne je leto aj ďalšie...

Nosievam jeho kabát, vo vrecku nájdem lístok do obchodu a strakatú fazuľu.

Hocikedy ráno sme pili biele víno a niekedy aj spievali.

Inokedy priniesol zo záhrady šalát, a bol celý od blata.

Kupoval semienka.

Vo vreckách nosil fazuľu.

V gumených fľašiach víno.

Niekedy som z neho odlievala do drezu, aby bolo menej.

Pekel je mlince.

Ponoči sva si telefonirala.

Spiš? Ne spim.

Me slišiš? Slišim!

Halo!

Spet drugič sva šla skupaj plavat.

Ko čutim otožnost poletja in plavam, se čudim, da ga ne vidim.

A spiš?

Pozimi, na god Vincenca, sva nazdravljala.

Agati je rekel, da bi lahko manj poslušala, meni pa, da bi lahko bolj in vsakega.

In za božič pravljica o treh groših ...

Ko je deževalo, je bil vesel. Potem je posvetilo sonce, ki ga je prav tako razveselilo.

Včasih sem ga šla prepričevat, da ne bi pil vina. In nama ves čas nalivala rdeče od Valenta Glozneka. Na koncu sva skupaj plesala.

Pogosto mi je rekel, naj ga potrepļjam po hrbtu. Potem pa je vpil, oh in joj. Deklica sem bila.

Na kopališču sem ga mazala s kremo. Njegov hrbet poznam kot lastni žep. Če se samo spomnim, kolikokrat sem ga mazala in masirala! Brez šepetanja, prekinjanja, ne da bi kaj hotela, samo poslušaj, poslušaj! Namaži mi hrbet! Nubian in Kreola. Stopim na njegov hrbet in se smejem kot za stavo. Drsi mi. Nubian in Kreola.

Zjutraj so mu pokala kolena.

Pristavil je juho, ob šestih je že dišala.

Ko je plaval, sem sedela na bregu in opazovala vodne drsalce. Z nogami so brenkali ob vodno gladino. Agata je bila ponavadi opečena kot kreolka.

Ves čas je kahal in pripovedoval.

Njegove srajce so dišale.

Na poti v hrib je nalašč izgubljal denar in midve sva ga pobirali. Ali pa nama je za šalo metal palico.

Hodil je po Modri in navsezgodaj zvonil pri nas. Trkal je tako kot gospod Ilečko, slikar.

In nekega jutra ga ni bilo, umrl je. Ne na divanu v kuhinji, v svoji delovni sobi na postelji.

Jaz pa sem vzela koso in si mislila, da se bom otresla žalosti s košnjo.

V sebi čutim otožnost poletja, ne vem, koliko jih je minilo od takrat.

Imam ključe od hiše, čeprav me tam nihče ne čaka ali pozdravi. Z nogami masiram očijev vrt in ponoči včasih slišim v ušesih komaj slišen švisst ...

Prevedla Špela Sevšek Šramel

Pekával osúchy.
V noci sme spolu telefonovali.
Spíš? Nespím.
Počuješ ma? Počujem!
Haló!
Inokedy sme šli spolu plávať.
Keď je mi leto a plávam, čudujem sa, že ho nevidím.
Spíš?
V zime, na Vincenta, sme si pripíjali.
Agáte povedal, že môže menej poslúchať, a mne, že by som mohla viac a každého.
A na Vianoce o troch grošoch...
Keď pršalo, radoval sa. A potom vyšlo slnko a potešil sa tiež.
Inokedy som mu šla dohovárať, aby si nedal víno. A stále som nám nahlievala červené od Valenta Glozneka. Nakoniec sme spolu tancovali.
Hocikedy mi kázal dupať mu po chrbte. A potom kričal, Ach a jaj. Bola som dievčatko.
Na kúpalisku som ho natierala. Poznám ten chrbát ako mapu. Čo som sa ho nanatierala a namasírovala! Nešuchotať, nerušiť, nič nechcieť a počúvať, počúvať! Natri mi chrbát! Nubian a kreola. Dupem mu po chrbte a smejem sa ako šialená. Šmýka sa mi to. Nubian a kreola.
Ráno mu pukali kolená.
Postavil variť polievku a o šiestej mu voňala.
Keď plával, sedávala som na brehu a pozerala na vodné pavúky. Brnkali nohami o hladinu. Agáta bývala opálená ako kreolka.
Stále varil a rozprával.
A voňali mu košele.
Cestou do kopca akože strácal peniažky a my sme ich zbierali. Alebo nám zo žartu hádzal paličku.
Chodil po Modre a skoro ráno u nás vyzváňal. Klopal rovnako ako pán Ilečko.
Potom raz neprišiel a zomrel. Nie na kanape v kuchyni, vo svojej pracovni na posteli.
A ja som vzala kosu a myslela si, že sa z toho žiaľu vykosím.
Je mi leto, už neviemkoľké odvtedy.
Mám kľúče od domu, len ma v ňom nikto nečaká ani nevíta. Nohami masírujem tatovu záhradu a hocikedy v noci počujem v ušiach tichulinké srrrrrst....

Swissssh

It's a sad summer for me. The grass is shrivelling and there's dust on the road. Ever since father died, somehow everything's taken a turn for the worse.

Me too. I've got older and uglier. This morning I saw myself in the mirror. Once more I'd slipped on my ugly orange crepe dress, the one I bought cheap from a second-hand shop, and I set off to mow.

The inheritance hasn't yet been sorted out; we'd all like a share, so well then, at least I'll mow "father's field".

Dad left a mess behind him. Unwashed cups and a stained jacket thrown over the back of a chair, plants withering on the window sill in yogurt tubs, surrounded by big, dry, dead flies. Flyspecks all over the window panes too. I unlock the door, pause in the kitchen and search for treasure. No one says "welcome". So I welcome myself. I rummage in the cupboard of bottled fruit and vegetables, open a jar of pickles, sit down on the sofa and eat it all at one go. It's summer and I'm sad.

It was Dad who dragged the sofa into the kitchen with the idea he would sleep on it. He didn't sleep there even once and he died in his room. I lie down on the sofa; in the town below bells are ringing and a smell of soup wafts in the air. People are moving about in the vineyards around the house and I can hear the chugging of a tractor. Someone coughs and disturbs a pheasant. I go out of the house, crickets. There's a hoopoe sitting on a tree near the terrace.

And then I just mow, dammit, I'll get the hang of it if it's the last thing I do, swing the scythe in a steady rhythm and don't chop off your foot, swissssh and swissssh again, the grass lies down at my feet, I leave orderly little piles behind me, swissssh, mowing with sweeping strokes against the grain and through my dress the baking sun burns down on my bent back, draining the life out of me and the field, I groan in the grass, the grass that is tall, behind the house that has died on me along with him, I slice through the grass, I mow, I'm the strong one, Vasilisa the wise, who already knows all, but suddenly has no one to tell, and it is summer and she's sad and swissssh, I frighten a bunny, baby birds, pheasants, a plane flies over, I lose the whetstone, my, your, his scythe and beloved sickle, I neatly trim around the trees, once more I'm wielding this scythe for the first time in my life, Daddy, I'm strong, if only you could see me, swissssh, I think the grim reaper is coming for me...

And then the inheritance proceedings are over; suddenly we all have keys to the house and we throw out a pile of things, small bottles of pills, what use would they be to anyone, and the dry plants in yogurt tubs from the window sills, huh, pencils, odds and ends, there's no time to stop and think, we clean everything out, so there's suddenly nothing left of him, not even the stench. A sad summer and another as well...

I wear his coat, I find a shopping list and a speckled bean in the pocket.
At any hour in the morning we would drink white wine and maybe sing.
Other times he brought a lettuce in from the garden and they were
both covered in mud.

He would buy seeds.

He carried a bean around in his pocket.

Wine in plastic bottles.

Every now and then I poured some of it down the sink, so there'd be
less of it.

He used to bake flat cakes.

We phoned each other at night.

You asleep? No, I'm not.

Can you hear me? Yes, I can!

Hello!

At other times we went swimming together.

When it's summer and I'm swimming, I'm surprised I can't see him.

Are you asleep?

On his name day in winter, the feast of St. Vincent, we celebrated to-
gether.

He told Agáta she could obey less and I could obey more and everyone.
And at Christmas the tale of the three groschen...¹

When it rained, he was glad. And then the sun came out and he was
glad too.

From time to time I tried to persuade him not to drink wine. Yet I kept
pouring us the red wine from Valent Gloznek. We ended up dancing to-
gether.

He often told me to tread on his back. And then he would shout, Ahh
and ow. I was a little girl.

At the swimming pool I would rub cream on his back. I know that back
like the back of my hand. The times I rubbed and massaged it! Don't make
a noise, don't disturb, don't ask for anything and listen, listen! Rub cream
on my back! Nubian and Kreola. I hop up and down his back, laughing
like mad. It's slippery. Nubian and Kreola.

In the morning his knees would crack.

He'd begin cooking soup and by six the smell was delicious.

While he was swimming, I would sit on the bank and watch the water
spiders strumming the surface with their feet. Agáta was as brown as a
berry.

He was always cooking and talking.

And his shirts smelled nice.

As he walked up the hill he'd pretend to lose coins and we picked them
up. Or he'd jokingly throw a stick for us to fetch.

¹ In the Slovak folk tale the king wanted to know how the poor man could sur-
vive on only 3 groschen a day, but in fact the man kept only one for himself as he
"returned" one by taking care of his old father and "lent" one to his children, who
would take care of him in his old age.

He would stroll through Modra and come ringing our bell early in the morning. He had a knock just like that of Mr. Ilečko, the painter.

Then one day he did not come and he died. Not on the sofa in the kitchen, but on the bed in his study.

And I took the scythe and thought I would mow myself out of my sorrow.

I'm sad and it's summer, I don't know how many since then.

I have the key to the house, but no one expects me, there's no one to welcome me. I massage Dad's garden with my feet and any night I can hear in my ears that soft hushed swissssh.....

Translated by Heather Trebaticka

Jáchym Topol se je rodil leta 1962 v Pragi na Češkem. Sin pesnika in dramatika Josefa Topola je obiskoval gimnazijo, namenjeno otrokom političnih oporečnikov. Ker ni smel študirati na univerzi, se je po maturi leta 1981 vpisal na Srednjo socialno-pravno šolo, ki pa jo je kmalu zapustil in se preživljal kot skladiščnik, kurjač in nosač premoga. Leta 1986 je podpisal *Listino 77*, leta 1988 je bil aretiran zaradi razširjanja sovražnih gradiv, po razglasitvi amnestije pa ga niso preganjali. Sodeloval je pri nastanku več samizdatskih revij, tudi politične revije *Sport*, ki se je po letu 1990 uveljavila kot politični tednik *Respekt*. Po žametni revoluciji je bil v svobodnem poklicu, od leta 2009 pa dela pri dnevniku *Lidové noviny*. Do leta 1989 je objavljajl samo v samizdatu, bil pa je tudi tekstopisec in pevec glasbene skupine *Psí vojáci*. Njegovi prvi uradno izdani knjigi sta pesniški zbirki *Miluju tě k zbláznění* (Ljubim te za znoret, 1991) in *V úterý bude válka* (V torek bo vojna, 1992). Pozneje se je posvetil izključno prozi, za svoje književno ustvarjanje pa je prejel več literarnih nagrad. V slovenskem prevodu Nives Vidrih so bili objavljeni trije njegovi romani, in sicer roman *Sestra* (1994), ki je leta 2007 izšel pri založbi Sanje ter romana *Anděl* (*Angel*, 1995) in *Chladnou zemí* (*Hladna dežela*, 2009), ki sta leta 2006 in 2010 izšla pri Cankarjevi založbi. Dela tega izjemnega avtorja, ki živi in dela v Pragi, so bila prevedena v več kot petnajst jezikov.

Jáchym Topol was born in 1962 in Prague, in former Czechoslovakia. The son of the poet and playwright Josef Topol had to study at a secondary school for children of political dissidents. He graduated in 1981 but enrolled in the High School for Social and Legal Studies because he was forbidden to study at university. He soon quit to work as a warehouseman, stoker, and a coal deliveryman, until he was granted disability retirement in 1990. In 1986, he signed the *Charter 77* human rights declaration and was arrested in 1988 for spreading hateful propaganda materials, but was spared further persecution on behalf of an amnesty. He contributed to several samizdat magazines, also co-founding the political magazine *Sport*, which established itself as the political weekly *Respekt* after 1990. He became a freelancer after the Velvet Revolution, and since 2009 he has worked for *Lidové noviny* daily. He was also active as the singer and songwriter for the rock band *Psí vojáci*, and was publishing his work in the samizdat exclusively until 1989. His first two officially published books of poetry were *Miluju tě k zbláznění* (I Love you Madly, 1991) and *V úterý bude válka* (There Will Be War on Tuesday, 1992). Since then he has focused exclusively on prose and has been honored with many awards for his literature. Three of his novels have been translated into Slovene by Nives Vidrih; *Sestra* (*City Sister Silver*, 1994) was published by the Sanje Publishing House in 2007, while *Anděl* (*Angel*, 1995) and *Chladnou zemí* (*Through a Cold Country*, 2009) were published by the Cankarjeva Publishing House in 2006 and 2010 respectively. The work of this distinguished author, who lives and works in Prague, has been translated into more than fifteen languages.

Jáchym Topol



Foto © Ondrej Nemeč

Hladna dežela

(Odlomek)

Zdaj mi zre v oči, stojim kot prikovan.

Mark Isakijevič Kagan, reče in mi stisne roko. Precejšnjo zamudo imate. Ampak je v redu, da ste tukaj, kolega. Je pot iz Terezína potekala zadovoljivo?

Obrne se, moj odgovor ga ne zanima, že spet stopava v svetlobi njegove baterije, s pogledom iščem Maruško, spodrsne mi na zemlji, v duhu se Aleksu zahvalim za primerne čevlje, prispeva do velike jame, tam imajo žarnice na drogu.

Sijejo v zaboje. V njih so trupla, prastara, strohnela trupla. V vsakem zaboju eno ali dve, ponekod so samo kupčki kosti. Stara koža zgleda kot stara cunjia ali papir s prevleko zasušenega, sivega cementa. V nekaterih zabojih so samo lobanje in kosti. Zaradi podgan imajo tukaj sigurno posebne straže, to je jasno.

V katakombah nikoli nismo odkrili takih najdb, v tem primeru bi nas Lebo odvedel stran, to bi bilo preveč.

Vem pa, kako v podzemlju kroži zrak, jasno je, zakaj nekatera teh prastarih trupel niso čisto zgnila. V takem stanju je bilo mogoče kje v terezinskih kletah najt zadušeno veverico, psa, ljudi so po vojni večinoma odstranile delovne enote. Zaradi sesutja zemlje in tega, ker so podzemni potoki spreminjali svoje struge, so se včasih tam človeški ostanki obdržali. Vendar ne v takem obsegu.

Eden od delavcev gre s svojo samokolnico od jame proti nama, Kagan ga je priklical. Z baterijo sveti v samokolnico, ja, polna je kosti. Pripeljal jo je fant s čopom, po vlažni prsti jo vozi s težavo.

Fant ustavi pri praznem zaboju. Z rokami v rokavicah pobira kosti, polaga jih v zaboj.

Nizke, masivne mizice prej nisem opazil. Na njej so kovanci, nekakšni papirji, nekaj nabojnic. Stare porumenele fotke. Kagan posveti nanje.

Seveda tukaj kopljemo na skrivaj, mi reče Kagan. Saj vidite, v kakšnih razmerah. Rezultate pa že imamo. Katinski gozd se lahko skrrije pred tem, vam rečem, kolega!, in zdaj me je Kagan potrepeljal po rami. Ja, želi, da bi izžareval prijateljstvo in se blazno trudi, vendar je v njem čutit napetost, kot da bi bil steber, nabit z električno. Stvari jemlje z mizice.

Zadnji sloj je predvojni, pove. Na tisoče jih je, mogoče tudi deset tisoč. Zato so po vojni postavili Muzej ravno tukaj. Da bi zakrili morišče.

Izroči mi košček blaga.

To so našitki NKVD, pove. V grobovih se vedno kaj najde, pravi. Fotka družine v podlogi. Častniška epoleta. Razlomite otrdelo grudo blata in najdete kos časopisa, v katerega so si rablji zavili grob tobak.

Še vedno hodiva naprej vzdolž zabojev. Proti naslednji jami, bolj podobni kraterju. Tukaj je lesena utrditev samo na površju. Čelne svetilke

Chladnou zemí

(Úryvek)

Teď mi kouká do očí, stojím jako přibodlej.

Mark Isakijevič Kagan, říká a tiskne mi ruku. Máte pořádné zpoždění. Ale dobře, že jste tady, kolego. Cesta z Terezína proběhla uspokojivě?

Otočí se, moje odpověď ho nezajímá, už zas kráčíme ve světle jeho baterky, koukám po Marušce, klouznu hlinou, v duchu Alexovi děkuju za pořádné boty, dojdeme k té veliké jámě, tam mají žárovky na bidle.

Svítlí do těch beden. Jsou v nich mrtvolý, dávné, zteřelé mrtvolý. V každé bedně jedna dvě, někde jsou jen haldy kostí. Stará kůže vypadá jak starý hadr nebo papír s povlakem zaschlého šedého cementu. V některých bednách jsou jen lebky a kosti. Kvůli potkanům tu určitě mají zvláštní hlídky, to je jasný.

V katakombách jsme nikdy takovýchle nálezy neučinili, to by nás Lebo od táhl, to by bylo moc.

Alé vím, jak se v podzemí válí vzduch, je jasný, proč některé ty dávné mrtvolý neshnily úplně. V takovémhle stavu bylo možné někde v terezínském sklepení najít zalklou veverka, psa, lidi po válce většinou vysbíraly pracovní čty. Díky sesuvům a tomu, že podzemní potoky měnily koryta, tam někde lidský pozůstatky zůstaly. Asi ne v takovém množství.

Jeden ten pracovník se svým kolečkem jede od jámy k nám, Kagan ho přivolal. Svítí baterkou do kolečka, jo, je plné kostí. Přivezl je kluk s culíkem, po vlhké hlíně se mu jede těžce.

Kluk zastaví u prázdné bedny. Rukama v rukavicích vybírá kosti, klade je do bedny.

Nízkého, masivního stolku jsem si dřív nevšiml. Jsou na něm mince, nějaké papíry, pár nábojnic. Staré zažloutlé fotky. Kagan na ně svítí.

Samozřejmě že tu kopeme tajně, říká mi Kagan. A vidíte v jakých podmínkách. Ale výsledky už máme. Katyň hadr, řeknu vám, kolego!, a teď mě Kagan plácl do ramene. Jo, chce, aby z něj vyzářovalo přátelství, a ohromně se snaží, ale napětí z něj jde jak ze sloupu nabitého proudem. Bere věci ze stolku.

Poslední vrstva je předválečná, povídá. Jsou jich tisíce, možná tak deset tisíc. Proto po válce postavili Muzeum zrovna tady. Aby zakryli popraviště.

Podává mi kousek látky.

Tohle jsou výložky NKVD, povídá. V hrobech se vždycky něco najde, říká. Fotka rodiny v podšívce. Důstojnický prýmek. Rozlomíte ztvrdlou hroudu bahna a najdete kus novin, do kterých si popravčí balili machorku.

Jdeme pořád dál podél těch beden. K další jámě, spíš kráteru. Tady je vředřeva jen na povrchu. Čelovky ozařujou úzké, bledé holčičí obličej. Holky vypadají divně, světlušky přikrčený v bahenní jámě. V rukou se jim míhají štětečky a lopatky.

osvetljujejo ozke, blede dekliške obraze. Punce zgledatao čudno, kresnice, prihuljene v blatni jami. V rokah jim migotajo krtačke in lopatke.

Klasičen vojni vmesni sloj, mi pravi Kagan in kaže v jamo. Židje. Med vojno je bil nad nami geto, Nemci so ga izpraznili, pobili vse do zadnjega in geto požgali. Za to nihče ne ve.

Svetlobo baterije je spet usmeril na mizico. Kopica stvari. Zarjaveli, zverženi kosci kovine. Ja, natanko takele stvari smo v terezínskem podzemlju iskali za Leba. Ukrivljene konfle, zaponka, majhen bleščeč košček, mogoče sploščena krogla. In še nekaj.

Zobje! potrka Kagan po mizi. Podeželani, nagnani v geto, sploh niso imeli popravljenih zob, izobraženci pa niso mogli brez kakšne plombe ali celo proteze. Tukaj so vsi skupaj. Kaj pa imamo tukaj?

In zdaj mi Kagan kaže značko, drobceno srebrno lobanjo. In naprej jemlje s kupa, ja, pred oči mi porine gumbe. In v faco mi sveti z baterijo, umaknem se in se s hrptom zaletim v fanta, ki je porival samokolnico. Nekako je prilezel k nama. In še enega kolega ima s sabo, tudi v blatnih gumijastih škornjih. Punce plezajo iz jame, počasi grejo proti nama. Najbrž nočejo zamudit besed svojega šefa Kagana.

Nemške ujetnike so tudi postrelili tukaj, morali pa so si sami skopat jamo, lučaj proč od židovskih grobov. V tem je čutit določeno ironijo zgodovine, drži?

In Kagan mi zdaj tlači pred oči gumbe z uniform, zaponko s pasa s svastiko. Značko z lobanjo.

