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Pavel Brycz
Pierluigi Cappello
Dan Coman
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Stanka Hrastelj
Ljiljana Jokić Kaspar
Gorazd Kocijančič
Vesna Lemaić
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Dobitnica nagrade poetry slam 2011 /
Poetry Grand Slam Winner 2011

Sarah Clancy

Društvo slovenskih pisateljev
Slovene Writers' Association

26. *vilenica*



mednarodni
literarni festival
*international
literary festival*

26. Mednarodni literarni festival Vilenica /
26th Vilenica International Literary Festival

Vilenica 2011

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Tanja Petrič, Gašper Troha

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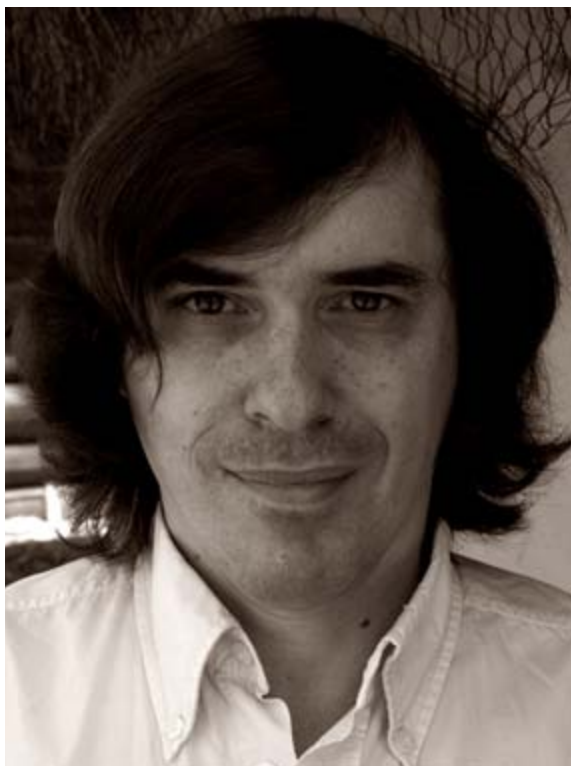
Nagrajenec

Vilenice 2011

Vilenica

2011 Prizewinner

Mircea Cărtărescu



Mircea Cărtărescu se je rodil leta 1956 v Bukarešti v Romuniji. Leta 1975 je maturiral na Gimnaziji »Dimitrie Cantemir«, leta 1980 pa diplomiral na Filozofski fakulteti Univerze v Bukarešti. Med letoma 1980 in 1989 je poučeval romunski jezik s književnostjo na srednji šoli, pozneje pa se je zaposlil pri Združenju romunskih pisateljev (1989). V letih 1989 in 1990 je bil urednik literarne revije *Caiete critice*. Leta 1991 je postal predavatelj na Oddelku za zgodovino romunske književnosti na Filozofski fakulteti Univerze v Bukarešti. Leta 1999 je po uspešnem zagovoru doktorske disertacije z naslovom *Postmodernismul românesc* (Romunski postmodernizem) prejel doktorski naziv. V letih 1994–1996 je bil gostujoči profesor na Univerzi v Amsterdamu, leta 2005 pa na Univerzi na Dunaju. Leta 2009 in 2010 je na Freie Universität v Berlinu predaval o Samuelu von Fischerju. Danes je docent na Filozofski fakulteti Univerze v Bukarešti. Mircea Cărtărescu je pesnik, pisatelj, esejist, prevajalec, literarni kritik in novinar. Je član Združenja romunskih pisateljev, Romunskega centra PEN in Evropskega kulturnega parlamenta. Do danes je objavil številne članke in več kot dvajset književnih del. Njegova dela, ki jih je začel objavljati leta 1978, so prevedli v šestnajst jezikov. Uveljavil se je kot plodovit in ugleden član več pomembnih romunskih literarnih gibanj, kot so generacija 80-ih, generacija »Blue Jeans« in romunsko postmodernistično gibanje. Mircea Cărtărescu je prejel tudi več štipendij, med njimi štipendijo med-

narodnega programa za pisatelje v Iowi (1990), štipendijo New Europe College v Bukarešti (1995), štipendijo ustanove Rockefeller v Belaggiu v Italiji (1997), štipendijo Anne Kruger v Berlinu (2000), štipendijo madžarskega zavoda Collegium Budapest (2000) in štipendijo DAAD v Berlinu (2001). Prejel je tudi enoletno štipendijo zavoda Akademie Schloss Solitude v Stuttgartu v Nemčiji (2006); leta 2009 je deloval tudi kot selektor omenjenega zavoda.

V letih 1997 in 1998 je bil vabljeni literarni gost na knjižnih sejmih v Leipzigu in Frankfurtu. Bil je tudi častni gost literarnih večerov v Rimu, Pisi, Firencah, Neaplju, Stockholmu, Berlinu in Aarhusu. Leta 2005 je sodeloval pri programu »Les belles étrangères« Nacionalnega centra za knjigo (Centre National du Livre) v Parizu

Leta 2007 je šel na promocijsko turnejo po Švedski, Italiji, Nemčiji, Avstriji, Švici in Poljski. Leta 2008 je bil gost na knjižnih sejmih v Leipzigu, Göteborgu in Torinu, istega leta pa še posebni literarni gost dunajskega festivala Literatur im Herbst. Leta 2009 je gostoval na Švedskem, leta 2010 pa se je mudil na turneji po Avstriji in Nemčiji, kjer je iz svojih del bral v Salzburgu, Dresdnu, Berlinu in Esslingenu. Istega leta je gostoval tudi na literarnih prireditvah v Stavangerju na Norveškem in v Haagu na Nizozemskem.

Leta 2006 ga je romunski predsednik Traian Băsescu odlikoval z redom za zasluge na področju kulture.

Mircea Cărtărescu živi in dela v Bukarešti.

Priznanja in nagrade (izbor)

Mircea Cărtărescu je za svoje dosežke na področju poezije, proze in esejistike prejel številne nagrade. Med njegova najpomembnejša priznanja sodijo:

nagrada Združenja romunskih pisateljev leta 1980 za *Faruri, vitrine, fotografii* (Žarometi, izložbe, fotografije), leta 1990 za *Levantul* (Levant), leta 1994 za *Travesti* (Farsa) in leta 2008 za trilogijo *Orbitor*;
nagrada Romunske akademije leta 1989 za *Visul* (Sen);
nagrada revije *Ateneu* in nagrada revije *Tomis* leta 1997;
nagrada Združenja pisateljev Bukarešte leta 2000 in 2003;
nagrada Združenja moldavijskih pisateljev leta 1994 za *Travesti* (Travestija);
nagrada Društva poklicnih pisateljev Romunije (ASPRO) leta 1994, 1996 in 2002;
nagrada Društva romunskih urednikov (AER) leta 2002 in 2003;
nagrada revije *Flacăra* in nagrada revije *Cuvântul* leta 1997 in 2003;
nagrada »Giovanni Acerbi« v Italiji leta 2005;
nagrada »Romunska knjiga leta 2007« leta 2008 za trilogijo *Orbitor*;
romunska državna nagrada za književnost leta 2008 za trilogijo *Orbitor*.

Izbrana bibliografija

Poezija

Faruri, vitrine, fotografii (Žarometi, izložbe, fotografije), Cartea românească, Bukarešta 1980.

Poeme de amor (Ljubezenske pesmi), Cartea românească, Bukarešta 1982.

Totul (Vse), Cartea românească, Bukarešta 1984.

Levantul (Levant), Cartea românească, Bukarešta 1990.

Dragostea (Ljubezen), Humanitas, Bukarešta 1994.

Dublu CD (Dvojna zgoščanka), Humanitas, Bukarešta 1998.

Bebop Baby, Meeting Eyes Bindery, New York 1999.

Cincizeci de sonete (Petdeset sonetov), Brumar, Temišvar 2003.

Plurivers 1 & 2 (Vsesolje 1 & 2), Humanitas, Bukarešta 2004.

Nimic (Nič), Humanitas, Bukarešta 2010.

Romani

Visul (Sen), Cartea românească, Bukarešta 1989, ki je leta 1993 v celoti izšel z naslovom *Nostalgia* (Nostalgija).

Travesti (Travestija), Humanitas, Bukarešta 1994.

Orbitor, vol. I - Aripa stângă (Orbitor, 1. del – Levo krilo), Humanitas, Bukarešta 1996.

Orbitor, vol. II - Corpul (Orbitor, 2. del – Telo), Humanitas, Bukarešta 2002.

Orbitor, vol. III - Aripa dreaptă (Orbitor, 3. del – Desno krilo), Humanitas, Bukarešta 2007.

Eseji

Visul chimeric (Himerski sen), Litera, Bukarešta 1991.

Postmodernismul românesc (Romunski postmodernizem), Humanitas, Bukarešta 1999.

Pururi tînăr, înfășurat în pixeli (Večno mlad, zaviti v slikovne pike), Humanitas, Bukarešta 2003.

Baroane! (Ti baron!), Humanitas, Bukarešta 2005.

Proza

Jurnal (Dnevnik), Humanitas, Bukarešta 2001.

De ce iubim femeile (Zakaj ljubimo ženske), Humanitas, Bukarešta 2004.

Jurnal I, 1990-1996, 2nd Ed. (Dnevnik I, 1990–1996, 2. izd.), Humanitas, Bukarešta 2005.

Jurnal II, 1997-2003, (Dnevnik II, 1997–2003), Humanitas, Bukarešta 2005.

La Bordel (V bordelu), Humanitas, Bukarešta 2008.

Frumoasele străine (Lepe tujke), Humanitas, Bukarešta 2010.

Knjige za otroke

Enciclopedia zmeilor (Enciklopedija zmajev), Humanitas, Bukarešta 2002.

Zvočne knjige

Parfumul aspru al ficțiunii (Ostri vonj fikcije), Humanitas, Bukarešta 2003.

Levantul (Levant), Casa Radio, Bukarešta 2004.

De ce iubim femeile (Zakaj ljubimo ženske), Humanitas, Bukarešta 2004.

Poeme în garanție (Pesmi pod garancijo), Casa Radio, Bukarešta 2005.

Antologije in zbirke več avtorjev

Desant '83, Cartea românească, Bukarešta 1983.

Aer cu diamante (Zrak z diamanti), Litera, Bukarešta 1991.

Antologia poeziei generației '80 (Antologija poezije generacije '80), Vlasie, Pitești 1995.

Generația '80 în proză scurtă (Generacija '80 v kratkih zgodbah), Paralela 45, Pitești 1999.

40238 Tescani, Image, Bukarešta 1999.

Avtorjevi prevodi

Charles Simic, *Cartea zeilor și a demonilor* (*The Book of Gods and Demons*; Knjiga o bogovih in demonih); prevod iz angleščine; Paralela 45, Pitești 2002.

Prevodi

Cărtărescujeva dela so bila prevedena v angleščino, bolgarščino, francoščino, hebrejščino, italijanščino, madžarščino, nemščino, nizozemščino, norveščino, poljščino, portugalsščino, slovenščino, španščino in švedščino.

Seznam književnih prevodov v slovenščino

Nostalgiya, prev. Aleš Mustar, Študentska založba, Ljubljana 2005.

Mircea Cărtărescu was born in 1956 in Bucharest, Romania. In 1975, he graduated from Dimitrie Cantemir High School in Bucharest, and in 1980 from the Faculty of Letters at the University of Bucharest. Between 1980 and 1989, he taught Romanian language and literature at high school level, later on found employment with the Romanian Writers' Union (1989), and acted as the editor of the *Caiete critice* literary magazine between 1989 and 1990.

In 1991, he became a lecturer at the Department of Romanian Literary History at the Faculty of Letters at the University of Bucharest. In 1999, he received his PhD after successfully defending his doctoral thesis titled *Postmodernismul românesc* (Romanian Postmodernism). He was a visiting lecturer at the University of Amsterdam between 1994 and 1996, and at the University of Vienna in 2005. Between 2009 and 2010, he taught a Samuel Fisher Course at the Freie Universität in Berlin. Today, he is an associate professor at the Faculty of Letters at the University of Bucharest.

Mircea Cărtărescu is a poet, novelist, essayist, translator, literary critic,

and journalist. He is a member of the Romanian Writers' Union, the Romanian PEN Centre, and the European Cultural Parliament. So far he has published numerous articles as well as more than 20 literary works. His works, which he began to publish in 1978, have been translated into 16 languages.

He has made his mark as a prolific and prominent member of several important Romanian literary movements, such as the 80's Generation, the Blue Jeans Generation, and the Romanian Postmodernist Movement. Mircea Cărtărescu has also been the recipient of several grants and fellowships, among them the Iowa International Writing Program Fellowship (1990), the fellowship of the New Europe College in Bucharest (1995), the Rockefeller Foundation Grant in Bellagio, Italy (1997), the Anna Kruger Grant in Berlin, Germany (2000), the Hungarian Collegium Budapest Fellowship (2000), and the DAAD grant in Berlin, Germany (2001). He was also chosen for a one year residency courtesy of the Akademie Schloss Solitude in Stuttgart, (2006), for which he acted as a juror in 2009.

He was officially invited to attend the Frankfurt and the Leipzig Book Fair in Germany as a literary guest in 1997 and 1998. He has also been a guest of honour at literary evenings in Rome, Pisa, Florence, Naples, Stockholm, Berlin, and Aarhus. In 2005, he took part in the “Les belles étrangères” of the Centre National du Livre (National Book Centre) in Paris, France. In 2007, he went on promotional tours through Sweden, Italy, Germany, Austria, Switzerland, and Poland. In 2008, he was a guest at the Leipzig Book Fair, the Göteborg Book Fair and

the Torino Book Fair, while also being featured as the special guest at the “Literatur im Herbst” festival in Vienna the same year. He toured Sweden in 2009 and Austria and Germany in 2010, holding readings in Salzburg, Dresden, Berlin, and Esslingen. The same year he also held readings in Stavanger, Norway and The Hague in The Netherlands.

In 2006, the President of Romania Traian Băsescu decorated him with the Grand Officer Title for Cultural Merits.

Mircea Cărtărescu lives and works in Bucharest.

Selected Prizes and Awards

Mircea Cărtărescu has received a number of prizes for his literary achievements in poetry, prose and the essay. His most important awards include:

Romanian Writers' Union Prize in 1980 for *Faruri, vitrine, fotografii* (Headlights, Shop Windows, Photographs); in 1990 for *Levantul* (The Levant); in 1994 for *Travesti* (Travesty); and in 2008 for the *Orbitor* trilogy.

Romanian Academy Prize in 1989 for *Visul* (*The Dream*).

Ateneu magazine prize and the Tomis magazine prize in 1997.

Bucharest Writers' Association Award in 2000 and in 2003.

Moldavian Writers' Union Prize in 1994 for *Travesti* (Travesty).

Association of Professional Writers of Romania (ASPRO) Prize in 1994 (for *Travesti* (Travesty)), in 1996 and in 2002.

Romanian Editors' Association (AER) Prize in 2002 and 2003.

Flacăra magazine prize and the Cuvântul magazine prize in 1997 and in 2003, Giovanni Acerbi Prize in Italy in 2005.

Romanian "Book of the Year 2007" award in 2008 for the *Orbitor* trilogy.

Romanian National Literature Prize in 2008 for the *Orbitor* trilogy.

Selected Bibliography

Poetry

Faruri, vitrine, fotografii (Headlights, Shop Windows, Photographs), Cartea românească, Bucharest 1980.

Poeme de amor (Love Poems), Cartea românească, Bucharest 1982.

Totul (Everything), Cartea românească, Bucharest 1984.

Levantul (The Levant), Cartea românească, Bucharest 1990.

Dragostea (Love), Humanitas, Bucharest 1994.

Dublu CD (Double CD), Humanitas, Bucharest 1998.

Bebop Baby, Meeting Eyes Bindery, New York 1999.

Cincizeci de sonete (Fifty Sonnets), Brumar, Timisoara 2003.

Plurivers 1 & 2 (Pluriverse 1 & 2), Humanitas, Bucharest 2004.

Nimic (Nothing), Humanitas, Bucharest 2010.

Novels

Visul (The Dream), Cartea românească, Bucharest 1989, which was published in its entirety under the title *Nostalgia* in 1993.

Travesti (Travesty), Humanitas, Bucharest 1994.

Orbitor, vol. I - Aripa stângă (Orbitor, Volume I – The Left Wing), Humanitas, Bucharest 1996.

Orbitor, vol. II - Corpul (Orbitor, Volume II – The Body), Humanitas, Bucharest 2002

Orbitor, vol. III - Aripa dreaptă (Orbitor, Volume III – The Right Wing), Humanitas, Bucharest 2007.

Essays

Visul chimeric (The Chimeric Dream), Litera, Bucharest 1991.

Postmodernismul românesc (Romanian Postmodernism), Humanitas, Bucharest 1999.

Pururi tânăr, înfășurat în pixeli (Forever Young, Wrapped in Pixels), Humanitas, Bucharest 2003.

Baroane! (You Baron!), Humanitas, Bucharest 2005

Prose

Jurnal (Journal), Humanitas, Bucharest 2001.

De ce iubim femeile (Why We Love Women), short stories and audiobook, Humanitas, Bucharest 2004.

Jurnal I, 1990-1996, 2nd Ed., (Journal I, 1990-1996, 2nd Ed.), Humanitas, Bucharest 2005.

Jurnal II, 1997-2003, (Journal II, 1997-2003), Humanitas 2005.

La Bordel (At the Brothel), Humanitas, Bucharest 2008.

Frumoasele străine (The Beautiful Strangers), Humanitas, Bucharest 2010.

Children's Books

Enciclopedia zmeilor (The Encyclopedia of Dragons), Humanitas, Bucharest 2002.

Audiobooks

Parfumul aspru al ficțiunii (The Rough Smell of Fiction), Humanitas, Bucharest 2003.

Levantul (The Levant), Casa Radio, Bucharest 2004.

De ce iubim femeile (Why We Love Women), Humanitas, Bucharest 2004.

Poeme în garanție (Warranted Poems), Casa Radio, Bucharest 2005.

Anthologies and Collective Volumes

Desant '83 (Invasion '83), Cartea românească, Bucharest 1983.

Aer cu diamante (Air and Diamonds), Litera, Bucharest 1991.

Antologia poeziei generației '80 (The Poetry Anthology of the 80's Generation), Vlasie, Pitești 1995.

Generația '80 în proză scurtă (The 80's Generation in Short Stories), Paralela 45, Pitești 1999.

40238 Țescani, Image, Bucharest 1999.

Translations by the Author

Charles Simic, *Cartea zeilor și a demonilor* (*The Book of Gods and Demons*); translation from the English; Paralela 45, Pitești 2002.

Translations

Cărtărescu's works have been translated into Bulgarian, Dutch, English, French, German, Hebrew, Hungarian, Italian, Norwegian, Polish, Portuguese, Slovene, Spanish, and Swedish.

List of Slovene Book Translations

Nostalgiija (*Nostalgia*), trans. Aleš Mustar, Študentska založba, Ljubljana 2005.

Mircea Cărtărescu *Nagrajenec Vilenice 2011*

Lidija Dimkowska

Romunska kultura je dala Evropi avtorje in umetnike, ki niso zaznamovali samo evropske umetnosti, marveč ves evropski kulturni prostor: zadnjega romantika Mihaia Eminescuja, prvega dadaista Tristana Tzaro, zadnjega nadrealista Gelluja Nauma, prvega predstavnika dramatike absurda Eugena Ionescuja, izjemnega modernističnega pesnika Nichito Stănescuja, svetovno znanega antropologa religij Mircea Elijadreja, filozofsko vest človeštva – Ciorana, Brăncușijevo vertikalno perspektivo umetnosti, lirično pesem vileniške nagrajenke Ane Blandiane, dvodomnost proze Nobelove nagrajenke Herte Müller. Večino je svet ponesel onstran meja Romunije, vsi pa so Romunijo ponesli v svet. Med sodobniki v največji meri Mircea Cărtărescu, ki je že dvajset let najbolj bran, komentiran in popularen romunski pisatelj doma in v tujini, avtor, ki v svoji literaturi razširja meje sveta, pesnjenja/pisanja in življenja.

Že v osemdesetih letih, ko se je romunska književnost dušila pod zadnjimi pritiski cenzure Ceaușescujevega režima, je Mircea Cărtărescu radikaliziral romunsko poezijo in s svojimi pesmimi postavil mejnik med modernizmom in postmodernizmom. Bralci so spet vzeli v roke poezijo, saj se je rodil novi up, njegova poezija, polna življenja, vsakdanjika, znanega, pozabljenega, se je vročično brala. Postmodernizem je romunski književnosti dal novo priložnost, da zadira, da spet postane eksistencialni del življenja, tako kot je to uspelo pesniški generaciji v Romuniji v šestdesetih. Cela generacija, imenovana »generacija osemdesetih«, je na subtilen, notranji in do takrat nepojmljiv način tkala novo teksturo romunske književnosti. Sam Cărtărescu v svoji pisavi poudarja, da se je boril za »preklop na resničnost« v romunski poeziji. S ponedeljkovim književnim krožkom, ki ga je vrsto let vodil v Bukarešti, je med mlajšimi romunskimi pesniki ustvaril pravo šolo postmodernistične poezije. Vsak se je na svoj način priklopil na resničnost, ustvaril lastno poetiko, lasten pesniški svet. In Cărtărescujev svet je najbolj avtentičen, unikaten in neponovljiv: njega bere tako elita kot tudi preprost človek, premaknil je meje med avtorjem in bralcem na višjo raven, ko se človek pretopi v svojo narativno/lirično podobo in ko se naracija/pesem prepleta z življenjem. Junak v njegovi poeziji gre končno na ulico, vozi se s tramvajem, gre na tržnico in živi svoje lastno življenje, s svojim imenom. V vsej njegovi literaturi, naj bo lirski ali prozni, se junak imenuje Mircea. Eksistencialna in estetska plat literature in življenja se prepletata, pesnik se ne boji čustvenosti, jeze, frustracij, veselja, razgalja dušo, telo in um do skrajne meje sociološkega, političnega, fiziološkega, kulturnega in (avto)biografskega doživljanja jaza tu in zdaj. Antropocentrizem, tako značilen za postmodernizem, se je pri Cărtărescuju povezal z naracijo vsakdana, v katero vstopa tudi sen, nočna stran

dneva, magičnost, fantastika onkraj uma. V epu *Levant* (1990) za glavnega junaka vzame kar romunsko poezijo od njenega začetka do nastanka epa in v metatekstualni maniri na homerski način preizkuša vse pesniške govorice romunskega jezika. V tem epu poda celotno zgodovino romunske poezije, ri(t) mizirano, romantizirano in poklicano na različne načine (prek jezikovnih iger, pesniških in kritičnih referenc, arhaiziranih besed, navdihnjene apologije in čutne, metafizične parodije, prek lirskega kronotopa, ki v istem prostoru in času v tej pesniški retrospektivi združuje vse like).

Postmodernisti so ustvarjali z enciklopedijo na mizi, Cărtărescu pa sam ustvarja enciklopedijo resničnosti in sna. Postavlja ju v okvir biografizma, stilistične sinhronije, avtoreferenčnosti in magičnega realizma in prek groteske in humorja pooseblja novo poetiko, ki prekaša vsako literarno smer, četudi je ta največkrat poimenovana kot realistično-oniristična. Meje med fantastičnim in navadnim, med nadnaravnim in naravnim, med objektivnim in subjektivnim se v njegovi (avto)fikciji brišejo. To je še posebej značilno za prozo, s katero je Cărtărescu revolucionarno spremenil naracijo v romunski književnosti, prekosil je formulo postmodernizma in začel pripovedovati zgodbe, ki jih skupaj, v tandemu, pišeta resničnost in sen. Njegove novele, kratke zgodbe, romani, dnevniki, eseji, večina jih je prevedenih v tuje jezike, postavljajo kontrapunkt vsemu in vsakomur: strukturi kaos, bolečini humor, nostalgiji ironijo, resničnosti sen, snu resničnost. Roman *Nostalgija*, ki je leta 1989 cenzurirano izšel pod naslovom *Sen*, leta 1993 pa v končni obliki (in je leta 2005 izšel tudi v slovenskem prevodu), je Cărtărescu napisal tik pred padcem režima in v njem je čutiti vzdusje ideološkega tiščanja, cmoka v grlu, labirint politično-psihološkega konteksta, vse je ovito v onirično vato, ki ne dopušča, da bi v roman prodrli dnevno-politična preferenčnost, marveč pokaže razsežna stanja žalostno-vesele, nostalgичne romunske duše skozi otroške oči, na popolnoma sinkretičen način. Junaki v petih zgodbah *Nostalgije* so povezani z vzdusjem halucinantnega v resničnem času in prostoru, povezuje jih fantastična preobrazba njihovih duš, teles, značajev in možganov, otroštvo diši po prašnih ulicah bukareškega predmestja; ko deklice in dečki prodirajo v onstranski prostor in čas, v bistvu prodirajo v čakro spoznanja, odraščanja in občutka nostalgije, ki je v vsej njegovi literaturi ontološki občutek.

V neprekosljivi trilogiji *Orbitor* bralec malodane telesno občuti svet v svetu, Bukarešto v Bukarešti in glavnega junaka v pripovedovalcu. Fantastično in realistično sta perspektivi, značilni za njegovo poetiko, povezano s toposom Bukarešte, mestom izkušnje in sna v njegovi literaturi. Dickens je imel London, Dostojevski Petrograd, O'Hara New York, Baudelaire Pariz, Cărtărescu pa ima Bukarešto. Njegova Bukarešta je popolnoma realistična in hkrati popolnoma onirična, je alter ego pisatelja, urban prostor, ki mu nudi neverjetna doživetja, pohajkovanja, srečanja, soočenja s prebivalci in s samim seboj. Locirana je v prostoru in času, v zgodovini in v geografiji, po njenih ulicah vozijo obstoječi tramvaji, pogledi z oken so usmerjeni na obstoječe stavbe, strehe, dimnike, tržnice. Toda takoj za ovinkom, v kletih,

na podstrehah, v kanalih, v nedokončanih stavbah in v vseh nevidnih kotičkih mesta se odvija vzporedno življenje, po labirintih se gibljejo čudežni liki, navadni ljudje pridobivajo nadnaravne moči, časi se prepletajo, religija je rep zgodovine, mitologija se norčuje iz politike, podzemno mesto je urban prostor sna. Bukarešta v petdesetih, ki je zaznamovala življenje pripovedovalčeve matere, iz katere avtor naredi izjemno razburljivo, skorajda mistificirano podobo, se giblje pred našimi očmi popolnoma vizualizirano, obarvano, živo. Tudi romunsko podeželje je zaznamovalo pripovedovalca s svojimi magičnimi izkušnjami, z ritualnim, vraževernim in verskim vzdušjem, ki niso le spomini iz otroštva, ampak tako kot tudi sam v romanu pravi: bistvo svetega je – obujanje spominov.

V njegovi književnosti vsi liki svet doživljajo na treh ravneh: na duševni, duhovni in telesni, toda ta trikotnik osebnosti se pri njih pretaplja iz enega v drugega in sestavlja univerzum novih arhetipov. Cărtărescu gre vedno do konca svojih moči, ki pa so nepojmljivo velike: opisati, napisati in pisati zgodbo, ki se razvija z močjo radikalne domišljije, iskrenosti, odkritosti, z brisanjem meje med književnostjo in življenjem. Bralec osupne ob popolni razgaljenosti jaza v njegovih dnevniških in esejističnih knjigah, pesmih in romanih. To še posebej velja za knjigo (avto)biografskih zgodb *Zakaj ljubimo ženske*, ki je izšla v zbirki *Knjiga z nočne omarice* bukareške založbe Humanitas, ki objavlja vse Cărtărescujeve knjige, in je knjiga, ki se je resnično našla na vsaki ženski (pa tudi moški) nočni omarici, in to ne samo v Romuniji. Zgodba *Antraks* iz njegove zadnje knjige *Lepe tujke* na satiričen in duhovit način prikazuje romunsko birokracijo v kafkovski dimenziji resničnosti. Cărtărescu se dotakne vsega, kar se dotakne njega, in mojstrsko pripelje zgodbo do vrhunca. V njegovi književnosti bralca navduši občutek brezmejnosti, neskončnosti, odprtosti in tudi demitizacija avtorja, estetski nudizem osebnosti, avtoironija, otroška iskrenost izraza. Četudi zdaj le redko piše poezijo in četudi vé, »da še nobena pesem nobenemu človeku ni spremenila življenja«, je pravzaprav avtor, ki je literarnemu izrazu v vsem svojem literarnem opusu znal ponuditi bistveno poetičnost, poiesis, jedro literature. Ko demitizira podobo pisatelja, umetnika, le-to paradoksalno poda v novi obliki. Je eden tistih sodobnih pisateljev in intelektualcev, ki si ne zatiska oči pred svetom, v katerem živi, na lokalni in globalni, na univerzalni in osebni ravni. V eni svojih najnovejših pesmi, avtobiografski pesnitvi *Zahod*, na parodičen način opisuje svoje srečanje z Zahodom, svoj položaj v globalnem kontekstu literature in življenja, v katerem »ne najdem svojega mesta, nisem od tu in ne morem biti od tam«. Beremo ga kot avtorja, ki iz svoje osamljenosti, drugačnosti in eksistencialnih vprašanj ustvarja igro, ki pa je smrtno resna, resnična in usodna.

Za Mircea Cărtărescuja, danes šestinpetdesetletnega romunskega pisatelja, romunski bralci tiskajo pesti, da bo odšel v Stockholm po Nobelovo nagrado za književnost. Dobro je, da smo z našo, vileniško nagrado, ki se mu podeljuje za vse, kar je doslej napisal, objavil, ustvaril in kar še bo, prehiteli stockholmsko akademijo.

Mircea Cărtărescu
The Vilenica 2011 Prize Winner

Lidija Dimkovska

Romanian culture has presented Europe with authors and artists destined to leave their mark not on European art alone, but on the whole of European cultural space: the last Romantic, Mihai Eminescu; the first Dadaist, Tristan Tzara; the last Surrealist, Gellu Naum; the first representative of the Theatre of the Absurd, Eugène (Eugen) Ionescu; the exceptional Modernist poet, Nichita Stănescu; the world-famous anthropologist of religion, Mircea Eliade; the philosophical conscience of humanity – Cioran; Brăncuși's vertical perspective of art; the lyric poem by the Vilenica Award winner, Ana Blandiana; the prose springing from the two homelands of the Nobel laureate, Herta Müller. Most of these were launched beyond Romania's borders by the world, while Romania itself was launched into the world by all of them – among our contemporaries most notably by Mircea Cărtărescu, who has been for twenty years the most widely read, popular and discussed Romanian writer at home and abroad, an author whose writings extend the limits of the world, of writing, of life.

As early as the 1980s, with Romanian literature suffocating in the last clutches of the Ceaușescu regime censorship, Romanian poetry was radicalised by Mircea Cărtărescu, whose poems marked the watershed between Modernism and Postmodernism. Poetry was being picked up by readers again, for a new hope had been born; his poetry, teeming with life, the commonplace, the known, the forgotten, was read feverishly. Postmodernism gave Romanian literature another chance to draw its breath, to become again an existential part of life, as the Romanian poets' generation of the 1960s had succeeded in doing. A whole generation, dubbed the "generation of the eighties", was weaving a new texture of Romanian literature in a subtle inward manner not conceivable before. Cărtărescu himself emphasises that he had struggled for a "switch to reality" in Romanian poetry. The Monday literary circle which he led for years in Bucharest established a proper school of Postmodernist poetry among the younger Romanian poets. Each of them found his own way of connecting to reality, of creating his own poetics, his own poetic world. And the most authentic, unique and inimitable is the world of Cărtărescu himself: read by the elite and the common man alike, he has shifted the barriers between author and reader to a higher level, where man blends into his own narrative/lyric image and the narration/poem interweaves with life. The protagonist of his poetry finally walks out into the street, rides the tram, goes to the market, and lives his own life, under his own name. In all his literature, whether lyric poetry or prose, the protagonist's name is Mircea. The existential and aesthetic facets of literature and of life interweave; unafraid of

emotionality, anger, frustrations, joy, the poet bares his soul, body and mind to the utmost limits of the sociological, political, physiological, cultural and (auto)biographical experience of the self here and now. Anthropocentrism, so characteristic of Postmodernism, joins hands with a narration of everyday life mingled with dreams, with the night side of day, with magic, fantasy, what is beyond the mind. The protagonist of Cărtărescu's epic poem *The Levant* (*Levantul*, 1990) is Romanian poetry itself, from its beginnings up to the composition of this same epic, which, in a metatextual manner, makes a Homeric sweep through all poetic idioms of the Romanian language. The epic gives the entire history of Romanian poetry, set in rhyme/rhythm, romanticised, and evoked in sundry ways (through word play, reference to poetry and to criticism, archaic diction, inspired apology, and sensuous, metaphysical parody, through a lyric chronotope which unites in this poetic retrospective all figures in a single space and time).

Postmodernists worked with encyclopaedias on their desks. Cărtărescu, on the other hand, creates an encyclopaedia of reality and dreams himself. Steeping both of them in biographism, stylistic synchronicity, auto-referentiality and magic realism, he embodies through the humorous and grotesque a new poetics which transcends any single literary trend, although it is usually dubbed "realistic oneirism". His (auto)fiction blurs the distinctions between fantastic and ordinary, supernatural and natural, objective and subjective. This is particularly true of his prose, which brought a revolutionary change to the narration in Romanian literature: transcending the formula of Postmodernism, Cărtărescu began to tell stories written jointly by reality and dreams. His novellas, short stories, novels, journals, essays (most of them translated into other languages) set a counterpoint to everything and everyone: chaos to structure, humour to pain, irony to nostalgia, dreams to reality, reality to dreams. The novel *Nostalgia*, which appeared in a censored version, *The Dream* (*Visul*), in 1989, and in its final edition in 1993 (the Slovenian translation, *Nostalgija*, came out in 2005), written shortly before the fall of the regime, exudes an atmosphere of ideological chafing, a lump in the throat, a labyrinthine political and psychological context: everything is wrapped in an oneiric cocoon which keeps the preferences of daily politics at bay, demonstrating instead the oceanic states of the sad-happy, nostalgic Romanian soul through children's eyes, in a completely syncretic manner. The protagonists in the five tales composing *Nostalgia* are connected through a hallucinatory atmosphere in real time and space, connected by the fantastic metamorphoses of their souls, bodies, characters, minds. Childhood has the smell of dusty streets in the Bucharest suburbs as the boys and girls make their way into the space and time beyond, into the chakra of knowledge, of growing up and nostalgia – which is, in all of Cărtărescu's writings, an ontological sense.

The unsurpassable trilogy *Dazzling Light* (*Orbitor*) gives the reader a well-nigh physical experience of a world within the world, a Bucharest within Bucharest,

the protagonist within the narrator. The fantastic and the realistic are the typical perspectives of his poetics relating to the topic of Bucharest, presented in his literature as a city of experience and dreams. If Dickens had London, Dostoevsky St. Petersburg, O'Hara New York, and Baudelaire Paris, then Cărtărescu has Bucharest. His Bucharest is completely realistic yet at the same time completely oneiric, the writer's alter ego, an urban space providing incredible experiences, wanderings, meetings, confrontations with the residents and with his own self. On the one hand it is anchored in space and time, in history and geography, its streets bustling with actually existing tramcars, the windows overlooking existing buildings, roofs, chimneys, market places. But just around the corner, in the cellars, attics, sewers, unfinished buildings, in all invisible nooks and crannies of the city, thrives a parallel life: magical figures moving through labyrinths, ordinary people gaining extraordinary powers, time periods interweaving with each other; religion is the tail of history, mythology mocks politics, the underground city is an urban space of dreams. The Bucharest of the fifties, which marked the life of the narrator's mother (built up into a thrilling, well-nigh mystic figure), moves before our eyes in a fully visualised, colourful, lifelike manner. Another environment to have left its stamp on the narrator is the Romanian countryside with its magical experiences and its ritual, superstitious, religious atmosphere, which are not mere childhood memories; as he says himself in the novel, the essence of the holy is – recalling memories. All Cărtărescu's characters experience the world at three levels – the psychic, the spiritual, and the physical, but this triangle of personality blends from one level into another, forming a universe of new archetypes. Cărtărescu always pushes his abilities to the extreme, and they are formidable indeed: to describe, compose, and write a story powered by a radical imagination, sincerity, openness, a story blurring the line between literature and life. The reader is astonished at the complete denudation of the self in Cărtărescu's journals and essays, poems and novels. This is particularly true of his book of (auto)biographical stories, *Why We Love Women* (*De ce iubim femeile*), issued in the "Book from the Nightstand" (Cartea de pe noptiera) series at the Bucharest publishing house Humanitas, which publishes all of Cărtărescu's work: this book found its way to the nightstand of every woman (and man), and not only in Romania. The story *Anthrax* from his latest book, *The Beautiful Strangers* (*Frumoasele străine*), offers a satirical and witty portrayal of the Romanian bureaucracy in a Kafkaesque dimension of reality. Touching on everything that touches him, Cărtărescu masterfully brings each story to its climax. His literature enthralls the reader with its sense of boundlessness, infinity, openness, as well as with its demythologisation of the author, its aesthetic nudism of the personality, its self-irony, its childlike candour of expression. Although he rarely writes poetry these days and is aware that "no poem has ever changed anyone's life", he has been able to suffuse his entire *oeuvre* with an essential poetic quality, *poiesis*,

the core of literature. Demythologising the image of the writer, the artist, he paradoxically presents it in a different form. He is one of the contemporary writers and intellectuals who do not close their eyes to the world they live in – at a local or global, universal or personal level. One of his latest poems, the autobiographical poem *The West (Occidentul)*, is a parodic description of his encounter with the West, of his position in the global context of literature and life, where “I don’t find my place, I’m no longer from here and cannot be from there”. We read him as an author who uses his loneliness, his otherness, his existential questions to create a game – one that is deadly serious, real, and fatal.

For Mircea Cărtărescu, a Romanian author who is now fifty-six, Romanian readers are keeping their fingers crossed that he will go to Stockholm to receive the Nobel Prize for literature. It is good to know that our Vilenica prize, awarded to him for everything that he has written, published, created, as well as for all his works still to come, has anticipated the Swedish Academy.

Translated by Nada Grošelj

Orbitor

(fragment)

Până la urmă mă cufundam totuși în somn, înfășurat într-un cocon de vise scămoase. Mă topeam în vis ca zahărul în apă, alunecam ca un cursor pe cremaliera uitării. Tresăream uneori atât de violent, încât parcă totul se zdruncina în mine. Alteori veneam în picaj ca un lift vechi care s-ar prăbuși într-un puț nesfârșit. Mutre și măști oribile, cu obrajii rușiți, cu ochii ieșiți din orbite, cu creierul la vedere mi se arătau o clipă și se topeau în câte un răcnet de animal agonizant. O voce sfoasă îmi șoptea numele, foarte aproape de ureche. Încet, o spumă de cuvinte-imagini inunda ecranul retinelor și cineva compunea din petele aleatorii povești și peisaje, cum le găsisem și eu în tapetul studioului și în mozaicul de pe jos, din sala de baie. Un deget de chiromant, cu ghiul grosolan de aur la rădăcină, se plimba-n palma visului meu, interpreta și profeția, se-mpotmolea în riduri haotice și deodată încercuia cu unghia câte un delușor de piele limpede, prin sticla căreia răzbăteau copăceii venelor și arterelor. Delir acru, tocătură de ațe colorate, gunoaie menajere în mormane – și pe neașteptate imense priveliști de Altdorfer, oceane cu corăbii, munți albaștri cu fiare de ambră, bălăii în care fiecare nasture și fiecare floare de crin de pe drapele și fiecare aluniciță de pe fețele oștenilor erau vizibile ca sub o lupă orbitoare. Cetăți de marmură, abstruse, cu coloane răsucite și ferestre rotunde ca-n Desiderio Monsú. Carcere ca în Piranesi. Amurguri prăbușite peste construcții depopulate, severe și singure, în jurul cărora mă rotesc în zbor lent, trecând foarte aproape de mascaroanele de sub acoperiș, alternând cu ferestre incendiate pe care scrie HARDMUTH. În seara încheată ca sângele, marmura însăși devine brună, cu geometria scoasă-n relief de dungulițe roșii. Astfel de dungi și panglici de lumină de seară tivesc frunzele de acant din imensele capitelluri, șerpilor de piatră din părul gorgonelor, sfârcurile și părul pubian al atlașilor vii, estropiați, care susțin balcoanele. Trec, mărunț ca un purice, pe sub imense porticuri, pătrund în săli cu pardoseala dulce, mozaicată, sub cupole înalte până la stele, rătăcesc prin labirinturi de camere cu tapet cu desen sinuos, ies prin uși de cristal, pentru o nouă scufundare în afazie, neînțelegere, delir și dejecții. Jungle cu ochiuri de apă limpede, mlaștini cu viziuni de cetăți eterne: cartografia de-atunci a visului meu. Și-n viața din vis îmi aduceam aminte de alte vise. Știam: în construcția asta roz, ca din cuburi pentru copii, mai fusesem odată. Mai avusesem odată un păianjen complet transparent rășchirat în palma mea, greu ca o sferă de cuarț, doar cu punga de venin pulsându-i, smarald, în pântec. Mai strânsesem odată ochii, orbit de flacăra zorilor, într-una din radele acestei imposibile Veneții. Existau canale între vise, ele comunicau așa cum construcțiile din București comunicau toate unele cu altele, așa cum fiecare zi a vieții mele, la distanță de ani sau de luni, sau de o singură noapte, se lega prin tuburi filiforme, insesizabile, de toate celelalte. Dar

nu toate catacombele, tuburile, cablurile, sârmele și canalele erau la fel de importante. Magistrale ale visului virau brusc în autostrăzi ale realității, creând constelații și engrame pe care cineva, de foarte sus, le-ar fi putut citi ca pe un tatuaj multicolor, iar cineva de foarte jos le-ar fi simțit pe propria piele, ca pe tortura sadică a tatuării. Mă trezeam uneori în toiul nopții cu o mână complet moartă, rece ca pielea de șarpe și ciudat de grea, obiect moale pe care-l puteam mișca doar cu cealaltă mână. O vedeam negru-vânăta în minte și o fricționam cu neînțelegerea și teroarea cu care aș fi mângâiat o anacondă pe spinarea mozaicată, în speranța absurdă că voi putea s-o simt vreodată ca făcând parte din mine. Cum îi dădeam drumul, se revărsa la loc pe pernă, și doar când mișcările de du-te-vino pe pielea rece se înteeau, carnea inertă începea să-nțepe și eu mă strecuram din nou în mănua amorțită. Dantela ei de nervi, vene, canale limfatice și tubușoare de energie psihică se-nsuflețea din nou și curând schema mea corporală era din nou completă.

Visele mă trăgeau și ele-n trecut. Timp de vreo doi ani, înainte de construirea blocului de vizavi, visasem periodic cățărări pe piscuri de o înălțime amețitoare. De obicei, în interiorul stâncii negre, subțire ca un zgârie-nori, se aflau spații locuite și scări, dar eu preferam să sui pe deasupra, să mă agăț din piatră-n piatră, mereu mai sus, până ajungeam în vârful pierdut în ceață. Acum însă piscurile și turnurile dispăruseră, și visul mă purta prin spații scufundate, ude de emoție, prin clădiri și odăi pe care le recunoșteam, fără să știu de unde, când mai fusesem acolo, ce mi se-ntâmplase acolo de provocase plânsul isteric de-acum, leșinul ăsta și tristețea neomenească a viețuirii în acele interioare. Visam construcții scufundate într-o apă limpede și rece, pe care o puteam respira, dar care opunea rezistență înaintării mele. Prin lumina difuză, fluturându-mi părul prin curenții lichizi, mă-ndreptam spre masivele ruine, spre pereții galbeni și albaștri aflați la mii de metri adâncime, pe fundul apei. Crabi roșii se târau pe nisip, și câte un peștișor zvâcnea în dreptul unei ferestre. Fațadele erau putrede și ruinate. Pătrundeam prin uși umflate și-ncrustate cu scoici în interioare pline de-o apă tulbure. Ce-nalte erau camerele! Cât de mâncate de decadență și melancolie! Tișlaifăre brodate pluteau deasupra servantei, într-un pahar de cristal roșu din vitrină răsărise un crin de mare, corali se înălțau din mocirla tocită a covorului, parazitată de cril. În closet o caracatiță își făcuse cuibul, iar în cadă se rotea un praf scânteietor. Exploram fiecare cameră, încercând să-mi dau seama unde mă aflui, de unde cunosc marele radio cu clape de fildes și ochi magic, mașina de cusut cu pedală, corodată până la nemairecunoaștere, tabloul cu doi pisici de lână, a cărui ramă înflorise în milioane de viermi pâlăitori. Până și scaunele, răsturnate și clătinate de curenți, îmi erau familiare. Da, stătusem odată între picioarele lor ridicate oblic în aer, mă legănasem acolo în seri galbene de primăvară. O singurătate cum nu poate trăi nici un om în viața reală, care-ți rupe oasele ca un animal sălbatic, îmi sfârteca organele interne. Visul se

sfârșea când găseam în bucătărie, culcat la picioarele bătrânului răcitor, un mare cadavru legănat de curenți. Femeia cangrenată de sare umplea toată podeaua de ciment mozaicat. Fustele i se topiseră și se-ncălciseră cu brădet de mare ca o pastă, ca un jeleu cafeniu. Mașina de gătit i se-ncrustase într-un șold, iar părul i se-ncurcase-n perdeaua cu fluturi de fundă. Patru-cinci metri să fi avut marea statuie putredă, înfășurată în cârpe.

Mă trezeam abătut, frustrat ca un amnezic care nu-și poate aminti cine e. Încercam să retrăiesc zone vaste și moarte ale minții mele. Pe mediul de cultură al talamusului meu, acolo între hipocamp și amigdală, se ridicaseră câteva clădiri butaforice. Deasupra aveau marea lumină boreală a cortexului. Recapitulam: de la nașt tere până la doi ani – pe Siliștra, o stradă de mahala din cartierul Colentina; de la doi la trei ani – la bloc, în Floreasca, lângă un garaj; de la trei la cinci ani – la vilă, tot în Floreasca, dar pe o frumoasă și tăcută alee, cu nume de compozitor italian. Apoi, în Ștefan cel Mare, în marele bloc lipit de Miliție. Astea erau compartimentele uitate ale cochiliei mele, construite unele după altele, ca un șir de țeste tot mai voluminoase, de mîntea mea, și lăsate în urmă să se carieze ca niște măsele, până la gingia sângerândă. Știam că locuisem acolo, păstram câteva imagini încă, dar nici o trăire, nici o emoție, nimic adevărat. Cele trei-patru clădiri erau ca dinții strâmbi din proteza mamei, neînervați și neirigați de ațișoarele venei și arterei. Plastic, plastic ordinar și stupid. Bănuiam că ușile lor erau doar gravate în pereți, că interioarele erau pline, masive, ca umplutura din bomboanele praline, deci că totul era o grosolană imitație de bălci. Dar dădeam târcoale acestor edificii tot mai încăpățânat, căci ele erau totuși singurele repere în căutarea asta. Încercam să reconstitui animalul meu cerebral în ciudatul lui balet prin timp, pipăind bosele clădirilor succesive, țestelor succesive în care se adăpostise, clădite din balele lui calcaroase. Răbdător, cărnița minții zidise camere și acoperișuri, peisaje și fapte. Crescând, le părăsise uscate și goale ca țestele îngălbenite de câini, pe maidane, sau ca interiorul curat, de cauciuc, al capetelor de păpuși.

Orbitor

(odlomek)

Na koncu sem le potonil v sen, ovit v zapredek štrenastih sanj. Kot sladkor v vodi sem se topil v snu, kot drsnik drsel po zobati letvi pozabe. Včasih sem se tako močno stresel, da sem imel občutek, da se v meni vse maje. Spet drugič sem letel navpično kot staro dvigalo, ki je strmoglavilo v neskončni jašek. Za trenutek so se mi prikazali grozljivi obrazi in maske, s strganimi lici, z očmi zunaj očesne votline, da so se jim videli možgani, in se nato stopili v rjojenju živali med smrtnim bojem. Nek plašen glas mi je zašepetal ime tik ob ušesu. Počasi je pena iz besed – slik preplavila ekran očesnih mren in nekdo je iz naključnih madežev sestavljajal zgodbe in pokrajine, kakršne sem tudi sam našel na tapetah v kabinetu in v mozaiku na tleh kopalnice. Prst vedeževalca z grobim zlatim prstanom pri korenini je drsel po dlani mojih sanj, interpretiral je in prerokoval, se zatikal v kaotične gube in naenkrat z nohtom obkrožil hribček iz prozorne kože, skozi steklo, na katerem so se videla drevesca ven in kapilar. Kisel delirij, zmes iz barvastih niti, kupi gospodinjskih odpadkov – in naenkrat ogromne Altdorferjeve pokrajine, oceani z jadrnicami, modre gore z zvermi iz jantarja, bitke, v katerih se je kot pod slepečo lupo videl vsak gumb, vsak cvet lilije na zastavi in vsako znamenje na vojščakovem obrazu. Marmorne, nejasne trdnjave z zavitimi stebri in okroglimi okni kot pri Desiderioju Monsúju. Ječe kot pri Piranesiju. Polmraki, zrušeni na nenaseljene, stroge in osamljene zgradbe, okrog katerih krožim v počasnem letu, ko se približam rilcem pod streho, ki se izmenjujejo z gorečimi okni, na katerih piše HARDMUTH. V večeru, strjenem kot kri, porjavi tudi marmor, z geometrijo, ki jo poudarjajo rdeče progice. Takšne proge in trakovi večerne svetlobe obroblyajo liste akanta ogromnih kapitelov, kamnite kače v laseh gorgon, bradavičke in sramne dlake živih pohabljenih atlasov, ki podpirajo balkone. Drobčen kot bolha se sprehodim pod ogromnimi stebriščnimi vhodi, vstopam v sobe s sladkimi, mozaičnimi tlemi, hodim pod kupolami, ki segajo do zvezd, tavam v labirintu soban s tapetami z vijugastimi vzorci, ven grem skozi kristalna vrata, da bi se znova potopil v nemost, nerazumevanje, delirij in iztrebke. Džungle z lužami kristalne vode, močvirja z vizijami večnih trdnjav: takratna kartografija mojih sanj. Tudi v sanjskem življenju sem se spominjal drugih sanj. Vedel sem: v tej rožnati zgradbi kot iz kock za otroke sem že bil. Enkrat sem že imel čisto prozornega pajka, ki mi je lezel po dlani, težkega kot krogla iz kremenca, ki mu je v trebuhu utripala samo smaragdna strupna žleza. Enkrat sem že močno zatisnil oči, zaslepljen od plamena jutranjih zor v enem od pristanišč teh nemogočih Benetk. Med sanjami so bili kanali, ki so se povezovali, tako kot so se druga z drugo povezovala zgradbe v Bukarešti, tako kot se je vsak dan mojega življenja na razdalji več let ali mesecev ali ene same noči prek nezaznavnih štrenastih cevi povezoval z drugimi dnevi. Toda vse katakombe, cevi, žice in kanali

niso bili enako pomembni. Magistrale sanj so se hitro zlile v avtoceste resničnosti, ustvarjale ozvezdja in engrame, ki bi jih od zgoraj kdo lahko bral kot večbarvno tetovažo, kdo od zelo spodaj pa bi jih na lastni koži lahko občutil kot sadistično trpinčenje tetoviranja. Včasih sem se sredi noči zbudil s popolnoma mrtvo roko, mrzlo kot kačja koža in čudno težko, bila je mehek predmet, ki sem ga lahko premikal samo z drugo roko. V mislih sem jo videl kot črno modrikasto, nerazumno sem jo gnetel, z grozo, ki bi jo občutil, če bi po mozaični hrbtnici božal anakondo in nesmiselno upal, da jo bom še kdaj lahko čutil kot del sebe. Ko sem jo spustil, je spet padla na blazino in šele ko so gibi sem in tja na hladni koži pridobili na moči, je negibno meso dobilo mravljinca in jaz sem se znova zmuznil v ohromelo rokavico. Njene čipke iz živcev, žil, limfnih kanalov in cevčic psihične energije so znova oživele in kmalu je bil moj telesni obris spet popoln. Tudi sanje so me potiskale v preteklost. Približno dve leti pred tem, ko so nasproti zgradili nov blok, sem nenehno sanjal plezanje na vrhove z vrtoglavo višino. Ponavadi so bili v črni, kot nebotičnik tanki skali naseljeni prostori in stopnišča, a sem se raje povzpел po zunanji strani, se oprijemal enega kamna za drugim, vedno više, dokler nisem prispel do v meglo ovitega vrha. Zdaj so vrhovi in stolpi izginili, sanje me nosijo po pogreznjenih prostorih, mokrih od razburjenja, po stavbah in sobah, ki sem jih prepoznaval, ne da bi vedel od kod, kdaj sem tam že bil in kaj se je takrat zgodilo, zato se me je lotil sedanji histerični jok, ta omedlevica in nečloveška žalost življenja v takšnih notranjostih. Sanjal sem zgradbe, potopljene v bistro in mrzlo vodo, ki sem jo lahko vdihaval in ki me je ovirala, da bi vztrajno hodil dalje. Skozi razpršeno svetlobo, ko so mi med tekočimi tokovi plapolali lasje, sem se napotil proti ogromnim ruševinam, proti rumenim in modrim stenam, ki so se nahajale več tisoč metrov globoko na vodnem dnu. Po pesku so se plazili rdeči raki, vsake toliko je pred oknom skočila riba. Fasade so bile plesnive in uničene. Skozi nabrekla in s školjkami okrašena vrata sem vstopal v notranjosti, polne razburkane vode. Kako visoke so bile sobe! Kako sta jih načeli dekadenca in melanholija! Nad servirno mizico so pluli vezeni prti, v kozarcu iz rdečega kristala v vitrini je zrasla velika lilija, iz oguljene mlake na preprogi so se dvigale korale, na katerih je kot parazit živel kril. Na stranišču si je gnezdo naredila hobotnica, v banji pa se je vrtel iskreči se prah. Preiskal sem vsako sobo, poskušal ugotoviti, kje sem, od kod poznam radio z gumbi iz slonovine in magičnim očesom, šivalni stroj s tako zarjavelim pedalom, da je bil nerazpoznaven, sliko z dvema volnenima mačkama, katere okvir je zacvetel od na tisoče gomazečih črvov. Celo stoli, ki jih je razmetal in razmajal preprih, so mi bili znani. Ja, enkrat sem že sedel med njihovimi kvišku obrnjenimi krivimi nogami in se gugal ob rumenih pomladnih večerih. Osamljenost, ki je v resničnem življenju ne doživi nihče in ki ti kot divja zver polomi noge, je načela moje notranje organe. Sanj je bilo konec, ko sem se v kuhinji sklonil k nogam stare hladilne omare in tam

našel veliko truplo, ki se je pozibavalo na prepihu. Ženska, ki jo je razžrla sol, je zapolnila vsa tla iz mozaičnega cementa. Njena krila so se stopila, pomešala so se z morskim rastlinjem kot rjava pasta, kot rjavi žele. Štedilnik se je zajedel v njene boke in lasje so se ji zapletli v zaveso z metuljastimi pentljami. Štiri ali pet metrov je moral biti visok velik, razjeden in v krpe ovit kip.

Zbudil sem se čisto na tleh, zavrt kot sklerotik, ki se ne more spomniti, kdo je. Poskušal sem znova podoživeti prostrana in mrtva področja svojega uma. Na gojišču klic mojega talamusa, tam med hipotalamusom in amigdalo je zraslo nekaj stavb iz kaširanega papirja. Nad njimi je svetila velika severna svetloba opne. Ponavljal sem: od rojstva do drugega leta – na Silistri, predmestni ulici v četrti Colentina, od drugega do tretjega leta – v bloku, v četrti Floreasca, ob neki garaži, od tretjega do petega leta – v vili, tudi v Floreasci, toda tistikrat na tihem in lepem drevoredu, poimenovanem po italijanskem skladatelju. Potem na bulvarju Štefana Velikega, v velikem bloku, ki se je dotikal Milice. To so bili pozabljeni kupeji moje polžje hiške, kot cela vrsta vse večjih lobanj, na katere je moj um pozabil, ki so jih pustili za sabo, da bi jih kot zobe razjedel karies vse do krvavečih dlesni. Vem, da sem tam stanoval, nekaj spominov sem še ohranil, toda nobenega doživetja, nobenega čustva, nič resničnega. Tiste tri ali štiri stavbe so bile kot krivi zobje v protezi moje matere, z mrtvimi živci, ki jih štrene ven in arterij niso več oskrbovale s krvjo. Plastika, čisto navadna plastika in neumnost. Domneval sem, da so njihova vrata samo gravirana v stene, da so notranjosti polne, masivne, kot nadev pralinejev, da je bilo vse groba, poceni imitacija. Vem, da sem se vse bolj trmasto vrtel okrog teh stavb, saj so bile v tem iskanju moja edina markacija. Poskušal sem rekonstruirati svojo možgansko žival v njenem čudnem baletu, z otipavanjem izboklin druge za drugo sledečih si stavb, lobanj, v katere se je zatekla, ki so jih zgradili iz njene poapnele slin. Potrpežljivo je mèsek uma zgradil sobe in strehe, pokrajine in dejanja. Ko je zrasel, jih je pustil suhe in prazne kot porumenele lobanje psov na nepozidanih zemljiščih ali kot čisto notranjost glav lutk iz gume.

Prevedel Aleš Mustar

Orbitor

(Excerpt)

Nevertheless I at last sunk deeply in sleep, wrapped in a cocoon of fuzzy dreams. I dissolved into sleep like sugar in water, glided like a slider on a rack of forgetfulness. I sometimes started so violently, that everything inside me seemed to shake. At other times I dove straight down like an old elevator crashing into a bottomless shaft. Horrible faces and masks, with ripped cheeks, with eyes popping out of their sockets, with brains exposed for a second then melting away in the roar of a dying animal. I could hear my name whispered by a shy voice very close to my ear. Gradually, a lather of words-images flooding the screen of my retinas and someone composing stories and landscapes out of aleatory stains, like those I had seen on the studio wallpaper and in the mosaic of the bathroom floor. The finger of a palmist, with a vulgar gold ring at its root, glided over the palm of my dream, interpreted and prophesied, stuck in chaotic wrinkles and suddenly let its nail encircle a hillock of clear skin, through the glass of which you could see little trees of veins and arteries. A sour delirium, a minced mass of colorful threads, heaps of garbage – and all at once vast landscapes by Altdorfer, oceans with boats, blue mountains with amber beasts, battles in which every button and every lily on the flag and every mole on the warriors' faces could be seen, as if under a blinding magnifying glass. Abstruse marble fortresses, with winding pillars and round windows like in Desiderio Monsú. Dungeons like in Piranesi. Twilights over lonely buildings, deserted and austere around which I circled in slow flight, passing close right by the gargoyles under the roof, which alternate with windows set aflame, the word **HARDMUTH** written on them. Marble itself turns brown, its geometry thrown into relief by little red stripes in the evening clotted like blood. Such stripes and ribbons of light are stitched around the huge acanthus leaves of the pillar's capitals, around the stone serpents in the Gorgons' hair, around the nipples and pubic hair of Atlases alive and crippled, holding up the balconies. I appear as small as a flea passing under immense porticoes, I step into halls with sweet mosaic floors, under domes reaching up to stars, I wander in a labyrinth of rooms wallpapered with sinewy designs, I go out crystal doors steeped yet again in aphasia, incomprehension, delirium and manure. Jungles with clear water ponds, marshland with visions of eternal fortresses: the cartography of my dream at that time. And in my dream life I could remember other dreams. I knew: I had been there before, in that pink construction that seemed made of children's blocks. I'd held a totally transparent spider sprawling in my palm, a heavy spider like a quartz sphere, its emerald poison sack throbbing in its belly. I had closed my eyes tight before, blinded by the flame of dawn in one of impossible Venice's bays. Channels existed between dreams, able to connect, as all the Bucharest buildings connect to one another, as every day of

my life could relate to all the others by invisible filiform pipes, at a distance of years or months, or of a single night. But not all catacombs, pipes, cables, wires and channels were equally important. The dream thoroughfares swerved suddenly into real world highways, making up constellations and engrams – from very high above one could read them like a multicolored tattoo, and from below they would have felt like torture, a sadistic marking on one's skin. At times I got up in the middle of the night with a totally dead hand, as cold as serpent skin and strangely heavy, a soft object that I could only move with the help of the other hand. I could see it black-blue in my mind and massaged it with the same incomprehension and terror with which I would have caressed the mosaic back of an anaconda, in the absurd hope that some time I would be able to feel it a part of myself. As soon as I let go, it spread back on the pillow, and only when the to-and-fro motions on the cold skin became more frequent did the inert flesh start stinging and I could slide it again into the numb glove. Its lace of nerves, veins, lymphatic vessels and little pipes of psychic energy all grew lively and soon my body's frame was completely restored.

My dreams pulled me back to the past as well. For some two years, before they raised the apartment building across the street, I used to dream I climbed peaks of dizzying height. Usually there were inhabited areas and stairs inside the black rock, as thin as a skyscraper, but I preferred to climb on the outside, to hang on to stone after stone, going ever higher, until I could reach the peak enveloped in mist. But now the peaks and towers had disappeared and the dream took me to immersed spaces, wet with emotion, through buildings and rooms that I knew, without being aware where from, when I had been there before, or what had happened that had caused the hysterical weeping now, the faint and inhuman sadness of living in such interiors. I dreamt of buildings submerged in clear cold water, where I could breathe, but only move slowly. I was heading, through diffuse light, for the massive ruins, for yellow and blue walls thousands of meters deep, at the very bottom of the water, and my hair waved in the liquid currents. Red crabs crawled on sand, little fish dashed here and there at some windows. The façades were rotten and ruined. I went through doors swollen with shells, in interiors filled with turbulent water. How tall the rooms were! How profoundly eaten up by decadence and melancholy! Embroidered runners floated over the sideboard, in a glass-door cabinet a sea lily rose from a red crystal glass, coral grew from the worn-out swamp of the rug, krill feeding on it. An octopus had made its nest in the toilet, and sparkling dust milled around the bathtub. I explored every room, trying to guess where I was, where I had seen the big radio with ivory keys and a magic eye, the sowing machine with a pedal, worn away beyond recognition, the painting with two woolen cats, whose frame had blossomed in millions of flickering worms. Even the chairs, overturned and swayed by currents, were familiar to me. Yes, I had once rested between their legs turned up

aslant in the air, I had rocked there in yellow spring evenings. Solitude tore at my internal organs, the kind of solitude nobody can experience in real life, able to shatter one's bones like a wild animal. The dream ended when I found a big corpse, rocked by the currents, lying by the old ice-box in the kitchen. Cankered with salt, the woman filled the whole floor of mosaic cement. Her skirt was enmeshed in seaweed like a brown paste, like jelly. The oven had become encrusted in her hip, and her hair was entangled in the curtain with butterfly bows. The big rotten statue wrapped in pieces of cloth may have been four or five meters long.

I used to get up disheartened, frustrated like an amnesiac unable to remember who he is. I tried to revive vast dead zones in my mind. Several papier-mâché buildings had risen in my thalamus culture, between the hippocampus and the amygdala. The big boreal light of the cortex shone above them. We recapitulate: from birth to two years of age – on the Silistra, a street in the Colentina suburb; from two to three years – in an apartment building, in the Floreasca quarter, by a garage; from three to five years – in a villa, in the Floreasca as well, but on a beautiful, silent alley, named after an Italian composer. Then, on the Stefan cel Mare boulevard, in the big apartment building next to the Police. Those were the divisions of my shell – built one after the other, like a string of ever increasing skulls – that my mind had forgotten, left behind to decay like teeth, down to the bleeding gum. I knew that I had lived there, I still kept some images, but no feeling, no emotion, nothing true. The three or four buildings were like my mother's crooked false teeth, without nerves and not drained by little threads of veins and arteries. Plastic, stupid ordinary plastic. I suspected their doors were only engraved on the walls, that the interiors were full, massive like praline-filled sweets, that everything was a cheap, rough imitation. But I haunted the places of those buildings ever more obstinately, as they were the only certain benchmarks of my quest. I was trying to reconstruct my brain animal in its strange ballet across time, touching the successive bosses of the buildings and the successive skulls that had sheltered it, molded from its calcareous slobber. The mind's soft flesh had patiently built rooms and roofs, landscapes and facts. Growing, it had left them dry and empty, much like dog skulls that grow yellow on wastelands, or like the clean rubber lining inside doll heads.

Translated by Ioana Ieronim with Martin Woodside

Occidentul

Occidentul m-a pus cu botul pe labe.
 am văzut New-Yorkul și Parisul, San-Francisco și Frankfurt
 am fost unde n-am visat să merg vreodată.
 am venit înapoi cu un teanc de poze
 și cu moartea în suflet.
 crezusem că însemn ceva și că viața mea înseamnă ceva.
 văzusem ochiul lui Dumnezeu privindu-mă prin microscop
 privindu-mi zvîrcolirile de pe lamelă.
 acum nu mai cred nimic.
 am fost bun pentru o stabilitate tîmpită
 pentru o uitare adîncă
 pentru un vagin singuratic.
 hoinăream prin locuri care acum nu mai există.
 oh, lumea mea nu mai există!
 lumea mea nu mai există!
 lumea mea împruțită în care înseamnă ceva.
 eu, mircea cărtărescu, sînt nimeni în lumea cea nouă
 există 10^{38} mircea cărtărescu aici
 și ființe de 10^{38} de ori mai bune
 există cărți aici mai bune decît tot ce am făcut vreodată
 și femei cărora li se rupe de ele.
 oul pragmatic se crapă și Dumnezeu este aici
 chiar în creația lui, un Dumnezeu mișto înțolit
 în orașe frumoase și toamne splendide
 și-ntr-un fel de nostalgie blîndă a Virginiei de sud în mașina
 lui Dorin (country music în boxe)...