Punce vse to spet jemljejo od njega in polagajo na mizico. Rad bi se pogovoril z njimi. Ni mi bilo do predavanja. Vseh teh podzemnih grobov imam vrh glave. Za vse življenje. Kagan je spodil Maruško. Prav besen sem. Razgledujem se po puncah, mogoče me na katero spominjajo.

V tem trenutku pa mi potegne ... ja, ljudje natanko takele blede sorte, v notranjosti povsem strti od bolečine, so takrat hodili k nam, iskalcí pogradov ... punca, ki na mizico polaga sponko, ima trd, zakrknjen pogled ... samo kadar pogleda Kagana, se ji v oči prikraide mehkoba.

Kagan se obrne in mi gremo za njim, blatni fantje, punce iz jame, iztegujemo noge, blato naokrog šprica, spet gremo k tistemu drogu, pri katerem brni agregat. Vidim, da povsod tam na zabojih, na klopeh posedajo in postavajo še drugi ljudje. Mladina. Kakor so blatni, sklepam, da so vsi Kaganovi delavci.

Kagan pa zdaj govori na glas, govori meni in njim.

Povzpел se je na zaboj in z obema rokama kaže v globino jame, ali kjerkoli že smo, kot bi s prsti brskal po meji, do katere še seže šibka svetloba žarnic, od nje naprej pa se že razprostira tema.

Zdaj nas čaka odkritje zadnje plasti, pravi Kagan, na zaboju štrli v zrak v gumijastih škornjih in kot kakšen strašljiv čarovnik z obema rokama kaže v temo, abrakadabra, poslušajo ga, vstali so, tu in tam kdo drži kramp, v roki ima lopato, nihče niti ne zakašlja, nihče ne podrsa s škornjem. Kagan zdaj govori zares na glas. V podzemlju se njegov močni glas zelo razlega.

Ja, zdaj bomo kopali v zemljo, v katero so tirani silili poklekmit vaše starše, vaše stare starše. Veste, da tale vlada ne dovoli, da bi o Belorusih, ki

Klasická válečná mezivrstva, povídá mi Kagan a ukazuje do jámy. Židé. Za války nad námi bylo ghetto, Němci ho totálně vybili a vypálili. Nikdo o něm neví.

Zase míří baterkou na stoleček. Kupka věcí. Zrezivělé, pokroucené kousky kovu. Jo, přesně takovéhle věci jsme z terezínského podzemí lovili pro Leba. Zprohýbané sichrhajcky, sponka, malý lesklý kousek, možná zploštělá kulka. A ještě něco.

Zuby!, klepne Kagan do stolu. Venkovani nahnaní do ghetta neměli zuby nijak vyspravené, inteligenti se ale bez nějaké té plomby, či dokonce sem tam protězy neobešli. Tady jsou všichni pohromadě. A co to máme tady?

A teď mi Kagan ukazuje odznáček, mrňavou stříbrnou lebku. A dál bere z hromady, jo, strká mi před oči kno?íky. A šajní mi do ksichtu baterkou, uhnu a vrazím zády do kluka, co táhl kolečko. Nějak se k nám přiloudal. A ještě nějakého kolegu, taky v zabahněných gumákách, má s sebou. Holky lezou z jámy, jdou pomalu k nám. Asi si řeči toho svýho šéfa, Kagana, nechtějí nechat ujít.

Německé zajatce postříleli taky tady, museli si ovšem vykopat vlastní jámu, kousek od židovských hrobů. Lze v tom vycítit jistou ironii dějin, pravda?

A Kagan mi teď cpe před oči kno?íky z uniforem, přezku z opasku se svastikou. Odznak s lebkou.

Holky to od něj zas všechno berou a pokládají na stoleček. S těmi bych chtěl promluvit. Já o ňákou přednášku nestál. Já mám všech podzemních hrobů po krk. Na celý život. Tenhle Kagan zahnal Marušku. Mám docela vztek. Koukám po těch holkách, snad mi někoho připomínají.

A vtom mi to dojde... jo, přesně takovýhle bledý typy, uvnitř celý pokroucený bolestí, k nám tehdy chodily, hledači pryč... holka, která na stolek pokládá přezku, má tvrdý, okoralý pohled... jen když koukne na Kagana, tak se jí do očí vkrade nějaká měkkost.

A Kagan se otočí a my jdeme za ním, zabahnění kluci, holky z jámy, natahujeme nohy, bláto kolem stříká, jdeme zas k tomu stožáru, kde vrčí agregát. A já vidím, že tam všude na bednách, na lavicích posedávají a postávají další lidi. Mládež. Podle zabahnění jsou to všechno Kaganovi pracovníci.

A Kagan teď mluví nahlas, mluví ke mně a mluví k nim.

Stoupl si na bednu a oběma rukama ukazuje do hloubi jeskyně, nebo kde to jsme, prstama jako by šátral někde na té hranici, kam dosahuje slabý svit žárovek a kde se rozprostírá temnota.

Nyní nás čeká odkrytí poslední vrstvy, říká Kagan, tyčí se na bedně v gumácích a jako nějaké strašidelné abrakadabra čaroděj ukazuje oběma rukama do tmy, naslouchají mu, vstali, tu a tam někdo svírá krumpáč, má lopatu v ruce, ale nikdo ani nezakašle, nikdo nešoupne holínkou. A Kagan teď mluví opravdu hlasitě. A v podzemí se jeho silný hlas pěkně rozléhá.

Ano, nyní budeme kopat do hlíny, do které tyrani donutili pokleknout vaše rodiče, vaše prarodiče. Víte, že o Bělorusech, kteří vraždili Bělorusy, nedovolí tahle vláda ani ceknout. Ale my to mlčení prolomíme! Zapomenout na hrůzy minulosti znamená přijmout i nové zlo, hřímá Kagan k mládeži.

so pobijali Beloruse, kdo sploh črnil. Mi pa bomo ta molk prekršili! Pozabit grozote preteklosti pomeni sprejet tudi novo zlo, Kagan z gromkim glasom nagovarja mladino.

In zdaj zatipa po puncu iz jame, ki stoji najbližje, in vsem kaže lopatko, ki jo ima v roki.

Vidite? Dovolj je, da pobrsbate po zemlji in dom tirana se bo sesul! zavpije.

Punci je všeč, da si jo je Kagan izbral. Čeprav jo je malce sram.

Kagan skoči z zaboja.

Stoji zraven mene in me zagrabi za roko. Še vedno govori na glas.

Vaše delo v Evropi, vaša pietetno vzdrževana grobišča, ki jih je mogoče svobodno obiskovat, so nam za vzor, spoštovani kolega, pravi in me še vedno stiska za roko.

Terezín je v vsaki enciklopediji, v vsakem učbeniku, zdaj govori samo še meni. Tudi mi bi radi prišli na zemljevid sveta. Verjamemo, da nam boste pomagali, da to dosežemo.

Kagan mi potresa roko in njegovi ljudje opazujejo to najino pobratenje, ko se oglasi oster zvok, ki para živce. Sirena. Zavijajoča sirena, in vse rumenkaste žarnice nenadoma začnejo utripati. Alarm.

V vseh naokrog se predrami gibanje, tisti, ki so odreveneli, so obstali le za trenutek, nekaj ljudi se požene v temo, Kagan pa me vleče proti šotoru, ne branim se, sploh se ne branim, ker jo v tem trenutku zagledam, drži vogal šotorskega krila ... zmuzneva se noter, Kagan tipa po tleh, privzdigne lesen pokrov, tam so stopničke, spodaj šibka svetloba žarnic, Maruška gre takoj za mano, tacamo po stopnicah, ne govorimo, za Maruško grejo še drugi.

Potem grem za Kaganom skozi dolg tunel, sklanjamo glave in prispemo do vlakca. Vlakec zgleda, kot da je otroški.

Posedemo notri, Kagan, Maruška in jaz, en tipček se še rine noter, še dve puncu, zadihani, zapackani od zemlje, ljudje drug za drugim prihajajo iz tunela in sedajo na vlak. Sosednji vagon, pravzaprav bolj vagonček, je poln lesenih zabojev, vendar so zaprti. Kagan pa se čisto potihem hahlja.

Ste vedeli, kolega, da še obstajajo dežele, v katerih se arheolog zares lahko počuti kot Indiana Jones, hohoho?

In se peljemo, vlakec občasno malo sopiha, vozimo se počasi, vendar tekoče. Ni mi jasno, da v Terezínu nismo pomislili na kaj takega! Takšenle super vlakec. Lahko bi recimo prevažal starejše turiste! Od Spomenika do pokopališča in do utrd. In otroci! Ne bi bili tako zelo zmatrani.

Kam gremo? vprašam Kagana. Sedi zraven mene.

Na sedež stranke. Naše opozicijske stranke. Tam kopičimo najdbe, pravi Kagan.

Pa je to varno? Sprašujem, ker imam določene dvome.

Za naš plan se zanimata tako opozicija kot vlada. Vaša misija torej ni ogrožena, pravi. Sklonil se je k meni. V obraz mu ne vidim, smrad njegovih gumijastih škornjev pa je zelo izrazit.

Kje je sedež vaše stranke?

A teď chmátne po jedné holce z jámy, která stojí nejbliž, a ukazuje všem lopatku, co má v ruce.

Vidíte? Stačí hrábnout do země a dům tyрана se zhroutí!, vykřikne.

Holce se líbí, že si ji Kagan vybral. I když se trochu stydí.

Kagan seskočí z bedny.

A stojí u mě a popadne mě za ruku. A mluví pořád nahlas.

Vaše práce v Evropě, vaše s pietou udržovaná a svobodně navštěvovaná pohřebiště jsou nám vzorem, vážený kolego, říká a pořád mi tou rukou pumpuje.

Terezín je v každé encyklopedii, v každé učebnici, říká teď už jen mně. My se také chceme dostat na mapu světa. Věříme, že nám k tomu pomůžete.

Kagan mi potřásá rukou a jeho lidi to naše sbratření sledují, když vtom se to ozve, nervy drásající ostrý zvuk. Siréna. Přerušovaná siréna a všechny ty žlutavý žárovky náhle začnou blikat. Poplach.

Do všech kolem vjede pohyb, strnulí zůstali stát jen chvilíčku, pár lidí se rozbíhá do tmy, Kagan mě ale vleče ke stanu, nebráním se, vůbec se nebráním, protože v tom okamžiku ji vidím, drží cíp stanové plachty... vklouzneme dovnitř, Kagan hmatá po zemi, zvedne dřevěné víko, jsou tam schůdky, zdola slabé světlo žárovek, Maruška jde hned za mnou, šlapeme po schůdkách, nemluvíme, za Maruškou jdou další.

Pak jdu za Kaganem dlouhým tunelem, skláníme hlavy a dojdeme k vláčku. Vláček vypadá jako pro děti.

Posedáme dovnitř, Kagan, Maruška a já, nějaký chlapík se k nám ještě vecpe, ještě dvě holky, udejchaný, zamazaný od hlíny, lidi po jednom vycházejí z tunelu a nasedají do vláčku. Vedlejší vagon, teda spíš vagoněk, je plný dřevěných beden, ale jsou uzavřeny. A Kagan se docela tichounce chechtá.

Věděl jste, kolego, že ještě jsou země, kde si archeolog může skutečně připadat jako Indiana Jones, hohoho?

A jedeme, vláček místama trošku drncá, jedeme pomalu, ale plynule. To nechápu, že nás v Terezíně nenapadlo! Takovejhle bezvadnej vláček. Mohl vozit třeba starší turisty! Od Pomníku ke hřbitovu a ke hradbám. A děti! Nebyly by tak ucabrtaný.

Kam jedeme?, ptám se Kagana. Sedí vedle mě.

Do sídla strany. Naší opoziční strany. Tam shromažďujeme nálezy, povídá Kagan.

A je to bezpečný? Ptám se, protože mám svoje pochybnosti.

O náš plán má zájem jak opozice, tak vláda. Vaše mise tedy ohrožená není, povídá. Naklonil se ke mně. Do tváře mu vidět není, smrad z jeho gumáku je ale cítit silně.

Kde je sídlo vaší strany?

V Minsku.

Ach jo, řeknu si. Už bych radši někam dál. Kdybych ale tušil, kam se dostanu, budu se sedadla ve vláčku držet jako přibítej.

Poslední chabé světlo vzalo za své v ohybu chodby. Vjíždíme do opravdové tmy a chladu. Chci vzít Marušku za ruku, ale nemůžu kolem

V Minsku.

Jasno, si rečem. Rajši bi že šel kam naprej. Če pa bi slutil, kje se bom še znašel, bi se držal sedeža na vlakcu ko klop.

Zadnja medla svetloba je poniknila v zavoju hodnika. Zapeljemo se v popolno temo in mraz. Maruško bi rad prijel za roko, vendar ne morem tipat okrog sebe, opustim to misel. Sem pa hvaležen temi okrog sebe, lahko bom poskrbel vsaj za strjeno kri v nosu. Pred njimi bi se sramoval.

In tako sežem v žep in izvlečem pajkca. Vtaknem ga v enega od svojih sijajnih čevljev. Mignem s prsti, stvarco čutim v nogavici. Počasi se vlečeva skozi črno, prečrno temo in niti ne govoriva. Zakaj tudi bi. Da naju lovijo, je jasno.

Prevedla Nives Vidrih

sebe šátrat, nechám toho. Ale tmě kolem blahorečím, můžu se alespoň postarat o sraženinu v nose. Před nimi bych se styděl.

A taky sáhnu do kapsy a vyndám Pavoučka. Strčím ho do jedné z těch svých báječných bot. Hýbnu prstama, cítím věcičku v ponožce. Pomalu si to šineme černočernou tmou a ani nemluvíme. Proč taky. Že po nás jdou, je jasný.

Through a Cold Country

(Excerpt)

Now he was looking me straight in the eye, and I was standing there like riveted to the spot.

“Mark Isakiyevich Kagan,” he said as he gripped my hand. “You took your time, but never mind, you’re here now. I take it the journey from Theresienstadt passed without a hitch.”

He turned away, not interested in my reply; we moved on by the light of his torch, with me keeping an eye out for Maruška. I slithered across the wet earth, mentally thanking Alex for getting me a decent pair of boots; then we reached the big pit, where there were some naked light-bulbs attached to a pole.

They shone down into the crates, which contained corpses, ancient, mouldered corpses. One or two in each crate, but just heaps of bones in some of them. The old skin looked like old rags or paper covered in a film of dry, grey cement dust. Some crates held just skulls and bones. They obviously carried out special patrols because of the rats; that much was obvious.

In our own catacombs we never had any finds like this; Lebo would have hauled us away – it would have been too much.

But I knew the way the air moved down there underground, so it was obvious why some of those ancient corpses hadn’t rotted away completely. In the vaults of Theresienstadt you might have found the odd strangled squirrel or dog in this condition, but any people were collected and removed after the war by working parties. What with subsidence and underground streams changing course, some human remains did get left behind. But hardly this many.

One of the workmen came trundling his wheelbarrow towards us from the pit; Kagan had called him over. He shone his torch into the barrow, yep, full of bones. The other was a young lad with a pigtail, and he struggled to get across the wet clay.

The lad stopped next to an empty crate. Wearing gloves, he picked out the bones and laid them in the crate.

Up to this point I hadn’t noticed the low, sturdy table: on it lay coins, some papers, a few cartridge cases. Some old, yellowed photos. Kagan pointed his torch at them.

“Of course, no one must know we’re digging here,” Kagan said. “And you can see for yourself what conditions are like. But we’re getting results. Believe me, Katyń’s nothing compared to this place!” And he clapped me on the shoulder. Sure, he was keen to radiate friendship, and he was trying very hard, but instead he emitted the tension inside him like an electricity pylon. He kept picking things up off the table.

“The bottom layer is pre-war,” he said. “There’s thousands of them, perhaps tens of thousands. That’s why they built the Museum on this very spot after the war. To cover up the execution site.”

He handed me a little piece of fabric.

"These are NKVD facings," he said. "The graves keep turning things up. A family photo in someone's lining. An officer's stripes. You break open a clod and in it you might find a twist of newspaper like what the executioners used to keep their shag in."

We walked on past the crates. Towards the next pit, or rather crater. This one had timbering only round the top. Forehead lights illuminated the narrow, pale faces of some girls, who looked so strange there, like glow-worms crouching down in the muddy pit. Little brushes and trowels flashed between their fingers.

"A classic in-between layer from the war period," Kagan explained, pointing down into the pit. "Jews. The place above where we're standing became the ghetto during the war. The Germans wiped them all out then burned it to the ground. No one knows about this one."

Once more he directed his torch at a little table. A small heap of objects. Rusty, twisted pieces of metal. Yep, the very kind of stuff we used to fish out of the ground beneath Theresienstadt for Lebo. Bent safety-pins, a hair-grip, some small shiny bit, perhaps a flattened bullet. And something else.

"Teeth!" Kagan tapped the table. "The country folk they herded into the ghetto had had nothing done to their teeth, but your intellectuals couldn't get by without the odd filling or even a false tooth here and there. Here they're all dumped together. But what's this then?"

And now Kagan was showing me a little badge, a tiny silver skull. And he went on picking things out of the pile, yep, now there were some buttons that he shoved under my nose. Then he flashed the torch right in my mug, I jerked back, straight into the lad with the wheelbarrow. I hadn't noticed him amble up behind us. And he'd got another colleague with him, likewise in muddy wellies. The girls started clambering out of the pit and headed slowly our way. I guessed they didn't want to miss anything their boss, Kagan, had to say.

"They shot German prisoners here as well, though they had to dig their own pit, a little way off from the Jewish graves. There's a bit of historical irony in that, wouldn't you say?"

And now Kagan thrust some army uniform buttons at me, and a belt buckle with a swastika. And a badge with a skull.

The girls took the things from us and laid them out on the table. I'd like to have had a word with them. Much better than being lectured at. I was sick to the back teeth of all these subterranean burials. A lifetime's supply. This Kagan guy had sent Maruška away. I was pretty riled. I scanned the girls, in case they reminded me of someone.

And then it hit me... yep, this is the very type, with pale features, all twisted inside with pain, they would come and join us back then, the pallet-seekers... the girl placing the buckle on the table had a hard, cracked look... though whenever she glanced towards Kagan a softer hint crept into her eyes.

Kagan turned and we followed him, the mud-stained lads, the girls from the pit, we took long strides, the mud sprayed about us, we were heading back towards the mast where the power unit was whirring away. On the crates and benches all around I could see people sitting and others standing around. Young folk. To go by how mud-spattered they were, they were all obviously Kagan's helpers.

And then Kagan started speaking aloud, speaking to me and speaking to them.

He mounted a crate and started waving both arms towards the bowels of the pit, or wherever we were, his fingers seeming to grope at the outer fringe of the weak glow from the lights, beyond which lay darkness.

"Our next job is to open up the bottom layer," Kagan said, rearing above us on his crate, in his rubber boots, and like some spooky version of a cabaret magician he waved both arms into the darkness; they hung on his words, then they were on their feet, some of them gripping a pick-axe, he was holding a shovel, but no one so much as coughed, no one so much as shuffled a rubber-booted foot. And now Kagan was speaking really loud. Below ground his powerful voice reverberated impressively.

"Yes, now we're going to be digging into the soil they forced your parents, your grandparents to kneel down in. You know this government won't tolerate anything being said about Belorussians murdering other Belorussians. But we're going to shatter that silence! To forget the horrors of the past means to accept the evil of today," Kagan thundered at the young people.

Then he grabbed one of the girls from the pit, the one standing closest, and pointed to the shovel she was holding.

"See? One stab at the earth and the tyrant's house will come crashing down!" he shouted.

The girl was happy that Kagan had picked her. Though a bit embarrassed as well.

Kagan hopped down off the crate.

He was standing beside me and he gripped my hand. Still speaking out loud.

"Your work in Europe, your burial sites, which are maintained with reverence and can be visited without let or hindrance, are an example to us, my friend," he said, pumping my arm up and down all the while.

"Theresienstadt's in every encyclopaedia, every textbook," he said, talking just to me now. "We want our own place on the map of the world. We believe you'll help us to achieve that."

Kagan shook my hand and his people watched as we fraternised, then suddenly it came, a nerve-jangling screaming sound. A siren. An intermittent siren, and all the yellowy light-bulbs suddenly started to flicker. Alarm.

All those around sprang into action after the initial momentary freeze; a few ran off into the darkness, but Kagan hauled me off towards the tent and I didn't resist. I offered no resistance at all because at that moment I

saw her, holding the end of the tent flap... We slipped inside, Kagan groped around on the ground, lifted a wooden hatch, there were some stairs, down below you could see a glimmer coming from some light-bulbs, Maruška descended right behind me, we stepped down and down, not speaking, Maruška followed by others.

Then I followed Kagan down a long tunnel, we ducked our heads and finally reached a little train. The train looked like it was for children.

We boarded the train, Kagan, Maruška and me, another guy crammed himself in, then two girls, out of breath and all grimy, one by one people came out of the tunnel and got into the little train. The carriage next to ours, more a humble wagon, was full of wooden crates, sealed ones. And Kagan was laughing, ever so quietly.

"I bet you didn't know there are still countries where an archaeologist can really feel like Indiana Jones, did you, my friend, ha ha ha?"

And off we went, the ride was a bit rocky here and there; our progress was slow, but steady. Why hadn't we thought of this at Theresienstadt? A great little train like this one! It would have been just the thing for moving elderly tourists and things! From the Monument to the cemetery and the ramparts. And kids! It would help to save their little legs.

"Where are we going?" I asked Kagan. He was sitting next to me.

"Party HQ. Our HQ, the opposition. That's where we bring all the finds together," he replied.

"And is it safe?" I asked, because I was having doubts.

"Our plan is of interest to both the opposition and the government, so your mission is in no jeopardy," he said. He was leaning towards me. It was too dark to see his face, but his rubber mac reeked.

"Where is your party's HQ?"

"Minsk."

Oh dear, I thought to myself. I'd much rather be moving on. But if I'd had even an inkling of where I was headed, I'd have stuck limpet-like to my seat in the little train.

The last of the faint light disappeared as we turned a corner. We were passing into genuine darkness and cold. I wanted to take Maruška's hand, but I couldn't go groping around, so I gave up the idea. But I bless the enveloping darkness because I could at least deal with the deposit built up inside my nose. I'd be embarrassed if anyone saw me picking it.

I also reached in my pocket and took out my memory stick. I thrust it into one of my fabulous boots. I wiggled my toes and felt the little thing inside my sock. We trundled along through the pitch dark without a word passing between us. Not that there was anything to say. Clearly, they were after us.

Translated by David Short

Suzana Tratnik se je rodila leta 1963 v Murski Soboti. Diplomirala je iz sociologije na Fakulteti za družbene vede in magistrirala iz antropologije spolov na Institutum Studiorum Humanitatis. Živi in dela v Ljubljani kot pisateljica, prevajalka in publicistka. Objavila je pet kratkoproznih zbirk: *Pod ničlo* (1997), *Na svojem dvorišču* (2003), *Vzporednice* (2005), *Česa nisem nikoli razumela na vlaku* (2008) in *Dva svetova* (2010); dva romana: *Ime mi je Damjan* (2001) in *Tretji svet* (2007), otroško slikanico *Zafuškana Ganca* (2010), napisala pa je še monodramo in dve strokovni deli o lezbičnem gibanju v Sloveniji in o lezbični literaturi. Leta 2007 je prejela nagrado Prešernovega sklada za literaturo. Njene knjige in kratke zgodbe so prevedene v več kot petnajst jezikov, sama pa je prevedla več knjig britanske in ameriške proze, dramatike in strokovnih besedil različnih avtoric in avtorjev, kot so Judith Butler, Adrienne Rich, Leslie Feinberg, Michael Cunningham, Jackie Kay, Mary Dorcey, Katy Watson, Ian McEwan in Truman Capote.

Suzana Tratnik was born in 1963 in Murska Sobota, Slovenia. She obtained her BA in sociology from the Faculty of Social Sciences at the University of Ljubljana, and her MA in gender anthropology from the Institutum Studiorum Humanitatis in Ljubljana, the city where she lives and works as a writer, translator, and columnist. She has published five collections of short stories: *Pod ničlo* (Below Zero, 1997), *Na svojem dvorišču* (In One's Own Backyard, 2003), *Vzporednice* (Parallels, 2005), *Česa nisem nikoli razumela na vlaku* (Things I've Never Understood on the Train, 2008), and *Dva svetova* (Two Worlds, 2010); two novels: *Ime mi je Damjan* (My Name Is Damjan, 2001) and *Tretji svet* (Third World, 2007), the children's picture book *Zafuškana Ganca* (The Hany Rattie, 2010), as well as a monodrama and two expertises: one on the lesbian movement in Slovenia, and another on lesbian literature. She received the national Prešeren Fund Award for literature in 2007. Her books and short stories have been translated into over fifteen languages, while she herself has translated several books of British and American fiction, non-fiction, and plays, including works by authors such as Judith Butler, Adrienne Rich, Leslie Feinberg, Michael Cunningham, Jackie Kay, Mary Dorcey, Katy Watson, Ian McEwan, and Truman Capote.

Suzana Tratnik



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Olje

(Odlomek)

Deklica je stala na sredini delavnice v pritličju velike, dvonadstropne hiše. Videti je bilo, da je bila najprej zgrajena delavnica in šele potem domovanje na vrhu, za zdaj še neometano in brez stopnic. Njena mati in gostiteljica sta se povzpeli po lesenih deskah, ki so bile položene od podesti do podesti. Hoja po deskah namesto stopnic z ograjo je deklico spominjala na moreče sanje, v katerih je bila prisiljena skakati z balkona na balkon ali skočiti s terase visoke stolpnice, kakor da bi bilo to mogoče. Toda mati je sploh ni silila hoditi navzgor in je ni vzela v naročje, da bi jo nesla sama. Ženski sta se domislili, da bi bilo za otroka najbolje, da ostane kar v delavnici pri moških, pri čemer sta jima zabičali, da morata paziti, da otrok ne bi zašel v bližino jarka, nad katerim je bil parkiran avtomobil v popravilu. Potem sta se za dolge ure umaknili v vrtočlavo zgornje nadstropje, ki je bilo rezervirano samo za odrasle ženske, kot se je zdelo zapuščenemu otroku sredi delavnice. Druženje z lastnikom delavnice in z lastnim očetom seveda ni prišlo v poštev. Bila sta predana svojemu opravilu z razstavljenim avtomobilom nad črnim jaškom. Čim se je deklica preveč približala kakšnemu orodju ali posodi s strojnim oljem ali stopila korak v smeri ene od štirih sten, na katerih so se šibile orodja polne police, sta se mehanika za trenutek zdramila in vzkipljivo pomahala s ključi v rokah, naj gre takoj proč, sicer pa se nista menila za nič okoli sebe. Natančno sta pregledovala motor, ga razstavljala, jemala posamezne dele v roke, jih obračala in zažvižgala skozi zobe, ko sta odkrila hudo okvaro ali nemarno opravljeno delo svojih predhodnikov. Ljudje cele dneve nekaj počenjajo in celo hodijo v službe samo zaradi ene stvari, in sicer da bi odkrivali napake. Nepotrpežljivi so, vse dokler jih ne najdejo, je razmišljala deklica. Ko pa jih najdejo, se jim tako predajo, da jih ne zanima prav nič drugega več. Vse dokler ne nastanejo nove okvare.

Deklica se je včasih za droben korak približala črnemu jašku, seveda na tisti strani, kjer ni bilo stopnic, in se potem zaustavila, še preden bi mehanika lahko opazila, da ne stoji ves čas pri miru. Potem je naredila droben korak v smeri polic z orodjem in se tako ponovno preizkusila v svoji tihi igri prodiranja proti robovom delavnice. V prvem krogu je zmaga, saj se je toliko približala policam, da je s prve lahko izmaknila ljubko zamaščeno kanglico, napolnjeno s strojnim oljem. Enako neopazno se ji je posrečila vrnitev na sredino delavnice. Šele ko je mahala s kanglico in tu pa tam zlila kakšno kapljico olja po sebi, sta jo moška končno opazila. Svoji zaskrbljeni glavi sta dvignila iznad motorja, se spogledala in se nasmehnila. Oče je zamahnil z roko in ji rekel, naj se kar igra s kanglico, če se le ne bo dotikala drugih, nevarnejših stvari. Posodica je bila privlačno umazana, tako kot so bile nesnažne vse stvari v delavnicah in na cestah. Mati ji gotovo ne bi dovolila stati sredi delavnice in vrteti mastno kanglico. Ker pa sta bili ženski zgoraj na kavi, je imela deklica priložnost ugotoviti

Oil

(Excerpt)

The girl stood in the middle of the workshop on the ground floor of a large two-storey house. The workshop seemed to have been built first and the living quarters upstairs, still unpainted and stairless, added later. Her mother and the hostess climbed up the wooden planks laid from landing to landing. Walking on the planks instead of a staircase with a bannister reminded the girl of a nightmare in which she was forced to jump from balcony to balcony, or dive from the terrace of a skyscraper, as if that was possible. But her mother neither tried to make her walk upstairs nor picked her up to carry her. The two women hit on the idea that the child had better stay in the workshop with the men, who were enjoined to take care that she would not stray near the shaft above which the car under repair was parked. Then they withdrew for long hours to the dizzying floor upstairs, which was reserved for adult women alone, as it seemed to the child deserted in the middle of the workshop. Socialising with the workshop owner and with her own father was, of course, out of the question. They were engrossed in their work on the dismantled car above the black shaft. As soon as the girl came too near a tool or machine oil container, or took a step toward one of the four walls lined with tool-laden shelves, the two mechanics, roused for a moment, would wave their spanners at her in irritation, signalling her to move away at once, but otherwise they took no notice of their surroundings. They examined the engine closely, dismantled it one way and another, took up individual parts, turned them around and whistled through their teeth on discovering a serious defect or sloppiness of their predecessors. People will tinker with something all day long and even go to work for one single purpose: to discover mistakes. They're impatient until they've found some, the girl reflected. And when they do, they become so wrapped up in them that they're interested in nothing else at all. Until new defects turn up, that is.

Every now and then the girl would edge toward the black shaft, on the stairless side of course, stopping before the mechanics could notice that she was not standing still all the time. Then she would edge toward the tool shelves, testing herself again in her quiet game of progressing toward the workshop edges. She won the first round, coming close enough to the shelves to snatch from the first a cute, greasy little can filled with machine oil. Just as imperceptibly, she managed to return to the centre of the workshop. It was only when she was swinging the can, spilling a drop of oil on herself every now and then, that the men finally noticed her. They raised their worried heads from the engine, looked at each other, and smiled. Her father, waving his hand, told her to go ahead and play with the can as long as she didn't touch other, more dangerous things. The little can was enticingly dirty, as were all things in workshops and in the streets. Her mother certainly wouldn't let her stand in the middle of the workshop swinging a greasy can. But as the women were upstairs drinking coffee, the girl had the opportunity to make a striking discovery. If she gripped the can tight and swung it forcefully around the axis of her

nekaj izjemnega. Če je kanglico trdno prijela in jo silovito zavrtela okoli osi ramena, se iz zgornje velike odprtine ni pocedila niti kapljica. Kar se je zdelo čisto neverjetno.

Toda že nekaj mesecev pozneje bo na sredini delavnice stala otrokova mati pordelih oči in poskušala pritegniti pozornost. Vodja delavnice bo takrat po deskah stekel na malico, ki mu jo je v zgornjem bivalnem nadstropju vedno pripravila soproga. Otrokov oče pa bo še naprej brskal po kovčku s ključi.

»Moraš priti domov, da se pogovorimo,« bo pogovor pretreseno, a še mirno začela mati.

»Ne morem, veliko dela imam,« bo odgovoril oče in se zakopal v motor, nad katerim se je sklanjal.

»Saj ne moreš kar tako oditi po sedmih letih zakona!«

V tem trenutku bo oče le odkril pravi ključ in začel neumorno šravfati po motorju. Nastal bo občutek, da pogovor nikakor ne steče.

»Pridi vendar domov!«

Toda odgovora ne bo.

»Pridi domov.« Tedaj se bo materin glas zalomil in naredila bo droben, neopazen korak proti črnemu jašku. »Otrok je bolan!«

»Potem ga pelji k zdravniku.«

Mati se bo vrnila domov sama in jokaje še več dni pripovedovala, kako se je nenadoma skalil nekoč tako trden zakon. Tudi sosede bodo poskušale ugotoviti, zakaj se na svetu dogajajo take reči. Pogosto se bodo zapirale v zgornje prostore, metale v Avstriji kupljene ciganske karte za prerokovanje, obračale kavne skodelice in sploh bodo na vse načine vedeževale, zakaj nenehno razpadajo družine. Vsem se bo to zdelo čisto neverjetno. V nekem trenutku bo mati objela otroka, ki ga bo zajel vonj po kavi iz njenih ust, in mu potožila: »Tvoj oče je rekel, naj te peljem k zdravniku, kot da mu ne bi bilo čisto nič mar zate.« Deklico bo zmotila mokrota materinih lic, čeprav ji bo na tihem odleglo, da je v resnici tako zdrava, da ji že več mesecev ni bilo treba posedati v pregreti otroški čakalnici, vedno v upanju, da ne bo nobenih injekcij.

»Vsega so krive te kurvetine,« bo ponovila prva soseda. »Vedno so vsega krive kurvetine.« In ženske bodo za nekaj trenutkov pomolčale, očitno zadovoljne, da so tistega dne spet odkrile okvaro v zakonu. Le deklici se bo še vedno vse zdelo enako kot prej. Kurvetine so se ji zdele podobne kanglicam z oljem, ki so nesnažne in ogrožajoče, ko pa jih primeš v roko in zavrtiš okoli ramenske osi, ne dajo prav nič od sebe.

»Mastnih stvari se ne dotikaj,« je mati rekla deklici, ko je nepričakovano prišla iz zgornjega nadstropja, da bi ji ponovno trdno zavezala volneno ruto okoli vratu, saj je bil v delavnici mraz. »Ker potem jaz tega ne morem nikoli sprati.« Deklica se je navadila, da ni več prikimavala nasvetom in ukazom, saj tega nihče ni pričakoval od nje, kanglico z oljem pa je imela skrito pod plaščem. Poleg tega ni vselej vedela, katere stvari so mastne. Vedela je le, da nekatere niso oziroma ne bi smele biti, denimo, zemlja,

shoulder, not a drop spilled from the large upper opening. Which seemed quite unbelievable.

But a mere few months later it would be the child's mother who stood in the middle of the workshop, her eyes reddened, trying to draw attention. The workshop foreman would bolt up the planks for the lunch always fixed by his wife in the upstairs living space. The child's father, on the other hand, would go on rummaging through the spanner kit.

"You've got to come home so we can talk this through," the mother would start, shocked but still calm.

"I can't, I've got heaps of work," the father would reply, entrenching himself in the engine over which he was leaning.

"But you can't just leave after seven years of marriage!"

At this moment, the father would finally locate the right spanner and start busily screwing around the engine. There would be a sense of the conversation stalling.

"Come home, will you!"

No answer.

"Come home." The mother's voice would crack and she would edge, imperceptibly, toward the black shaft. "The child's ill!"

"Take her to the doctor, then."

The mother would return home by herself and tearfully repeat for days to come how her marriage, once so solid, had suddenly hit the rocks. Her women neighbours, too, would try to determine why such things should happen. They would often closet themselves upstairs, throw tarot cards bought in Austria, turn their coffee cups upside down, and generally try to divine in all ways possible why families keep falling apart. It would seem quite unbelievable to everyone. At one point the mother would embrace the child, enfolding her in the smell of coffee wafting from her mouth, wailing: "Your father told me to take you to the doctor, as if he didn't care a jot about you." The girl would be disturbed by the wetness of her mother's cheeks, although secretly relieved that she was in fact so well that it had been months since she last needed to hang around the overheated children's waiting room, always hoping that there might be no needles.

"It's all those sluts' fault," the first neighbour would repeat. "It's always the sluts' fault." And the women would pause for a few moments, apparently satisfied that they had detected a defect in marriage again. To the girl alone, everything would seem the same as before. Sluts seemed to her like little oil cans, unclean and threatening, but yielding nothing at all once you grasped them and swung them around the shoulder axis.

"Don't touch greasy stuff," the mother told the girl, unexpectedly coming from upstairs to re-knot the wool scarf firmly around her neck because the workshop was cold. "Because I can't ever wash it out." The girl had grown used to no longer nodding assent at bits of advice or orders as nobody expected it of her, and her oil can was tucked away under her coat. Besides, she could not always tell which stuff was greasy. All she knew was that some was not, or at least should not be, for instance soil, a piece of fresh bread, one's

kos svežega kruha, glava, lepo meso, pošteni ljudje. »Bodi tu in ne hodi na cesto,« je še dodala mati, preden je odšla po deskah nazaj v zgornje nadstropje k ženi vodje delavnice. Čeprav je bila tedaj glavna ulica še precej daleč.

Deklica se ni več spominjala, kdaj so tistega večera končno odšli iz delavnice. Vedela je le, da so se domov vračali peš in gazili po umazanem uličnem snegu, ker je bila tistega dne nedelja in ker je mati večkrat rekla, da je družina zato, da kam gre.

Ko sta kakšnih dvanajst mesecev pozneje doma zares pakirali, je mati deklici zabičala, naj le pospravi vse svoje stvari, ker se ne bosta tako kmalu vrnili. A deklica je zlagala v potovalko samo tisto, kar ji je mati zložila na posteljo, predvsem obleke, čevlje, knjige in zvezke. Ker sta stara starša v veliki družinski kuhinji kuhala mulo, je bilo jasno, da do igrač, ki so bile zložene v leseni skrinji blizu štedilnika, ne bo mogoče priti. Deklica ni prenesla očitajočih pogledov starega očeta in stare mame, ki sta se vso zimo jezila na mlado družino, ki je zdaj res šla v tri krasne, kot sta užaljeno povedala sosedom. Poleg tega je bila prepričana, da je njun bes podkurilo prav to, da je mati ni peljala k zdravniku, kakor ji je pred kratkim svetoval mož. In ker nista šli k zdravniku, sta se zdaj najbrž morali še sami odseliti. A deklica se je vseeno raje selila, kot pa da bi se morala zdraviti brez bolezni. Čeprav ji soba v kleti na drugem koncu mesta, kamor sta se preselili, ni bila niti malo všeč. Tam je bilo mračno, dišalo je po premočenem mahu, in ko sta prinesli vse svoje stvari, se je pokazalo, da so v tej sobi združene kuhinja, dnevna soba in spalnica. Svojega lastnega hodnika, stranišča in kopalnice sploh nista imeli. Tudi dvorišča ne.

»Ko boš zložila svoje stvari, lahko greš ven na dvorišče, samo pazi, da ni kje kaj mastnega,« je rekla mati. Deklica ni imela veliko dela z zlaganjem. Obleke so šle v omaro, čevlji na skupni hodnik, knjige in zvezki na polico nad kavčem. Za trenutek jo je prešinilo, da ni kaj prida spravljati. Vseh svojih stvari že tako ni mogla vzeti s seboj, ne igrač iz kuhinjske skrinje, ne kurnika, ne ozkega pasu trave pred domačo hišo, ne velikih kamnov na robu nekoč domačega dvorišča, med katerimi so v vročini švigali martinčki. Vse te reči, skupaj s prostrano državno njivo, so ostale tam, in odkar ni bilo nje, niso služile nikomur več, gotovo pa ne starim staršem in drugim jeznim ljudem.

Potem si je deklica oblekla tisti plašč, ki je mater jezil, ker je imel na notranji strani oljnat madež neznanega izvora, ki mu noben lug ni prišel do živega, in stopila na plan. Preko dvorišča, ki je ni brigalo, saj ni bilo njeno, ampak od te velike rjave hiše mnogih začasnih stanujočih ljudi, je šla na glavno ulico.

Potem je bila vesela vsakega dneva, ko je lahko iz te hiše odšla v šolo. Slednjic je ostajala v šoli tudi po pouku, hodila je k petju, prometnemu krožku in k telovadbi. Tako je odkrila prosti čas, katerega prednost je bila, da ga ni bilo treba preživljati tam, kjer ti ni všeč. In ves čas je bila zelo zadovoljna, ker je bila to zimo tako zdrava, da ji v veliki rjavi hiši ni bilo treba preležati niti ene same gripe.

head, good meat, honest people. "Stay here and don't go out in the street," her mother added before retreating up the planks again, back to the workshop foreman's wife. Although the main street was still quite far away at the time.

The girl no longer remembered when they had finally left the workshop that evening. All she knew was that they returned home on foot, trudging through the dirty street snow because it was Sunday and because mother liked to say that a family was there for going places.

When the two of them were actually packing up at home about twelve months later, the mother stressed that the girl should collect all of her stuff because they would not be coming back in a hurry. But the girl was fitting into her bag only what her mother had spread on the bed, mostly clothes, shoes, books and notebooks. Since her grandparents were sulking in the large family kitchen, it was obvious that her toys, stored in a wooden chest near the stove, were out of reach. The girl could not stand the reproachful glances of grandpa and grandma, who had been angry all winter long with the young family, now really gone to the dogs, as they indignantly told the neighbours. Besides, she was sure that their fury had been fanned by her mother not taking her to the doctor, as her husband had advised. And because they hadn't gone to the doctor, they probably had to move out themselves now. Still, the girl would rather move out than be treated for an illness she didn't have. Although she didn't care a bit for the cellar room on the other side of town where they'd moved. It was murky, with a pervasive smell of sodden moss, and when they brought in all their belongings, the room turned out to combine the kitchen, sitting room and bedroom. They had no corridor, toilet or bathroom of their own at all. Nor their own backyard.

"Once you've put your stuff away, you can go out in the backyard, just watch out for grease," said the mother. The girl had little work to do. The clothes went into the closet, the shoes into the common corridor, the books and notebooks on the shelf above the sofa. It flitted through her mind that there was not much to tidy up. She hadn't been able to bring all her stuff anyway, neither the toys from the kitchen chest, nor the hen coop, nor the ribbon of grass in front of the house, nor the large stones on the edge of her former backyard, among which lizards used to dart in the heat. All these, as well as the wide state-owned plot of land, had been left there, and since she was gone, they had served nobody else, most certainly not her grandparents and other angry people.

Having donned the coat that jarred on her mother because of a mysterious, lye-resistant oil stain on the inside, the girl stepped into the open. Crossing the backyard, which she didn't care for as it didn't belong to her but to that large brown house of many temporary lodgers, she headed for the main street.