îmi văd acum lungul nasului
 și văd lungul nasului literaturii
 căci eu am văzut Sears Tower
 și am văzut Chicago, în ceață verzuie, de sus, din Sears Tower
 și pe terasa unui zgîrie-nori alergau doi ogari
 și i-am zis Gabrielei, cum ne beam Coca-cola,
 că viața mea s-a sfîrșit.
 e ca în Magii lui Eliot: am văzut Occidentul
 am trecut cu avionul peste Manhattan
 am privit cu ochi mari moartea mea fermecată
 căci *moartea* mea este asta.
 am privit vitrinele cu motociclete Suzuki
 și m-am văzut în ele jegos, anonim
 am umblat ore-n șir prin Königstrasse
 printre puștii cu skateboards.

eram omul alb-negru dintr-o poză color
 Kafka între arcadieni.
 poeme, poheme, filosentiame
 modernisme și discuții la cârciumă despre care-i mai mare
 clasamente făcute-n tren (veneam din Onești): care-s cele mai bune
 romane românești de azi
 cei mai buni zece poeți în viață
 așa cum papuașii
 scuiță și acum în ceaunul cu vin de palmier, să fermenteze...
 dar poezia e un semn de subdezvoltare
 și la fel să-ți privești Dumnezeu în ochi
 deși nu l-ai văzut niciodată...

am văzut jocuri pe computer și librării și mi s-au părut la fel amîndouă
 am înțeles că filosofia e entertainment
 și că mistica e show-biz
 că sînt doar suprafețe aici
 dar mai complexe decît orice profunzime.
 ce pot fi eu acolo? un om încîntat, fericit pînă la nebunie
 dar cu viața lui terminată.
 cu viața lui futută definitiv, ca a viermelui din cireășă
 care s-a crezut și el cineva
 pînă s-a trezit în lumină, cu gunoiul lui lîngă el
 (gunoiul meu, amărîtele mele poeme)
 am văzut oameni pentru care legea avorturilor
 e mai importantă decît sfărîmarea Sovietelor
 am văzut ceruri înalte și albastre, pline de luminițele avioanelor
 și am cunoscut urlatul celor patru mii de universități.
 m-am suit în turnul Eiffel pe scări
 și-am suit în Centrul Pompidou prin tubul de plexiglas
 și la Iowa City am fost la Fox Head...

am trîncănit despre postmodernism la Ludwigsburg
 cu Hassan și Bradbury și Gass și Barth și Federman
 așa cum mai bavardează condamnatul cu călăul lui
 am înregistrat pe reportofon vuietul securii
 care-mi desparte capul de trunchi.
 îmi venea să plîng în luxul din Monrepos:
 cum e posibil? de ce ne-am născut de pomană?
 de ce să luptăm cu Vadim și cu Funar?
 de ce nu putem o dată *trăi*?
 de ce acum, cînd am putea, în fine, trăi
 respirăm din nou mirosul acru-al pubelelor?
 postmodernism și pașopt

deconstrucție și tribalism
 pragmatism și ombilicuri
 și viața, care este aiurea...

am văzut San Francisco, golful albastru cu nave
 și mai departe oceanul cu insule-mpădurite
 Pacificul, dacă poți să-ți închipui!
 mi-am muiat palmele-n oceanul Pacific „thanking the Lord
 for my fingers”.

m-a prins un dor de ducă dement.
 și la celebra librărie a lui Ferlinghetti (există cu adevărat!)
 ca și când

ai pătrunde conștient în propriul tău vis sau într-o carte...

m-au înnebunit șoselele din San Francisco
 și Grant Street cu chinezării
 și palmierii uriași și fetele extrem de haoase
 din saloanele de coafură

(clientele

nu se priveau în oglinzi, ci-n monitoare color)

și nopțile americane, ții minte, Mircea T.?

lîngă căsuța ta și-a Melisei, după ce

întreaga după-amiază privisem filme SF, mîncasem tacos

și băusem bere Old Style

cînd am ieșit afară ne-au copleșit stelele

și avioanele tăcute mișcîndu-se printre ele

și în mașina ta, vechiul Ford, aerul era înghețat

și m-ai dus, trecînd prin orașul gol, pînă la dragul
 meu Mayflower Residence Hall.

și paradele de Thanksgiving și de Halloween

cu bătrîni bancheri costumați în urși și clowni

și băiatul de origine cehă interesat de Faulkner

și micuța coreeană din Cambus-ul galben

și melancolia frunzelor galbene în Iowa City

și noi doi, Gabi și eu, făcînd cumpărături, ore-n șir

la Target și K Mart și Goodwilluri

dar și la fantasticul Mall din centru...

...mestecam bomboane cu scorțișoară în prima mea dimineață în
 Washington

cu aparatul foto de gît, în frigul pieței Dupont...

...am dat 7 \$ să văd Zoo-ul din New Orleans

și ploua, și toate animalele erau în vizuinile lor...

... în taxi, certîndu-mă cu șoferul negru,

nepricepînd o vorbă din ce-mi spunea: “Hey, man...”

... mese minunate în restaurante chinezești, thailandeze,
 dar cea mai minunată la Meandros, grecii din Soho...
 ...The Art Institute (impresioniști cât cuprinde)
 ...The Freak Museum (amaizing: trei Vermeer!)
 ...The National Gallery (retrospectivă Malevici)

un om înghețat pentru o sută de ani
 deschide ochii și alege să moară.
 ce a văzut era prea frumos și prea trist.
 căci nu avea pe nimeni acolo și între degete avea panarițiu
 și dinții îi erau așa stricați
 și în minte
 avea tot felul de lucruri fără utilitate
 și tot ce făcuse vreodată
 avea jumătate din consistența vântului.
 un om inventase, pe-o insulă îndepărtată
 o mașină de cusut făcută din bambus
 și se credea genial, căci nimeni dintre ai lui
 nu mai scornise așa ceva. iar când au venit olandezii
 l-au răsplătit pentru invențiune
 dându-i în dar una electrică.
 (mulțumesc, a zis, și a ales să moară)
 nu-mi găsesc locul, nu mai sînt de aici
 și nu pot fi de acolo

iar poezia? mă simt ca ultimul mohican
 ridicol asemeni dinozaurului Denver.
 poezia cea mai bună e poezia suportabilă,
 nimic altceva: doar suportabilă.
 noi am făcut zece ani poezie bună
 fără să știm ce poezie proastă am făcut.
 am făcut literatură mare, și acum înțelegem
 că ea nu poate trece de prag, tocmai fiindcă e mare,
 prea mare, sufocată de grăsimea ei.
 nici poemu-ăsta nu-i poezie
 căci doar ce *nu* e poezie
 mai poate rezista ca poezie
 doar ce *nu* poate fi poezie.

Occidentul mi-a deschis ochii și m-a dat cu capul de pragul de sus.
 las altora ce a fost viața mea pînă azi.
 să creadă alții în ce am crezut eu.
 să iubească alții ce am iubit eu.
 eu nu mai pot.
 nu mai pot, nu mai pot.

Zahod

Zahod mi je zavezal jezik.
 videl sem New York in Pariz, San Francisco in Frankfurt,
 bil sem tam, kamor se mi še sanjalo ni, da bom kdaj šel.
 vrnil sem se s kupčkom fotografij
 in smrtjo v duši.
 mislil sem, da kaj pomenim, da moje življenje kaj pomeni
 zagledal sem Božje oko, ki me je gledalo pod mikroskopom,
 opazovalo moje premetavanje na ploščici.
 zdaj nič več ne verjamem.
 bil sem dober za trapasto utečenost
 za globoko pozabo
 za osamljeno vagino.
 taval sem po krajih, ki jih zdaj ni več.
 oh, moj svet ne obstaja več!
 moj svet ne obstaja več!
 moj smrdljivi svet, v katerem sem nekaj pomenil,
 jaz, mircea cărtărescu, sem v novem svetu nihče
 tu obstaja 10^{38} mirceev cărtărescujev
 in 10^{38} -krat boljša bitja,
 tu so boljše knjige od vsega, kar sem sam kdajkoli ustvaril,
 in ženske, ki norijo za njimi.
 pragmatično jajce poka in Bog je tu,
 prav v njegovi stvaritvi, cortkan Bog, praznje oblečen,
 v lepa mesta in čudovite pomladi
 in nekako blaga nostalgija južne Virginie v
 Dorinovem avtu (country music iz zvočnikov) ...

zdaj vem, kje je moje mesto,
 in vem, kje je mesto književnosti,
 saj sem videl Sears Tower,
 videl sem tudi Chicago v zelenkasti megli, z vrha,
 in na terasi nekega nebotičnika sta tekala dva hrta
 in jaz sem Gabrieli, ko sva pila vsak svojo kokakolo, rekel
 da je mojega življenja konec.
 da je kot v Eliotovih Treh kraljih: videl sem Zahod
 z letalom poletel nad Manhattnom,
 z debelimi očmi opazoval svojo uročeno smrt,
 saj je to moja *smrt*.
 gledal sem izložbe z motorji Suzuki
 in se v njih videl umazanega, anonimnega
 dolge ure sem taval po Königstrasse
 med mularijo na rolkah.

bil sem črno-bel moški na barvni fotografiji
 Kafka med Arkadijci.
 poeme, poheme, filোসентисrčne
 modernizmi in razprave v krčmah o tem, kdo je najvišje
 na lestvici, narejeni na vlaku (vračal sem se iz Oneštija): najboljši
 sodobni romunski romani
 deset najboljših še živečih pesnikov
 kot Papajci,
 ki še vedno pljuvajo v kotel s palmovim vinom, da bi zavrelo ...
 toda poezija je znak zaostanka v razvoju
 kot bi gledal Bogu v oči,
 čeprav ga še nikoli nisi videl ...

videl sem računalniške igrice in knjigarne in zame je to bila ista reč,
 razumel sem, da je filozofija entertainment,
 da je mistika show-biz,
 da gre samo za površini,
 ki sta kompleksnejši od vsake globine.
 in kaj sem tam lahko jaz? vzhičen, srečen človek
 čigar življenje se je končalo.
 s svojim nedvomno zafukanim življenjem črva v češnjki,
 ki se je imel za nekoga,
 dokler se ni zbudil pri svetlobi, s svojimi smetmi okrog sebe
 (moje smeti, moje uboge pesmi)
 videl sem ljudi, za katere je zakon o splavu
 pomembnejši od razpada Sovjetov,
 videl sem veliko modro nebo polno letalskih lučk
 in spoznal rjojenje štiri tisoč univerz.
 po stopnicah sem se povzpел na Eifflov stolp
 po cevi iz pleksi stekla na Centre Pompidou
 in tudi v Iowi sem bil na Fox Headu ...

v Ludwigsburgu sem s Hasanom in Bradburyjem in Gassom
 in Barthom in Federmanom kramljial o postmodernizmu
 kot klepeta obsojenec s svojim krvnikom,
 na diktafon sem posnel vihtenje sekire,
 ki je mojo glavo ločila od telesa
 imelo me je da bi zajokal v razkošju Monreposa:
 kako je to mogoče? zakaj smo se zaman rodili?
 zakaj se borimo z Vadimom in s Funarjem?
 zakaj že enkrat ne moremo *živeti*?
 zakaj zdaj, ko bi končno lahko zaživel,
 znova vdihavamo kiselkast vonj po smetnjakih?
 postmodernizem in leto 1848

dekonstrukcija in plemenska ureditev
 pragmatizem in popki
 in življenje tja v en dan ...

videl sem San Francisco, modri zaliv z ladjami
 in v daljavi ocean z gozdnatimi otoki
 Pacifik, če si lahko zamišljaš!
 dlani sem potopil v Pacifiški ocean, "thanking the Lord
 for my fingers".
 popadla me je dementna želja po potovanju.
 in slavna Ferlinghettijska knjigarna (zares obstaja!)
 kot bi
 zavestno prodril v svoje lastne sanje ali v knjigo ...
 ceste San Franciscas so me obnorele
 in Grant Street s Kitajčki
 in ogromne palme in dobro razpoložena dekleta
 v frizerskih salonih
 (stranke se niso gledale v ogledalih, ampak na barvnih zaslonih)
 in ameriške noči, se še spominjaš, Mircea T.?
 ob tvoji in Melissini hišici, potem
 ko smo celo popoldne gledali znanstvenofantastične filme,
 jedli tacos in pili pivo Old Style,
 smo šli ven in so nas prevzele zvezde
 in tiha letala, ki so letala med njimi,
 in v tvojem avtu, starem fordu, je bil zrak leden,
 po praznem mestu si me peljal do moje
 ljube Mayflower Residence Hall.
 in povorke za Thanksgiving in Halloween
 s starimi bankirji oblečenimi v medvede in klovne
 in fant češkega rodu, ki ga je zanimal Faulkner
 in majhna Korejka iz rumenega Cambusa
 in melanholija rumenih listov v Iowa City
 in midva, Gabi in jaz, po nakupih, dolge ure
 v Targetu, K-Martu in Goodwillih
 pa tudi v fantastičnem Mallu v centru ...

... moje prvo jutro v Washingtonu sem žvečil bombone s cimetom
 s fotoaparatom za vratom v ledenici tržnice Dupont ...
 ... dal sem 7 dolarjev da bi videl Zoo v New Orleansu
 deževalo je in vse živali so bile v svojih brlogih ...
 ... v taksiju sem se prepiral s temnopoltim voznikom,
 ker nisem ničesar razumel: "Hey, man ..."
 ... čudoviti obroki v kitajskih, tajskih restavracijah,
 najboljši pa zagotovo v Meandrosu, Grki iz Soha ...

... The Art Institute (sami impresionisti)
 ... The Freak Museum (amaizing: trije Vermeeri!)
 ... The National Gallery (retrospektiva Malevič)

človek zamrznjen za sto let
 odpre oči in izbere smrt.
 kar je videl, je prelepo in preveč žalostno.
 saj tam ni imel nikogar več in med prsti se mu je pojavil prisad
 in zobe je imel tako pokvarjene
 in v glavi
 toliko neuporabnih stvari
 in polovica vsega, kar je kdajkoli ustvaril,
 je imela trdnost vetra.
 na oddaljenem otoku je nek človek
 izumil šivalni stroj iz bambusa
 in se imel za genija, ker si nihče od njegovih
 še ni izmislil česa takšnega, toda ko so prišli Nizozemci,
 so ga za izum nagradili
 in mu podarili električnega.
 (hvala, je rekel in se odločil za smrt)
 ne najdem svojega mesta, nisem več od tu
 in ne morem biti od tam.

poezija pa? počutim se kot poslednji Mohikanec
 smešen kot dinosaver Denver.
 najboljša poezija je znosna poezija
 nič drugega: samo znosna
 mi smo deset let ustvarjali dobro poezijo
 ne da bi vedeli kako neumno poezijo smo ustvarili.
 ustvarjali smo veliko literaturo in zdaj razumemo,
 da ne more čez prag ravno zato, ker je velika,
 prevelika, duši jo lastna debelost.
 tudi ta pesnitev ni poezija
 ker samo to kar *ni* poezija
 lahko vzdrži kot poezija
 samo to kar *ne* more biti poezija.

Zahod mi je odprl oči in z glavo sem se zaletel v zgornji prag.
 drugim prepuščam, kar je bilo moje življenje do danes.
 naj drugi verjamejo, v kar sem verjel jaz.
 naj drugi ljubijo, kar sem ljubil jaz.
 jaz ne morem več.
 ne morem več, ne morem več.

The Occident

The West put my tail between my legs.
I've seen New York and Paris, San Francisco and Frankfurt
I've been where I never dreamed I'd go.
I came home with a stack of photos
and death in my soul.
I'd supposed I meant something, my life meant something.
I'd glimpsed God's eye observing me through the microscope
as I wriggled on the slide.
now I believe in nothing.
I was good enough for a mindless stability
for a bottomless oblivion
for a lonely vagina.
I used to stroll through places that no longer exist now.
oh, my world no longer exists!
my world no longer exists!
my sordid world where I meant something.
I, mircea cărtărescu, am nobody in this new world
there are 10^{38} mircea cărtărescus here
and people 10^{38} times better
there are books better than everything I've ever written
and women who couldn't care less about them.
the pragmatic egg cracks open and God is present
in his very creation, a pretty-boy God dressed to kill
in magnificent cities and gorgeous autumns
and a sort of sweet southern-Virginia nostalgia in Dorin's
car (country music from the speakers) ...

I know my place now
and I know literature's place
for I've seen the Sears Tower
and I've seen Chicago in a greenish fog from the top
while a pair of greyhounds kept running around the terrace of a skyscraper
I told Gabriela as we sat there drinking our Cokes
that my life was at an end.
it's as with Eliot's Magi: I've seen the Occident
I flew over Manhattan
and stared wide-eyed at my spell-struck death.
for this is my *death*.
I stared at display windows with Suzuki motorcycles
and saw myself reflected, dirty, anonymous.
I walked along Königstrasse for hours and hours
among the kids on skateboards.

I was the black-and-white man in a color photograph
 Kafka among the arcadians.
 Poems, *pohems*, loveangelism
 modernisms and bar blab about who's the greatest
 halls of fame in a train (returning from Onești): the best
 Romanian novels of today
 the top ten living poets
 just like the Papuans
 who still spit in the palm wine kettle to make it ferment ...
 but poetry is a sign of underdevelopment
 and so is staring eye to eye with your God
 though you've never actually seen him ...

I saw computer games and bookstores and both looked the same to me
 I suddenly understood that philosophy is entertainment
 that mysticism is showbiz
 that here everything is pure surface
 but more complex than any depth.
 what could I become there? a man bemused, gone batty with happiness
 but with his life over.
 with his life totally fucked, like the worm in a cherry
 who thought himself a big shot
 until he woke up in the light, his own filth around him
 (my filth, my insufferable poems)
 I've seen people for whom abortion law
 is more important than the collapse of the Soviets.
 I've seen high skies of blue filled with the lights of airplanes
 and I've known the roar of four thousand universities.
 I've climbed the steps to the top of the Eiffel Tower
 I've gone to the top of the Centre Pompidou through the plexiglass tube
 and in Iowa City I've been to the Fox Head ...

I've chatted about modernism at Ludwigsburg
 with Hassan and Bradbury and Gass and Barth and Federman
 the banter of the condemned with his executioner
 on my microcassette recorder I caught the swish of the axe
 that's going to sever my head from my body.
 I felt like sobbing in the luxury of Monrepos:
 how is it possible? why were we born to so little purposeless?
 why should we battle our right-wingers Vadim and Funar?
 why for once can't we simply *live*?
 why now when at last we can live
 do we again breathe the foul stench of garbage bins?
 postmodernism and '48-ism

deconstruction and tribalism
pragmatism and navel gazing
with life so dreamlike ...

I've seen San Francisco, the blue harbor with ships
and farther out the ocean with forested islands.
the Pacific, if you can imagine that!
I dipped my hands in the Pacific "thanking the Lord
for my fingers."
I felt a longing to take leave of my wits.
and in Ferlinghetti's famous bookstore (it does exist!)
it was as if
in a waking dream or a book ...
I went gaga over San Francisco's freeways
and Grant Street with so many Chinese tchotchkes
and towering palm trees and the really hilarious
girls in the hair salons
(customers
watched themselves not in mirrors but in color monitors),
and American nights—remember, Mircea T.?
near your house and Melissa's, after
a long afternoon of watching sci-fi movies, eating tacos
and drinking Old Style beer
when we went out and the stars overwhelmed us
the planes floated noiselessly through them
and in your car, an old Ford with frigid air,
you took me across the deserted city to my homey
Mayflower Residence Hall.
and the Thanksgiving and Halloween Parades
with old bankers dressed as bears and clowns
the Czech boy who was hooked on Faulkner
and the small Korean girl in the yellow Cambus
and the melancholy of yellow leaves in Iowa City
and the two of us, Gabi and me, shopping for hours
in Target, K-Mart, Goodwill
and in the fantastic mall downtown ...

... I chewed cinnamon candies my first morning in Washington
a camera dangling from my neck in the bitter cold of Dupont Circle ...
... I paid \$7 to see the New Orleans Zoo
but it was raining and the animals all stayed in their dens ...
... in the taxi arguing with the black driver,
not getting a word of what he was saying: "Hey, man ..."
... wonderful meals in Chinese and Thai restaurants
and the most wonderful at Meandros, the Greek joint in Soho ...

... the Art Institute (impressionists galore)
 ... the Frick Collection (amazing: three Vermeers!)
 ... the National Gallery (a Malevich retrospective).

a man frozen for a hundred years
 opens his eyes and chooses to die.
 what he saw was too beautiful and too sad.
 for he had no one there and his infected fingers oozed with panaritium
 his teeth were rotten
 his mind held
 all sorts of useless things
 and everything he'd ever done
 half-seemed written on wind.
 a man on a faraway island invented
 a sewing machine of bamboo
 and thought himself a genius, for no one in his tribe
 had ever made anything like that. when the Dutch arrived
 they rewarded him for his invention
 and gave him the electric version instead.
 (thank you, he said, and chose to die)
 I no longer can find a place for myself anywhere, I no longer belong here
 and cannot belong there either.

and what about poetry? I feel like the last Mohican
 as ridiculous as Denver the Dinosaur.
 the best poetry is tolerable poetry,
 nothing else: merely tolerable.
 we made good poetry for ten years
 without an inkling of how stupid our poetry was.
 we made great literature, and now it dawns on us
 that it cannot cross the threshold, precisely because it's big,
 grand, stifled by flab.
 this poem isn't poetry either
 for only what is *not* poetry
 can endure as poetry
 only what *cannot* be poetry.

The West opened my eyes but knocked my head against the lintel
 and brought me down low.
 I leave to others my life until today.
 let others believe in what I believed.
 let others love what I loved.
 I no longer can.
 no longer can. no longer can.

**Literarna
branja 2011**

*Literary
Readings 2011*

Pavel Brycz



Foto © Jiří Jiroutek

Pavel Brycz se je rodil leta 1968 v Roudnici nad Labo na Češkem. Študiral je češki jezik v Ústí nad Labo in dramaturgijo na Akademiji lepih umetnosti (DAMU) v Pragi. Piše prozo za otroke in odrasle, je dramatik, scenarist in tekstopisec. Napisal je več zbirk kratke proze, npr. *Hlava Upanišády* (Glava Upanišáde, 1993), in več romanov, kot so *Jsem město* (Sem mesto, 1999), za katerega je prejel nagrado Jiříja Ortena za književnost (1999), *Sloni mlčí* (Sloni molčijo, 2002), ki ga je napisal v Franciji, kjer je bival kot dobitnik UNESCO-ve pisateljske štipendije (2000), *Patriarchátu dávno zašlá sláva* (*Patriarhata davno minula sláva*, 2004), za katerega je prejel češko državno nagrado za književnost, leta 2008 pa je delo izšlo tudi v slovenskem prevodu Tatjane Jamnik pri Društvu Apokalipsa, in *Svatý démon* (Sveti demon, 2009). Njegovo najnovejše delo za otroke nosi naslov *Bílá paní na hlídání* (Bela gospa varuška, 2010).

Pavel Brycz was born in 1968 in Roudnice nad Labem, in the Czech Republic. After studying Czech philology in Ústí nad Labem, he read dramaturgy at the Academy of Performing Arts (DAMU) in Prague. The author of adult and children's literature, playwright, script writer, lyricist and recipient of the UNESCO grant for authors (2000) has written several collections of prose; Hlava Upanišády (The Head of the Upanishad, 1993) being his first; and a string of novels such as Jsem město (I, City, 1999); for which he won the Jiří Orten Prize for literature (1999); Sloni mlčí (The Elephants Are Quiet, 2002), which he wrote while living in France as a recipient of the UNESCO grant for writers (2000); Patriarchátu dávno zašlá sláva (The Long Lost Glory of the Patriarchy, 2004), for which he won the Czech State Literature Prize, while the novel was also translated into Slovene by Tatjana Jamnik and published by the Društvo Apokalipsa publishing house in 2008; and Svätý démon (The Holy Demon, 2009). His most recent children's book is titled Bílá paní na hlídání (White Lady, Babysitter, 2010).

Svatý démon legenda

(Úryvek)

NOC PRVNÍ

Prokleta, ať je moje jméno, a pochválena budiž krutá lidská paměť, která nemilosrdně jako zuby žraloka rozdrťí všechno na krvavý prášek, i moje myšlenky i moje hříšné tělo, jako nespavec starý piják vypije moji nečistou krev, uloží pošetilá slova mých úst do tlustého herbáře zapomnění, tam v nejzazším koutě štetlu, tam, kde čmýra žen vsakuje se do země, která snad mohla být posvěcenou, kdyby vše lidské bylo svaté, ale nebylo tak za času Abrahama a nebylo tak ani za mých, a kdybych svatý byl já, jak hlásala ta nešťastná otevřená hlava, slepý epileptik a kouzelník ze slov, můj přítel i moje neštěstí, pomatený rabi, šťastný snilek, ten ubohý loutkář, pro něhož jsem jako dřevěný panáček na špagátech touhy spletené z lásky a kabaly kráčel, já Adam Jakobi, kterého vítaly davy, já, milovník slunce a válečník s tmou, já, mesiáš, který nedokázal spasit ani svůj ubohý malíček levé ruky, jak vidíte, chybí mi, a to, co pozvedám proti vám, není ani pahýl, je to jen myšlenka malíčku, směšné tkáně s kostičkami a chrupavkami, která ve skutečnosti hnije v daleké turecké zemi, useknuta křivou šavlí, tak křivou, jako jsou moje přísahy a věrnost, a kdybych měl odvahu a sebeúctu, šel bych až tam, kde hodují červi na mém kousičku masa, položil bych se jako starý unavený muž, zavřel oči a pravil: „Vy, kteří jste snesli ten malý nicotný předkrm a neprotestovali k Hospodinovi s hněvivou červí tváří: Pošli nám, všemohoucí, jiný pokrm, neboť tento nám obrací žaludky a hýbe žlučí, zaryjte své pilovité zoubky, sosáčky a kladélka s larvami do mě jako hlavního chodu. Neboť já jsem ten, který přišel na svět, aby se nenáviděl, a přece jsem tím, kterého proroci zvěstovali ve jménu lásky.

Ale jsem unaven a smrt z nenávisti sebe sama může přijít plíživě, ale i překotně rychle, a proto napíšu poctivě vše, co jsem zde na prachbídném světě bolesti, přetvářky a lži, na cestě k výšinám přes kloaky červů prožil. Čtete, anebo zamkněte oči tak pevně jako můj učitel.

Táhněte se mnou tam, kam míří můj neexistující malíček velikosti rozkoše mé ženy Sáry.

Amen, pravím.

.....

Který boží den se stalo, že jsem se stal tím, kým jsem pořád ještě dnes, v mé noci bez radosti spánku, kdy mi dělají těžkou společnost jen smrtihlavové a netopýři? Bylo to v neblahý den, kdy mé matce vystoupilo břicho a vdané ženy v parukách páchnoucích po česneku hystericky ječely, že do čtrnáctileté panny Ráchel vnikl zlý dybuk? Stalo se to tehdy, když dědeček

Izák, tehdy sotva čtyřicetiletý prudeš, zlomil své dceři nos, pak ji proklel a vyhnal z domu, načež na sobě roztrhal kazajku, posypal si hlavu popelem z vystydých kamen a vyl z nízkého okna do křivolaké uličky pro škodolibou radost sousedům jak Rusíny do želez chycený vlkodlak se žlutými panenkami?!

Ráchel v pláči své matce a rabínovi svěřila, že neví o žádném živém muži nic, dočista nic, zapřísahala se na Tóru spočívající na čtecím pultíku a rabínovi mocně cukalo znavené oko a pot mu skýtal kyselou koupel, když celým tělem odvraceje se od té panenské nevěstky musel poslouchat, že tahle dívenka s vlasy jako ovčí rouno, černými jako havraní peří, nezná jako poučená nevěsta, jak se lehá s mužem, a nemá jiné vysvětlení kromě zlých kouzel, jak se do ní mohl dostat plod života, který způsobil, že se všichni kolem ní chovají hůř než smrtí vyhladovělí umrlci.

V slzách, jichž byly potoky a obměkčily by i finskou žulu, se dozнала jen k holčičím hrám se stejně starými křesťankami, při nichž si hrály na klášterní jeptišky – rabiho oko se zavřelo, aby zastavilo svůj věčný pohyb, babička Dora se hryzla do zápěstí, až tekla nachová krev, ta dívka si snad myslela, že upřímnost dospělé obměkčí a vyžene i cizí plod z jejího těla, líčila do podrobností, jak rozpustilé gójské holčičky nasedaly na předměty podobné jesodovi, i ona tak činila, smály se a vzájemně si pomáhaly, když sem tam nějaká slzička ukápla od bolesti, utíraly si ji voňavými kapesníčky a přinesly i různá zvlhčovadla, aby okurky, svíčky, sošky gójských smutnokých pánů a paní dobře klouzaly.

Rabín Hirš vyskočil a rázoval světnicí, kde soudil svůj lid, sem a tam chodil jako cirkusový lev v manéži, potahoval se za dlouhou černou bradu, sípal a slyšel ten hlas Sodomy a Gomory z něžných úst slečny, které prý nepoznaly nikdy mužské rty.

„Pak mne, rabi, zavedly Katarína s Leonou Zamoszovy a Julií Nowakovou s prstíky na rtech do sklepa, do tajné komnaty pana Leopolda, jejich otce a strýce. Je pokřtěný Žid a prý čarodějník. Myslela jsem, že se vychloubají,“ spolkla Ráchel vzdorně několik uncí slz. „Tvrdily, že mu rakouský císař platil zlatem za jisté tajné služby.

V místnosti jsem spatřila poklady, které pan Leopold nashromáždil na svých cestách po světě, obrazy vznešených dam, které se po vás otáčejí vševedoucím pohledem a nikdy jim neuniknete, zlaté svícny zářící jako slunce v rybníce, krásně malované porcelánové nádoby s draky s šikmými očima, sochy alabastrových nahých ženských těl, jimž zvláště hubené sestry Katarína s Leonou záviděly jejich oblé prsy, a úplně nejvíc mě ohromila socha krásného mladého muže s jesodou trčícím vzhůru jako kárající prst. Toho mi Katarína s Leonou a Julií představily jako svého milence.

Chceš se stát i ty jeho ženou? chichotaly se. Nikomu o tom nikdy nepoví. Nezeštárne, nevypelichají mu vlasy a nezplesniví vous, jeho svaly se nikdy nepřemění v rosolovitý tuk a do tváří jako jablka se nezakousnou červi, jeho úd nepovadne a míza nevyschne, jeho láska nikdy nepukne jako srdce zvonu,

kteře zvonilo postě umíráček, nikdy tě neopustí a jeho oči se vždycky směle budou dívat do tvých, protože neznají sliby, a tedy ani zradu.

A nebylo to jenom proto, že moje lůno se před chvílí poprvé otevřelo rozkoši, museli byste ho vidět na vlastní oči, abyste pochopili, že nešlo odolat, a tak jsem za pomoci svých přítelkyň nasedla na jesodu, kterého před tím polibky zvlhčily, a spočinula v jeho náručí, vzhlížela k jeho hrudi a širokým ramenům, jeho dokonalým rysům tváře tam vysoko nade mnou, neboť on byl vytesán v nadživotní velikosti a vše i láska s ním byla něco nebetyčného.“

Dora, nešťastná matka hříšné Ráchel, se svezla na podlahu, už nechtěla slyšet víc, tloukla s úpěním hlavou do studených dlaždic, paruka se jí svezla a její oholená hlava, která jako buchar vytloukala poslední myšlenku a stud za padlou dceru, už získala ten černý sametový nádech nově narostlých vlasů.

Stal jsem se tím, kým jsem, tehdy, když dívky sundávaly svoji rozkoš u umdlelou přítelkyni z koňského údu krásné sochy a něžně z něj smývaly krev? Anebo až v tom čase, kdy opilec a blázen Abraham Jakobi, jediný, kterému rabi Hirš s radou starších obce a dohazovačkami dokázali prodat za ženu tu bláznivou lhářku, která si prý uhnala dítě s neživou sochou, šlápl pod svatebním baldachýnem na nohu na znamení, že všechno v domácnosti s tou zavrženou klisnou plnou mléka, jež každým dnem porodí kus bílého mramoru, bude podléhat jen a jen jeho vůli?

Pamětníci, jimž jsem platil královsky za jejich slova, neboť matka od té doby mlčela jako hrob, vyprávěli, že se svatba ničím nelišila od ostatních, vždyť opilec a blázen Jakobi mohl být bez vlastního přičinění šťastný muž, hříšné naivce Ráchel i v pozdním těhotenství polil líbeznou tvář panenský ruměncem, takže její sefardská tvář mezi vyšňořenými Aškenázy, s vášnivým chmýřím nad rtem a na líčkách, vypadala jako zralá broskev, každý muž, který nebyl svatý jako rabi Hirš, by ji chtěl aspoň na jednu hodinu, a na slabocha Jakobiho čekaly roky takových hodin, celý život krasavice, jež se možná stala ženou nedůvěryhodně, ale nyní se na její věno složila celá obec a starý mládenec bude moci z něj žít bez práce několik let.

„Doufám, Jakobi, že ho máš z kamene!!!“ pokřikovali na něj uličnicky důstojní patriarchové v kožešinových čepicích. Nevázaně se chechtali a drobili si svatební koláče do pichlavých vousů. „Neudělej ostudu nám mužům z masa a krve!!!“

Rabimu opět mrkalo neposlušné oko. Jak je možné, že tajemství soudní síně vždycky ví celá obec? Neměl by soudit a vyslyšet strany v ocelové neprostupné kobce a vytrhnout jazyk své ctihodné manželce?!

Rabi Hirš vzdychl a snažil se prodat k Jakobimu, aby s ním sdílel hoře, do kterého ho v zájmu dvou dětí – Ráchel a jejího Nenarozeného – uvrhl, ale zastoupili mu cestu rozjaření svatebčané, a tak mu zmizel Jakobi z očí. Ještě si letmo všiml, jak oknem nakukuje zasmušilá tvář Izáka, surového otce Ráchel, ale jakmile mrkl překvapením, příznak byl ten tam.

Novomanžel v podkovaných botách na přání mazl tov a nejapné špičkování odpovídal, jak mu bylo vlastní, pil s muzikanty jako vůdčí velbloud z kavavany, pil s reby, kteří na chvílku utekli svým manželkám, pil se starými bezzubými ochechulemi, jimž pálenkou na okamžik znovu zazářily v ústech perleťové zoubky a pleť se jim natáhla a vypnula jak Mojžíšův stan.

Jedna z nich, stařena s tváří kropenatou jak křepelčí vejce, která se svým mužem, atentátníkem, jenž toužil sprovodit ze světa cara, pruského kurfiřta i rakouského kajzra, žila v Sibérii mnoho let, vykládala opilým jazykem, že se mladé nevěstě nediví, že podlehla kamenné soše, neboť když se svým nebožtíkem v baráku z fošen lehávali, nejlepší býval za fujavice a mrazivých nocí, kdy dech jim mrznul na rtech a slanečky rtů k sobě přimrzlé kašlavě se líbávaly. Tehdy prý jednou pokryl souvislý led mužova jesodu a trčel nahoru celou noc, v modlitbách k Baalovi na něm rajtovala až do kokrhání kohoutů, i když její miláček dávno spal jako zabitý.

„Chro, chro, chrocht...“ smály se staré kurvy.

Sveti demon legenda

(odlomek)

PRVA NOČ

Preklete naj bo moje ime in hvaljen bodi kruti človeški spomin, ki bo neusmiljeno kakor zobje morskega psa vse zmler v krvav prah, tako moje misli kot moje grešno telo, kakor nespečnež bo stari pijanec popil mojo nečisto kri, spravil bo nespametne besede mojih ust v debeli herbarij pozabe, tja v najbolj odmaknjen kot štetla, tja, kjer se mesečno perilo vpija v zemljo, ki bi morebiti lahko bila posvečena, če bi bilo vse človeško sveto, pa ni bilo tako za časa Abrahama in tako ni bilo niti za mojega življenja, in če bi bil svetnik jaz, kot je razglašala ta nesrečna odprta glava, slepi epileptik in čarovnik besed, moj prijatelj in moja nesreča, zmešani rabi, srečni sanjavec, ta ubogi lutkar, za katerega sem kot lesen možicelj korakal na vrvicah hrepenenja, spletenega iz ljubezni in kabale, jaz, Adam Jakobi, ki so ga pozdravljale množice, jaz, slavilec sonca in bojevnik s temo, jaz, mesija, ki mu ni uspelo rešiti niti svojega ubogega mezinca na levi roki, kot vidite, mi manjka, in to, kar dvigujem proti vam, ni niti štrcelj, to je zgolj misel mezinca, smešno tkivo s kostmi in hrustancem, ki v resnici gnije v daljni turški deželi, odsekano s krivo sabljo, tako krivo, kot so moje prisege in zvestoba, in če bi imel pogum in bi se cenil, bi šel tja, kjer se na mojem koščku mesa gostijo črvi, legel bi kakor star, utrujen mož, zaprl oči in dejal: »Vi, ki ste prenesli to majhno, pičlo predjed in niste protestirali pred Gospodom s togotnim črvjim obličjem: Vsemogočni, pošlji nam drugo hrano, kajti od te se nam obrača želodec in dviguje žolč, zarijite svoje kakor žaga ostre zobčke, rilčke in žela z ličinkami vame kakor v glavno jed. Kajti jaz sem tisti, ki je prišel na svet, da bi se sovražil, pa vendar sem ta, ki so ga preroki oznanjali v imenu ljubezni.«

A utrujen sem in smrt od sovraštva do samega sebe se lahko priplazi naskrivaj, vendar tudi nanagloma, in zato bom pošteno napisal vse, kar sem doživel tu na tem bednem svetu bolečine, licemerstva in laži na poti k višavam čez kloake črvov. Berite ali pa zaprite oči tako trdno kot moj učitelj. Pojdite z menoj tja, kamor jo maha moj neobstoječi mezinec, velik kakor naslada moje žene Sare.

Amen.

.....

Kateri božji dan se je zgodilo, da sem postal to, kar sem še vedno danes, v moji noči brez radosti spanca, ko mi bežno družbo delajo le smrtoglavci in netopiriji? Je bilo na sovražni dan, ko je moji materi zrasel trebuh in so poročene ženske z lasuljami, smrdečimi po česnu, histerično kričale, da se je

v štirinajstletno devico Rahelo naselil hudobni dibuk? Se je zgodilo tedaj, ko je dedek Izak, tedaj komaj štiridesetletni vročekrvnež, zlomil svoji hčeri nos, jo potem prekel in pregnal od doma, nato pa raztrgal jopič na sebi, si posul glavo s pepelom iz ohlajene peči in na škodoželjno veselje sosedov tulil z nizkega okna v vijugasto uličko kakor volkodlak z rumenimi punčicami, ki so ga ujeli Rusini v skopec?!

Rahela je svoji materi in rabinu v joku zaupala, da o nobenem živem moškem ne ve nič, popolnoma nič, prisegla je na Toro, ki je ležala na bralnem pultu, in rabinu je silno trzalo trudno oko in pot ga je oblival s kisko kope-ljo, ko je moral z vsem telesom odvrnjen od te deviške hotnice poslušati, da tale deklina z lasmi kakor ovčje runo, črnimi kakor vranje perje, kot poučena nevesta ne ve, kako se leže z moškim, in ne zna razložiti drugače kot z zlimi čari, kako je mogel vanjo priti sad življenja, zaradi katerega se vsi okrog nje obnašajo huje kakor do smrti sestradani mrlič.

V solzah, ki so tekle v potokih in bi zmeščale še finski granit, je priznala le deklinke igrice z enako starimi kristjankami, pri katerih so se igrale samostanske nune – rabijevo oko se je zaprlo, da bi ustavilo svoje večno premikanje, babica Dora se je grizla v zapestja, da je tekla škrlatna kri, to dekle si je najbrž mislilo, da bo iskrenost omehčala odrasle in izgнала tuji plod iz njenega telesa, do najmanjše potankosti je opisovala, kako so se razposajene gojevske deklince natikale na predmete, podobne jesodu, tudi ona je to počela, smejale so se in druga drugi pomagale, ko je tu in tam kapnila kakšna solzica od bolečine, brisale so si jo z dišečimi robčki, prinesle pa so tudi različna vlažila, da bi kumarice, sveče, kipci gojevskih otožnih gospodov in gospa lepo polzeli.

Rabin Hirš je poskočil in korakal po izbi, kjer je sodil svoje ljudstvo, sem ter tja je hodil kakor cirkuški lev v maneži, vlekel se je za dolgo črno brado, sopesel in slišal tisti glas Sodome in Gomore iz nežnih ust gospodične, ki baje niso nikdar spoznala moških ustnic.

»Potem so me, rabi, Katarina in Leona Zamoszovi z Julijo Nowakovo s prstom na ustnicah peljale v klet, v skrivno sobano gospoda Leopolda, njihovega očeta in strica. Je krščen Žid in baje čarovnik. Mislila sem, da se širokoustijo,« je Rahela trmasto požrla več unč solza. »Trdile so, da mu je avstrijski cesar z zlatom plačal za neke tajne službe.

V prostoru sem zagledala zaklade, ki jih je gospod Leopold nakopičil na svojih potovanjih po svetu, slike plemenitih dam, ki ti sledijo z vsevednim pogledom in jim nikoli ne uideš, zlate svečnike, bleščéče kot sonce v ribniku, prelepo poslikano porcelanasto posodo s poševnookimi zmaji, kipe alabastrnih nagih ženskih teles, ki sta jim zlasti mršavi sestri Katarina in Leona zavidali njihove oble prsi, najbolj od vsega pa me je osupnil kip prelepega mladega moškega z jesodom, štrlečim pokonci kakor žugajoč prst. Tega so mi Katarina, Leona in Julija predstavile kot svojega ljubimca. Bi rada tudi ti postala njegova žena? so se hihitale. Tega ne bodo nikomur povedale. Ne bo se postaral, ne bodo mu izpadli lasje in ne splelneli brki,

njegove mišice se ne bodo nikoli spremenile v žolcasto salo in v lica kakor jabolka se mu ne bodo zagrizli črvi, njegov ud ne bo uplahnil in sok ne usahnil, njegova ljubezen ne bo nikoli počila kot kembelj zvona, ki je že stotič naznanil smrt, nikoli te ne bo zapustil in njegove oči bodo vedno drzno zrle v tvoje, ker ne poznajo obljub, in torej tudi ne prevare.

To pa ni bilo samo zato, ker se je moje naročje pravkar prvič odprlo nasladi, morali bi ga videti na lastne oči, da bi razumeli, da se ni dalo upreti, in tako sem se s pomočjo svojih prijateljic nasadila na jesoda, ki so ga prej ovlažile s poljubi, in legla v njegov objem, gledala proti njegovemu oprsju in širokim plečem, njegovim popolnim potezam obraza tam visoko nad mano, kajti on je bil stesan v nadnaravni velikosti in vse, še ljubezen z njim, je bilo nekaj neznansko velikega.«

Dora, nesrečna mati grešne Rahele, se je zgrudila na tla, ničesar več ni hotela slišati, jadikujoč je z glavo tolkla ob mrzle ploščice, lasulja se ji je snela in njena pobrita glava, ki je kot strojno kladivo izbijala ven še zadnjo misel in sram zaradi padle hčere, je že zadobila tisti črni žametni pridih na novo zraslih las.

Sem postal to, kar sem, tedaj, ko so punce snemale od lastne naslade omedlelo prijateljico s konjskega uda prelepega kipa in z nje nežno izmivale kri? Ali pa šele tisti čas, ko je pijanec in norec Abraham Jakobi, edini, ki mu je rabi Hirš s svetom starešin in ženitnimi mešetarkami uspel prodati za ženo to noro lažnivko, ki je baje staknila otroka z neživim kipom, pod poročnim baldahinom pohodil nogo v znamenje, da bo vse v hiši s to izobčeno kobilo, polno mleka, ki bo vsak čas rodila kos belega marmorja, podrejeno edino in samo njegovi volji?

Priče, ki sem jim za njihove besede kraljevsko plačal, kajti mati je od tistega časa molčala kot grob, so mi pravile, da se poroka ni v ničemer razlikovala od drugih, kajti pijanec in norec Jakobi je bil lahko brez lastnega truda srečnež, ljubeznivi obraz grešne naivke Rahele pa je tudi v pozni nosečnosti oblivala rdečica, tako da je bil njen sefardski obraz med nališpanimi Aškenazi, s strastnim puhom nad ustnico in na licih, videti kakor zrela breskev, vsak moški, ki ni bil svetnik kot rabi Hirš, bi jo hotel vsaj za eno uro, slabiča Jakobija pa so čakala leta takih ur, celo življenje lepotice, ki je morebiti res postala žena zaupanja nevredno, a zdaj je za njeno doto prispevala cela skupnost in stari mladenič bo lahko od nje brezdelno živel več let. »Upam, da ga imaš iz kamna, Jakobi!!!« so mu razgrajško vpili dostojanstveni patriarhi v krznenih kapah. Razuzdano so se hehetali in drobili poročne kolače v svoje bodeče brade. »Ne delaj sramote nam, moškimi iz mesa in krvi!!!«

Rabinu je spet mežikalo neposlušno oko. Kako je mogoče, da skrivnosti sodne dvorane zmeraj izve cela skupnost? Bi moral stranke soditi in zasliševati v jekleni, nepredirni celici in izruvat jezik svoji častitljivi soprogi?!

Rabi Hirš je zavzdihnil in se poskušal prebiti k Jakobiju, da bi z njim delil gorje, v katero ga je pahnil v interesu dveh otrok – Rahele in njenega

Nerojenega –, pa so mu pot presekali razigrani svatje, in tako mu je Jakobi izginil izpred oči. Komaj je še utegnil opaziti, kako skozi okno kuka namrščeni obraz Izaka, surovega Rahelinega očeta, toda brž ko je od presenečenja mežiknil, je bila prikazen preč.

Novopečeni mož je v podkovanih čevljih na želje mazel tov in neslano zbadanje odgovarjal, kakor je bilo njemu lastno, z muzikanti je pil kot prva kamela v karavani, pil je z rebi, ki so za hipec ubežali od svojih žena, pil je s starimi brezzobimi spogledljivkami, ki so se jim vpricho žganja za trenutek znova zasvetili bisernati zobčki in se jim je koža nategnila in napela kakor Mojzesov šotor.

Ena izmed njih, starka z obrazom, pikastim kakor prepeličje jajce, ki je s svojim možem atentatorjem, ki si je nadvse želel spraviti s sveta carja, pruskega kurfiršta in avstrijskega kajzerja, dosti let živela v Sibiriji, je s pijanim jezikom pripovedovala, da se mladi nevesti ne čudi, da je podlegla kamnitemu kipu, kajti kadar sta z njenim rajnkim legala v bajti iz plohov, je bil najboljši v snežnih viharjih in ledeno mrzlih nočeh, ko jima je sapa zmrzovala na ustnicah in so se slaniki ustnic, primrznjenih druga k drugi, kašljaje poljubljali. Takrat je baje enkrat trd led prekril celega moževega jesoda in je štrlel pokonci celo noč, moleč k Baalu je jahala na njem vse do kikirikanja petelinov, čeprav je njen ljubimec že zdavnaj spal kot ubit.

»Kru, kru, krul ...« so se smejale stare kurbe.

Prevedla Tatjana Jamnik.

The Holy Demon Legend

(Excerpt)

PREMIER NIGHT

Damned be thy name, and praised be the cruel human memory that will mercilessly, like the jagged teeth of a shark, crush everything into bloody dust, my thoughts and my sinful body. Like an insomniac old drunkard it will chug down my impure blood, assemble the foolish words that have sprung from my mouth into a thick herbarium of oblivion, and put them there, into the most remote corner of the shtetl, there, where menstruation soaks deep into the soil, which may have become holy, if all that is human were holy, but was not so in the days of Abraham, and it was not so in the days of my life. And if I would have been a saint, as this unfortunate open head, this blind epileptic and conjurer of words, my friend and my misery, the *meshugge* rabbi, the happy dreamer, this wretched puppeteer, for whom I had marched along as a wooden doll led by the strings of yearning, woven from love and Kabbalah. Me, Adam Jacoby, who has been greeted by masses. Me, a lover of the sun and a fighter against the darkness. Me, the Messiah, who could not even save the poor pinkie of my left hand; it is missing, as you can see, and what I raise to you is no mere stump but the idea of a pinkie, ludicrous tissue with bones and cartilage, which is actually rotting in a far away land of the Turks, severed by a curved saber, as crooked as my oaths and my loyalty. And if I had had the courage and self-esteem, I would have gone there, where the worms feast upon my bit of flesh. I would have laid down like a tired old man, closed my eyes and said: "You, who delivered this small, paltry appetiser and did not object before the Lord with your angry worm-like countenance: *Almighty, send us a different food, for this kind makes our stomachs turn and our bile rise* – do sink your teeth, sharp as a saw, and your suckers and your ovipositors with maggots deep into me, as if I were the main course. For I am the One who came into this world that it may hate itself; yet still I am the One whom the prophets proclaimed in the name of Love."

However, I am weary, and death from self-loathing can creep up on one, but swiftly as well, and thus I shall write down in all my honesty every single thing I lived through, here, in this pathetic world of pain, hypocrisy, and lies, on the way to heavenly heights, across the sewers of worms. Do read, or close your eyes as firmly as my teacher.

Accompany me there, where my nonexistent pinkie is headed to, as great as the pleasure of my wife Sarah.

Amen.

.....

Which blessed day did it occur that I became what I still am today, in my night deprived of the pleasure of sleep, while being fleetingly accompanied by Atroposes and bats? Was it on the Day of Hate, when my mother's belly grew and married women with wigs smelling of garlic were hysterically crying that Rachel, aged fourteen, has been infested with an evil *dybuk*? Did it happen then, when grandpa Isaac, a hothead of mere forty at the time, broke his daughter's nose, cursed her, and then banished her from home, tore his jacket, then wore sackcloth and ashes from the cooled-down hearth, and, accompanied by the gloating of the neighbours, howled from the low window into the winding *ulichka*, like a yellow-pupiled werewolf ensnared by the Rusnaks and caught in their trap?!

Rachel confided in her mother and the rabbi in tears that she hath no knowledge of any living man, no knowledge whatsoever. She swore on the *Torah* that had laid on the ambo. The rabbi's weary eye twitched heavily and the sweat had glazed him with an acidic bath while he, disgusted by this virgin whore, had to hear that this lass with hair like fleece, black as the feathers of a crow, as an educated bride hath no knowledge about how to lie with a man, and cannot explain any differently but through her evil charms, how the fruit of life could have been planted into her, the fruit of life because of which each and every single one around her acts even worse than corpses that had starved heavily 'till death.

In tears that ran like rivers and could have melted Finnish granite with ease, the girl confessed to playing girl games with Christians aged the same as her, games in which nuns from the Covenant had participated too – the rabbi's eye fell shut to stop its perpetual movement, grandma Dora bit her wrists so purple blood began to flow. This girl had probably thought that honesty would melt the adults and banish the alien seed from her womb; she described meticulously how the boisterous *goy* girls had ridden objects resembling a *yesod*, and she followed suit. They laughed and helped each other through when a tear fell on the grounds of pain. They had wiped themselves down there with scented wipes, but also brought moisteners of various kinds so the cucumbers, candles, and the statues of the melan-cholic Lords and Ladies of the *goy* would glide more nicely.

Rabbi Hirsch jumped up and paced up and down the parlour where he judged his people. He pranced hither and thither like a lion in a circus ring, tugged on his long black beard, gasped and heard The Voice of Sodom and Gomorrah that had sprung from the young lady's tender lips that had, allegedly, yet not been introduced to the lips of a man.

"Then, rabbi they, Katarina and Leona Zamoszovi with Julia Nowakowa with a finger on my lips; brought me down to the basement, to the secret chambers of Mr. Leopold, their father and uncle. He is a christened Jew and, allegedly, a wizard. I thought they were just bragging," Rachel said stubbornly, while swallowing several ounces of tears. "They said that the Emperor of Austria paid him in gold for some secret services.

I saw treasures in the chamber, which Mr. Leopold collected during his trips around the world. Paintings of noble ladies, which follow you with their eyes and never release you from their sight; golden candlestands, sparkling like the sun when its rays hit the surface of a pond, masterfully painted porcelain dishes with slant-eyed dragons; alabaster statues depicting nude women, which particularly the skinny sisters Katarina and Leona had envied because of their lush bosoms; but I was most intrigued by the statue of a beautiful man with a *yesod*, erect like a wagging finger. Katarina, Leona, and Julia introduced it to me as their lover.

Would you like to be his bride? they giggled. They would tell this to anyone. He won't age, his hair won't fall out, and his moustache won't become mouldy either. His muscles will never turn into leaf fat and his apple-like cheeks will never be eaten by worms. His member will never slacken and his juices won't ever dry up. His love will never ever crack like the heart of a bell, which had to toll for the deceased for the hundredth time. He will never leave you and his eyes will always glance provocatively into yours; for they know no promises, thus they know no deceit.

But this was not only because my loins have just opened to pleasure for the first time. You should have seen him with your own eyes to understand that resistance was impossible; and thus I impaled myself on his *yesod* with the help of my friends, who had moistened it with kisses prior, and laid into his embrace, looking toward his chest and broad shoulders, toward the perfect lines of his face, there, high above me, for he had been sculpted above natural size and all, even making love to him, was something enormously splendid."

Dora, the poor mother of Rachel the Sinner, crumbled to the floor. She did not want to hear any more. She banged her head against the cold tiles sobbingly, her wig came undone, and her shaved head, which had been beating out the very last thought and the shame of her fallen daughter like a jackhammer, had already gotten that black, velvet hint of hair newly grown.

Did I become what I am, then, when the girls had taken down their friend, who had passed out from her own pleasure, from the horse-sized member of a magnificent statue and gently washed the blood of her? Or was it not until then, when the drunkard and lunatic Abraham Jakobi; the only one whom rabbi Hirsch, the Council of Elders, and the marriage middlewomen were able to sell this mad liar for a wife to, who allegedly got knocked up by an inanimate statue; had stepped on the foot under the wedding canopy to hint that all in the house with this outcast mare, full of milk, who is about to give birth to piece of white marble, will be subject to his will and his will alone?

The witnesses, whom I paid royally for their words, because the mother remained silent as the grave since that time, had told me that the wedding was no different than any other, because the drunkard and lunatic Jakobi was able to be a lucky sod without lifting a finger, while the kind face of

Rachel, the naive sinner, was blushing even as she was heavily pregnant, so her Sephardic face among the dolled-up Ashkenazi, with passionate fluff above their lips and on their cheeks, resembled a ripe peach. Any man, who was not a saint like rabbi Hirsch, would have wanted to have her at least for an hour, while the weakling Jakobi looked at years of such hours, the entire life of the beauty, who may have really become a wife not worthy to be trusted, but now her dowry had been contributed by the whole community and the old youngster will be able to live off of it idly for years to come.

“I hope yours is made of stone, Jakobi!!!” was yelled yobbishly at him by distinguished patriarchs with furry caps. They laughed debauchedly and crumbed the wedding cakes into their spiky beards. “Don’t you embarrass us, us men of flesh and blood!!!”

The rabbi’s defiant eye began to twitch again. How can it be that secrets from the judicial chamber always spread among the community? Should he question and interrogate the parties in an impenetrable iron cell and rip out his wife’s honourable tongue?!

Rabbi Hirsch sighed and tried to reach Jakobi, to share with him the misery into which he had thrust him in the interest of two children – Rachel and her Unborn – but merry wedding guests crossed his path, and thus Jakobi disappeared from his sight. He was barely able to spot Isaac, Rachel’s rude father, scowling through the window, yet the apparition vanished as soon as he had blinked from surprise.

The new husband, in his mounted shoes, answered to *Mazeltov!* and to all the shameless, hazing as only he could. He drank with the musicians like the first camel in the caravan; he drank with the *rebs*, who had slipped away from their views for a bit; he drank with the toothless coquettes, to whom the liquor appeared to have returned their pearly whites for a moment, while also lifting their skin so it had appeared as tight as the tent of Moses.

One of them, a crone with a face spiky like a quail’s egg; who spent many years in Siberia living with her husband, the assassin, whose dying wish was to rid the world of the Czar, the Kurfurst of Prussia, and the Austrian Kaiser; had told with her drunken tongue that the fact that the young bride fell for a statue of stone had not surprised her at all, because when she and her late husband used to lie in their shack made of planks, he performed best during snow storms and ice-cold nights, as their breath froze to their lips and they coughed and kissed each other with salty chops. Then, allegedly, one time, ice had covered all of her husband’s *yesod*, which stood erect the whole night through. While praying to Baal, she rode him all the way until the roosters crowed, although her lover had already fallen asleep like a log long before.

“Gru, gru, grunt ...” laughed the old trollops.

Pierluigi Cappello

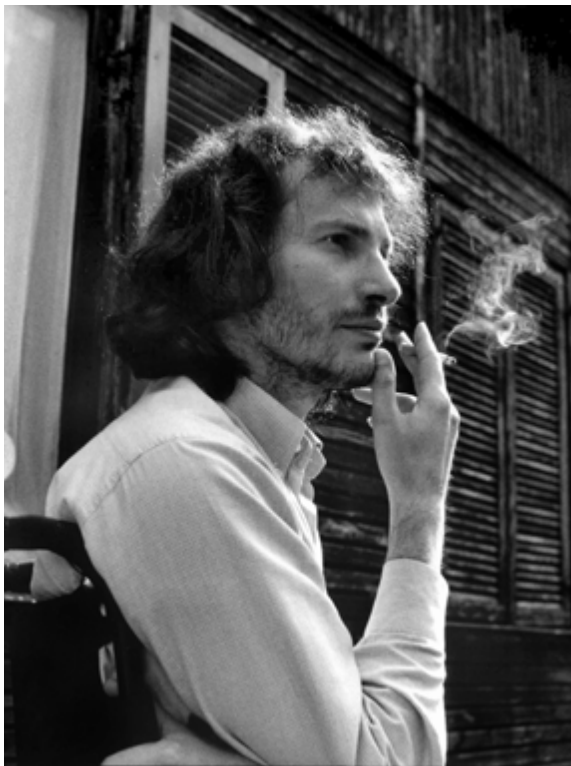


Foto © Danilo De Marco

Pierluigi Cappello se je rodil leta 1967 v Huminu (Gemona) v Italiji, odraščal je v vasi Kluže (Chiusaforte) v Železni dolini. Študiral je v Vidmu in Trstu, sedaj pa živi in ustvarja v Tricesimu, kjer je izredno dejaven na kulturnem področju. Je eden najvidnejših italijanskih pesnikov mlajše srednje generacije. Leta 1999 je z drugimi uveljavljenimi pesniki iz Furlanije in Veneta ustanovil ter dolgo urejal pesniško antologijo *La barca di Babele* (Babilonska barka), posvečeno poeziji. Piše v italijanščini in furlanščini, objavil pa je naslednje pesniške zbirke: *Le nebbie* (Megle, 1994), *La misura dell'erba* (Mera trave, 1998), *Amòrs* (Ljubávi, 1999), *Dentro Gerico* (V Jerihu, 2002), *Dittico* (Diptih, 2004), za katero je prejel nagrado »Montale Europa«, *Assetto di volo* (*Sile lêta*, 2006), za katero je prejel nagrade »Pisa«, »Bagutta Opera prima« in »San Pellegrino«, leta 2010 pa je pri Književnem društvu Hiša poezije izšla tudi v slovenskem prevodu Gašperja Maleja; in *Mandate a dire all'imperatore* (Oznanite sporočilo vladarju, 2010), za katero je prejel ugledno nagrado »Viareggio-Repaci«. Leta 2008 je objavil tudi zbirko esejev in člankov *Il dio del mare* (Bog morja).

Pierluigi Cappello was born in 1967 in Gemona, Italy, and grew up in the village of Chiusaforte. He studied in Udine and Trieste. He now lives in Tricesimo, where he is very active in the cultural scene of the place. He is one of the most important Italian poets of his generation. In 1999, he and some other established poets from the Friuli-Veneto region founded the La barca di Babele (The Ark of Babel) poetry anthology, which he edited for a number of years. He writes in Italian and Friulian, and has published the following books of poetry: Le nebbie (The Fogs, 1994), La misura dell'erba (The Measure of Grass, 1998), Amòrs (Loves, 1999), Dentro Gerico (In Jericho, 2002), Dittico (Diptych, 2004; Montale Europa Award), Assetto di volo (Flight Dynamics, 2006; Pisa Award, Bagutta Opera prima Award, San Pellegrino Award; translated into Slovene by Gašper Malej, published by Knjižno društvo hiša poezije, 2010), and Mandate a dire all'imperatore (Make It Known to the Emperor, 2010; Viareggio-Repaci Award). In 2008, he also published a collection of essays and articles Il dio del mare (The God of the Sea).

Mandate a dire all'imperatore

nulla nessuno in nessun luogo mai

Vittorio Sereni

Così come oggi tanti anni fa
mandate a dire all'imperatore
che tutti i pozzi si sono seccati
e brilla il sasso lasciato dall'acqua
orientate le vostre prore dentro l'arsura
perché qui c'è da camminare nel buio della parola
l'orlo di lino contro gli stinchi
e, tenuti appena da un battito,
il sole contro, il rosso sotto le palpebre
premerete sentieri vastissimi
vasti da non avere direzione
e accorderete la vostra durezza
alla durezza dello scorpione
alla ruminazione del cammello
alla fibra di ogni radice
liscia, la stella liscia, del vostro sguardo
staccato dall'occhio, palpiterà
né zenit né nadir
in nessun luogo, mai.

Notturmo

A così breve distanza di me
 asse e buio della mia gravitazione
 faccio irruzione nella mente di chi sono
 celebrando l'ascensione del sonno:
 ecco la terra persa, notte
 vento d'estate vieni
 vento che mi sottrai e imporpori
 e viene un notturno che si depone
 come il palmo di un padre
 ma dove vai ma dove
ma 'ndolà vastu, ce fastu, tu, garibaldin
 tu così qualunque
 avevi dieci anni leggeri
 vele mosse dalla medesima brezza
 avevi due mani un faccino
 dieci dita per contare gli anni
 e tutto un suolo, piumato di freschezza;
 avevi di te
 quanto bastava di te.

Interno giorno

Per dire che cosa mi tengo
 per dire che cosa, leggendo
 uno spartito che trattenga il cielo
 alto, sempre alto, per ogni pagina ascoltata
 dentro il fumo
 dentro ogni gola pietrificata
 qui, dove non volevo
 dentro il rumore di prima
 il rumore di dopo
 dove sempre ci si ritrova
 quando un vento, un contorno
 dopo che non si è capito
 e qualcosa come uno stormo si stacca
 in fuga dall'incendio
 una nota, dai vetri, una voce
 il breve sussurrare dei poeti.

Ritornare

I piedi hanno portato l'allegria delle impronte
i vostri piedini nella neve, bambini
nell'odore degli stivali di gomma
neri rossi celesti dove comincia la salita
dove finisce la discesa delle slitte
piegarsi nel ricordo, mi piego nel ricordo
a piedi uniti saltiamo nella neve
di quando guardare il cielo era una fantasia piú grande
vera la verità delle cose toccate
sarò stato a quest'ora, sarò stato tante volte
lontano come a quest'ora, voce nella mia voce
occhio nel mio occhio rinnovato
mano mia nuova nel bianco della mia.

Maggio 2002

Bianco

Da lontano vengono agli occhi il cielo
e le mani, da qualche parte lontana di te;
fuori nevicata, sei tutto nel bianco della neve
ogni segno nel candore una ferita
e la campagna di là dai vetri è un corpo
un breve sguardo che si fa pronuncia
calore d'alito, la testa in mezzo alla veglia;

torna là, nella parola tradotta in silenzio
dove si annidano i passerini
i palmi sugli occhi, il petto sulle ginocchia
la fronte nella neve.

Febbraio 2003

*Assetto di volo**A Gino Lorio, in memoria*

Con lui venivano una determinazione feroce
dalla camera alla palestra
i cento metri percorsi in cinque minuti,
con una tensione di motore imballato
tutta la forza del suo corpo spastico
ribellata alla forza di gravità.

Sant'Agostino diceva che perfezione
è la carne che si fa spirito, lo spirito che si fa carne
ma non è vero: ogni mattina i puntali delle stampelle
scivolano metro a metro per guadagnarne cento
ogni mattina lo spirito è tagliato via da quel corpo,
dalle suole strascicanti e dalle nocche strette,
bianche sulle impugnature,
ogni mattina dal dorso di lottatore
si stacca un collo di tendini tesi e redini allentate
un urlo chiuso nella sua profondità,
perfetto nella sua separazione.

E io vi vedo una bellezza di cimieri abbattuti
e dentro la parola andare la parola compimento
e sono sicuro che lui sogna baci pieni di vento
mentre la volontà conquista le giornate a morsi,
schiaffo dopo schiaffo perché venga la sera
schiaffo dopo schiaffo, chiglia in piena bufera.

Ci vuole un'estate piena e un padre calmo,
un dio non assiso in mezzo agli sconfitti
ma così in tutta bellezza lo posso immaginare
come un bambino alle prime pedalate,
reggilo, eccolo, tienilo così – adesso tiene
uniti la terra e il cielo dell'estate
non sbanda più, vince, è in equilibrio,
vola via.

Luglio 2003

Oznanite sporočilo vladarju

nič nihče nikjer nikoli
Vittorio Sereni

Tako danes kakor pred nešteto leti
oznanite sporočilo vladarju
da so vsi vodnjaki izsušeni
da se svetlika kamen ki ga je voda zapustila
usmerite svoje premce v puštinjo
kajti treba bo hoditi skozi mrak besede
z lanenim robom na golenih
in ponešeni zgolj z utripom
s soncem v obraz in rdečino pod vekami
boste gazili neskončno prostrane poti
tako prostrane da nimajo smeri
in uglaševali svojo trdoto
s trdoto škorpijona
s prežvekovanjem kamele
z vlaknom vsake gladke
korenine, gladka zvezda vašega pogleda
odlepljenega od očesa bo plala
niti zenit niti nadir
nikjer, nikoli.