Later, she relished every day when she could leave that house for school. She took to lingering at school even after class, attending singing lessons, the traffic safety workshop, gym. Thus she discovered a free time which had the advantage of not having to be spent where one didn't like it. And always she was very pleased because she was so well throughout the winter that she wasn't laid up with a single flu in the big brown house.

Translated by Nada Grošelj

Goran Vojnović se je rodil leta 1980 v Ljubljani. Študiral je režijo na ljubljanski Akademiji za gledališče, radio, film in televizijo (AGRFT). Je pisatelj, scenarist, kolumnist ter televizijski in filmski režiser. Avtorjeva kratka filma *Fužine zakon* in *Sezona 90/91* sta bila že v njegovih študentskih letih uvrščena na več mednarodnih filmskih festivalov in sta mu prinesla tudi dve nagradi. Napisal je scenarij za film Marka Šantića *Sretan put, Nedime* (2006), ki je bil leta 2007 predvajan na mednarodnem filmskem festivalu Tribeca v New Yorku, kjer je bil izbran za najboljši študentski film, nominiran pa je bil tudi za nagrado Evropske filmske akademije (EFA). Njegov prvenec, roman *Čefurji raus!* (2008), mu je leta 2009 prinesel nagrado Prešernovega sklada za književnost in 19. nagrado kresnik za najboljši roman leta. Je kolumnist *Dnevnika* in *Žurnala* in trenutno po lastnem scenariju snema svoj prvi celovečerni igrani film z naslovom *Piran – Pirano*.

Goran Vojnović was born 1980 in Ljubljana, Slovenia. He studied directing at the Academy of Theatre, Radio, Film and Television (AGRFT) in Ljubljana. He is a novelist, screenwriter, columnist, as well as a TV and film director, whose short films *Fužine zakon* (Fužine Rules) and *Sezona 90/91* (Season 90/91) were featured at numerous international film festivals, winning him two awards while he was still a student at the Academy. He wrote the screenplay for Marko Šantić's film *Sretan put, Nedime* (Good Luck Nedim, 2006) which won the Student Visionary Award at the Tribeca Film Festival in New York in 2007 and was also nominated for the European Film Academy (EFA) Award. In 2008, he debuted as a novelist with the successful novel *Čefurji raus!* (Southern Scum Go Home!), for which he received the Prešeren Fund Award for Literature and the 19th annual Kresnik Literary Prize for the best novel of the year in 2009. He works as a columnist for the daily newspapers *Dnevnik* and *Žurnal*, and is currently also in the process of making his first feature film after the original script that he has written himself, entitled *Piran – Pirano*.

Goran Vojnović

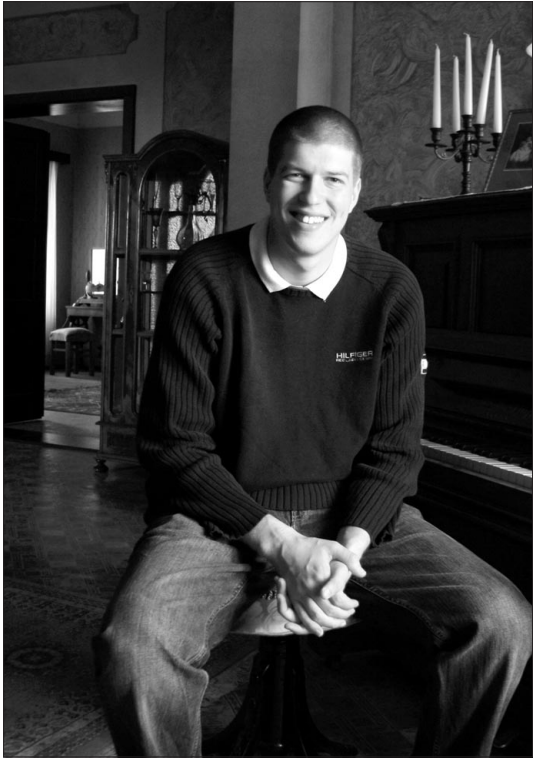


Foto © Andraž Čok

Zakaj mi je ime Marko

(Odlomek)

Ranka se je rodila v Derventi, samo so se njeni potem dosti selili po Bosni. Tako da je v osnovno šolo hodila v Banja Luki, potem pa v srednjo trgovinsko v Zenici. Potem pa so se preselili v Visoko, kjer je potem spoznala Radovana, ki je bil na dopustu, ker se je moja tetka Ružica poročila z Milanom. Ranka je bila tudi na poroki, ker je bil njen brat Dragiša prijatelj od Milana. Na tej svadbi sta se Radovan in Ranka spoznala in Radovan je potem klical v Slovenijo in se zmenil, da malo produži dopust. Jebiga, socializem pa to. In je produžil za par mesecev in z Ranko sta se poročila. Potem je spet klical v Slovenijo, če se lahko vrne v službo, in so ga sprejeli nazaj. V Visokem pa ni hotel ostati, iz inata, ker ga je njegov fotr Đorđe poslal v Slovenijo, in zato se je odločil, da bo njemu za inat ostal tam, pa če bo krepal od lakote. Ranka najprej ni hotela iti, a si je premislila, ker je Radovan tako težil. Potem sta prišla v Slovenijo in pol leta živela v enosobnem stanovanju skupaj z Almirjem in Eniso. Almir in Radovan sta delala skupaj, Ranka in Enisa sta pa kao iskali službo in jo našli v nekem tozdu, v računovodstvu, čeprav skupaj ne bi sešteli dva i dva. Spet socialistične fore. Potem sta se Radovan in Ranka preselila v neko sobo v Šiški kot podnajemnika in sta se tam odločila ustvariti družino. V najeti sobici, veliki devet kvadratov. A Ranka je splavila, ker je imela neke težave, in potem so jo operirali v Kliničnem, in potem še enkrat, in neki doktor Josip, ki je bil z nekega otoka pri Zadru, je Radovanu rekel, da Ranka ne bo mogla imeti otrok. In potem sta se skoraj ločila. Radovan se je nabutaval in potem stalno govoril o treh sinovih, in Ranka je trpela ko Isus na križu, ker se je počutila krivo. Zato je pobegnila nazaj v Visoko, Radovan je šel pa za njo, spet je vzel podaljšan dopust, potem sta pa nekaj časa živela v Visokem, dokler niso Radovana klicali, da če se ne vrne v tri dni, da ode služba. Radovan je šel, Ranka pa je potem prišla za njim. Preselila sta se na Vič, nekje bogu iza nogu, v neko podrtijo, Ranka pa je spet dobila službo in potem je kar naenkrat zanosila. Radovana je skoraj kap. Napio se je pa tako, da je končal na Kliničnem in so Ranki že rekli, da ne kaže najbolje, da bo mogoče kakšna posledica pa to, da je uboga Ranka skoraj spet doživela splav. Ko sem se pa rodil, se je Ranka tako bala, da se bo Radovanu od sreče zmešalo, da je prišel Dragiša iz Bosne samo zato, da pazi na Radovana. Nekaj časa je lepo pazil, potem sta se ga pa tako zarakijala, da sta končala v čuzi. Ranka je šla iz Kliničnega sama z mano z avtobusom domov. Radovan jo je klical iz čuze in sta se po telefonu kregala, kako mi bo ime, ker je Radovan hotel, da bi bil Jovan, Ranka pa, da bi bil Predrag. Ker se nista mogla zmeniti in ker Radovanu policaji niso več pustili klicat, je potem klical Dragiša in se z Ranko zmenil, da bom jaz Marko, Radovanu je pa napletel neko zgodbico o nekem Marku Šarku iz Doboja, ki je bil nek hud car in se je boril proti Turkom in jih kao pobil dvanajst tisoč, da je bil Radovan na koncu zadovoljen. Ko pa je prišel domov, me je vzel v roke in

Why My Name Is Marko

(Excerpt)

Translator's Note

The language of Goran Vojnović's debut novel *Čefurji raus!* (Southern Scum Go Home!) is an amalgam of Slovene and the Central South Slavic diasystem, comprising the Bosnian, Croatian, Serbian and Montenegrin languages. Due to the specific social atmosphere in Fužine, a neighborhood of Slovenia's capital Ljubljana, inhabited mostly by immigrants from the Balkan states, as well as the great similarity of its components, the novel's spontaneous language enters into the realms of both an immigrant sociolect as well as slang. Vojnović's innovation in his pioneer and most successful attempt at putting down this living and breathing language, referred to as »čefurščina« or »fužinščina« (»the language of čefurs« or »the language of Fužine«), lies in slight lexical and syntactical changes, used in order to better illustrate the schizophrenic nature of the protagonist's tale. Marko, a second-generation immigrant, is suffering because of the wearisome intrinsic racism of the dominant Slovene culture and the inability to fully relate to his domestic, Bosnian-Serbian culture. His inner schism is best expressed in his flowing, unique language, where he alternates between Slovene and Serbian, while at the same time makes extensive use of the vivid Fužine slang.

* * *

Ranka was born in Derventa but her fam then moved around Bosnia a lot. So she went to elementary school in Banja Luka and to a trade high school in Zenica. Then they moved to Visoko, where she then met Radovan, who was on vacation, because my aunty Ružica got married to Milan. Ranka was also at the naptchials because her brother Dragiša was a friend of Milan. Radovan and Ranka got acquainted at this naptchials and then Radovan called Slovenia and arranged to extend his leave a little. Fuck it, socialism and all. And he did for a few months and Ranka and he got married. Then he called Slovenia again to get his job back and they took him back. He didn't want to stay in Visoko out of muleborm cause his pops Đorđe had sent him to Slovenia so he decided to stay there even if he couldn't grub anything. Ranka didn't want to go at first but she changed her mind cause Radovan was nagging her so much. Then they came to Slovenia and lived in a one-room flat together with Almir and Enisa for half a year. Almir and Radovan worked together while Ranka and Enisa were like looking for a job and found it in some TOZD¹, in the accountancy, although they couldn't cut the mastard. Socialist bull again. Radovan and Ranka then rented some room in Šiška and decided to start a family there. In a rented room, some 90 square feet. But Ranka had an abortion due to some complications and then had surgery at the hospital and then another one and some doctor Josip, who was from some island near Zadar, told Radovan that Ranka was never going to be able to have children. And then they almost got divorced. Radovan was getting plastered and then he kept talking about having three

¹ Basic Organization of Associated Labour

rekel: »Vas dvojce ste mu smislili ime, a ja ću od njega da napravim svjetskog fudbalera.«

Ranka se je najbrž zaradi teh njegovih besed že takrat odločila, da bo Radovanu pustila, da svojega sina tera do maksimuma in da se ona ne bo vmešavala. Do danes. Do danes, ko je klicala, da je zbolela, in ni šla v službo, in ko sem vstal, me je čakal tak bogovski zajtrk in sem vedel, da nekaj ne štima. Ni slutilo na dobro. Ranka ni ostajala doma, še takrat ne, ko je bila res bolana. Njo je tranzicija tako presrala, da se ji je vedno zdelo, da bo izgubila službo, že če bo šla med šihom na čik, ali pa če bo porabila ves dopust pred koncem leta, ali če bo šla za več kot en dan na bolniško. Ranka sto posto ni ostala doma, da bi meni naredila zajtrk, ko se zbudim.

»Jesi bio juče na treningu?«

Eto ti ga na. V tem grmu so ptiči in zajec.

»Nisam.«

»Nego?«

Kaj nego? Nisem bil na treningu in kaj naj ti zdaj o tem razlagam. Vem, da ona to sprašuje zaradi Radovana, ki je mutav že sto let in ga tudi ona ne more več gledat takega. Ranka je vzela stvar v svoje roke. Mašala, Rankice. Samo še tega nam je manjkalo.

»Šta je s tobom?«

»Ništa.«

Kaj naj bi bilo? Sjeban sam. Od tišine izven moje glave in od bubnjanja v moji glavi. Samo nimam nobenega, da bi mu to razložil. Stavke sem že sestavil in si jih ponavljam v glavi, ampak ni šans, da jih izgovorim na glas. Sploh pa ne tebi, Ranka. Ne bi šlo. Prva beseda, ki bi se zaslišala, bi me ucemkala. Popušil bi do daske in bi začel cmizdrit. Ampak Ranka me gleda in čaka. Ima ona strpljenja. Ona prenaša Radovana že celo življenje.

»Ne treniram više.«

Uf. Jedva jedvice. Zdaj je treba samo še glavo malo obrnit naopačke, da solze ostanejo v jebenem solzevodu.

»Odkad?«

E, jebiga sad. Zdaj bi pa Ranka natanane. Vse naenkrat pa v detalje. E, moja Ranka, ko bi ti vedela. Bom ti skomignil z rameni. To ti je več, kot si si zaslužila.

»Kad misliš počet trenirat?«

»Ne mislim. Dosta mi je. Svega.«

»Čega ti je dosta?«

Dosta mi je. Tega pogovora na primer. Ne morem več. Ranka pa tudi ne. Tudi ona vrti glavo naopačke, da bi zadržala solze. E, moja Ranka, kasno je sad za plakanje. Lahko se zjočeva skupaj, samo to ne bo pomagalo.

»Jel zna tata?«

Eto ti ga na. Saj sem vedel, kaj jo daje. Ne trpi ona. Radovan trpi in ona trpi za njega pa mogoče še kao malo zame. Ampak predvsem za njega. Ve ona, da bo njega to zjebalo, če ga ni že. Tudi jaz vem. In mi ga je celo žal. Mutavkota blesavoga.

»Šta me briga.«

sons and Ranka was daying of guilt. So she escaped back to Visoko and Radovan followed her and again took an extended leave and then they lived in Visoko for a while until Radovan got a phone call telling him that he should return in three days or he could kiss his job gudbay. Radovan went back and Ranka then followed him. They moved to Vič, to some gadforseiken place, Ranka got her old job back and then she got pregnant all of a sudden. Radovan almost had a heart attack. He got shit-feysd and ended up at the emergency room and Ranka was told it doesn't look all too good, there might be some consequences and all so poor Ranka almost suffered another abortion. And when I was born Ranka was so afraid Radovan was going to go crazy that Dragiša came from Bosnia just to look after Radovan. He did a good job for a while but then they got so brandied they ended up in the jund. Ranka took me from the hospital alone, took a bus and went home. Radovan called her from the jund and they argued over the phone about my name cause Radovan wanted me to be Jovan and Ranka was for Predrag. Cause they couldn't come to an agreement and cause the cops didn't allow Radovan another phone call, Dragiša called and agreed with Ranka I was going to be Marko and tricked Radovan into thinking there was once a Marko Šarko from Doboj, who was some dope king and fought the Turks and like killed twelve thousand of'em, so Radovan was happy in the end. And when he came home he took me in his arms and said: »You two gave him a name and me finna make him a svjetskog soccer player.«

Those words probably made Ranka decide back then she was going to let Radovan push his son to the max and stay out of it. Until today. Until today, when she called in sick and made me a heavenly breakfast and I knew something was fumtu. It didn't hunch good. Ranka would never stay at home even when real sick. The transition scared the shit out of her so she always thought that if she had a smoke or used up all her leave before the end of the year or took more than a day of sick leave she would get fired. Ranka didn't stay at home to make me breakfast as I wake up, that's a hundred percent.

»Did you go to practice juče?

Yep yep. There's the rub n'dub.

»Nisam.«

»Nego?«

What nego? I didn't go to practice, what more you want. I know she's asking me cause of Radovan, who's been mute for a hundred years, and she can't stand it anymore either. Ranka's taking the matter into her own hands. Mašala, Rankice. It's all we needed.

»Šta je s tobom?«

»Ništa.«

What should be? I'm fucked. Cause of the silence outside my head and the brolling inside my head. But there's noone to explain it to. I've put the sentences together already and keep repeating them over and over again to myself but no way I say them out loud. Especially not to you Ranka. Wouldn't work. The first word out would hrush me. I'd lose out and start waining. But Ranka keeps looking at me and waiting. She's a patient one. She's been tolerating Radovan all her life.

Samo ne bom ti priznal, pa da me ubiješ. Pa ne se mi zdaj zjokaj, Ranka. Nemoj, matere ti! E, jebiga! Plače Ranka ko svi sretni. Zdaj mi je še nje žal. Zdaj je še meni mučno, zdaj še meni tečejo solze. Jebote, nisem jokaj od male šole, zdaj pa trči trči pa suze. Postal sem prava cmizdrava pederčina.

»Mogla sam si mislit. Ništa ne ide na silu. Sport, sport i samo sport! I šta sad, kad nema više sporta?«

»Spoznavaćemo naravu i družbu.«

»Ko? Ja? E, moj Marko.«

»Šta je?«

Ništa, ništa. Ranka odkimava in si briše solze. Brišem jih še jaz. Kaj nama je bilo tega treba, da mi je vedet.

»Šta je? Pa nije kraj svijeta.«

»Nije za tebe.«

I to je to. Nije ovo moj problem. O, jebem ti, Ranka, tvoju psihologiju. Nije za mene, a? A za koga je, če ni za mene? A je on nehal trenirat? So njega odjebali pederi z brezrokavniki? A so njega izubijali na policiji? A se z njim nekdo že sto let ne pogovarja? Joj, Ranka, kje si se ti najdla z mano pogovarjat. A nisi mogla it v službo pa lepo delat svoje? Ne mi glumit mamicu Terezu, če nimaš blage veze o tem.

»Znaš šta? Nek ide on lijepo u tri pičke materine.«

Ugriznil sem se v jezik, da še nje nekam ne pošljem. Že to sem komaj rekel, ne da bi se spet zacmeril. Najhuje je pa to, da se mi je spet zasmilila in sem se zadržal tudi, ko sem hotel zalupiti z vrati. Pa še pozdravil sem, ko sem šel. Res ne vem, če je komu zdaj jasno, kdo je tu žrtev.

»I'm not training anymore.«

Wow. Jast jast. Now I only have to turn my head topturv to keep the tears in the fucking lachrymal dakt.

»Odkad?«

E, jebiga now. Now Ranka wants the minutails. All of a sudden into detail. Well, dear Ranka, if only you knew. I'll give you a shrug. It's more than you deserved.

»When do you plan to start training again?«

»I don't. I've had enough. Svega.«

»What have you had enough of?«

I've had enough. This conversation, for example. Can't take it anymore. And Ranka neither. She's turning her head topturv to hold back tears as well. E, dear Ranka, it's kasno for tears now. We can cry together but it won't help.

»Does tata know?«

Yep yep. I knew what was bugging her. She's not the one suffering. Radovan is suffering and she's suffering for him and maybe like a little for me too. But mostly for him. Knows it's going to fuck him up if it hasn't already. I know it too. And I even feel sorry for him. Mute dimwitter.

»Don't care.«

But I won't open up for the life of me. N'don't go crying on me now Ranka. Don't, matere ti! E, jebiga! Here goes Ranka crying like all the happy folks. Now I feel sorry for her too. Now I'm feeling awkward too, my tears are running too. Jebote, I haven't cried since preschool and now rundrun in tears. I've become a real waining faggy.

»I should have known. Nothing can be forced. Sport, sport i samo sport! And now that sport is gone, now what?«

»We'll study science and environment.«

»Who? Me? E, moj Marko.«

»What?«

Ništa, ništa. Ranka's shaking her head and wiping her tears. I wipe mine. What good came out of it all, I'd like to know.

»Šta je? It's not the end of the world.«

»Not for you, it isn't.«

And that's that. Not my problem. O, jebem ti, Ranka, your psychology. Not for me, ha? Who then, if not for me? Did he stop training? Did he get fucked off by faggots in sweater vests? Did he get throttled at the police station? Has noone talked to him in a hundred years? Jeez, Ranka, why you even talking to me. Couldn't you just gone to work and minded your own business? Don't be coming here and trying to pull a Mammy Teresa on me.

»Znaš šta? He can go fuck himself.«

I bit my tongue to not sent her packing too. I've barely had the strength to say this much without whimpering again. And the worst part is I felt sorry for her again and I also held back when I wanted to slak the door. And I even took leave of her as I left. I really don't know if anyone is now clear about who's the real victim here.

Agnė Žagrakalytė se je rodila leta 1979 blizu mesta Pasvalys v Litvi. Diplomirala je iz litovskega jezika in književnosti na Pedagoški fakulteti v Vilni. Je pesnica in esejistka mlajše generacije, ki živi in dela v Bruslju. Dela kot urednica številnih mladinskih kulturnih revij in ureja mladinsko rubriko literarnega tednika *Literatūra ir menas* (Književnost in umetnost). Za svojo poezijo je bila prvič nagrajena leta 1996 z nagrado Liūnė Sutema, tej pa so sledile še nagrada festivala Eilėrašėiai per naktį (Poezija ponoči, 1998) in nagradi pomladnega pesniškega festivala Druskininkai (Poetinis Druskininkų ruduo) za najboljši prvenec leta 2003 ter za najboljšo anonimno pesnitev leta 2008. Najpomembnejši deli ustvarjalke, katere pesmi so bile v okviru zbirke z naslovom *Six Young Lithuanian Poets* (Šest mladih litovskih pesnikov) leta 2002 prevedene v angleščino, sta pesniška zbirka *Išteku* (Poročila se bom, 2003) in literarno delo *Visa tiesa apie Alisą Meler* (Vsa resnica o Alisi Meler, 2008), v katerem avtorica prefinjeno prepleta prozo in poezijo.