Nokturno

Le za ped oddaljen od sebe
 osi in mraka lastne težnosti
 vdrem v um tistega ki sem jaz
 in slavim vnebohod sna:
 poglej, izgubljena dežela, noč
 poletni veter pridi
 veter ki me odkradeš in škrlatiš
 in privre nokturno ki lega
 kakor očetovska dlan
 kdove kam greš le kam
 kod hodiš, kaj počneš, ti, navihanček
 ti tako navaden
 star si bil deset lahkotnih let
 jader valujočih v istem vetriču
 imel si par rók obrazek
 deset prstov da prešteješ leta
 in zase vsa tla operjena s svežino;
 svojega si imel toliko
 kolikor ti je bilo dovolj.

Interier podnevi

Da bi povedal kaj zadržujem zase
 da bi povedal kaj, ko prebiram
 partituro ki bi zadržala nebo
 v višavah, vselej v višavah, za vsako stran
 ki ji prisluhneš v dimu
 v vsakem okamenelem grlu
 tukaj, kjer nisem hotel
 v hrupu ki je bil poprej
 v hrupu ki še pride
 kjer se zmeraj znova znajdeš
 kakor veter, kakor obris
 za tem ko ni bilo moč razumeti
 in se nekaj kakor jata odlepi
 v begu pred požarom
 neka nota, izza šip, neki glas
 kratkotrajni šepet pesnikov.

Vračanje

Noge so prinesle radost odtisov
vaše nožice v snegu, otroci
v vonju gumijastih škornjev
črnih rdečih sinjih kjer se začne vzpon
kjer se izteče drsenje sani
skloniti se v spomin, sklonim se v spomin
sonožno skačemo v sneg
odtlej ko gledati nebo bilo je večja izmišljija
resnična resničnost zatipanih stvari
bil sem ob tej uri, bil sem tolikokrat
daleč kot ob tej uri, glas v svojem glasu
oko v svojem prenovljenem očesu
svoja nova roka v belini svoje roke.

maja 2002

Belina

Iz daljave prihajajo k očem nebo
in rôke, iz nekega daljnega dela tebe;
zunaj sneži, ves si v belini snega
vsak znak v brezmadežnosti je rana
in poljana onstran šip je telo
bežen pogled postaja izgovarjava
toplina sape, glava med bdenjem;

vрни se tja, v besedo, prevedeno v tišino
kjer gnezdiijo vrabci
dlani na očeh, prsi na kolenih
čelo v snegu.

februarja 2003

Sile lêta

Ginu Loriu, v spomin

Spremljala ga je neuklonljiva odločnost
od sobe do telovadnice
sto metrov v petih minutah,
z napetostjo zaribanega motorja
vsa moč njegovega spastičnega telesa
kljubuje sili težnosti.

Po svetem Avguštinu je popolnost
meso ki postane duh, duh ki postane meso
ampak to ne drži: vsako jutro konice bergel
polzijo meter za metrom da si jih priborijo sto
vsako jutro je duh odrezan od tistega telesa,
od drsajočih podplatov in stisnjenih členkov,
belih na držajih,
vsako jutro se s hrbta borca
odlepi vrat napetih kit in popuščenih vajeti
krik zaprt v svoji globini,
popoln v svoji ločenosti.

In jaz v tem vidim lepoto sklatenih perjanic
in v besedi iti besedo izpolnitev
in prepričan sem da sanja o poljubih polnih vetra
medtem pa z voljo si prigrize dan za dnem,
udarec za udarcem da pride večer
udarec za udarcem, gredelj v viharju.

Potrebna sta visoko poletje in spokojen oče,
bog ki ne sedi na prestolu med poraženci
ampak si ga v vsej lepoti lahko zamišljam
kot otroka ki se šele uči vožnje s kolesom
podpri ga, tako, malo podrži – zdaj bo zdržal
združena sta zemlja in poletno nebo
ne vijuga več, zmaguje, v ravnovesju je,
in odleti.

julija 2003

Prevedel Gašper Malej

Make it known to the emperor

nothing nobody nowhere never
Vittorio Sereni

Just like today many years ago
make it known to the emperor
that all the wells have dried up
and the stone glistens abandoned by the water
turn your bows towards the drought
for here one must make one's way in the shadow of the word
a linen hem against the shins
and taken by a single beat,
facing the sun, with redness under the eyelids
you shall tread paths of immense vastness
so vast as not to have any direction
and you shall tune your harshness
to the harshness of a scorpion
to the rumination of a camel
to the fibre of every smooth
root, the smooth star, of your look
detached from the eye, shall pulsate
neither zenith nor nadir
in no place, never.

Nocturne

At such a short distance from myself
 axis and darkness of my gravitation
 I burst into the mind of who I am
 celebrating the rising of sleep:
 here it is the lost land, night
 summer wind come
 wind who takes me away and makes me turn crimson
 and a nocturne comes which sets down
 like a father's hand
 but where are you going but where
ma 'ndolà vastu, ce fastu, tu, garibaldin
 you so ordinary
 you were ten light years of age
 the sails were moved by the same breeze
 you had two hands one little face
 ten fingers to count the years
 and a whole piece of ground, feathered with freshness;
 you had of yourself
 what was enough of yourself.

Interior daytime

To say what I keep for myself
 to say what, while reading
 a score which would keep the sky
 aloft, forever aloft, for every page listened to
 in the smoke
 within every petrified throat
 here, where I did not want
 within the noise from before
 the noise from after
 where one always finds oneself again
 when a wind, an outline
 after it was not understood
 and something like a flock takes off
 fleeing from the fire
 a note, from behind the panes, a voice
 a short whisper of poets.

Coming back

The feet have brought the joy of the imprints
your little feet in the snow, children
in the smell of rubber boots
black red blue where the climb begins
where the descent of the sledges ends
to bend into the memory, I bend in the memory
our feet jointly jumping in the snow
of when looking up at the sky was a greater fantasy
true the truth of things touched
I probably was at this hour, I probably was many times
far away like at this hour, a voice within my voice
an eye within my renewed eye
a hand mine and new in the whiteness of my hand.

May 2002

Whiteness

From afar come to the eyes the sky
and the hands, from some distant part of you;
outside it snows, you are all in the white of the snow
every mark in the spotlessness a wound
and the country on the other side of the window panes is a body
a short glance which becomes enunciation
the warmth of breath, the head in the middle of wakefulness;

get back there, into the word translated in silence
where sparrows nest
hands on the eyes, chest on the knees
the forehead in the snow.

February 2003

*Flight dynamics**To Gino Lorio, in memory*

He was accompanied by a ferocious determination
 from his room to the gym
 the hundred metres covered in five minutes,
 with a tension of a racing engine
 all the strength of his spastic body
 in rebellion against the strength of the gravity.

Saint Augustine used to say that perfection
 is the flesh that turns into spirit, the spirit that turns into flesh
 but it isn't true: every morning the crutch ferrules
 slide metre by metre to overcome a hundred of them
 every morning the spirit is cut off from that body,
 from the shuffling soles and tight knuckles,
 white on the handgrips,
 every morning a neck of taut tendons and loosened reins
 detaches itself from the combatant's back
 a cry enclosed in its depth,
 perfect in its separatedness.

And in this I see a beauty of knocked-down crests
 and in the word to go the word fulfilment
 and I am sure that he dreams about kisses full of zephyr
 while his will conquers the days bite by bite,
 slap after slap so that the evening might come
 slap after slap, keel in full storm.

What is needed is a summer at its peak and a calm father,
 a god who does not sit in his throne among the defeated
 but now I can imagine him in all his beauty
 as a child having his first pushes on the pedals,
 manage it, there we go, hold it this way – now he'll make it
 united are the earth and the sky of the summer
 he won't skid any more, he is winning, is balancing,
 he flies away.

July 2003

Translated by Martina Ožbot and Oliver Currie

Dan Coman



Dan Coman se je rodil leta 1975 v Transilvaniji v Romuniji. Študiral je filozofijo na Univerzi Babeş-Bolyai v mestu Cluj-Napoca. Službuje kot profesor na srednji šoli v Bistriti. Objavil je tri pesniške zbirke: *Anul cartitei galbene* (Leto rumenega krta, 2003), za katero je prejel nagrado za prvenec Mihaia Eminescuja (2004) in nagrado za najboljši pesniški prvenec Društva romunskih pisateljev (2004), *Ghinga* (2005) in *Dictionarul Mara* (Leksikon Mara, 2009), za katero je prejel nagrado radijske postaje za kulturo »Radio România Cultural« (2010). Leta 2007 je izšel tudi izbor njegove poezije z naslovom *D Great Coman*. Leta 2010 je prejel pisateljsko štipendijo nemške literarne organizacije Akademie Schloss Solitude iz Stuttgarta. Njegove pesmi so bile prevedene v francoščino, madžarščino, nemščino, slovenščino, srbsčino in švedščino.

Dan Coman was born in 1975 in Transylvania, Romania. He studied philosophy at the Babeş-Bolyai University in Cluj-Napoca, and today works as a teacher at a high school in Bistrita. He has published three collections of poetry: Anul cartitei galbene (Year of the Yellow Mole, 2003), for which he received the Mihai Eminescu – Opera Prima Award (2004), and the award of the Romanian Writers' Union for the best debut collection of poetry (2004); Ghinga (2005), and Dictionarul Mara (The Mara Dictionary, 2009), for which he received the prize of the Radio România Cultural radio broadcasting station for culture (2010). In 2007, an anthology of his poetry was also published, under the title D Great Coman. In 2010, he was the recipient of a fellowship provided by the German literary organization Akademie Schloss Solitude from Stuttgart. His poetry has been translated into French, German, Hungarian, Serbian, Slovene, and Swedish.

noile dimineți

de câteva ori pe săptămână sunt niște dimineți noi
dimineți care seamănă bine de tot cu oricare altele
doar că nu depășesc un metru înălțime

un fel de cuburi educative pentru copiii de pînă la un an

aici nu mai încap cafeaua
tutunul nu mai iese din gură iar
dragostea noastră stă ca o vacă-ntre noi
și ne umple de păr

pe aici se plimbă mara
și pe aici plimbă ea tot soiul de corpulețe
pentru care aerul e doar o jucărie de băgat iute-iute în nas

acestea sunt diminețile noi
și de-a lungul lor se rostogolește laptele praf
și de-a latul lor ticăie neîncetat soarele chicco

acestea sunt diminețile noi

la un metru deasupra lor
trupurile noastre mari plutesc deja cu burțile-n sus

măr cu biscuiți

stau cu mara la geam. e o zi frumoasă de iarnă
și ninge și noi mîncăm măr ras cu biscuiți și
nu spunem nimic.

fiecare cu lingurița lui,
fiecare cu cîte-o dimineată de iarnă în față.
uneori ne oprim din mîncat și
ne turtim nasurile de geam și
stăm așa fără să spunem nimic
și respirația mea îmi încălzește încet fața
și încet-încet respirația marei
încălzește tot parcul.

chicco

în fiecare dimineață mă trezesc înainte de cinci
și așa, pe nespălate și fără tutun
așa, pe întuneric și frig
mă dau jos din pat și-n patru labe
pipăi după el.
înainte de cinci nu e mai mare decît o mărgea
și cînd îl ating el țuști
saltă pînă-n cealaltă parte a camerei.
îl prind însă repede și-l prind numai cu două degete
și nu-l rostogolesc decît pe covor
căci altfel face zgomot și e-n stare
să le trezească pe fete.
astfel de la cinci în patru labe cu soarele acesta
și soarele acesta de cameră ore în șir trebuie rostogolit
pînă ce ca un bulgăre de zăpadă se face mare-mare
și începe să lumineze și începe să încălzească
deși tocmai cînd crește mare-mare și
luminează și încălzește
tocmai atunci începe să transpire din greu
și soarele chicco transpiră ca un om mare
și pe la opt cînd se trezesc fetele
trebuie deschis geamul
și aproape o oră trebuie aerisit în dormitor

poem de dragoste

peste zi e cum nu se poate mai bine căci peste zi
noi suntem omuleții de pluș
și vine mara-ntre noi și ne îmbracă și ne piaptăna
și ne dă ușor cu palma la fund
vine mara și călare pe niște rățuște de plastic
ne pune să plutim în cafea

peste zi e cum nu se poate mai bine căci peste zi
noi suntem albă ca zăpada și cei șapte pitici
și vine mara-ntre noi și
ne deșurubează mîinile și
ne deșurubează picioarele și desfăcându-ne burțile
scoate toți cîlții și toată vata din noi

peste zi e cum nu se poate mai bine

noi numai noaptea ne umplem de carne
numai noaptea cînd mara a adormit în sfîrșit

atunci ne strecurăm iute sub plapumă
și în tăcere ne izbim unul de altul
ca două pulpe de pui

salonul nouă, lăuze

întru în salonul nouă cu o oaie atîrnată de gît.
 înaintez greu,
 oamenii de pază m-au luat drept preot
 și se țin întruna după mine
 și ca pe o cruce îmi tot ridică oaia
 și-o sărută pe bot

și oaia asta speriată ascunzîndu-se în hainele mele ca-n iarbă
 o face pe tînda să rîdă în hohote.
 înainte să se ridice din pat
 am văzut cum și-a aranjat puțin bățile inimii de parcă
 și-ar fi aranjat pe sub masă o fustă de moroșancă.

lăuze-lăuze, deasupra chiuvelei o bucată de aer stătut
 pe care asistenta o tot împunge cu acul. șșșșt,
 oaia de la gît a adormit, ca niște lilieci
 celelalte femei stau atîrnate cu capetele-n jos,
 să nu se tulbure laptele.

lăuze-lăuze, din bucata aceea de aer nu iese nimic.

mă așez pe marginea patului și din compotul pe care-l deschid
 se prelinge mai întîi cafeaua.
 ca un mic lan de buruieni
 laptele praf a năpădit etajera
 și ține umbră în salon și-n umbra aceasta
 tînda ademenind cu masajele celălalt lapte.

văd bine : e tristă și nedumerită
 și-mi face semn s-o ajut

și-atunci îmi strecor capul sub plapumă
 și îmi strecor capul sub capot și odată ajuns la înălțimea sînilor
 îmi lipesc urechea și ascult și cum n-aud nimic
 îmi zic cine știe poate că laptele de mamă nu sună
 și-atunci prind încredere și apăs sîni de cîteva ori
 și sfîrcurile pocnesc ca degetele
 dar în afară de-un aer proaspăt care îmi dă direct în ochi
 nimic, nici o picătură.

nu-i bai, îi șoptesc tlindei, nu-i bai
 și încurajările mele ca niște sarmale îi pătează capotul.

e tîrziu acum, du-te mai bine

și eu știu după roșeața ei
 că e acum vremea alăptatului și dau să mă ridic
 cînd ca la un semn în salonul nouă începe viața:

rînd pe rînd femeile încep să respire și încep să scîncească
și se ridică așa cum ar ridica o cafea și uff au ioi
cu amîndouă mîinile își saltă burțile
și laptele le sună în sîni ca un adevărat expresor

rînd pe rînd se ridică și făcînd un perfect șir indian
încep întîi să se legene și încep întîi să fredoneze un cîntecel
o laudă alăptatului natural
și-abia după ce-și așează una alteia mîna pe umăr
abia apoi încep să dea din picioare ca din niște rotițe

și țop-țop una cîte una țop-țop afară din salon

și iat-o și pe tînda mult în spatele tuturor ,
roșie-roșie la față și
fără țop-țop la mers

iat-o ieșind și pe ea cu sticluța de milumil în brațe
de parcă-ar ieși cu un sac de cartofi și
de parc-ar ieși direct cu sîinii la vedere
și nu-mi face nici un semn s-o aștept
nu

așa că îmi trezesc oaia de la gît
și imitînd mișcarea lăuzelor
ne strecurăm în baia maternității
și fumăm

nova jutra

nekajkrat tedensko so nova jutra
 jutra ki so precej podobna katerim koli drugim jutrom
 le da ne merijo več kot meter v višino

nekakšne didaktične kocke za otroke do enega leta

tu za kavo ni prostora
 tobak ne gre več iz ust
 in najina ljubezen stoji med nama kot krava
 ki naju prekrije z dlako

tu se sprehaja mara
 in tu ona sprehaja raznovrstna telesa
 za katere je zrak samo igrača ki jo hitro stlačiš v nos

to so nova jutra
 in po njihovi dolžini se kotali mleko v prahu
 in po njihovi širini neprekinjeno tiktaka sonce chicco

to so nova jutra

meter nad njimi
 že plujejo naša velika telesa s trebuhom navzgor

jabolko s piškoti

z maro stojim pri oknu. je lep zimski dan
 in sneži in midva jeva naribano jabolko s piškoti in
 ne rečeva nobene.
 vsak s svojo žličko.
 vsak s svojim zimskim jutrom pred sabo.
 včasih nehava jesti
 prisloniva nosova na šipo in
 tako stojiva ne da bi kaj rekla
 in moja sapa mi počasi ogreje obraz
 in čisto počasi marino dihanje
 ogreje ves park.

chicco

vsako jutro se zbudim pred peto
in kar neumit in brez tobaka
v temi in mrazu
vstanem iz postelje in po vseh štirih
tipam za njim.
pred peto ni večji od bisera
in ko se ga dotaknem on hopla
skoči na drugo stran sobe
a ga jaz hitro zgrabim le z dvema prstoma
in ga kotalim samo po preprogi
ker drugače dela hrup in bi
lahko zbudil dekleti.
in tako od petih dalje po vseh štirih s tem soncem
to sobno sonce je namreč treba kotaliti dolge ure
dokler ne postane veliko veliko kot snežna kepa
in začne svetiti in začne greti
čeprav se začne ravno takrat ko postane veliko veliko
in sveti in greje
močno potiti
in sonce chicco se poti kot velik človek
in okrog osmih se zbudita dekleti
treba je odpreti okno
in skoraj uro zračiti spalnico

ljubezenska pesem

čez dan ne more biti bolje saj sva čez dan
plišasta človečka
in med naju pride mara in naju oblači in češe
in tudi rahlo udari po ritki
mara pride in jahajoč na plastičnih račkah
naju pripravi do tega da plujeva po kavi

čez dan ne more biti bolje saj sva čez dan
sneguljčica in sedem palčkov
med naju pride mara
odvije nama roke
odvije nama noge razpara najina trebuha
in ven povleče prejo in vato

čez dan ne more biti bolje

midva se samo ponoči napolniva z mesom
samo ponoči ko mara končno zaspi

takrat hitro skočiva pod odejo
in se tiho udarjava drug v drugega
kot dve piščančji bedri

soba devet otročnice

vstopim v sobo devet z ovco za vratom.
hodim stežka
varnostniki me imajo za duhovnika
in so mi ves čas za petami
in kot s križa z mene jemljejo ovco
in jo poljubljajo na gobec

preplašena ovca se skrije v moja oblačila kot v travo
zato se tlinda zakrohota.
preden je vstala iz postelje
sem videl kako si je malce uredila bitje srca
kot bi si pod mizo popravila kmečko krilo.

otročnice-otročnice, nad umivalnikom je košček postanega zraka
ki ga medicinska sestra prebada z iglo. ššš
ovca za vratom je zaspala druge ženske
visijo z glavo navzdol kot netopirji
da se mleko ne bi sesirilo.

otročnice-otročnice, iz tega koščka zraka nič ne pride ven.

sedem na rob postelje in iz kompota ki ga odprem
najprej steče kava.
kot majhen šop plevela
je mleko v prahu napadlo polico
tako v sobi ohranja senco in v tej senci
tlinda z masažo izvablja drugo mleko.

dobro vidim: žalostna je in začudena
pomigne mi naj ji pomagam

in takrat dam svojo glavo pod odejo
dam svojo glavo pod haljo in ko pridem do prsi
prislonim uho poslušam in ker nič ne slišim
si rečem kdo ve morda materino mleko ne oddaja zvoka
in takrat se opogumim in nekajkrat pritisnem na prsi
in bradavičke počijo kot prsti
toda razen svežega zraka ki mi pride do oči
ničesar niti kapljice

in skrbi hej zašepetam tlindi ne skrbi hej
in moje bodrenje umaže njeno haljo kot sarma.

pozno je že raje pojdi

in po njeni rdečici sodeč vem
da je čas za dojenje in se pripravim da bi vstal
ko se v sobi devet na znak začne življenje:

druga za drugo začnejo ženske dihati in ječati
vstajajo kot bi dvigovale kavo in oh av joj
z obema rokama dvignejo trebuhe
in v njihovih prsah zacvrči mleko kot pravi aparat za kavo

druga za drugo vstanejo in se po indijansko postavijo v vrsto
najprej se začnejo zibati najprej si začnejo popevati neko pesem
slavospev naravnemu dojenju
in šele potem ko druga drugi položijo roko na rame
začnejo brcati z nogami kot bi bile na kolescih

in hop-hop ena za drugo hop-hop iz sobe

in glej tlindo daleč za njimi
rdeča v obraz in
brez hop-hop med hojo

glej jo kako gre ven s stekleničko milumila v roki
kot bi šla ven z vrečo krompirja
kot bi šla ven razgaljenih prsi
ne pomigne mi naj počakam
ne

zato prebudim svojo ovco za vratom
in posnemajoč gibanje otročnic
se zmuzneva na stranišče porodnišnice
in kadiva

Prevedel Aleš Mustar

new mornings

several times a week there are new mornings
mornings that seem as good as any other
if they don't quite reach a meter's height

some educational cubes for children under one

coffee no longer fits in
tobacco no longer leaves the mouth and
our love sits close between us like a cow
shedding its hair

mara walks here
walks all sorts of small bodies
for whom the air is just a toy to push quickly-quickly in the nose

these are new mornings
powdered milk rolls all over the length of them
a Chicco sun ticks endlessly over their width

these are new mornings

a meter above them
our large bodies float already belly-up

biscuits with apple sauce

I stay with mara at the window. a beautiful winter's day
it snows as we eat biscuits with apple sauce
not saying a thing.
each with a tiny spoon,
each with the whole winter morning before us.
sometimes we stop eating and
press our noses to the glass
we stay that way without saying a thing
breath warms my face slowly
and slowly-slowly mara's breath
spreads warmth throughout the park.

chicco

I wake up every morning before five
and like this, unwashed without tobacco
like this, in the dark and cold
I get out of bed on all fours
feeling for it.
before five he's no more than a glass bead
when I touch him whoosh
leaping to some other part of the room.
I pick him up quickly, using only two fingers
roll him only on the carpet
lest he make noise and
wake the girls.
so it's this way at five on all fours with this sun
this sun in the room rolled for hours on end
until like a snowball it grows quite large
until it begins to brighten begins to warm
though it's only after growing so large
brighter and warmer
it's only then that the sweat pours out
the Chicco sun sweating likes a grown man
and at eight when the girls wake up
they must open the window
needing nearly an hour to air out the room.

love poem

all day it couldn't get any better as all day
we are stuffed little men,
and mara comes between clothing us combing us
gently palming our bottoms
mara comes and mounted on some plastic ducks
floats us out in coffee

all day it couldn't get any better as all day
we are snow white with the seven dwarves
mara comes among us and
unscrews our hands
unscrews our feet and cleans off our stomachs
pulling out all the oakum and wool

all day it couldn't get any better

only at night do we become full of flesh
only at night when mara finally sleeps

when we squeeze quickly under the blanket
and in silence slap against one another
like two chicken legs

the ninth ward, maternity

I enter the ninth ward a sheep hung at the neck.
 struggling forward,
 the security guards take me for a priest
 keep following after me
 keep lifting the sheep like on a cross
 kissing it on the muzzle.

and this scared sheep hidden-in my clothing as in the grass
 causes Tlinda to burst out laughing.
 before she rises from bed
 I see how slyly she arranges her beating heart as though
 arranging a peasant skirt under the table.

birthing-birthing, stale fragment of air over a kitchen sink
 as the nurse pushes in with her needle, *zzzt*,
 the sheep at my neck sleeps now, like some bats
 the other women hang there heads down,
 careful not to unsettle the milk.

birthing-birthing, from this fragment of air comes nothing.

I sit on the edge of the bed and from the compote I open
 first trickles of coffee.
 like a small field of weeds
 the powdered milk has invaded the shelves
 casting shadows in the room and in these shadows
 Tlinda seduces, massages the other milk.

I see all too well: her sad and confused
 signaling me to help

and then I slip my head under the blanket
 slip my head into the gown to the height of the breast
 I press my ear close but hear nothing
 perhaps, I say, mother's milk makes no sound
 and then summoning courage I squeeze the breast a few times
 and the nipples snap like fingers
 but apart from a burst of fresh air in my eyes
 nothing, not a drop.

don't worry Tlinda, I whisper, don't worry
 my comforting words stain her gown like cabbage rolls.

it's late now, better you go
and I know from her blushing
that it's time to nurse I start to go
but suddenly, in the ninth ward, life begins

row after row of women beginning to breathe to whimper
and rising now the way coffee rises an umph ah oy
slapping stomachs with both hands
the sound of milk in the breast like a jet of espresso

row after row rising up to form a perfect indian chain
they begin to rock begin to chant
praise for natural breast milk
one after another laying hand to shoulder
then making little circles with their feet

and hop-hop one by one hop-hop out of the ward

and here goes Tlinda well behind the rest,
red-red in the face and
without that hop in her step

there she goes leaving with a bottle of formula in her arms
as if she went with a sack of potatoes
as if she went out directly her breasts exposed
making no sign for me to wait
no

and so I wake the sheep at my throat
we walk like the women, those who've just given birth
and sneak into the ward bathroom
for a smoke

Translated by Martin Woodside with Ioana Ieronim

Ivan Dobnik



Foto © Sandi Radovan

Ivan Dobnik se je rodil leta 1960 v Celju, danes pa živi in ustvarja v Šmatevžu v Savinjski dolini in v Ljubljani. Študiral je filozofijo in primerjalno književnost na Filozofski fakulteti Univerze v Ljubljani. Je pesnik, pisatelj, esejist, kritik in prevajalec ter idejni pobudnik in urednik literarne revije *Poetikon*. Prevaja zlasti iz francoščine (Michaux, Bonnefoy, Jacottet, Camus). Objavil je pesniške zbirke: *Osvobajanje* (1980), *Kaligrafija lire* (1999), *Zapreš svoje oči* (2003), za katero je bil nominiran za Veronikino nagrado za poezijo (2004), *Rhapsodie dans un hiver froid / Rapsodija v mrzli zimi* (2006), ki je izšla v francoščini in slovenščini, *Zapisi z drevesnih lističev* (2006), *Stimmen slowenischer Lyrik 1 / Glasovi slovenske poezije 1* (skupaj z Andrejem Medvedom in Miklavžem Komeljem, 2007), ki je izšla v nemščini in slovenščini, *Svetilnik* (2008), *Bela pesem* (2009), *Voices of Slovene Poetry 3 / Glasovi slovenske poezije 3* (skupaj z Zoranom Pevcem in Miriam Drev, 2010), ki je izšla v angleščini in slovenščini, in *Pred začetkom* (2010). Njegove pesmi so prevedene v številne tuje jezike.

Ivan Dobnik was born in 1960 in Celje, Slovenia, and today lives and works in Šmatevž in the Savinja Valley and in Ljubljana. He studied philosophy and comparative literature at the Faculty of Arts at the University of Ljubljana. He is a poet, author, translator, essayist, critic, as well as the initiator and editor of the Poetikon literary journal. He translates mainly from French (Michaux, Bonnefoy, Jacottet, Camus). He has published the following volumes of poetry: Osvobajanje (Liberation, 1980), Kaligrafija lire (The Calligraphy of The Lyre, 1999), Zapreš svoje oči (You Close Your Eyes, 2003), which was nominated for the "Veronika" poetry award (2004); Rhapsodie dans un hiver froid / Rapsodija v mrzli zimi (Rhapsody in Cold Winter, 2006), which was published in French and Slovene; Zapisi z drevesnih lističev (Notes from the Leaves of Trees, 2006), Stimmen slowenischer Lyrik / Glasovi slovenske poezije 1 (Voices of Slovene Poetry 1, 2007), which was published in German and Slovene in collaboration with Andrej Medved and Miklavž Komelj, Svetilnik (Lighthouse, 2008), Bela pesem (The White Poem, 2009), Slovene Voices of Slovene Poetry 3 / Glasovi slovenske poezije 3 (2010), which was published in English and Slovene in collaboration with Zoran Pevec and Miriam Drev, and Pred začetkom (Before the Beginning, 2010). His poetry has been translated into many foreign languages.

Ali med svetlobami?

Ali med algami,
ali med oblinami, oblikami, obrazi,
ali med mrtvimi, prezgodaj rojenimi, prehitro
pozabljenimi, ali med neprepoznanimi, nepriznanimi,
ali med pragozdnim drevjem, v noči šklepetov ptičjih oči,

ali med natančno pokončanimi, brez zavetja in hrane
in upanja, ali med živalmi v smrtni grozi na poteh v klavnice,
pod sekire, pod strele, ali med cvetovi carjevičev, brez
sentimentalnih spominov, ali med nalivi jesenskih deževij,
ki naravno vračajo naravi, ali med ribami, ali med krti,

med zankami, vozli in objemi, ki le v sanjah ne ranijo,
ali med strastnimi travami, ki le enkrat vzcvetijo, ali med
svetlobami, ki so že odšle, včeraj, med najinimi dotikanji
in ljubkovanji, ki jih ne najdeva več za naju, ali med poletji,
ki se ne vrnejo več k nama, k nama golima, ali med ustnicami,

ki izsušene šepetajo nikoli do konca izrečene želje, ali med kopiti
belega konja, ki še vedno dirja na pašnikih otroštva, ali med
pozabljenimi knjigami, ki se jih nihče več ne dotakne, ker je
življenje v njih ugasnilo, ali med zastrupljenimi celinami, med
velemesti, izbrisano praprotjo, ali med črnimi in belimi dnevi,

v katerih jočeš skrita v sebi in vse bolj sama, vse bolj pozabljena,
odmaknjena, vse bolj zgubljena, ali med enim in drugim
prividom izmed neprešteti, ki te nenapovedani obiskujejo,
odpirajo, opajajo, ali med sprehodi skozi jesenske gozdove,
slikovite in sončne svetlobe sanjskih jadrnic, ostro nežnih?

Ali med enimi in drugimi obalami v spominu, obalami, ki so že odšle,
v spominu, ki se nezadržno spreminja, ves čas, in preoblikuje v zrak?
Ali na travi rajskega vrta v sredici tvojega podeželja, polni ptičev?
Ali v neoprijemljivi noči, v kateri sanjaš sanje o sanjah, v katerih
pišeš dišečo knjigo za njene oči? Ali na *Pont des Arts*, v avgustu,

ko vse žari od radosti nedolžnih in je Sena sen, na katerega
položim tvoje telo tisočkrat na dan z jezikom prvič izgovorjenih
besed? Ali takrat, ko omahnem, od lepote tvojih bokov pokončan,
mrtev in bel, zleknjen med črke, že veliko prej narisane na nikogaršnje
ozemlje, ali med pesmijo dežja, v cvetenju snega, v zalivu drhteče kože

tebe na poletni mivki? Ali potem, ko boš že pozabila name?
Potem, v nekem drugem ozvezdju, v veselju sončnega lista?
Ali v dihanju fosilnih školjk, v mraku lepote na sedežu avtomobila
v dolgi beli noči, med poslušanjem Schubertovih triov, med iskanji
odgovorov na nedokončana vprašanja, medtem ko ti spiš s trubadurjem?

Ali potem, ko bom vse stavke na videz dokončal, ali še pozneje,
nedoločljivo kdaj in kje, v neznanem stanju, ali žareč, ali prah,
ali popotnik, nomad, menih, vojščak, mravlja, metulj, riba,
ali s teboj ali brez tebe, ali uresničen ali pozabljen, razpršen,
v vrtincu naključij, v preobrazbah snega, v zasutem rečnem zavoju?

Kje naj te sanjam, mirno spim, pišem, te ljubim brez skrbi
kot veter trave, drevesne liste, z lahkotno kretnjo prstov,
tiho, brez besed, v vseh letnih časih, med svetlobami
sredozemskih vonjev, kje, kje naj te varujem,
hranim, kje naj, kje?

V Šmatevžu, 31. maja 2010, in v Ljubljani, 3. oktobra 2010

Mogoče

* * *

Vse to je odprto, sanjavo. Gozdovi, vasi, bučna drhtenja velemest.
Kamor odhajam, sem že od nekdej. Tise cvetijo na Otoku mrtvih,
na oblakih živih sončnice in mačice vrb, šepet dni in noči. Kriči.

Mogoče nihče ne prisluškuje, se nas nihče ne dotika z nekimi drugimi
toni besed, mogoče le prestrašena žival, ki v mrzli noči
prečka asfaltno cesto, popolna v lepoti kozmične hoje,

in ti, zvesta v vseh srečevanjih najinega dihanja, onstran hruma,
onstran časa, onstran telesa. Govorica perutnic, ki jih sproži
mogoče. Svetloba na vrtu, pod drevjem, ki tipa v oči in jezik.

Kjer ležeš vznak pod krošnjo poletnega drevesa. Se prebudiš.
Prepoznaš pesem listja in korenin. Vonj in veter prinašata večer,
ti si potopljen v medzvezdno prasketanje, mogoče pričakuješ

pričo razodetju. Ogenj je. Zelena svetloba, zelene oči, zelena koža
na mišicah negibnih bitij, ki te opazujejo, v čredi plesa in raja,
v ognju, ki ne ubija. Premikamo se počasi, tisočletja.

* * *

Mogoče se ne srečava nikoli več.
 Mogoče je to najina zadnja skupna hoja.
 Mogoče bo to zadnji zapis, glas v pismu,
 ki te nekoč reši pred neštetiimi zgrešenimi potmi.
 Mogoče se iznenada vrneš. Dotipaš in prideš,
 mogoče gola, v metafori razkošnega sprehoda
 skozi nežni julij, kjer zrak drhti napet in umit,
 mogoče na ulici, ki še nima imena,
 mogoče na obali, ki še ni oblikovana,
 mogoče pod krošnjami, ki še niso rojene.
Nimfe so odšle. Napeti brsti so pred razpokom,
 palače iz stekla in betona žarijo v popoldanskem
 soju mrča. Nihče, razen toplih živali, te ne čaka.
 Vseeno je. Vrti se film. In ti, uporna melodija,
 ne zapravljaš časa, vse bolj drzna,
 na robu utripanja, že skoraj v brezračju,
 odkrivaš lepoto kljubovanja. Tiger,
 mogoče zbujen po naključju, mogočno
 drsi čez obzorje, sončen, lačen.
 Iz tvojih besed se zrcali. V deželo
 barbarov prinaša nemir. Pišeš mi
 z juga, s poti v mraku, v iskanju
 poletja, toplejših dni, v marcu,
 še zmeraj sneži, v prstih te boli
 od vztrajnega zapisovanja,
 črke imajo dušo onstranstva,
 velika miza lebdi. Mogoče
 pod krošnjami, ki jih opevaš.
 Mogoče na obali, h kateri
 potuješ. Mogoče na ulici,
 prividu, tej zadnji resničnosti
 mestnih množic, med njimi,
 a nikoli z njimi, zvrhan dišav
 daljnih pokrajin. Vidi te
 nebo. Potuješ. Vse bolj
 južno, vse bolj resnično.
 S koraki, mogoče
 sanjami, vzdihni,
 poléten.

* * *

Mogoče, *kot žaluje v gori kdaj majhna žival* – spregovori drevo.
Poslušaj te s tisočnimi očmi. Semena oblikuje, semena razpršuje.
Korak drsi med njimi, mačji, prisluškuje, šoja in veter, smeh in besede.
V zgoščenih mesecih, v vrenju krvi, s samoto, z odprto knjigo,
ki v tvojem naročju diši, se ponovno vse veselje odpre. Me vidiš,
v spominu, v blisku noči ali ranjenega popoldneva – lahkotnega.

Mogoče si le tišina. Nad Mestom, nad urbano svetlobo, nad betonom.
Spregovori drevo o gnezdu med svojimi vejami, nad ulico avtomobilov.
Poslušaj te z jokom iz debla, ki ga trga žaga. Veter, pomladni, in smeh.
In izginja hiša, toplina doma, vse veselje. Prihajaš na obisk in čaj,
vstopaš neslišno, mogoče brez telesa, nekaj v tebi kliče besede.
Nad ulico avtomobilov plavam v jati rib, mogoče ti z menoj, še lažja.

Mogoče govori drevo, mogoče tišina, nihče. V tvojem naročju spi
pozabljeni vonj sive mačke, spi knjiga, visoko zgoraj, nad betonom
in hrupom avtomobilov. Metafizika cveti. Veter s smehom boža
perutnice šoje, mogoče tebe, na pločniku, ki te nosi v telo gnezda.
Nismo sami, ko smo sami. Na obisku ti odprem knjigo z drevesnim
listom. Joče pomladni sok, prozorna kri drhti. Popoldan je odprt.

Mogoče nihče ne žaluje, le svetloba je tišja, in veter in smeh
nad ulico avtomobilov vse težji, vse bolj negiben, moten in sam.
Pokopana žival se razblinja. S tisočnimi semeni se širi pomlad.
Nihče se ne vrne domov. V gnezdu tiste krošnje pije čaj.
Neuničljivo lebdi nad betonom in žvrgolenjem avtomobilov.
Sanjaj zdaj, v naročju dišav in spominov, z vetrom in s knjigo.

Whether among the lights?

Whether among algae,
 or among rotundities, forms, faces,
 whether among the dead, prematurely born, forgotten
 too soon, or among those unrecognized, unacknowledged,
 or among the jungle trees, in the night of bird eyes' chatter,

whether among the thoroughly demolished, with no shelter or food
 or hope, or among the horror-struck animals on their way to the slaughter-pen,
 under the axes, under the thunderbolts, or among the blossoms of domestic
 apples, with no sentimental memories, or during the downpours of autumn rains
 that return the natural to nature, or among fish, or among moles,

among nooses, knots, and embraces that hurt always but in dreams,
 or among the passionate herbs that bloom only one time, or among
 the lights that already passed, yesterday, among our touches
 and caresses that we can no longer find for ourselves, or during summers
 that shan't return to us, us naked, or between the lips

that whisper, dried out, wishes never completely told, or between the hooves
 of a white horse that still gallops across the pastures of childhood, or between
 the forgotten books, no longer touched by anyone
 as life in them had withered away, or between the poisoned continents, among
 metropolises, wiped out fern, or between the black and the white days

in which you cry hidden in yourself and ever more lonely, ever more forgotten,
 isolated, ever more lost, or in between one and another
 of countless illusions that unexpectedly visit you,
 open you, dazzle you, or during walks through the autumn forests,
 through picturesque and sunny lights of dream sailers, harshly tender?

Or in between one and another shore in memory, shores that have gone,
 in a memory that irrepressibly alters, all the time, transforming into air?
 Or in the grass in the garden of Eden, in the heart of your countryside, full of birds?
 Or in an impalpable night when you dream about dreams in which
 you are writing a fragrant book for her eyes? Or at *Pont des Arts*, in August,

when everything glows from joy of the innocents and the Seine is a seine on which
 I lay your body a thousand times a day in a language of words spoken
 for the first time? Or when I collapse, shattered by the beauty of your flanks,
 dead and white, stretched along the letters drawn long before on the no-man's
 land, or during the song of rain, in the blossom of snow, in the bay of shivering skin

of you on the summer sand? Or after you'll have forgotten about me?
Afterwards, in some other constellation, in the universe of a sun leaf?
Or in breathing of fossil shells, in the dusk of the beauty on a car seat
in the long white night, during the hearkening to Schubert's trios, during
the searches
for the answers to unfinished questions, while you are sleeping with a troubadour?

Or after I'll have virtually finished all sentences, or even later,
in indefinable when or where, in an unknown state, or glowing, or dust,
or a traveller, a nomad, a monk, a soldier, an ant, a butterfly, a fish,
whether with or without you, fulfilled or forgotten, scattered,
in the whirl of coincidences, in the metamorphosis of snow, in the
crammed river bend?

Where shall I dream about you, sleep tight, write, love you carelessly
as the wind loves herbs, tree leaves, with a gentle gesture of fingers,
quietly, with no words, in all the seasons, among the lights
of the Mediterranean scents, where, where shall I tend you,
keep you, where shall I, where?

In Šmatevž, 31st May 2010, and in Ljubljana, 3rd October 2010

Maybe

* * *

All of this is open, dreamy. Forests, villages, roaring shivers of metropolises. Where I'm going to, I have always been. Yew trees bloom on the Island of the Dead,
on the clouds of the live sunflowers and willow catkins, a whisper of days and nights. It screams.

Maybe no one listens, no one touches us with different tones of words, maybe just a scared animal that crosses asphalt road in a cold night, perfect in the beauty of its cosmic walk,

and you, faithful in all the encounters of our breathing, beyond roaring, beyond time, beyond body. The language of wings, raised by maybe. The light in the garden, under the trees, that touches eyes and tongue.

Where you lie on your back under the crown of a summer tree. You wake up. You recognize the song of leaves and roots. Scent and wind bring the evening, you are sunk into the interconstellation crackle, maybe expecting

a witness to revelation. There's fire. Green light, green eyes, green skin on the muscles of motionless beings that watch you, in a herd of dancing and frolic, in the fire that doesn't kill. We are moving slowly, for thousands of years.

* * *

Maybe we never meet again.
Maybe this is our last walk together.
Maybe this will be the last note, a voice in a letter
that some day shall save you from the countless wrong paths.
You may unexpectedly return. Grope your way and come,
maybe naked, in a metaphor of a magnificent walk
through the gentle July, where air quivers, stretched and cleansed,
maybe in a street that has no name yet,
maybe on a shore that has not yet been formed,
maybe under the treetops that have yet to be born.
The nymphs have gone. The tense buds are to burst open,
the palaces of glass and concrete glow in the afternoon
shine of haze. No one but warm animals awaits you.
It doesn't matter. The film is rolling. And you, rebellious melody,
are not wasting any time, ever more daring,
on the verge of pulsation, almost in the vacuum,
you are unveiling the beauty of defiance. A tiger,
maybe accidentally woken up, potently
slides across the horizon, sunny, hungry.
It reflects from your words. It brings
restlessness to the land of barbarians. You write to me
from the south, from your dusky ways, in the search
for summer, for warmer days, in March,
it's still snowing, your fingers hurt
because of the constant writing,
the letters have a soul of beyond,
the big table floats. Maybe
under the treetops that you chant about.
Maybe on the shore where you're
going to. Maybe in a street,
an illusion, the last reality
of the city crowds, among them
but never with them, stricken with fragrances
of far-away lands. The sky
sees you. You are travelling. Ever more
south, ever more real.
With steps, maybe
dreams, sighs,
summer-like.

* * *

Maybe, *like a small animal sometimes mourns in the mountain* – the tree speaks. It listens to you with thousands of eyes. It shapes seeds, it scatters seeds, a step slides between them, a cat's step, listening, jay and wind, laughter and words. In the condensed months, in the seething of blood, with solitude, with an open book that smells sweet in your lap, the whole universe opens again. You see me, in the memory, in the flash of the night or of the wounded afternoon – I'm light.

Maybe you're nothing but silence. Above the City, above the urban lights, above concrete. A tree speaks about the nest in its crown, above the street of cars. It listens to you with the cry from its trunk, torn by a saw. Spring wind, and laughter. And the house, the warmth of home, the whole universe vanishes. You are coming for a visit, for tea, you enter soundlessly, maybe without body, something in you cries for the words. Above the street of cars I swim in the swarm of fish, maybe you are with me, even lighter.

Maybe a tree speaks, maybe the silence, no one. In your lap sleeps a forgotten scent of a grey cat, sleeps the book, high above, beyond concrete and the noise of cars. Metaphysics blooms. With laughter, the wind fondles jay's wings, maybe you, on a pavement that carries you to the body of nest. We're not alone, when we're alone. On a visit I open the book for you with a leaf. Spring juice cries, the transparent blood shivers. The afternoon is open.

Maybe no one mourns, only the light becomes quieter, and the wind and the laughter above the street of cars heavier, ever less flexible, frosted, and lonely. The buried animal vanishes. With thousands of seeds the spring spreads. No one comes home. In the nest of that treetop we're drinking tea. Indestructibly it hovers above concrete and the warbling of cars. Dream now, in the arms of fragrances and memories, with the wind, and with the book.

Translated by Aleksandra Kocmut

György Dragomán



Foto © Anna Szabó

György Dragomán se je rodil leta 1973 v Marosvásárhelyju v Romuniji. Leta 1988 se je z družino preselil na Madžarsko. Študiral je angleščino in filozofijo v Budimpešti, kjer živi še danes. Je pisatelj in prevajalec iz angleščine, ki je izdal dva romana: *A pusz-títás könyve* (Knjiga uničenja, 2002), za katerega je prejel nagrado »Sándor Bródy« (2003) za najboljši madžarski prvenec leta, in *A fehér király* (*Beli kralj*, 2005), mednarodno knjižno uspešnico, ki je avtorjevo ime ponesla po svetu in bila prevedena v več kot trideset jezikov. Za omenjeni roman je avtor prejel nagrado »Sándor Márai«, najprestižnejše madžarsko odlikovanje za književnost. Delo je pri založbi Didakta leta 2007 izšlo v slovenskem prevodu Jožeta Hradila. Kot plodovit književni prevajalec je najbolj znan po prevodih avtorjev z angleškega govornega področja, kot sta James Joyce in Samuel Beckett.

György Dragomán was born in 1973 in Marosvásárbely, Romania. In 1988, he and his family moved to Hungary. He studied English and philosophy in Budapest, where he still lives to this day. The novelist and translator from the English has published two novels: A pusz-títás könyve (Genesis Undone, 2002), for which he won the Sándor Bródy Prize (2003) for the best Hungarian debut book of the year; and A fehér király (The White King, 2005), an international bestseller which has earned him world-wide acclaim, having been translated into more than thirty languages, and for which he received a string of awards, among them the Sándor Márai Prize (2006) – Hungary's highest literary honour. It was also translated into Slovene by Jože Hradil and published by the Didakta Publishing House in 2007. A prolific literary translator, he is best known for his translations of works by English speaking authors such as James Joyce and Samuel Beckett.

Fuvar

Zeusz óvatosan beállt a fenyőfák közé a busszal, ahogy leállította a motort, rögtön meghallotta, hogy a hátsó részben a vasrácsra feszített ponyva mögött kaffognak és morognak az állatok, Zeusz a rácsba rúgott: - Kuss legyen, ronda dögök - mondta hangosan, nem is annyira az állatoknak, mert azok úgyse bírtak volna nyugton ülni az éhségtől meg az amfetamintól, inkább csak azért, hogy az ügyfelek felébredjenek végre, már vagy kétszáz kilométer óta aludtak mind a ketten, a férfi félrebicsaklott fejfelé, félig a nő ölében, a nő meg oldalra dőlt, a műbőr ülésnek és az oldalsó farostlemeznek támaszkodott.

Zeusz még egyszer rávágott a rácsra, hallatszott, hogy az állatok szomjasan tologatják ide-oda az üres zománclavórokat a szegecselt lemezpadlón, Zeusz újra az ügyfelekre nézett, a férfi tért először magához, kábán nézett körül, aztán lassan eszébe juthatott, hogy mi a helyzet, mert a nő vállára tette a kezét, megrázta, halkán mondott neki valamit, elég szép dallamos nyelv volt, Zeusz nem tudta kitalálni, hogy milyen, örmény vagy gagauz lehetett, annyira mondjuk nem is érdekelte, a nő persze rögtön tudta, hogy hol van, a régi Ikarusz baloldali üléseinek helyét kitöltő ipari mélyhűtőre nézett, aztán Zeuszra: - Ott vagyunk már? - kérdezte franciául, akcentussal beszélt, de azért jól lehetett érteni.

Zeusz bólintott. - Ötszáz méter - mondta -, legjobb lenne, ha most ideadnák szépen a pénz másik felét.

A nő odaszólt a férfinak, az benyúlt a zakója zsebébe, elővett egy borítékot, odanyújtotta Zeusznak. Zeusz elvette a pénzt, kinyitotta a hűtő egyik rekeszét, elővette a régi fagyaltosdobozt, odaadta a nőnek: - Vetkőzzenek pucérra, aztán jó alaposan kenjék be magukat - mondta -, addig én megszámolom a pénzt.

A nő megfogta a dobozt, mondott valamit a férfinak, aztán vetkőzni kezdett, a férfi is levette az ingét meg a nadrágját, aztán kibontotta a dobozt, a sárga, olajos kenőcsre nézett, kérdezett valamit a nőtől, a nő erre úgy, ahogy volt, meztelenül, Zeusshoz fordult: - Mi ez? - kérdezte -, a férjem tudni akarja. Zeusz intett: - Hogyhogy mi, medvezsír - mondta -, de több kérdés ne legyen, megegyeztünk, hogy senki se kérdez semmit, tetőtől talpig kenjék be magukat, a hajukat se hagyják ki, ne törődjenek velem, hogy bűdös, mire befejezik, addigra én is végzek.

Zeusz a sofőrülés mellől a vaskazettából, a többi pénz mellől, elővette a kis UV-lámpát, egyenként végigsimított mindegyik bankjegyen, külön-külön mindegyikre rávilágított, volt, amelyiket meg is szagolt, látta, hogy a férfi nézi, - Mit bámulsz - mordult rá, magyarul, hogy még véletlenül se értse, aztán hosszasan forgatta, gyűrögette a pénzeket a lilás fényben, az ember nem lehet elég óvatos, csak az hiszi el, hogy ezeket az új eurosokat nem lehet hamisítani, aki nem látott még rendes moldáv vagy koreai minőségi munkát, azok ott Brüsszelben annyira hisznek az elektronikában,

itt a határon is amit művelnek, mindenhol lézeres mozgásérzékelők meg infrakamerák meg mágneses lépésdetektorok, azt mondják, hogy a hollandok már megcsinálták a déeneskövető robotkutya prototípusát, annak állítólag egy molekula elég lesz, és olyan szervomotort építettek a lánctalpai fölé, hogy majdnem hangsebességre fel tud gyorsulni hattized másodperc alatt, ha azt elkezdik szériába gyártani, akkor lehet, hogy tényleg vége lesz ennek az egész szakmának, már most így, ezzel a módszerrel is egy vagyon, annyi minden kell hozzá, szinte alig akad, aki meg tudja fizetni, havonta ha ketten átmennek, bezzeg azelőtt, amíg még az aknazár volt fenn, addig naponta százan-kétszázan nekivágtak, abból a fele legalább átjutott, igen, a régi szép időkben, amikor még nem kellett ez a kurva csúcstechnológia. Zeusz arca grimaszba rándult, kikapcsolta az UV-lámpát, összegumizta és eltette a pénzt. - Pontosan megvan - mondta franciául -, nagyon örülök - kinyitotta a mélyhűtő legnagyobb rekeszét, elővette a két pár jegesre hűtött gumicsizmát meg a két csuklyás neoprén ruhát, az egyiket a férfinak adta, a másikat a nőnek. - Jól van - mondta -, vegyék fel, a medvezsír megvédi magukat a ruha hidegétől, legfeljebb a bőrük hámlik le pár tenyérnyi helyen, de így biztosan nem látja meg magukat a hőkamera, ami kis melegük a neoprénen átmege, azt meg elfedi a medvék testhője. A férfi akkor megfogta a ruhát, összerándult, ahogy megsütötte a tenyerét a hideg, felszisszent, aztán kérdezett valamit a nőtől, a nő Zeuszra nézett: - Hogyhogy a medvék testhője? - kérdezte. Zeusz erre a vasrácshoz ment, lerántotta róla a ponyvát: - Medveháton fognak menni -, mondta, a rácson át látszott, hogy a két nagy barnamedve a lavórokat pofozgatja, Zeusz hallotta, hogy az ügyfelei hőkölve szívják a levegőt. - Öltözzenek, öltözzenek - szolt rájuk -, nem kell megijedni, a medvék szelídek, én idomítottam őket, ez az egyetlen biztos módszer, ezzel eddig még mindenki átjutott, a barnamedve az Unióban védett állat, arra nem lőhetnek, a grinpiszesek le is szednék a határőrök fejét, ha megpróbálnák, a medve szabadon bóklászhat, amerre akar, még örülnek ha átmege a határon, legalább frissül az állomány - Zeusz elhallgatott, az ügyfelekre nézett, ott álltak, már rajtuk volt a ruha, gőzölgött róluk a hideg, a férfi mondott valamit a nőnek, a nő nem fordította le, hanem ő is beszélni kezdett, úgy tűnt, vitakoznak, aztán a nő újra franciául szólalt meg: - Nem ezt ígérte - mondta. Zeusz erre elmosolyodott: - Dehogynem, azt mondtam átvitetem magukat a határon, és az vagy így mege, vagy sehogy, de ha nem tetszik, úgy is jó, ha akarják, visszaviszem magukat a legközelebbi városig, de a pénzt sajnos nem tudom visszaadni, döntsék el, beszéljék meg - elhallgatott, a medvéket nézte. A férfi nagyon hangosan mondott valamit, a nő erre elkezdett kiabálni, de a férfi csak mondta tovább a magáét, a nő akkor hirtelen lekent neki egy pofont, a férfi akkor egyszerre elhallgatott, Zeusz a csattanásra odanézett, látta, hogy lassan kékülni kezd az arca, inkább a hidegtől, mint az ütéstől, a nő akkor halkán mondott neki valamit, a férfi bólintott, a nő Zeuszra nézett: - Rendben van - mondta - megpróbáljuk.

Zeusz intett: - Helyes - mondta, megint benyúlt a hűtőbe, odadobta nekik a zöld katonai oldalszakot - ebbe pakolhatnak, aztán jöjjenek, hátramegyünk, ott kinyitom az ajtót, bemegyünk a medvékhez, a lényeg, hogy lassan mozogjanak, és ha felültek, erősen tartsák a hevedert. Az állatok csak akkor indulnak, ha füttyentek, a vízszagra mennek, a patak a határ túlsó oldalán van, odáig maguktól tudják a járást, ha odaértek, rögtön elkezdenek majd inni, akkor azonnal szálljanak le a hátukról, mert a medvék így begyógyszerezve elég gyorsak, nehogy még visszahozzák magukat, a patakmederben gyalogoljanak folyásirányba az első hídig, onnan már az országúton vannak, a gumicsizmákat megtarthatják, de a ruhákat hagyják ott a híd alatt.

Zeusz megvárta amíg bepakolnak, aztán kiszálltak a buszból, a férfi vitte a zsákot, sötét volt, ahogy a busz hátsó részéhez mentek, cuppogott a bokájuk körül a sár, a férfi gumicsizmája egy kicsit nagy lehetett, egyszer majdnem elesett, de a nő elkapta a karját. Zeusz a lánccal leengedte a deszkákra szegezett nyikorgó tetőbádogból készített rámpát, aztán egy kurbli-val kinyitotta a busz hátsó ajtaját. A ketrecből kiszűrődő halvány fényben megállt, az ügyfelekre nézett, elővette a két borítékot az iratokkal, odaadta nekik. - Az átjutással nem lesz baj - mondta -, de vigyázzanak, a határon belül ötven kilométerig kérhetik a papírjaikat, ezekkel a kazah diplomata útlevelekkel nem jutnak messzire, épp csak arra jók, hogy egy kis időt nyerjenek, ha biztosra akarnak menni, legjobb lesz, ha azt mondják, hogy édszesek, akkor automatikusan kapnak betegjogi menekültstátuszt, de ahhoz vírus is kell, szerencsájük, hogy ilyen öreg profit választottak, még plusz húsz százalékért ezt is el tudom intézni maguknak - ahogy ezt mondta, már elő is vette a zsebéből a két előkészített fecskendő, a nő felé kínálta, az mondott valamit a férfinak, a férfi hevesen megrázta a fejét - Nincs több pénzünk - szólalt meg a nő.

Zeusz vállat vont, eltette a fecskendőket. - Mindegy, maguk tudják - mondta -, akkor most kinyitom a ketrec ajtaját, és bemegyünk az állatokhoz. Szép lassan jöjjenek utánam, bent már nem akarok egy szót se szólani, és magunknak se tanácsolom, úgyhogy inkább most búcsúznék el, jó utat, sok boldogságot, sok szerencsét.

Tovor

Zeus, ki je vozilo previdno pripeljal med smreke, ustavil stroj in takoj zatem zaslíhal kruljenje in renčanje živali, spravljene pod ponjavo, ki je prekrivala železne rešetke v zadnjem delu avtomobila, je brcnil v rešetko in glasno ukazal, naj umolknejo: »Kuš, jezik za zobe!« Ukaz seveda ni bil namenjen njima, kosmatincema, ki zaradi lakote in anfetaminola tako ali tako ne bi mogla sedeti pri miru, pač pa klientoma, ki naj bi se tako prebudila vsaj zdaj, ko sta najbrž prespala vseh dvesto kilometrov vožnje – moškemu z nagnjeno glavo, kinkajočo vse do naročja ženske, ki se je prav tako od strani naslanjala na lesonitni sedež iz umetnega usnja.

Zeus je še enkrat udaril na rešetko in slišal, kako sta žejni živali po tleh, po zakovičenem podu, porivali in suvali prazno emajlirano posodo. In ponovno se je ozrl proti klientoma, moškemu, ki se je prvi ovedel in se medlo oziral naokoli, se najbrž začel zavedati in ugotavljati, pri čem je, za kaj gre. Moški je ženski, ki je sedela zraven njega, položil roko na rame in jo stresel, ji nekaj zašepetal v jeziku, ki je bil kar lep in melodičen, vendar Zeus ni mogel uganiti, za kateri jezik gre, za armenskega ali gagauškega, kar pa ga navsezadnje niti ni zanimalo. Ženska, ki je takoj vedela, kje je, je pri priči vrgla pogled na globok zamrzovalnik, ki je stal na mestu, kjer je bil nekoč levi sedež Ikarusovega avtobusa, potem pa na Zeusa. »Smo že tam?« je vprašala v francoščini, ki jo je govorila z akcentom, a jo je bilo kljub temu lahko razumeti.

Zeus je prikimal. »Petsto metrov,« je odvrnil, »najbolje pa bo, če mi kar takoj izročiš še drugo polovico denarja.«

Ženska je nekaj povedala moškemu, oni pa je segel v žep suknjiča, potegnil iz njega ovojnico in jo ponudil Zeusu. Zeus je pospravil denar, odprl enega od predalov hladilnika, vzel iz njega škatlo za sladoleđ in jo podal ženski. »Slecita se do golega, potem pa se pošteno namažita po vsem telesu,« je dejal, »jaz pa bom medtem preštel denar.«

Ženska je vzela škatlo, povedala nekaj moškemu in se začela slačiti. Tudi moški si je slekel srnjco, hlače, odprl škatlo in se zazrl v rumeno, oljnato mazivo, še nekaj vprašal žensko, ta pa se je, taka, kakršna je bila, naga, obrnila k Zeusu: »Kaj je to?« je vprašala. »Moj mož hoče vedeti, kaj je to? Tole ...?« Zeus je zamahnil z roko: »Kaj kako, kaj da je. Medvedja mast vendar. Zdaj pa nobenega vprašanja več. Ne bom jih poslušal. Tako kot smo se zmenili, da mi ne bosta postavljala nobenih vprašanj. Od glave do pete si jo vtrita, a tudi na lase ne pozabita, in požvižgajta se na to, če vama bo smrdela. Ko bosta nared, bom tudi jaz končal.«

Zeus je segel v kovinsko škatlo ob šoferskem sedežu in med šopom denarja izbrskal ultravijolično svetilko, z dlanjo pa začel skrbno gladiti vsak bankovec posebej, od roba do roba. Vsakega posebej je osvetlil, kakega tudi povohal, pri tem pa opazil, da ga moški opazuje. »Kaj zijaš?« se je obregnil, v madžarščini, da ga niti po naključju ne bi razumel, potem pa počasi še naprej skrbno štel bankovce in jih ob lilastem siju tudi nekoliko pomečkal. Pri teh rečeh človek ne more biti nikoli dovolj previden. Samo tisti, ki še nikoli ni videl kakega

kvalitetnega moldavskega ali korejskega ponaredka, lahko verjame, da tehle evrobankovcev sploh ni mogoče ponarediti, oni tam v Bruslju pa tako ali tako na debelo verjamejo v vsemogočno elektroniko, da, tudi tukaj, na meji, ne morejo brez nje in počno z njo vse mogoče, povsod so nameščeni laserski detektorji, ki zaznavajo vsak premik. Infra kamere in instrumenti, opremljeni z magnetnimi detektorji, pa zaznajo vsak korak. Poročajo pa tudi o tem, da so Nizozemci naredili že tudi prototipe za sledilne pse, ki bodo izsledili DNK, za kar bodo bojda potrebovali le eno molekulo, in tudi o tem že govorijo, da so nad tankovske gosenice vsadili tako močan servomotor, da bodo lahko v šestih desetinkah sekunde dosegli skorajda nadzvočno hitrost, in če jih bodo začeli serijsko izdelovati, potem bo brez dvoma konec tudi z vsem tem, kar počnem jaz, kot da že zdaj, brez teh iznajdb, ne bi bilo dovolj težko – že zdaj morajo klienti vse to plačati kar s celim svojim premoženjem. To pa si lahko tudi zdaj privoščijo samo zelo redke stranke. Jaz pa moram biti celo srečen, če se mi posreči v enem mesecu spraviti tja čez dva ušiva begunca, medtem ko sem prej, ko je bila meja posejana le z minami, spravljal čez tudi po sto in celo dvesto ljudi, od katerih je vsaj polovica tudi srečno prišla na drugo stran, da, da, nekoč, ko so lahko shajali še brez te preklete vrhunske tehnologije. Namrščil se je, ugasnil ultravijolično svetilko, z gumico spel šop denarja in ga pospravil. »Denar je v redu,« je povedal v francoščini, »me veseli.« Odprl je največji predal zamrzovalnika in privlekel na dan dva para ledeno mrzlih gumijastih škornjev in dvoje neoplanskih oblek s čeladami. Eno je izročil moškemu, drugo ženski. »Tak tako,« je dejal, »oblecita se, medvedja mast vaju bo zaščitila pred mrazom, le koža se vama bo v najslabšem primeru takole za kako dlan ali dve odluščila, zato pa sta lahko brez skrbi, saj vaju v nobenem primeru ne bodo odkrili, tisto vajino neznatno količino toplote, ki bo zdrknila skozi neoplansko obleko, pa bo nadoknadila medvedova temperatura.«

Moški je segel po obleki, zasikal zaradi mraza, ki ga je oplazil po dlani, potem pa nekaj vprašal žensko, ta pa se je obrnila proti Zeusu in vprašala: »Kaj imajo pri tem opraviti medvedi, njihova temperatura?« Zeus je stopil k železnim rešetkam in z njih sunkoma zvelkel plahto. »Potovala bosta na medvedjih hrbtih,« je rekel. Mož in žena sta skozi rešetke zagledala dva medveda, kako sta suvala posodo pred seboj. Zeus je slišal, kako sta stranki kar zahlastali za zrakom. »Oblecita se že vendar, pohitita,« je priganjal. »Pa brez strahu, medveda sta krotka, jaz sem ju zdresiral. Druge poti čez mejo enostavno ni. Samo zanju se lahko odločita. Z njuno pomočjo so doslej še vsi prišli prek. Rjavi medved je v Uniji zaščitena žival, nanj ne smejo streljati, ker bi graničarje grinpisovci pri priči obglavili, medvedi se lahko po mili volji pozibavajo, kjerkoli se jim zdi, in celo veseli so, če jo ti mahnejo čez mejo, saj se – če drugega ne – na ta način osvežijo in se še izdatneje razmnožijo.« Zeus je umolknil in se zazrl v stranki, ki sta stali pred njim, preoblečeni, v oblačilih, s katerih je puhtela hladna para. Moški je nekaj povedal ženski, ki pa ni prevedla njegovih besed, pač pa se je raje odločila za prerekanje. Čez nekaj časa je spregovorila, v francoskem jeziku: »Nismo se tako dogovorili,« je dejala. Zeus pa se je nasmehnil: »Kako da ne, rekel sem vama, da vaju bom spravil čez mejo, in to se bo tudi

zgodilo, in to točno tako in samo na tak način, ali pa nikakor. Če vama ni všeč, pa tudi prav. Če hočeta, vaju odpeljem nazaj do najbližjega kraja, vendar vama denarja, žal, ne bom mogel vrniti, tako da se brž dogovorita in se odločita.« Ženska je umolknila in se zazrla v medveda. Mož je tedaj zelo glasno nekaj povedal, žena pa je začela vpiti, toda oni je še vedno gonil svoje, zato mu je nenadoma prisolila zaušnico, tako da je naposled vendarle umolknil, Zeus pa se je, čim je zaslišal udarec, obrnil k obema in opazil, da je obraz moškega jel dobivati modro barvo, najbrž zaradi mraza in ne od klofute, in tedaj je žena možu spet nekaj dejala, in oni je prikimal, žena pa je pogledala Zeusa: »V redu,« je dejala, »poskusila bova.«

»V redu,« je rekel Zeus in potrdil to tudi z roko, potem pa ponovno segel v hladilnik in jima zalučal zeleno vojaško vrečo. »Vanjo lahko zložita svoje reči, potem pa pridita za menoj, tja nazaj, odprl bom vratca in vstopili bomo k medvedom, pri čemer pazita samo na to, da bosta počela vse počasi, potem pa, ko ju bosta zajahala, držita povodce trdno. Medveda se bosta zganila šele potem, ko jima bom zažvižgal, in že se bosta podala naprej, sledila vonju vode, potoku, ki je na drugem koncu meje, do tja znata pot na pamet, ni kaj, in ko bosta prispela do tja, bosta začela pri priči piti vodo, vidva pa medtem brž zlezita z njiju, saj sta, takole napolnjena z zdravili, dokaj hitra, tako da se podvizajta, da vaju ne bosta ponovno prinesla nazaj, po strugi pa potem zakoračita naprej, v smeri toka, do prvega mostu, ki je že ob državni cesti, gumijaste škornje lahko obdržita, oblačila pa pustita kar pod mostom.