Agnė Žagrakalytė was born in 1979 near the city of Pasvalys, Lithuania. She graduated in Lithuanian philology at the Vilnius Pedagogical University. She is a poet and an essayist of the younger generation who lives and works in Brussels, Belgium. Since 2002 she has worked as the editor of different youth magazines as well as as the editor of the youth column of the weekly literary magazine *Literatūra ir menas* (Literature and Art). The first award she received for her poetry was the Liūnė-Sutema-Prize in 1996. The others that followed were the Poet Laureate Award at the Eilėrašėiai per naktį (Poems throughout the Night) festival in 1998, and two other prizes she received at the Poetinis Druskininkų ruduo (Poetry Fall of Druskininkai) festival. The first had been the Best Literary Debut Award in 2003, followed by the Best Anonymous Poem Award in 2008. The most important works of Agnė Žagrakalytė, whose poems are also included in the *Six Young Lithuanian Poets* collection that was translated into English in 2002, are a book of poetry entitled *Išteku* (I Am Getting Married, 2003) and *Visa tiesa apie Alisą Meler* (The Whole Truth About Alisą Meler, 2008), a literary creation combining verse and a series of pieces of prose.

Agnė Žagrakalytė



Foto © Vidas Biveinis

Apatija, moja sestra

Spet – plašnice iz grobega stekla
ljubko šumenje likalnika
utrujenost spretno trese stvari
toda za mojim hrbtom muka in stoji
Apatija, moja sestra –
lahko bi malce tišje pela,
gost je zrak, v grlu pa
vsakdanja želatina,
na ramenih njen nežni ugriz
kot vžgano znamenje cveti, bodi zaznamovana –
ona muka, »oblekica v barvi človeka
z zaprtimi očmi« –
moj obraz, mesnata potonika,
polzi po steni dima.
šuštenje zatemnjuje pralnico
trgam cvetne liste, vlažni so jeziki
tu je moja pesem in tu je moja
oblekicavbarvičlovekazzaprtimiočmi,
lepo prosim, toda ona zasuče ventile
in slapovi zabašejo
moje grlo s cvetnimi listi.
Ko pobrišem tla in
si ližem obgrizena ramena
in se stopljena tišina na licu
zakotali v uho
se že veselim, da se je obisk
končal, odšla je
(krvi ne moremo izbrati)
zibljem se, nežno vzamem svojo glavo
in jo odnesem pod vodo, že bleđi
rdečica potonike
led v vazi žvenketa, ko med petjem
obrnem glavo, medtem pa moje steblo poka in
jaz srečna zelenim –
»oblekica v barvi človeka z zaprtimi očmi« –
sama sem, toda
ne, ne –
ona se je udobno namestila v kotu,
sedi, plete in se ostudno pači.

29. 5. 2005

Apatija, mano sesuo

Vėl – grublėto stiklo akidangčiai
lygintuvo šnarėjimai meilūs
dailiai nuovargis virpina daiktus
bet mūkia, už nugaros stovi
Apatija, mano sesuo –
ji galėtų dainuoti tyliau,
tirštas oras, gerklėj –
kasdienybės drebučiai,
ant peties jos švelnus įkandimas
it įdagas žydi, paženklinta būki –
ji mūkia, „užsimerkusio vyro
spalvos suknelė“ –
mano veidas, mėsingas bijūnas,
slystantis rūko siena.
šlamėjimas temdo skalbyklą
plėšaus žiedlapius, glebūs liežuviai
čia mano daina, ir čia mano
užsimerkusiovyrospalvossuknelė,
prašau, bet ji atsuka čiaupus
ir užtrenkia kriokliai
mano žiedlapiais raudančią gerklę.
Kai iššluostau grindis ir
laižausi sukandžiotą petį
ir tylą suskystėjus per skruostą
į ausį įrieda
jau džiaugiuosi, kad baigės
viešnagė, išėjo
jaunesnioji sesuo –
(kraujo rinktis negalim)
savo galvą suėmusi švelniai siūbuoju
ir nešu ją pamerkti, jau blunka
bijūno raudonis
cinksi ledas vazoj, kai dainuodama
užverčiu galvą bei traškėdama stiebu
laiminga lapoju –
„užsimerkusio vyro spalvos suknelė“ –
aš viena, tik
ne, ne, –
ji kampe įsitaisiusi,
sėdi, mezga ir vaiposi bjauriai.

2005 05 29

Poznavalka besed

ljubila sem travo,
to je moja zeliščarica – božala me je
po glavi biOloginja, z zlatimi broškami oklopljena,
z lila oblaki okoli senc
sem plesala zanjo kot za dišeče kadilo,
pred njo sem položila nagrade z vseh bioloških tekmovanj,
po imenu klicala šopuljo
nožev tok je udarjal ob stegno, in zeliščne čaravnice so mi
pripovedovale skrivnosti, lišaji, mah, drobne starke,
imela sem dvanajst let, pri trinajstih
nisem več pogledovala na cvet in govorila
kako lep cvet! – gledala sem
samo formule, travnike in skrite
jase ob borovih gozdičkih so se odpirale pred mano
kot pokrovi, v katerih so bila izdolbena znamenja,
lupila sem rogozovo korenino, lupila skorjo
sveta, ki je bil jasen kot še nikoli,
križnice s suličastimi listi, dvolistne rastline, kobulnice –
sprehajala sem se po gredi ograje
obešala rastline na orošena stebelca
lizala njihove žilnate vratove

lepa se mi je zdela njihova zelena kri
veliko sem je zaužila

rezala sem glave travam in trava jo je rezala meni
z jezikom sem okušala njene rane
zaprla sem oči in se učila iz okusa, vonja, spomina
razvozlati ko bo potrebno njihovo ime
klijejo semena v ustih
suhoperniki bodo zmršeni, smehljava se, smehljava,
kopriva, ki vre po moji koži

spuščala sem se nižje, prstom dovolila, da me božajo
glej, kako se preteguje korenina
v mulju sem lovila utripajoče sklepe
to je bil moj svet, moje lastno kraljestvo,
vladala sem na podstrešju, z zelišči prekrita,
presneto, tako lepo sem živela
do trinajstega leta, a morala sem
najti besedo med travami,
ljubico spremeniti v ljubimca.

25. 8. 2009

Žodininkė

žoles mylėjau,
čia mano žolininkė, - glostė man
galvą BiOlogė, aukso segėm šarvuota,
alyviniu debesiu aplink smilkinius
šokau jai it kvapniausiai smilkyklei,
guldžiau po kojom prizus iš visų biologinių olimpiadų,
vardais šaukdavau smilgas
peilio makštys daužės į šlaunį, ir žolynų raganos man
patikėdavo paslaptis, kerpės, samanos, senučiukės,
man buvo dvylika, trylikos jau
nebežiūrėjau į žiedą, sakydama
koks gražus žiedas! - regėjau
vien formules, pievos ir slaptos
pušynų aikštelės vėrėsi man it
ženklais išskaptuoti dangčiai,
lupau ajero šaknį, lupau žievė
pasaulio kaip niekad aiškaus,
kryžmažiedžiai, lancetiniai, dviskilčiai, skėtiniai -
vaikščiojau daržinių balkiais,
koriau augalus purslotais koteliais
laužiau gyslotus jų sprandus

man gražus buvo žalias jų kraujas
daug jo sau susileidau

pjausčiau galvas žolėms ir žolė atgal man įpjaudavo
liežuviu jų žaizdas ragavau
užsimerkus mokiaus iš skonio, iš kvapo iš atminties
išpinti kada beprireiks jų vardą
brinkstančios sėklos burnoj
švyliai plaukuos, šypsomės, šypsomės,
urtica, verdanti man po oda

leidaus žemyn, pirštams glostyti leidau
kaip raivosi šaknys,
gauldžiau dumble trūkinėjančius sąnarius
mano tai buvo pasaulis, nuosava karalystė,
palėpė valdžiau, žolynais nuklotą,
jopšikmat, iki trylikos šitaip
gražiai gyvenau, ir reikėjo man
tarp žolių rasti žodį,
meilužę meilužin keisti.

2009.VIII.25

Naslovnica iz dveh fotografij

fotografiram se iz postelje,
oblak belih mačk
imam okoli glave
ljubim, bolj kot
včeraj – bolna sem in imam
čas, da premišlujem o ljubezni
dokler
čričkov svedrček v uho
ne privije sladkega aspirina
ah
poln cvetočih jablan
je njegov pogled

* * *

fotografiram se za vas
na primer
iz Avstralije – glej, sonce se potaplja
v oblak krme, pelargonije
se zapirajo, na tej sliki
so balkonski cigarilosí, preozka balkoneta
od vročine postajam podobna žalostnemu
tasmanskemu tigru, ki plaho skriva
rep pod podvezami in krinolinami –
koliko lepih stvari je mogoče videti
čez ta balkon! – sedla in
zvezdice ostrog, divji
česen, divje zlato,
brenčėče prerijske plošče in drobne
hrbte ovac, ki se vlečėjo naprej
od soteske, v katero pada in
pada kakor navita
moja edina ljubezen.

19. 2. 2009

Prevedel Klemen Pisk

Viršelis iš dviejų fotografijų

fotografuojuos iš lovos,
baltų kačių debesis
man aplink galvą
myliu, labiau negu
vakar - sergu ir turiu
laiko galvot apie meilę
kol
svirplio gražtelis į ausį
susriegia saldaus aspirino
ak
žydinčių obelaičių
pilnas jo žvilgsnis

* * *

fotografuojuos dabar jums
tarkime,
iš Australijos, - saulė štai yra
į debesį ėdru, skliaudžiasi
pelargonijos, nuotraukoj toj
balkoninės cigarilės, veržianti balkonettė,
nuo karščio daraus panaši į liūdną
sterblinį vilką, droviai slepiantį
uodegą po keliaraiščiais ir krinolinais -
kiek visko gražaus pro balkoną
ši gali pamatyti! - balnai ir
pentinų žvaigždutės, laukiniai
česnakai, auksas laukinis,
zvimbiančios prerijų plokštės ir smulkios
avių nugaros, žyrančios tolyn
nuo tarpeklio, į kurį krenta ir
krenta kaip užsukta
mano vienintelė meilė.

2009.II.19

Apathy, My Sister

Again – coarse glass blinkers
the iron's sweet murmurings
exhaustion artfully quivers things
but behind my back, lowing, stands
Apathy, my sister –
she could sing more quietly,
the air is thick, in the throat –
the jelly of everyday,
on my shoulder her gentle bite
blossoms like a brand, be marked –
she lows, “eyes closed man
coloured dress” –
my face a fleshy peony,
a slipping smoke wall.
Rustling darkens the laundry,
tearing petals, flaccid tongues
this is my song and this is my
eyesclosedmancolouredress,
please, but she turns on the taps
and slams my petal lamenting throat
into the drain.
When I wipe up the floor
and lick my bitten shoulder
and the silence liquefies on my cheek,
rolls into my ear,
I am already happy that her stay
has ended, my younger
sister has left –
(we cannot choose blood)
holding my head gently in my hands I rock
and carry her to soak, the peony's red
already fading
the ice clinks in the vase when singing
I flip my head over and chattering, watch
the happy leafing –
“eyes closed man coloured dress” –
I'm alone, but
no, no –
she has made herself comfortable in a corner,
sit, knits and grins hideously.

29. 5. 2005

Translated by Medeinė Tribinevičūtis

Verbalist

i used to love the grass
it was my herbalist – it caressed
my head, biologist, armoured with golden brooches
with lilac clouds around the temples
i danced for it like for a fragrant incense
i laid before it the medals from all the Biology competitions
i called the bent by its name
the knife sheath slapping on the thigh, and herbal witches
told me their secrets, lichens, moss, tiny old women,
i was twelve, at thirteen
i no longer glanced at the blossom, saying
what a lovely blossom! – I only watched
formulas, meadows and hidden
glades in pine forests opened up before me
like lids with carved marks
i peeled the reed's root, I stripped the bark
from the world that was clearer than ever
crucifers with lanceolate leaves, bifoliate and umbelliferous plants –
i was promenading around the bed of fence,
hanging plants on bedewed small stalks,
licking their venous necks

their green blood appealed to me
i consumed it in bulk

i cut the heads of grass and the grass cut back at me
with my tongue I tasted its wounds
i closed my eyes and learned from the taste, the smell, the memory
how to unravel when necessary their names
seeds in my mouths spring up
cottongrass will be dishevelled, we smile, smile
the nettle that boils on my skin

i descended below, I let my fingers to caress
look how the root is lengthening
i was chasing the pulsing joints in the slime
that was my world, my own kingdom,
i reigned in the attic, covered with herbs
damn it, I lived such a nice life
till I was thirteen, why did I need
to find word in the grass,
to change darling into lover

25. 8. 2009

Cover Page Made of Two Photos

i take a photo of myself from my bed
around my head
there is a cloud of white cats
i love, more than
i loved yesterday – I'm sick and I've got
time to think about love
until
the cricket's gimlet screws down
in my ear a sweet aspirin pill
oh
full of blossoming apple trees
is his look

* * *

i take photos of myself for you all
for example
from Australia – look, the sun is sinking
into a cloud of forage, pelargoniums
closing, in this photo
there are balcony cigarillos, a tight balconette
the heat makes me look like a sad
tasmanian tiger that timidly hides
its tail under garters and crinolines –
so many beautiful things can be seen
from this balcony – saddles and
rowels of spurs, wild
garlic, wild gold,
buzzing prairie plates and tiny
backs of the sheep that trail further
from the gorge where
my only love is falling and falling
as if it were wound up.

19. 2. 2009

Translated from the Slovene by Aleksandra Kocmut

GOSTJE VILENICE 2010
VILENICA 2010 GUESTS

Aris Fioretos se je rodil leta 1960 v Göteborgu na Švedskem. Študiral je v Stockholmu, Parizu in na Univerzi Yale. Po svojem literarnem prvencu, zbirki lirične proze z naslovom *Delandets bok* (Knjiga deljenja, 1991), je objavil več zbirk proze in esejev, kot so *Den grå boken* (Siva knjiga, 1994), *En bok om fantomer* (Knjiga o fantomih, 1996), *Vanitasrutinerna* (Običaji nečimrnosti, 1998), *Skallarna* (Lobanje, 2001) in *Vidden av en fot* (Širok kot stopalo, 2008). Prvemu avtorjevemu romanu *Stockholm noir* (Iskalka duš, 2000) sta sledila še *Sanningen om Sascha Knisch* (Resnica o Saschi Knischu, 2002) in *Den siste greken* (Poslednji Grk, 2009), za katerega je med drugimi nagradami prejel pred nedavnim še nagrado Švedske radiotelevizije (Sveriges Radios Romanpris) za najboljši roman leta. Fioretos je znan tudi kot prevajalec del Paula Austerja, Friedricha Hölderlina in Vladimirja Nabokova v švedščino. Njegove knjige so bile prevedene v nemščino, francoščino, nizozemščino, angleščino, grščino in romunščino. Živi in ustvarja v Stockholmu in Berlinu.

Aris Fioretos was born in 1960 in Gothenburg, Sweden. He studied in Stockholm, Paris, and at Yale University. After his literary debut with a collection of prose poetry entitled *Delandets bok* (The Book of Imparting, 1991), he has published a series of volumes of prose and essays, such as *Den grå boken* (*The Gray Book*, 1994/1999), *En bok om fantomer* (A Book about Phantoms, 1996), *Vanitasrutinerna* (The Vanity Routines, 1998), *Skallarna* (The Skulls, 2001), and *Vidden av en fot* (As Wide as a Foot, 2008). His first novel, *Stockholm noir* (2000), was followed by *Sanningen om Sascha Knisch* (*The Truth about Sascha Knisch*, 2002/2006) and *Den siste greken* (The Last Greek, 2009), for which he recently, among other prizes, also received the Swedish Radio Novel Award (Sveriges Radios Romanpris). Fioretos is also known as the translator of works by Paul Auster, Friedrich Hölderlin, and Vladimir Nabokov into Swedish. His books have been translated into German, French, Dutch, English, Greek, Romanian, Polish, and Serbian. He lives and works in Stockholm and Berlin.

Aris Fioretos

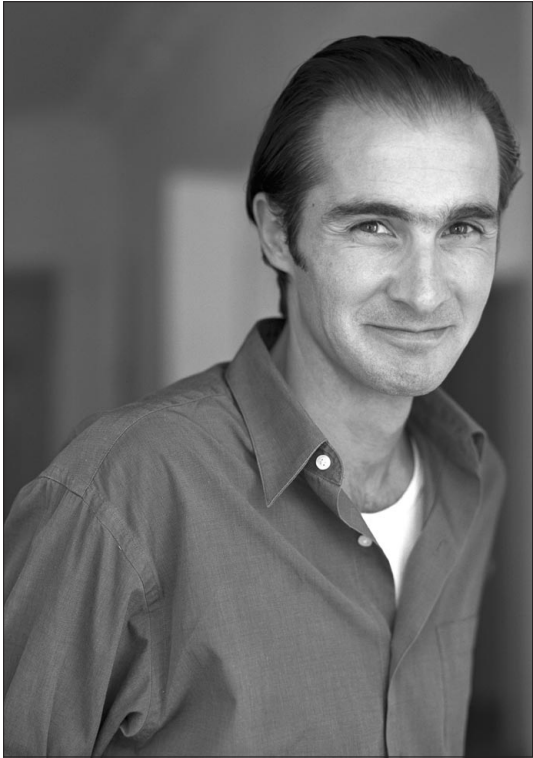


Foto © Sven Paustian

V času upora, ok. 1967

Podočniki

Sprednji zobje so bili podobni tistim od zveri. Sprva je bila njihovo prizorišče votlina, velika nekaj kubičnih centimetrov. Dolgo tega je bila tam samo kepa mesa, ki je sedela na nepopisnih zakladih kot zmaj iz pravljice, utrjen za okopi mlečno bele zobovine. Če se je žival hotela zabavati ali koga preslepiti, je lahko oplazila s konico po balustradi, če jo je bilo strah ali če se je razbesnela, se je potegnila vase, s tresočo konico visoko in drhtečo. Ampak po petih, šestih letih je trdnjava padla in zamenjala jo je druga generacija. Menjava straže pa je bila rahlo ponižujoča – ugotovil je, da prvotni vojaki niso padli v boju. Za kratek čas se je votlina spremenila v nezaščiten jamo, negotova o tem, kaj bi dejansko morala početi. In tako je zrasla nova straža.

Kljub redko posejanim točkam so se na pomembnih mestih dvignili štirje mejniki z glavicami na vrhu. Na videz so bili podobni palisadi, ki jo je zgradil poleti: sedeč ob obali je ustvaril gradove, ki jih je opremil z braniki, tako da mu je moker pesek polzel iz pesti. Ni bilo potrebno veliko domišljije, da bi razumeli, da imajo nove oblike isti stalagmitski izvor. Ko je slišal, kako se jim reče, je ugotovil, kaj imajo psi v ustih. Sprednji zobje so bili tako ostri, da je lahko z njimi brez težav nosil stvari ali poškodoval sovražnike. Da so včasih izmaličili notranjost ustne votline, je bil dovolj dober dokaz, da ni skrival svoje narave samo zato, ker se včasih ni znašel v boju z okolico. Ko je zijal pred ogledalom, jih je videl s treh korakov od sredine na vsako stran čeljusti, heroje iz zgodnejših obdobjev evolucije, bližje bogovom in živalim kot svojim sosedom. V enem primeru, zgoraj na desni, pa ni bilo žela, ki bi delilo podočnik od sekalca, zato je bila obrambna linija manj kompaktna, kot bi bilo zaželeno, ja, lahko bi rekli, da je to dalo zobem otročje poteze. Kot so vedeli uporniki, so imeli podočniki korenine, ki so se dvigale v nebo dlesni in dol v podzemlje čeljusti. S takim poreklom pa se ne moreš predati. Napol nebeški, napol htonični – postali so straža jezika.

Seznam neprostoVOLJNIH mest

Tu je seznam mest na telesu, nad katerimi ni imel nadzora:

(1) TELEGRAF (Levo koleno, ki je drhtelo, ujeto v brezdušni trans, običajno pod šolsko klopjo. Ta mehanična energija je v nedogled pošiljala enake signale v razjarjeno veselje.);

(2) NIČLA (Vsakokrat, ko je bil negotov, se je področje med obrvmi zraslo in se spremenilo v velikost oreha. Nekega dne je slišal, da pika, ki jo nosijo indijske ženske, ni znak kaste, temveč kozmetični dodatek. Ko je

Ur upprorets tid, cirka 1967

Kaniner

Hörntänderna liknade ett rovdjurs. Ursprungligen var deras skådeplats ett hålrum på några kubikcentimeter. Längre fanns där bara en köttig välvning som ruvade över outtalade skatter likt sagornas drake, förskansad bakom ett bålverk av mjölkfärgat tandben. Vilde djuret roa eller luras kunde det svepa med spetsen över balustraden, kände det rädsla eller vrede drog det sig undan med tippet höjd och darrande. Men efter fem sex år föll posteringarna och ersattes av en andra generation. Vaktbytet hade något förödmjukande över sig – han insåg att de ursprungliga soldaterna inte stupat i strid. Kort förvandlades hålan till en skyddslös grotta, osäker på sin verkliga funktion. Så sköt det nya gardet upp.