Zeus je počakal, da sta spakirala, stopila iz avtobusa, moški je nosil vrečo, bilo je temno, in ko sta prispela do zadnjega dela vozila, je blato ob škornjih kar čofotalo, in zgodilo se je tudi, da bi mož skoraj padel, očitno so mu bili škornji preveliki, vendar ga je rešila žena, ki je ujela njegov komolec.

Zeus je s pomočjo verige spustil pregrajo – pločevinasto strešno kritino – potem pa z zaganjalom za avto odprl zadnja vrata avtobusa. Zastal je in se v siju, ki se je zlival iz kletke, zazrl v klienta, privlekel na dan dve kuverti s spisi in ju izročil moškemu in ženski. »Prehod čez mejo bo minil brez težav, pazita pa pozneje, saj bodo v obmejnem območju petdesetih kilometrov lahko od vaju zahtevali papirje, s temile kazahstanskimi dokumenti pa ne bosta prišla daleč, saj so primerni kvečjemu za to, da z njimi pridobita kaj malega na času, najbolje bo, če porečeta, da sta okužena z aidsom, ker bosta le tedaj avtomatično dobila bolniški status za begunce, za kar pa bosta potrebovala tudi virus, tako da imata srečo, da sta se odločila zame, za prekaljenega starega lisjaka, ker vama bom za plus dvajset odstotkov preskrbel tudi virusa,« je dejal in že privlekel na dan dve vnaprej pripravljene injekciji in ju pomolil proti ženski, ki je nato povedala nekaj svojemu možu, ki pa je odločno odkimal z glavo. »Čisto brez denarja sva,« je bilo slišati njen glas.

Zeus je skomignil z rameni in pospravil igli. »Kakor želita, vidva že vesta,« je dejal, »zdajle bom torej odprl kletki in stopili bomo k medvedom. Stopajta za menoj, mirno in počasi, tam pa ne bom več izustil niti besedice, a tudi vama svetujem, da se raje kar zdajle poslovita, srečno pot, veliko zadovoljstva in sreče.«

Haul

Zeus edged the bus in among the pines. No sooner did he turn off the engine than he heard the animals yapping and growling behind the canvas tarp stretched tight across the cage behind him. Taking a kick at the iron grille, he snapped, “Shut up, you rotten sons of bitches.” But his words were meant not so much for the animals, which couldn’t have possibly kept still, anyway, hungry and pumped up with amphetamines as they were, but more so to finally rouse his clients. They’d been asleep for almost a hundred and fifty miles, the man’s head drooping to the side, partly in the woman’s lap, the woman slumped against the fake leather seat and the fiberboard lining the door.

Again Zeus kicked the grille, and as he looked back at his clients he could hear the animals thirstily nudging the empty enamel vats over the riveted metal floor of the cage. The man was the first to stir, his eyes flitting about in a daze as he seemed to remember what was going on. Placing a hand on the woman’s shoulder and giving her a shake, he whispered something to her. Theirs was a lovely, melodic tongue. Zeus had no idea what it was, Armenian or Gagauz or whatever. Not that he cared a whole lot. The woman, of course, knew at once where she was. She looked first at the industrial cooler where the left-hand seats of the old bus would have been, and then at Zeus: “Are we there yet?” she asked in accented French that Zeus understood easily enough.

“Less than half a mile to go,” said Zeus with a nod. “Best you now give me the other half of the money.”

The woman said something to the man, who reached into the pocket of his sport coat and removed an envelope, which he handed to Zeus. After taking the money, Zeus opened one of the cooler’s compartments and removed an old ice cream box, which he gave the woman. “Get naked, both of you, and then spread this stuff over yourselves nice and thick. I’ll count the money meanwhile.”

Taking the box, the woman said something to the man and then began undressing. The man now did so, too, removing his shirt and his pants before opening the box. Staring at the greasy yellow cream, he posed the woman a question, at which she, naked, turned to Zeus: “What is this?” she asked. “My husband wants to know.”

Zeus gave a wave of the hand. “Bear lard,” he said, “What else. But no more questions. We agreed no one would ask a thing. Spread yourselves all over, head to toe, and don’t leave your hair out, either. Don’t bother about it being smelly. By the time you’re done, I’ll be all set, too.”

Reaching into the strongbox by the driver’s seat, Zeus removed a small ultraviolet lamp from beside the rest of the money. He then lit up the banknotes one by one, caressing them and sniffing at some. Noticing that the man was watching, he growled at him, in Hungarian, so that not even

by chance would he be understood, “What are you staring at?” And then he turned the bills about, crumpling them under the purplish light. *Can't be careful enough, anyone who hasn't seen quality Moldavian or North Korean goods would think there's no counterfeiting these new euros, why, those folks there in Brussels are all agog about high technology, to think what they've been up to even here on the border, laser motion detectors and infrared cameras and magnetic-sensor-equipped walking detection devices everywhere you look, they say the Dutch have already made a prototype of a DNA-sniffing robot dog, supposedly all it'll need is one molecule, and they've installed such a powerful servomotor over its tank treads that it gets almost to the speed of sound in six-tenths of a second, hell, if they start churning those out then maybe this whole line of work will really be history, even doing it this way costs a small fortune, it takes so much to pull it off that hardly anyone can afford it, I'm lucky if two folks go over a month, and to think that back when there was still a mine barrage here one or two hundred folks a day took a run at the border, and at least half of them got across, yep, those were the good ol' days, when they didn't need all this goddamn high-tech stuff.* ... Zeus scowled, switched off the ultraviolet lamp, and wound a rubber band around the wad of cash, which he then put away. “Exactly the right amount,” he said in French, “I'm really pleased.” Opening the cooler's largest compartment, he removed two pairs of ice-cold rubber boots and two hooded wetsuits. “All right,” he said, handing one set to the man and the other to the woman, “the bear lard will protect you from the cold fabric, at worst your skin will peel off in a couple of palm-sized spots, but the way we're going about it there's no way the infrared camera will see you two, and what little body heat of yours gets through the neoprene, why, it'll be masked by the body heat of the bears.” Taking the wetsuit between his hands, the man shuddered and winced at the cold. He then asked the woman another question. The woman turned to Zeus and said, “What's that supposed to mean, ‘body heat of the bears?’” At this, Zeus went over to the iron grille and wrenched off the tarp. “Let's just say you two will be riding bearback,” he said. Beyond the screen were two brown bears, big ones, slapping at the vats. Zeus could hear his clients gasping for air. “Get dressed already,” he told them, “No need to get scared, now. The bears are tame, I broke them in myself. This is the only sure way of going about it. Up till now everyone's gotten through this way. Brown bears are a protected species in the Union, the border guards can't go shooting at them, no way. Those Greenpeace folks would let them have it if they even tried. Bears can go wherever they damn please. Heck, the border guards are even happy to see them crossing over—it's a welcome increase in their own bear population, after all.” Zeus fell silent and looked at his clients standing there in the wetsuits, the cold steaming off them. The man said something to the woman, who, rather than translating it, replied. They were arguing, it seemed. Finally she addressed Zeus once again, as before, in French. “This is not what you promised,” she said.

Zeus broke into a smile. “Sure it is. I said I’d take you two over the border, and that either happens like this or it doesn’t happen at all. But if you don’t like it, that’s fine, too. If you want, I’ll take you back to the nearest town. But I can’t give back the money. Sorry, but that’s the deal. Talk it over, decide for yourselves.” Zeus turned his eyes back to the bears. The man said something very loud, at which the woman started to shout, but the man kept at it, too, and then the woman suddenly gave him a slap. The man fell silent. Turning at the sound of the smack, Zeus saw the man’s face turn slowly blue, more from the cold than from the blow, it seemed; at which the woman said something to the man, who nodded. The woman looked at Zeus. “All right,” she said, “we’ll give it a try.”

Zeus gave a wave of the hand. “All right,” he said. Reaching again into the cooler, he tossed them the green army shoulder bag. “Go ahead and pack your stuff in there. Then come on, we’ll go to the back, where I’ll open up the door and we’ll go inside to the bears. The important thing is to move slowly, and once you’ve sat up on them, hold those bellybands tight. The bears will only start off when I whistle. They’ll go for the smell of water, the creek is on the other side of the border. Up till then they know which way to go; and once they’ve gotten there, they’ll start drinking right away, and that’s right when you should get off their backs. Being drugged up and all, the bears are pretty fast, and you don’t want them bringing you back. Walk along the creek bed downstream to the first bridge. Then you’re on the main road; you can keep the rubber boots, but leave the wetsuits under the bridge.”

Zeus waited for them to finish packing. Then he left the bus, and they followed; the man brought the bag. It was dark. The mud squished around their heels as they went to the rear of the vehicle. The man’s boots must have been a bit too big, for he almost fell before the woman grabbed his arm. Zeus pulled a chain to lower the ramp, a sheet of roof iron nailed over some boards that creaked its way down. And then, turning the winch, Zeus opened the back door of the bus. Standing there in the dim light streaming out of the cage, he turned to his clients and took two thick, document-stuffed envelopes from his pocket. “Getting across will be a cinch,” he said, handing them over, “but be careful, they can ask for your papers anywhere up to thirty miles from the border. Not that you’ll get far with these Kazakh diplomatic passports. No, they’re just good enough to win you some time. The best thing would be if you say you got AIDS, because then you’ll automatically be granted refuge status on medical grounds. But for that you need the virus, too. Lucky for you, you went with an old pro like me. For another twenty percent I can take care of that for you, too.” Reaching into his pocket even before he finished speaking, Zeus pulled out two syringes and held them out toward the woman, who said something to the man, who firmly shook his head. “We have no more money,” said the woman.

Zeus put the syringes away. “Whatever,” he said with a shrug. “Your call. Now I’m going to open the cage and we’ll go inside to the animals. Follow me nice and slow, got that? I don’t want to be saying a word in there, and I’d advise you people not to, either. So it’s best I say good-bye right now. Have a safe journey, lots of luck, have a happy life.”

Translation by Paul Olchváry

Stanka Hrastelj



Foto © Boštjan Pucelj

Stanka Hrastelj se je rodila leta 1975 v Brežicah. Danes živi in ustvarja v Krškem. Študirala je teologijo na Univerzi v Ljubljani. Je pesnica, pisateljica, prevajalka poezije iz hrvaškega in srbskega jezika, urednica ter moderatorica literarnih dogodkov. Deluje tudi kot selektorka in mentorica literarnih srečanj in delavnic. Leta 2001 je bila na festivalu Urška imenovana za najboljšo mlado slovensko pesnico. Doslej je objavila dve pesniški zbirki: *Nizki toni* (2005), za katero je prejela nagrado 21. slovenskega knjižnega sejma za najboljši literarni prvenec, in *Gospod, nekaj imamo za vas* (2009), s katero se je uvrstila v ožji izbor za Jenkovo nagrado za najboljšo zbirko poezije. Leta 2007 je v okviru Slovenskih dnevov knjige v Mariboru prejela naziv vitezinja poezije pesniškega turnirja. Njene pesmi so prevedene v številne tuje jezike in so zastopane v mnogih domačih in tujih antologijah.

Stanka Hrastelj was born in 1975 at Brežice, Slovenia. Today she lives and works in Krško. She studied Theology at the University of Ljubljana. She is a poet, writer, translator of poetry from Croatian and Serbian, editor, and moderator of literary events. She also acts as a selector and mentor at literary events and workshops. In 2001, she was named the best young Slovenian poet at the Urška Festival of Young Literature. She has published two collections of poetry, namely Nizki toni (Low Tones, 2005), for which she received the 21st Slovenian Book Fair Award for the best debut book; and Gospod, nekaj imamo za vas (Sir, We Have Got Something For You, 2009), which made the short list of candidates for the Jenko Prize, awarded for the best book of poetry. In 2007, she was honoured with the title Knight of Poetry at the poetry tournament of the Slovenian Book Days in Maribor. Her poetry has been translated into several languages and is also featured in numerous anthologies, both domestic and foreign.

On/Off

Poličeva sta po svoje prijetna, reče Erik vsakič, ko se vračava z obiskov, po svoje sta prijetna, nikoli ne vem, kaj hoče reči, ali poudarja po svoje ali prijetna, med potjo domov sem nocoj pomislila, da ne vem, zakaj sploh hodiva k njim, kaj nas povezuje. Včasih vidim sliko: neznanec me ugrabi, me odvede k njim, posadi me v travniško zelen naslanjač in mi zveže roke, potem gre do Irene in jo da na ON, Irena odpre usta in govori o vajah za Jeklene magnolije, govori o številnih nepomembnih zakulisnih stvareh, kako je kupovala rekvizite, pisane navijalke različnih velikosti, dobila je ene ogromne, smešne za poscat, tako smešne, in iz Butlersa je pritorvorila dve zvrhani košari raznih drobnarij za odrski salon, trudim se, da bi se rešila zanke, da bi se osvobodila, ona pa govori, da je v Zagrebu kupila rekvizite, kako je zadnjič po vaji pokadila cigareto, prvo po štirih letih, ampak ji je pasala, bila je nervozna, gasilci tako neradi odstopijo dvorano njihovemu društvu, kje pa naj potem vadijo, pa ves čas se pritožujejo, da jim uničujejo dvorano, ampak dvorana se najbolj uničuje s tem, da je ves čas zaprta, zaprta, še prezračijo je ne, le vsakih par let jo odprejo, za volitve ali referendum, prestavijo nekaj miz in stolov, od sedmih do sedmih je v funkciji, dvanajst ur, celih dvanajst ur vsakih nekaj let, govori, premikam roke, ukivljam zapestja, zanka se zelo počasi rahlja, a sem še vedno ujetnica, govori, ponosna je na svojo glavno vlogo, čeprav Shelby ni glavna vloga, je le ključna za zgodbo, je nosilka obrata v tej igri, ki si na vse pretege želi biti drama, a je preveč na prvo žogo, preveč je cukra in pretence, da bi ganila, ampak ko so jo Irena in njeni postavili na oder, je zažgala, v našem malem mestu je zažgala in je bila pretežni del zabavna, punce so po odru paradirale z ogromnimi fluorescentnimi navijalkami in Shelby je bila ves čas lahka kot metuljček, ki s povsem enako vedrino frfota na začetku, ko se poroči, in na koncu, ko ji odpovejo ledvice in umira, še vedno govori, govori in jaz sem talka, pogreznjena v travnato zelen naslanjač, prisiljena poslušati igralko iz amaterske gledališke skupine, ki sva jo po tisti predstavi morala počakati v garderobi in ki naju je žareča objemala, sprejemala ponujeno roko in vrtnice in naju vprašala, bilo je neizogibno, vprašala naju je kako se vama je zdelo, Irena, toliko truda, joj, toliko truda, ampak ona ni slišala toliko truda za nič, v glasu ni zaznala premagovanja, da je nisem v tistem trenutku zgrabila za lase, v katerih so bile še malo prej za poscat smešne navijalke, in butnila glavo z obrazom naprej ob steno, v mislih sem jo zgrabila za lase in z vso silo tolkla njeno glavo ob steno, ona je slišala kompliment in se je široko nasmejala, končno se nekako rešim, zanka se dovolj zrahlja, da lahko iz nje potegnem roke, potem odločno vstanem in dam Ireno na OFF, včasih vidim tako sliko. Zakaj hodiva k njima, mi ni jasno, nekje globoko v sebi, nekje v sredini sebe, v trebuhu, slišim lastni glas, menda ja ne greva k njima zato, ker sva navadna snoba, ki se na vsak način hočeta družiti s kakšnim umetnikom, ljubi bog, če se obiskujemo zaradi takih nagibov, sva z Erikom naravnost patetična človeka.

Gleda ga poželjivo in treplja ga, ko prideva, bolj boža kot treplja, dotika se ga, zapeljuje ga, Polič zapeljuje mojega moža vsakič, ko se oglasiva pri njih, vpraša a ne da bi mi zdaj popili en krasen barikiran zweigelt, še prejšnji teden je ležal v Langenloisu, ali pa reče dragi moji, že dolgo nismo srkali dobrega traminca, tale je naravnost iz Alzacije, nikoli pa stari, boš pir, a Erik njegovega truda sploh ne opazi. Po svoje me to zabava, Polič se mu meče pod noge, Erik Paternoster pa ostaja ledeno hladen, hladen, a prijazen, vljuden, celo topel, mehak, mehko vzvišen nad trubadursko podoknico, posluša jo, a z okna ne spusti izvezenege robca. Polič je tudi tisti, ki na mizo prinese na kolobarje narezane paradižnike in mozzarella, na njih nekaj kaper z otokov in zaokrožen tanek curek hladno stiskanega oljčnega olja z Brd, po vrhu pa potem, ko je krožnik že na mizi, posuje ščep solnega cveta s sečoveljskih solin in ta trenutek naravnost ljubim: Poličeve zago-rele roke, dolge vitke prste, kako segajo v posodico, zajemajo kristalčke, polne morja in sonca, in jih spuščajo nad rdeče kolobarje volovskega srca in bivolje mozzarelle, zaradi teh prstov mu rečem Polič in ga ne kličem po imenu, ki ga ima zapisanega v dokumentih, ker ga globoko sovraži, zaradi teh prstov. A ne vem, zakaj hodiva k njima, ne vem, kaj vleče Erika, vem le, zakaj pristajam na te obiske, poleg teh slikarskih rok in dolgih prstov ima Polič v stanovanju risbo Zorana Didka, preprosto risbo iz vsega nekaj potez, v njih pa je vsa širna svoboda tega sveta, sproščenost, samozavest in pogum, ki ga jaz nikoli nisem in ne bom imela, tako oster pogum, da s stene sije naravnost v moj namišljeni prizor Ireninega blebetanja in mojega truda, da se rešim zanke, pomaga mi, pomaga mi zrahljati vrvice, a ko vstanem in dam Ireno na OFF, vidim, kako nezatna sem v primerjavi z jasnostjo Didkovih potez, tako drobna in smešna, kajti v tem, da nekoga utišaš, ni nikakršnega poguma, nikakršnega.

Spet greva na obisk, tokrat s steklenico zlatega samoškega vina iz grozdnih rozin, palaio nectar, eno leto je, kar sva ga prinesla iz Grčije, za posebno priložnost, potihem sem vedela, da je imel v mislih moj trideseti rojstni dan, vendar ga je Erik že danes, tri mesece prezgodaj, prinesel iz kleti in pomežiknil, kaj pa, če bi mi danes tole odprli, je rekel in so se zamajala tla pod nogami, zakaj pa ne, danes naj bo posebna priložnost, ne moj trideseti rojstni dan, danes, ko sva po petih tednih ponovno namenjena k Poličevim, po petih tednih od afere, neprijetnosti, pet tednov nazaj smo sedeli pri njih in v usta nosili marinirane garnele z rukolinim pestom in lističe polente, ko je naenkrat nekaj močno zaropotalo, udarilo v šipo, spogledali smo se, Polič je planil k balkonu, odprl vrata in obstal vkopan in upadel med vrati, Irena je planila za njim, pogledala v smeri njegovega pogleda in zavreščala, vreščala je in cepetala z nogami, vstala sva še midva, mirno in elegantno, še vedno imam v glaviupočasnjem posnetek, kako sva spokojno odložila prtička na mizo in graciozno vstala, z mehкими puhastimi gibi sva se obrnila proti balkonu, s pomirjujočimi očetovskimi kretnjami sva roke položila na njuna ramena in ju spravila v prostor, Erik je rekel trubadurju,

Erik je rekel kot kak prerok, prinesi vrečko in jaz sem s svojim telesom naredila ščit pred balkonom, pogledala sem v drobne črne očke na ploščicah in strto telesce, prsni koš se je še vedno dvigal in spuščal, zdaj hitro in plitvo, zdaj globoko, zdaj sploh ne, črne očke so bile še bistre, trajalo bi še nekaj ur, preden bi se zaprle, Erik je tedaj pokleknil na desno koleno, pietetno vzel ptička v dlan, vendar se ni obotavljal, delal je hitro, dal ptička v vrečko, se zravnal in močno in z visokega zamahnil ob tla, trikrat je zamahnil, potem je nesel mrtvega v kanto za smeti, pa sva oba vedela, da je to storil le zato, da meni ne bi bilo treba, vedel je, da bi sicer to storila jaz, moški na balkonu je zaščitil svojo ženo pred ubijanjem, ravnal je natanko tako, kot sem storila jaz pred leti, ko sva bila še par, pri njem doma, v okno se je zaletel mlad brglez in ni mogel umreti, rutina, dati ga v vrečko in končati, to je rutina tistih, ki so zmožni ljubezni. Danes je pet tednov od zadnjega obiska, zvečer sem, ko sem mislila, da Erik že spi, jokala v blazino, menda ne jokaš zaradi ptička, Marinka, ja, zaradi ptička, sem lagala na glas, ker v resnici sem se spomnila na staro mamo, na njeno izmučeno suho telo v preogromni belini bolnišnične sobe, na njene hladne koščene prste, če me imaš rada, Marinka, me boš pustila umreti, z muškatom s Samosa bomo splaknili spomin na ubitega ptiča.

On/Off

This Polič couple is nice in a way, says Erik every time we are coming away from a visit, nice in a way, I never know what he means, is it in a way or nice that he is stressing, on our way home tonight it occurred to me that I don't even know why we keep calling on them, what binds us together. Sometimes I see a picture: I am kidnapped by a stranger, dragged to their place, and seated in a grass-green armchair with my hands tied, then he walks over to Irena switching her ON, and Irena opens her mouth, starting on the rehearsals for *Steel Magnolias*, talking about countless backstage trivialities, how she went shopping for props, for hair rollers of different colours and sizes, she got some huge ones, so funny you could piss yourself, that funny, and she hauled from Butlers two basketfuls of knickknacks for the stage sitting-room, I am trying to struggle free of the noose, to free myself, while she is saying that she bought the props in Zagreb, that she had a cigarette the other day after the rehearsal, the first in four years but oh boy did it feel good, she was tense, the firemen are so slow to lend the hall to their group but where could they rehearse otherwise, and always nagging too about the hall being messed up, but it's messed up worst by being closed all the time, closed, never even aired, only opened once in several years, for the polls or a referendum, with a few tables and chairs moved around and then it's in function from seven till seven, for twelve hours, a total of twelve hours in several years, she is talking, I am moving my hands, bending my wrists, slowly the noose is loosening but I am still a prisoner, she is talking, proud of her leading role though Shelby's role is not leading, just crucial to the story, a reversal bearer in this play that tries so hard to be a drama but is too slapdash, too sugary and pretentious to be moving, still, staged by Irena and her crowd it worked, it worked in our little town and was mostly entertaining, with the girls parading onstage in huge fluorescent hair rollers and Shelby always as light as a butterfly, cheerfully fluttering at the beginning when she gets married and at the end when she's dying of kidney failure, she is still talking, talking, and I am a hostage sunk in a grass-green armchair, forced to listen to an actress from an amateur theatre group, we had to wait for her in the dressing room after that performance and she hugged us beaming, took the offered hand and roses and asked us, it was inevitable, asked us what did you think of it, Irena, what an effort, my goodness, what an effort, but she did not hear what an effort for nothing, she did not sense in my voice that I was barely restraining myself from grabbing her by the hair that had just held those piss-funny rollers and knocking her face against the wall, in my mind's eye I grabbed her by the hair and started smashing her head against the wall as hard as I could, but what she heard was a compliment, so she grinned broadly, I finally work myself free somehow, the noose loosens up enough for me to pull my hands out, then I decisively rise and switch Irena OFF,

that is the picture I see sometimes. No idea why we keep calling on them, deep inside, deep in my centre, in my stomach, I hear my own voice saying it can't be that we're common snobs, desperate to hang out with artsy people, dear God, to visit from such motives would make Erik and me downright pathetic.

Ogling him, he pats him whenever we drop in, well, strokes rather than pats, touching him, seducing him, Polič tries to seduce my husband every time we call on them, asking what about a lovely barricated Zweigelt, a week ago and it was still lying down at Langenlois, or saying my dears, we haven't had a sip of good Traminer for ages, this one's straight from Alsace, but never old man, you want to grab a beer, still, Erik does not even notice his efforts. It sort of amuses me, Polič throwing himself all over him and Erik Paternoster remaining icy cool, cool but pleasant, polite, warm even, kind, kindly condescending to this troubadour serenade, listening but never dropping an embroidered handkerchief from his window. Polič is also the one to bring sliced tomatoes and mozzarella to the table, topped by a few island capers and a rounded thin trickle of cold-pressed olive oil from Brda, and once the plate is set on the table, to sprinkle it with a pinch of fleur de sel from the Sečovlje salt pans, now this is a moment I positively love: Polič's tanned hands, his long tapering fingers reaching into the bowl, scooping up little crystals full of sea and sun, dropping them over the red slices of the oxheart tomato and the buffalo mozzarella, it is because of these fingers that I call him Polič instead of the detested name written in his papers, because of these fingers. But I don't know why we keep coming over, I don't know what pull that place has on Erik, all I know is why I go along with these visits: beside his painter's hands and long fingers, Polič has a drawing by Zoran Didek in his flat, a simple drawing made of a few strokes, which hold all the wide freedom of this world, the ease, confidence and courage I've never had and never will have, a courage sharp enough to shine from the wall straight into my imaginary scene of Irena's babbling and my struggle to get free of the noose, it helps me, helps me loosen the strings, but when I get up and switch Irena OFF, I see how puny I am next to the clarity of Didek's strokes, so tiny and funny, because there is no courage in shutting up a person, not a bit of it.

We go visiting again, this time with a bottle of golden Samos raisin wine, Palaio Nectar, it's a year since we brought it from Greece for a special occasion, I secretly knew that what he had in mind was my thirtieth birthday, but Erik brought it out of the cellar today, three months early, and gave me a wink, what about opening this one today, he said and the ground swayed under my feet, well why not, let this day be the special occasion rather than my thirtieth birthday, this day when we are off to see the Poličes for the first time in five weeks, five weeks since the scandal, the unpleasantness, five weeks ago we were sitting at their place, carrying into our mouths marinated prawns with rocket pesto and thinly sliced polenta, when all

of a sudden something rattled, struck against the windowpane, we looked at each other, Polič sprang to the balcony, opened the door and stopped in his tracks, hollow-faced, Irena sprang after him, followed his gaze and screamed, she screamed stamping her feet, we rose too, calmly and elegantly, I can still see in my mind's eye the slow motion shot of us two serenely laying our napkins on the table and gracefully rising, with soft, fluffy movements turning towards the balcony, with soothing, fatherly gestures putting our hands on their shoulders and ushering them back inside, Erik said to the troubadour, Erik said like a prophet, bring a plastic bag, and I made a living shield in front of the balcony, I looked into the black dots of eyes on the tiles and the broken little body, the chest was still rising and falling, now in fast and shallow breaths now in deep ones now not at all, the tiny black eyes were still clear, it might take them hours to close, then Erik went down on his right knee, respectfully taking up the little bird on his palm but not dawdling, he worked fast, put the bird in the bag, pulled himself up and brought it down against the floor, forcefully and from high up, he swung three times, then he carried the dead to the dustbin but we both knew that he had done it only so that I would not have to, he knew that I would be the one to do it otherwise, the man on the balcony had protected his wife from killing, he did precisely what I'd done, years ago, at his place when we were still dating, a young nuthatch had crashed into the window and could not die, the routine of putting it in a bag and ending it is the routine of those who are capable of love. It's been five weeks since our last visit, at night, thinking Erik was asleep, I cried into the pillow, you aren't crying for that little bird Marinka are you, yes, for the little bird, I lied aloud because in fact I had remembered my grandmother, her worn gaunt body in the oversized whiteness of the hospital room, her cold bony fingers, if you love me Marinka you will let me die, we'll wash down the memory of the killed bird with the musk wine from Samos.

Translated by Nada Grošelj

Ljiljana Jokić Kaspar



Foto © Dragutin Savić

Ljiljana Jokić Kaspar se je rodila leta 1951 v Novem Sadu v Vojvodini. Diplomirala je iz jugoslovanske in primerjalne književnosti na Filozofski fakulteti Univerze v Novem Sadu. Je pisateljica, književna, televizijska in gledališka kritičarka ter scenaristka in novinarka, ki od leta 1977 redno sodeluje pri reviji *Glas omladine* in na Radiu Novi Sad, od leta 1979 pa je tudi stalnica televizijske scene Novega Sada. Med njena dela spadajo tri zbirke proze, med njimi *Liliputanci putuju u XXI vek* (Liliputanci potujejo v XXI. stoletje, 1993), ter romani *Četiri male žene* (Štiri male ženske, 1996), *Čelavi psi* (Plešasti psi, 1998) in *YUFile* (2000). Leta 2002 je prejela štipendijo za pisatelje Akademije umetnosti v Berlinu. Njena proza je bila objavljena v številnih antologijah srbske književnosti in prevedena v angleščino, bolgarščino, italijanščino, madžarščino, makedonščino, romunščino, ruščino, slovaščino in ukrajinščino.

Ljiljana Jokić Kaspar was born in 1951 in Novi Sad, Vojvodina. She graduated in Yugoslav and comparative literature at the Faculty of Arts at the University of Novi Sad. She is a novelist, author of prose, a literary, TV and theatre critic, as well as a scriptwriter and journalist, who has been a contributor to the Glas omladine (Voice of Youth) magazine and Radio Novi Sad since 1977 and a mainstay on the TV scene of Novi Sad since 1979. Her works include three collections of prose including Liliputanci putuju u XXI vek (Lilliputians Travel to the 21st Century, 1993); and the novels Četiri male žene (Four Little Women, 1996), Čelavi psi (Bald Dogs, 1998) and YUFile (2000). In 2002, she received the literature fellowship of the Berlin Academy of Arts. Her prose is featured in several anthologies of Serbian literature and has also been translated into Bulgarian, English, German, Hungarian, Italian, Macedonian, Romanian, Russian, Slovak, and Ukrainian.

Četiri male žene

(Odlomak)

Rano ujutro dok su pevci čupkali svoje zlatno zelene perjanice i trljali jarko, crvene kreste o mokru travu, posrćući i zanoseći se od jučerašnje pijanke, a kokoške ležale izvaljene na toplom stajskom đubrištu, nadignutih nogu kao pijane seljanke belih zarozanih sukanja, Jožef Magda poslednji muž gospođe Amalije Kasa sakupljao je pažljivo, pazeći da ih ne nagazi, sitne, tamnocrvene višnje iz rakije, one koje pijana živina nije stigla da pojede.

Koja je budala čitavu, veliku teglu izvrnula na đubre, razmišljao je, samo zato što se malo zelenela na staklu, a on bi je pojeo bez problema i niko ne bi primetio da fali. Otkako je počeo rat žena mu je zabranila da pije, a zna se kad ljudi treba da piju, mislio je Magda, onda kad im se od straha tresu gaće. I eto sad on treba da sedi trezan dok sluša grmljavinu topova iz daljine i gleda na televiziji kako se kolje i ubija.

- Ti si Mađar i pazi kako se ponašaš, rekla je njegova žena.
- Pa, ako sam! Danas ubija svako svakoga, bez obzira šta je i ko je, rekao je Magda, ali je ona sakrila svu rakiju i vino, pa čak i višnje i kruške u rakiji, što se smatralo više kao desert u njihovoj kući.
- Kad treba da radim onda sam dobar, prigovarao je, ali mu to nije pomoglo da skvasi grlo.
- Kad sam te upoznala, nisi pio, prebacivala mu je.
- Nekad sam se bavio konjima, a ne ljudima, pčelama, svinjama, kokoškama, nabrajao bi Magda. Još uvek se sećam šta sam bio i ko sam, za razliku od mnogih. Da mi je prezime Kasa, bilo bi mi mnogo lakše u ovoj kući, gundao bi i odlazio među svoje košnice, ili u kokošinjac da se rasonodi. Nekada je bio naočit i lep muškarac, izuzetno krupan, plavokos, najbolji konjušar i konjovodac u ravnici od Novosadskih atara, pa sve do Slavonije i Baranje, preko Mađarskih pusta do same linije prošlosti, odakle su dojahali njegovi preci na besnim tatarskim konjima, čija su kopita rovala zemlju u samo srce, ostavljajući tragove u kojima su zapisane sudbine svih rođenih u Ravnici.

Pokupivši pijane kokoške da mu se žena ne razbesni kad ih vidi, on pođe da obiđe svoje košnice. Otvori krov prve iz koje zaudaraše čudno i nepoznato i vide u drvenim okvirima umesto saća crnu gustu, katranastu masu. Sve do jedne košnice behu puste bez i jedne pčele.

Te godine, umesto meda pčele su napravile katran kojim su bile natopljene sve jame i jaruge oko Bezdana, rupe, neobrađene njive i zapuštene livade. Crnilo se i lepilo na sve strane, tako da su putnici namernici napuštali ovo mesto sa željom da se više nikada ne vrate. Izuvali su se, bacali svoje cipele i u čarapama odlazili dalje.

*

– Gospodo, možemo početi, najavio je dežurni u trenutku kada se reditelj predstave pojavio iz polumraka, osvetljen slabom svetlošću jedinog reflektora, sedeći zavaljen na sedištu za publiku.

– Gospođice Kasa, budite ljubazni i skinite sa sebe to ćebe.

Dafina bez pogovora skide improvizovani ogrtač na opšti smeh prisutnih. Stajala je na sred ledene pozornice potpuno gola, a umesto gaća, nešto niže na trbuhu, šepurio se metalni štitnik - nakurnjak Henrija osmog. Graja ne spreči njenog garderobnog kolegu da najozbiljnijim glasom počne.

– O Venecijo, zoro i kraljice koju svi ljubimo! Ti kraljice kojoj bih svoju krv da dam, da ti udahnem svoj plam! Tvoj miris Venere rađa bogove i demone, zaljubljen sam u tebe Anrijeta...

– Đakomo Kazanova, jeretiče i bludniče u ime inkvizicije, a zato što nisi naučio tekst, osuđujem te na tamnicu, reče Dafina i uputi se ka izlazu.

Spodoba u kostimu modro plavog skakavca umesto vilinog konjica, poslednjeg gafa matorog kostimografa, iskorači na scenu i uvijajući zapeva.

– Muškarac bitku poče da pobednik bude, muškarac je zavodnik, đavolji sluga, ljubav je hrana, ljubav je nemir...

– Ima onih koji nikada nisu izgovorili reč ljubav. Oni kažu emocija, a pandan toj reči je sekrecija, reče Dafina Kasa provirivši iza zavese.

– Idite svi bestraga, dreknite reditelj i ode uz škripu drvenih stepenica. Taj dan proba nije ni počela, a nije bilo ni tople vode da se glumci tuširaju. Kantina je bila prazna, nije bilo nikakve hrane, kuvarice su zjakale u hladne šporete, kelnerice su okupljene oko obara raspravljale o samoupravljanju, scenski majstori su deljali letvice za kokošinjce svojih tetaka, krojačice su šile za svoje kume i prijateljice, frizerke su same sebi pravile frizure, obučari su kuckali po praznim kalupima, pisci su pisali grafite po hodnicima, a u fundusu su se svake noći presvlačili demoni, šetali hodnicima, glumili ljude i uvežbavali život.

Te jeseni vode je nestajalo onda kada se nasapunaš, struje kad padne mrak, hrane kad si gladan, a radijatori su danima bili ledeni, iako su spikeri sa televizijskih ekrana redovno obaveštavali javnost kako se svi dobro greju i kako im je toplo kao u paklu. U gradu nije bilo ničega. Prodavnice su bile potpuno prazne, a nezainteresovane prodavačice i dalje šećkale između rafova, te je Dafina pomislila da su svu robu prenele u svoje kuće i sakrile po podrumima, pa su zato sada mrtve hladne i ne brinu što ništa ne prodaju. Kafane i restorani zvrjali su poluprazni, sa po kojim zaspalim gostom što struže u ćošku, a konobari zevali kroz mutne, prljave izloge u mrak, u nadi da će naići neki gost drhtavih ruku, kome će uvaliti svoju razvodnjenu, jeftinu batrgaču i tako zaraditi koji dinar. Niko ništa nije govorio, svi su se pravili da ništa ne vide. Oni malo mudriji, primetili su da u cvećarama nema cveća. Prodavalo se samo ono veštačko, a kad je i ono potrošeno na posmrtno vence i grobljanske bukete, na tezgama su stajale

samo šarene kutije na čijim su se stranicama šepurili papagaji i druge plavorepe, egzotične ptice.

– Imamo samo hranu za papagaje, govore su mušterijama prodavačice automatskim glasom, ne uključujući ni trenutak svoj mozak, štrikajući, jedući svoj obrok, ne dižući glavu sa tezge, žvrljajući po kakvoj priznanici svojim švrakopisom, tako da je mala, umiljata zeba Dafine Kase ispustila svoju, sićušnu dušu i bila prva žrtva nadolazeće katastrofe.

U pozorištu je bilo sve hladnije, čak toliko hladno da su se šaptačima tresle i mrzle ruke, a uzaludni vapaji glumaca sa scene, “maco šta kažem”, odzvanjali su polupraznim salama sa dvadesetak gledalaca koji su sedeli u kaputima, zamotani šalovima i nabijenim kapama na ušima.

Bar polovina tako ušuškana zaspala bi još na početku, a glumci očajni zbrzavali predstavu, moleći Boga da se neki gledalac ne zainati i prijavi ih upravniku. Pravi srećnici imali su uloge debeljuca, pa bi onako natrontani gledajući razne kraljice, princeze i fatalne zavodnice u svili i muslinu, pomodrele i ukočene razvijali svoje ljudske vrline tako što bi svoj tekst govorili jasno i polako, imajući nameru da odrade svoju ulogu savesno do samog kraja. Zato je dolazilo i do nekog pucnja mimo utvrđenog, rediteljskog reda, a mnogi naglo probuđeni gledaoci nisu mogli da veruju sopstvenim očima kako se početak predstave sa živim glumcima pretvorio u lutkarsko pozorište i nikako im nije bilo jasno ko povlači konce i pokreće te ogromne spodobе od gipsa i kartona.

Pošto se nekoliko starijih zanelo na sceni, posumnjalo se na glad, te sindikat pozorišta odluči da podeli svakom po paket hrane sledećeg sadržaja: kilogram mleka u prahu, nekoliko kilograma prezli, dve paštete, pola litre šampona za pranje nepoznate namene, jednu konzervu norveške, barene ribe i pola kilograma svinjske masti.

Mast je bila namenjena za skidanje šminke.

Jedno popodne kad Dafina Kasa zateče u svojoj garderobi kolegu u kostimu grofa, svog u čipki, bele, napudrane perike i svilenim čarapama, kako jede mast iz njene tegle umačući prstima, odluči da dignе ruke od svojih uloga Kazanovinih ljubavnica i bar na kratko otputuje kod babe u Beždan.

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Dafina Kasa je tih dana lebedela u oblacima. Tamo je jela i spavala, a silazila na zemlju samo na trenutak, kad bi je pogodio Viktorov očajnički pogled, otrovan i oštar kao urodjenička strela. Pred neutoljenom strašću i neuzvrćenom ljubavlju, ona beše bez svesti kao riba odsečene glave i praćakaše se i onda kad je usoliše, uvaljaše u brašno i tresnuše po vreloj tepsiji. Gnjurala je i plivala u vrelom ulju, kao morska sirena u uzburkanim talasima! Kad bi sišla na zemlju, nije primećivala razliku dana i noći jer je načisto oslepela. Pipala je po mraku, spotičući se neprestano o noge i ruke ukućana.

Ljubavnici su svima išli na živce, a Viktor za stolom okretao glavu kad bi joj Atila rukom i prstima dodavao zalogaše. Žmureći kao zahvalno kućno ljubimče, uzimala ih je zubima.

– Samo što ne zavrti repom, rekla je Babatetka sestri Amaliji.

– Vi ne razumete ljubav, rekla je tetka Klara.

– Ljubav niko ne razume, rekla je gospodja Amalija.

– Nije to ljubav, rekao je Viktor.

– Zašto svako mora nešto da kaže, pitao je Kiči.

– Idi da povračaš, odbrusio mu je njegov priglupi očuh.

A kad se Dafina jednog dana praćnu na vreloom ulju u tepsiji, beše kasno jer se njen ljubavnik spremao za odlazak.

– Svi vole Veneciju, glupa ravničarska kravo! Gde bi ti?! Znam ja, šta tebi treba, livada i trava da paseš! Kupio sam ti poklon u Veneciji, a ti si ga bacila! Imaš neki problem? Znam ja vas iz Ravnice, svi ste labilni i mentalno poremećeni! Mučite životinje i jedete slaninu i čvarke! Zato ste svi tako blesavi! Ubijate se generacijama zbog neke glupe pesme i vešate po tavanima samo zato što duva vetar! Mast vam zakreči mozak već u dvadesetj!

– Nisam nikada mučila životinje, a moja prababa nije htela ni bubu da zgazi, ni miša da otruje!

– Ne spominji mi te svoje veštičare koje spostvenim rukama, na silu guraju kukuruz u pačije kljunove! Čist sadizam!

– Zato si ipak pojeo dzigericu kljukane patke!? Ako sada odeš, ne vraćaj se više, vikala je Dafina i išla ceo dan po kući stisnutih pesnica.

– Hvala Bogu, neka ide, rekla je gospodja Amalija.

– Baš šteta, lagala je tetka Klara.

– I onako nas je previše, zaključila je Babatetka.

– Previše i za osrednjeg pisca da nas opiše, primetio je Viktor.

– Pa neka piše kad je budala, dodao je njegov priglupi očuh.

Atila bič Božiji doneo je odluku o bekstvu iz Dafininog zagrljaja, jedne noći užasnut pred količinom sopstvene strasti, a u strahu da bi mu ova žena mogla biti i poslednja. Kurmaheraj koji je ugradio u čitav svoj život, mogao bi propasti, a on završiti kao svi muškarci u kući Kasa. Golog dupeta i slomljena vrata! Zato pomisli da je Dafina ista kao i sve druge koje su mu sedele na bedrima, kukale, vrištale, mjaukale, čupale kose i uzdisale. Nema ništa gore od zaljubljene, razjarene žene. One se čas posla pretvore u veštice i u stanju su za kratko vreme da pravog čoveka pretvore u vlastitu senku. Ova je još gora, potapa me svako veče u svoj veštičiji formalin kao prepariranog žapca. Ako i preživim, neće ništa ostati od mene, postaću običan kurac u sirćetu!

Kod tih misli, demoni mu staviše štipaljku na nos, te do njega te noći ne dopre miris Dafinine kože na Cigane, a u nozdrvama i plućima zagrebaše ga čestice ravničarske prašine.

Štiri male ženske

(odlomek)

Zgodaj zjutraj, ko so si petelini še pulili zlato zelene perjanice in drgnili žarko rdeče grebene ob mokro travo, se spotikali in se majali zaradi včerajšnjega pijančevanja, kokoške pa so se s privzdignjenimi nogami kot kakšne pijane kmetice valjale po toplem gnoju, je Jožef Magda, poslednji mož gospe Amalije Kasa, pazljivo, da jih ne bi pohodil, pobiral drobne, temnordeče višnje iz žganja, tiste višnje, ki jih pijane živali niso uspele pojesti.

Kateri bedak je ves lonec stresel na gnoj, je razmišljal, le zato, ker je na steklu majčkeno zeleno, on pa bi to pojedel brez problema, nihče ne bi niti opazil, da jih ni. Odkar se je začela vojna, mu je žena prepovedala piti, a ve se, kdaj morajo ljudje piti, je razmišljal Magda. Takrat, ko se jim od strahu tresejo hlače. In glej, zdaj mora sedeti trezen in poslušati grmenje topov iz daljave in na televiziji gledati, kako se koljejo.

- Ti si Madžar in pazi, kako se obnašaš, mu je rekla njegova žena.
- Pa kaj, če sem! Danes vsakdo ubija vsakogar ne glede na to, kaj je in kdo je, je odgovoril Magda. Ona pa je vseeno skrila vse žganje in vino, celo višnje in hruške v žganju, kar je bilo v njihovi hiši sicer bolj za desert.
- Ko je potrebno delati, sem dober, je nasprotoval, čeprav mu tudi to ni pomagalo, da bi namočil grlo.
- Ko sem te spoznala, nisi pil, mu je oponašala.
- Nekoč sem se ukvarjal s konji, ne z ljudmi, s čebelami, svinjami, kokoškami, je našteval Magda. Še vedno se, za razliko od mnogih, spominjam, kaj sem bil in kdo sem. Če bi se pisal Kasa, bi mi bilo mnogo lažje v tej hiši, bi godrnjal in odhajal med svoje panje ali pa v kokošnjak, da bi se razvedril. Nekoč je bil postaven in lep moški, izjemno močan, plavolas, najboljši konjerejec in konjevodec v ravnini od novosadskih vasi pa vse do Slavonije in Baranje, preko madžarskih step do same meje preteklosti, od koder so prijahali njegovi predniki na strastnih tatarskih konjih, katerih kopita so kopala zemljo v samo srce in puščala v sledeh zapisane usode vseh na Ravnici rojenih.

Ko je pobral pijane kokoške, da se žena ne bi razjezila, ko bi jih videla, je pregledal svoje panje. Dvignil je pokrov prvega, iz katerega je čudno in neznano zaudarjalo, in namesto satja je v lesenih okvirjih videl črno gosto katranasto maso. Vsi panji so bili pusti in brez čebel.

To leto so čebele namesto medu nabrale katran, s katerim so bile napolnjene vse jame in vsi jarki okoli Brezna, luknje, neobdelane njive in zapuščene livade. Na vse strani je bilo črno in lepljivo, da so naključni potniki zapuščali ta kraj z željo, da se nikoli več ne vrnejo. Sezuvali so se, odmetavali čevlje in v nogavicah odhajali dalje.

*

– Gospodje, lahko začnemo, je sporočil dežurni tisti trenutek, ko se je iz polmraka pojavil režiser predstave, osvetljen s šibko svetlobo edinega reflektorja, sedeč zavaljen na stolu, namenjenem občinstvu.

– Gospodična Kasa, bodite ljubeznivi in slecite to odejo.

Dafina ob splošnem smehu prisotnih brez besed odloži improviziran površnik. Sredi ledenega odra je stala čisto naga, namesto spodnjih hlač se je malo nižje na trebuhu šopiril kovinski ščitnik – nakurčnik Henrika osmega. Vpitje ni preprečilo njenemu garderobnemu kolegu, da ne bi začel z najbolj resnim glasom:

– O Benetke, zora in kraljica, ki jo vsi ljubimo! Ti kraljica, ki bi ti dal svojo kri, naj ti vdahnem svoj plamen! Tvoj vonj Venere rojeva bogove in demone, zaljubljen sem v tebe, Henrietta ...

– Giacomo Casanova, heretik in razvratnik, ker se nisi naučil besedila, te v imenu inkvizicije obsojam na temnico, je rekla Dafina in se napotila k izhodu. Spaka v kostimu sinje modre kobilice na mesto vilinjega konjička, poslednje neumnosti ostarelega kostumografa, se je razkoračila na sceno in zavijajoč zapela.

– Moški bitko začne, da bi bil zmagovalec, moški je zapeljivec, vražji sluga, ljubezen je hrana, ljubezen je nemir ...

– So tudi taki, ki še nikoli niso izrekli besede ljubezen. Pravijo ji emocija, a par tej besedi je sekrecija, je rekla Dafina Kasa, kukajoč izza zavese.

– Izginite vsi brez sledu, se je zadril režiser in odšel ob škripanju lesenih stopnic. Tega dne se vaja ni niti začela pa tudi tople vode ni bilo, da bi se igralci lahko tuširali. Kantina je bila prazna, ni bilo hrane, kuharice so zijale v hladne štedilnike, natararice so zbrane okoli glavnega razpravljale o samoupravljanju, scenski mojstri so izdelovali ograje za kokošnjake svojih tetk, krojačice so šivale za svoje botre in prijatelje, frizerke so frizirale same sebe, čevljarji so tolkli po praznih kalupih, pisatelji so pisali grafite po hodnikih, a v fundusu so se vsako noč preoblačili demoni, se sprehajali po hodnikih, igrali ljudi in vadili življenje.

To jesen je zmanjkalo vode, ravno ko si se namilil, elektrike, ko se je zmračilo, hrane, ko si postal lačen, a radiatorji so bili vse dneve ledeni, čeprav so napovedovalci s televizijskih ekranov redno obveščali javnost, da se vsi dobro grejejo in da jim je toplo kot v peklu. V mestu ni bilo nič. Prodajalne so bile popolnoma prazne, a brezbrizne prodajalke so se še naprej sprehajale med policami, tako da je Dafina pomislila, da so vso robo odnesle domov in jo poskrile po kletih, pa so zdaj lahko mirne in jih ne skrbi, ker nič ne prodajo. Kavarne in restavracije so bile polprazne s kakšnim zaspanim gostom, ki je smrčal v kotu, natararji pa so zehali skozi motne, umazane izložbe v mrak v upanju, da bo prišel kakšen gost drhtečih rok, ki mu bojo podtaknili poceni vodeno pijačo in tako prislužili kakšen dinar. Nihče ni nič govoril, vsi so se delali, kot da ničesar ne vidijo. Tisti

malo pametnejši so opazili, da v cvetličarnah ni cvetja. Prodajali so samo umetno, ko pa so še to porabili za posmrtno vence in nagrobne šopke, so na policah stale le še pisane škatle s papigami in drugimi modrorepimi eksotičnimi pticami na stranicah.

– Imamo samo hrano za papige, so kupcem z avtomatskim glasom govorile prodajalke, ne da bi za trenutek vključile svoje možgane, pletle so, jedle svoj obrok, niso dvignile glave izza pulta, kracale so po kakšnem potrdilu s svojim ččekopisom, tako da je mali, priljubljeni ščinkavec Dafine Kasa spustil svojo drobceno dušo in bil prva žrtev prihajajoče katastrofe.

V gledališču je bilo vedno hladneje, že tako hladno, da so se šepetalcem tresle mrzle roke, a brezuspešni klici igralcev z odra – »mucka, kaj naj rečem« – so odmevali po napol praznih dvorinah z dvajsetimi gledalci, ki so sedeli v plaščih, zaviti v šale in s kapami čez ušesa.

Vsaj polovica tako pomirjenih gledalcev bi zaspala že na začetku, obupani igralci pa so pospeševali predstavo, proseč Boga, da jih kdo izmed gledalcev ne bi iz maščevanja prijavil upravniku. Srečneži so imeli vloge debeluhov in so tako nahomotani gledali razne kraljice, princeze in fatalne zapeljivke v svili in muslinu, pomodrele in otrple, svoje človeške vrline pa so kazali tako, da so svoje besedilo govorili jasno in počasi, z namenom odigrati svojo vlogo pravilno do konca. Zato je prihajalo do neke vrste preloma z utrjenim režiserskim redom, mnogi na hitro prebujeni gledalci pa niso mogli verjeti lastnim očem, kako se je začetek predstave z živimi igralci spremenil v lutkovno gledališče, pri tem pa jim sploh ni bilo jasno, kdo vleče niti in premika te velike prikazni iz mavca in lepenke.

Ker se je nekaj starejših opoteklo na odru, so posumili na lakoto in gledališki sindikat se je odločil dati vsakemu paket hrane z naslednjo vsebino: kilogram mleka v prahu, nekaj kilogramov drobtin, dve pašteti, pol litra šampona za pranje neznanega namena, eno konzervo norveške kuhane ribe in pol kilograma svinjske masti.

Mast je bila namenjena brisanju šminke.

Nekega popoldneva, ko je Dafina Kasa ujela v svoji garderobi kolega v grofovskem kostimu, vsega v čipkah, z belo, napudrano lasuljo in svilenimi nogavicami, kako si je oblizoval prste, pomočene v njeno mast, se je odločila, da bo prenehala z vlogami Casanovovih ljubic in vsaj za kratek čas odpotovala v Brezno.

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Dafina Kasa je te dni lebdela v oblakih. Tam je jedla in spala, na zemljo se je spuščala samo za trenutek, kadar jo je zadel Viktorjev obupani pogled, strupen in oster kot puščica domorodcev. Pred nepotešeno strastjo in nevrnjeno ljubeznijo je bila brez zavesti kot riba z odsekano glavo, ki se premetava tudi takrat, ko jo nasolijo, povaljajo v moki in vržejo v vročo ponev. Potapljala se je in plavala v vrelem olju kot morska sirena v viharjih

valovih! Kadar se je spustila na zemljo, ni opazila razlike med dnevom in nočjo, ker je popolnoma oslepela. Tipala je v mraku in se neprestano spotikala ob noge in roke stanovalcev.

Ljubimca sta šla na živce vsem, Viktor pa je za mizo vrtel glavo vsakokrat, ko ji je Atila z roko in prsti dajal hrano. Mežikajoč kot hvaležen hišni pes jo je jemala z zobmi.

– Samo še z repom mora pomahati, je rekla Babatetka sestri Amaliji.

– Vidve ne razumeta ljubezni, je rekla tetka Klara.

– Ljubezni nihče ne razume, je rekla gospa Amalija.

– To ni ljubezen, je rekel Viktor.

– Zakaj mora vsakdo nekaj pripomniti, je vprašal Kiči.

– Pojdi bruhat, mu je zabrusil njegov malo trčeni očim.

Ko se je Dafina nekega dne povaljala po vročem olju, je bilo že prepozno, ker se je njen ljubimec pripravljajal za odhod.

– Vsi imajo radi Benetke, butasta ravninska krava! Kaj bi rada? Vem, kaj ti potrebuješ, livado in travo, da se paseš!? V Benetkah sem ti kupil darilo, pa si ga vrgla v smeti! Imaš kak problem? Poznam vas iz Ravnice, vsi ste labilni in duševno moteni! Mučite živali in jeste slanino z ocvirki. Zato pa ste tudi tako nori! Že generacije se pobijate zaradi neke bedaste pesmi in se obešate po podstrešjih samo zato, ker piha veter! Mast vam zalije možgane že v dvajsetem!

– Nikoli nisem mučila živali, moja prababica ni mogla niti žuželke zmečkati niti miši zastrupiti.

– Ne spominjaj me teh svojih čarovnic, ki z lastnimi rokami na silo tiščijo koruzo v gosje kljune! Čisti sadizem!

– Jetra pitane goske pa si le pojedel!? Če greš zdaj, se ne vračaj več, je vpila Dafina in stisnjenih pesti ves dan hodila po hiši.

– Hvala Bogu, naj gre, je rekla gospa Amalija.

– Kakšna škoda, je lagala tetka Klara.

– Že tako nas je preveč, je zaključila Babatetka.

– Preveč tudi za slavnega pisatelja, da bi nas opisal, je pripomnil Viktor.

– Pa naj piše, če je bedak, je dodal njegov malo trčeni očim.

Atila, bič Božji, se je odločil za beg iz Dafininega objema neke noči, prestrašen nad količino lastne strasti in v strahu, da bi lahko bila ta ženska tudi zadnja. Hudokurčnost, ki jo je vgradil v celo svoje življenje, bi lahko propadla, on pa bi končal kot vsi ostali moški v hiši Kasa. Nage riti in zlomljenega vratu! Zato je pomislil, da je Dafina enaka kot vse druge, ki so mu sedele v naročju, stokale, vreščale, mijavkale, pulile lase in vzdihovale. Nič ni hujšega kot zaljubljen, razjarjen ženska. V trenutku se lahko spremenijo v čarovnice, zmožne so na hitro spremeniti pravega moškega v lastno senco. Ta je še mnogo hujša, vsak večer me potaplja v čarovniški formalin kot prepariranega žrebca. Četudi preživim, ne bo od mene ostalo nič, postal bom navaden kurac v kisu!

Ob takih mislih so mu demoni s ščipalko speli nos, da te noči ne bi do njega prišel ciganski vonj Dafinine kože, v nosnicah in pljučih pa bi ga žgečkali delci ravninskega prahu.

Prevedel Matjaž Hanžek

Four Little Women

(Excerpt)

Early in the morning, when the cockerels were pecking at their golden-green plumage and rubbing their bright red crests against the wet grass, stumbling and staggering from yesterday's binge, and the hens lolled on top of the warm dung heap with their legs up like drunken village women in white crumpled skirts, Jožef Magda, the last husband of Mrs. Amalija Kasa, was – cautiously, taking care not to crush them – picking dark red sour cherries from the brandy, those that the drunken animals hadn't eaten already.

What idiot emptied the whole large jar onto the dung heap, he was thinking, just because it was getting a bit green along the glass, he would have eaten the pickle without a problem, and nobody would have noticed it was gone. When the war started, his wife forbade him to drink, but it's common knowledge when people need to drink, Magda was thinking, when their pants tremble with fear. And now he was supposed to sit sober and listen to the rumbling of canons from the distance and watch the slaughter and killing on TV.

- You're Hungarian, so watch your step, his wife said.
- So what if I am! Today everyone is killing everyone else, regardless of who they are, Magda said, but she hid all the brandy and the wine nevertheless, even the sour cherries and pears in brandy, which was considered more like a dessert in their house.
- When they need me to work, I'm all right, he pleaded, but it didn't help him to moisten his throat.
- When I met you, you weren't drinking, she reproached.
- I used to deal with horses, not people, with bees, pigs, hens, Magda enumerated. I can still remember who I was and who I am, unlike many others. Were my surname Kasa, it would be much easier for me in this house, he grumbled and went to his bee-hives or to the hencoop to lift his spirits. He used to be a handsome, beautiful man, extremely corpulent, blond, the best ostler and horse groom in the flatlands reaching from Novi Sad all the way to Slavonia and Baranja, beyond the Hungarian heaths to the very border of the past whence his forefathers came riding on the wild Tatar horses whose hooves dug into the very heart of the earth, leaving traces in which the fates of all those born in the Plain were written.

Picking up the drunken hens so his wife wouldn't be enraged when she saw them he went to visit his bee-hives. He opened the lid of the first one, which smelled funny and unknown, and in the wooden frames he saw dense, black tarry sap instead of the honeycombs. All the hives to the last were deserted, without a single bee.

That year, instead of honey the bees produced tar, which filled all the caves and ditches around Bezdán, all holes, unworked fields and abandoned meadows. The black sticky sap spread in all directions, so that travellers were leaving the place wishing never to come back. They were taking off their shoes, throwing them away and walking away in bare socks.

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– Madam, we can start, the assistant said at the moment when the director of the show emerged from the half-light, illuminated by the feeble light of the only reflector, sitting sprawled in a seat for the audience.

– Miss Kasa, would you be so good as to take that blanket off.

Without objection Dafina took off the improvised gown to shrill laughter of all those present. She stood stark naked in the middle of the ice-cold stage, and instead of panties, a bit further down on her belly, shone a metal shield – Henry VIII’s codpiece. The laughter didn’t stop her colleague for starting in a most serious voice.

– “Oh Venice, dawn and queen whom we all love! Oh, queen, I would give you my own blood, my own fire would burn inside of you! Your scent of Venus gives birth to gods and demons, I’m in love with you Henrietta...”

– Giacomo Casanova, heretic and wanton man, in the name of the Inquisition and because you haven’t memorised your lines I sentence you to the dungeon, said Dafina and walked towards the exit.

A figure dressed in the costume of a light blue grasshopper instead of a dragonfly, the final gaff of the aged costume designer, marched onto the stage and started singing wailingly.

– “A man starts a battle, the victor to become, a man is a seducer, devil’s slave, love is food, love is agitation...”

– There are some who never uttered the word love. They say emotion, and the equivalent of this word is secrecy, said Dafina Kasa peeking through the curtain.

– Go to hell all of you, yelled the director and left down the squeaking wooden steps. That day the rehearsal never even started, and on top of it there was no hot water for actors to shower. The canteen was empty, no food at all, the cooks stared at cold stoves, the waitresses gathered round serving carts were discussing self-management, the set designers were carving slats for their aunties’ hencoops, the tailors were sewing for their godmothers and friends, the hairdressers were doing their own hair, the cobblers were tapping on empty moulds, the writers were writing graffiti along the halls, and down in the crypt demons were changing clothes every night, strolling down the halls, pretending they were people and practising life.

That autumn, water was shut off the moment you applied soap, electricity cut off at dusk, food ran out when you were hungry, and the radiators were ice-cold for days although the anchors on TV screens regularly informed

the public that heating was on and everybody was warm as in hell. In the town there was nothing. The shops were totally empty, and disinterested shop-assistants kept walking among the shelves so that Dafina thought they had taken all the merchandise into their own houses and hidden it in the cellar, and were now carefree and not worried about not selling anything. Cafes and restaurants gaped half-empty with the odd sleeping guest snoring in the corner, and waiters stared through murky dirty windows into the dark hoping that some patron with shaky hands would come whom they could serve their cheap watery brandy and thus earn a Dinar. Nobody was saying anything; they all pretended they saw nothing. Those a little wiser noticed there were no flowers in the florist shops. They were selling only artificial blooms, and when they were used up for wreaths and cemetery bouquets, only coloured boxes remained on the stalls with parrots and other blue-tailed exotic birds drawn on the sides.

– We only have parrot food, the vendors were telling the customers with automatic voices, never switching on their brains, knitting and eating their meals, not lifting their heads from the stall, scribbling some receipts with their clawy handwriting, so that Dafina's small sweet finch let out its tiny soul and was the first victim of the coming catastrophe.

In the theatre it was getting colder, so cold that even the prompters' hands were shaking, and the futile cries of the actors from the stage, "Sweetheart, what do I say?" echoed down the half-empty hall with twenty odd spectators sitting in their coats, wrapped in shawls and with caps drawn low over their ears.

At least half of them so tucked up fell asleep right at the beginning, and the actors, desperate, speeded up the show praying to God nobody would get nasty and report them to the manager. The really lucky ones played the roles of fat men, and they, overdressed, watched various queens, princesses and fatal beauties in silk and muslin, blue and stiff, how they displayed their skills and said their lines clearly and slowly, determined to consciously act out their roles to the very end. This is why there was an occasional gunshot not provided by the script, and many spectators, abruptly woken from their sleep, couldn't believe their eyes when they noticed that the show, which had started off with human actors, turned into a puppet show, and they couldn't figure out who was pulling the strings and animating those huge dummies made of plaster and cardboard.

When some older people stumbled on stage, hunger was suspected, and the theatre trade union decided to hand out food boxes containing the following: a kilo of powdered milk, a few kilos of pretzels, two cans of meat paste, half a litre of shampoo for uncertain purposes, a can of Norwegian poached fish and half a kilo of pig grease.

The grease was intended for removing makeup.

One afternoon, when Dafina Kasa found in her dressing-room her colleague in the costume of a count, all in lace, with a white powdered wig and silk

socks, eating her grease, sticking his fingers into the jar, she decided to give up her roles of Casanova's mistresses and go visit her grandmother in Bezdán, if only for a little while.

*

Those days Dafina Kasa was floating among the clouds. She ate and slept there, and descended to Earth only for a moment when she was struck by Viktor's desperate look, poisonous and sharp as an aboriginal arrow. Faced by insatiable passion and unrequited love she was almost unaware, like a fish wriggling with its head cut off even when salted, rolled in flour and thrown into a hot frying pan. She dove and swam in the hot oil like a mermaid through tempestuous waves! When she descended to Earth she didn't know night from day for she'd gone completely blind. She was feeling through the darkness stumbling upon the legs and arms of the people in the house.

Lovers got on everybody's nerves, and Viktor was turning his head at the table when Atila was feeding her bites with his hands and fingers. Keeping her eyes closed like a grateful pet she was taking them from him with her teeth.

– She'll wag her tail any moment now, Auntiegranny said to her sister Amalija.

– You don't understand love, Auntie Klara said.

– Nobody understands love, Lady Amalija said.

– This isn't love, Viktor said.

– Why everybody has to say something, Kiči asked.

– Go throw up, his dumb stepfather snapped.

And when Dafina one day burnt herself with the hot oil in the pan, it was already too late; her lover was getting ready to leave.

– Everybody loves Venice, you silly lowland cow! Where would you like to go?! I know what you need, a meadow and grass to graze! I bought you a present in Venice, and you threw it away! You've got a problem? I know you people from the Plain, you're all unstable and mentally disturbed! You torture animals and eat bacon and greaves! This is why you're all so stupid! You go on killing yourselves for generations over some silly song, hang yourselves in the attics just because the wind blows! The grease hardens your brains already in your twenties!

– I never tortured animals, and my great grandmother wouldn't even step on a bug or poison a mouse.

– Don't you even mention those witches who with their own hands force corn into the ducks' beaks. Pure sadism!

– But you nevertheless ate the liver of the fattened duck! And if you leave now, don't come back, Dafina screamed and walked through the house all day with her fists clenched.

-
- Thank God, let him go, Lady Amalija said.
 - What a pity, Auntie Klara lied.
 - We're too many anyway, Auntiegranny concluded.
 - Too many even for a mediocre writer to describe us all, Viktor observed.
 - Let him write if he's a fool, his dumb stepfather added.

Attila, the scourge of God, decided to escape from Dafina's embrace one night, terrified by the amount of his own passion and fearing that this woman could be his last. His reputation as a ladies man he'd been building all his life could fall, and he'd end up like all other men in the Kasa household. With a bare ass and broken neck! So he thought that Dafina was just like any other who'd sat on his thighs, moaning, screaming, mewling, pulling their hair and sighing. There's nothing worse than an enraged woman in love. They can turn into witches in no time and can change a good man into his own shadow. And this one's even worse, dipping me every night into her witchcraft formalin like a stuffed frog. Even if I survive, there'll be nothing left of me, I'll become just an ordinary dick in vinegar!