Ännu var det glest mellan leden, men på framträdande plats reste sig fyra hörnstoder med knoppar längst ut. Till utseendet påminde de om pålverken han gjorde om sommaren: sittande vid stranden anlade han slott som han försåg med förskansningar genom att droppa våt sand ur näven. Det krävdes inte mycket fantasi för att förstå att de nya formationerna var av samma stalagmitiska ursprung. När han fick höra vad de kallades insåg han vad kaniner hade i munnen. Hörntänderna var så spetsiga att han utan vidare kunde bära föremål eller skada fiender med dem. Att de stundom sargade munhålans insida var bevis nog på att de inte förljög sin natur bara för att han någon gång inte befann sig i strid med omgivningen. Gapande framför spegeln såg han dem tre steg från mitten av varje käkhalva, likt heroer ur en tidigare era av evolutionen, närmare både gudar och djur än sina grannar. I ett fall, uppe till vänster, saknades den gadd som skilde hörn- från framtand, vilket fick försvarslinjen att framstå som mindre kompakt än önskvärt, ja, gav tänderna ett barnsligt drag. Som upprorsmakare visste han dock att caninerna hade rottrådar som löpte upp i gomhimlen och ned i hakans underjord. Med sådana anor skulle de inte ge vika. Halvt celesta, halvt ktoniska blev de tungans livgarde.

Lista över ofrivilliga orter

Här följer en lista över platser på kroppen över vilka han inte rädde:

(1) TELEGRAFEN (vänstra knäet som darrade, fångat i själlös trans, vanligen under skolbänken. Dess mekaniska energi sände ut evigt samma signaler i ett irriterat universum);

(2) NOLLAN (varje gång han blev osäker växte området mellan ögonbrynen ihop och förvandlades till ovasidan av en valnöt. En dag fick han höra att punkten som indiska kvinnor bar inte var något kastecken utan en kosmetisk

učitelj povedal, da znak pomeni »nič«, se je njegova vera okrepila: celo predmet za njegovo zmedenost je bil prazen.);

(3) MAJHNE POSODE, NAPOLNJENE S PTIČJIM ŽVRGOLENJEM (Priložnosti ni bilo veliko, so pa bile vedno izven nadzora: grandiozno samožrtvovanje v knjigah, ki jih je požiral, nepričakovano hladna voda, stvor teme in zraka pod posteljo – kocine so šle pokonci na rokah in nogah. Naenkrat se je zdelo, da je bila koža prekrita z brezkrvnimi piki insektov. Imel jih je za to, kar so bile: posode, napolnjene s ptičjim petjem.);

(4) BOŽJE KONICE PRSTOV (Jamice v licih, simetrično postavljene nekaj centimetrov stran od nosa. Ker so bile vidne samo v povezavi z veseljem ali jezo, naprežanjem ali besom, jih je imel za izdajalce. In spet je Bog pritisnil kazalec v njegova lica – kot v opozorilo.); in še

(5) OBLAK (Nepričakovani nekaj, ki se je svetlikal v preponi in dokazoval, da ni obstajal samo znotraj plašča kože.).

Totstellov refleks

Vsakič, ko je začutil grozo, mu je nabrekli jezik. Bilo je, kot bi jezik skrival neko tujo žival, in iz ust ni spravil niti besede. Naj je še tako poskušal, mu ni nikoli uspelo napovedati njenega prihoda, kaj šele da bi ga preprečil. Je žival živela v spodnji čeljusti? Se je spustila z neba kot strašen *deus ex machina*? Ni je mogel niti izpljuniti, zato mu je bilo nekega dne dovolj. Splezal je na skakalni stolp, prepričan, da se groza nahaja na višini desetih metrov. Ko se je znašel na robu stolpa, se je jezik spremenil. Bilo je zdaj ali nikoli. Tresoč se od adrenalina, je stopil korak naravnost v nič. Med padcem je moralo priti do spremembe, saj mu je takoj, ko je zapustil desko, iz ust ušel krik. Jezik se je skrčil in spet se je lahko slišal. Ko je treščil ob vodno površino, je razumel, da dobri nasveti niso poceni. Žival je pobegnila, ampak krik je do konca napolnil ozračje. Ko je skočil iz vode, so bila usta podobna lijaku.

Po tem se ni žival vrnila nikoli več. Njeno mesto je zavzel strah. In ustna votlina se je spremenila v tisto, kar bi morala biti: kletka, iz katere lahko pobegne samo zrak.

Vaja dela mojstra

Čustvena stanja, ki se jih je naučil dobro nadzorovati, da je lahko priklical njihove naravne posledice: nenaravne nasmeške, krokodilje solze, narejeno presenečenje in celo pripravno rdečico. Včasih ga je ta tujost tako prevzela, da je postal sam svoj talec.

åtgärd. Då läraren berättade att beteckningen betydde "noll" stärktes han i sin tro: även föremålet för hans förbryllning var intig);

(3) SMÅ BEHÅLLARE FYLDA MED FÅGELKVITTER (tillfällena var få men alltid okontrollerbara: en grandios självupppoffring i böckerna han slukade, oväntat kallt vatten, ett monster av mörker och luft under sängen – och håren reste sig på armar och ben. Med ens tycktes huden täckt av blodlösa myggbett. Han tog dem dock för vad de var: små behållare fyllda med fågelkvitter);

(4) GUDS FINGERTOPPAR (groparna på kinderna, symmetriskt placerade ett par tre centimeter från näsan. Eftersom de endast blev synliga i samband med glädje eller ledsnad, ansträngning eller vrede, kände han sig alltid förrådd av dem. Åter hade Gud tryckt pekfingrarna mot hans kinder – till förmaning); samt

(5) MOLNET (ett oväntat något som kunde skimra i mellangärdet och intygade att han inte bara fanns till innanför sitt hölje av hud).

Totstellreflex

Varje gång han kände skräck svällde tungan. Det var som om munnen plötsligt hyste ett främmande djur, och han fick inte ett ord över läpparna. Hur han än gjorde lyckades han aldrig förutsäga omvandlingen, än mindre förebygga den. Bodde djuret i underkäken? Nedsteg det ur gomtaket likt en ond deus ex machina? Det gick inte ens att spotta ut, så en dag fick han nog. Han klättrade upp i hopptornet, säker på att skrällen skulle infinna sig på tio meters höjd. Knappt hade han gått fram till kanten förrän tungan förvandlades. Det var nu eller aldrig. Darrande av adrenalin tog han ett steg rakt ut i intet. Under fallet måste en förvandling ha ägt rum, ty knappt hade han lämnat avsatsen förrän ett skrik undslapp honom. Tungan hade krympt och han kunde åter göra sig hörd. När vattenytan bröts förstod han dock att goda råd var dyra. Djuret var skrämt på flykten, men skriket hade gjort slut på luften. Munnen liknade en tratt när han sköt upp ur vattnet.

Därefter kom djuret aldrig tillbaka. Istället intog rädslan dess plats. Och munhålan förvandlades till vad den skulle förbli: en bur ur vilken bara syre kunde fly.

Övning ger färdighet

Till de känslolägen han lärde sig behärska så väl att han kunde framkalla deras naturliga följder hörde: falska leenden, krokodiltårar, konstlad häpnad, av och till klädsam rodnad. Ibland överväldigades han till den grad av det frammanade att skapelsen tog över kontrollen och han blev sin egen gisslan.

V poduk

V šoli je izvedel, da je človek sestavljen iz dveh kvadratnih metrov kože. Od takrat se je videl kot površino. Pomislil je: horizont. Pomislil je: brez dna. Pomislil je tudi: v vsaki pripovedi prideš do točke, kjer ne moreš več gledati. Sovražil jo je. Vedel je, da je nujna. Predstavljal si jo je kot popek.

O, zapoj o jezi

Ko se je oče razjezil, se mu je jezik zvil v kepo. Z vrhom, pritisnjenim ob notranjost spodnjih zob, je spustil spodnjo čeljust, dokler ni bil jezik kot v škripcu. To je bila definicija besa. Bolj primarne moči ni. Za mesnim zvitkom se je zataknil bes. Zdaj bi bila najmanjša stvar dovolj, da bi pritisk postal prevelik. Takrat se je para dvignila nad temo – kjer je bil materni jezik očetov dom. Iz mrmrjanja je nastala oglušujoča nevihta.

Ko je prebral o prvi švedski parni lokomotivi, je jeza dobila ime. Dokončana leta 1853 je Prvakinja drvela na povezanih kolesih, ki so oddajala pridušen, zamolkel zvok. V tem ni bilo težko prepoznati očetove jeze. Ali razumeti, zakaj se ni mogel zadržati, ko se je pritisk v njem nabral. Ko so čeljusti popustile pritisk nad jezikom, ni trpel ne nasprotovanja in ne nežnosti. Zdaj je bil možen samo en izhod: jeza si je morala utreti pot. Običajno je to pomenilo kazen, ki je bila premo sorazmerna s pritiskom. Jeza pa je vendarle imela svojo slabost. Tako kot je lokomotiva potovala po utrjenih tirih, je bila tudi ta predvidljiva. Ko je to ugotovil, je lahko upravljal z njo. Šlo je za to, da se je oče zavedal, da je on že znal napovedati konec. Naenkrat je para izhlapela in jeza je izpuhtela.

Ob neki priložnosti pa je sam storil napako, tj., da je jezik zvil v klobčič. Ko je oče to odkril, je izgubil razsodnost. Naenkrat je desnica poletela po zraku. Moč je bila taka, da je sina obrnila okrog njegove osi. Medtem ko je oče poskušal odnarediti, kar je naredil, je sin ugotovil, da je lahko samo eden prvak. Ugotovil pa je tudi to, da ima lahko on, mladoleten, ampak zvit, moč, ki lahko pod vprašaj postavi izvor.

Zaobjelo ga je

V sebi je imel sposobnost, da vzame tisto, kar ljubi, in to uniči. Ko je dvignil predmet nad glavo, se je zbrano ozrl okrog sebe. Telo je drhtelo, jamice v licih so postale vidne. Minila je večnost. Ko je predmet spet spustil, ga je zaobjelo olajšanje in podivjanost. Zaobjelo. Olajšanje in podivjanost.

Prevedla Sara Grbović

Lektion

I skolan fick han veta att en människa bestod av två kvadratmeter hud. Därefter såg han sig själv som yta. Tänk: horisont. Tänk: bottenlös. Tänk också: i varje berättelse kommer en punkt bortom vilken han inte kan blicka. Han hatade den. Han visste att den var nödvändig. Han tänkte sig den som en navel.

O, sjung om det ursinne

När fadern blev arg sköt tungan rygg. Med spetsen tryckt mot insidan av framtänderna sänkte han övre käken tills tungan satt som i ett skruvstäd. Detta var definitionen av ursinne. En ursprungligare kraft fanns inte. Bakom köttvalken stockade sig vreden. Nu räckte det med ytterligare en irritation för att trycket skulle bli alltför stort. Då steg ångan ur mörkret där faderns modersmål hörde hemma. Av mumlet blev en rytande storm.

Det var inte förrän han läste om det första svenska ångloket som ursinnet fick ett namn. Tillverkad 1853 rullade "Förstlingen" på sammankopplade hjul som gav ifrån sig ett dovt, mullrande ljud. Det var inte svårt att igenkänna faderns ursinne i det. Eller förstå varför han inte kunde hejda sig när trycket byggts upp. Då käkarna släppte taget om tungan tänkte han varken invändningar eller bevakanden. Nu fanns endast ett tänkbart slut: raseriet måste få sitt lopp. Vanligen betydde det ett straff av ett slag som stod i direkt proportion till trycket. Ursinnet hade dock en svaghet. På samma sätt som loket löpte längs en fastlagd bana var det förutsägbart. När han insåg detta kunde han styra skeendet. Det gällde bara att göra fadern medveten om att han föregripit slutet. Strax skingrades ångan och vreden dog ut.

Vid något tillfälle begick han dock misstaget att själv välva tungan. Då fadern upptäckte minen förlorade han fattningen. Plötsligt flög högra handflatan genom luften. Kraften var så stor att sonen snurrade kring sin egen axel. Medan fadern sökte göra det gjorda ogjort insåg sonen att det bara fick finnas en förstling. Men också att han själv, minderårig men förslagen, besatt en makt som kunde ifrågasätta ursprunget utan att sätta något i dess ställe.

Han flödar över

Inom honom fanns en villighet att ta det han älskade och krossa det. När han höjde föremålet över huvudet såg han sig om med sammanbiten min. Kroppen darrade, skrattgroparna syntes. En evighet förgick. När han åter ställde ned det flödade han över av lättnad och vildhet. Flödade över. Av lättnad och vildhet.

From the Front, c. 1967

Canines

The front teeth were those of a predator. At first their setting was a damp cave of just a few centimetres. Back then there was only a lump of flesh there, which sat upon ineffable treasures like the dragon in the fairytale, entrenched behind a bulwark of milk-coloured dentine. If the creature wanted to amuse or deceive, it wiped its tip across the balustrade; if it felt fear or rage, it withdrew itself, tip aquiver. But after five or six years the first watch fell and was replaced by a second generation. The changing of the guard had something humiliating about it – he realised the original soldiers had not fallen in battle. For a short time the cave transformed itself into a defenceless grotto, unsure about its proper function. Then the new guard shot up.

The rows were still sparsely populated, but four cornerstones rose in a conspicuous position, their appearance reminiscent of the palisades that he built in summer. Sitting on the beach, he created castles, which he provided with fortifications by letting wet sand trickle from his fist. It did not require much imagination to see that the new formations were of a similarly stalagmitic origin. When he learned that they were called ‘canines’, he recognised what dogs had in their mouths. His own canines were so pointed that using them alone he could carry objects or injure enemies. From time to time they tore open the inside of his mouth, proof enough that they did not deny their animal nature just because, for once, he was not fighting with his surroundings. Yawning in front of the mirror, he could see them three steps from the middle of each jaw, heroes from an earlier era of evolution, closer to both gods and animals than their neighbours. In one case, on the upper left side, the tooth that separated the canine from the incisor was missing, making the line of defence less compact than desired. As a warrior, however, he knew his canines had roots that extended up into the heaven of the upper gums, down into the underworld of his chin. With such a pedigree they would not yield easily. Half celestial, half chthonic, they became the tongue’s body guard.

A list of involuntary places

Here follows a list of the areas of the body over which he exerted no control:

(1) THE TELEGRAPH (the left knee which, caught in soulless trance, jiggled under the school bench, its mechanical energy sending ever the same signals to an irritated universe);

(2) THE ZERO (whenever he was uncertain, the area between his eyebrows knitted together, transforming itself into the surface of a walnut. One day he heard that the oval spot Indian women painted between their eyebrows was not a sign of their caste but a cosmetic measure. When the teacher explained that its Indian name could mean 'zero', he was strengthened in his belief: the source of his bafflement, too, was a nullity);

(3) SMALL CONTAINERS FILLED WITH THE TWITTERING OF BIRDS (the occasions were few, but always unpredictable: a grandiose self-sacrifice in one of the books he devoured, surprisingly cold water, a monster made of air and darkness under the bed – and suddenly the hairs on his arms and legs stood on end. At once his skin seemed covered in bloodless insect bites. He took them for what they were, however: small containers filled with the twittering of birds);

(4) GOD'S FINGERTIPS (two indentations on his cheeks, equidistant from the bridge of his nose. Since they only became visible in connection with joy or sadness, anger or tribulations, he felt betrayed by them. Again, God had pressed His fingertips into his cheeks – as a warning); as well as

(5) THE CLOUD (a weightless something that rose through his belly, mostly associated with expectation, but sometimes also with the sole – and incomprehensible – sort of happiness capable of assuring him: he did not only exist inside his own coat of skin).

Totstellreflex

Each time he experienced fear, his tongue would swell and thicken. Suddenly his mouth harboured an alien creature, and he was unable to speak. Whatever he did, he was never able to predict its arrival, much less prevent it. Did the animal live in his lower jaw? Did it descend from his palate like a terrible *deus ex machina*? He could not even spit it out, so one day he decided he had had enough. Climbing the ladder to the diving boards, he knew fear would set in ten metres above the ground. He had hardly walked to the edge of the highest board before his tongue swelled and stiffened. It was now or never. Shaking with adrenalin, he stepped into space. In the act of falling a transformation must have occurred, for barely had he left the board when a scream escaped his lips. The tongue had shrunk again, and now he could make himself heard. As he broke the surface of the water, he realised that good advice did not come cheap. The creature may have been chased away, but the scream had used up all the air. When finally he breathed again, his mouth was like a funnel. After this the creature never returned. Instead, its place was taken by anxiety. And his mouth transformed itself into what it would remain: a cage, out of which only oxygen could escape.

Practice makes perfect

The emotional states that, with time, he learnt to control so well that it pleased him to bring about their natural consequences, included: false smiles, crocodile tears, feigned astonishment, even the occasional fitting blush. Sometimes he became so overwhelmed by what he had evoked, that his creation took control and he became his own hostage.

Lesson

In school, he learnt that a human being was wrapped up in two square metres of skin. After this he saw himself as surface. He thought: horizon. He thought: bottomless. He also thought: In every story there comes a point beyond which he cannot see. He hated this point. He knew it was necessary. He thought of it as a navel.

O, sing of the rage

When his father lost his temper, his tongue made a hump. With the tip pressed against the inside of his lower incisors, he lowered the upper teeth until the tongue sat as if in a vice. This was the definition of anger. There was no power more primordial. Steam collecting, wrath mounted behind the bulging flesh. Now it would only take an additional irritation for the pressure to become too great. Then the steam rose through the darkness where his father's foreign mother-tongue had its home - a murmur turning into a roar.

When he read about the first steam locomotive built in Sweden he found a name for this anger. Finished in 1853, the 'Firstling' rolled on connected wheels which produced a muffled, increasingly loud noise. It was not difficult to recognise his father's rage in the train. Or to understand why he could not hold himself back once the pressure had built up. Now there was only one possible outcome: the fury had to take its course. Usually this meant a punishment that was in direct proportion to the pressure. The anger had a weakness, however. Like a locomotive travelling on fixed rails, it was predictable. Once the child had realised this, he could steer it by making his father aware that he had foreseen the outcome. Suddenly the steam would dissipate, the wrath coming to a standstill on its own.

Still, once he made the mistake of turning his own tongue into a hump. When his father noticed the expression, he lost control. Suddenly his open right hand shot through the air. The power was so great that the son turned right round on his axis. Whilst his father was trying to undo what had been done, the child realised there could only be one Firstling. But also that he, juvenile but devious, possessed a power that could call parentage into question, without putting anything else in its place.

He overflows

He knew that he had a readiness in him to take what he loved and smash it to pieces. Holding the object over his head, he looked grimly about him. His body quivered, the dimples became visible. An eternity passed. As he put the object down again, he was overflowing with relief and wildness. Overflowing. With relief and wildness.

Translated from the German by Ruth Martin

C. D. Wright se je rodila leta 1949 v mestecu Mountain Home v ameriški zvezni državi Arkansas. Priznana pesnica in predavateljica je diplomirala iz francoščine na Univerzi Memphis State (1971), podiplomski študij kreativnega pisanja pa je končala na Univerzi Arkansas (1976). Trenutno predava na Univerzi Brown. Wrightova je napisala več kot dvanajst pesniških zbirk, nazadnje *Rising, Falling, Hovering* (Vzpenjam se, padam, lebdim, 2008), za katero je leta 2009 prejela Griffinovo mednarodno pesniško nagrado. Je dobitnica štipendij in nagrad številnih ustanov. V sodelovanju s fotografinjo Deborah Luster je izdala zbirko *One Big Self: Prisoners of Louisiana* (Ogromni Jaz: Zaporniki Louisiane, 2003). Projekt je bil odlikovan z nagrado Dorothee Lange-Paul Taylor, ki jo podeljuje center za dokumentarne študije Univerze Duke. Kot prejemnica štipendije za pisatelje ustanove Wallace je bila kuratorka multimedijske razstave *Walk-in Book of Arkansas*, ki je dve leti potovala po njeni rodni zvezni državi. Leta 2004 je prejela MacArthurjevo štipendijo. Leta 2005 je prejela nagrado Roberta Creeleyja za poezijo, postala pa je tudi članica Ameriške akademije znanosti in umetnosti.

C.D. Wright was born in 1949 in Mountain Home, Arkansas, in the USA. The acclaimed poet received her BA in French from the University of Memphis (1971), and her MFA in creative writing from the University of Arkansas (1976). She is on the faculty at Brown University. Wright is the author of more than a dozen books of poetry, most recently *Rising, Falling, Hovering* (2008) which won the 2009 International Griffin Poetry Prize. Wright is the recipient of fellowships and awards from numerous institutions. With photographer Deborah Luster, she published *One Big Self: Prisoners of Louisiana* (2003). The project won the Lange-Taylor Prize from the Center for Documentary Studies at Duke. On a fellowship for writers from the Wallace Foundation, she curated a *Walk-in Book of Arkansas*, a multi-media exhibition that toured throughout her native state for two years. In 2004, she was named a MacArthur Fellow. In 2005, she was given the Robert Creeley Award and elected to membership in the American Academy of Arts and Sciences.

C. D. Wright



Foto © Forrest Gander

Kot bi imela za hrbtom luč, ki je ne vidiš, jo pa čutiš

Kakor če bi ti strujalo v uho.

Robovi sobe, davno izginule.

Ona niti ne posluša, kaj ji on sploh govori.

Blesk pojema s tal,
a verjameta v svoje oporišče.