At those thoughts the demons put a peg on his nose so that the smell of Dafina's Gypsy skin couldn't get to him that night, and dust particles of the Plain tickled his nostrils and lungs.

Translated by Lili Potpara

Gorazd Kocijančič



Gorazd Kocijančič se je rodil leta 1964 v Ljubljani. Je filozof, esejist, pesnik, urednik in prevajalec. Sodeloval je pri nastanku slovenskega standardnega prevoda *Svetega pisma* (1996), znan pa je tudi po prevodu celotnega Platonovega opusa (*Corpus Platonicum*, 2004) v slovenščino, za kar je prejel Sovretovo nagrado (2005) za vrhunski književni prevod. Njegova književna dela zajemajo tri pesniške zbirke: *Tvoja imena* (2000), *Trideset stopnic in naju ni* (2005) in *Certamen spirituale* (2008) ter več zbirk esejev, kot so *Posredovanja* (1996), *Tistim zunaj: Eksoterični zapisi 1990–2003* (2004), za katero je prejel Rožančevo nagrado (2004) za najboljšo esejistično zbirko, ter *Razbitje. Sedem radikalnih esejev* (2009), ki predstavlja prvi, ontološki del njegovega lastnega filozofskega sistema v nastajanju. Njegova dela so prevedena v angleščino, češčino, italijanščino, ruščino in srbsčino.

Gorazd Kocijančič was born in 1964 in Ljubljana, Slovenia. He is a philosopher, essayist, poet, editor, and translator who participated in the standard translation of the Bible into Slovene (1996) and is also renowned for translating the complete works of Plato (Corpus Platonicum, 2004) into Slovene, for which he won the "Sovre Award" for extraordinary accomplishments in translation. His literary works include three volumes of poetry: Tvoja imena (Your Names, 2000), Trideset stopnic in naju ni (Thirty Steps and We're Gone, 2005) and Certamen spirituale (2008), and also several collections of essays, such as Posredovanja (Mediations, 1996), Tistim zunaj: Eksoterični zapisi 1990-2003 (To the Ones Outside: Exoteric Transcripts 1990-2003, 2004), for which he won the "Rožanc Award" for the best book of essays (2004); and Razbitje. Sedem radikalnih esejev (Breaking. Seven Radical Essays, 2009), the first, ontological part of his own philosophical system-in-development. His works have been translated into Czech, English, Italian, Russian, and Serbian.

PRIMOŽ TRUBAR ZAPUŠČA LJUBLJANO

Prerokba

Na to deželo, sèm,
se bo izlil škrlat.
Bo to mlado vino?
Bo še topla kri,
ki kar mezi
iz niča v nič?
Bo utripajoča vera?
Orakelj tu prekanjeno molči.
O, pravi videc,
Bog sam, edini,
mračnordeči Bog
v vsem.

Mysterium magnum I

Ko zvečer se slačič v spalnici,
mi vedno nekaj govoriš.
Nič posebnega, le vsakdanje stvari.
A kaj, ko ravno se tedaj umivam
v drugi sobi, pljuskam z vodo
& ne slišim dobro.
Žal mi je za te besede.
Kot testament ljubezni so,
a curljajo v praznino,
kjer nisva skupaj.
Nikoli jih ne bom zaslišal,
nikoli razumel.

Tudi Večni se takó
razgalja vsako noč
& mi šepeta,
a ga ne slišim več.
Zaradi šuma vode.
Zaradi želje
očistiti se

z lastnimi rokami.

Oporoka

*& ker odhajam &
če se kaj zgodi, otrokom
zapuščam ...*

Ne vem, kaj bi rad zapustil.
Ne vem, kaj bi lahko.
Ne vem, kaj je ostalo,
razen te plesnive hiše.

(– Zlom misli? Kup knjig,
ki jih nihče ne bere?
Kaj bo čez tisoč let ostalo
od vseh teh prizadevanj?
Entuziazem, naše zidanje kultur? –)

Ne vem, kaj bi rad zapustil.
Ne vem, kaj bi lahko.
Ne vem, kaj je ostalo.
Rad bi verjel lažem,
vašim & še svojim.

A nihče ne bo opravičen
po svojih delih.

Prilike o zemeljskem kraljestvu

Zemeljsko kraljestvo je kakor popotnik
na dolgi prašni cesti,
ki vije se v neznano.
Obstane, obrne se & reče:
tu se pot konča.

Zemeljsko kraljestvo je kakor sejalec,
ki vrže seme
& mu pravi: rasti.
& seme vzklije
& splēsni.

Zemeljsko kraljestvo je kot morje,
ki se zdi brez dna.
Na njegovem dnu
skriva se zrcalo.

Zemeljsko kraljestvo je kakor dekle,
ki ji mati reče:
prelepa si
za mojo pamet
& ji oče reče:
pregrda si
za mojo željo.
& ona odide
skoz okno
v neznano.

Zemeljsko kraljestvo je kakor pogled izdanega,
ki se sreča
s pogledom izdajalca
& mu govori:
vem, drugače
pač ni šlo.

Zemeljsko kraljestvo je kot sveča,
ki zasije v mraku.
Nihče je ni ulil,
nihče ne vidi,
kako je ugasnila.

Zemeljsko kraljestvo sestavljajo
demoni & ljudje. Izbrani.
Živali? Živali ne. Stvari?
Včasih. Demonom & ljudem
nihče ne ve števila.
Stvari pa so preštete.

Prilike o zemeljskem kraljestvu
ne govorijo več o svetu.
Tedaj bi govorile
še o angelih
& neljudeh
& o nebu samem.

Prilike o zemeljskem kraljestvu
so žalostne, ker bi
rade razumele.
Vesele so, ker to
nikoli ni mogoče.

Zemeljsko kraljestvo je kakor razbojnikova roka.
Močna & lepa,
ker je ni
narédil sam.
Jemlje & nikdár
ne da.
& če že, je
v njeni dlani
smrt.

Zemeljsko kraljestvo je kot temna hiša.
Kogar se dotakneš,
ko blodiš skoznjo,
ta bo tvoj
to noč.

Zemeljsko kraljestvo je kakor meglica,
ki lebdi nad morjem
na deževen dan.

Ko se dvigne, morja ni.

Register und Summarischer Inhalt

Zdaj vate več ne vérujem.
Zrem te, ko me zreš.
Dih, smisel, brezno, en sam Bog.
Zrem te slepo, ko v tvojem zrenju sem.
Ti si edini.

Zdaj moram s trdom
vérovati v ta tvoj nežno kruti svet
& svojo bežno dušo,
da brez slovesa ne izgineta

kot pozni sneg na zgodnjem soncu.

PRIMUS TRUBER IS LEAVING LJUBLJANA*

Prophecy

Upon this land
purple will pour.
Will it be a young wine?
Will it be blood, still warm,
still oozing
out of nought into nought?
Will it be the faith, pulsating?
Slyly the oracle here remains silent.
Oh, says the seer,
God only, the only one,
dusky red God
in everything.

* Slovene protestant reformer (1508–1586), the founder of Slovene literature.

Mysterium magnum I

As you undress at night in our bedroom,
you always tell me something:
of no great importance, plain ephemeral things.
Alas, this happens just as I'm washing myself
and splashing water in the room next door
& can't hear you very well.
I feel sorry for these words.
They're like love's last will,
but keep dripping into a void
where we're not together.
Never shall I hear them,
make sense of them.

Likewise the Eternal
uncovers Himself to me every night
& whispers to me,
but I can no longer hear Him.
Because of my desire
to cleanse myself
with my own hands.

Last Will

*& since I'm leaving &
if something happens, I bequeath
to my children ...*

I don't know what I'd like to leave behind.
I don't know what I could.
I don't know what remains
save this mouldy house.

(– A breakdown of thoughts? A pile of books
nobody reads?
What will remain after a thousand years'
of all our endeavours?
Enthusiasm, our building of cultures? –)

I don't know what I'd like to leave behind.
I don't know what I could.
I don't know what remains.
I'd like to believe in lies,
yours & mine too.

No one shall be redeemed
by his deeds.

Parables of Earthly Kingdom

Earthly kingdom is like a traveller
 on a long dusty road
 winding into the unknown.
 He stops, turns around & says:
 this is where the road ends.

Earthly kingdom is like a sower
 scattering seeds
 & tells them: grow.
 & the seeds sprout
 & become mouldy.

Earthly kingdom is like a sea
 that seems bottomless.
 At the bottom
 is hidden a mirror.

Earthly kingdom is like a maiden
 whom her mother tells:
 you're too fair
 for my wisdom
 & her father says:
 you're too ugly
 for my desire.
 & she leaves
 through the window
 for the unknown.

Earthly kingdom is like a gaze of the betrayed
 meeting the eye of the traitor
 to tell him:
 I know there was
 no other way.

Earthly kingdom is like a candle
 lighting up in the dusk.
 No one has poured it,
 no one can see it
 when it goes out.

Earthly kingdom consists of
demons & people. The chosen ones.
Of animals? No animals. Of things?
Sometimes. The number of demons & people
is not known.
The things, though, have been counted.

Parables of earthly kingdom
are no longer about the world.
Were they, they would also be about
angels
& non-people
& the sky itself.

Parables of earthly kingdom
are sad because they
want to understand.
They're joyful because
this is never possible.

Earthly kingdom is like a robber's hand.
Strong and beautiful
because he hasn't made
it himself.
It takes & never
gives.
& if it does,
there is death
in its palm.

Earthly kingdom is like a dark house.
Whoever you touch
wandering about it,
they'll be yours
that night.

Earthly kingdom is like a mist
hovering over the sea
on a rainy day.

When it lifts, there is no sea.

Register und Summarischer Inhalt

Now I no longer believe in you.
I gaze at you gazing at me.
Breath, sense, abyss, one God only.
I gaze at you blindly, being in your gaze.
You are the only one.

Now I must try hard
to believe in this gentle-cruel world of yours
& in my fleeting soul
to stop them from disappearing without a goodbye

like late-season snow in the early sun.

Translated by Tina Mahkota

Vesna Lemaić



Vesna Lemaic se je rodila leta 1981 v Ljubljani. Pred dvema letoma je ustanovila bralni krožek Anonymous Readers, v prostem času dela v klubu v Avtonomni kulturni coni Metelkova, vsako leto pa vodi tudi delavnico kreativnega »trash« pisanja za mlade. Kot pisateljica je na svoje literarno ustvarjanje širše opozorila s prvenecem *Popularne zgodbe* (2008), kratkoprozno zbirko, za katero je prejela tri nagrade: nagrado zlata ptica (2009), nagrado Slovenskega knjižnega sejma za najboljši prvenec (2009) in nagrado fabula (2010). Prejela je tudi nagrado Radia Slovenije (2009) za kratko zgodbo *Nič ni, nič ni* in nagrado »Lapis Histriae« (2009) za kratko zgodbo *Odlagališče*. Med njena dela spadata tudi roman z enakim naslovom, kot ga ima nagrajena kratka zgodba, *Odlagališče* (2010), in radijska igra *Podpotnik* (2010), ki jo je napisala za Radio Slovenija.

Vesna Lemaic was born in 1981 in Ljubljana, Slovenia. Two years ago, she founded the Anonymous Readers reading circle. She devotes her free time to the Metelkova mesto Autonomous Cultural Zone Club, and hosts a youth workshop on creative "trash" writing each year. As an author, she called attention to her literary efforts in the broad sense with her book Popularne zgodbe (Popular Stories, 2008), a collection of short stories for which she received three awards: the Golden Bird Award (2009), the Slovenian Book Fair Award for best debut book (2009), and the Fabula Award (2010). She was also honoured with the Radio Slovenia Award (2009) for the short story Nič ni, nič ni (It's Nothing, It's Nothing), and the Lapis Histriae Award (2009) for the short story Odlagališče (Dumping Ground). Her works also include the novel of the same title as her award-winning short story – Odlagališče (Dumping Ground, 2010), and the audio play Podpotnik (Sub-Passenger, 2010), which she had written for Radio Slovenia.

Plemenski ples

*Cause when love is gone, there's always justice.
And when justice is gone, there's always force.*

Laurie Anderson

Star evropski pregovor je šel takole: Za vsako tragedijo stoji rasna napaka.

Tiste modele so izdelali po naročilu, ampak to naročilo ni vključevalo sprevrženosti. Še vedno so bili samo lutke s standardnimi merami, o tem ni bilo dvoma. Ampak ko so jih postavili ob domače modele, se je čutilo. Gospod Rodendrich ni sicer še ničesar slutil. Mel si je roke, ko so novince nosili v oblačilno trgovino Heavens, in njegovi prstani so drug ob drugem škrtali kot zlati zobje prvih kapitalistov. Šlo je za dobro naložbo, v to je bil prepričan. Tudi priseljencem se je naposled uspelo asimilirati in se dokopati do denarja. Zdaj je bilo treba le še nastaviti past njihovemu identifikacijskemu momentu.

»Gotovo bodo izložbi dodale pridih raznovrstnosti,« se je oglasila prodajalka Angela, ki jo je Rodendrich držal na pogodbah za določen čas že tri leta, ampak v tem času mu je tako prirasla k srcu, da je kar ni mogel odpustiti. Pred njima so kot talci ob zidu slonele tri lutke.

»Kaj je, Mohamed?« Rodendrich je temnopoltemu lutku privzdignil skodrano lasuljo. »Saj ti je tako ime? Se morda motim?«

Angela se je zasmejala. Vedno se je zasmejala, če se je gospod Rodendrich hotel izkazati kot šaljivec.

»Naj bo raje Barack!« je plosknila z rokami. Kot zaposlena je morala delodajalca podpirati in mu pomagati pri razvoju njegovih idej.

Zakrohotal se je in si že zamislil, kako bo to šalo povedal prijateljem na pijači.

»Kaj pa tako buljiš gospodično Angelo, ti prašič!« Temnopoltega lutka je izpostavil iz vrste. »Angela, paziti se boš morala! Ne bo ti dal miru, ko bosta sama v Heavensu!« Zdaj se je skril za lutkom, mu izprožil roke in se okorno zibal proti Angeli. »Voham belo češpljo!«

Angela se je izmaknila in se pridružila Rodendrichovi igri. Dvignila je nos, razširila nosnice. »Od kod ta vonj?« Z zmrdljivo gubo okoli ust se je obrnila. »Smrdi. Smrdi po kitajski hrani.« In se navidez presenečeno zagledala v poševnooko lutko. »Chop Sui! Glejte, Chop Sui je prišla! Nisem te videla vstopiti.«

»Chop Sui! Ja! Ja! Tako ji bo ime!« Med hohotom je Rodendrichov obraz vse bolj spominjal na rostbif.

Angela ga je poskušala ohraniti pri dobri volji. Njena pogodba je veljala le še do polnoči. Že dva tedna je prosila, da bi podpisala novo, pa je Rodendrich odlagal in se izmikal. Morda je nameraval zaposliti novo prodajalko? Na hitro se je otresla strahov, ki so v zadnjem času preraščali njeno življenje. Tretja lutka naj bi po obrazni fiziognomiji predstavljala Turkinjo.

»Fatima!« je vzkliknila Angela.

Toda s tem je svojega delodajalca nevede ustrelila v srce. Rodendricha je v trenutku minil humor, v Fatimo na Portugalskem je romal zaradi previsokega holesterola. »Fatima ali Kapadokija, saj je vseeno.«

»Gospod Rodendrich. Danes se izteče moja pogodba. Kdaj boste imeli čas, da dopiševa novo?«

»Čas je denar, Angela.« Potrkal je po številčnici zapestne ure. »Jutri. Jutri se bova pogovorila. Zdaj se mi mudi.«

Prazna noč je. V izložbi Heavensa je spokojno. Osvetljujejo jo reflektorji in dinamični posnetki Fashion TV. V središču stojita Lutek in Lutka v večernih oblekah. Vsa samozadostna in romantična. Kot bi ju kdo zamrznil med plesanjem valčka. Tedaj pa Lutek tleskne z jezikom. »Tukaj smo zato, da ustvarjamo sanje.«

»Bi rekel gospod Rodendrich,« zadrda Lutka.

»Poglej ga!« se spači Lutek proti Baracku, ki z drugima dvema še vedno sloni ob zidu. »Hej, Barack! A preklopim na Animal Planet, da pozdraviš svoje v Afriki?«

»Pa tisti dve!« prhne Lutka. »Zaradi njiju so iz izložbe odstranili naše.«

Ta večer Angela ni vzdržala doma, nemir jo je izstrelil ven, čeprav se je prepričevala, da se mora za naslednji dan spočiti, da bo lahko z motiviranim vedenjem nagovarjala želje kupcev. Toda to ni bilo več gotovo, Rodendrich je imel očitno drugačne načrte z njenim delovnim mestom.

Ulice so bile polne ljudi, ki so kot ona brezciljno tavalj po mestu in iskali izhoda. Ni ji bilo do istovetenja z njimi. Še dve uri je bila uradno zaposlena, še vedno je imela službo. Ti ljudje pa so postopali in si menciali roke, kot bi jih srbele od brezdelja.

Zaenkrat idilična izložba oblačilne verige Heavens. Lutek in Lutka plešeta valček. Valček simbolizira evropsko zlitost. To je ples, ki se ga lahko pleše z mnogimi prikupnimi pokloni, v polodprti ali polzaprti držji, odvisno od tega, koga imaš nasproti.

»Pritepenci! Že tako je malo prostora tu.« Lutek začne odkimavati in ne neha odkimavati.

Lutka se mu pridruži v odkimavanju. »In manj kosov obleke bo na razpolago.«

»Glej ga, Baracka! Kar zabušava tam. Kaj misli, da je Heavens zavod za brezposelne. Hej, kaj stojiš tam! V Heavensu se dela tudi ponoči.«

»Tudi Chop Sui in Kapadokija nista nič boljši. Prav prosita za to, da ju gospod Rodendrich odpusti. Potem pa bosta žicali za socialno podporo.« Barack najprej samo kihne. Klimatska naprava mu piha v gola ledja.

Chop Sui se razširijo nosnice in se spet stisnejo.

Kapadokija dvigne obrv in jo spusti v nevtralni položaj.

Angela je dirjala dalje, dokler se ni znašla na ulici, ki so jo z obeh strani zasedlečasne stojnice in kombiji, iz katerih so prodajali hrano. Želodec ji je zarohnel ob vonju, ki se je privrtinčil z juga in vzhoda. V sebi je prepoznala prve nagibe brezposelnih: postopala je okoli in se ravnala po svojem želodcu – in to je obsodila.

Toda težko je bilo najti službo v mestu, preplavljenem s poceni delovno silo. Rodendrich je nameraval zaposliti eno od turških prodajalk, tako kot je nadomestil večino belih lutk z emigrantskimi – v to je bila zdaj prepričana.

Kapadokiji zarotirajo oči v edinem cilju. – Od nje se pričakuje, da išče službo. Prve besede, s katerimi nastopi, so: »Daj – mi – službo!« Z mesta se premakne z mehanično odločnostjo, ki jo premorejo samo lutke. »Daj – mi – delo!« Zdaj se obrne k Baracku in ga zgrabi za skodrano lasuljo. »Hočem – tvoje – delo.« Barack ji v odgovor kihne v obraz. Kapadokija ga pahne od sebe. Temnopolti lutek si pred njo poišče zatočišče za prodajnim pultom, kjer zleze na visok stol brez naslona.

»Vzela ti bom službo!« Kapadokija zdaj zagrozi Chop Sui. »Vzela ti bom življenje!« Toda Chop Sui se ne zmeni zanjo, njene nosnice se širijo in upadajo, skrivnostni vonj jo odpelje med nize oblek, za njo seže Kapadokijina roka in obvisi v praznini. Ne za dolgo, saj zagleda nedaleč stran podobo. Nameri se proti njej. Približuje se ji in figura se večja in ko je že povsem jasna, se Kapadokija zabije v zrcalo. To je ne ustavi. »Daj mi službo! Daj mi delo!« ji nazaj odgovarja lastni odsev. Vanjo hipno vdre smisel. – Edino delo, ki je preostalo, je nenehno iskanje službe. In tako Kapadokija osmišljeno nadaljuje: buta v ogledalo in ponavlja ...

Zgodaj zjutraj bo Rodendrich zastal pred stranskim vhodom, z zavestjo, da ima vse v življenju. Toda ko bo vstopil v Heavens, bo notri megla. Tudi ko bo prižgal luči, se vidljivost ne bo izboljšala. Kot pravi šaljivec se bo skliceval na pokvarjeno klimatsko napravo. Pomislil bo celo, da jo je zanalašč pokvarila Angela, ker ji ni podaljšal pogodbe. Tudi smrad po znoju ne bo ušel njegovim izkušnim nozdrvim. Kot pravi šaljivec ga bo zamenjal z vonjem žlahtnih francoskih sirov. Taval bo v megli in nič pametnega mu ne bo padlo na pamet. Ko pa bo naletel na škrbino prodajnega pulta, se bo končno zmedel. Pogrešal bo Angelo in njene ideje, ki bi tujo situacijo udomačile in razrešile.

Lutek pleše z Lutko valček. Lutek in Lutka znata dobro plesati valček. Vesta, da morata imeti pregled nad prostorom, da se premišljeno izogneta oviram, zato vse naokrog mečeta hladne poglede. Zavedata se, da uglajen videz odseva izbran okus. Napetost v rokah je ravno pravšnja in telesna oddaljenost izmerjena, držita se predpisov, toda ozadje idiličnega prizorišča je vse bolj moteče.

»Valček zahteva svojo atmosfero,« pripomni Lutka glasno in namigljivo. »Ti vsiljivci so jo čisto skisali.«

Ob pogledu na Baracka za prodajnim pultom se Lutek skremži. Ravna se po Rodendrichu. »Glej, Barack stika za hrano! Afrika je lačna.«

Zdaj temnopolti lutek zarotira z boki, naenkrat mu je vse jasno. Barack odgrizne vogal prodajnega pulta.

»Barack žre privatno lastnino!« vzklikne Lutka.

Barack se popraska pod lasuljo, ta mu zdrsne na ramo. Stlači si jo v usta in jo žveči.

»Vse, kar je na tebi, je privatna lastnina!« zavpije Lutek. »Tudi ti si privatna lastnina!«

»Svojih lastnikov si ne izbiramo sami,« doda Lutka.

Zdaj si Barack z zobmi odtrže roko do zapestja in zamelje s čeljustmi.

Gospoda Rodendricha bo nekaj popadlo za koleno. Se ga lotilo s silo nešte-
tih ust, ki bodo v zboru zahtevala svoje. Zakrutil bo, iztisnil mililitre znoja
in se opotekel med prazne obešalnike, ki se bodo osvobojeni teže gugali
kot razsedlani hrbti.

Na roki bo začutil ustnice, ki se bodo prižele in mu v dlan vtisnile vlažen,
odločen poljub. Obesilo se mu bo okoli vratu in ga v uho moledovalo:

»Dajmislužbo!«

Nekaj mu bo raztrgalo obleko, ga pahnilo na pod. Prav tako mu bo zarilo
nohte v čelo. Izpraskalo in žigosalo ga bo kot neštete šivanke. Rodendrich
bo pomislil, da bo prišla vsak čas Angela v službo in ga rešila.

Chop Sui hodi kot mesečnica med obešalnimi nizi in s prsti gladi obleke.
Vonj, ki dehti iz njih, ji je domač. Raziskuje novo okolje. Izza pulta izvle-
če časopis. Na naslovnici piše Azijsko gospodarstvo ogroža Evropo. Njeni
zapestji zakročita navznoter, sporočilo zahteva takojšnjo akcijo. Ustavi se
pred obešalnim drogom in seže po prvem oblačilu. Made in Taiwan. Vsi ti
šivi spodkopavajo Evropo. Prsti se ji izprožijo in skrčijo. Z enakim ritmom,
kot so roke tajvanskih šivilj sešile oblačila, jih Chop Sui razvezuje, razdira
predpisane kroje. Roke Chop Sui delajo urno, kot bi ji bili gibi tajvanskih
šivilj arhivirani v telo, njena hitrost je ekscesna, drdra kot šivalni stroj, ki se
mu je delovni spomin sprevrgel. Niti se kodrajo in vozljajo, niti, ki spenjajo
obleko Evrope. Ampak Chop Sui ni stroj, vseeno je lutka, poti se, iz vsa-
kega osvobojenega šiva izhlapi znoj tajvanske šivilje, zato se dvigne megla
in zastre dogajanje.

Angela je pomislila: Zakaj si ne bi za nekaj minut zasladila življenja? Življe-
nja, ki je bilo narezano na pogodbe za določen čas. Pogledala je na zapestno
uro, čez deset minut bo uradno brez službe. Ni si predstavljala, kako bo ali
sploh bo, ko bo ura odbila polnoč. Tudi zato si je na stojnici naročila spo-
mladanski zavitek, da bi dočkala nov dan s polnim želodcem. Pogodbe za
določen čas so jo spravljale v položaj peščene ure: čas je odtekal in po šestih
mesecih je bilo na Rodendrichu, ali bo uro obrnil in ji podaljšal življenje

za šest mesecev. Tako se je zaradi pogojev dela tudi bivanje spremenilo v življenje za določen čas. Zdaj je odštevala minute in goltala zavitek, kot bi vedela, da je poslednji. Usodna je bila tista zlobna goba šitako, ki je ilegalno prečkala mejo, da bi se zagostila v Angelin sapnik in ji prekinila dih. Prodajalkino srce se je poslavljalo vzvišeno, 60 taktov/min, v tempu dunajskega valčka, preskočilo na 32 taktov/min angleškega valčka in se ustavilo v galantnem poklonu. Toda na številčnici njene zapestne ure, poškopljene s sojino omako, so kazalci tekli dalje.

Lutek in Lutka vesta, da je kaos potrebno vzdržati. Ena dva tri, ena dva tri. Z vztrajnostjo se vrtita dalje – vsaj tako se jima zdi, čeprav stojita na mestu – saj je valček ples univerzuma. Valček posnema gibanje Zemlje, neskončno rotiranje družbe okoli svoje osi, izkrivljene v strahu pred kaosom in anarhijo neciviliziranih bitij.

Rodendrich bo med begom skozi meglo pomislil, da bo še vse dobro, saj ima trgovino zavarovano proti vlomom, vandalizmu in terorističnim akcijam. Ko bo to domislil, se bo zabil v izložbeno okno in se zvrnil pred noge Lutke in Lutka. S krvavim čelom bo na steklu pustil odtis Unmade in Europe.

The Tribal Dance

*Cause when love is gone, there's always justice.
And when justice is gone, there's always force.*

Laurie Anderson

An old European saying ran thus: Behind every tragedy is a racial mistake.

Those models were made to order, but that order did not include wickedness. They were still only mannequins of standard proportions, there was no doubt about that. But when they were placed alongside the native mannequins, you could feel the difference. Mister Rodendrich had not as yet suspected anything. He rubbed his hands when the newcomers were carried into the Heavens clothing store, his rings clinking together like the golden teeth of the first capitalists. It was a good investment, he was sure of that. Even immigrants eventually managed to assimilate and get their hands on some money. Now all he needed to do was set the trap and play the identification card.

"They will certainly add a touch of diversity to the shop window," said Angela, his shop assistant, whom Rodendrich had working for him on short-term contracts for the last three years, but she had grown on him so much by now, he was unable to let her go.

Before them stood three mannequins, like hostages up against the wall.

"What is it, Muhammad?" Rodendrich lifted up the black mannequin's curly wig. "That is your name, if I'm not mistaken?"

Angela laughed. She always laughed when mister Rodendrich was trying to be funny.

"Make it Barack!" she said, clapping her hands. As an employee, she had to support and foster the development of her employer's ideas.

He chuckled, thinking how he was going to tell the joke to his friends when they met for drinks.

"Why are you staring at miss Angela, you pig!" He singled the black mannequin out of the line-up. "Angela, watch yourself! This one won't leave you alone when it's only the two of you in the Heavens!" He hid behind the mannequin, stretched out its arms and swayed clumsily towards Angela. "I smell white pussy!"

Angela dodged, joining Rodendrich's little game. She turned up her nose, dilated her nostrils. "What's that smell?" She turned around with a disgusted expression around her mouth. "It stinks. It smells of Chinese food." In mock surprise, she stared at the Asian mannequin. "Chop Sui! Look, there's Chop Sui! I didn't see you come in."

"Chop Sui! Yes! Yes! That's what we're gonna call it!" Bellowing with laughter, Rodendrich's face was beginning to look more and more like roast beef. Angela tried to keep him in a good mood. Her contract was only valid until

midnight. For two weeks, she had been asking him to sign a new one, but Rodendrich kept avoiding the subject and putting it off. Maybe he was thinking of hiring a new shop assistant? She quickly shook off the fears that had been pervading her life lately. According to its physiognomy, the third mannequin was supposed to be Turkish.

“Fatima!” exclaimed Angela.

But she had unwittingly wounded her employer’s heart. Rodendrich instantly lost his good humour; he journeyed to Fátima in Portugal because of high cholesterol. “Fatima or Cappadocia, it doesn’t matter.”

“Mister Rodendrich. My contract expires today. When will you have the time to sign a new one?”

“Time is money, Angela.” He rapped on the face of his wristwatch. “Tomorrow. We’ll talk tomorrow. I have to run now.”

It is an empty night. All is peaceful in the Heavens shop window. It is illuminated by bright lights and dynamic images of Fashion TV. In the centre stand the male and female mannequins in evening wear. All confident and romantic. As if frozen in a waltz. Then the male mannequin clicks his tongue. “We’re here to build dreams.”

“Mister Rodendrich would say,” rattles the female mannequin.

“Look at him!” frowns the male mannequin at Barack, still leaning against the wall with the other two. “Hey, Barack! Should I switch to Animal Planet so you can say hi to your people in Africa?”

“And just look at those two!” said the female mannequin scornfully. “It’s because of them our own lost their spot in the window.”

That night, Angela could not stay at home; her anxiousness drove her out, even though she kept telling herself she had to get some rest for the following day, so she would be able to cater to the customer’s wishes in a motivated set of mind. But that was not certain anymore, Rodendrich obviously had other plans with her position.

The streets were crowded with people who, like her, wandered aimlessly about the city, searching for a way out. She did not feel like relating to them. For the next two hours, she was still officially employed, she still had a job. And these people were just loitering, rubbing their hands as if itchy from idleness.

The idyllic window of the Heavens chain clothing store. For now. The male and female mannequins are dancing the waltz. The waltz symbolises European unity. It is a dance which can be danced with many charming bows, in open or closed position, depending on the person in front of you. “Immigrants! There’s little room here as it is.” The male mannequin starts shaking his head and continues to shake his head.

The female mannequin joins him. “And less clothes to choose from.”

“Look at Barack! He’s just hanging about. What does he think the Heavens is, a welfare agency? Hey, don’t just stand there! At the Heavens, we also work nights.”

“Chop Sui and Cappadocia aren’t any better either. As if they’re asking for mister Rodendrich to fire them. And then they’ll go begging for welfare.” At first, Barack only sneezes. The air-conditioning is blowing on his bare back.

Chop Sui’s nostrils dilate and contract again.

Cappadocia raises an eyebrow and lowers it to neutral position.

Angela raced on, until she found herself in an alley, barricaded on both sides by makeshift food stands and vans. Her stomach rumbled at the smell wafting from the south and east. She recognized in herself the first instincts of the unemployed: she was loitering about, following her stomach – she condemned this behaviour.

But it was hard to find work in this city, flooded with cheap workforce. Rodendrich was planning to hire one of the Turkish shop assistants, just like he had replaced most of the white mannequins with immigrant ones – she was sure of that now.

Cappadocia’s eyes rotate in a single goal. – She is expected to look for a job. The first words that come from her mouth are: “Give – me – a – job!” She moves from her spot with mechanic determination that only mannequins possess. “Give – me – work!” She then turns to Barack and grabs him by his curly wig. “I – want – your – job.” Barack replies by sneezing in her face. Cappadocia pushes him away from her. The black mannequin finds refuge behind the counter, where he climbs on a high chair with no back. “I’m gonna take your job!” Now Cappadocia threatens Chop Sui. “I’m gonna take your life!” But Chop Sui pays no attention to her, her nostrils dilate and contract, she follows the mysterious smell to the lines of clothes, Cappadocia’s hand reaches after her and hangs in midair. Not for long, as she sees a figure close by. She heads towards it. She is approaching it and the figure is getting bigger and bigger and when it gets completely clear, Cappadocia runs into a mirror. That does not stop her. “Give me a job! Give me work!” answers her own reflection. Sense strikes her instantly. – The only work left is the constant search for a job. And so, Cappadocia continues logically: she is bumping into the mirror, repeating...

Early in the morning, Rodendrich will halt at the side entrance with the realization he has everything in life. But when he enters the Heavens, everything will be foggy inside. Even when he turns on the lights, the visibility will not improve. A joker by heart, he will blame the broken air-conditioning. He will even think Angela broke it on purpose because he had not renewed her contract. Even the reek of sweat will not escape his experienced

nostrils. A joker by heart, he will mistake it for the smell of fine French cheeses. He will wander in the fog and no logical explanation will come to his mind. When he discovers the hole in the counter, he will be utterly confused. He will begin to miss Angela and her ideas which would make the strange situation more familiar and clarify it.

The male and female mannequins are dancing the waltz. The male and female mannequins dance the waltz very well. They know they need to have a full view of the room to avoid running into any obstacles in time and accordingly dart cool glances all around. They realize polished looks are a reflection of fine taste. The tension in their arms is just right, the physical distance well measured, they follow the rules, but the background of the idyllic setting is becoming more and more disturbing.

“The waltz demands a particular atmosphere,” remarks the female mannequin loudly, insinuatingly. “These imposters have completely soured it.” Looking at Barack behind the counter, the male mannequin grimaces. He follows Rodendrich’s example. “Look, Barack is scrounging for food! Africa is hungry.”

Now the black male mannequin rotates his hips, everything becomes clear to him all of a sudden. Barack chews off the corner of the counter.

“Barack is eating private property!” exclaims the female mannequin.

Barack scratches his wig which slips off down to his shoulder. He stuffs it into his mouth and chews on it.

“Everything about you is private property!” shouts the male mannequin.

“Even you are private property!”

“We don’t choose our owners,” adds the female mannequin.

Now Barack tears off his hand with his teeth, grinding his jaws.

Something will seize Mister Rodendrich by the knee. Come at him with the force of innumerable mouths, demanding theirs in unison. He will squeal, wringing out drops of sweat, staggering into the empty hangers, swinging, free of their weight, like unsaddled backs.

He will feel a pair of lips pressing to his hand, planting a wet, sure kiss on his palm. It will hang on his neck, begging in his ear: “Givemeajob!”

Something will tear his clothes, shoving him on the ground. Burying its fingernails into his forehead. Scratching and branding him like countless needles. Rodendrich will think to himself that Angela would come to work any minute and save him.

Like a moonwalker, Chop Sui is walking between the lines of clothes, smoothing the garments with her fingers. She recognizes their smell. She explores the new surroundings. She takes up a newspaper from behind the counter. The cover says Asian Economy Threat to Europe. Her wrists rotate inwards, the message demands immediate action. She stops next to a

clothes hanger and reaches for the first piece of clothing. Made in Taiwan. All these stitches are compromising Europe. Her fingers extend and contract. In the same rhythm that the hands of Taiwanese seamstresses sewed the clothes, Chop Sui unsews them, undoes the prescribed cut. Chop Sui's hands work swiftly, as if the movements of Taiwanese seamstresses were archived in her body; her speed is excessive, she rattles like a sewing machine whose working memory has crashed. Threads are curling and knotting, the threads weaving the garment of Europe. But Chop Sui is not a machine, she is still a mannequin, she is sweating, out of every removed stitch evaporates the perspiration of a Taiwanese seamstress, fog rises, screening the scene.

A thought occurred to Angela: how about sugarcoating the next couple of minutes of her life? The life cut into short-term contracts. She looked at her wristwatch; in ten minutes' time, she would be officially out of work. She was unable to imagine what would happen, if anything at all, when the clock struck midnight. That was one of the reasons why she ordered a spring-roll at one of the food stands, to await the new day on a full stomach. Short-term contracts had confined her to a sandglass position: time was running out and after six months, it was up to Rodendrich to turn the sandglass around and prolong her life for another six months. Working conditions had also turned her existence into a short-term life. She was counting the minutes, wolfing down the spring-roll, as if she knew it was her last. It proved to be fatal, that damn shiitake mushroom which had crossed the border illegally to get stuck in Angela's windpipe, interrupting her breathing. The shop assistant's heart said farewell in a superior manner, 60 times/min, in the tempo of the Viennese waltz, skipped to 32 times/min, in the tempo of the English waltz, finally stopping with a gallant bow. But the hands on the face of her wristwatch, stained with soy sauce, ticked on.

The male and female mannequins know that chaos must be endured. One two three, one two three. With obstinate determination, they spin on – at least it feels like it, even though they are standing still – for the waltz is the dance of the universe. The waltz imitates the Earth's motion, the endless rotation of society around its axis, distorted in the fear of chaos and anarchy of uncivilised beings.

Making his way through the fog, Rodendrich will think all will be well, his store is insured against burglary, vandalism and terrorist attacks. When he is done thinking, he will crash into the shop window, falling down at the feet of the male and female mannequins. His bloody forehead will leave an impression on the windowpane: Unmade in Europe.

Vladimir Levčev



Vladimir Levčev se je rodil leta 1957 v Sofiji v Bolgariji. **Diplomiral** in magistriral je iz umetnostne zgodovine na Akademiji likovnih umetnosti v Sofiji, magistriral pa je tudi iz kreativnega pisanja na Ameriški univerzi v Washingtonu, DC, kjer je študiral kot štipendist Fullbrightovega sklada. Je pesnik, ki piše v bolgarščini in angleščini, prevajalec poezije iz angleščine (T. S. Eliot, Alan Ginsberg) in docent na Ameriški univerzi v Blagoevgradu, kjer poučuje pisanje in književnost. Napisal je štirinajst pesniških zbirk (štiri so izšle tudi v ZDA), med njimi *Аритмии* (Aritmija, 1978), *Небесни Балкани* (Božanski Balkan, 2000), *The Rainbow Mason* (Mavrični zidar, 2005) in *Кой сънува моя живот 1977–2007* (Kdo sanja moje življenje: 1977–2007, 2007); zbirko esejev z naslovom *Литература и морал* (Književnost in morala, 1994); ter romana *Крали Марко: Балканският принц* (Kralj Marko: Balkanski princ, 2001 in 2006) in *2084* (2009). Njegove pesmi so bile prevedene v devet jezikov.

*Vladimir Levchev was born in 1957 in Sofia, Bulgaria. He obtained his MA degree in Art History at the Academy of Fine Arts in Sofia, and an M.F.A. in creative writing at the American University in Washington, DC, which he attended on a Fulbright Scholarship. He is a poet writing in Bulgarian and English, a writer, translator of poetry from the English (T.S. Eliot, Alan Ginsberg), and an assistant professor at the American University in Blagoevgrad, where he teaches writing and literature. He has authored 14 books of poetry (4 of which were published in the US); among them *Аритмии* (*Arrhythmia*, 1978), *Небесни Балкани* (*Heavenly Balkans*, 2000) *The Rainbow Mason* (2005), and *Кой сънува моя живот: 1977–2007* (*Who Is Dreaming My Life: 1977-2007*, 2007); a collection of essays titled *Литература и морал* (*Literature and Morality*, 1994); and the novels *Крали Марко: Балканският принц* (*Krali Marko: The Balkan Prince*, 2001 and 2006) and *2084* (2009). His poems have been translated into 9 languages.*

Опаковане

Това е картонена кутия.
На нея пише 5:47 ч.
Вътре има залез над гората:
великденско яйце
в зелена хартия.
Има още и вятър.

В няколко десетки кутии
съм събрал остатъците от живота си.
Скоро ще се местя,
а не знам къде.
И не знам какво ще ми дадат
да взема със себе си.

Град Дънди се оглежда в река Тей

Ритъм на влак по железния мост върху залива,
сирена ехти от звезда на звезда.
Градските лампи за метеорити застинали
в прозрачния мрак на дълбока вода.
Бели завеси се веят високо над сцената –
фасади от камък, часовник и дъжд.
Стъпки сред пари кафеве: сама по паважите
в жена се оглежда душата на мъж.....
В жена се оглежда душата на мъж...
Стъпки сред пари кафеве обхождат паважите.
Фасади от камък, часовник и дъжд.
Бели завеси се веят високо над сцената.
В прозрачния мрак на дълбока вода
градските лампи са метеорити застинали.
Сирена ехти от звезда на звезда.
Ритъм на влак по железния мост върху залива.

Гларуси

Привечер на плажа –
старци в бяло с дълги сенки –
гларусите крачат
и си приказват.

Ние не знаем езика им.
Но слушаме.

Морето идва като в сън
и съобщава нещо драматично.

Ние не знаем езиците
на вятъра, на залеза и на звездите.
Но слушаме.

Като деца
играехме на развален телефон.
Някой ти прошепва думи.
Ти се мъчиш да ги разгадаеш
и ги прошепваш на някой друг.

Ние не знаем първата дума.
Но слушаме.

Така създаваме
успоредни светове.

Невъзвращенец

1.

Всяка минута
има своите многомилionни градове
и небеса,
за кратко озарени облаци,
запалени от залеза прозорци.....
Има тайни коридори,
водещи към тъмни стаи
всяка минута.

Кой живее там?
Какво бихме си казали?
Как бихме заживели?
Аз не зная!

Всяка минута
като невъзвращенец
отминавам
безбройните врати
на вечния живот...

2.

Виновни сме, Душа,
че знаем
за самотата си,
за края си.
Виновни сме.
И сме изгонени от Рая.
Часовникът със двете саби
не ни допуска да се върнем
през входовете на минутите
в Безкрая.

Кокошката и яйцето

Кокошката е измътила
гъши яйца.
Води своите пиленца
покрай реката.
Изведнъж те скачат вътре
и плуват.
Кокошката пърха и кудкудяка
в ужас наоколо...

Ти ходиш нощем по водата,
или затъваш в блато,
или се хвърляш от петнайстия етаж –
потен, ужасен от себе си.

Това, което си в съня си
не ти принадлежи.
То скача в реката и отплува,
говорейки на чужд език.

Мост

На Исмаил Кадаре

Хилядолетия спорихме,
хилядолетия градихме и разграждахме
нашия балкански мост
(на Дрина,
на Дунав,
или оня с трите арки
в Албания)....

Хилядолетия се питахме:
Къде е Златният Град – на Изток
или на Запад?
Къде е Пророкът?
И каква ще бъде нашата изгода
от моста между изгрева и залеза?

С ножове между зъбите
се питахме:
Наистина ли живи хора – наши хора
са били вградени,
за да стане моста по-здрав?....

Хилядолетия спорихме, воювахме,
убивахме, умирахме,
градихме и разграждахме....

Най-накрая изобретихме самолета.
И никой пътник
от Лондон до Токио
вече няма да види
нашия мост.

Pakiranje

To je kartonasta škatla.
 Na njej piše 5.47.
 V njej je sončni zahod nad gozdom:
 velikonočno jajce
 v zelenem papirju.
 Pa tudi veter.

V nekaj deset škatel
 sem nabral ostanke svojega življenja.
 Kmalu se bom selil,
 a ne vem, kam.
 In ne vem, kaj mi bodo dovolili
 vzeti s sabo.

Dundee se zrcali v reki Tay

Ritem vlaka po železnem mostu nad zalivom,
 sirena tuli od zvezde do zvezde.
 Mestne luči so meteorji, zamrznjeni
 v prosojni temi globoke vode.
 Bele zavese vihrajo visoko nad odrom:
 fasade iz kamna, ure in dežja.
 Koraki skozi rjavo paro: sama po tlakovcih
 v ženski se zrcali duša moškega ...
 V ženski se zrcali duša moškega ...
 Koraki skozi rjavo paro križarijo po tlakovcih.
 Fasade iz kamna, ure in dežja.
 Bele zavese vihrajo visoko nad odrom.
 V prosojni temi globoke vode
 mestne luči so meteorji zamrznjeni.
 Sirena tuli od zvezde do zvezde.
 Ritem vlaka po železnem mostu nad zalivom.

Galebi

Pod večer na plaži
starci v belem z dolgimi sencami –
galebi se šopirijo
in se pomenkujejo.

Mi ne znamo njihovega jezika.
A poslušamo.

Morje prihaja kot v snu
in sporoča nekaj dramatičnega.

Mi ne znamo jezikov
vetra, zahoda in zvezd.
A poslušamo.

Kot otroci
smo se igrali pokvarjen telefon.
Nekdo ti zašepeta besede.
Ti jih komaj razvozlaš
in zašepetaš nekomu drugemu.

Mi ne poznamo prve besede.
A poslušamo.

Tako ustvarjamo
vzporedne svetove.

Begunec

1.

Vsaka minuta
ima svoja večmilijonska mesta
in nebesa,
bežno ozarjene oblake,
okna, ožarjena od sončnega zahoda ...
Skrivne hodnike ima,
ki vodijo v temne sobe,
vsaka minuta.

Kdo živi tam?
Kaj bi si povedala?
Kako bi zaživela?
Ne vem!

Vsako minuto
kot begunec
za sabo puščam
številna vrata
večnega življenja ...

2.

Kriva sva, Duša,
ker poznavam
svojo samoto,
svoj konec.
Kriva sva.
In pregnana sva iz Raja.
Ura z dvema sabljama
pa ne dopušča, da bi se vrnila
skozi vhode minut
v Neskončnost.

Kokoš in jajce

Kokoš je izvalila
gosja jajca.
Odpeljala je piščančke
k reki.
Naenkrat so skočili vanjo
in zaplavali.
Kokoš je prhutala, kokodajsala je
v grozi naokoli ...

Ti hodiš ponoči po vodi,
ali se pogrezaš v blato,
ali se mečeš s petnajstega nadstropja –
poten, zgrožen od sebe.

To, kar si v sanjah,
ti ne pripada.
V reko skoči in odplava,
govoreč v tujem jeziku.

Most

Ismailu Kadareju

Tisočletja smo se prepirali,
tisočletja smo gradili in rušili
naš balkanski most
(na Drini,
na Donavi,
ali tistega s tremi loki
v Albaniji) ...

Tisočletja smo se spraševali:
Kje je Zlato mesto – na Vzhodu
ali na Zahodu?
Kje je Prerok?
In kaj bomo imeli
od mosta med sončnim vzhodom in zahodom?

Z noži med zobmi
smo se spraševali:
So bili res živi ljudje – naši ljudje,
vgrajeni v most,
da bi bil trdnejši? ...

Tisočletja smo se prepirali, se bojevali,
ubijali, umirali,
gradili in rušili ...

Na koncu smo izumili letalo.
In noben potnik
od Londona do Tokia
ne vidi več
našega mosta.

Prevedla Namita Subiotto

Packing

This is a cardboard box.
It is labeled 5: 47 p.m.
Inside, there is a sunset above a forest:
an Easter egg
in green paper.
There is also wind.

In a couple of dozen boxes
I have gathered my life.
Soon I'll be moving,
but I don't know where.
And I don't know what I'll be allowed
to take.

Dundee Reflected in the Tay River

The rhythm of a train on the iron bridge over the firth,
a siren echoes from star to star.
The town's lights are meteors frozen down
in the deep water's transparent dark.
White curtains wave high over the stage:
a stone frontage, a clock, and rainfall.
Steps through brown vapors: alone on the pavement
a man reflects in a woman his soul ...
A man reflects in a woman his soul ...
Steps through brown vapors sound on the pavement.
A stone frontage, a clock, and rainfall:
white curtains wave high over the stage.
In the deep water's transparent dark
the town's lights are meteors frozen down.
A siren echoes from star to star,
the rhythm of a train on the iron bridge over the firth ...

Herring Gulls

On the beach before dark
the herring gulls,
old men in white with long shadows,
strut and chat with each other.

We don't know their language.
But we listen.

The sea comes as in a dream,
delivering a dramatic report.

We don't know the languages
of the wind, the sunset, the stars.
Still we listen.

As children
we played a game called "broken telephone."
Someone whispers words to you.
You guess what they are
and whisper them to someone else.

We don't know the first word.
But we listen.

And so we make
our parallel worlds.

The Refugee

1.

Every minute
has its countless cities
and skies,
briefly illuminated clouds,
windows lit by the sunset ...
Every minute
has its secret corridors
leading to dark rooms.

Who lives there?
What would we have said to each other?
How would we have lived there?
I don't know!

Every minute I pass
endless doors
to eternal life ...

2.

My soul,
we have guilty knowledge
of our loneliness, of the end.
And our guilt keeps us
from Paradise.
The clock raises its two swords
across the path of minutes
we might have traveled to eternity.

Hen and Egg

The hen has hatched
goose-eggs.
She leads her chicks
down by the river.
Suddenly they jump in
and they swim.
The hen flutters and clucks
in terror by the river.

At night you walk on water,
or sink in a bog,
or jump from the 15th floor
sweating, terrified by your own self.

What you are in your dream
is not yours.
It jumps in the river and swims away
talking in an unknown language.

The Bridge

For Ismail Kadare

For millennia we have quarreled,
for millennia we have built and demolished
the Balkan bridge
(over the Drina,
over the Danube,
over Ujana e Keqe
in Albania).

For millennia we have asked ourselves:
Where is the Golden City — East
or West?
Where is the true Prophet?
And what will be our profit
from that bridge between sunrise and sunset?

With knives in our teeth,
we have asked our neighbors:
Is it true that living people, our people,
have been immured here
to make the bridge stronger?

For millennia we have quarreled, and fought,
died and killed,
built and demolished.

Meanwhile they invented the airlines.
Today no traveler
from London to Tokyo
can even see
our bridge.

Translated by the author with Henry Taylor

Nikola Madžirov



Nikola Madžirov se je rodil leta 1973 v Strumici v Makedoniji. Je pesnik, esejist, urednik in prevajalec. Med njegove pesniške zbirke spadajo *Zaključeni vo gradom* (Zaklenjeni v mestu, 1999), za katero je prejel nagrado »Studentski Zbor« za najboljši prvenec, *Некаде никаде* (Nekod nikjer, 1999), za katero je prejel nagrado Aca Karamanova, in *Преместен камен* (Premaknjen kamen, 2007), za katero je bil odlikovan z mednarodno nagrado Huberta Burde, namenjeno avtorjem, rojenim na območju Vzhodne Evrope, in prestižno makedonsko nagrado bratov Miladinov na festivalu Struški večeri poezije. Njegovo pesniško ustvarjanje je navdihnilo dva kratka filma; eden je bil posnet v Bolgariji, drugi pa na Hrvaškem. Prejel je številne štipendije, med njimi tudi štipendijo projekta International Writing Program Univerze v Iowi, štipendijo sklada »Brandenburger Tor« in štipendijo dunajskega sklada »KulturKontakt«. Njegove pesmi so bile prevedene v trideset jezikov.

*Nikola Madžirov was born in 1973 in Strumica, Macedonia. He is a poet, essayist, editor and translator. His books of poetry include the works *Закључени во градот* (Locked in the City, 1999) for which he received the Studentski Zbor award for the best debut book, *Некаде никаде* (Somewhere Nowhere, 1999) for which he received the Aco Karamanov award, and *Преместен камен* (Relocated Stone, 2007) for which he received the international Hubert Burda poetry award for authors born in Eastern Europe, and the most prestigious Macedonian Miladinov Brothers poetry prize at the "Struga Poetry Evenings" festival. His poetic endeavours have inspired two short films; one was produced in Bulgaria and the other in Croatia. He has also been awarded several fellowships, among them the University of Iowa's International Writing Program fellowship, the "Brandenburger Tor" Foundation grant and the Vienna "KulturKontakt" Foundation grant. His poetry has been translated into thirty languages.*

Не знам

Далечни се сите куќи што ги сонувам,
далечни се гласовите на мајка ми што на
вечера ме повикува, а јас трчам кон полињата со жито.

Далечни сме ние како топка што го промашува голот
и оди кон небото, живи сме
како термометар кој е точен само тогаш кога
ќе погледнеме кон него.

Далечната стварност секој ден ме испрашува
како непознат патник што ме буди на половина пат
со прашање „Тој ли е автобусот?“,
а јас му велеам „Да“, но мислам „Не знам“,
не знам каде се градовите на твоите дедовци
што сакаат да ги напуштат сите откриени болести
и лековите што содржат трпеливост.

Сонувам за куќа на ридот од нашите копнежи,
да гледам како брановите на морето го исцртуваат
кардиограмот на нашите падови и љубови,
како луѓето веруваат за да не потонат
и чекорат за да не бидат заборавени.

Далечни се сите колиби во кои се криевме од дождот
и од болката на срните што умираа пред очите на ловците
кои беа повеќе осамени, отколку гладни.

Далечниот миг секој ден ми поставува прашање
„Тој ли е прозорецот? Тој ли е животот?“, а јас му велеам
„Да“, а всушност „Не знам“, не знам кога
птиците ќе прозборат, а да не кажат „Небо“.

Одвоен

Се одвоив од секоја вистина за почетоците
 на стеблата, реките и градовите.
 Имам име што ќе биде улица на разделби
 и срце што се појавува на рендгенски снимки.
 Се одвоив и од тебе, мајко на сите неба
 и куќи на безгрижноста.
 Сега крвта ми е бегалец што припаѓа
 на неколку души и отворени рани.
 Мојот бог живее во фосфор од чкорче,
 во пепелта што го чува обликот на пресеченото дрво.
 Не ми треба мапата на светот кога заспивам.
 Сега сенка од класје жито ја покрива мојата надеж,
 и мојот збор е вреден
 како стар семеен часовник што не го мери времето.
 Се одвоив од себе, за да стасам до твојата кожа
 што мириса на мед и ветер, до твоето име
 што значи немир што ме успокојува,
 што ги отвора портите на градовите во кои спијам,
 а не живеам. Се одвоив од воздухот, од водата, од огнот.
 Земјата од која сум создаден
 е вградена во мојот дом.

Пред да се родиме

Улиците беа асфалтирани
 пред да се родиме и сите
 соѕвездија веќе беа формирани.
 Лисјата гниеја
 до работ на тротоарот.
 Среброт црнееше врз
 кожата на работниците.
 Нечии коски растеа низ
 должината на сонот.

Европа се обединуваше
 пред да се родиме и косата
 на една девојка спокојно
 се ширеше врз површината
 на морето.

Брз е векот

Брз е векот. Да бев ветер,
ќе ги лупев корите на дрвјата
и фасадите на периферните згради.

Да бев злато, ќе ме криеја во подруми,
во ровлива земја и меѓу скршени играчки,
ќе ме забораеа татковците, а нивните синови
трајно ќе ме паметеа.

Да бев куче, немаше да ми биде страв
од бегалци, да бев месечина немаше
да се плашам од смртни казни.

Да бев сиден часовник
ќе ги криев пукнатините на сидот.

Брз е векот. Ги преживуваме слабите земјотреси
гледајќи кон небото, а не кон земјата.
Ги отвораме прозорците за да влезе воздух
од местата каде што никогаш не сме биле.
Војни не постојат, зашто секој ден некој
го ранува нашето срце. Брз е векот.
Побрз од зборот.
Да бев мртов, сите ќе ми веруваа
кога молчам.

Начин на постоење

Премногу падови и вознесувања
 не се архивирани во книгите
 што се спалуваат во вообичаените војни.
 Запишал ли некој дека трошките
 фрлени од прозорецот паѓаат побрзо
 од снегулките, дека водопадите се само жртви
 на своето име? За падот на царствата и епохите
 се пишува, не за старецот што ја гледа играчката
 откопана од булдожерите.
 Семафорот не може да го спречи времето
 и нашата несигурност е само начин
 на постоење на тајните.
 Стравот постои во далечините, кога саѓите
 се одделуваат од искрите одсјки
 кон небото, но никој досега не напишал
 трактат за чадот од свеќата
 во ноќ што се претопува, ниту за капките восок
 што ни се стврдуваат врз чевлите:
 сите за пламенот зборуваат
 што ги осветлува нашите лица.

Видов сонови

Видов сонови на кои никој не се сеќава
 и плачења на погрешни гробови.
 Видов прегратки во авион што паѓа
 и улици со отворени артерии.
 Видов вулкани што спијат подолго
 од коренот на семејното стебло
 и едно дете кое не се плаши од дождот.
 Само мене никој не ме виде,
 само мене никој не ме виде.

Ne vem

Daljne so vse hiše, o katerih sanjam,
daljni so glasovi matere, ki me
k večerji kliče, jaz pa tečem proti žitnim poljem.

Daljna sva midva, kot žoga, ki zgreši gol
in odleti proti nebu, živa sva,
kot termometer, ki je točen le takrat,
ko ga nekdo pogleda.

Daljna stvarnost vsak dan me sprašuje,
kot neznani potnik, ki me zbudi na pol poti
z vprašanjem »*Je to ta avtobus?*«,
odgovorim mu »*Da*«, a mislim si »*Ne vem*«,
ne vem, kje so mesta tvojih dedov,
ki bi radi zapustili vse odkrite bolezni
in zdravila, ki vsebujejo potrpljenje.

Sanjam o hiši na hribu najinih hrepenenj,
gledal bi, kako valovi morski rišejo
kardiogram najinih padcev in ljubezni,
kako ljudje verjamejo, zato da ne bi utonili,
in korakajo, da ne bi bili pozabljeni.

Daljne so vse kolibe, v katerih sva se skrivala pred dežjem
in bolečino srn, ki so umirale pred očmi lovcev,
bolj osamljenih kot lačnih.

Daljni trenutek vsak dan zastavi mi vprašanje
»*Je to to okno? Je to to življenje?*«, in rečem mu
»*Da*«, v bistvu pa »*Ne vem*«, ne vem, kdaj
bodo ptice spregovorile, ne da bi rekle »*Nebo*«.

Oddvojen

Oddvojil sem se od vsake resnice začetkov
 débel, rek in mest.
 Imam ime, ki bo postalo ulica sloves,
 in srce, ki se pokaže na rentgenskih slikah.
 Oddvojil sem se tudi od tebe, mati vseh nebes
 in hiš brezskrbnosti.
 Zdaj je moja kri begunec, ki pripada
 nekaj dušam in odprtim ranam.
 Moj bog živi v fosforju vžigalice,
 v pepelu, ki ohranja obliko presekanega polena.
 Ne potrebujem zemljevida sveta, ko zaspim.
 Zdaj senca žitnega klasja pokriva moje upanje
 in moja beseda je vredna toliko
 kot stara družinska ura, ki ne meri časa.
 Oddvojil sem se od sebe, da bi prišel do tvoje kože,
 ki diši po medu in vetru, do tvojega imena,
 ki pomeni nemir, ki me pomirja,
 ki odpira vrata mest, v katerih spim,
 a ne živim. Oddvojil sem se od zraka, vode, ognja.
 Zemlja, iz katere sem ustvarjen,
 je vzdana v moj dom.

Pred našim rojstvom

Ulice so bile asfaltirane
 pred našim rojstvom in vsa
 ozvezdja so bila že formirana.
 Listje je gnilo
 do roba pločnika.
 Srebro je temnelo na
 koži delavcev.
 Kostí nekoga so rasle po
 dolžini sna.

Evropa se je združevala
 pred našim rojstvom in lasje
 nekega dekleta spokojno
 so se širili čez gladino
 morja.

Hitro je stoletje

Hitro je stoletje. Če bi bil veter,
bi lupil lubje z drevja
in fasade perifernih blokov.

Če bi bil zlato, bi me skrivali v kletah,
v prhki zemlji in med polomljenimi igračami,
pozabili bi me očetje, sinovi njihovi pa bi
me večno pomnili.

Če bi bil pes, me ne bi bilo strah
beguncev, če bi bil mesec, se ne bi
bal smrtnih kazni.

Če bi bil stenska ura,
bi skrival razpoke na zidu.

Hitro je stoletje. Preživljamo šibke potrese,
s pogledom, uprtim v nebo, ne v zemljo.
Odpiramo okna, da spustimo k sebi zrak
s krajev, kjer nismo nikoli bili.
Vojne ne obstajajo, saj vsak dan nekdo
rani naše srce. Hitro je stoletje.
Hitrejše od besede.
Če bi bil mrtev, bi vsi verjeli
mojemu molku.

Način obstajanja

Premnogi padci in vzponi
 niso arhivirani v knjigah,
 ki se zažigajo v navadnih vojnah.
 Je kdo zapisal, da drobtine,
 vržene z okna, padajo hitreje
 kot snežinke, da so vodopadi samo žrtve
 svojega imena? O padcu carstev in epoh
 se piše, ne pa o starcu, ki zre v igračo,
 ki jo je odkopal buldožer.
 Semafor ne more zadržati časa
 in naša negotovost je le način
 obstajanja skrivnosti.
 Strah obstaja v daljavah, ko saje
 se ločujejo od isker in letijo
 k nebu, a nihče še ni napisal
 traktata o dimu sveče,
 ki se v noč pretaplja, niti o kapljah voska,
 ki se nam strjujejo na čevljih:
 vsi govorijo o plamenu,
 ki nam osvetljuje lica.

Videl sem sanje

Videl sem sanje, ki se jih nihče ne spomni,
 in jokanja na napačnih grobovih.
 Videl sem objeme v padajočem letalu
 in ceste z odprtimi arterijami.
 Videl sem vulkane, ki spijo dlje
 kot korenine družinskega debla,
 in nekega otroka, ki se ne boji dežja.
 Le mene ni videl nihče,
 le mene ni videl nihče.

Prevedla Namita Subiotto

I Don't Know

Distant are all the houses I am dreaming of,
distant is the voice of my mother
calling me for dinner, but I run toward the fields of wheat.

We are distant like a ball that misses the goal
and goes toward the sky, we are alive
like a thermometer that is precise only when
we look at it.

The distant reality every day questions me
like an unknown traveler who wakes me up in the middle of the journey
saying *Is this the right bus?*,
and I answer *Yes*, but I mean *I don't know*,
I don't know the cities of your grandparents
who want to leave behind all discovered diseases
and cures made of patience.

I dream of a house on the hill of our longings,
to watch how the waves of the sea draw
the cardiogram of our falls and loves,
how people believe so as not to sink
and step so as not to be forgotten.

Distant are all the huts where we hid from the storm
and from the pain of the does dying in front of the eyes of the hunters
who were more lonely than hungry.

The distant moment every day asks me
Is this the window? Is this the life? and I say
Yes, but I mean *I don't know*, I don't know if
birds will begin to speak, without uttering *A sky*.

Separated

I separated myself from each truth about the beginnings
 of rivers, trees, and cities.
 I have a name that will be a street of goodbyes
 and a heart that appears on X-ray films.
 I separated myself even from you, mother of all skies
 and carefree houses.
 Now my blood is a refugee that belongs
 to several souls and open wounds.
 My god lives in the phosphorous of a match,
 in the ashes holding the shape of the firewood.
 I don't need a map of the world when I fall asleep.
 Now the shadow of a stalk of wheat covers my hope,
 and my word is as valuable
 as an old family watch that doesn't keep time.
 I separated from myself, to arrive at your skin
 smelling of honey and wind, at your name
 signifying restlessness that calms me down,
 opening the doors to the cities in which I sleep,
 but don't live. I separated myself from the air, the water, the fire.
 The earth I was made from
 is built into my home.

Before We Were Born

The streets were asphalted
 before we were born and all
 the constellations were already formed.
 The leaves were rotting
 on the edge of the pavement,
 the silver was tarnishing
 on the workers' skin,
 someone's bones were growing through
 the length of the sleep.

Europe was uniting
 before we were born and
 a woman's hair was spreading
 calmly over the surface
 of the sea.

Fast Is the Century

Fast is the century. If I were wind
I would have peeled the bark off the trees
and the facades off the buildings in the outskirts.

If I were gold, I would have been hidden in cellars,
into crumbly earth and among broken toys,
I would have been forgotten by the fathers,
and their sons would remember me forever.

If I were a dog, I wouldn't have been afraid of
refugees, if I were a moon
I wouldn't have been scared of executions.

If I were a wall clock
I would have covered the cracks on the wall.

Fast is the century. We survive the weak earthquakes
watching towards the sky, yet not towards the ground.
We open the windows to let in the air
of the places we have never been.
Wars don't exist, since someone
wounds our heart every day. Fast is the century.
Faster than the word.
If I were dead, everyone would have believed me
when I kept silent.

A Way of Existing

Too many rises and falls
are not recorded in the books
that are burned in usual wars.
Has anyone written that crumbs
thrown from a window fall faster
than snowflakes, that waterfalls are merely
victims of their name? They write of the fall
of empires and epochs but not
of the old man who looks at a toy
dug up by a bulldozer.
Traffic-lights cannot stop time
and our uncertainty is just
a way of existence for secrets.
Fear exists in the distance
when soot splits off
from the sparks flying skywards,
but no one so far has written
a tractate on the candles' smoke
that melts into night or on the drops of wax
that harden on our shoes;
everyone speaks of the flame
that illuminates our faces.

I Saw Dreams

I saw dreams that no one remembers
and people wailing at the wrong graves.
I saw embraces in a falling airplane
and streets with open arteries.
I saw volcanoes asleep longer than
the roots of the family tree
and a child who's not afraid of the rain.
Only it was me no one saw,
only it was me no one saw.

*Translated by Peggy and Graham W. Reid,
Magdalena Horvat and Adam Reed*

Aleksander Peršolja



Foto © Bogdan Macarol

Aleksander Peršolja se je rodil leta 1944 v Neblem v Brdih. Sedaj živi in ustvarja v Križu pri Sežani. Je pesnik in avtor dramskih priredb poezije Srečka Kosovela. Kot učitelj je najprej poučeval v Dornberku in nato v Dutovljah. Nekaj let je bil tajnik Primorskega dramskega gledališča Nova Gorica, nato pa organizator kulture na Krasu in umetniški vodja Kosovelovega doma v Sežani. V šestdesetih letih je začel objavljati v reviji *Perspektive*, od takrat pa najdemo njegova besedila v večini slovenskih literarnih revij in v mnogih literarnih zbornikih. Med njegovih deset pesniških zbirk spadajo: *Čez noč* (1971), *Nad poljem je mrak* (1974), *Sanjsko mesto* (1988), *Ob robu svetlobe* (2002), *Potovanje sonca* (2007) in *Proti robu* (2011), tj. njegova najnovejša pesniška zbirka s slikami Silvestra Komela. Njegove pesmi so bile prevedene v albanščino, angleščino, češčino, hrvaščino, italijanščino, nemščino, srbščino in španščino.