Ne zato, ker bi bila že kdaj tukaj, ampak
sta mlada in imata vodo.

Tu je ogromno šipka in glasen je.

Smer naprej ne terjaja skoraj nobenega napora.

Ubran s tem občutkom harmonije
se porodi še eden, manj prijeten.

Ne da si se izgubil, temveč da ne pripadaš.

A vseeno nista pokrivala zraka
s krivimi besedami.

Pomikala sta se brez govorjenja,
brez dotikanja.

Nosila svoj lastni vonj.

Ona začuti sol, in očitno se zblížujeta.

Drugi so tam zunaj, ki lebdijo.

Če bi se to zgodilo kjerkoli blizu predsedniške palače,
bi bilo non-stop strašno.

In morda je to bil razlog, da je zakričala.

Like Having a Light at Your Back You Can't See But You Can Still Feel

As if it were streaming into your ear.

The edges of a room long vanished.

She is not really hearing what he's really saying.

The shine is going out of the ground
but they are sure of their footing.

It's not that they have been here before, but
they are young and they have water.

There are masses of rose hips and they are noisy.

The forward direction requires almost no effort.

Consonant with this feeling of harmony
comes another, less comfortable.

Not of being lost but of not belonging.

Yet they were not covering the air
with false words.

They moved along without talking,
not touching.

They wore their own smell.

She tastes salt and they must be getting closer.

Others are out there who are drifting.

If this took place anywhere near the presidential palace
it would be non-stop terrifying.

And this could be the reason she has started to scream.

Ploveča drevesa

postelja se odpira ogledalu
ogledalo strmi dolgo in srepo v posteljo

svetloba tiplje hišo s svojo lastno akustiko

eden od njiju to zapiše
eden ima papir

postelja naraslih potokov in teorij in zvitkov
postelja oči in zalivajočih peres

velik del noči se zrak dotika rok
roke se iztegujejo v zrak

njuna torza se obračata proti bobnenju
zvoka: grom

noč zamorskega *scata*¹ in podrlih nagrobnikov
noč globokih poljubov in katamenije

njegov obraz v tej svetlobi: kuščarski
njen: bled kot tkivo sršenjega gnezda

eden ošine preseko jelk
bledo modro črto jelk
eden preži: sans serif

»Sem prav slišala, da si jim rekel, da si bil rojen
na vlaku«

kar se začne z vršenjem in konča z ječanjem
z ječanjem, ki razkrije pravo barvo jezika

vršenje glavnika in neizpodbitno drgnjenje denima²
oluščen hrbet stola in blatna prečka

barva kamnite juhe in vrtnih rokavic
barva koruzne kaše in melase in šotnega mahu

obešalniki se oprijemajo svojih plaščev
in mehka bela žarnica svoje žice

¹ Scat je glasovno improviziranje v jeziku, za katerega je značilna uporaba izmišljenih zlogov (op. prev.).

² Vrsta trpežnega bombažnega blaga (op. prev.).

Floating Trees

a bed is left open to a mirror
a mirror gazes long and hard at a bed

light fingers the house with its own acoustics

one of them writes this down
one has paper

bed of swollen creeks and theories and coils
bed of eyes and leaky pens

much of the night the air touches arms
arms extend themselves to air

their torsos turning toward a roll
of sound: thunder

night of coon scat and vandalized headstones
night of deep kisses and catamenia

his face by this light: saurian
hers: ash like the tissue of a hornet's nest

one scans the aisle of firs
the faint blue line of them
one looks out: sans serif

"Didn't I hear you tell them you were born
on a train"

what begins with a sough and ends with a groan
groan in which the tongue's true color is revealed

the comb's sough and the denim's undeniable rub
the chair's stripped back and muddied rung

color of stone soup and garden gloves
color of meal and treacle and sphagnum

hangers clinging to their coat
a soft white bulb to its string

stopinje v nas
ponovijo stopinje zunaj

opraskane besede se vrnejo v svoje ovitke

obleke od ponedeljka pa vse do petka
goltajo dolge boke vikendov

obraz je preučevan kot ključ
do skrivnosti, ki jo je nekoč odpiral

»Nisem te hotela zbuditi,
možgani angelski«

črnilo oči in žil in fonemov
črnilo dokonča občutek

ogledalo molče gleda proti vratom
vratom brez ključavnice brez ključavnice

soba, ki on jo vate prinese
soba te doleti

kot jelke on jo skoblja
ona se mu približa kot jelke

če eden izgine, eden ostane
če eden ostane, bo drugi izginil ali pa tudi ne

sicer pa lepa moja zelena muha
sicer pa se ne zgane niti list

the footprints inside us
iterate the footprints outside

the scratched words return to their sleeves

the dresses of monday through friday
swallow the long hips of weekends

a face is studied like a key
for the mystery of what it once opened

“I didn’t mean to wake you
angel brains”

ink of eyes and veins and phonemes
the ink completes the feeling

a mirror silently facing a door
door with no lock no lock

the room he brings into you
the room befalls you

like the fir trees he trues her
she nears him like the firs

if one vanishes one stays
if one stays the other will or will not vanish

otherwise my beautiful green fly
otherwise not a leaf stirs

Pesem, v kateri njena menica zapade

gube temno rjave obleke
členki roke, iztrošene v milnici
kozarci rabarbare
foliji poezije
kovčki, napolnjeni z ničvrednimi bankovci
plameneča polja
polja v plamenih

Pesem, v kateri je vsak drugi verz neresničen

hodita okrog po strnišču
polja in si delita wine sap²
potem ko je nasekal drva, je rad sedel
na velik hlod in poslušal naval svoje krvi
ona obrne glavo o pravem času, da vidi
težak likalnik pluti skozi odprto okno

Prevedla Tina Mahkota

² Sorta jabolk (op. prev.).

Poem In Which Her Mortgage Comes Due

the folds of a dark brown dress
the knuckles of a hand spent in dishwater
the jars of rhubarb
the folios of poetry
the suitcase filled with worthless notes
the fiery fields
the fields on fire

Poem In Which Every Other Line Is A Falsehood

they walk around in the stubble
of the field sharing a wine sap
after he cut his firewood he liked to sit
on a big log and listen to his blood rush
she turns her head in time to see
a flat iron float through an open window

MLADA VILENICA 2010
YOUNG VILENICA AWARD 2010

Nagrajenka 10. mlade vilenice v skupini od 6 do 10 let je Nina Rozman, učenka 3. razreda Osnovne šole Mirna Peč, za pesem *Gore*. Mentorica: Mojca Starešinič.

Nina Rozman s pesmico Gore komisije ni prepričala le s preprostostjo in otroškostjo, temveč predvsem z izvirnostjo. Vajeni smo, da so gore predmet občudovanja, torej opevane kot nekaj veličastnega. Nina pa prav tem vzvišenim goram, za katere si ne moremo kaj, da jih ne bi primerjali z nepristopnimi in domišljjavimi ljudmi, v svoji pesmici poočita in zameri, ker so pod krinko lepote in vabljivosti pogosto zahrbtni in nevarni. Morda s tem izpoveduje kako svojo izkušnjo ali pa je tako občutljiva opazovalka sveta, ki si upa izraziti svoje misli, pa čeprav niso vedno v skladu s splošnim prepričanjem.

Gore

Kaj mislijo te gore?
Da so pametne?
Da so lepe?

Meni se zdi pa,
da so nore!

Sneg ti namečejo na glavo,
da moraš v bolnico
namesto na zabavo.

The winner of the 10th Young Vilenica Award in the 6–10 year age category is Nina Rozman, a third-grader from Elementary School Mirna Peč, for the poem *Mountains*.
Mentor: Mojca Starešinič.

In her short poem Mountains, Nina Rozman captivated the jury not only with her simplicity and childlike quality but, above all, with her originality. We are used to mountains being objects of admiration, celebrated as something majestic. Nina's poem, however, reproaches and resents these same lofty mountains, which we cannot help comparing to aloof and haughty people, because they are often insidious and dangerous under their guise of beauty and allure. She may be relating a personal experience, or she may simply be a sensitive observer of the world, who dares to express her thoughts even though they are not always in keeping with the general opinion.

Mountains

What are these mountains thinking?
That they are smart?
That they are beautiful?

To me, it only seems
that they are crazy!

On your head they fling down snow,
so to hospital you go
instead of going to a party.

Nagrajenec 10. mlade vilenice v skupini od 11 do 13 let je Rok Muhič, učenec 6. razreda Osnovne šole Miroslava Vilharja Postojna, za pesem *Nova pesem*. Mentorica: Magdalena Svetina Terčon.

V skupini od 11 do 13 let je zablestel Rok Muhič. V svoji Novi pesmi zgoščeno in zrelo razmišlja o osnovni dilemi, ki muči domala vsakega pesnika: o čem pisati, kako pisati izvirno. S pretehtano izbranimi besedami in presenetljivo zrelostjo je v tej kratki, a sporočilno izjemno prepričljivi pesmi mojstrsko povedanemu dodal vrednost in težo nepovedanega.

Nova pesem

ni nove pesmi
vse je staro
prepovedano
obrnjeno

kako je potem
moja pesem
lahko nova

The winner of the 10th Young Vilenica Award in the 11–13 year age category is Rok Muhič, a sixth-grader from Elementary School Miroslav Vilhar, Postojna, for the poem *New Poem*. Mentor: Magdalena Svetina Terčon.

In the 11–13 year age group, it was Rok Muhič who carried the day. His New Poem reflects, concisely and maturely, on the basic dilemma tormenting practically every poet: what to write about, how to write originally. With carefully chosen words and a surprising maturity, he underlines the masterful wording of this poem, short but exceptionally convincing, with the value and weight of the untold.

New Poem

there is no new poem
everything is old
forbidden
upside down

how then can
my poem
be new

Nagrajenka 10. mlade vilenice v skupini od 14 do 15 let je Lidija Magdevska, učenka 9. razreda Osnovne šole Poljane Ljubljana, za pesem *Tebi!*. Mentorica: Tatjana Rupnik Hladnik.

Lidija Magdevska je pod zavajajoče preprostim naslovom Tebi! napisala za branje in razumevanje nekoliko zahtevnejšo pesem. Že izvedba pesmi je nekaj posebnega. Vse besede, ki jo sestavljajo, se začnejo s črko t. Pesem mogoče res ni všečna pri prvem branju, ker vzbudi nelagodje, ustvari stresno razpoloženje odtujenosti, ki današnjemu času, na žalost, ni tuja. Toda vsako nadaljnje branje in vračanje v to poezijo odstira kak novoodkrit pomen, še neznano globino. Pozoren bralec opazi, da se pesem proti koncu razbremeni in zmehča. O tistem, ki ta tekst tipka, bralec ne izve nič razen imena, ki pa je pomensko še kako zgovorno. Tristan. Ne zveni nekoliko trubadursko? Tristan osebi, ki ji je pisanje namenjeno, obljublja transkripcijo teksta. Ali s tem bralec ostaja zunaj risa? Ali je prikrajšan za ključ do bistva? Ali pa ima skozi refleksijo vso svobodo za osebno razumevanje? Tudi zato je pesem Tebi! tako učinkovita in zasluži bralčevo poglobljeno pozornost.

Tebi!

Toplota takrat tebe tolažila ...
tokrat tišina tepe telesa ...
trepetu tudi tvoj tovariš ...

Transverzalen tisk - transparenti tistega torka ...
tožijo tisto travestijo ...

Transformacija teče ...
transfiguracija - trpljenje ...
Ti - telepatija ...
tolmačiš to transcendenco ...
Trpiš tudi ti ...

Tablete tokrat trgajo tolažbo ...
trenirajo to tehniko trpljenja ...
Tremor, tokrat tretjič ta teden ...

Ti - tonika, trilček ...
Terapija - tritonus ...
Telesa trohnijo ...

Tebi - to telo!
Tebi - te trenutke!
Tebi - tolažbo!
Tebi - transkripcijo tega teksta!
Tebi to tipka tvoj Tristan ...

The winner of the 10th Young Vilenica Award in the 14–15 year age category is Lidija Magdevska, a ninth-grader from Elementary School Poljane, Ljubljana, for the poem *To You!*. Mentor: Tatjana Rupnik Hladnik.

Under the deceptively simple title To You!, Lidija Magdevska has written a somewhat more demanding poem to read and understand. The very execution is quite special: in the original, all words composing it begin with the letter t. The poem may not be appealing on the first reading because it evokes uneasiness, a stressful mood of alienation, which is sadly no stranger to our time. But each subsequent reading, each return to this poetry unveils a newly discovered meaning, a depth yet unknown. An attentive reader will notice that the poem grows lighter and mellower towards the end. About its typist, the reader learns nothing except his name, which, however, is laden with meaning. Tristan. Is there not a troubadour ring to it? Tristan is promising a transcription of the text to the addressee. Does that leave the reader outside the magic circle? Is he deprived of the key to the essence? Or does he have, through reflection, all freedom to form a personal interpretation? This is one of the reasons why the poem To You! is so effective and why it deserves the reader's thorough attention.

To You!

Warmth consoled you at the time ...
this time silence is thrashing the bodies ...
your comrade is trembling too ...

Transverse printing - banners of that Tuesday ...
suing that travesty ...

Transformation is running ...
Transfiguration - torment ...
You - telepathy ...
You interpret this transcendence ...
You suffer too ...

This time, pills are tearing apart consolation ...
training in this technique of suffering ...
Tremor, the third time this week ...

You - tonic, trill ...
Therapy - tritonus ...
Bodies decaying ...

To you - this body!
To you - these moments!
To you - consolation!
To you - transcription of this text!
To you types this your Tristan ...

*Poems translated by David Terčon,
prose text translated by Nada Grošelj*

DOSEDANJI UDELEŽENCI IN NAGRAJENCI
VILENICE / PREVIOUS PARTICIPANTS AND
VILENICA PRIZE WINNERS

Mednarodno literarno nagrado vilenica za leto 1986 je Društvo slovenskih pisateljev podelilo

FULVIU TOMIZZI

Utemeljitev nagrade: Jože Pirjevec

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Disput: CLAUDIO MAGRIS: EWALDOVA BAKLA / EWALD'S TORCH

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PÉTRU ESTERHÁZYJU

Utemeljitev nagrade: Jože Hradil

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Disput: CZESŁAW MIŁOSZ: ČETRТА UČNA URA / THE FOURTH TEACHING LESSON

Mednarodno literarno nagrado vilenica za leto 1989 je Društvo slovenskih pisateljev podelilo

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Utemeljitev nagrade: Albina Lipovec

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Disput: GYÖRGY KONRAD: S SREDINE / FROM THE CENTRE

Mednarodno literarno nagrado vilenica za leto 1990 je Društvo slovenskih pisateljev podelilo

TOMASU VENCLOVI

Utemeljitev nagrade: Veno Taufer

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Disput: VENO TAUFER: IZZIV ALI ZGAGA? / CHALLENGE OR HASSLE?

Mednarodno literarno nagrado vilenica za leto 1991 je Društvo slovenskih pisateljev podelilo

ZBIGNIEWU HERBERTU

Utemeljitev nagrade: Niko Jež

KRISTAL VILENICE 1991 – GRENDEL LAJOS

V publikaciji *Vilenica 1991* in na literarnih prireditvah so sodelovali:

LADISLAV BALLEK, ANDREJ BRVAR, LENKA CHYTILOVÁ, HEINZ CZECHOWSKI, EÖRSI ISTVÁN, GRENDEL LAJOS, FABJAN HAFNER, RETO HÄNNY, IVANKA HERGOLD, ANDREJ HIENG, ALOIS

HOTSCHNIG, VIŤAZOSLAV HRONEC, JÓKAI ANNA, DONALDAS KAJOKAS, MILAN KLEČ, MIRKO KOVAČ, LOJZE KRAKAR, VIŤ KREMLIČKA, BRONISLAW MAJ, LAURA MARCHIG, ŠTEFAN MORAVČÍK, LUKO PALJETAK, OSKAR PASTIOR, JURE POTOKAR, HANS RAIMUND, ROLANDAS RASTAUSKAS, SOMLYÓ GYÖRGY, MARIO SUŠKO, IVO SVETINA, SUSANNA TAMARO, ARVO VALTON, VÁRADY SZABOLCS, BITE VILIMAITÉ, ALENA VOSTRÁ, JOACHIM WALTHER, ERNEST WICHNER, JOSEF WINKLER

Disput: VLADO GOTOVAC: SKICA O ATLASU / SKETCH OF THE ATLAS

Mednarodno literarno nagrado vilenica za leto 1992 je Društvo slovenskih pisateljev podelilo

MILANU KUNDERI

Utemeljitev nagrade: Jaroslav Skrušný

KRISTAL VILENICE 1992 – ENDRE KUKORELLY

V publikaciji *Vilenica 1992* in na literarnih prireditvah so sodelovali:

ALEXANDRA BERKOVÁ, VYTAUTAS BLOZÉ, BRANKO ČEGEC, SLAVENKA DRAKULIĆ, GUSTAV JANUŠ, DUŠAN JOVANOVIĆ, FERENC JUHÁSZ, RYSZARD KAPUŚCIŃSKI, MARIE-THÉRÈSE KERSCHBAUMER, EFTIM KLETNIKOV, KRZYSZTOF KOEHLER, UWE KOLBE, MIRKO KOVAČ, ENDRE KUKORELLY, KRZYSZTOF LISOWSKI, DRAHOSLAV MACHALA, VYTAUTAS MARTINKUS, IVAN MINATTI, LIBUŠE MONÍKOVÁ, BORIS A. NOVAK, PARTI NAGY LAJOS, AARNE PUU, GERHARD ROTH, ŠTEFAN STRÁŽAY, JANA ŠTROBLOVÁ, MARJAN TOMŠIČ, MILOSLAV TOPINKA, DRAGAN VELIKIĆ, JANI VIRK, PETER WATERHOUSE

Disput: 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

Mednarodno literarno nagrado vilenica za leto 1993 je Društvo slovenskih pisateljev podelilo

LIBUŠI MONÍKOVÍ

Utemeljitev nagrade: Neva Šlibar

KRISTAL VILENICE 1993 – FRANCESCO MICIELI

V publikaciji *Vilenica 1993* in na literarnih prireditvah so sodelovali:

BALLA ZSÓFIA, JÓZEF BARAN, ROBERTO DEDENARO, HELMUT EINSENDE, ALOJZ IHAN, DŽEVAD KARAHASAN, MATJAZH KOCBEK, VLASTIMIL KOVALČÍK, MARKO KRAVOS, ZVONKO MAKOVIČ, MÁRTON LÁSZLÓ, ROBERT MENASSE, FRANCESCO MICIELI, MARJETA NOVAK KAJZER, PAUL PARIN, DENIS PONIŽ, DIANA PRANCKIETYTĖ, CARLO SGORLON, ARVO VALTON, MICHAL VIEWEGH, PIOTR WOJCIECHOWSKI, IFIGENIJA ZAGORIČNIK SIMONOVIC

Disput: GEORGES-ARTHUR GOLDSCHMIDT, VLADO GOTOVAC, LÁSZLÓ KRASNÁ-HORKAI, ANTONIN J. LIEHM: EDVARD KOCBEK: PALICA / EDVARD KOCBEK: THE STICK

Mednarodno literarno nagrado vilenica za leto 1994 je Društvo slovenskih pisateljev podelilo

JOSIPU OSTIJU

Utemeljitev nagrade: Denis Poniž

KRISTAL VILENICE 1994 – SLAVKO MIHALIĆ

V publikaciji *Vilenica 1994* in na literarnih prireditvah so sodelovali:

MARJORIE AGOSÁN, EDOARDO ALBINATI, ÁRNI BERGMANN, MILOŠ BIEDRZYCKI, CHRISTA DERICUM, JANKO FERK, ANTONIO FIAN, ANTANAS GAILIUS, VLADO GOTOVAC, EGYD GSTÄTTNER, GUNNAR D. HANSSON, DANIEL HEVIER, VIT'AZOSLAV HRONEC, PAWEŁ HUELLE, GORAN IGNJATIJE JANKOVIĆ, RICHARD JACKSON, DŽEVAD KARAHASAN, LUBOR KASAL, THOMAS KLING, MAJDA KNE, MIKLAVŽ KOMELJ, JURGIS KUNCINAS, FERI LAINŠČEK, PHILLIS LEVIN, SVETLANA MAKAROVIČ, GIUSEPPE MARIUZ, MARNO JÁNOS, MATEJA MATEVSKI, ANDREJ MEDVED, SLAVKO MIHALIĆ, DUŠAN MITANA, GRZEGORZ MUSIAŁ, JUAN OCTAVIO PRENZ, ALEKSANDER PERŠOLJA, PETRI GYÖRGY, LENKA PROCHÁZKOVÁ, GIANFRANCO SODOMACO, MATTHEW SWEENEY, TOMAŽ ŠALAMUN, IGOR ŠKAMPERLE, JACHÝM TOPOL, URS WIDMER, UROŠ ZUPAN

Disput: ALAIN FINKIELKRAUT: INTELEKTUALCI, POLITIKA IN VOJNA / INTELLECTUALS, POLITICS AND WAR

Mednarodno literarno nagrado vilenica za leto 1995 je Društvo slovenskih pisateljev podelilo

ADOLFU MUSCHGU

Utemeljitev nagrade: Vesna Kondrič Horvat

KRISTAL VILENICE 1995 – MARZANNA BOGUMIŁA KIELAR

V publikaciji *Vilenica 1995* in na literarnih prireditvah so sodelovali:

JOVICA AĆIN, KURT AEBLI, MARJORIE AGOSÁN, EUGENIJUS ALIŠANKA, MARCIN BARAN, ÁRNI BERGMANN, KRZYSTOF BIELECKI, DARIUSZ BITTNER, LOREDANA BOGLIUN, BERTA BOJETU-BOETA, TEREZA BOUČKOVÁ, LUCAS CEJPEK, RÓZA DOMAŠCYNIA, ERIK GROCH, GUNNAR D. HANSSON, NORA IKSTENA, RICHARD JACKSON, MARZANNA BOGUMIŁA KIELAR, RADE KRSTIĆ, PHILLIS LEVIN, TONKO MAROEVIĆ, MANFRED MOSER, DANIELIUS MUŠINSKAS, JUAN OCTAVIO PRENZ, RADOVAN PAVLOVSKI, TONE PERČIĆ, SIBILA PETLEVSKI, RAOUL SCHROTT, ZORKO SIMČIĆ, RUDOLF SLOBODA, ANDRZEJ STASIUK, MATTHEW SWEENEY, TOMAŽ ŠALAMUN, JÁN ŠTRASSER, TÁKÁCS ZSUZSA, TANDORI DEZSŐ, JAROMÍR TYPLT, MILOŠ VACÍK, SAŠA VEGRI, PAVEL VILIKOVSKÝ, ERNEST WICHNER, CIRIL ZLOBEC, VLADO ŽABOT, ALDO ŽERJAL

Disput: LOJZE KOVAČIČ: ALI PISATELJ POTREBUJE SVET, KI NJEGA NE POTREBUJE? / DOES A WRITER NEED THE WORLD WHICH DOESN'T NEED HIM?

Mednarodno literarno nagrado vilenica za leto 1996 je Društvo slovenskih pisateljev podelilo

ADAMU ZAGAJEWSKEMU

Utemeljitev nagrade: Niko Jež

KRISTAL VILENICE 1996 – KAĆA ČELAN

V publikaciji *Vilenica 1996* in na literarnih prireditvah so sodelovali:

LOTHAR BAIER, ULDIS BERZINŠ, PETR BORKOVEC, MAGDA CARNECI, KAROL CHMEL, CLAUDE MICHEL CLUNY, BRANKO ČEGEC, KAČA ČELAN, ZITA ČEPAITE, STEFANO DELL'ANTONIO, LJILJANA DIRJAN, DUŠAN DUŠEK, MILAN ĐORĐEVIĆ, MENNA ELFYN, ANN JÄDERLUND, HÁY JÁNOS, ANTANAS A. JONYNAS, JULIAN KORNHAUSER, ANDRÁS FERENC KOVÁCS, VLADIMIR KOVAČIČ, FRIEDERIKE KRETZEN, ENZO MARTINES, LYDIA MISCHKULNIG, BRANE MOZETIČ, BORIS A. NOVAK, IZTOK OSOJNIK, ŽARKO PETAN, JAMES RAGAN, ALES RAZANOV, HANSJÖRG SCHERTENLEIB, TRIINI SOOMETS, KAREL ŠIKTANC, ALEŠ ŠTEGER, THORGEIR THORGEIRSON, MAJA VIDMAR, MÁRTINŠ ZELMENIS

Disput: SVOBODA IMAGINACIJE – IMAGINACIJA SVOBODE / IMAGINATION OF FREEDOM – FREEDOM OF IMAGINATION:

BRANKO MILJKOVIČ: POEZIJO BODO VSI PISALI / EVERYBODY WILL BE WRITING POETRY

Mednarodno literarno nagrado vilenica za leto 1997 je Društvo slovenskih pisateljev podelilo

PAVLU VILIKOVSKEMU

Utemeljitev nagrade: Andrej Rozman

KRISTAL VILENICE 1997 – NICOLE MÜLLER

V publikaciji *Vilenica 1997* in na literarnih prireditvah so sodelovali:

BALÁZS ATTILA, PAULS BANKOVSKIS, PETERS BRŪVERIS, STEFAN CHWIN, GILLIAN CLARKE, VITTORIO COZZOLI, VERA ČEJKOVSKA, LIUTAURAS DEGĒSYS, EVALD FLISAR, FRANJO FRANČIČ, NIKO GRAFENAUER, MARIANNE GRUBER, AIME HANSEN, JOŽE HUDEČEK, HANNA JOHANSEN, VANDA JUKNAITE, MILA KAČIČ, DORIS KAREVA, ISTVÁN KOVÁCS, KRISTINA LJALJKO, PETER MACSOVSKÝ, HERBERT MAURER, CHRISTOPHER MERRILL, KATJA LANGE MÜLLER, NICOLE MÜLLER, NEZA MAURER, EWALD MURRER, MIHA OBIT, ALBERT OSTERMAIER, PAVAO PAVLIČIČ, DELIMIR REŠICKI, BRANE SENEGAČNIK, ABDULAH SIDRAN, ANDRZEJ SOSNOWSKI, PIERRE-YVES SOUCY, RAGNAR STRÖMBERG, OLGA TOKARCZUK, ALTA VÁŠOVÁ, ANASTASSIS VISTONITIS, ANATOL VJARCINSKI, ANDREW ZAWADCKI

Disput: DAIMON ZAPELJEVANJA / DAIMON OF TEMPTATION:

RAINER MARIA RILKE: ORFEJ • EVRIDIKA • HERMES / ORPHEUS • EURYDIKE • HERMES

Mednarodno literarno nagrado vilenica za leto 1998 je Društvo slovenskih pisateljev podelilo

PÉTRU NÁDASU

Utemeljitev nagrade: Orsolya Gállos

KRISTAL VILENICE 1998 – PETER SEMOLIČ

V publikaciji *Vilenica 1998* in na literarnih prireditvah so sodelovali:

AMANDA AIZPURIETE, ANDREI BODIU, JAN ČIKVIN, FRANCE FORSTNERIČ, NATASZA GOERKE, FELICITAS HOPPE, ZOĚ JENNY, ARNE JOHNSSON, JIŘI KRATOCHVIL, JOSÉ JORGE LETRIA, VIDA MOKRIN PAUER, MAJA NOVAK, OSAMLJENI TEKAČI, HAVA PINHAS COEN, ILMA RAKUSA, IZET SARAJLIĆ, PETER SEMOLIČ, MARKO SOSIČ, ALVYDAS ŠLEPIKAS, SLOBODAN ŠNAJDER, PIA TAFDRUP, VENO TAUFER, LÁSZLÓ VILLÁNYI, MILAN VINCETIČ, HUGO WILLIAMS, ANDREA ZANZOTTO

Disput: TIMOTHY GARTON ASH: KONEC STOLETJA, ZAČETEK TISOČLETJA / THE END OF THE CENTURY, THE BEGINNING OF THE MILLENNIUM

Mednarodno literarno nagrado vilenica za leto 1999 je Društvo slovenskih pisateljev podelilo

ERICI PEDRETTI

Utemeljitev nagrade: Vesna Kondrič Horvat

KRISTAL VILENICE 1999 – ANGELO CHERCHI

V publikaciji *Vilenica 1999* in na literarnih prireditvah so sodelovali:

NERINGA ABRUTYTE, ANGELO CHERCHI, LELO CJANTON, RICHARD FLANAGAN, MARIUS IVAŠKEVIČIUS, RICHARD JACKSON, JANA JURÁŇOVA, JAAN KAPLINSKI, DRAŽEN KATUNARIČ, TAJA KRAMBERGER, RYSZARD KRYNICKI, FRANCO LOI, MIHA MAZZINI, MILOŠ MIKELN, MIMMO MORINA, ANDREJ MOROVIČ, AMIR OR, RAZVAN PETRESCU, ASHER REICH, CHRISTOPHER REID, KATHRIN RÖGGELA, LJUDMILA RUBLJÉVSKA, ANNA SANTOLIQUIDO, ARMIN SENSER, SANDE STOJČEVSKI, VOJO ŠINDOLIČ, ADRIANA ŠKUNCA, OTTÓ TOLNAL, BOGDAN TROJAK, NENAD VELIČKOVIČ, KAREN VOLKMAN, DANE ZAJC

Disput: 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 za leto 2000 je Društvo slovenskih pisateljev podelilo

SLAVKU MIHALIČU

Utemeljitev nagrade: Venó Taufer

KRISTAL VILENICE 2000 – VÖRÖS ISTVÁN

V publikaciji *Vilenica 2000* in na literarnih prireditvah so sodelovali:

ZORAN ANČEVSKI, PETER BOŽIČ, UKE BUCPAPAJ, ALEŠ ČAR, PRIMOŽ ČUČNIK, JACQUES DARRAS, LIDIJA DIMKOVSKA, MIRCEA DINESCU, MICHAEL DONHAUSER, JANIS ELSBERGS, LEOPOLD FEDERMAIR, MILA HAUGOVA, ŽELJKO IVANKOVIČ, LIUDVIKAS JAKIMAVIČIUS, URS KARPE, GEORGIU KONSTANTINOV, HASSO KRULL, GARY LAWLESS, UMBERTO MANGANI, ERIK MENKVELD, BRINA ŠVIGELJ MÉRAT, JAUME PEREZ MONTANER, IMRE ORAVECZ, SILVANA PALETTI, KATHERINE PIERPOINT, ANGELINA POLONSKAYA, MILORAD POPOVIČ, ANA RISTOVIČ, SUDEEP SEN, MARCIN SENDECKI, RONNY SOMECK, MARJAN STROJAN, YÓRGOS VEIS, VÖRÖS ISTVÁN, GERALD ZSCHORSCH

Disput: 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 za leto 2001 je Društvo slovenskih pisateljev podelilo

JAANU KAPLINSKEMU

Utemeljitev nagrade: Veno Taufer

KRISTAL VILENICE 2001 – NATALKA BILOCERKIVEC

V publikaciji *Vilenica 2001* in na literarnih prireditvah so sodelovali:

ESAD BABAČIČ, MOHAMMED BENNIS, NATALKA BILOCERKIVEC, CASIMIRO de BRITO, RICHARD BURNS, PETERIS CEDRIŃS, DRAGAN JOVANOVIĆ DANILOV, ROBERT DAVIS, MICHEL DEGUY, FERIDA DURAKOVIĆ, ANDREAS EHIN, HANS EICHHORN, MAURO FACCIANI FILHO, MICHAEL FARRELL, GARACZI LÁSZLÓ, GREG GATENBY, ADAM GLOBUS, ADELA GRECEANU, PETR HRUŠKA, VALDO IMMOVILLI, LAURYNAS KATKUS, VLADIMIR KAVČIČ, KATICA KJULAVKOVA, BARBARA KORUN, MARUŠA KRESE, ROMAN LUDVA, SONJA MANOJLOVIĆ, NARLAN MATOS, MARIÁN MILČÁK, BAN'YA NATSUSHI, CLAUDIO POZZANI, MATTHEW ROHRER, ERIK STINUS, FRANCO SUPINO, VIVIENNE VERMES, THOR VILHJÁLMSOON, HANS VAN DE WAARSENBERG, ADAM WIEDEMANN

Delavnice / Workshops: PREVAJANJE POEZIJE, O ESTETSKI KOMPONENTI VSAKDANJEGA ŽIVLJENJA / TRANSLATING POETRY, ON THE AESTHETIC COMPONENT OF THE EVERYDAY LIFE

MLADA VILENICA 2001 / YOUNG VILENICA AWARD 2001: Špela Poljak

Mednarodno literarno nagrado vilenica za leto 2002 je Društvo slovenskih pisateljev podelilo

ANI BLANDIANI

Utemeljitev nagrade: Lidija Dimkowska

KRISTAL VILENICE 2002 – PÁL ZÁVADA

V publikaciji *Vilenica 2002* in na literarnih prireditvah so sodelovali:

JORGE ENRIQUE ADOUM, DRITĚRO 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 / YOUNG VILENICA AWARD 2002: Ana Šalgaj

Mednarodno literarno nagrado vilenica za leto 2003 je Društvo slovenskih pisateljev podelilo

MIRKU KOVAČU

Utemeljitev nagrade: Josip Osti

V publikaciji *Vilenica 2003* in na literarnih prireditvah so sodelovali:

CONSTANTIN ABĂLUȚĂ, 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 VOUC, JULI ZEH

Delavnice / Workshops: PREVAJANJE POEZIJE, PROSTORI TRANSGRESIJE, REVIJA V REVIJI / TRANSLATING POETRY, PLACES OF TRANSGRESSION, REVIEW IN REVIEW

MLADA VILENICA 2003 / YOUNG VILENICA AWARD 2003: Žiga Mohorič in Agata Venier

Mednarodno literarno nagrado vilenica za leto 2004 je Društvo slovenskih pisateljev podelilo

BRIGITTE KRONAUER

Utemeljitev nagrade: Neva Šlibar in Vesna Kondrič Horvat

KRISTAL VILENICE 2004 – VALŽINA MORT

V publikaciji *Vilenica 2004* in na literarnih prireditvah so sodelovali:

JAN BALABÁN, MUHAREM BAZDUĽJ, ERIC BROGNIET, ȘTEFAN 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 MARINČIĆ, TXEMA MARTÍNEZ INGLÉS, VALŽINA MORT, NOVICA NOVAKOVIĆ, GINO PASTEGA, SZILÁRD PODMANICZKY, ALEKSANDAR PROKOPIEV, BARBARA SIMONITI, PETER STEINER, ANNI SUMARI, VLADIMIR P. ȘTEFANEC, CAI TIANXIN, KRZYSZTOF VARGA, PETER WEBER, ANDREA ZANZOTTO

Prevajalska delavnica / Translation workshop: MERERID PUW DAVIES, LOUIS DE PAOR, HELENA SINERVO

Disput: PRIMER EDVARD KOČBEK IN SVOBODA IZRAŽANJA DANES / THE EDVARD KOČBEK CASE AND THE FREEDOM OF EXPRESSION TODAY

MLADA VILENICA 2004 / YOUNG VILENICA AWARD 2004: Eva Rener in Brigita Berčon

Mednarodno literarno nagrado vilenica za leto 2005 je Društvo slovenskih pisateljev podelilo

ILMI RAKUSA in KARLU-MARKUSU GAUŠU

Utemeljitev nagrade: Vesna Kondrič Horvat in Drago Jančar

KRISTAL VILENICE 2005 – VLADAS BRAZIŪNAS

V publikaciji *Vilenica 2005* in na literarnih prireditvah so sodelovali:

CARLOS A. AGUILERA, VEJJKO BARBIERI, JURAS BARISEVIČ, VLADAS BRAZIŪNAS, ANNA MARIA CARPI, THEODORA DIMOVA, JURE JAKOB, JANEZ KAJZER, VILIAM KLIMÁČEK, OLIVERA KORVEZIROVSKA, CVETKA LIPUŠ, JAAN MALIN, JIM McGARRAH, ANNA MITGUTSCH, SINEAD MORRISSEY, DUŠKO NOVAKOVIČ, GREGOR PAPEŽ, LEUNG-PING KWAN, JEAN PORTANTE, ZSUZSA RAKOVSKY, RALF SCHLATTER, STEPHANOS STEPHANIDES, FARUK ŠEHIĆ, MAGDALENA TULLI, MILOŠ URBAN, LILIANA URSU

OKROGLA MIZA SEP NA VILENICI / CEI ROUND TABLE DISCUSSION AT VILENICA:

»Možnosti sobivanja različnih kultur v Evropi in proces iskanja nove kulturne paradigme« / "The Possibilities of Coexistence of Different Cultures in Europe and the Process of Searching a New Cultural Paradigm"

Moderator: Aleš Debeljak

MLADA VILENICA 2005 / YOUNG VILENICA AWARD 2005: Rožana Švara, Eva Mohorič

Mednarodno literarno nagrado vilenica za leto 2006 je Društvo slovenskih pisateljev podelilo

MIODRAGU PAVLOVIČU

Utemeljitev nagrade: Venó Taufer

KRISTAL VILENICE 2006 – MOJCA KUMERDEJ

V publikaciji *Vilenica 2006* in na literarnih prireditvah so sodelovali:

INGA ABELE, MICHÁL AJVAZ, VENKO ANDONOVSKI, LINDITA ARAPI, ALHIERD BACHAREVIČ, SZILÁRD BORBÉLY, YIORGOS CHOULIARAS, DAIVA ČEPAUSKAITE, ERVIN FRITZ, TATJANA GROMAČA, BRIAN HENRY, OTO HORVAT, NORA IUGA, IVA JEVTIĆ, EKATERINA YOSSIFOVA, ZDENKO KODRIČ, MÁRIUS KOPCSAY, MIRAN KOŠUTA, MOJCA KUMERDEJ, TERÉZIA MORA, BIRGIT MÜLLER-WIELAND, CLAUDIO POZZANI, GABRIEL ROSENSTOCK, GORAN SAMARDŽIĆ, OSTAP SLYVYNSKY, BREDA SMOLNIKAR, TÖNNU ÖNNEPALU (EMIL TODE), 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?"

Moderator: Simona Škrabec

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

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The Vilenica Almanac has been in publication since 1986. Besides presenting the Vilenica International Literary Prize Winner, it includes presentations of the works of authors invited to the festival by the Vilenica Jury. The texts are published in the original language, and in Slovene and English translation. Besides the authors from Central Europe, who compete for the Crystal Vilenica Award for the best literary piece in the Almanac, Vilenica also hosts writers from other countries. These authors are presented in a special section. The Almanac also features the winning poems of the Young Vilenica competition.



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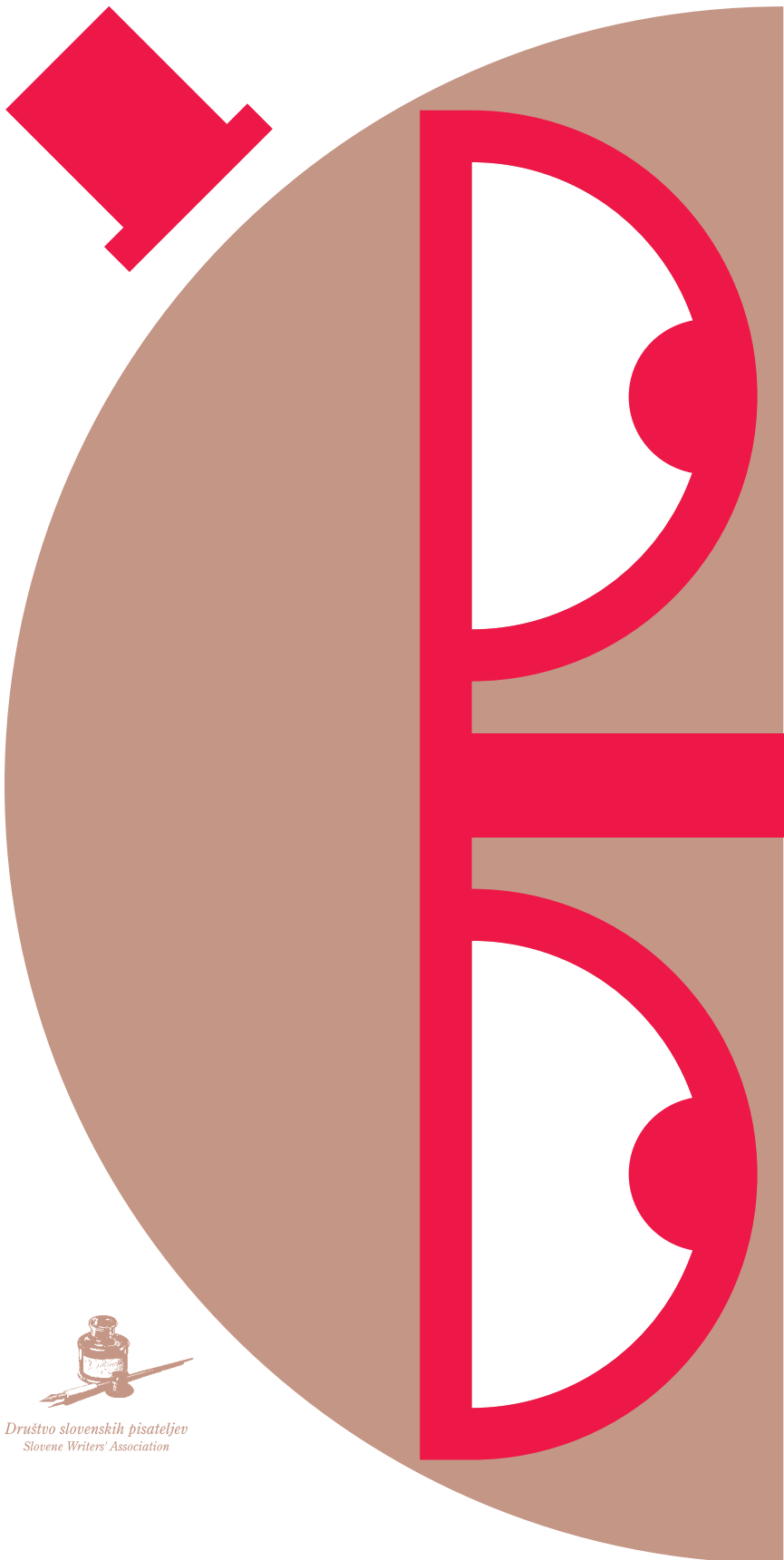
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