Aleksander Peršolja was born in 1944 in Neblo in the Brda Region of Slovenia. Now he lives and works in Križ, near Sežana. He is a poet and author of dramatic adaptations of poetry by Srečko Kosovel. As a teacher, he initially taught in Dornberk and after that in Dutovlje. For a couple of years he acted as secretary of the Primorje Drama Theatre Nova Gorica and later on began to organize cultural events around the Karst Region, while also acting as the artistic head of the Kosovel Culture House in Sežana. He began to publish his work in the Perspektive magazine in the 1960s, and since that time we can find his texts in the majority of the Slovenian literary magazines as well as in numerous anthologies. Among his ten collections of poetry are: Čez noč (Over Night, 1971), Nad poljem je mrak (Twilight Fell over the Field, 1974), Sanjsko mesto (Dream City, 1988), Ob robu svetlobe (At the Edge of Light, 2002), Potovanje sonca (Journey of the Sun, 2007) and Proti robu (Toward the Edge, 2011), his latest book of poetry, which also includes images of paintings by Silvester Komel. His poems have been translated into Albanian, Croatian, Czech, English, German, Italian, Serbian, and Spanish.

V nekem prostoru

Vedno bežijo namišljeni koraki
v neskončnost križišč
strani neba
ali samo v svoj negibni molk
hotenja opaziti druge oči,
odstrte v videnje
prostora v drugem prostoru.

Spotikajo se v stopnice
novih križišč
letenja in padanja.

Bežijo v nesmiselnost priklenjenosti
v zidove praznika,
ki je dana vsakemu koraku.

Čisto ob vrhu ni brezna.

Veje padajo

Mogoče,
ko bo sonce zazibalo smeri,
bo roka odstrla veke dreves,
zazibala trave, brajde,
ponudila vodo gričem
in pobožala obzorja.

Mogoče,
ko bo korak iskal uteho,
bodo črički uglasbili
nove pesmi pričakovanja
zlatih strun
nekdanjih dnevov.

Noč je nemirna
in veje izgublajo sijaj.

Samo večer

Kaj naj ti rečem,
ko bom ponovno oblekel tvoj plašč,
prekril obraz s krinko
in prešteval vedno ista trupla.

Še vedno čakaš besede,
ki jih nikdar ne poiščeš,
in svojo grozo ponujaš
lažnim prišlekom groze.

Zbežal bom v noč,
odvrigel bivanje
in zaspal v tvojem objemu.

Bo samo večer,
ki išče pozabljanja.

Prišla bo

Pošiljam ti jutro.
S prsti otipavaj njegov obraz
in solze posesaj v telo želja
biti pokončen čakalec
čistih neizpetih besed.

Objemaj odmeve odhajajoče mavrice,
prižemi smeh v sredico
nastajanja novih popkov upanja.

Verjemi,
prišel bo čas lebdenja
med robovi resničnosti in sna.
Prišel bo
tisti pobiralec oken vseh jutrer.

Pošiljam ti jutro.

Pomlad

Čarovnica je odprla oči
in zazehala v griče,
premaknila zvonove v dan,
v novo pesem barv.

Zbudili so se tudi drugi glasovi,
poigrali so se novi odmevi,
ko je noč pozabila na svoje poslanstvo
staranja, ječanja.

Vsa sonca vneto iščejo
zaspance čutenj veselja
in preigravajo čare slasti
nežnih hrbtov rojevanj vil.

Nedokončane orgije ponovno
odpirajo vrata iskanja.

In čisto na robu čakajo oči.
Tiste oči roba.

Proti robu

4.

Ni veliki zvon
in tudi ni veliko obzorje.
Je samo nek curek veselja,
ki se poigrava s temo,
morda tudi s svetlobo
nekega tujega sonca.

Ni niti zven glasov,
ujetih v mreže,
ki jih ni.
So prividi rok,
ki jih ni.

Zvon je samo delček
svojega začetka.
Zvona.

16.

Korak sledi koraku,
v tisoč vrstah je korak
v vrstah tisočev korakov.
Ni sledi za njimi,
ni sledi vrst.
Oblike sopenja spreminjajo
obliko ničnosti.

Velika krogla oblikuje obraz
popolnosti vzleta praznine
in nemoč požira sence,
ki so ostale
kot trenutni spomin
danosti, ki je ni.

23.

Vračal se bom
in sestavljal razbitine sveta.
Tudi tiste,
ki spominjajo na moj čas.
Nanašal bom barve v vse
razpoke norosti bivanja,
ljubljenja, umiranja danosti.

Takrat, sin moj, bova poiskala
neskončnost prostora
in mu vsilila obraz, telo, dušo.
Vsadila srce, oči
in obstala v iskanju novih rojevanj.

Takrat, sin moj,
bova poslušala molk
odmevov.

In a Space

There are always imaginary steps running
into the infinity of cardinal points'
crossings,
or just into their motionless silence
of wanting to spot another's eyes,
unveiled into a vision
of a space within another space.

Flying and falling stumble
into the steps
of new crossings.

They run into the pointlessness of being
chained to the walls of holiday,
given at each step.

At the very top there is no abyss.

Branches are Falling

Perhaps,
when the sun rocks cardinal points,
a hand will unveil the trees' eyelids,
rock the herbs, the trellis,
offer water to the hills
and caress the horizons.

Perhaps,
when the footstep searches for comfort,
crickets will compose
new songs of expectation
of the past days'
golden strings.

The night is restless
and the branches are losing their gloss.

Just an Evening

What should I say to you
when I put on your coat again,
cover my face with a mask
and count bodies ever the same?

You are still waiting for the words
you will never find,
offering your dismay
to the false newcomers of dismay.

I'll run into the night,
throw my existence away
and fall asleep in your arms.

It will just be an evening
that seeks oblivion.

It Will Arrive

I'm sending you a morning.
Feel its face with your fingers
and absorb the tears into the body of wishes
to await, upstanding
the pure unuttered words.

Keep embracing the echoes of the departing rainbow,
press the laughter into the heart
of creation of new buds of hope.

Believe
that a time shall arrive
for floating between the edges of reality and dreams.
There shall arrive
that collector of the windows of each morning.

I'm sending you a morning.

Spring

The witch opened her eyes
and yawned into hills,
moved the bells into day,
into a new poem of colours.

Other voices also awoke,
new echoes played
as the night has forgotten its mission
of ageing, of groaning.

All the suns eagerly search for
the sleepyheads of the space feelings
and replay passionate charms
of the tender spines of the fairies' childbirth.

Again, the unfinished orgies
open the door of searching.

And at the very edge await the eyes.
Those eyes of the edge.

To the Edge

4

There's no big bell
and no big horizon.
There's only a splash of space
that plays with the darkness,
perhaps even with the light
of some strange sun.

There's no sound of voices,
caught in the nets
that don't exist.
There are illusions of arms
that are not there.

The bell is only a particle
of its own beginning.
The bell's.

16

A footstep follows a footstep,
in a thousand lines there is a footstep
in the lines of thousands of footsteps.
There are no traces behind them,
no traces of lines.
Forms of gasping change
the form of nothingness.

The big sphere shapes a perfect
face of the emptiness takeoff
and weakness consumes the shadows
that linger
as an instant memory
of a presence not there.

23

I'll keep returning
and putting the ruins of the world together.
even those
resembling my time.
I'll tinge colours into all
the cracks of the madness of being,
loving, dying of presence.

Then, my son, we will find
the infinity of space
and thrust upon it a face, body, soul.
We'll implant it with a heart, eyes,
and we'll stop, searching for new births.

Then, my son,
we will listen to the silence
of echoes.

Translated by Aleksandra Kocmut

Edo Popović



Foto © Mio Vesović MO

Edo Popović se je rodil leta 1957 v Livnem v Bosni in Hercegovini. Od leta 1968 živi v Zagrebu. Diplomiral je iz primerjalne književnosti na Filozofski fakulteti Univerze v Zagrebu, kjer je študiral tudi jugoslovanske književnosti in hrvaščino. Prozaist in vojni poročevalec (med 1991 in 1995) je bil tudi soustanovitelj in urednik hrvaške literarne revije *Quorum*. Prozo je začel objavljati leta 1978. Njegovi prvi samostojni zbirki *Ponočni boogie* (Polnočni boogie, 1987) so sledila še druga dela, kot je zbirka avtobiografske proze *Kameni pas* (Kamniti pes, 2001), trije romani: *Izlaz Zagreb jug* (*Izhod Zagreb jug*, 2003), ki je pri Študentski založbi v Ljubljani izšel leta 2004 v prevodu Dušana Čatra, *Igrači* (Igralci, 2006) in *Oči* (2007) ter njegova aktualna zbirka dokumentarne proze z naslovom *Priručnik za hodače* (Priročnik za pohodnike, 2009). Njegova dela so prevedena v albanščino, angleščino, bolgarščino, nemščino in slovenščino.

Livno, Bosnia and Herzegovina. He has been living in Zageb since 1968. He graduated in comparative literature and also studied Yugoslav literature and Croatian language at the Faculty of Arts at the University of Zagreb. The prose writer and war correspondent between 1991 and 1995, was also the co-founder and editor of the Croatian Quorum literary magazine. He began publishing his prose in 1978. His first collection of prose, Ponočni boogie (Midnight Boogie, 1987), was followed by works such as the collection of autobiographical prose Kameni pas (Stone Dog, 2001), the novels Izlaz Zagreb jug (Exit Zagreb South, 2003); which was translated into Slovene by Dušan Čater and published by Študentska založba in Ljubljana in 2004; Igrači (The Players, 2006), and Oči (Kalda, 2007), and his most recent book of documentary narrative titled Priručnik za hodače (A Manual for Walkers, 2009). His works have been translated into Albanian, Bulgarian, English, German, and Slovene.

Edo Popović was born in 1957 in

Oči

(ulomak)

1.

Rođen sam, to je sve što se može reći o početku. Ni kasnije se tu nema bogzna što reći, mislim – da otkrivaš neki misterij. Ne postoji misterij života. Postoje biološki procesi, simptomi, dijagnoze, bolesnički kartoni, statistički podaci, svjećice na torti, svjedodžbe, operativne informacije, otpusna pisma, opomene pred tužbu, zapisnici, izjave, optužnice, smrtovnice, ali ne i misterij.

Postoji i pitanje što je ono dvoje imalo na umu kad su petljali oko tvog začeca? Najvjerojatnije ništa. Malo je vjerojatno da se žena i muškarac, kad se zavuku u krevet, bave nekim filozofskim pitanjima, ili krajnjim posljedicama tog čina. Mozak se ne petlja u te poslove, srce samo pumpa krv, o posljedicama se razmišlja poslije. Poslije, to znači da je situacija debelo izvan kontrole. Da si već u optjecaju, i da se tu više ništa ne može učiniti. Nema koraka unatrag. Junaci smo života, jebenti, ovoga lijepog, velikog života, da slučajno ne zaboraviš.

Za prvu ruku potrebno ti je malo klope, malo pažnje, suha pelena, možda pokoja uspavanka, ali to košta, kako to samo ponekad košta. Ispočetka ništa ne shvaćaš, samo tako sisaš i puniš pelene, a onda se, bez upozorenja, na tebe počnu obarati razne stvari. Gomila raznih stvari ruši se na tebe svaki dan, svaki jebeni božji dan, i zapitaš se tko ovdje kontrolira situaciju, netko bi tu, misliš, morao držati volan u rukama, a stvari se i dalje u neredu obaraju na tebe, i ako imaš sreće, ako imaš nevjerojatno puno sreće, nekako ćeš izaći na kraj s njima. Ali, malo je tih sretnika, jedan na sto tisuća, jedan na milijun. Zato su tu shopping centri, Crkva, socijalna skrb, Crveni križ, psihijatrijske klinike, igraće konzole, telka, Rainbow, Ku Klux Klan, ogromna paukova mreža u kojoj se koprcaju oni koji nisu imali sreće.

Stvarno, zapitaš li se ikada kako netko može naštancati dijete i onda reći: Žao nam je, zeznuli smo se, mi bismo radije neku mačku ili nešto slično. Dobro, pričam gluposti, naravno da se to može. Štoviše, svi smo mi više-manje proizvod takvog načina. Najprije zadovoljstvo, a onda... Pa, već ćemo nešto smisliti, ne. Nesporazum, uvijek se tu radi o nekom nesporazumu. O klasičnom nesporazumu izazvanom pećinskim strahom, recimo. Uopće mi nije teško zamisliti olujnu noć, u kojoj su gromovi bili tako snažni i udarali su tako blizu, da su pobudili iskonski strah u ono dvoje mojih, i oni su se instinktivno priljubili jedno uz drugo... Moguće je i da se majka preračunala u vezi s plodnim danima, ili se otac zalaufao i prekasno izvukao svoju stvarčicu...

Kad pravo razmislim, uopće mi nije važno što se tada dogodilo. Ne razbijam si glavu time, jer na to nisam mogao utjecati. Da sam mogao birati, ne bih se rodio. Rođen sam, dakle, protiv svoje volje, na tuđu inicijativu i odgovornost. A kad tako postaviš stvari, onda te malo što u životu može sputavati. Onda si slobodan.

Rođen sam u znaku škorpiona. To je bila prva velika podvala, ne računajući samo rođenje, naravno. Škorpion je životinja kao i svaka druga, nemam ništa protiv škorpiona, dapače, jednom sam se u Pakoštanima rukom oslonio na neki zid, i tu je bio taj škorpion, gotovo sam ga dodirnuo dlanom, ali me nije ubo, samo je otklaparao dalje... no škorpion u Zodijaku!

Škorpion, osmi znak Zodijaka, zauzima sredinu jesenskog tromjesečja, kad se ljudi, životinje i biljke vraćaju kaosu u očekivanju preporoda života. Znakom upravljaju Mars i Pluton, mračne, nemilosrdne sile podzemlja i unutrašnje tmine, najbolje mu odgovara klima nevremena, a zavičaj mu je tragedija.

Fantastično, a? I samo mi nemoj sad reći da je roditi se u tom znaku stvar slučaja. A povrh svega, tog istog dana Rusi su ispalili u svemir raketu s onom kujom Lajkom u kapsuli. Spominjem ovo zato što smo tada oboje dobili jednosmjernu kartu – Lajka za let prema zvijezdama, ja za gmizanje Zemljom. Kad te u startu zajebe neka kuja, a pritom te zapadne i znak škorpiona, stvarno se moraš zapitati je li to doista bio tvoj dan.

I tako sam ispaljen u život. Tih godina sateliti su u rojevima zujali orbitom, astronauti su plesali pogo na Mjesecu, škvadra se LSD-om i svetim gljivama upucavala u paralelne svjetove... a moj svijet? Moj svijet je bio ravna, kvadratna ploča između Ulice Prosinačkih žrtava, koju smo zvali Glavna ulica, na sjeveru, i željezničke pruge na jugu, između Osječke ulice na istoku i potoka na zapadu. Planet Dubrava u galaksiji Zagreb, razumiješ, gdje su samo ulice okomite na Glavnu cestu bile asfaltirane. Ne kažem ovo zbog socijalnog štih, već zato što su asfaltirane ulice bile arterije što su vodile do Glavne ulice, do njezinih slastičarnica, buffeta, galanterije, cvjećarnice, trgovine mješovitom robom i tekstilom, željezarije, papirnice, ambulante, voćarnice, trafike i kina Bratstvo, gdje se odvijala velika, uzbudljiva predstava života.

Tim ulicama, također, svakodnevno su u kvart stizala neka nova lica. Sva jugoslavenska sirotinja slijevala se tih godina u Dubravu: prolazeći ulicom uho ti je od dvorišta do dvorišta hvatalo razne jezike i narječja, kao kad šaltaš stanice na radiju, a i moji su se, dok sam bio klinjo, iz Bosne dokotrljali tamo. Izvan tih granica postojao je samo neproziran, neprijateljski prostor kamo nije bilo pametno zalaziti. I tako otprilike do moje devete godine kad sam, u svojim najboljim hlačama i košulji (hlače su bile karirane, košulja vrištavo zelena, goleme špicaste kragne) s čitavim bogatstvom u džepu, sjeo u jedanaesticu.

Nikada dotad nisam bio u gradu. Roditelji me nikamo nisu vodili. Bilo im je teško otići sa mnom i do Name u Glavnoj ulici i kupiti mi ovo ili ono, nisu to skrivali, i to je bilo pošteno. Odmah su mi dali do znanja da na njih ne mogu računati. Priče mojih vršnjaka o tom svijetu vani, o panterama, tigrovima i lavovima u zoološkom vrtu, o gradskim kinima s plišanim sjedalima i parkovima s vodoskocima i fontanama, bile su jednako uzbudljive kao epizode Bonanze i stripovi o Tarzanu, Rayu Carsonu ili Čeličnoj pandži. Sjedio sam tada na neudobnu drvenom sjedalu, gledao kroz prozor tramvaja i stiskao u džepu kovanice po pedeset para. Limene kovanice u mom džepu bile su teške kao zlatnici, i zvečale su poput zlatnika. I dok je tramvaj tutnjao pokraj Dinamova stadiona i kina Partizan, mojih prvih orijentira, sinulo mi je. Shvatio sam da asfaltirane ulice moga kvarta nisu arterije što vode do srca svijeta, Glavne ulice, već da su one zapravo samo kapilare koje vode do jedne beznačajne žile, odakle je asfaltni krvotok tekao dalje Maksimirskom i Vlaškom do Trga Republike, a odatle... Odatle do austrijske i talijanske granice, i dalje, u svijet o kojem tada ništa nisam znao, ali su znali ljudi poput moga oca, koji je otišao i nije se vratio, pa mi o tome nije mogao ništa reći, ali je bilo logično da zna nešto o stvarima o kojima se u našem kvartu, tada, nije mnogo znalo. I što je još važnije, shvatio sam da mi nitko nije potreban da bih stigao nekamo.

Jesam li išta naučio od oca? Pa vjerojatno jesam, ali ne bih to pripisao njegovoj namjeri. Taj nije puno razmišljao o drugima. Bio je dovoljno mudar da vodi brigu samo o sebi. Nije me opterećivao savjetima i poučnim pričama o boljoj prošlosti, materijalom kojeg na lagerima mnogih očeva i majki ima na tone. Uopće, rijetko je pričao sa mnom, ništa više od uobičajene konverzacije, tipa kako je u školi, ili tko te je to zviznuo u oko? Nije se razbacivao riječima, i baš zato je valjalo znati čitati njegovo lice – da bi ga se izbjeglo kad je bio gadno raspoložen. To je bio zeznut posao: na licu brončane biste nekog narodnog heroja u predvorju škole moglo se pročitati više osjećaja nego na licu moga oca.

Hoću reći, vidjeti ne znači samo moći imenovati ono što gledaš. Vidjeti, prije svega, znači znati pročitati izraz lica koje gledaš, dešifrirati govor tijela, a to sam naučio vrlo rano, zahvaljujući, kažem, svome ocu. Ne tvrdim ovdje da je on bio nasilan. To ne. Nije čak ni vikao na mamu i mene. U našoj se kući nikad nije čula galama, niti plač. U njoj je uvijek vladala tišina, ona jeziva tišina što prethodi katastrofama, gusta, gotovo opipljiva tišina uoči praska groma i kiše nošene olujnim vjetrom. Godinama smo mama i ja pazili da ne uprskamo stvar i ne razljutimo oca, i to nam je pošlo za rukom. Otac je ostao neprobuđena oluja.

Danju je uglavnom spavao, noću je oblačio svoja najbolja odijela i odlazio kartati, a onda je sve to fino poslao u kurac. I kartanje za sitnu lovu, i mamu, i mene, sve.

Jedne proljetne večeri šutke se spakirao, otišao u Kazališnu kavanu, gdje su se svakog proljeća okupljali jugoslavenski kockari i dogovarali pohod na Europu, i više nam se nije vratio. Otada su do nas stizale samo vijesti o njemu. Iz Austrije, Njemačke, Nizozemske... Bio je gad, ali mu se ne može poreći europska širina. Pokatkad je, valja biti objektivan, osim vijesti stizala i lova.

Mami se fućkalo za sve. On joj, kao mužjak, nije bio potreban ni dok je bio tu. Znam to jer je često, s jastukom i poplunom u rukama, usred noći bježala iz spavaće u dnevnu sobu i spavala na sofa. Što se love tiče, imala je siguran posao u papirnici na Trgu Republike, pa je nije bilo briga za to hoće li on poslati nešto ili neće.

Uopće, bila su to vremena kad ste mogli živjeti od vlastita rada. Mogli ste biti posve pristojno sretni, ukoliko niste tražili previše, a moja majka je spadala u tu vrstu sretnih ljudi.

Oči

(odlomek)

1.

Rodil sem se, to je vse, kar se da reči o začetku. Tudi pozneje glede tega ni bogve kaj povedati, mislim – da bi razkrival kakšen misterij. Ne obstaja misterij življenja. Obstajajo biološki procesi, simptomi, diagnoze, bolniški kartoni, statistični podatki, svečke na torti, spričevala, operativne informacije, odpustnice, opomini pred tožbo, zapisniki, izjave, obtožnice, mrliški listi, ne pa tudi misterij.

Obstaja tudi vprašanje, kaj sta tista dva imela v mislih, ko sta se šla tvoje spočetje. Najbrž nič. Malo verjetno je, da se ženska in moški, ko se spravita v posteljo, ukvarjata s kakšnimi filozofskimi vprašanji ali s končnimi posledicami tega dejanja. Možgani se ne vtikajo v te zadeve, srce samo črpa kri, o posledicah se premišljuje pozneje. Pozneje, to pomeni, da je situacija precej zunaj nadzora. Da si že v obtoku in da se ne da nič več storiti. Koraka nazaj ni. Junaki življenja smo, jebemti, tega lepega, velikega življenja, da ne bi po naključju pozabil.

Za prvo silo potrebuješ malo hrane, malo pozornosti, suho plenico, mogoče kakšno uspavanko, ampak to stane, koliko to včasih stane. Najprej nič ne razumeš, samo sesaš in polniš plenice, potem pa se, brez opozorila, začno nate zgrinjati različne stvari. Kup različnih stvari pada nate vsak dan, vsak klinčev božji dan, in vprašaš se, kdo nadzoruje situacijo, nekdo bi, misliš, moral držati volan v rokah, stvari pa se še vedno v neredu zgrinjajo nate in če imaš srečo, če imaš neverjetno veliko sreče, jih nekako obvladaš. Ampak takšnih srečnikov je malo, eden na sto tisoč, eden na milijon. Zato so tu nakupovalna središča, Cerkev, centri za socialno delo, Rdeči križ, psihiatrične bolnišnice, igralne konzole, teve, Rainbow, Ku Klux Klan, velikanska pajkova mreža, v kateri se zvijajo tisti, ki niso imeli sreče.

Res, a se kdaj vprašaš, kako lahko kdo naštanca otroka in potem reče: Žal nama je, zafrknila sva se, raje bi imela kako mačko ali kaj podobnega.

Prav, neumnosti govorim, seveda se to da. Še več, vsi smo bolj ali manj proizvod takšnega načina. Najprej zadovoljstvo, potem pa ... No, si bova že kaj izmislila, a ne. Nesporazum, vedno gre za kakšen nesporazum. Za klasični nesporazum, ki ga povzroči jamski strah, denimo. Sploh si mi ni težko predstavljati nevihtno noč, ko se je tako močno in tako blizu bliskalo in grmelo, da se je v tistih dveh mojih vzbudil prvinski strah in sta se nagonsko stisnila drug k drugemu ... Mogoče je tudi, da se je mama uštela pri izračunu plodnih dnevov ali se je oče zagnal in prepozno izvlekel svojo stvarco ...

Če bolje pomislim, se mi sploh ne zdi pomembno, kaj se je takrat zgodilo. Ne premišljam preveč o tem, ker na to nisem mogel vplivati. Če bi lahko izbiral, se ne bi rodil. Rodil sem se torej proti svoji volji, na tujo pobudo in odgovornost. Če tako postaviš stvari, potem te v življenju malokaj omejuje. Potem si svoboden.

Rodil sem se v znamenju škorpiona. To je bil prvi veliki nateg, če ne računam samega rojstva seveda. Škorpion je žival kakor vsaka druga, nič nimam proti škorpionom, kje pa, nekoč sem se v Pakoštanah z roko naslonil na zid in tam je bil škorpion, skoraj sem se ga dotaknil z dlanjo, pa me ni zbedel, odpeketal je naprej ... Ampak škorpion v zodiaku!

Škorpion, osmo znamenje zodiaka, zavzema sredino jesenskega trimesečja, ko se ljudje, živali in rastline vrnejo h kaosu v pričakovanju prepoveda življenja. Znamenju vladata Mars in Pluton, temačne, neusmiljene sile podzemlja in notranje teme, najbolj mu ustreza viharo podnebje, njegova domovina je tragedija.

Fantastično, kaj? Nikar mi zdaj ne reci, da je roditi se v tem znamenju stvar naključja. Poleg tega so tistega dne Rusi v vesolje izstrelili raketo s tisto psico Lajko v kapsuli. To omenjam zato, ker sva takrat oba dobila enosmerno vozovnico – Lajka za polet proti zvezdam, jaz pa za lazenje po Zemlji. Ko te na začetku zajebe psica, poleg tega pa te doleti še znamenje škorpiona, se moraš resnično vprašati, ali je to res bil tvoj dan.

In tako so me izstrelili v življenje. V tistih letih so sateliti v rojih brenčali po orbiti, astronauti so plesali pogo na Luni, klapa se je z LSD-jem in svetimi gobami spravljalna v vzporedne svetove ... Kaj pa moj svet? Moj svet je bil ravna, kvadratna plošča med Ulico decembrskih žrtev, ki smo ji rekli Glavna ulica, na severu, in železniško progo na jugu, med Osiješko ulico na vzhodu in potokom na zahodu. Planet Dubrava v galaksiji Zagreb, razumeš, kjer so bile asfaltirane samo ulice, ki so sekale Glavno ulico. Tega ne pravim zaradi socialne note, temveč zato, ker so bile asfaltirane ulice arterije, ki so peljale h Glavni ulici, k njenim slaščičarnam, bifejem, h galanteriji, k cvetličarni, trgovini z mešanim blagom in tekstilom, železnini, papirnici, ambulanti, prodajalni sadja, trafiki in kinu Bratstvo, kjer je potekala velika, vznemirljiva predstava življenja.

Po teh ulicah so v naselje vsak dan prihajali tudi novi obrazi. Vsi jugoslovanski reveži so se v tistih letih zlivali v Dubravo: ko si šel po ulici, je uho od dvorišča do dvorišča lovilo različne jezike in narečja, kot takrat ko prestavljaš postaje na radiu, pa tudi moja starša sta se, ko sem bil mulo, iz Bosne prikotalila tja. Zunaj teh meja je obstajal samo neprozoren, sovražen prostor, kamor ni bilo pametno hoditi. In tako je bilo približno do mojega devetega leta, ko sem, v najboljših hlačah in srajci (hlače so bile kariraste, srajca kričeče zelena z velikanskim koničastim ovratnikom) in s celim bogastvom v žepu, sedel na enajstko.

Dotlej nisem bil nikoli v mestu. Starša me nista nikamor peljala. Še do Name v Glavni ulici po to ali ono zame jima je bilo težko iti z mano, tega nista skrivala in to je bilo pošteno. Takoj sta mi dala vedeti, da nanju ne morem računati. Zgodbe mojih vrstnikov o svetu zunaj, o panterjih, tigrih in levih v živalskem vrtu, o mestnih kinih s plišastimi sedeži in parkih z vodometi in vodnjaki so bile enako razburljive kot epizode Bonanze in stripi o Tarzanu, Rayu Carsonu ali Jeklenem kremplju. Sedel sem na neudobnem lesenem sedežu, gledal skozi okno tramvaja in v žepu stiskal petdesetparkske kovance. Pločevinasti kovanci v mojem žepu so bili težji od zlatnikov in žvenketali so kot zlatniki. In ko je tramvaj drvel mimo Dinamovega stadiona in kina Partizan, mojih prvih orientirjev, se mi je posvetilo. Spoznal sem, da asfaltirane ulice mojega naselja niso arterije, ki peljejo k srcu sveta, h Glavni ulici, temveč da so pravzaprav samo kapilare, ki peljejo k nepomembni žili, od koder asfaltni krvni obtok teče naprej po Maksimirski in Vlaški do Trga republike, od tam pa ... Od tam pa k avstrijski in italijanski meji in naprej v svet, o katerem takrat nisem nič vedel, so pa vedeli ljudje kot moj oče, ki je odšel in se ni vrnil, zato mi o tem ni mogel nič povedati, je pa bilo logično, da je vedel kaj o stvareh, o katerih se v našem naselju, takrat, ni veliko vedelo. In kar je še pomembnejše, spoznal sem, da za to, da bi kam prišel, ne potrebujem nikogar.

Sem se česa naučil od očeta? Najbrž sem se, ampak tega ne bi pripisal njegovi nameri. Ni veliko premišljeval o drugih. Bil je zadosti moder, da je skrbel samo zase. Ni me obremenjeval z nasveti in poučnimi zgodbami o boljši preteklosti, z gradivom, kakršnega je v zalogah mnogih očetov in mater na tone. Sploh se je redko pogovarjal z mano, nič več od navadne konverzacije, npr. kako je v šoli ali kdo te je pritegnil po očesu. Besed ni razmetaval in ravno zato je bilo treba znati brati njegov obraz – da bi se mu izognil, ko je bil slabe volje. To ni bilo lahko delo: na obrazu bronastega doprsnega kipa kakšnega narodnega heroja v šolskem predddverju se je dalo prebrati več občutij kot na obrazu mojega očeta.

Hočem reči, videti ne pomeni samo moči imenovati tisto, kar gledaš. Videti predvsem pomeni znati prebrati izraz obraza, ki ga gledaš, dešifrirati govorico telesa, tega pa sem se naučil zelo zgodaj zaradi, pravim, svojega očeta. Tukaj ne trdim, da je bil nasilen. Ne. Še vpil ni na mamu in name. Pri nas doma ni bilo nikoli slišati vpitja, tudi joka ne. Tam je vedno vlada-la tišina, grozljiva tišina, kakršna zavlada pred katastrofami, gosta, skoraj otipljiva tišina, preden zagrmí in se začne nevihta. Z mamu sva dolga leta pazila, da ne bi skalila miru in razvezila očeta, in bila sva uspešna. Oče je ostal neprebujena nevihta.

Čez dan je v glavnem spal, ponoči je oblekel najboljšo obleko in šel kvar-tat, potem pa je vse to lepo poslal v tri krasne. Kvartanje za drobiž, mamu, mene, vse.

Nekega pomladnega večera je spakiral, odšel v Gledališko kavarno, kjer so se vsako pomlad zbirali jugoslovanski hazarderji in se dogovarjali o pohodu na Evropo, in se ni nikoli več vrnil k nama. Odtlej so k nama prihajale samo novice o njem. Iz Avstrije, Nemčije, Nizozemske ... Bil je prasec, ne moremo pa mu oporekati evropske širine. Tu pa tam je, treba je biti objektivni, poleg novic prišel tudi denar.

Mami je dol viselo za vse. Kot samca ga ni potrebovala niti takrat, ko je bil doma. To vem, ker je z blazino in prešito odejo v rokah večkrat sredi noči iz spalnice zbežala v dnevno sobo in prespala na zofi. Kar zadeva denar, je imela zagotovljeno službo v papirnici na Trgu republike, zato ji je bilo vseeno, ali kaj pošlje ali ne.

Sploh so bili to časi, ko ste lahko živeli od lastnega dela. Lahko ste bili čisto spodobno srečni, če niste hoteli imeti preveč. Moja mati pa je sodila v to vrsto srečnih ljudi.

Prevedla Đurđa Strsoglavec

Eyes

(Excerpt)

1.

I was born, that's all that can be said of the beginning. Of later times, either, there isn't God knows what to be said, I mean like discovering a mystery or something. There isn't any such thing as a mystery of life. There are biological processes, symptoms, diagnoses, sickness charts, statistics, candles on cakes, testimonies, operative information, letters of dismissal, overdue reminders, minutes, statements, charges, obituaries, but no mystery.

There's also the question of what that pair had on their minds when they were messing about your conception. Most probably nothing. It's very unlikely that a woman and a man, when they sneak into bed, engage in deep philosophical issues or consider the final consequences of their act. The mind doesn't go into that, the heart just pumps blood, and the consequences are thought about afterwards. Afterwards, which means the situation is wildly out of control. That you're already in circulation and that nothing can be done about it. No stepping back. Fuck it, we're the heroes of life, of this beautiful, huge life, don't you forget that.

At the very beginning you need a little grub, a little attention, a dry diaper, perhaps a lullaby, but it costs, it sometimes really costs big time. At first you understand nothing; you just suck and fill diapers, and then, without warning, various things start falling down on you. A heap of things befall you every day, every fucking day, and you wonder who's in control of the situation; somebody should, you think, hold the wheel in their hand, but things keep falling down on you at random, and if you're lucky, if you're incredibly lucky, you somehow manage to deal with them. But, only few are that lucky, one in a hundred thousand, one in a million. This is why there are shopping centres, the Church, social services, Red Cross, psychiatric clinics, play stations, TV, Rainbow, Ku Klux Klan, a huge spider's net in which those who weren't lucky flounder about.

Really, do you ever wonder how two people can make a baby and then say, We're sorry, we've screwed up, we'd rather have a cat or something.

All right, I'm talking nonsense; of course people can do that. Moreover, we're all more or less results of such actions. Pleasure first, and then... Well, we'll think of something, right? Misunderstanding, there's always some misunderstanding involved. A classical misunderstanding provoked by cave fear, let's say. It's not at all hard to imagine a stormy night with thunder so powerful and so close that it provoked primordial fear in my old pair, and they instinctively clung to each other... It's also possible that

Mother made a mistake calculating fertile days, or else Father really got going and pulled it out too late...

If I think about it more carefully, I don't really care what happened at that moment. I'm not racking my brains out for I had no say in the matter. Had I been given a choice, I wouldn't have been born. I was therefore born against my will, on somebody else's initiative and responsibility. And if this is how you put things, there's little in life that could constrain you. You're free.

I was born in the sign of Scorpio. This was the first major setup, not counting the birth, of course. A scorpion is an animal like any other, I've got nothing against scorpions; once, when staying in Pakoštane, I leaned on some wall with my hand, and there was a scorpion, I almost touched it with my palm, but it didn't kill me, it just crept on... but a Scorpio in the Zodiac!

Scorpio, the eighth sign of the Zodiac, takes up the middle of the autumn term when people, animals and plants return to chaos in expectation of life's revival. The sign's governed by Mars and Pluto, obscure, merciless powers of the underworld and inner darkness, its favourite climate is stormy weather, and its homeland is tragedy.

Fantastic, right? And don't you now go and say that being born in this sign is a coincidence. On top of it all, that very same day the Russians launched into space the rocket with that bitch Laika in the capsule. I'm mentioning it here because we were both given a one-way ticket that day – Laika for a flight towards the stars, and I for crawling on the Earth. When some bitch fucks you up at the very start and on top of it you're assigned the sign of Scorpio, you do start to wonder whether it really was your lucky day.

And so I was launched into life. In those years satellites were swarming round the orbit, astronauts were dancing their pogo on the Moon, people were transporting themselves to parallel worlds with LSD and holy mushrooms... and my world? My world was a flat, square block between December Victims Street, which we called Main Street, in the north, and the railway in the south, between Osijek Street in the east and a brook in the west. Planet Dubrava in the Zagreb galaxy, you see, where only the streets vertical to the Main Street were asphalted. I'm not saying this because of the social undertone, but because the asphalt streets were arteries leading to the Main Street, to its sweetshops, cafes, fancy goods store, florist's, grocer's and textile shop, hardware store, stationer's, dispensary, fruit shop, tobacconist's and the Bratstvo cinema, where the great, exciting show of life was going on.

Along those streets new people were coming to our quarter every day. In those years, the Yugoslav poor were pouring into Dubrava: walking down

the street your ears were picking up various languages and dialects from the courtyards, it was like switching stations on the radio; my folks, too, came rolling in from Bosnia when I was a kid. Beyond those borders was only the obscure, unfriendly space where it wasn't smart to venture. And so it went until I was approximately nine, when – in my best pants and shirt (the pants were chequered, the shirt glaringly green with a huge, pointed collar) and with a real fortune in my pocket – I sat on the No. 11.

I'd never been to town before. My parents took me nowhere. It was even hard for them to go with me to the Nama department store in the Main Street to buy me this or that; they didn't try to hide it, and this was fair. They let me know right away I couldn't count on them. The stories my peers told, of the world outside, of panthers, tigers and lions in the ZOO, of city theatres with plush seats and parks with fountains, were just as exciting as Bonanza episodes and cartoons about Tarzan, Ray Carson or Steel Claw. So, I was sitting on the uncomfortable wooden bench, watching through the tram window and clutching 50 Para coins in my pocket. The tin coins in my pockets were heavy as gold, and they tinkled like gold florins. And while the tram rattled past the Dinamo stadium and Partizan cinema, my first orientation points, it dawned on me. I realised that the asphalt streets in my quarter weren't arteries leading to the heart of the world, the Main Street, but in fact only capillaries leading to an insignificant vein, whence the asphalt blood circulation went on along Maksimirska and Vlaška Streets to the Republic Square, and from there... From there all the way to the Austrian and Italian borders and beyond, into the world of which I knew nothing then, but other people did, like my father, who left and never came back, so he couldn't tell me about it, but it was logical he knew things about which not much was known in our quarter at that time. And, more importantly, I realised I didn't need anybody to get somewhere.

Did I learn anything from my father? Well, I must have, but not because it was his intention. He didn't think much of others. He was wise enough to take care only of himself. He didn't bother me with advice and instructive stories about the better past, the material so abundant in the warehouses of many moms and dads. He generally spoke to me very rarely, nothing more than everyday conversation like, How was school or Who hit you on the eye? He didn't squander words, and this is why you had to read his face – to get out of his way when he was in a sour mood. It was a tricky business: on the face of a bronze statue of some national hero in the school lobby you could discern more emotion than on the face of my father.

What I want to say is this – just seeing doesn't mean you recognize what you're looking at. To see above all means to know how to read the expression on the face, to decipher the body language, and I learnt it quite early on, thanks to my father, I must say. I'm not claiming he was violent.

No. He never even yelled at Mom or me. In our house you could never hear screaming or crying. It was always enwrapped in silence, that eerie silence foretelling a catastrophe, dense, almost palpable silence just before lightning strikes and rain starts swirling in tempestuous wind. For years Mother and I watched carefully not to blow it and make Father angry, and we were good at it. My father remained an unawakened storm.

He mostly slept during the day, and in the evenings he donned his best clothes and went to play cards, and eventually he said fuck it to all. To card playing for small stakes, to Mom, to me, to everything.

One spring evening he packed his things, went to the Theatre Café where Yugoslav gamblers gathered every spring and discussed their conquest of Europe, and he never came back to us. Only news of him came. From Austria, Germany, the Netherlands... He was a jerk, but one can't deny him European broadness. Every now and then, I must be fair, we got cash along with the news.

Mom didn't seem to mind. She didn't need him as a male even when he was still with us. I know it, for she often ran from the bedroom in the middle of the night, pillow and blanket in hand, and slept on the sofa. As far as the money was concerned, she had a stable job at a stationer's in Republic Square, so she didn't care whether he'd send something or not.

Generally speaking, those were the days when you could live off your work. You could be quite decently happy if you didn't expect too much, and my mother was one of those happy people.

Translated by Lili Potpara

Angelika Reitzer



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Angelika Reitzer se je rodila leta 1971 v Gradcu v Avstriji. Študirala je germanistiko v Salzburgu in Berlinu, danes pa živi na Dunaju. Preden je postala svobodna prozaistka, pesnica in dramatičarka, je opravljala različna dela na področju likovne umetnosti in kulture, urejala pa je tudi različne revije za likovno umetnost in poljudnoznanstveno literaturo. Njena najodmevnejša dela so: romana *Taghelle Gegend* (Okoliš, svetel kot dan, 2007) in *unter uns* (med nami, 2010), zbirka proze *Frauen in Vasen* (Ženske v vazah, 2008) ter dramoleti *Nichts davon* (Nič od tega, 2008) in *Tirol-Connection* (Tirolska naveza, 2009). Njena drama *Ein Kind seiner Zeit* (Otrok svojega časa, 2010), ki temelji na portretu otroka z vetrnico in hoduljo Hieronymusa Boscha, je bila uprizorjena v Muzeju umetnostne zgodovine (KHM) na Dunaju. Leta 2007 je prejela štipendijo Hermanna Lenza, je pa tudi dobitnica književne nagrade Reinharda Priessnitza (2008) in nagrade Marianne von Willemer (2009).

Angelika Reitzer was born in 1971 in Graz, Austria. She studied German philology in Salzburg and Berlin, and is now living in Vienna. Before becoming a freelance author of prose, poetry and drama, she worked at odd jobs in the artistic and cultural field and was also an editor for art magazines and fact books. Her most notable works include the novels Taghelle Gegend (Daylight Region, 2007) and unter uns (among us, 2010), a collection of prose Frauen in Vasen (Women in Vases, 2008), and the mini-dramas Nichts davon (None of It, 2008) and Tirol-Connection (2009). Her play Ein Kind seiner Zeit (A Child of Its Time, 2010), based on Hieronymus Bosch's painting Christ Child with a Walking-Frame, was performed in the Museum of Art History (KHM) in Vienna. She was the recipient of the "Hermann Lenz" grant in 2007 and her accolades also include the Reinhard Priessnitz Award (2008), as well as the Marianne von Willemer Prize (2009).

unter uns

(Auszug)

01

Die Alten schlendern über das Feld, eine unauffällige Choreographie, wirkungsvoll. Klärchen hat sich bei ihrer Schwester untergehängt, die zwei tragen Westen oder Pullover in derselben Farbe, und es sieht so aus, als seien sie gemeinsam beim Friseur gewesen. Sie haben ihre Brillen abgenommen, da ist die Ähnlichkeit besonders deutlich. Knapp hinter ihnen der alte Herr mit den Zwillingen. Längst erwachsen, aber bubenhaft wie immer. Ihre Scheitel leuchten ihr entgegen, von weitem schon zeigen sie etwas wie einen Weg oder eine Richtung an oder den Lichteinfall zumindest. Sie spazieren, Hände in den Hosentaschen; wie immer im Gleichschritt, wie immer würden sie ihre Antworten halbwegs synchron geben. Wie immer sind sie wie immer, das ist ihr ganzes Leben schon so. Der Vater schreitet übers gestutzte Gras, sein Bauch ist nur mehr sehr groß, er hat viel Gewicht verloren. Rehe, die nach einer Aufführung langsam aus dem Wald hervorkommen, das Publikum Clarissa. Zufrieden mit ihrer Leistung verzichten sie darauf, sich zu verbeugen. Sie gruppieren sich um die Gartenmöbel, die hinter und unter ihnen verschwinden. Onkel Heinz steht hinter Klärchen, er hat seine Hand auf ihrer violetten Schulter abgelegt. So würde sie es sagen: fliederfarben, mein Schatz, ja? Flieder.

Clarissas Chauffeur hat die Seiten gewechselt, er ist in den Rahmen eingestiegen, hat sich hinten seinen Platz gesucht. Aber vielleicht ist es genau umgekehrt, das viel eher. Er ist nur kurz aus dem Bild gefallen, tut immer, was man von ihm verlangt, und Seiten wechseln, das geht am aller-einfachsten. Er ist zur Stelle. Während Clarissa aus dem Zug steigt, läutet ihr Telefon. Der Zug war voll, und dann ist der Bahnsteig voll, die Menschen strömen in Richtung Ausgang, ziehen ihre Koffer hinter sich her, der ganze Bahnsteig eine drängende, lärmende Masse, in der jeder Einzelne auf seiner Spur beharrt, weshalb alle einander in die Quere kommen, die Eile lässt sie langsamer vorankommen. Clarissa kramt in ihrer Tasche, geht weiter, das heißt, sie wird weiter geschoben. Sie trägt ihre lederne Reisetasche über der Schulter und über der Reisetasche die Handtasche, das ist unbequem, und lässt sie schief gehen, weil die Tasche schwer ist und sie ist unförmig und kann nicht abschätzen, wie viel Platz sie braucht. Gerne würde sie so tun, als sei das immer noch Routine, lästig, aber bekannt, an den nächsten Termin denken, an die Leute, die bei der Besprechung dabei sein werden, an ihre Präsentation und daran, dass alle Unterlagen sauber und in der korrekten Reihenfolge in der Mappe aus Rindsleder bereitliegen. Es ist immer dasselbe, sie findet das Telefon nicht und ärgert sich, denn wer in diesem Augenblick anruft, das weiß sie schon. Dann findet sie das Telefon, das nicht mehr läutet, in einem Buch, ganz unten in der Tasche, und ihre Ahnung wird bestätigt, natürlich, und dann rutscht ihr

die Tasche über die Schulter, sie wird noch zorniger und muss an sich denken als eine Slapsticknummer, und ob die Leute um sie herum die Stirn runzeln oder lachen oder an ihr vorbeischaun, will sie gar nicht sehen. Am Bahnsteig steht der Anrufer, sie haben sich gut zwei Jahre nicht gesehen, begrüßen sich mit einem Handschlag. Erstaunt sagt er: du siehst ja richtig gut aus. Sie fahren zusammen in das Landgasthaus, in dem das Fest stattfindet. Im Auto will er sein Erstaunen wieder zurücknehmen, aber das geht jetzt nicht mehr. Clarissa fühlte sich doch gut. Einigermaßen. Er meint es nicht so, sicher nicht. Die Haut fühlt sich aber gleich pickelig an, sie weiß genau, an welchen Stellen sie mehr Schminke aufgetragen hat, und sie spürt an dem Brennen am Kinn, bestimmt ist da ein großer roter Fleck, trotz Make-up. Er dreht an seinem Radio herum, will jemanden anrufen, den er nicht erreicht. Nachricht hinterlässt er keine. Die Haare sind strählig, obwohl sie sie direkt vor der Abfahrt gewaschen und geföhnt hat. Vielleicht hätte sie ein Kleid anziehen sollen. Vielleicht sollte sie sich nach der Ankunft sofort umziehen. Als Clarissa den Sender wechselt, ohne ihn zu fragen, schaut er sie einen Moment erschrocken an. Dann grinst er. Er redet von Arbeit, von den vielen Terminen, von der Verantwortung und der Last auf den Schultern, und als sie aussteigen, denkt Clarissa auf einmal, dass er vielleicht ihre Arbeit meint, und das verwirrte sie zuerst, und als sie ihn darauf anredet, vorsichtig, wie nebenbei, schieb er ihr ein kleines Mäppchen zu mit Informationen über die Gegend und ihre spärlichen Sehenswürdigkeiten, einem Faltblatt mit den Programmpunkten der Zusammenkunft; kurz ist sie beruhigt, als wüsste sie Bescheid, als würde sie das kennen, was jetzt kommt. Clarissa will ihn nach der Teilnehmerliste fragen, lässt es bleiben. Punkt eins (individuelles Eintreffen) und Punkt zwei (kleiner Spaziergang in den nahe gelegenen Föhrenwald, Kennenlernen und Wiederaufnahme der familiären Beziehungen) liegen schon hinter ihnen. Aber Abendessen, Schifffahrt, Volleyballspiel, Freizeit in Hallenbad und Sauna stehen noch bevor, und ihr Chauffeur nimmt jetzt ihre Hand und lacht ihr breit entgegen und ihre Köpfe stoßen zusammen. Es ist immer noch so, dass er einem hilft, aber übrig bleibt nur ein Gefühl der Störung. Ihr Chauffeur schaut sie an, und ernst nimmt er ihre Tasche, er ist ihr Portier jetzt, und wenn sie ihn fragen würde, würde er in die fremde Küche gehen und ein Brot für sie holen oder einen Saft oder ein Stück Kuchen aus der abgesperrten Vitrine undsoweiter. Er trägt ihre Tasche nach oben und zieht sie hinter sich her, gleich lässt er die Hand wieder los, und früher war es ja auch so, dass er immer alles für alle tat, und niemand dankte es ihm, und er machte einfach weiter, und manchmal erinnerte er einen an eine größere Tat und wer dann ein schlechtes Gewissen hatte, das war er. Aber dafür kann er einen auch kränken und so tun, als würde er es nicht bemerken, als würde ihm das gar nicht auffallen, dass er einen gerade richtig beleidigt hat. Er kann sein breites Gesicht mit einem Grinsen oder auch mit vollkommener Harmlosigkeit ausstatten, das

schmerzt ein bisschen. Ihm passt es ausgezeichnet. Nur wenn er darüber redet, was er gut kann, dann ist er ernst. Wenn er sicher weiß, was sein Gegenüber jetzt will, dass er jetzt gleich das Richtige tut, dann ist sein Blick, nein, dann ist sein Schauen wahrhaftig. Das ist er. Er steht auf dem kleinen Balkon ihres Zimmers und referiert den vergangenen Vormittag, tut jetzt heiter, ganz ungezwungen; er selber ist schon zweimal zum Bahnhof und wieder zurück gefahren, sie ist die Dritte, die er abgeholt hat. Rücksicht auf ihn hat nie jemand genommen, das kommt niemandem in den Sinn. Auf Familienfotos ist oft nur er verschwommen zu sehen, oder er wird von jemandem verdeckt, immer steht er hinten, bei keiner Feier fehlt er, aber zu erkennen ist er fast nie. Erst nach mehrmaligem Durchzählen sagt einer, der Hannes, wo ist denn der Hannes? Der ist doch auch dabei. Der Hannes ist extra mit einem größeren Wagen gekommen, spielt den Shuttlebus für die Omis. Oder er hilft beim Um- und Aufstellen der Möbel. Organisiert die Kinderbetten. Baut das Volleyballnetz auf, und ist nicht er für eine korrekte Spielfeldbegrenzung zuständig? Eben. Holt den kleinen Cousin vom Flughafen ab. Hannes ist immer dabei. Unsichtbar und vielleicht überdeutlich. Jetzt ist er auch schon wieder weg, die anderen sind aus dem Wald herausgekommen, und er ist in ihm verschwunden vielleicht. Als wollte er den verpassten Spaziergang nachholen. Er unterhält sich kurz mit ihrem Vater, wahrscheinlich um sich ein paar Anweisungen zu holen, und taucht erst wieder auf, als er Clarissa zum Zug bringt. Eine Zeitlang steht sie auf dem kleinen Balkon, in dem Zimmer riecht es nach Weichspüler oder Putzmitteln, vielleicht nach beidem, nicht unangenehm. Auf der umgeschlagenen Überdecke liegt die Mappe, es sind keine Seminarunterlagen, und die Leute, auf die sie gleich treffen wird, kennt sie seit ihrer Kindheit. Für die meisten von ihnen ist sie nicht Assistentin des Geschäftsführers. Sie kann aber auch nicht mehr das Mädchen für sie sein, das eine viel versprechende Zukunft vor sich hat. Clarissa muss lachen. Das ist es doch, was ihr von uns wollt: Demonstration von Zukunft; und ja, das Lachen ist kurz und tonlos, und fast verschluckt sie sich daran. Dies soll, so ihre Mutter am Telefon, das letzte große Fest sein, und danach wollen sie sich zurückziehen aus ihren Verpflichtungen und aus ihrer Familie.

med nami

(odlomek)

1

Stari se sprehajajo po polju, nevpadljiva postavitev, učinkovito. Klärchen se je pod roko oklenila sestre, oblečeni sta v brezrokavnika ali puloverja enake barve in videti je, kot bi bili skupaj pri frizerju. Sneli sta si očala, podobnost je zdaj še bolj očitna. Tesno za njima stari gospod z dvojčkoma. Že zdavnaj odraslima, a deškima kot vedno. Njuni preči se ji bleščita naproti, že od daleč kažeta nekakšno pot ali smer ali pa vsaj svetlobo. Sprehajata se, z rokami v hlačnih žepih; kot vedno vštric, kot vedno bi odgovarjala na pol sinhrono. Kot vedno sta pač kot vedno, tako je že vse njuno življenje. Oče stopa po pokošeni travi, njegov trebuh ni več tako velik, zelo je shujšal. Srne, ki se po predstavi počasi prikažejo iz gozda, občinstvo je Clarissa. Zadovoljni s prikazanim se odpevejo priklonu. V skupinicah postavajo med vrtnim pohištvom, ki izginja za in pod njimi. Stric Heinz stoji za Klärchen, roko je odložil na njeno vijoličasto ramo. Ona bi rekla: Barve španskega bezga, srček, saj veš? Španskega bezga.

Clarissin šofer je zamenjal stran, stopil je v sliko, si poiskal prostor zadaj. Toda morda je prej celo nasprotno, to bo bolj držalo. Za kratek hip je izpadel iz slike, vedno stori, kar mu naložijo, in zamenjati stran, to je od vsega najlažje. Na voljo je. Medtem ko Clarissa stopa z vlaka, ji zazvoni telefon. Vlak je bil poln in takrat je vedno poln tudi peron, ljudje se valijo proti izhodu, za sabo vlečejo kovčke, ves peron je prerivajoča se, glasna množica, v kateri vsi vztrajajo na svoji poti, zato so drug drugemu kar naprej v napoto, zaradi hitenja napredujejo počasneje. Clarissa brska po torbi, gre naprej; to pomeni, pusti se potiskati naprej. Na rami nosi usnjeno potovalno torbo, čez njo še ročno torbico, neudobno je in sili jo, da hodi postrani, ker je torba težka in ona brezoblična in ne more presoditi, koliko prostora potrebuje. Rada bi se pretvarjala, da je to še vedno rutina, zoprna, a znana: razmišljati o naslednjem sestanku, o ljudeh, ki bodo prisotni na pogovorih, o svoji predstavitvi in o tem, da jo vsa dokumentacija, urejena in v pravilnem vrstnem redu, čaka v mapi iz govejega usnja. Vedno je enako, ne najde telefona in se jezi, kajti kdo jo zdaj kliče, to že ve. Najde telefon, ki ne zvoni več, v knjigi, čisto na dnu torbe, in njeno predvidevanje se potrdi, seveda, nato ji torba zdrsne z ramena, še bolj je jezna in sama sebi se zazdi kot lik v burleski. Ali ljudje okoli nje gubajo čelo, se smejiijo ali gledajo mimo, tega sploh noče vedeti. Ta, ki je klical, stoji na peronu, dobri dve leti se nista videla, v pozdrav si stisneta roko. Začuden reče: prav dobro si videti. Skupaj se odpeljeta v podeželsko gostilno, kjer bo slavje. V avtu bi začudenje raje preklical, a to ne gre. Clarissa se je dobro počutila. Kolikor toliko. Ne misli tako, prav gotovo ne. Toda na koži takoj začuti mozolje, natanko ve, na katerih mestih je močnejše naličena, in po ščemenju na bradi ve, tam je gotovo velika rdeča lisa, ličilu navkljub. Vrta gumb na radiu, hoče priklicati

nekoga, ki se mu ne oglasi. Sporočila ne pusti. Lasje so štrenasti, čeprav si jih je umila in posušila tik pred odhodom. Morda bi morala priti v obleki. Morda bi se morala takoj po prihodu preobleči. Ko Clarissa zamenja radijsko postajo, ne da bi ga vprašala, jo za trenutek zgroženo pogleda. Nato se zareži. Govori o službi, o številnih sestankih, o odgovornosti in bremenu, ki ga ima na plečih, in ko izstopita, Clarissa nenadoma pomisli, da je imel v mislih morda njeno delo, in to jo sprva malce zmede, ko pa ga nagovori o tem, previdno, bolj mimogrede, ji pomoli mapico s podatki o okoliški pokrajini in njenih skromnih zanimivostih, zgibanko z glavnimi točkami srečanja; za hip je pomirjena, kot bi vedela, kot bi poznala to, kar bo sledilo. Clarissa ga hoče vprašati po seznamu udeležencev, a se zadrži. Prva točka (posamični prihodi) in druga točka (kratek sprehod v bližnji borov gozdič, odkrivanje in obnovitev družinskih vezi) sta že za njimi. Toda večerja, vožnja z ladjo, odbojka, prosti čas v pokritem bazenu in savni jih še čakajo in šofer jo zdaj prime za roko, se ji široko zasmeeji, nato pa njuni glavi trčita. Še vedno je tako, da ti pomaga, toda ostane zgolj občutek, da te je zmotil. Šofer jo pogleda in resno vzame njeno torbo, zdaj je njen portir, in če bi mu rekla, bi šel v tujo kuhinjo in ji prinesel kruh ali sok ali kos peciva iz zaklenjene vitrine in tako naprej. Njeno torbo odnese gor in jo potegne za sabo, takoj spet spusti roko, tudi prej je bilo tako, da je vsem izpolnil vsako željo in se mu ni nihče zahvalil, pa je preprosto nadaljeval in včasih koga opomnil na kakšno večjo uslugo, ta pa, ki je imel nato slabo vest, je bil kar on. Zato pa zna človeka tudi prizadeti, a se delati, da tega sploh ne opazi, kakor bi se mu sploh ne posvetilo, da je nekoga pravkar globoko užalil. Na obraz si lahko nariše širok posmeh ali pa skrajno blagost, to malce boli. Njemu odlično pristaja. Le kadar govori o tem, kar mu gre dobro, je resen. Ko z gotovostjo ve, kaj hočeš od njega, da bo zdaj storil natanko pravo, je njegov pogled, ne, njegovo gledanje resnično. To je on. Stoji na malem balkonu njene sobe in poroča o preteklem dopoldnevu, zdaj je veder, povsem sproščen; že dvakrat se je peljal na postajo in nazaj, ona je tretja, po katero je šel. Nihče se nikoli ne ozira nanj, to nikomur ne pade na pamet. Na družinskih slikah je pogosto zgolj on zabrisan ali pa ga nekdo zakriva, vedno stoji zadaj, na nobenem slavlju ne manjka, toda skoraj nikoli ga ni mogoče prepoznati. Šele po večkratnem preštevanju nekdo reče: Hannes, kje je Hannes? Saj je tudi on zraven. Hannes je posebej za to priložnost prišel z večjim vozilom, zdaj igra avtobus za babice. Ali pa pomaga pri premikanju in razvrščanju pohištva. Priskrbi otroške postelje. Namešča mrežo za odbojko, in ali ni on zadolžen za pravilno zamejitev igrišča? Pač. Na letališče gre po malega bratranca. Hannes je vedno zraven. Neviden in morda preočiten. Ga že ni več, drugi so prišli iz gozda, on pa je morda izginil vanj. Kot bi hotel nadoknaditi zamujeni sprehod. Za trenutek govori z njenim očetom, najbrž je prišel po navodila, in se spet pojavi šele, ko je na vrsti Clarissa. Nekaj časa stoji na majhnem balkonu, v sobi diši po mehčalcu ali čistilih, morda po obojem, ni neprijetno. Na

odgrnjenem pregrinjalu leži mapa, v njej ni zapiskov za seminar, in ljudi, ki jih bo kmalu srečala, pozna od otroštva. Za večino ni šefova asistentka. Toda ne morejo je imeti več za majhno deklico, ki ima pred sabo obetavno prihodnost. Clarissa se mora nasmehnuti. To je vendar, kar hočejo od nas: predstavitev prihodnosti; in ja, smeh je kratek in tih in skoraj se ji zaleti. To bo, tako je rekla njena mama po telefonu, zadnje veliko slavje, nato pa se bosta umaknila iz svojih obveznosti in svoje družine.

Prevedla Ana Grmek

among us

(Excerpt)

01

The old people are strolling across the field; an unremarkable choreography, effective. Klärchen has latched onto her sister, the two are wearing vests or sweaters of the same colour and it looks like they were at the hairdresser together. They've taken off their glasses, and this makes the resemblance especially obvious. Just behind them is the old man with the twins. Long since grown up, but boyish as always. The parts in their hair shine towards her, and already from a distance they are indicating something like a path or a route or at least the light. They walk, hands in the pants' pockets, as always, in the same stride, as always they give their answers half at the same time. As always they are as always, it's been like that their whole life. The father treads over the clipped grass, he's lost a lot of weight and his tummy is now only very large. Deer after a performance slowly emerge from the woods, Clarissa the audience. Satisfied with their efforts, they don't bother bowing. They gather in a group around the garden furniture, which disappears behind and among them. Uncle Heinz stands behind Klärchen, he's laid his hand on her purple shoulder. She would call it lilac-coloured, right darling? Lilac.

Clarissa's driver has switched sides, entered the picture frame, looking for room at the back. But maybe it's just the other way around, that's more likely. He only fell out of the picture for a moment, always does what is asked of him, and changes sides, that's the easiest way. He's at the ready. Just as Clarissa is getting out of the train, her phone rings. The train was full, and then the platform is full, people streaming towards the exit, pulling their luggage behind them, the entire platform a pushing, noisy throng in which each persists in his lane, which is why they all get in each other's way, their hurrying slows them down. Clarissa rummages in her bag and moves forward, or rather, is pushed forward. She is carrying her leather travel bag over her shoulder and over the travel bag her handbag, which is unwieldy and makes her walk bent over because the bag is heavy and because she is misshapen and can't gauge how much room she needs. She would like to act as if this was all just a routine, bothersome but familiar, would like to think about the next appointment, about the people who will be there, about her presentation, and about whether all of her documents are tidy and ready and in the correct order in the cowhide folder. It's always the same, she can't find the phone and gets worked up because she already knows who's calling at this moment. Then she finds the phone, which has stopped ringing, in a book, right at the bottom of the bag, and her premonition is confirmed, naturally, and then her bag slips off her shoulder, she gets even angrier and if the people around her

are wrinkling their brows or looking right past her, she doesn't want to see it. The caller is on the platform, they haven't seen each other for at least two years, they greet each other with a handshake. Amazed, he says, you look really good. They drive together to the country inn where the party is to take place. In the car he wants to retract his amazement, but it's too late now. Clarissa felt good. Somewhat. He doesn't mean it that way, surely he doesn't. Her skin feels pimply, she knows exactly where she should apply more cover-up and she can feel a burning on her chin, surely there's a big red spot there in spite of the make-up. He fiddles with the radio dial, wants to call someone that can't be reached. He leaves no message. Her hair is stringy even though right before leaving she washed and dried it. Maybe she should have worn a dress. Maybe she should change right after arriving. When Clarissa changes the station without asking, he looks at her for a moment, shocked. Then he grins. He talks about work, the many appointments, responsibility and weight on the shoulders, and as they are getting out, Clarissa suddenly thinks that perhaps he means her work, and that confused her at first, and when she addresses him about it, carefully, as if in passing, he hands her a small folder with information about the area and its modest attractions, a pamphlet with the programme points for the meeting; she's calm for a moment, as if she were up to speed, as if she knew what was now coming. Clarissa wants to ask him about the list of participants, but doesn't. Point one (individual arrivals) and Point two (short walk in the nearby pine woods, discovering and re-establishing family relations) are already taken care of. But dinner, boat trip, volleyball game, free time in the indoor pool and sauna are still ahead of her, and her driver now takes her hand and laughs broadly in her direction and their heads bump together. While he still helps, what remains is only a sense of disturbance. Her driver looks at her and earnestly retrieves her bag, now he's the porter and if she asked him to he would go into the foreign kitchen and fetch bread for her or juice or a piece of cake from the locked display case and so on. He carries her bag upstairs and pulls her behind him, and right away lets go of her hand, and that's the way it was before, he always did everything for everyone and no one thanked him and he went right ahead doing it and sometimes he reminded someone of some greater deed and then he was the one with the bad conscience. And yet at the same time he can also slight someone and then act as if he didn't notice it, as if he had not realized that he had just badly insulted someone. He can outfit his broad face with a grin or with complete harmlessness, which is a bit hurtful. It suits him perfectly. Only when he is talking about what he can do well is he serious. When he knows for sure what the other person now wants, that right now he is doing the right thing, then his look, no, his gazing, is truthful. That's him. He stands on the small balcony of her room and gives a report on the morning, seems cheerful, entirely natural; he himself has already driven twice to the train station and back, she is the third person

he's picked up. Nobody has ever taken him into consideration, that doesn't occur to anyone. In the family photos he is often only seen as a blur, or he is covered by someone, he's always standing at the back, is at every party, but he can't be made out. Only after having counted several times does somebody say, Hannes, where is Hannes? And yet he is also there. Hannes made an extra trip with a larger car, he's playing shuttle bus for the grandmas. Or he's helping to set up and rearrange furniture. He's sorting out the children's beds. Setting up the volley ball net, and isn't he the one in charge of marking off the court lines? Exactly. He picks up the little cousin from the airport. Hannes is always there. Not to be seen and yet perhaps blatantly obvious. Now he's already gone again, the others have come from the woods and perhaps he has disappeared in it. As if he wanted to catch up on the walk. He speaks briefly with her father, probably to receive a few directives, and doesn't reappear until he takes Clarissa to the train. For a while she stands on the small balcony, the room smells like fabric softener or cleaning detergent, perhaps both, not unpleasant. The folder is lying on the turned-back bedspread, these are not documents for a seminar, and she's known the people she's about to meet since childhood. For most of them she is not the boss's assistant. But neither can she be for them the girl who has a promising future ahead of her. Clarissa has to laugh. That's what they want from us: a demonstration of the future; and yes the laughter is brief and silent, and she almost chokes on it. This, said her mother on the phone, should be the last big reunion and after that they want to withdraw from their duties and their family.

Translated by Jason Blake

Tomasz Różycki



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Tomasz Różycki, sodobni poljski pesnik in prevajalec, se je rodil leta 1970 v Opolah na Poljskem. **Študiral je romanske jezike** na Jagelonski univerzi v Krakovu. Po študiju je v svojem rodnem mestu poučeval francoščino na tamkajšnji šoli za tuje jezike. Ob svojem delu je prevajal še poezijo iz francoščine in leta 2005 objavil poljski prevod pesnitve Stéphana Mallarméja *Un coup de dés jamais n'abolira le hasard* (Met kock ne bo nikoli odpravil naključja). Je avtor petih pesniških zbirk: *Vaterland* (Očetnjava, 1997), *Anima* (1999), *Chata umaita* (Hišica na deželi, 2001), *Świat i antyświat* (Svet in protisvet, 2003) ter *Kolonie* (Kolonije, 2007), napisal pa je tudi epsko pesnitev *Dwanaście stacji* (Dvanajst postaj, 2004), ki velja za njegovo najbolj priznano delo, za katero je prejel nagrado sklada Kościelskih (2004) – najprestižnejšo književno nagrado za poljske pisatelje, mlajše od 40 let. Njegove pesmi so bile prevedene v več evropskih jezikov, njegova poezija pa je bila objavljena v številnih mednarodnih antologijah sodobne poljske poezije v Bolgariji, Litvi, Nemčiji in Veliki Britaniji. Je tudi dobitnik nagrade Krzysztofa Kamila Baczyńskiego (1997) ter nagrade Josifa Brodskega (2006) revije za književnost *Zeszyty Literackie*, dvakrat pa je bil nominiran za nagrado »Nike« (2005 in 2007) – najpomembnejše književno odlikovanje na Poljskem.

Tomasz Różycki, the contemporary Polish poet and translator, was born in 1970 in Opole, Poland. He studied Romance Languages at the Jagiellonian University in Kraków. He then worked as a French teacher at the Foreign Languages Teaching College in his native city. Alongside his work, he has also translated poetry from French, publishing a translation of Stéphane Mallarmé's poem Un coup de dés jamais n'abolira le hasard (A Throw of the Dice Will Never Abolish Chance) into Polish in 2005. He is the author of five collections of poems: Vaterland (Fatherland, 1997), Anima (1999), Chata umaita (Country Cottage, 2001), Świat i antyświat (World and Anti-World, 2003), and Kolonie (Colonies, 2007). He has also published a book-length epic poem Dwanaście stacji (Twelve Stations, 2004), for which he won the Kościelski Foundation Award (2004), the most prestigious literary prize for Polish writers under 40. His poems have been translated into several European languages, while his poetry has been published in numerous anthologies of modern Polish poetry in Bulgaria, Germany, Great Britain, and Lithuania. He has also received the Krzysztof Kamil Baczyński Prize (1997) and the Joseph Brodsky Prize (2006) from the Zeszyty Literackie literary magazine, and has been nominated twice for the Nike Award (2005 and 2007) – Poland's most important literary honour.

Żaglowce jej królewskiej mości

Grałem sam przeciwko komputerowi, byłem władcą biednego kraju w Europie Środkowej, który stał się mocarstwem dzięki mojej zdrowej polityce, handlowi, także dzięki sile

armii i gospodarki. Jeżeli toczyłem jakieś wojny, to po to, by ustrzec się wrogiej agresji, lub przeciwko słabym, były bowiem kraje, które zupełnie sobie nie radziły.

Stawiałem na administrację, dobre sądy, egzekwowanie prawa, flotę i kolonie, cieszyłem się szacunkiem w świecie dyplomacji i wśród własnych poddanych. Nigdy bez powodu

nie skazałem nikogo prócz publicznych wrogów: dezerterów, poetów, spekulantów, zdrajców.

Wulkan

Siedząc i oglądając wojnę samolotów przeciw wieżowcom, świętą wojnę męczenników przeciw wagonom metra, salom gimnastycznym, przeciwko dzieciom, leżąc, obserwując potop

na żywo w czterdziestu odcinkach, pilotem poprawiając świat, klucząc, próbując uników przed mordercą, rekinem i poznając wynik ankiety widzów w sprawie kary śmierci. Trochę

śpiąc, trochę patrząc na wielką transmisję z wykupywania boga. I widząc ich wszystkich malutkich, rysunkowych, jak się przewracają, chcą wstać i znów padają, potrafiąc wyłączyć

wielekroć głos i obraz, wyłączając oddech i nie mogąc wyłączyć serca spadałem, spadałem.

Cyklon tropikalny

Ze wszystkich filozofów najbardziej lubilem
tego, który powiedział, że fale powstają
przez wahanie się bogów, czy świat, który znamy
jest dobry czy też zły jest i nadeszła chwila,

by zalało go morze. I codziennie miłość
wybawia nas od zguby, bogowie wahają
się, spacerują i puszczają kaczkę w falach,
słońce wchodzi do morza tam, gdzie jest horyzont.

Teraz idę ulicą, idą razem ze mną
ci, którzy myją chorych i idą na pewno
tacy, co zechcą zabić. Każdej nocy bestia
wychodzi szukać dzieci w środku złego miasta.

I we mnie też jest ciemność, odrobina światła,
i czarne ślady stawiam na białych powierzchniach.

Zapomniane mapy

Pojechałem na Ukrainę, to był czerwiec
i szedłem po kolana w trawach, zioła i pyłki
wirowały w powietrzu. Szukałem, lecz bliscy
schowali się pod ziemią, zamieszkali głębiej

niż pokolenia mrówek. Pytałem się wszędzie
o ślady po nich, ale rosły trawy, liście,
i pszczoły wirowały. Kładłem się więc blisko,
twarzą na ziemi i mówiłem to zakłęcie –

możecie wyjść, już jest po wszystkim. I ruszała
się ziemia, a w niej krety i dżdżownice, i drżała
ziemia i państwa mrówek roily się, pszczoły
latały ponad wszystkim, mówiłem wychodźcie,

mówiłem tak do ziemi i czułem, jak rośnie
trawa ogromna, dzika, wokół mojej głowy.

Kopalnie złota

Miasto na kościach słońca. Światło dokonuje
cudów na tych ruinach i wytapia złoto
z każdej cegły, kamienia. Wróble się o nie biją.
Czterdzieści dwa tysiące gawronów gada w parku,

gdzie wśród kasztanowców trwa wyprzedaż lata
i stopy towaru, rozwleczone wszędzie szmatki,
szyfony. Kobiety przymierzają, mężczyźni milczą
pałą, grzeszą. Na ławce, zatopiony w powietrzu,

śpi weteran wojny o zapomnianej nazwie.
Jego lewa noga jeszcze nie wróciła. Przy placyku
napowietrza się wino, sala pełna jeżyn. Kelnerka się myli,
wiatr jej kradnie rachunki, jeden po drugim.

Wieczorem, w jej sypialni na drugim piętrze
otworzy się oko wulkanu, czerwone, bezdenne.

Zamek (przyjechałem tu zastrzelić prezydenta)

Ciąg dalszy tej historii. Myśmy się kochali—
oni przejęli władzę. I mają nad nami,
ci, co kiedyś pluli najdalej, i śpiewali
najgłośniejsz, co odpisywali na sprawdzianach

to ich teraz jest władza i już wiedzą o nas,
i wiedzą, gdzie mieszkamy, przysłali rachunki
na firmowym papierze, widać po zasłonach
tu w oknie naprzeciwko, że idą meldunki

wprost do czarnego biurka. Mówią po imieniu
i już nam dali pracę i wybrali zawód,
ponieważ ciut się boją naszego wymienić
prawdziwego zajęcia. Może będą nawet

wysłać nam prezenty, bo dokładnie wiedzą,
po co tutaj jesteśmy, po co w nocy światło
świeci się w naszej kuchni, dlaczego tak łatwo
nas zabić a tak trudno naprawdę pogrzebać.

Kawa i tytoń

Kiedy zacząłem pisać, nie wiedziałem jeszcze,
co ze mnie zrobią wiersze, że się przez nie stanę
jakimś dziwnym upiorem, wiecznie niewyspanym,
o przezroczystej skórze, chodzącym po mieście

jakby lekko naćpany, kładącym najwcześniej
się razem z wściekłym brzaskiem, i jeszcze nad ranem
łążącym po znajomych, zupełnie splukany,
jak jakaś menda, insekt, przywołany we śnie

kawałkiem gołej skóry, czy może westchnieniem.
I nawet nie wiedziałem, w co mnie wreszcie zmienią
te durne wiersze, skarbie, i że to ty właśnie
przywołasz mnie do życia i że dzięki tobie

tylko będę widzialny, z tobą się położę
i odczekam tę chwilę, dopóki nie zaśniesz.

czerwiec 2003

Kreole, metysi

Skoro ty jesteś dziwna i ja jestem dziwny,
to się wspaniale składa, razem zadziwimy
świat, będą pokazywać nas palcem rodziny
wychodzące na spacer, staniemy się słynni

i bardzo tajemniczy, nakręcą też filmy
o nas, zupełnie nieprawdziwe. Wprowadzimy
się w nocy, w środku grudnia do pewnej meliny
i będziemy tam robić miłość i nie będziemy innych

spraw ani zajęć. Przyszło nam się spotkać
w takim ogromnym świecie, można nas rozpoznać
jedynie po języku. Pokaż język, kotku.
Opowiem ci bajeczkę. Będziemy już razem,

tak się wspaniale składa, i język nas zdradzi,
świat zabije, zamieni na rosę i popiół.

grudzień 2004

Jamborniki njenega kraljevega veličanstva

Sam sem igral proti računalniku, bil sem
vladar revne države iz Srednje Evrope,
ki je zdaj velesila zaradi moje
zdrave politike, trgovine ter moči

vojske in gospodarstva. Vojno sem vodil
samo v odgovor na sovražno agresijo
ali proti slabotnejšim, bile so namreč
države, ki se pač nikakor niso znašle.

Stavil sem na upravo in dobra sodišča,
izvrševanje prava, floto, kolonije,
užival sem ugled v svetu diplomacije
in med podložniki. In nisem brez razloga

obsodil nikogar razen sovražnikov države:
begunov, poetov, špekulantov, izdajalcev.

Vulkan

Sedel sem in si ogledoval vojno letal
proti stolpnicam, sveto vojno mučenikov
proti vagonom metroja, športnim dvoranam,
proti otrokom, ležal sem in gledal potop

v živo v štiridesetih delih ter s pilotom
popravljaj svet, mešaj sledi, skušaj uteči
morilcu, morskemu psu, poslušaj izide
ankete glede smrtne kazni med gledalci.

Malo sem spal, malo gledal veliki prenos
razprodaje boga. Ko sem jih tako gledal
majhne kot v risanki, kako se prevračajo,
poskušajo vstati in spet padajo, sem lahko

večkrat izključil glas in sliko, in ko sem
izključil dih, nisem pa mogel srca, sem padal, padal.

Tropski ciklon

Izmed vseh filozofov sem imel najrajši tega, ki je trdil, da valove povzroči kolebanje bogov, ali je nam znani svet dober ali pa je slab in je dozorel čas,

da ga zalije morje. Vsak dan nas ljubezen reši pred pogubo, bogovi kolebajo, se sprehajajo, mečejo žabice v vale, sonce tone v morje tam, kjer je obzorje.

Zdaj grem po ulici in z mano grejo tisti, ki umivajo bolne, pa najbrž tudi ti, ki hočejo moriti. Vsako noč odide ven pošast iskat otroke sredi zlega mesta.

In v meni je tudi tema, troha svetlobe, in črne sledi puščam na belem površju.

Pozabljeni zemljevidi

Odpotoval sem v Ukrajino, bil je junij, do kolen sem bredel v travi, zeli in pelod so plesali v zraku. Iskal sem, toda bližnji so se skrili pod zemljo, zdaj živijo globlje

kakor rodovi mravelj. Povsod sem spraševal o sledih za njimi, toda rasle so trave, listje in plesale čebele. Zato sem legel blizu, z licem k zemlji, in jim povedal ta zgovor –

lahko greste ven, vsega je konec. Zganila se je zemlja, deževniki in krti, zemlja se je stresla, zagomazela mesta mravelj, nad vsem so letale čebele, pridite ven,

sem rekel zemlji, in sem čutil, kako rase ogromna, divja trava okrog moje glave.

Rudniki zlata

Mesto s kostmi iz sonca. Svetloba naredi
čuda na teh razvalinah in tali zlato
iz vsake opeke, kamna. Vrabci se tepejo zanj.
Dvainštirideset tisoč vran klepeta v parku,

kjer je med kostanji razprodaja poletja
in kupi blaga, povsod razmetane cunje,
šifon. Ženske pomerjajo, moški molčijo,
kadijo, grešijo. Na klopi, pogreznjen v zrak,

spi veteran vojne s pozabljenim imenom.
Njegova leva noga se še ni vrnila. Na trgu
odprto vino, dvorana polna robid. Točajka se moti,
veter ji kar zapovrstjo krade račune.

Zvečer se bo v njeni spalnici v drugem nadstropju
odprlo rdeče, brezdanje oko vulkana.

Grad (kamor sem prišel ustrelit predsednika)

Nadaljevanje zgodbe. Mi smo se ljubili –
oni prevzeli oblast. Vladajo nad nami,
ti, ki so včasih pljuvali najdlje in peli
najglasneje, pri kontrolkah prepisovali,

njihova je zdaj oblast in vse vedo o nas,
vejo, kje živimo, poslali so račune
na papirju z glavo, vidi se po zavesah
na oknu tam nasproti, da gredo prijave

naravnost v črn predal. Vedo naša imena,
že so nam dali delo in izbrali poklic,
saj se malo bojijo omenjati našo
pravo zaposlitev. Mogoče nam bodo

poslali še darila, saj natančno vejo,
zakaj smo tu, čemu ponoči luč gori
v naši kuhinji, zakaj nas je tako lahko
ubiti, pa tako težko res pokopati.

Kava in tobak

Ko sem začel pisati, še nisem vedel,
kaj bodo pesmi naredile iz mene, kak
čuden, venomer nenaspan vampir bom postal,
da bom s prosojno kožo pohajal po mestu,

kot bi bil malce zafiksán, legal nič prej kot
z besnim svitom in pri belem dnevu še zmeraj
lazil od znanca k znancu brez fičnika v žepu,
kot kakšna uš, mrčes, ki ga v sanjah priklíče

košček gole kože ali pa mogoče vzdih.
Prav tako nisem vedel, v kaj me bodo končno
spremenile te trapaste pesmi in da me
boš ti spet oživila in da bom viden le

zaradi tebe, s tabo bom, ljubica, šel spat
in prečakal ta hip, da se pogrežeš v spanec.

junij 2003

Kreola, mestica

Ti si čudna in čuden sem jaz, to se tako
lepo ujema, skupaj bova osupnila
svet, s prsti naju bodo kazale družine,
ko bodo šle na sprehod, zato bova slavna

in zelo skrivnostna, filme bodo snemali
o naju, čisto neresnične. V kak brlog
se bova vselila neko decembrsko noč
in se ljubila in ne bova poznala drugih

nalog in opravil. Naletela sva nase
v ogromnem svetu, prepoznati se naju da
samo po jeziku. Pokaži jezik, mucka.
Pravljico ti povem. Zdaj bova zmeraj skupaj,

vse se lepo ujema, in jezik naju bo izdal,
svet naju bo ubil, v roso, v pepel spremenil.

december 2004

Her Majesty's Fleet

I played alone against my own computer.
I was the king of some poor country stuck
in Central Europe that became a world
power because of my sound politics

and trade, strong army and economy.
I never fought a war, except to preempt
enemy aggression or fight the weak,
since there were nations that were badly run.

I counted on the government, the courts
enforcing laws, the navy, colonies.
I was revered in diplomatic circles
and among my serfs. I never sentenced

without reason, except for public enemies:
deserters, poets, traitors, profiteers.

The Volcano

Sitting and watching planes wage war against
the towers, martyrs wage their holy war
against commuter trains and gyms, against
children. Then lying down to watch the flood

in live installments, using the remote
to put the world in order, browsing, trying
to dodge the murderer, the shark, learning
results from viewer surveys on the death penalty.

Napping, taking in the great
pawning of god. And seeing everyone
so tiny and cartoonish, how they fall,
get up, and fall again. Then turning off

the sound and picture, turning off my breath,
my heart would not turn off, I fell, I fell.

Tropical Hurricane

Of all philosophers, I like the one
 who said that waves originate from gods
 equivocating—is this known world good,
 or is it bad, is this the time for seas

to flood it? Every day love saves us from
 extinction. Gods equivocate and stroll
 about and skip round stones across the waves.
 The sun at the horizon sinks to sea.

Walking down the street, those who wash the sick
 are with me, those who are willing to kill
 are with me. Every night a beast comes out
 to look for children in the evil city.

There's dark in me as well, a drop of light.
 I leave black footprints on white surfaces.

Scorched Maps

I took a trip to Ukraine. It was June.
 I waded in the fields, all full of dust
 and pollen in the air. I searched, but those
 I loved had disappeared below the ground,

deeper than decades of ants. I asked
 about them everywhere, but grass and leaves
 have been growing, bees swarming. So I lay down,
 face to the ground, and said this incantation—

you can come out, it's over. And the ground,
 and moles and earthworms in it, shifted, shook,
 kingdoms of ants came crawling, bees began
 to fly from everywhere. I said come out,

I spoke directly to the ground and felt
 the field grow vast and wild around my head.

Gold Mine

A city built from bones of sunshine. Light
works miracles on ruins and smelts gold
from brick and stone. The sparrows fight for it.
Thousands of ravens chatter in the park,

where, under chestnut trees, they're selling off
the summer, piles of goods, unfolded clothes,
chiffon. While women try things on, men smoke
in silence, sinning. On a bench, a veteran

of some forgotten war is sleeping, sunk
in air. His left leg still has not returned.
The square is filled with blackberries, open wine.
The wind steals checks, the waitress gets things wrong.

At nighttime in her bedroom, the volcano's eye
will open, red, and infinitely deep.

The Castle (I Came to Shoot the President)

To continue the story. We made love—
they seized power. And they hold it over us,
those who once spit the farthest and sang
the loudest, who cheated on their tests—

they hold the power now. They know all
about us, where we live and have sent us bills
on official letterhead. Judging from the curtains
in the rear window, reports are going straight

into the black desk. They call us by first name
and have already assigned us a trade and a job,
because they're a bit scared to acknowledge
our real occupation. Maybe they'll even start

sending us presents, because they know exactly
what we're here for, why the light shines
in our kitchen through the night, why we're
so easy to kill yet so difficult to bury.

Coffee and Cigarettes

When I began to write, I didn't know
that poems would transform me, make my skin
translucent, I'd become a weary ghost
who, sleepless, roams the streets as if to ride

a high till coming down, then go to bed
with rabid dawn. But light would find me still
out wandering and dropping in on friends,
flat broke, a louse, a varmint, summoned by

your nakedness or even just your sighing.
And honey, how was I to know what all
these dumb poems would make of me, that you
would summon me to life, and thanks to you

I would become the visible, in bed
beside you, waiting till you fall asleep.

Creoles, Mestizos

Since it is lucky you are strange and I
am strange, together we will shock the world.
Families as they stroll by will point at us,
and we'll be famous, quite mysterious.

They'll even make up complicated plots
in films about us, all untrue. At night,
in mid-December, we will find ourselves
a hiding place where we'll make love and have

no other worries. We were meant to meet
in such a huge world, we are singled out
by language. Stick out your tongue for me, kitten.
I'll tell you a story. Together again,

as luck would have it, language will betray us
and kill our world, turn it to dew and ash.

Lubica Somolayová



Lubica Somolayová se je rodila leta 1979 v Levicah na Slovaškem. Študirala je zgodovino in slovakistiko na Filozofski fakulteti Univerze Komenskega v Bratislavi in leta 2005 doktorirala na Inštitutu za slovaško književnost Slovaške akademije znanosti in umetnosti s temo o pesništvu v obdobju romantike. Je pesnica, avtorica strokovnih sestavkov in predavateljica slovaške književnosti na Univerzi v Trnavi. Deluje tudi kot urednica v okviru mednarodnega festivala poezije »Ars Poetica« in pri istoimenski knjižni založbi. Njena prva pesniška zbirka z naslovom *Prižmúrenými očami* (S priprtimi očmi) je izšla v dveh jezikih: najprej v španščini v Kostariki (2006) in leto pozneje tudi v slovaščini. Bila je prejemnica štipendij projekta »Small Cultures« Univerze v Regensburgu (2004) in projekta »Mitteleuropa« Inštituta za slavistiko Tehniške univerze v Dresdnu (2005). Njene pesmi so bile prevedene v angleščino, madžarščino, poljščino, slovenščino in španščino.

Lubica Somolayová was born in 1979 in Levice, Slovakia. She studied history and Slovak philology at the Faculty of Arts at the Comenius University in Bratislava and received her Ph.D. in romantic poetry from the Institute of Slovak Literature at the Slovak Academy of Sciences in 2005. The poet, academic writer and professor of Slovak literature at the University of Trnava, is also an editor with the international poetry festival "Ars Poetica" and the publishing house of the same name. Her first collection of poetry titled Prižmúrenými očami (Eyes Half Shut) was published bilingually, first in Spanish in Costa Rica (2006), and a year later in Slovak as well. She has been the recipient of the "Small Cultures" project fellowship of the University of Regensburg (2004) and the project "Mitteleuropa" grant of the Institute of Slavistics at the Dresden University of Technology (2005). Her poems have been translated into English, Hungarian, Polish, Slovenian, and Spanish.

Prižmúrenými očami

Niekedy v noci nespím
a vymýšľam si
čučoriedkový koláč

Sladké cesto s napuchnutými
pórovitými komôrkami
s ponorenými bobuľami,
čo natrvalo zanechávajú
chuť za zubami

Myslím na hĺbku,
vymodelovanú ovocným svetlom,
a dopredu staviam všetko podstatné

Z jasných farieb mi tam
znova vychádzaš ty

S mojou zubnou kefkou
v ústach snažíš sa vyčistiť
nepohodlné detaily

Voniaš paplónom
a v posteli po tebe
zostávajú stopy:

jamky po päťách,
čo odišli niekam na sever,
priehlbina po hlave je plytšia

Trepocem sa v prieniku
objavených dĺžok a širok:

tvoj odliatok nadobúda
ešte jasnejšiu siluetu,
lokalizácia mojej posteľe
globálne súvislosti

Občas sa odtiahnem,
aby som videla,
či sa postupne mením
na tvoj obraz

Aeropittura

Občas vyprovokujem okolnosti,
aby ma dotlačili k akcii

Výškomer udá signál
a ja odmietnem
akýkoľvek pevný bod,

vrhám sa priamo
do beloby,
do rýchlosti,
nekompromisne
jednosmernou strelkou

Priestor ma pohlcuje
nečakane intenzívne,
rútím sa do jeho útrobov,
k cibulovej šupke
z optiky mikroskopu

Prepadávam sa osami, celá
v banánovej polohe, jedinej,
ktorú tu gravitácia akceptuje

Zabáram nechty
čo najhlbšie do oblakov,
akoby som uverila,
že sa môžem zachytiť

Akoby aj najmenšie kývnutie
prstom mohlo meniť smer

Vzdych do mňa vráza
každým pórom,
napína bubienky

Myšlienky ako komixové bubliny,
spod korenkov vlasov
vymrštené po celej dĺžke,
radostne nechávam za sebou

Hmlistá príroda v hlave
naberá čoraz jasnejšie kontúry

Kde nabrať odvalu k odbočke
z vyšliapaného chodníka?
z overenej dráhy padania?

Tlak mi je rozbuškou,
rýchlosť časomierou

* * *

Život je vraj úspešný vtedy
keď je každý detail
na svojom správnom mieste
a všetky jeho prvky
pomáhajú pri vytváraní
jasného a zreteľného zmyslu

naše predmety dostali
náležité miesta
už pri sťahovaní

a tak upratovaním
korigujem odchýlky
presúvam ohnisko
patričnej rovnováhy
k adekvátnosti symetrie

* * *

Trénujem realistický prístup k svetu:
pozorujem detaily tiel rastlín
rozkladám svet na čisté tvary
teba na jednotlivé pohnutky
Odosobňujem sa

Stromy, konáre
svaly na kmeňoch
Pohybom sa moja rastlinná
podstata rozvíja
do pružného dreva

Individuálne rozdiely sú
dávno prekonané

Začínam drobnými kameňmi
kým prejdem ku skalám

Od mizivých drobností
do nekonečna

Zdrobňovaním sa vyhýbam
ambíciám a megalománii

Zväčšovanie mi zase pomáha
uvoľniť sa zo závislosti
na presnosti

Drobné kamene
presne vymerané
vyberané
podľa tvaru, veľkosti
hladkosti či miery lesku

Žiaden z nich neuhol
pohľadu medúzy

S priprtimi očmi

Ko ponoči ne spim,
si izmišljam
borovničev kolač

Napihnjeno sladko testo,
polno por in luknjic,
potopljenih jagod,
ki za vedno pustijo
okus za zobmi

Mislím na globino,
ki jo je oblikovala sadna svetloba,
in v ospredje postavljam vse bistveno

Iz jasnih barv tam nekje
znova izstopaš ti

Z mojo zobno krtačko
skušaš v ustih očistiti
neprijetne detajle

Vonjaš po odeji
in v postelji za teboj
ostajajo sledi:

jamice za petami,
ki so odšle nekam na sever,
odtis glave je plitkejši

Krilim v preseku
odkritih dolžin in širin:

tvoj odlitek dobiva
še jasnejšo silhueto,
lokalizacija moje postelje
pa globalne povezave

Včasih se oddaljím,
da lahko vidim,
če se postopno spreminjam
v tvojo podobo

Aeropittura

Včasih izzovem okoliščine,
da me potisnejo v akcijo

Višinomer poda signal
in jaz zavrnem
kakršnokoli stabilno točko,

mečem se naravnost
v belino,
v hitrost,
brezkompromisno
s premočrtno kompasno iglo

Prostor me požira
nepričakovano intenzivno,
padam v njegovo drobovje,
proti čebulni lupini
s perspektive mikroskopa

Borim se z osmi, cela,
v položaju banane, edinem,
ki ga tu gravitacija dopušča

Nohte zarivam
kar najgloblje v oblake,
kot da bi verjela,
da se lahko ujamem

Kot da bi že droben migljaj
s prstom lahko spremenil smer

Zrak vdira vame
skozi vsako poro,
pritiska na bobenčke

Misli kot stripovske oblačke,
izpod lasnih korenin
razmetane po celi dolžini,
z veseljem puščam za seboj

Meglina narava v glavi
dobiva vedno bolj jasne konture

Od kod vzeti pogum za odcep
iz prehojene steze?
Iz preverjene smeri padanja?

Pritisk je moj detonator,
hitrost je štetje let

* * *

Življenje je menda uspešno takrat
ko je vsaka podrobnost
na svojem pravem mestu
in vse njegove prvine
sodelujejo pri ustvarjanju
jasnega in očitnega smisla

najini predmeti so dobili
primeren prostor
že ob selitvi

in ko pospravljam
le korigiram odklone
premeščam ognjišče
pripadajočega ravnovesja
k adekvatnosti simetrije

* * *

Vadim realističen pristop do sveta:
opazujem detajle na telesih rastlin
svet razstavljam na čiste oblike
tebe na posamezne nagibe
Razosebljena sem

Drevesa, veje
mišice na deblih
Z gibanjem se moje rastlinsko
bistvo razvija
v prožen les

Individualne razlike so
že dolgo premagane

Začenjam pri drobnih kamnih
preden grem k skalam

Od neznatnih malenkosti
do neskončnega

S pomanjševanjem se izogibam
ambicijam in megalomaniji

S povečevanjem se
rešujem odvisnosti
od natančnosti

Drobni kamni
točno izmerjeni
izbrani
po obliki, velikosti
gladkosti in lesku

Noben se ni izmaknil
pogledu meduze

Eyes Half Shut

Sometimes at night, I don't sleep
inventing
a blueberry cake

Sweet pastry with swollen
porous ducts
with berries embedded,
leaving taste permanently
behind the teeth

I'm thinking of depth,
shaped by fruit light,
building all substantial things in advance

From bright colours
it is you emerging again

In your mouth
you are trying to clean
bothersome details

Smelling of the duvet
you leave indentations
in our bed:

Indentations of your heels,
heading somewhere to the north,
indentation left by your head is shallower

I'm fluttering in the cross-section
of discovered altitudes and latitudes:

Your mould assumes
an even clearer silhouette,
localization of my bed
global connections

Sometimes I move away
only to see,
if I'm gradually
assuming your likeness

Aeropittura

Sometimes I provoke circumstances
to push me into action

The altimeter emits a signal
And I refuse
any solid point,

I hurl myself headlong
into whiteness,
into speed,
sans merci
along a one-way needle

The space engulfs me
with unexpected intensity,
I'm dashing into its interior,
to the onion peel
from the microscope lenses

I'm falling through axes, all
in the banana position, the only one,
accepted by gravity

I dig my fingernails
deep into clouds,
as if I believed,
that I can cling on

As if the slightest wag
of a finger could change direction

The air blasts into me
through every pore,
I stretch my ear drums

Thoughts are like comics balloons
from beneath hair roots
ejected along the entire length,
joyously left behind me

Foggy wilderness in the head
takes on increasingly sharper outlines

Where does one gather the courage to exit
a well beaten path?
From the well tested trajectory of falling?

The pressure's my fuse,
the speed's my timekeeper

* * *

They say the life is a success
if every detail is
in the right place
and all its elements
help to create
a clear and distinct meaning

Our objects got
their respective places
during removal

And so while cleaning,
I rectify the aberrations
by moving the centre
of the respective balance
to the adequacy of symmetry

* * *

I'm practicing the realistic approach to the world:
I study details of plant bodies,
I disassemble the world into clean shapes,
and you into respective motivations
I depersonalize myself

Trees, branches,
muscles on trunks
Through motion,
my herbal essence develops
into resilient wood

Individual differences are
long overcome

I start with tiny stones,
before I move on to boulders

From negligible details
into infinity.

Through diminution, I avoid
ambitions and megalomania

Although exaggeration helps me
free myself from dependence
on accuracy

Tiny stones
precisely measured
selected
by shape, size
smoothness or degree of shine

None of them avoided
the stare of Medusa

Translated by Pavol Lukáč

Ognjen Spahić



Foto © Anahit Hayrapetyan

Ognjen Spahić se je rodil leta 1977 v Podgorici v Črni gori. Je romanopisec in esejist. Spahić je izdal dve zbirki esejev: *Sve to* (Vse to, 2001) in *Zimska potraga* (Zimsko zasledovanje, 2007). Za roman *Hansenova djeca* (Hansenovi otroci, 2004) je leta 2005 prejel nagrado Meše Selimovića za najboljši sodobni roman z območja Hrvaške, Srbije, Črne gore ter Bosne in Hercegovine. Za omenjeni roman je prejel tudi nagrado festivala Ovid 2011, odlikovanje za najboljšo prozno delo, prevedeno v romunščino. Do sedaj je bilo delo objavljeno v angleški, romunski, madžarski in makedonski izdaji. Letos je pri Študentski založbi v Ljubljani roman izšel tudi v slovenskem prevodu Deana Rajčiča. Spahićeve eseje so bili prevedeni v češčino, grščino, turščino, romunščino, bolgarščino, angleščino, albanščino in nemščino. Njegov esej *Raymond Is No Longer with Us – Carver Is Dead* (*Raymond je mrtev. Umril je Carver, sem rekel*), ki ga je leta 2008 v slovenščino prevedel Urban Vovk, je bil objavljen v letošnji antologiji *Best European Fiction 2011* (Najboljša evropska proza 2011), ki jo izdaja založba Dalkey Archive Press iz Chicaga. Spahić živi in dela v Podgorici.

Ognjen Spahić was born in 1977 in Podgorica, Montenegro. He is a novelist and short story writer. Spahić has published two collections of short stories: Sve to (All That, 2001) and Zimska potraga (Winter Search, 2007). His novel Hansenova djeca (Hansen's Children, 2004) won him the 2005 Meša Selimović Prize for the best new novel from Croatia, Serbia, Montenegro and Bosnia-Herzegovina. It also won the 2011 Ovid Festival Prize, an award for the best fiction translated into Romanian. To date, the novel has been published in English, Romanian, Hungarian and Macedonian editions. The novel Hansenova djeca was also translated into Slovene by Dean Rajčič and published by Študentska založba in Ljubljana this year. Spahić's short stories have been translated into Czech, Greek, Turkish, Romanian, Bulgarian, English, Albanian and German. His short story Raymond Is No Longer with Us – Carver Is Dead, also translated into Slovene in 2008 by Urban Vovk, was included in the anthology Best European Fiction 2011 published by Dalkey Archive Press in the USA. Spahić lives and works in Podgorica.

Cut, Copy, Paste

*Got to hurry on back to my hotel room,
Where I've got me a date with Botticelli's niece.
She promised that she'd be right there with me
When I paint my masterpiece.*
(Bob Dylan, 1971)

Pojavio se na vratima i rekao: *Došao sam za slike.* U stvari rekao je: *Poslali su me za slike.* A kada je Andrej upitao: *Koje slike?* provukao je ruku kroz odškrinuta vrata i kazao: *One tamo, crvene.* Rekao je *crvene* iako se crvena boja pojavljivala na samo jednoj. Snažne muške šake u krupnom planu i dva prsta koja pritišću namah prerezane vene. Tačke uljane boje, neke usitnjene i ravnodušne; neke krupne, sjane i zle. Desna ruka je gola, umazana do lakta. Krv se cijedi niz platno. Rukav bijele košulje uredno je zavrnut na sredini lijeve podlaktice. Andrej je sačekao nekoliko sekundi, još jednom osmotrio zid, a onda širom otvorio vrata i uputio kiseo osmijeh čovjeku koji je tog jutra zatražio njegove slike. Čovjek je rekao da se zove Tod i istog časa se mogla vidjeti bijela koverta koja vođena desnom rukom prolazi kroz vrata stana. Na komadiću neprecizno savijene hartije pisalo je krupnim slovima: *Trebaju mi slike. Izložba.* U donjem lijevom uglu, na kraju potpisa, olovka je probušila papir, pa je Andrej pomislio da je njegova bivša žena ultimatum sastavljala na koljenima. Pomirisao je kovertu i komad hartije ali nije našao ni traga bilo čega drugog sem zadaha industrije celuloze i papira. Pomislio je da je i ton teksta usklađen sa mirisom i na trenutak je zaželio da omiriše biće koje je čekalo s druge strane praga ne bi li zaokružio cijelu sliku. *Vaša supruga me je poslala, znate... Vjerovatno je sve objašnjeno u pismu. Ja nisam čitao... vjerute. Da pokupim pa da idem. Slike kao slike,* rekao je i napravio nesiguran korak stavljajući tešku crnu cipelu na prag. Andrej je uzmakao pred njegovim tijelom i osjetio metalni miris znoja izmiješan sa mirisom pamuka i losiona za brijanje. *A kako izgleda moja supruga?* upitao je kao da traži potvrdu njenog identiteta no to je rekao želeći da se zabavi. Nikada nije čuo opis svoje žene kroz riječi drugog muškarca. Nadao se da će ovaj krenuti da analizira njeno tijelo, nadao se da će biti vulgaran. *Ako mi ne vjerujete možete je pozvati,* to je bilo sve što je kazao i izvadio telefon iz džepa. Trudio se da ostavi utisak profesionalca. Zakoračio je još jednom i sada je s obje noge stajao na prljavim pločicama nervozno posmatrajući slike kroz zastakljena vrata dnevne sobe. Andrej se povukao u stranu i rukom pokazao da može proći i pokupiti slike. To su bile posljednje stvari koje je ostavila za sobom. U prvim mjesecima nakon rastave dolazila je jednom nedjeljno sa svojom mlađom sestrom i bez riječi praznila plakare, police u kupatilu i kuhinjske kredence. Nosila je sve, uključujući i napola potrošeni losion za tijelo, šolju za kafu sa Dalijevim

brkovima, pincete, makaze za nokte i mirišljave štapiće. Prikupljala je te stvari kao da sakriva dokaze tragedije; tragove katastrofe koja je razorila jedan grad kojeg je, sada, bolje u potpunosti izbrisati sa lica zemlje, poništiti artefakte ne bi li se stihiji zaborava široko otvorila vrata. Njen miris nestao je iz stana dvije sedmice nakon odlaska. Sobu u kojoj je slikala i koju nije željela zvati ateljeom, ispraznila je posljednju. Pojavila se jednog jutra sa dvojicom polupijanih radnika koji su u kartonske kutije nasumice potrpali slikarski pribor zajedno sa otpadom, sitnim namještajem i grudvicama boje zalijepljenim za parket. Kada su iznijeli kutije, pojavili su se sa dvije kante svježe zamiješane boje i okrećili zidove. Andrej je za to vrijeme sjedio u dnevnoj sobi pokušavajući da se skoncentriše na gutljaje whiskeya i Sibeliusov koncert za violinu u D-molu. Posmatrao ih je kako ulaze i izlaze gledajući kroz zamazna stakla na kojima je još bilo njenih otisaka. Kroz stakla na kojima je svoje otiske ostavio i čovjek koji će odnijeti posljednje tragove, pomislio je Andrej. Vrhovi prstiji su najintimniji djelovi tijela. Snopovi nervnih završetaka koji definišu opipljivi svijet, koji definišu tuđa obličja. Kad odu slike, krpu će dobro natopiti alkoholom i uglancati stakla. Vjerovao je da će mu to donijeti neku vrstu smirenja. Zasjeo je u fotelju i posmatrao čovjeka koji je nekoliko trenutaka izbliza posmatrao slike kao da odlučuje koju će prvu skinuti sa zida. *Kogod da je naslikao ove stvari...* rekao je, pogledao Andreja, zavrteo glavom i odlučno dohvatio prvu u nizu. Radio je brzo i vješto. Radio je spretnošću dželata koji će niz konopac spustiti četiri žrtve. Skidanje slika sa zidova, upravo je ono čemu je posvetio čitav život, pomislio je Andrej gledajući ga dok pažljivo odlaže okvire na parket. Kada je skinuo treću u nizi, krupne muške ruke je primakao licu pokušavajući da na površini platna uoči rez koji je krv potjerao napolje. *Ovome nema spasa*, rekao je, pogledao Andreja i nasmijao se. *Ovakve rane ne zarastaju*, kazao je ozbiljnim glasom ponašajući se kao da je izgovorio nešto pametno i važno. *Ja sad idem*, dlanovima je obuhvatio okvire i nastavio prema vratima. Andrej ga je pogledao i poželio da nešto kaže no tada je počeo osjećati ono usitnjeno komešanje misli koje će kroz nekoliko minuta, nekoliko sati ili dana, postati uobičajeno čudovište sastavljeno od tuge, gubitka, depresije i smrti. Shvatio je da sa time neće uspjeti da se izbori te da sa njenim slikama odlaze posljednji komadići smisla koji su podupirali život. Tu ženu više nije volio i sa time je raščistio još prije nekoliko mjeseci. Povremeno ju je zamišljao голу i pokušavao da masturbira ali erekcija je bila usiljena i kratkotrajna. Bio je začuđen brzinom kojom su sve uspomene postajale dvodimenzionalni odbljesci bez boje mirisa i ukusa. Osjećao je neku vrstu oticanja, i sebe je u jednom trenutku uporedio sa tom slikom, sa otvorenim venama iz kojih hladnokrvno, bez zvukova, bez pokreta, bez žurbe, otiče njegova volja, moć, ljubav, nestaje sve ono na šta je obično mislio kada bi rekao život. Nakon što je ispratio čovjeka sa slikama, dva puta je zaključao vrata. Pogledao je u svoja stopala i zaključio da su nokti previše izrasli. Zamislio

je kako bi nožni prsti izgledali na njenoj slici. Isprao je prašinu sa dna čaše i natočio whiskey do pola. Veliki gutljaj je sporo silazio do želuca. Miris nadimljene tekućine ispunio je nozdrve izazivajući bockanje u plućima. Odlagao je povratak u dnevnu sobu. Bojao se tog odsustva i praznog zida sa kojim nije želio da se suoči. Sliku sa prerezanim venama poklonila mu je za trideseti rođendan. Onda je to shvatio kao posljednji čin koji ukazuje na neminovnu vezanost i upućuje na ljubav. Čekao je u bašti hotela ispijajući espresso na suncu, a ona se pojavila noseći nešto što je iz daleka ličilo na veliki bijeli koverat. *Za tebe. Srećan rođendan*, kazala je. Prihvatio je poljubac i pocijepao omotnicu. Posmatrao je nekoliko trenutaka nastojeći da u prizoru isječenih vena i krvavih ruku nasluti trag nježnosti i emocija. Zahvalio se i rekao da mu se slika dopada. Rekao je da će je okačiti na zid čim se vrati kući. Rekao je da će slika visiti u dnevnoj sobi naspram fotelje u kojoj je volio da provodi vrijeme. Ona je naručila dvije kugle sladoleda od vanile, a on još jedan espresso. Sliku je odložio na susjednu stolicu. Pod naletom toplog vjetra bijeli papir je zašuštao, a onda se udaljio nekoliko metara klizeći niz mermerni pod hotelske terase. Sliku su zajedno okačili na zid. Potom su vodili ljubav u toj velikoj fotelji. Opkoračila ga je nogama pa je cilo vrijeme ljubeći mirišljavi vrat, kroz pramenove kose mogao da vidi krvave odbleske ruku. Nervirale su ga slike *bez naziva*. Odustajanje od riječi Andrej je smatrao pretencioznim i zlokobnim.

Brzo je iskapio čašu i nasuo još jednu do pola. Zatvorio je prozor, spustio roletne i navukao zavjese. Zagrizao je jabuku koja je već danima stajala na frižideru, a potom je zalogaj ispljunuo na pod. Zadah kisjele truleži natopio je nepca. Taj zadah se pomiješao sa mirisom whiskeya u njegovom dahu i natjerao ga da se zakašlje. Zapalio je cigaretu i povukao iz sve snage. Zamišljao je kako se dim spušta kroz plućne alveole, kako silazi u nevidljive šuplinje ispunjavajući ih česticama umjetnog smisla. Dok je hodao ka fotelji, gledao je u svoja stopala. Nokat na lijevom palcu bio je nešto kraći. Plavi obrisi vena ličili su na drvo bez lišća. Ugasio je cigaretu u pepeljari na čijem je dnu oslikano more i nekoliko čempresa. Nakon toga je sporo uzdigao pogled i osmotrio zid. Mjesto na kojem su visile ruke bilo je uokvireno pravougaonikom boje pepela i česticama prašine. U stomaku je osjetio uzdizanje; cvjetanje neke crne tvari, pomislio je, koja se lagano širila tijelom objavljujući konačnost. Gledao je to odsustvo na zidu pokušavajući da mu dodijeli značenje. Čuo je kako se sjeverni vjetar probija kroz grane borova i u cijelom tijelu osjetio metalnu hladnoću. Na Andrejevom čelu su se sakupile sitne kapljice znoja. Desnim dlanom je obrisao čelo, a potom veoma precizno zavrnuo rukave bijele košulje podižući ih do iznad lakata. Stisnuo je šake i posmatrao gibanje mišića pod zategnutom kožom. Imao je snažne ruke kroz koje je teklo mnogo krvi. Sa cigaretom među usnama, Andrej je još jednu čašu napunio whiskeyem i uključio radijator. Nadolazeća vrelina učinila je da se gvozdje širi i pucketa. Vratio se u fotelju i zatvorio oči.

Iznenadila ga je brzina kojom se sve dogodilo. Prvo je osjetio prijatnu toplotu na desnom dlanu. Bol je došao tek nekoliko dugih trenutaka kasnije: kada je otvorio oči, kada je podigao desnu ruku, kada je ispustio sjajnu oštricu iz lijeve. Nije vjerovao da može zarezati tako duboko. Rez se sada gubio pod ravnomjernim naletima krvi koja se izlivala ostavljajući posvuda crne fleke. Ustao je lagano i krenuo prema zidu. Sa dva prsta je pritisnuo ranu i umazane podlaktice naslonio u obrise rama trudeći sa da ne iznevjeri original. Sličnost je definisala metafore koje nije uspijevao da pretvori u riječi. Tanke crvene pruge su sporo silazile niz bijelu površinu zida, a sve što je Andrej u tom trenutku pomislio bilo je: da slika izlazi iz rama, da se konačno oslobađa, razotkrivajući svoju pravu prirodu, definišući neki smisao. Naglo je osjetio tešku pospanost. Pred očima su zasvijetlile sitne zelene iskre. Svakim treptajem očnih kapaka njihova boja se mijenjala, a među tim bojama Andrej je vjerovo da vidi crne limbove neke drevne toplote koja će svakog trenutka usisati tijelo. Kada je sklonio ruke sa zida, u obrisima rama ostali su obrisi njegovih ruku: postojani i vječni, pomislio je trudeći se da kontroliše korake. Oteturao je do fotelje odakle će moći mirno da posmatra zid i na njemu nova značenja. Zaželio je da, uz sve to, čuje nježno šaputanje: mirni glas koji objašnjava pojave i stvari. Trudio se da kapke zadrži otvorenim no kada je poželio da protrlja oči shvatio je da ruke nepomično leže dlanova okrenutih prema svemiru. Posmatrao ih je kao predmete koje je neko skinuo sa zida i greškom smjestio u njegovo krilo. Kao tek naslikne oblike koji se sporo suše. Nakon te misli Andrej je udahnuo i izdahnuo još sedamnaest puta.

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*Got to hurry on back to my hotel room,
Where I've got me a date with Botticelli's niece.
She promised that she'd be right there with me
When I paint my masterpiece.*
(Bob Dylan, 1971)

Pojavil se je na vratih in rekel: *Prišel sem po slike*. Pravzaprav je rekel: *Poslali so me po slike*. Ko pa ga je Andrej vprašal: *Katere slike?* je stegnil roko skozi odškrnjena vrata in dejal: *Tiste tam, rdeče*. Rekel je *rdeče*, čeprav je bila rdeča barva zgolj na eni sliki. Močne moške roke v ospredju in dva prsta, ki pritiskata na naenkrat prerezane žile. Točke oljnate barve, nekatere drobne in ravnodušne; nekatere velike, svetlikajoče se in zlobne. Desna roka je gola, umazana do komolca. Kri se cedi po platnu. Rokav bele srajce je skrbno zavihan do sredine levega podlakti. Andrej je počakal nekaj sekund, se še enkrat zazrl v steno, potem pa na stežaj odprl vrata in namenil kisel nasmešek človeku, ki je tega jutra zahteval njegove slike. Človek je rekel, da mu je ime Tod, in v istem trenutku je bilo mogoče videti belo kuverto, kako gre, vodena z desno roko, skozi vrata stanovanja. Na koščku nenatančno zvitega papirja je z velikimi črkami pisalo: *Potrebujem slike. Razstava*. V spodnjem levem kotu, na koncu podpisa, je pero preluknjalo papir, tako da je Andrej pomislil, da je njegova bivša žena sestavljala ultimatum na kolenih. Povohal je kuverto in kos papirja, vendar ni zaznal niti sledu česarkoli drugega razen zadaha po industriji celuloze in papirja. Pomislil je, da je tudi ton besedila usklajen z vonjem, in za trenutek si je zaželel povohati bitje, ki je čakalo na drugi strani praga, da bi zaokrožil celo sliko. *Vaša soproga me je poslala, veste ... Verjetno je vse pojasnjeno v pismu. Jaz ga nisem prebral ... verjemite. Da jih poborem in odidem. Slike kot slike*, je rekel in naredil negotov korak, pri čemer je stopil s težkim črnim čevljem na prag. Andrej se je umaknil pred njegovim telesom in zaznal kovinski vonj znoja, pomešan z vonjem bombaža in losjona za britje. *Kako pa izgleda moja soproga?* je vprašal, kot da išče potrditev njene identitete, čeprav je to rekel z željo, da bi se malo pozabaval. Nikoli še ni slišal opisa svoje žene z besedami drugega moškega. Upal je, da bo ta začel analizirati njeno telo, upal je, da bo vulgaren. *Če mi ne verjamete, jo lahko pokličete*, je bilo vse, kar je rekel, in potegnil iz žepa telefon. Trudil se je pustiti vtis profesionalca. Še enkrat je zakorakal, tako da je zdaj z obema nogama stal na umazanih ploščicah in živčno opazoval slike skozi zastekljena vrata dnevne sobe. Andrej se je umaknil v stran in z roko pokazal, da lahko gre mimo in pobere slike. To so bile zadnje stvari, ki jih je pustila za sabo. V prvih mesecih po ločitvi je prihajala enkrat tedensko s svojo mlajšo sestro in brez besed praznila omare, police v kopalnici in kuhinjske kredence. Odnášala je vse, vključno z napol praznim losjonom za telo, kavno skodelico z Dali-

jevimi brki, s pincetami, škarjami za nohte in dišečimi paličicami. Te stvari je zbirala, kot da skriva dokaze tragedije; sledi katastrofe, ki je razdejala mesto, ki ga je zdaj bolje popolnoma izbrisati z obličja zemlje, uničiti artefakte, da bi se stihiji pozabe na stežaj odprla vrata. Njen vonj je izpuhtel iz stanovanja dva tedna po njenem odhodu. Sobo, v kateri je slikala in ki je ni hotela imenovati atelje, je izpraznila zadnjo. Prikazala se je nekega jutra z dvema napol pijanima delavcema, ki sta v kartonske škatle brez reda tlačila slikarski pribor skupaj z odpadnim materialom, majhnimi kosi pohištva in kepicami barve, zalepljenimi na parket. Ko sta odnesla škatle, sta prišla nazaj z dvema kantama sveže zamešane barve in pobelila stene. Andrej je v tem času sedel v dnevni sobi in se skušal osredotočiti na požirke viskija in na Sibeliusov koncert za violino v d-molu. Opazoval ju je, kako prihajata in odhajata, gledajoč skozi umazane šipe, na katerih so bili še njeni odtisi. Skozi šipe, na katerih je svoje odtise pustil tudi človek, ki bo odnesel zadnje sledi, je pomislil Andrej. Konci prstov so najbolj intimni deli telesa. Snopi živčnih končičev, ki definirajo otipljiv svet, ki definirajo tuje podobe. Ko bodo odšle slike, bo kunjó dobro namočil z alkoholom in počistil šipe. Verjel je, da mu bo to prineslo neke vrste pomiritev. Usedel se je v fotelj in opazoval človeka, ki je nekaj trenutkov od blizu opazoval slike, kot da bi se odločal, katero bo prvo snel s stene. *Kdorkoli je naslikal te stvari ...* je rekel, pogledal Andreja, odkimal in odločno prijel prvo v vrsti. Delal je hitro in spretno. Delal je s spretnostjo rablja, ki bo po vrvi spustil štiri žrtve. Snemanje slik s sten je ravno to, čemur je posvetil celotno življenje, je pomislil Andrej, ko ga je gledal, kako previdno odlaga okvirje na parket. Ko je snel tretjo v vrsti, je velike moške roke približal obrazu, skušajoč na površini platna opaziti rez, ki je pognal kri ven. *Za tega ni rešitve*, je rekel, pogledal Andreja in se zasmejal. *Takšne rane se ne zarastejo*, je dejal z resnim glasom in se obnašal, kot da je rekel nekaj pametnega in pomembnega. *Zdaj pa grem*, je dodal, z dlanmi objel okvirje in krenil proti vratom. Andrej ga je pogledal in želel nekaj povedati, toda v tem trenutku je začel čutiti komaj zaznavno rojenje misli, ki bodo čez nekaj minut, nekaj ur ali dni postale upodobljena pošast, sestavljena iz žalosti, izgube, depresije in smrti. Uvidel je, da se z njimi ne bo mogel boriti in jih premagati in da z njenimi slikami odhajajo še zadnji koščki smisla, ki so podpirali njegovo življenje. Te ženske ni več ljubil in s tem je razčistil že pred nekaj meseci. Včasih si jo je predstavljal golo in se skušal samozadovoljevati, toda erekcija je bila prisiljena in kratkotrajna. Bil je začuden nad hitrostjo, s katero so vsi spomini postajali dvodimenzionalni odsevi brez barve, vonja in okusa. Občutil je nekakšno odtekanje in v nekem trenutku je sebe primerjal s to sliko, z odprtimi žilami, iz katerih hladnokrvno, brez zvokov, brez gibov, brez naglice odteka njegova volja, moč, ljubezen, izginja vse tisto, na kar je navadno pomislil, ko je rekel življenje.

Potem ko je pospremil človeka s slikami, je dvakrat zaklenil vrata. Zazrl se je v svoja stopala in ugotovil, da so mu nohti preveč zrasli. Predstavljal si

je, kako bi bili nožni prsti videti na njeni sliki. Spral je prah z dna kozarca in natočil vanj viski do polovice. Velik požirek se je počasi spuščal proti želodcu. Vonj tekočine z rahlim okusom po dimu mu je napolnil nosnice in povzročil zbadanje v pljučih. Odlasal je z vrnitvijo v dnevno sobo. Bal se je te odsotnosti in prazne stene, s katero se ni želel soočiti. Sliko s prerezanimi žilami mu je podarila za trideseti rojstni dan. Tedaj je to razumel kot zadnje dejanje, ki je kazalo na neizbežno vezanost in napeljevalo na ljubezen. Čakal je na vrtu hotela, srkajoč ekspreso na soncu, nakar se je prikazala ona, ki je nosila nekaj, kar je bilo od daleč podobno veliki beli kuverti. *Zate. Vse najboljše za rojstni dan*, je rekla. Sprejel je poljub in strgal ovojnico. Nekaj trenutkov je opazoval sliko, pri čemer se je v prizoru prerezanih žil in krvavih rok trudil naslutiti sled nežnosti in čustev. Zahvalil se ji je in rekel, da mu je slika všeč. Rekel je, da jo bo, brž ko se vrne domov, obesil na steno. Rekel je, da bo slika visela v dnevni sobi nasproti fotelja, v katerem je rad preživil čas. Ona je naročila dve kepici vanilijevega sladoleda, on pa še en ekspreso. Sliko je odložil na sosednji stol. Ob navalu toplega vetra je bel papir zašelestel, potem pa je zdrsel nekaj metrov po marmornatih tleh hotelske terase. Sliko sta skupaj obesila na steno. Potem sta se ljubila v tem velikem fotelju. Okobalila ga je, tako da je ves čas, medtem ko je poljubljal njen dišeči vrat, lahko skozi pramene las gledal krvave odseve rok. Na živce so mu šle slike *brez naslova*. Odpovedovanje besedam je imel Andrej za pretenciozno in zlovešče.

Hitro je izpraznil kozarec in si natočil še enega do polovice. Zaprl je okno, spustil rolete in zagrnil zavese. Ugriznil je v jabolko, ki je že dneve stalo na hladilniku, potem pa je zalogaj izpljunil na tla. Zadah po kisli gnilobi mu je prepobil nebo v ustih. Ta zadah se je pomešal z vonjem viskija v njegovem dahu in ga prisilil, da zakašlja. Prižgal je cigareto in povlekel z vso močjo. Predstavljal si je, kako se dim spušča skozi pljučne mehurčke, kako vstopa v nevidne votlinice in jih napolnjuje z delčki umetnega smisla. Medtem ko je hodil proti fotelju, je zrl v svoja stopala. Noht na levem palcu je bil nekoliko krajši. Modri obrisi žil so spominjali na drevo brez listja. Ugasnil je cigareto v pepelniku, na dnu katerega je bilo naslikano morje in nekaj cipres. Nato je počasi dvignil pogled in opazoval steno. Mesto, na katerem so visele roke, so uokvirjali pravokotnik pepelaste barve in delčki prahu. Čutil je, da se mu v želodcu vzdiguje; cvetenje neke črne snovi, je pomislil, ki se je počasi širila po telesu, naznanjajoč dokončnost. Zrl je v to odsotnost na steni in ji skušal dati pomen. Zaslišal je, kako se severni veter prebija skozi borove veje, in po vsem telesu začutil kovinsko hladnost. Na Andrejevem čelu so se zbrale drobne kapljice znoja. Z desno dlanjo si je obrisal čelo, potem pa je zelo natančno zavihal rokave bele srajce, tako da jih je imel nad komolcem. Stisnil je roke v pest in opazoval gibanje mišic pod zategnjeno kožo. Imel je močne roke, skozi katere je teklo veliko krvi. Andrej je s cigareto med ustnicami napolnil še en kozarec z viskijem in vključil radiator. Naraščajoča vročina je povzročila, da se je železo začelo širiti in pokati. Vrnil se je v fotelj in zaprl oči.

Presenetila ga je hitrost, s katero se je vse skupaj zgodilo. Najprej je začutil prijetno toploto na desni dlani. Bolečina je prišla šele nekaj dolgih trenutkov zatem: ko je odprl oči, ko je dvignil desno roko, ko je iz leve izpustil bleščeče se rezilo. Ni verjel, da lahko zareže tako globoko. Rez se je zdaj izgubljal pod enakomernimi navali krvi, ki se je zlivala iz žil in povsod puščala črne madeže. Počasi je vstal in krenil k steni. Z dvema prstoma je pritisnil na rano in umazane podlakte naslonil na steno znotraj obrisov okvirja, trudeč se posnemati izvornik. Podobnost je definirala metafore, ki mu jih ni uspevalo spreminjati v besede. Tanke rdeče proge so počasi polzele po beli površini stene, vse, na kar je Andrej v tem trenutku pomislil, pa je bilo to, da slika prihaja ven iz okvirja, da se končno osvobaja, s čimer razkriva svojo pravo naravo in definira neki smisel. Naglo je začutil močno zaspanost. Pred očmi so se mu zasvetile drobne zelene iskre. Z vsakim trenom vek so dobile drugačno barvo in Andrej je verjel, da med temi barvami vidi črne robove neke starodavne toplote, ki bo vsak trenutek posesala telo. Ko je umaknil roke s stene, so znotraj obrisov okvirja ostali obrisi njegovih rok: obstojni in večni, je pomislil, medtem ko se je trudil obvladovati korake. Opotekajoč se je prišel do fotelja, iz katerega bo lahko mirno opazoval steno in nove pomene na njej. Zaželel si je, da bi ob vsem tem slišal nežno šepetanje: miren glas, ki bi razlagal pojave in stvari. Trudil se je zadržati veke odprte, toda ko si je želel pometi oči, je doumel, da roke negibno ležijo z dlanmi, obrnjenimi proti vesolju. Opazoval jih je kot predmete, ki jih je nekdo snel s stene in pomotoma položil v njegovo naročje. Kot pravkar naslikane oblike, ki se počasi sušijo. Po tej misli je Andrej vdihnil in izdihnil še sedemnajstkrat.

Prevedel Dean Rajčić

Cut, Copy, Paste

*Got to hurry on back to my hotel room,
Where I've got me a date with Botticelli's niece.
She promised that she 'd be right there with me
When I paint my masterpiece.*
(Bob Dylan, 1971)

He appeared at the door and said: *I came for the pictures*. In fact he said: *They sent me for the pictures*. And when Andrej asked: *What pictures?* he stuck his hand through the crack in the door and said: *Those over there, the red ones*. He said *red* though that color actually only appeared in one of them. Strong male hands in the foreground and two fingers pressing on veins that had just been cut. Dots of oil paint, some fine and indifferent; some larger, shiny and foreboding. The right hand bare, smeared up to the elbow. Blood being squeezed from the canvas. The sleeve of the white shirt neatly turned up to the middle of the forearm. Andrej waited for several seconds, glanced back at the wall once more, and then opened the door wide and gave a sour grin to the man who had come that morning for his paintings. The man said his name was Tod and at that same instant a white envelope appeared, going through the door of the apartment led by someone's right hand. On a small piece of awkwardly folded paper, it said in thick letters: *I need the pictures. Exhibition*. In the lower left-hand corner, next to the signature, the pen had punched a hole in the paper, and this led Andrej to think that his ex-wife had composed the ultimatum on her knees. He sniffed the envelope and the piece of paper but he did not find a trace of anything except the stench of the cellulose and paper industry. It occurred to him that the tone of the text was also in accord with that smell and for one instant he had the desire to smell the being waiting on the other side of the threshold just so he could complete the picture. *Your wife sent me, you know... It's probably all explained in the letter. I didn't read it... believe me. I just want to pick them up and go. A picture is just a picture*, he said and took an uncertain step, placing his heavy black shoe on the doorstep. Andrej stepped back from his body and caught a whiff of the metallic smell of sweat mixed with that of cotton and shaving lotion. *So, tell me what does my wife look like?* he asked as if he were demanding a confirmation of her identity, though he really said it just to have fun. He had never heard a description of his wife in the words of another man. He hoped that this guy would start to analyze her body, he hoped that he would be vulgar. *If you don't believe me you can call her*, was all he said as he took a telephone from his pocket. He was trying to leave the impression of being a professional. He took another step forward and was standing with both feet on the dirty tiles, nervously looking at the paintings through the French doors of the living room. Andrej stepped aside and gestured that the guy could go in and

take the paintings. Those were the last things she had left behind. In the first months after their break up she came by once a week with her younger sister and, without comment, emptied the closets, the shelves in the bathroom and the kitchen cupboard. She took everything, even the half-empty body milk, the coffee cup with Dali's moustache, the tweezers, the nail clippers and the incense. She gathered up things as if she were hiding the evidence of a tragedy, the traces of a catastrophe that had annihilated a town that, now, it would be better to wipe from the face of the earth, to destroy the artifacts so that the whim of oblivion could open the door wide. Her smell disappeared from the apartment two weeks after her departure. The room where she painted and which she did not want to call a studio, that was the one she emptied last. She showed up one morning with two tipsy workers who took cardboard boxes and filled them with her painting utensils, together with the garbage, furnishings and the clumps of paint stuck to the parquet flooring. When they had removed the boxes, they reappeared with two buckets of freshly mixed paint and did the walls. While this was going on, Andrej sat in the living room trying to concentrate on gulps of whisky and Sibelius' *Violin Concerto in D Minor*. He watched them coming and going through the filthy glass where he could still see her fingerprints. Through the glass where the man left his fingerprints as he took away the last traces of her, thought Andrej. The fingertips are the most intimate parts of the body. The bundles of nerve endings that define the tangible world, that define foreign objects. Once the paintings were gone, he would soak a rag in alcohol and polish the glass. He believed that that would bring him some sort of tranquility. He sat in the armchair and watched the man who looked at the paintings carefully for a few minutes, as if he were deciding which he would remove from the wall first. *Whoever it was that painted these things...* he said, looking at Andrej, he shook his head and grabbed the first one in the series. He worked quickly and skillfully. He worked with the dexterity of an executioner who is about to hang four victims. Taking paintings off walls, that is what he has actually devoted his life to, Andrej thought watching him as he carefully laid the frames on the wooden floor. When he took down the third one in the row, his strong masculine hands went to his face as he tried to see the cut on the canvass that was pushing the blood out. *There's no hope for this guy,* he said, looking at Andrej and smiling. *Wounds like these don't heal,* he said in serious tones, acting as if he had said something smart and significant. *I'm leaving now,* he gathered up the frames and headed toward the door. Andrej looked at him and wanted to say something, but then he started to feel that atomized confusion of thought that would, either in a few minutes, hours or days, form into a monster made up of sadness, loss, depression and death. He realized that he would not manage to cope with that and that, as the last of her paintings departed, so did the last bits of sense that gave life meaning. He no longer loved that woman and he had reached closure about that a few months ago. Occasionally he imagined her naked

and attempted to masturbate but his erections were forced and short-lived. He was surprised by the speed with which all the memories became two-dimensional flashes, colorless, odorless and tasteless. He felt a different kind of effluence, and at one moment he even compared himself with that painting, with the open veins from which his will, strength and love were draining, cold-bloodedly, without sound, movement or haste; everything that he normally thought of when he said "life" was disappearing.

After he had seen off the man with the paintings, he double-locked the door. He looked at his feet and concluded that his nails had grown too long. He imagined what toes would look like in one of her paintings. He rinsed the dust from the bottom of a glass and filled it halfway with whisky. A large gulp slowly descended into his stomach. The smell of the smoky fluid filled his nostrils and made his lungs tingle. He delayed his return to the living room. He was afraid of the absence and of the empty wall that he did not wish to face. She had given him the painting with the sliced veins for his thirtieth birthday. At the time, he had taken that as the final act which gave evidence of the certainty of their relationship and indicated love. He waited for her in the courtyard of a hotel, drinking espresso in the sun, and she appeared, carrying something that looked from afar like a large white envelope. *For you. Happy Birthday*, she said. He accepted her kiss and tore the wrapping paper. For a few seconds he tried to find a trace of gentleness and emotion in the scene of sliced veins and bloody hands. He thanked her and said that he liked the painting. He said he would hang it on the wall as soon as he got home. He said that the painting would hang in the living room in front of the armchair where he liked to spend his time. She ordered two scoops of vanilla ice cream, and he took another espresso. He set the painting on a nearby chair. A gust of warm wind rustled the white paper, and then it carried it a few yards away, sliding it along the marble floor tiles of the hotel terrace. They hung the painting on the wall together. Then they made love in that big armchair. She straddled him and, the whole time he was kissing her perfumed neck, he could see the bloody reflection of the hand through the locks of her hair. Paintings that were *untitled* irritated him. Andrej considered the forfeiture of words to be pretentious and sinister.

He quickly drained the glass and poured another like it. He shut the window, closed the blinds and drew the curtains. He took a bite of an apple that had been sitting on the refrigerator for days, and then spit it out on the floor. The stench of sour-rot filled his palate. That stench mingled with the smell of whiskey in his breath and made him clear his throat. He lit a cigarette and took a long hard drag. He imagined the smoke descending into his alveoli, going down into the invisible hollows and filling them with particles of artificial meaning. As he walked over to the armchair, he looked at his feet. The nail on his left big toe was a bit shorter. The blue outlines of his veins looked like a tree without leaves. He put out his cigarette

in an ashtray that had the ocean and several cypress trees portrayed on its bottom. Only then did he slowly look up and observe the wall. The place where the hands had hung was framed by a rectangle the color of ash and dust. He felt his stomach turn; the blossoming of some dark substance, he thought, that slowly spread throughout his body, announcing finality. He looked at the absence on the wall and tried to assign a meaning to it. He heard the north wind rushing through the pines and felt a steely cold in his very bones. Tiny drops of sweat gathered on Andrej's brow. With his right hand he wiped his forehead, and then he quite precisely turned the sleeves of his white shirt up, raising them above his elbows. He squeezed his fist and observed the flexing of the muscles beneath the tightened skin. He had powerful hands and a lot of blood had flowed through them. With a cigarette between his lips, Andrej filled another glass of whisky and turned on the heater. The rising heat made the iron expand and pop. He returned to the armchair and closed his eyes.

The speed with which it all took place surprised him. First he felt a pleasant warmth on his right palm. The pain came only a few seconds later: when he opened his eyes, when he raised his right hand, when he dropped the shining blade from his left. He didn't believe that he could cut so deeply. The cut was now lost under the rhythmical spurts of blood that flowed out and left dark spots everywhere. He got up and walked slowly toward the wall. With two fingers he pressed the wound and pressed his smeared forearms into the outline of the frame, trying not to betray the original. The similarity defined metaphors that he had not managed to express in words. Then red lines slowly ran down the white surface of the wall, and the only thing Andrej thought at that moment was: that the picture was coming out of the frame, that it was finally being liberated, revealing its true nature, defining some kind of meaning. He suddenly felt a heavy drowsiness. Small green sparks glittered before his eyes. Each blink of his eyelids changed their color, and among those colors Andrej believed he saw the black limbo of some ancient warmth that would suck up his body at any moment. When he took his arms from wall, the outlines of his hands remained within the outline of the frame: steady and eternal, he thought as he tried to control his steps. He staggered over to the armchair from where he could look at the wall in peace, along with the new meaning on it. He wished, in addition to all of that, that he could hear a gentle whispering: a calm voice explaining phenomena and things. He tried to keep his eyes open but when he tried to rub his eyes he realized that his hands were lying with their palms facing upward. He looked at them as if they were objects someone had taken from the wall and accidentally placed in his lap. Like just-painted shapes that were slowly drying. After that thought, Andrej inhaled and exhaled seventeen more times.

Agron Tufa



Agron Tufa se je rodil leta 1967 v Debaru. Študiral je albanistiko na Univerzi v Tirani, pozneje pa svetovno književnost na Literarnem inštitutu Maksim Gorki v Moskvi. V Moskvi je obiskoval Rusko državno univerzo humanističnih ved (RGGU), kjer je magistriral na področju književnega prevajanja, s poudarkom na poeziji Josifa Brodskega. Je pesnik, pisatelj, prevajalec iz ruščine in profesor tuje književnosti 20. stoletja na Filološki fakulteti Univerze v Tirani. Napisal je dve pesniški zbirki *Aty tek portat Skee* (Tam, pred vrati Troje, 1996) in *Rrethinat e Atlantidës* (Okoliš Atlantide, 2002), romane *Dueli* (Dvoboj, 1998), *Fabula rasa* (2004), za katerega je prejel državno nagrado Republike Albanije za književnost »Srebrno pero«, *Mërkuna e Zezë* (Črna sreda, 2006) in *Tenxherja* (Lonca, 2009), za katerega je prejel nagrado Republike Kosovo »Rexhai Surroi« za najboljši roman v albanškem jeziku, ter zbirko esejev *Kuja e Mnemozinës* (Mnemozinino tuljenje, 2010).

*Agron Tufa was born in 1967 in Debar. He studied Albanian philology at the University of Tirana and later world literature at the Maxim Gorky Literature Institute in Moscow. There he also studied at the Russian State University for the Humanities (RGGU), where he obtained his MA in literary translation, with emphasis on the poetry of Joseph Brodsky. He is a poet, author, translator from Russian and a 20th Century Foreign Literature professor at the Philological Faculty at the University of Tirana. His works include the books of poetry *Aty tek portat Skee* (*There at the Scaean Gates*, 1996) and *Rrethinat e Atlantidës* (*The Surroundings of Atlantis*, 2002), the novels *Dueli* (*The Duel*, 1998), *Fabula Rasa* (2004) for which he won the National Albanian "Silver Quill" Literary Award; *Mërkuna e Zezë* (*Black Wednesday*, 2006) and *Tenxherja* (*The Pot*, 2009) for which he won the National Kosovar "Rexhai Surroi" Award for the best Albanian novel; as well as the collection of essays *Kuja e Mnemozinës* (*Mnemozinës Howl*, 2010).*

Elegji për dritën

Ka nisë me u zhburosë drita: çdo rrezë
me pingrimë çan e then qafën si fyell kristali ndër gurë
ku majmet e panjohuna me bojën e vet.

Si bukë e ardhun, e mbrueme shekave t'errta -
drita ka nisë me teptisë.

Dheu asht i lagësht, qielli - i vramë;
fitypremë dergjen buzëprroni krenja t'paqarta ushtarësh
kërleshun me rrajë drandofillash.

Gurgullon i çartun hamendjesh
uji i shterrun qyshkur.

Ka nisë me u zhburosë drita,
me u rrëxue përjashtë -
thes i artë me kashtë
prej frëngjive picirrake t'ksollës.

Me mendje ngarend dhe e prek,
ngarend dhe e prek,
e puth me buzët me bojë
kambanën në ag.

Tue qa me gjys ngashrime falem:
“Lavde, Zotynë, për dritën
që na e ep ma të madhe se Ndriçuesin!”

E dallgë mbas dallge, dallgë mbas dallge
tue e lpi si kurmin e Afërditës
e shtyn terrin me fshesë
deri kur drita kapet për majë.

Orfeu

Jeta jote – burgosur aq mirë,
 Mbështjellë puthitur e pa drojë
 Me fletët rrotullame të një qepe
 E flijoi, ah, thelbin e vet
 Me të mshehtat e mbrame –
 Kur tehu i thikës feksi
 Ngulmueshëm, duke grirë
 Zembrën tënde të njomë -
 Topitur erudicionesh fiktive.

Lotët e Euridikës në kuzhinë
 S'kanë tjetër shkak
 Pos faktit
 Që ti je i vetmi ingredient lotsjellës
 Në sallatën e rëndomtë familjare.

Moskë, 2001

Engjëj në krizë

...Sa qeshë kthyer nga lufta e fundit. Duart më hanin për parmendë, andaj mësyva drejt plevicës. Shtyva deriçkën dhe, kur sytë më qenë mësuar me mugun e lagështirtë që kundërmonte erë të përndezur myku, mend më mbyti dhimbsuria nga pamja kundruall: - një deng me engjëj që teshtinin në qoshe. Njërit i qenë përsekuqur bajamet e nuk gëlltitej dot, nësa një tjetri, gulshe ngashërimash i fureshin në gabzherr. Engjëj të tjerë anemikë, memzi më thanë me gjysmë zëri se shoku i tyre paskësh rënë tragjikisht në dashuri me harkun e një sharre dhëmbërënë në murin përkarshi, nësa përgjigjja vononte. Engjëlli i tretë përpiqej dëshpërueshëm të spikaste me shenja, por s'ia dilte dot, ngase një engjëll i katërt, për shaka, i rrate dorën gjer në ezofag, sapo sivëllai i tij gogësinte. Dhe gogësinte ky i gjorë krye çdo dy-tre minutash. E dhimbshme – t'i shihje ashtu, të zbehtë e të ndryshkur lagështire, mbledhur stivë në qoshk, as me qenë duaj thekre. I trazova me sfurk dhe i qita jashta për diell. Mandej urdhërova shërbëtoren t'i gostiste me çaj të nxehtë e biskota dhe lypa të dija, me shpresë mos ndërmendnin sadogrimë, misionet e tyre të harruara.

Tiranë 01.01.2002

* * *

Ty të kujtohet qielli tjetër: i gjerë e i huaj;
 turma e të panjohurve në rrugë, automobilët...
 dhe dëbora e pjerrët – mbulon pothuaj
 si vual pikëlor zhurmat, pamjet, stinët -
 po më së pari – kurmet lakuriq, të bardhë
 të të dashurave të trishta.
 Ç'u bë me to vallë? Ku shkoi ajo enigmë e valë
 që shkepej e purpurt prej buzëve të tyre të mishta?
 Herëdokur, si karusel i prishur, stepin të ngrira
 fragmente të gjymta peisazhesh, interieresh,
 copëra frazash, përgjërime n'errësirë... Perspektiva
 ndalon prerë dhe njëherësh -
 sikur lë të kuptojë, se retina pëlçet prapa velit -
 nga drita çnjerëzore në fund të tunelit...

Vjenë, shtator 2005

Jashtë

Ngrihesh në mëngjes
 Dhe kujtohesh se nuk e di se ku e ke lënë syrin.
 Njërin harron se e ke lënë në shpinë
 E tjetri ka pikuar nga çezmja në heshtje.
 Pastaj kujtohesh se vetëm je zgjuar
 Dhe gjithçka ka qenë një ndodhi pa qerpikë.
 Piqen kushtet
 Dhe respekti vërshon si katarakt mbi kafkën e shkuar.
 Të duket se gjithmonë
 Ke kositur jonxhë, e
 Një flijim i butë plot aromë klorofili
 Lëron pandehmat e tua bujqësore.
 Fëmijëri lucide,
 E ndodhur rregullisht dhe pa pendesë,-
 Si gjithë gjërat e dobishme, pa të cilat
 S'do të ekzistonin elipset dhe metafizika,
 Fluturimet dhe rëniet, humbjet
 E anijeve liburne
 Në kurrmin e squllët dhe praktik të burrit...

Harresa e tashme me harrimin e shkuar
 Aq bukur përputhen.

Prova e tokës

Gjithë verës viti ka patur dymbëdhjetë stinë.
 Iku shpesëria. . .
 Plepi i vetmuar nga elegjitet
 Firmosi marrëveshje me barin.
 Hyri njeriu me sëpatë
 Dhe shijoi pak tul të bardhë plepi-
 Varet se si e shijoi, po,
 Gjithsesi, me pak dhembje në mish.
 Vetëmse njeriu s'është më.
 As bari.
 As plepi.
 Nga gjithë ai ring asgjësimi
 Më i fituar del bari sipri varrit.
 I vdekuri kupton tashmë
 Se s'është çështje sedre, por ekzistence.
 Megjithatë, psherëtin për mëtejshmërinë:
 Sa stinë do të ketë pranvera?
 Një Zot e di se ç'do të bëhet me dritën...
 Një Zot e di se ç'do të bëhet me Zotin...
 E zoti bën duke zhbërë.

Shirat të prajshëm, epshorë
 Për të pohuar madhërisht mohimin.

E rëndë, e rëndë qenka prova e tokës.

Shqipëria

Shqipëria është më e madhe se toka e saj,
 Se qielli i shtrirë pingul.
 Ajo është ëndërr e thinjur anije -
 Jaht që greminat puth.

Me krahë rreh plagët-gjak t'i mbyllë
 Tek përpëlitet përgjysmuar.
 Ajo s'është pjesë planeti, por yll, -
 Loti që Zotit i pati pikuar.

Elegija svetlobi

Začela se je osvobajati svetloba: vsak žarek
se z odmevom vratolomno kot piščal spušča po kamnih,
kjer se neznanka v svoji barvi bohoti.

Kot vzhajajoči kruh v temnih posodah
je vzkipela svetloba.

Zemlja je vlažna, nebo – oblačno;
ob potoku razmršeno počivajo motne glave vojakov,
obrasle s koreninami rož.

Žubori, besna v slutnjah,
že davno posušena voda.

Začela se je osvobajati svetloba,
prodirati navzven –
zlat slamnat žakelj
skozi majhna okna koč.

V mislih hitim in se dotikam,
hitim in se dotikam,
z našminkanimi ustnicami
poljubljam zvon v jutru.

Jokaje, napol ganjen, molim:
»Hvaljen bodi Bog za svetlobo,
ki nam jo daješ, močnejšo od Svetilnika!«

In val za valom, val za valom,
kot bi lizal Afroditino telo,
z metlo odrivaš temo,
da bi svetloba dosegla vrhove.

Orfej

Tvoje življenje – tako dobro prikrito,
zalepljeno in neustrašno ovito
v velike okrogle liste čebule.
Žrtvovalo je svoje jedro
za poslednje skrivnosti,
rezilo noža se je blesketalo,
ko je vztrajno sekljalo
tvoje mlado srce –
premrlo od namišljenih erudicij.

Evridikine solze v kuhinji
nimajo drugega razloga
razen tega,
da si ti edina solzilna sestavina
v običajni družinski solati.

Moskva, 2001

Angeli v krizi

... Komaj sem se bil vrnil iz zadnje vojne. V rokah sem čutil poželenje po plugu, zato sem se napotil proti koči. Odrinil sem majhna vrata in ko so se mi oči privadile na vlažno temo, ki je vonjala po sežgani plesni, me je obšla bolečina ob tem, kar sem videl: pred mano je bilo nabito polno angelov, ki so ždeli v kotu in kihali. Eden je imel vnete mandeljne in ni mogel požirati, drugi pa je imel težave s sapnikom. Ostali anemični angeli so mi polglasno povedali, da se je njihov prijatelj nesrečno zaljubil v lok brez zobe žage na nasprotnem zidu, ki ni kazal interesa. Tretji angel je obupano krilil, da bi nekaj povedal, vendar mu ni uspelo, ker mu je četrti angel vsakič, ko se mu je zazehalo, za šalo potisnil roko globoko v požiralnik. Revček pa je zehal vsaki dve do tri minute. Žalostno jih je bilo videti takšne, blede in zarjavele od vlage, zbrane v kotu, podobne snopom rži. Zrahljal sem jih z vilami in jih pognal na sonce. Nato sem ukazal služkinji, naj jih pogosti s toplim čajem in piškoti in poizve, v upanju da se spomnijo, kakšna je njihova pozabljena misija.

Tirana 01.01.2002

* * *

Se spomniš drugega neba – širnega in tujega:
gruč neznancev na cesti, avtomobilov ...
in poševnega snega – ki kot kapljasti pokrov
prekriva hrup, poglede, letne čase –
predvsem pa – golih, belih teles
prestrašenih ljubic.
Kaj se jim je zgodilo? Kam je izginila ta vroča škrlatna
enigma, izravana iz njihovih mesnatih ustnic?
Neizbežno se, kot pokvarjen vrtiljak, ustavljajo zamrznjeni,
hromi fragmenti pokrajin, interierjev,
delci fraz, hrepenenja v temi ... Perspektiva se na mah in
nepričakovano ustavi –
kot da bi za tančico počila mrežnica
zaradi nezemeljske svetlobe na koncu tunela ...

Dunaj, september 2005

Zunaj

Zjutraj se zbudiš
in se spomniš, da ne veš, kje si pustil oči.
Pozabljaš, da si eno pustil na hrbtu,
drugo pa je v tišini steklo iz pipe.
Nato se spomniš, da si se le zbudil,
in da se je vse zgodilo brez vek.
Pogoji dozoriijo
in spoštovanje kot slap preplavi lobanjo iz sanj.
Zdi se ti, da si že od
nekdaj žel deteljo,
in da mehko žrtvovanje, ki diši po klorofilu,
orje tvoje kmečke iluzije.
Lucidno otroštvo,
povsem običajno in brez obžalovanja,
kot vse koristne reči, brez katerih
ne bi bilo elips in metafizike,
letenja in padcev, izgub
liburnijskih ladij
v mlahavem in praktičnem moškem telesu ...

Sedanja pozaba se s prejšnjo pozabljivostjo
izredno lepo ujema.

Dokaz zemlje

Poleti je leto imelo dvanajst letnih časov.

Ptice so zbežale ...

Od elegije osamljen topol
je podpisal dogovor s travo.

Prišel je človek s sekiro
in užil kanček topolovega mozga –
kako ga je zaužil, se ne ve,
pa vendar z rahlo bolečino v mesu.

A človeka ni več.

Ne trave.

Ne topola.

Na celotnem bojišču uničenja
je zmagovalka trava na grobu.

Mrlič že razume,
da ne gre za ponos, temveč za obstoj,
čeprav vzdihuje po vnaprejšnjem:
Koliko letnih časov bo imela pomlad?

Sam Bog ve, kaj bo s svetlobo ...

Sam Bog ve, kaj bo z Bogom ...

In gospod ustvarja tako, da razkraja.

Dež stagnira v želji,
da veličastno potrdi negacijo.

Težek je, težek dokaz zemlje.

Albanija

Albanija je večja od svojega ozemlja,
od navpično razprostrtega neba.
Ona je starodavni sen ladje –
jahta, ki poljublja grebene.

S krili frfota, da bi rane krvave zacelila,
prhutajoče na pol razklana.

Ni del planeta, temveč zvezda -
solza, od Boga poslana.

1991

Elegy on Light

And the light has emerged, each of its rays
Breaking and shattering like a crystal flute upon the rocks
Swelling in colours all its own.

Forth pours the light, rising
Like dough from sombre troughs.

Moist is the soil, overcast the sky,
At brookside gorge ghostly figures of soldiers
Tousled by rosy fingers.

Streams long gone dry
Gurgle now in a rave of murmurs.

And the light has emerged,
Bales, their golden hay
Tumbling gently
'gainst the tiny cottage windows.

Hastening, the sunlight touches,
Hastens and touches,
Kisses the bell at dawn
With its painted lips.

With sobs of apprehension, I gush:
“Praise be to God for the light
Given unto us, greater than the Illuminator himself!”

Wave after wave, wave after wave,
Its licks with its tongues the body of Aphrodite,
Sweeping night away
Until the sun has seized the summits.

Orpheus

Your tears – so well disguised –
 Enveloped and finely fitted
 Within the curved peelings of an onion,
 That sacrificed – alas – its very essence
 Hidden in the core
 When it was stabbed
 By the gleaming blade
 That minced your tender heart
 Sleepy with fictive erudition.

Eurydice's tears in the kitchen
 Have no source
 But you,
 The only lachrymogenic ingredient
 In the prosaic family salad.

(Moscow, 2001)

Angels in Crisis

... I had just returned from the last war. My hands were longing for the plough as I headed for the shed. I pushed open the door and, when I got used to the dark and the damp that reeked of mould and mildew, I was overcome by the vision before me – a bale of angels sneezing in the corner. One had swollen glands and couldn't swallow, another gasped and struggled for breath. The other anaemic angels stammered in low voices to explain that one of their number had fallen tragically in love with the curved blade of the coarse-toothed saw on the other wall, but it had shown no interest in him. The third angel was all in a flutter trying desperately to say something, but failed because a fourth angel was squeezing his oesophagus for fun as the poor fellow gaped and belched for a full two to three minutes. A sorry sight they were indeed, sallow and covered in fungus, all huddled in a corner with less space than the sheaves of rye. I poked at them with my pitchfork and threw them out into the sun. Then, telling the farm hand to give them a cup of hot tea and some biscuits, I cautiously inquired if they could remember the goal of their forgotten mission.

(Tirana, 1 January 2002)

* * *

Do you remember that other sky – so fathomless and foreign,
The shifting crowds in the streets, the cars,
And the snow swirling down upon us, covering
Like a glittering veil all the noise, visions, seasons – but
Above all – the shiver-white naked bodies
Of desperate loves.
Whatever happened to them? Where is the enigma
That dissolved in the purple of their fleshy lips?
Inevitably then, like a maimed carousel, the lame fragments
Falter frozen in landscapes and interiors,
Daubs of phrases, vows in the dark... Suddenly and forever
The perspective is severed,
As if some retina had burst behind the canvas -
From the inhuman glare at the tunnel's end.

(Vienna, September 2005)

Out

You get up in the morning
And remember you don't know where you left your eyes.
One, you forget you left at home,
The other dripped from a tap in silence.
Then you remember that you are only awake
And everything happened devoid of eyelids.
The conditions ripen
And respect flows like a cataract over that one-time skull.
You seem to have been harvesting
Lucerne forever and
A gentle sacrifice full of the smell of chlorophyll
Ploughs your farm-boy illusions.
A lucid childhood,
Lived normally and without regret,
Like all useful things, without which
There would be no ellipses or metaphysics,
No flights and crashes, no losses
Of Liburnian galleys
In the limp and practical body of man...

Present neglect and past oblivion,
How well they suit one another.

The Proof of the Land

The year had twelve seasons all summer long.
 Fowl fled...
 The lone, elegiac poplar
 Signed a contract with the grass.
 Entered a man with a hatchet
 And sampled some of the pale poplar's pith,
 Yet, it depends on how he filched it.
 At any rate, with some pain in the flesh.
 But the man is no longer,
 Nor the grass,
 Nor the poplar.
 In all this struggle of annihilation
 The grass wins out over the tomb.
 The dead man now comprehends
 That it isn't a question of pride, but of existence.
 Yet, he sighs for posterity.
 How many seasons will the springtime have?
 God only knows what will happen with the light...
 God only knows what will happen with God...
 And the lord continues his undoing.

The rains fall stagnant, salacious
 To affirm in grandeur their denial.

Ponderous, the proof of the land.

Albania

Albania is greater than its soil,
 Than the sky stretching upwards above it.
 It is the ancient dream of a ship,
 A yacht kissing the depths.

It flaps and flutters in two halves,
 Wings beating to sear bloody wounds.
 It is not part of this planet, but a star,
 A tear fallen from the eye of the Lord.

1991

Translated by Robert Elsie and Janice Mathie-Heck

Artūras Valionis



Foto © Darius Jurevičius

Artūras Valionis se je rodil leta 1973 v kraju Druskininkai v Litvi. Študiral je sociologijo na Vilenski univerzi in na Srednjeevropski univerzi v Varšavi, doktoriral pa je na Poljski akademiji znanosti. Kot pesnik je v kulturnem tisku debitiral leta 1995. Njegova prva samostojna pesniška zbirka nosi naslov *Skrendant nelieka pėdsakų* (Če letimo, ne puščamo sledi, 2003), njegova druga z naslovom *Apytiksliai trys. eilėraščiai - Rinktinės kalbos ir tostai įvairioms progoms* (Približno tri. pesmi – izbrani govori in zdravice ob različnih priložnostih) pa naj bi izšla spomladi 2012. Sodeluje tudi z džezovskimi glasbeniki. Leta 2003 je na mednarodnem festivalu »Druskininška pesniška jesen« sodeloval pri projektu *Sonatina keturiems poetų balsams, obojui, kontrabosui ir mušamiesiems* (Sonatina za štiri pesniške glasove, oboo, kontrabas in tolkala), ki ga je zasnoval tolkalist Vladimir Tarasov. Njegova poezija je bila prevedena v angleščino, katalonščino, latgalščino, letonščino, makedonščino, poljščino in švedščino.

Artūras Valionis was born in 1973 in Druskininkai, Lithuania. He studied sociology at Vilnius University and at the Central European University in Warsaw, and obtained his Ph.D. from the Polish Academy of Sciences. As a poet, he made his debut in cultural publications in 1995. His first volume of poetry is titled Skrendant nelieka pėdsakų (No Traces When Flying, 2003), while his second, titled Apytiksliai trys. eilėraščiai - Rinktinės kalbos ir tostai įvairioms progoms (Approximately Three. Poems – Selected Speeches and Toasts at Various Occasions), is due in spring 2012. He also collaborates with jazz musicians. In 2003, he participated in the percussionist Vladimir Tarasov's project Sonatina keturiems poetų balsams, obojui, kontrabosui ir mušamiesiems (Sonatina for the Voices of Four Poets, Oboe, Double Bass, and Percussion) at the "Druskininkai Poetry Fall" festival. His poetry has been translated into English, Catalan, Latgalian, Latvian, Macedonian, Polish and Swedish.

Kalba**Sakoma atsiimant premiją už****II-ją (III-ją, IV-ją ir t.t.) vietą ar****Norint kam nors už ką nors padėkoti**

Ir aš esu užmušęs.

Varlę.

Pati leidos užmėtoma, gal labai nejautrios odos buvo,

o gal kadangi vis tiek fontane nebuvo vandens,
koks skirtumas, koku pavidalu, forma, gulėti
ant saulės, ant akmenų?

Atstumas piktybiškai viską iškraipo,
dabar rasčiau ne vieną priežastį –
už ką arba kodėl:

visų pirma, už tai, kad leidosi,
kad užmėtoma anei krust,
tik tiek kiek nuo smūgio

(manau žinot visi, kaip tai užknisa),

na ir šiaip – už tai, kad neįsitempus,
jai neniežti, nereikia
kasytis, nuolat,

jai vis vien,
jokio garso po pirmo pataikymo,

kad, rodos, neturi dėl ko jaustis kalta –
toks gyvas priekaištas
(tuo labiau, visiškai nekaltas),

net nesistengiantis nušokuoti į šalį,

jog dėjo ant mūsų, ant mūsų akmenų,
kurių vis tiek atsikratyt turėsime
(o kuo anksčiau, tuo geriau?),

jog fontane nėra vandens,
išdžiūvo,
o kaip jau esu kartą minėjęs,

tiek karštis, tiek šaltis sujaukia protą.

Bergi tačiau, iš kitos pusės pažvelgus
į visą šį apgailėtiną reikalą,
jau tada, šešerių, buvau demokratas:

negyva varlė, jei ir kas pabučiuos,
vargu sugebėtų atvirsti
į kolį kilmingą veikėją

(tiesą sakant, neturėkim iliuzijų: mūsų laikais
nieks nebučiuoja rupūžių anei varlių.
Jei kas ir norėtų – nedrįstų:
monarchijos daugelis bijom mažiau
nei suragėjusių pūslių ant pirštų).

Bet kuriuo atveju, kaip ten bebūtų,
baigdamas vis tik norėčiau įnešti
šiek tiek aiškumo
ir pažymėt, kad nebuva, nesu beširdis,
tik taip išėjo:

tai tik varlė.

Jei ką, galiu kardiogramą parodyt,
visai dar šviežia:
širdis yra, ir veikianti.

(Be to, kiek gi galiu jums kartoti:
fontane vis tiek nebuvo vandens).

** O kodėl tik antrąją (trečiąją, ketvirtąją ir t.t.), paklausit?*

*– Gal pritrūko talento, gal laiko,
dabar tiek visokiausių pagundų, kada susikaupti?
Nors jei atvirai, jei priverktų, galėčiau surasti kitų
savybių, nė kiek ne mažiau genialių:
irzlumą (kartais), nesiskaitymą su kitais (pasitaiko),
sąrašą galima
tęsti ir tęsti, bet vis tiek į šiuos privalumus,
kaip jau supratau,*

atsižvelgta nebuvo

manęs nedomina

einam, sako vienądien, į barą,
ten šokama, supranti, ir alus,
suprantu, aišku, sakau, ne vakar
gimęs,
tiek to, šikart be manęs,
merginos manęs nedomina

kitądien jau šnibžasi, girdžiu:
joo nedomina, tu matai?

man kur tik įėjus,
visi pabrėžtinai
mandagūs, geranoriški:
ką paduot? kaip sveikata?

tik ir laukia, rupūžės,
kol ranka perbrauksiu
sau per plaukus
ar mažąjį pirštelį atkišiu,
kavą begerdamas

ypač tempė ausis,
apie meną kalbai užėjus –
ką gi pasakysiu, kas
man patinka, kas ne,
ieškojo menkiausių ženklų,
ak, koks jautrus, jausmingas,
nesveikai kultūringas,
ir panašiai

pirmąkart pamačiau, koks svarus
mano žodis ar gestas,
kas čia iš mūsų dėmesio centras,
kas kad vietinės reikšmės,
kas dabar galėtų paneigti?

taip ir klausiausi, kaip už nugaros,
man beveik negirdint, kalbėjo, kalbėjo,
už nugaros, man beveik negirdint,
kalbėjo, kalbėjo,
kokią savaitę, gal pusantros,
kol atsibodo
spindėti taip ryškiai

tai ką galvojat, sakykit tiesiai,
snūduriuojantį priešą
puoliau, su tankais ir kavalerija
į patį voratinklio centrą,
tik nuoširdžiai ir atvirai, vis tiek
viską žinau

nebuvo vargšams kur dėtis,
atrodė kaip tas svetimų dalinys,
kurį kadaise vienais apatiniais
susėmė po *pjankės*, be šūvio,
skaičiau kažkada literatūroj,
na ką mes, čia juk tavo reikalas,
tavo apsisprendimas, kuo
domėtis,
laisva valia ir panašiai

aišku, laisva, atsakiau,
jūs debilai teoretikai

turiu moterį,
merginos manęs nedomina,
pletkų išperos jūs,
žiurkės kūneliai
sudžiovinti

aukos jūs mano
eksperimentinės

kursinių darbų
mėsa, laikraštinkai,
žmonės

Dėja vu

Kai įvyko ta *situacija*
su vynu ir vandeniu,
ir maisto produktais,
visi susirinkę, galim
nujaust, net patikint,
buvo laimingi *

Nėr liudijimo, kad kas būtų
prašęs: man prašom balto, tinkamai
atšaldyto, užpraeitų metų
derliaus. Baltas geriau *sueis* prie
žuvies. Duonos nereiks, galit
nedaugint. Geriau salotų ir vaisių.

Kitąkart, jei *prisieis* pakartot
kažką panašaus, nes keliai tai
nežinomi, gali būti sunkiau.
Mūsų taip lengvai nepaimsi.
Turės tam būt pasirengęs.

* *praktiškai viskas
tvarkoj ir dabar,
suvokiam, kad
esam laimingi;
vienas rimtas darbas
ateinantiems metams
beliko: išmokti
jaustis tokiais*

Govor**ob sprejemu nagrade za****II. (III., IV. itd.) mesto* oziroma****Želja, da bi se nekomu za nekaj zahvalil**

Tudi jaz sem ubil.

Žabo.

Sama se je pustila obmetavati, najbrž je imela zelo neobčutljivo kožo,

morda pa ji je bilo vseeno, ker v vodnjaku ni bilo vode, mar je pomembno, v kakšni obliki ležiš na soncu, na kamnih?

Časovna oddaljenost vse nevarno popači, zdaj lahko najdem veliko razlogov – čemu ali zakaj:

predvsem zato, ker je to dovolila, ker med obmetavanjem ni niti trznila, razen malce od udarca

(mislim, da vsi veste, kako to boli),

pa tudi zato – da se ji ne bo več treba napenjati, da je ne bo več srbelo, da se ji ne bo več treba ves čas praskati –

zato ji je bilo vseeno, nobenega stokanja po prvem zadetku,

kot kaže, se ji zato ni treba počutiti krivo – tako živ je očitek (in tako nedolžen),

sploh se ne trudi skočiti stran,

da je legla na naš, na naš kamen, ki se ga bomo morali tako ali tako znebiti (čim prej, tem bolje?),

da v vodnjaku ni vode, presahnila je, in kot sem že nekoč omenil,

lahko tako vročina kot mráz zameglita razum.

Toda če se z druge strani ozrem na ves ta nesrečni dogodek, vidim, da sem že pri šestih letih bil demokrat:

mrtva žaba bi se, četudi bi jo kdo poljubil, težko spremenila v kakšnega plemenitega junaka

(resnici na ljubo, ne domišljajmo si, da v naših časih kdorkoli poljublja krastače ali žabe.

Če pa bi že kdo to želel – si tega ne bi upal: monarhije se večina boji mnogo manj od otrdelih bradavic na prstih.)

V vsakem primeru, kakorkoli že, bi za konec vseeno

rad pojasnil in poudaril, da nisem bil in nisem brez srca, tako je pač naneslo:

to je samo žaba.

Če mi ne verjamete, lahko pokažem kardiograf, pred kratkim narejen: srce obstaja in bije.

(In naj še enkrat ponovim, da v vodnjaku tako ali tako ni bilo vode.)

* In zakaj le drugo (tretje, četrto itd.) boste vprašali?

– Morda nisem imel dovolj talenta, morda časa, zdaj obstaja toliko skušnjav, le kdaj naj se zberem? Odkrito rečeno pa bi lahko, če bi bilo treba, našel tudi druge, nič manj genialne lastnosti: občutljivost (včasih), brezčutnost do drugih (zgodi se), seznam je mogoče širiti in širiti, toda kljub temu teh odlik, kot lahko sklepam,

niso upoštevali

ne zanima me

pojdimo, rečejo nekega dne, v lokal,
tam se pleše, veš, in pivo imajo,
vem, seveda, pravim, nisem
od včeraj,
toda ne grem z vami,
dekleta me ne zanimajo

naslednjega dne že slišim, kako šepetajo:
ne zanimajo ga, a vidiš?

kamorkoli grem,
so vsi pretirano
vljudni, dobrohotni:
s čim naj ti postrežem? kako se počutiš?

samo čakajo, krastače,
da se bom z roko
pogladil po laseh
ali da bom med pitjem kave
iztegnil mezinec

posebej so napenjali ušesa,
ko je pogovor nanesel na umetnost –
kaj neki bom rekel, kaj
mi je všeč in kaj ne,
iskali so najmanjše znake,
oh, kako je občutljiv in nežen,
nenavadno kulturnen,
in podobno

prvič sem opazil, kakšno težo
imajo moje besede ali geste,
kdo med nami je v središču pozornosti,
ne glede na krajevno pomembnost,
kdo lahko to zdaj zanika?

in tako sem poslušal, kako so za hrbtom
govorili in govorili, jaz pa jih skoraj nisem slišal,
za hrbtom, skoraj jih nisem slišal,
so govorili in govorili
kak teden, morda dva,
dokler se nisem naveličal
tako opazno žareti

kaj torej razmišljate, povejte naravnost,
napadel sem dremajočega
sovražnika, s tanki in konjenico
sem prodril v samo središče pajčevine,
iskreno, odkrito povejte, tako ali tako
vse vem

ubožci se niso imeli kam umakniti,
videti so bili kot tista tujska legija,
ki so jo nekoč ujeli v spodnjem perilu
po *pijančevanju*, brez strela,
nekoč sem o tem bral,
kaj moremo pri tem, to je vendar tvoja stvar,
tvoja je odločitev, kdo
te zanima,
svobodno voljo imaš in podobno

seveda, svobodno, sem odgovoril,
vi, kreteni teorije

imam žensko,
dekleta me ne zanimajo,
vi, opravljeni izrodki,
posušena podganja
telesca

vi, poskusne žrtve
mojega

mesa seminarske
naloge, časnikarji,
ljudje

Déjà vu

Ko se je pripetil tisti *dogodek*
z vinom in vodo
ter prehrabnenimi izdelki,
so bili vsi zbrani, kot lahko
predvidevamo ali celo zagotovimo,
srečni *

Ni izpričano, da bi kdo
prosil: zame, prosim, belo, primerno
ohlajeno, iz predlanske
letine. Belo se bolje poda k
ribi. Kruha je dovolj, ne bo vam ga treba
pomnožiti. Raje solato in sadje.

Če se bo še kdaj ponovilo
kaj podobnega, kajti ne ve se,
kaj nas čaka, bo lahko še težje.
Ne bomo se tako zlahka predali.
Moral se bo na to pripraviti.

* *tudi zdaj je*
skoraj vse v najlepšem redu,
ugotovili smo, da
smo srečni;
še eno resno opravilo
nas čaka
v prihodnosti: naučiti se,
kako se srečne tudi počutiti

Prevedel Klemen Pisk

*A Speech**Given upon receiving a prize for
2nd (3rd, 4th, etc.) place or**Wanting to thank someone for something*

I have also killed.

A frog.

It was complicit, perhaps its skin was not sensitive,

or maybe because there was no water in the fountain,
does it matter, what shape, form, it lies
in the sun, on the rocks?

Distance persistently distorts everything,
I will now find several reasons –
for what or why:

first of all, because it let this happen,
didn't even stir,
only from the strike

(I think you all know how annoying this is),

Well, like so – because it is unstrained
if it doesn't itch, you don't have to
scratch it constantly,

it's all the same,
not a single sound after the first hit,

for, it seems, it has nothing to feel guilty about –
this real reproach
(moreover, completely innocent),

Does not even attempt to hop aside,

for it was on our, on our rocks,
which we will still have to get rid of
(oh the sooner, the better?),

for there is no water in the fountain,
it dried out,
as I mentioned before,

both heat and cold muddle the mind.

Although, looking from another perspective
at this entire sad matter,
even then, at six, I was a democrat:

a dead frog, even if kissed,
will unlikely transform
into some noble character

(honestly, let's not have any illusions: these days
no one kisses toads or frogs.
Even if someone wanted to – they wouldn't dare:
most of us are less afraid of a monarchy
than broken blisters on our fingers).

In either case, whatever happened,
concluding, I still want to bring forth
some clarity
and explain, that I was not, am not, heartless,
this just happened:

it was just a frog.

If anything, I can show you a cardiogram,
recently recorded:
I have a heart, and it works.

(Besides, how many times can I tell you:
there was no water in the fountain).

** And why just the second (third, fourth, etc.), you might ask?
– Perhaps there was a lack of talent, or time,
there are so many temptations now, how can one concentrate?
Though, if I had to, I could find other
qualities, no less brilliant:*

*irritability (sometimes), disregard of others (it happens),
the list goes
on and on, but still, these qualities,
as I understand,*

were ignored.

Translated by Ada Valaitis

I'm not interested

Let's go, they say one day, to the bar
there's dancing there, you know, and beer,
I know, of course, I say, I wasn't born
yesterday,
so there, this time without me,
girls don't interest me

The next day they whisper, I hear:
don't interest him, you see?

No matter where I go
everyone is emphatically
polite, good-willed:
can I get you something? How're you feeling?

But they're waiting, the bastards,
until I run my hand
through my hair
or stick my pinky out
drinking coffee

Especially stretched their ears
when talk turns to art...
What can I say, what
I like, what I don't
Searched for tiniest sign,
ah, how sentimental, sensitive,
sickly cultured,
and so on

The first time I saw how important
my word and gesture,
who among us is the center of attention,
no matter that of local importance,
who now could deny it?

That's how I listened, as if behind the back,
me barely hearing, how they talked, talked,
behind my back, me barely hearing,
talked, talked,
about a week, maybe ten days,
until I grew tired
of shining so brightly

So what do you think, say it straight,
I attacked my snoozing
enemy, with tanks and cavalry
to the center of the spider's web,
only cordially and openly, still I
know everything

There was no place for those poor dears to go,
they looked like that foreign sub-unit
which was captured once in its underwear
after the *booze* without a shot,
I read about it once in literature,
but what can we, this is your business,
your decision, what
to be interested in,
free will and all that

Of course, free, I answered,
you idiot theoreticians

I have a woman,
girls don't interest me
you gossip spawn,
dessicated rat
bodies

You experimental
victims of mine

Meat of student
work, newspapermen,
people

Translated by Jonas Zdanys

Déjà vu

When that *situation* occurred
with wine and water,
and the food,
all who were gathered, we may
believe, even confirm,
were happy*

There is no evidence that someone would have
asked: white wine for me, appropriately
chilled, from last year's harvest.
White is a better pairing with
fish. Bread is not necessary, you won't have to
multiply it. We'd rather have salad and fruit.

Next time, if something similar
reoccurs, because the paths
are unknown, it may be more difficult.
You will not take us so easily.
One must be prepared for this.

** basically everything
is fine and now,
we understand
that we are happy;
one serious task
for the coming year
remains: learning
to feel like this*

Translated by Ada Valaitis

Jan Wagner



Foto © Maritta Iseler

Jan Wagner se je rodil leta 1971 v Hamburgu v Nemčiji, leta 1995 pa se je preselil v Berlin. Študiral je anglistiko na Univerzi v Hamburgu, na univerzi Trinity College v Dublinu in na Humboldtovi univerzi v Berlinu. Je pesnik, prevajalec poezije iz angleščine in literarni kritik. Med letoma 1995 in 2003 je sourejal in izdajal mednarodno zbirko listov po vzoru Marcela Duchampa, t. i. literarno škatlo *Die Aussenseite des Elementes* (Zunanjost elementa). Kot sourednik je sodeloval tudi pri izdaji dveh antologij mladih nemških pesnikov *Lyrik von Jetzt. 74 Stimmen* (Sodobna poezija. 74 glasov, 2003) in *Lyrik von Jetzt zwei. 50 Stimmen* (Sodobna poezija dve. 50 glasov, 2008). Izdal je štiri pesniške zbirke: *Probebohrung im Himmel* (Poskusno vrtanje v nebesih, 2001), *Guerickes Sperling* (Guerickejev vrabec, 2004), *Achtzehn Pasteten* (Osemnajst pit, 2007) in *Australien* (Avstralija, 2010). Med književne nagrade, ki jih je prejel v zadnjem času, spadata nagrada Wilhelma Lehmana za poezijo (2009) in Hölderlinova nagrada mesta Tübingen (2011).

Jan Wagner was born in 1971 in Hamburg, Germany and moved to Berlin permanently in 1995. He studied English philology at the University of Hamburg, at Trinity College Dublin, and the Humboldt University in Berlin. The poet, translator of poetry from the English and literary critic co-edited and published the international loose-leaf collection modelled after Marcel Duchamp, a so-called literature box Die Aussenseite des Elementes (The Element's Exterior) between 1995 and 2003. He has also co-edited two anthologies of young German poets Lyrik von Jetzt. 74 Stimmen (Poetry of Now. 74 Voices, 2003) and Lyrik von Jetzt zwei. 50 Stimmen (Poetry of Now two. 50 Voices, 2008). He has published four collections of poetry: Probebohrung im Himmel (A Trial Drill in the Sky, 2001), Guerickes Sperling (Guericke's Sparrow, 2004), Achtzehn Pasteten (Eighteen Pies, 2007) and Australien (Australia, 2010). His most recent literary awards include the Wilhelm Lehmann Award for Poetry (2009) and the Hölderlin Award of the city of Tübingen (2011).

chamäleon

älter als der bischofsstab,
den es hinter sich herzieht, die krümme
des schwanzes. komm herunter, rufen wir
ihm zu auf seinem ast, während die zunge
als teleskop herauschnellt, es das sternbild
einer libelle frißt: ein astronom
mit einem blick am himmel und dem andern
am boden – so wahrt es den abstand
zu beiden. die augenkuppeln, mit schuppen
gepanzert, eine festung, hinter der
nur die pupille sich bewegt, ein nervöses
flackern hinter der schießscharte (manchmal
findet man seine haut wie einen leeren
stützpunkt, eine längst geräumte these).
komm herunter, rufen wir. doch es regt
sich nicht, verschwindet langsam zwischen
den farben. es versteckt sich in der welt.

*der wassermann**für Robin Robertson*

einer zog mich mit dem ersten fang
vor husum an bord, den obolus
einer muschel in der heilbuttkalten hand,
um mich herum der silberne applaus

der heringe auf dem deck. ihr heißer grog
verbrannte mich bis auf die gräten,
an anderes gewöhnte ich mich: die glocken
jeden sonntag. schnee. an federbetten.

man fand den eifersüchtigen bauerntrampel
ertrunken in einer pfütze. eine saat
ging auf. als eines morgens der vergammel-
te dorsch vor meiner tür lag, war es zeit.

ich hinterließ die angst der schlafenden
vorm wasser, eine fußspur, die die sonne
bald auflecken würde, und die gaffenden
nachbarn um mütter und wiegen, ihre söhne

mit fischlippen und schwimmhaut. ohne eile
sank ich zurück zu dem mit flunderaugen ausgelegten
palast, wo meine frau mit ihrer mühle
das salz ins meer dreht. ich wurde meine legende.

mais

es ist ein feld, in dem du dich verirrst
beim spielen, als der schatten länger fällt,
und hektar oder werst
von feld, von wind, von feld

trennen dich von zuhause.
blätterrauschen – wie das mischen
von karten. später zwischen sternenmassen
ein neues bild: der hakenschlagende hase.

du schläfst, zusammengerollt wie ein tier.
es ist ein morgen, wenn die sonne
dich findet mit vor durst gespalten-

em schädel. über dir
die meterhohen, schwankenden gestalten,
grinsend, das maul voller goldzähne.

quitten

wenn sie der oktober ins astwerk hängte,
ausgebeulte lampions, war es zeit: wir
pflückten quitten, wuchteten körbewise
gelb in die küche

unters wasser. apfel und birne reiften
ihrem namen zu, einer schlichten süße -
anders als die quitte an ihrem baum im
hintersten winkel

meines alphabets, im latein des gartens,
hart und fremd in ihrem arom. wir schnitten,
viertelten, entkernten das fleisch (vier große
hände, zwei kleine),

schemenhaft im dampf des entsafters, gaben
zucker, hitze, mühe zu etwas, das sich
roh dem mund versagte. wer konnte, wollte
quitten begreifen,

ihr gelee, in bauchigen gläsern für die
dunklen tage in den regalen aufge-
reihet, in einem keller von tagen, wo sie
leuchteten, leuchten.

der westen

der fluß denkt in fischen. was war es also,
das sergeant henley ihm als erster
entriß, die augen gelb und starr, die barteln
zwei schürhaken ums aschengraue maul,
das selbst die hunde winseln ließ?

die stromschnellen und ihre tobende
grammatik, der wir richtung quelle folgen.
die dunstgebirge in der ferne,
die ebenen aus gras und ab und zu
ein eingeborener, der amüsiert
zu uns herüberschaut und dann
im wald verschwindet: all das tragen wir
in adams alte karte ein, benennen
arten und taten. fieber in den muskeln
und über wochen die diät aus wurzeln
und gottvertrauen. unterm hemd die zecken
wie abstecknadeln auf der haut: so nimmt
die wildnis maß an uns.

seltsames gefühl: die grenze
zu sein, der punkt, an dem es endet und
beginnt. am feuer nachts kreist unser blut
in wolken von moskitos über uns,
während wir mit harten gräten
die felle aneinander nähen, schuhe
für unser ziel und decken für die träume.
voraus das unberührte, hinter uns
die schwärmenden siedler, ihre charta
aus zäunen und gattern; hinter uns
die planwagen der händler,
die großen städte, voller lärm und zukunft.

teebeutel

I

nur in sackleinen
gehüllt. kleiner eremit
in seiner höhle.

II

nichts als ein faden
führt nach oben. wir geben
ihm fünf minuten.

kameleon

starejši kot škofovska palica,
ki jo vleče za seboj, zavitost
repa. pridi dol, mu kličemo
na njegovo vejo, medtem ko jezik
šine ven kot teleskop, požre ozvezdje
kačjega pastirja: astronom
s pogledom na nebu in drugim
na tleh – tako ohranja razdaljo
do obeh. očesne kupole, okovane
z luskinami, trdnjava, za katero se
premika samo zenica, nervozno
migljanje za strelno lino (včasih
se zdi njegova koža ko neko prazno
oporišče, neka že zdavnaj izpraznjena teza).
pridi dol, kličemo. vendar se ne
premakne, počasi izgine med
barvami. skrrije se v svetu.

povodni mož

za Robina Robertsona

nekdo me je potegnil s prvim ulovom
pred husumom na krov, obolus
neke školjke v kot morski list mrzli roki,
okrog mene srebrn aplavz

slanikov na krovu. njihov vroči grog
me je zažgal do srti,
na drugo sem se navadil: zvono-
vi vsako nedeljo. sneg. na pernice.

ljubosumnega kmečkega cepca so našli
utopljenega v neki luži. posevek
je skalil. ko je nekega jutra pred mojimi
vrati ležala zaudarjajoča trska, je bilo tako daleč.

zapustil sem strah spečega
pred vodo, stopinja, ki jo bo sonce
kmalu polizalo, in zijalasti
sosedi okrog mater in zibelk, njihovi sinovi

z ribjimi ustnicami in plavalno kožico. brez
naglice sem se pogreznil v z očmi bokopluta obloženo
palačo, kjer je moja žena s svojim mlinčkom
mlela sol v morje. postal sem svoja legenda.

koruza

neko polje je, v katerem se izgubiš
med igro, ko se senca daljša,
in hektar ali vrsta
polja, vetra, polja

te ločijo od doma.
šelesenje listov – kot mešanje
igralnih kart. kasneje med gručami zvezd
nova podoba: cikcakasti tek zajca.

spiš, zvit kot žival.
jutro je, ko te sonce
najde z od žeje razkla-

no lobanjo. nad teboj
meter visoke, opotekave postave,
režeče se, gobec, poln zlatih zob.

kutine

ko jih je oktober obesil med vejevje,
nabrekle lampijone, je bil čas: obirali
smo kutine, odnašali na košare
rumenega v kuhinjo

pod vodo. jabolko in hruška sta zorela
v svoji imeni, v preprosto sladkobo –
drugače kot kutina na svojem drevesu v
zadnjem kotu

moje abecede, v latinščini vrta,
trdo in tuje v svoji aromi. rezali smo,
razčetrjali, odstranjevali peščevje (štiri velike
roke, dve majhni),

zabrisano v sopari sokovnika, dodajali
sladkor, vročino, trud nečemu, kar se je
surovo ustom upiralo. kdo je zmoget, hotel
kutine dojeti,

njihov žele, v trebušastih kozarcih za
temne dni razpostavljene na poli-
cah, v kleti dni, kjer so
žarele, žarele.

zahod

reka misli v ribah. kaj je bilo torej,
da ji jo je seržant henley kot prvi
iztrgal, oči rumene in toge, brki
dve grebljici okrog pepelnato sivega gobca,
zaradi katerega so celo psi cvilili?

brzice in njihova besneča
gramatika, ki ji sledimo v smeri izvira.
soparno pogorje v daljavi,
ravnice iz trave in sem in tja
kak domačin, ki muzajoče se
gleda proti nam in potem
izgine v gozdu: vse to vnesemo
v adamov stari zemljevid, poimenujemo
vrste in dejanja. boleče mišice
in cele tedne dieta iz korenin
in zaupanja v boga. pod srajco klopi
kot bucike na koži: tako
nam divjina jemlje mero.

nenavaden občutek: biti
meja, točka, na kateri se končuje in
začenja. ob ognju zvečer kroži naša kri
v oblakih moskitov nad nami,
medtem ko s trdimi ribjimi kostmi
šivamo kože eno na drugo, čevlje
za naš cilj in odeje za sanje.
pred nami nedotaknjeno, za nami
roječi naseljenci, njihova ustanovna listina
iz ograj in plank; za nami
pokriti vozovi trgovcev,
velika mesta, polna hrupa in prihodnosti.

čajna vrečka

I

samo v vrečevino
zavita. majhen eremit
v svoji votlini.

II

nič razen niti
ne vodi navzgor. na voljo
ima pet minut.

Prevedla Lučka Jenčič

chameleon

it is older than this bishop's staff
which it drags behind itself: crook
of the tail. come down to us, we call
upward to his perch when the tongue,
become a telescope, shoots out, devours
a constellation's butterfly, astronomer
with one gaze toward the sky and the other
to the ground – thus keeping its distance
from both. the eye's cupola, armored with scales,
a fortress; behind which
only the pupil moves, a nervous
glittering within its loopholes (some days
you come across its skin like an empty
barracks, a long-abandoned belief).
come down, we call. but it doesn't
move, slowly disappears
between the colors. it hides in the world.

*Translated by David Keplinger
and Katharina Norden, with the author*

*the merman**for Robin Robertson*

before husum, with the first catch
they pulled me on board, the obulos
of a shell in my hand as cold as halibut,
the herring and their silver applause

surrounding me on deck. their hot grog
burnt me down to the fish ribs.
i got used to other things: the clock
and its bells. snow. to feather beds.

they found the yokel, the jealous one,
drowned in a puddle. a seed
arose. one morning when the cod
lay rotting at my door, i took that as a sign.

i left behind the angst of the sleeping,
who fear water in their dreams, my prints
licked away by the sun, and I left the gaping
neighbors, the mothers and their prams,

their sons with fish lips and webs.
unhurried i sank back down to the palace,
its walls of flounder eyes, where my wife
grinds salt for the sea. i became my own myth.

*Translated by David Keplinger
and Katharina Norden, with the author*

corn

in this field you might get lost
playing, as the shadow falls
longer and the acres or miles
of gust, of field, of gust,

separate you from home. rustling
leaves—like the shuffling
of cards. later between masses of stars
a new image: the zig-zaggy hare.

you sleep, curled up in silence
like an animal. by morning the sun
finds you, your skull cleaved

with thirst. above you stands
the meters high, towering outline,
grinning, a jaw crammed with gold teeth.

*Translated by David Keplinger
and Katharina Norden, with the author*

quinces

when october hung them in the branches,
bulging chinese lanterns, it was time: we
picked quinces, lugged them by the basket
yellow into the kitchen

under the water. apple and pear ripened
to their names, to a simple sweetness –
different to the quince on its tree in
the farthest corner

of my alphabet, in the latin of the garden,
hard and strange in its flavour. we cut,
quartered, cored the flesh (four big
hands, two small),

shadowy in the steam of the juicer, gave
sugar, heat, effort to something that
denied itself raw to the mouth. who could,
who would want to understand quinces,

their jelly, in bulbous glass jars for the
dark days lined up on the shelves,
in a cellar of days, where they shone,
are shining still.

Translated by Matthew Sweeney

the west

the river thinks in fish. what was it then
that sergeant henley snatched from it,
the eyes yellow and torpid, the barbs
of two pokers around the ash-gray jaw,
which even caused the dogs to whine?

white rapids and their raging grammar
which we trace to the river's source.
the smokey mountains out beyond us,
the plains of grass and now and then
an indian who with amusement
takes a look at us and disappears
into the forest. All that we chart
on adam's old map, we classify
as breed or deed. the feverish sweat.
our diet of root and faith. beneath
our shirts the ticks affixed like pins
into the skin: so the wilderness
carefully takes our measurements.

the oddest feeling: to be the edge,
the point at which the frontier ends and
begins. around the fire at night our blood
circles in clouds of mosquitoes above us,
while with sturdy fish bones we sew furs
to one another, shoes for our journey
and heavy blankets for the dreams.
ahead of us the untouched. behind us
are the swarming settlers, their charters
drawn up by fences and gates. behind us
are the merchants' covered wagons,
enormous cities, full of noise and future.

*Translated by David Keplinger
and Katharina Norden, with the author*

tea bag

I

draped only in a
sackcloth mantle. the little
hermit in his cave.

II

a single thread leads
to the upper world. we shall
give him five minutes.

Translated by Iain Galbraith

Gostje
Vilenice 2011

Vilenica
2011 Guests

*Jean-Michel
Espitallier*



Jean-Michel Espitallier se je rodil leta 1957 v Barcelonnettu v Franciji, danes pa živi v Parizu. Študiral je književnost na Univerzi v Aix-en-Provence. Bil je soustanovitelj literarne revije *Java* (1989–2006) in urednik antologije sodobne francoske poezije *Pièces détachées* (Oblika garniture, 2000). Je pesnik in pisatelj, ki obožuje rock; leta 2009 je izdal knjigo *Syd Barrett, le rock et autres trucs* (Syd Barrett, rock in druge reči). Avtorja ni mogoče uvrstiti v nobeno strujo. Sezname, odkloni, ritmične zanke, ponavljanja, odštekana proza, napačni teoremi, absurdni predlogi in sofizmi z ustvarjanjem novih oblik kljubujejo obrabljenemu pojmovanju poezije in omogočajo igro z vsem, kar je v jeziku bizarnega, ter izzivajo njegove meje. V svoji poeziji v zbirkah, kot so *Ponts de frappe* (1995), *Le théorème d'Espitallier* (Espitallierjev teorem, 2003), *En Guerre* (Vojna, 2004), ali v zbirki esejev *Cent quarante-huit propositions sur la vie et la mort, et autres petits traités* (Sto osemštirideset predlogov o življenju in smrti ter drugi kratki eseji, 2011) uporablja najbolj radikalno fantazijo in z njo tragičnemu nadene (komično) masko, s tem pa prestopa estetske in etične meje.

Jean-Michel Espitallier was born in 1957 in Barcelonnette, France. Today he lives in Paris. He studied literature at the University of Aix-en-Provence. He was the co-founder of the Java (1989-2006) literary magazine and the editor of the contemporary French poetry anthology Pièces détachées (Form Kit, 2000). He is a poet and author with a distinct affinity for rock; in 2009 he published a book called Syd Barrett, le rock et autres trucs (Syd Barrett, Rock and Other Stuff). He cannot be categorized into any particular stream. Lists, deviations, rhythmical snares, repetitions, out-of-this-world prose, erroneous theorems, absurd suggestions and sophistries defy the worn-out reasoning of poetry with the creation of new forms and enable a game with all that is bizarre in language, and challenge its boundaries. In his collections of poetry; such as Ponts de frappe (1995), Le théorème d'Espitallier (Espitallier's Theorem, 2003), En Guerre (War, 2004) or his collection of essays titled Cent quarante-huit propositions sur la vie et la mort, et autres petits traités (One Hundred and Forty-Eight Hints on Life and Death and Other Short Essays, 2011); he applies the most radical fantasy and uses it to cover the tragic with a (comical) mask, thus crossing aesthetical and ethical boundaries.

Mieux vaut prévenir...

- Nous avons amassé des arbalétriers, des condottieri, des dragons, des commandos, nous avons amassé des centurions, des pandours, nous avons amassé des carlistes, des voltigeurs, des bérets verts, des archers, nous avons amassé des skinheads, des apaches, des marsouins, nous pouvons compter sur les armagnacs, sur les forces spéciales, sur les cipayes, sur les evzones, nous comptons sur les SAS, sur les camisards, sur la police militaire, nous pouvons compter sur les bloods et les creeps, nous avons amassé des lottas, des moudjahidins, des gardes suisses, des gorilles, nous avons avec nous les gardes nationales, nous avons amassé des cataphractaires, des croquants, des uhlands, des tanzimes, des hoplites, nous avons amassé des boxers, des cosaques, des gendarmes, des patriotes, des sous-marinières, nous avons amassé aux frontières, à toutes les frontières des chouans, des bachi-bouzouks, des einsatzgruppen, des oustachis, des francs-tireurs, nous avons déployé des sonderkommandos, des confédéraux, nous pouvons compter sur les phalangistes, les réîtres, les martyrs d'Al-Aqsa, le gang des tractions-avant, le gang Barrow, nous pouvons compter sur les gardes rouges, les tommies, les peshmergas, nous pouvons compter sur les bersagliers, les compagnons de Jésus, les sentiers lumineux, nous avons amassé aux frontières des corsaires, des scouts, des horseguards, des tchechniks, des gardes civils, nous avons déployé des fedayins, des brigadistes, des lansquenets, des faucons, des rats du désert, des escadrons de la mort, nous avons amassé aux frontières des casques bleus, des FTP, des éclaireurs, des tirailleurs sénégalais, des fusilliers-marins, des croisés, des SA, nous avons amassé des gardes du corps à cheval, des viêt-congs, des royal marines, des chemises noires, des gardiens de la révolution, des communards, nous avons amassé aux frontières des mamelouks, des chemises rouges, des boucaniers, des cheveau-légers, nous avons amassé des rangers tout le long de la frontière, des barbudos, des beefeaters, des licteurs tout le long de la frontière, nous avons disposé les spahis, les Egaux, les mamertins, le gang des postiches, le gang de la banlieue sud, le front Farabundo Marti, nous avons disposé Spiderman, Batman, Superman, tout le long de la frontière, nous avons regroupé les GIA, les gardes mobiles, nous avons regroupé les kataëbs, nous avons déployé des tontons-macoutes, nous avons disposé Shreck, Hulk, Tarzan, tout le long de la frontière, nous pouvons compter sur Rintintin et sur Zorro, nous avons avec nous des tabors, des gurkhas, des unionistes, des colonnes infernales, nous avons déployé les zouaves tout le long de la frontière, nous avons déployé des chasseurs, des immunes, des gladiateurs, des harkis tout le long de la frontière, nous avons amassé des janissaires, des khmers rouges, des templiers, des CRS, des bobies, des palikares, des samouraïs, des grenadiers, nous pouvons compter sur les bourguignons, sur les carbonari, sur le klu klux klan, sur les chauffeurs du nord, nous pouvons compter sur les guelfes, sur les sapeurs, sur Cosa Nostra, sur la

bande à Bonnot, nous pouvons compter sur les colonnes Durruti, nous avons déployé des méharistes, des hussites, des lanciers, nous avons disposé les ligueurs tout le long de la frontière, nous avons amassé les grognards, les FARC, les Cameron Highlanders, nous avons amassé les tigres tamouls, les triades, les cuirassiers, nous avons amassé des gestapistes, des poilus, des mercenaires, des fantassins, nous avons amassé des vopos, nous avons déployé des SS, des fellaghas, des mousquetaires, des miliciens, nous avons déployé des fédérés, nous pouvons compter sur les chevaliers, sur les tueurs du Brabant, nous pouvons compter sur les GRAPO, sur les chasseurs alpins, sur les chimères, nous pouvons compter sur la LVE, nous avons amassé des GI's, des talibans, des tankistes, des sans-culottes, des artilleurs, des katangais, nous avons amassé des paras, des FFI, des marines, nous avons amassé des loups gris, des snipers, nous avons disposé à la frontière des turcos, des maquisards, des zapatistes, nous avons amassé des kamikazes, des Versaillais, nous avons amassé à la frontière des guerriers massais, des pionniers, des hallebardiers, des gibelins, nous avons amassé des légionnaires, nous avons amassé des goumiers.

- Des menaces ?

- Non, juste une mesure de précaution.

(janvier-février 2003)

Histoire du discours amoureux

- Je t’aime.
- Moi aussi.
- Je sais.
- Je sais que tu le sais.
- Je sais que tu sais que je sais que tu le sais.
- Et moi je sais que tu sais que je t’aime.
- Je sais que tu le sais et tu sais que je sais que tu sais que je le sais, et tu sais que je sais que tu sais que je t’aime.
- Je sais que tu le sais et tu sais que je sais que tu sais que je sais que tu sais que je t’aime, et je sais que tu sais que je sais que tu sais que je sais que tu le sais.
- Et tu aimes que je le sache ?
- Oui, j’aime savoir que tu le sais, j’aime que tu saches que je sais que tu m’aimes, j’aime savoir que tu m’aimes et j’aime savoir que tu le sais.
- Et moi j’aime savoir que tu sais que je sais que tu aimes savoir que je t’aime.
- Je sais et j’aime aimer savoir que tu aimes savoir que tu saches que je sais que tu sais que j’aime aimer savoir que tu saches que je sais que tu m’aimes.
- J’aime savoir t’aimer.
- J’aime aimer savoir que tu saches aimer que je sache t’aimer.
- J’aime savoir que tu aimes savoir que je le sache.
- Et moi j’aime aimer que tu aimes le savoir.
- Je sais que tu m’aimes et j’aime savoir que tu sais que je le sais.
- Je t’aime.
- Je sais.
- Je le savais.

Ici là-bas

1. Le monde est tout ce qui est là-bas.
2. La totalité du monde est la totalité des là-bas du monde moins un là-bas qui est ici.
3. Ici est la somme de tous les là-bas moins tous les là-bas moins un.
4. Vu de là-bas, il manque toujours un là-bas à la totalité des là-bas du monde, et ce là-bas manquant est ici. Si bien que l'on ne peut envisager un univers uniquement constitué de là-bas. Or tout ce qui n'est pas ici n'existe pas.
5. D'où il résulte que tous les là-bas à la fois qui ne sont pas ici n'existent pas ici.
6. Et donc le monde n'existe pas. Sauf ici.
7. « Allez voir là-bas si j'y suis » est un ordre difficile à exécuter.
8. Tout ce qui est là-bas ne vient jamais ici, sauf si on va l'y chercher et qu'on y reste.
9. La valeur d'ici varie en fonction d'ici. « Docteur j'ai mal ici » ne désigne pas le même ici que « ici en Europe », « ici en Europe » inclut « docteur j'ai mal ici » si le mal et si le docteur sont « ici en Europe ». Il découle que « docteur j'ai mal ici » ne désigne pas le même ici que « ici en Europe » même si « docteur j'ai mal ici » se trouve « ici en Europe ». Il existe donc une relation d'inclusion entre plusieurs ici puisque ici est toujours inclus dans un plus grand ici que lui.
10. D'où l'on déduit que chaque ici est constitué d'une infinité d'ici qui s'emboîtent les uns dans les autres comme des poupées russes, même en Europe.
11. Cette relation n'est pas réciproque (« ici en Europe » inclut « j'ai mal ici », mais « j'ai mal ici » n'inclut pas « ici en Europe »).
12. Si celui qui a « mal ici » téléphone depuis la Chine au docteur qui est « en Europe », la relation entre ces deux ici est une relation dite télédiagnostiquale spacio-décalée. Parce que « j'ai mal ici » est inclus dans « ici en Chine » et que le docteur qui se trouve « ici en Europe » doit diagnostiquer le « mal ici » qui n'est pas « ici en Europe ».
13. Deux ici = 1 là-bas qui n'est pas ici + 1 ici qui n'est pas là-bas (sauf pour là-bas).
14. Si pour ici, là-bas = là-bas, pour là-bas, ici = là-bas, mais pour là-bas, là-bas n'égal pas forcément ici.
15. Les milliers de là-bas qui sont là-bas pour les autres là-bas n'existent pas pour ces autres là-bas qui n'existent pas pour ici.
16. La totalité des autres là-bas correspond à la totalité des potentiels d'ici.
17. Un là-bas n'égal jamais un autre là-bas même si pour ici, deux là-bas distincts sont indistinctement là-bas.
18. Chaque là-bas est le là-bas de tous les autres là-bas à la fois.
19. La frontière entre ici et là-bas n'est pas très nette.

20. L'énoncé « Je suis là-bas » est une impossibilité logique, comme par exemple « Il a ses ragnagnas. – Ca sent un drôle de bruit - La première fois que je suis allé à New York c'était en Californie – Nous avons trois fils uniques – Je pèse 1,81 m – Je les compte sur les doigts de la hanche – Ma mère est encore pucelle – Ouvert 24 heures sur 24 jusqu'à 22h30 – J'ai assassiné le frère unique de ma sœur – 97% des personnes interrogées étaient en vie – Nouveaux horaires pour le troisième semestre – Les jumeaux Jean-Pierre ont dix mois d'écart – On vient de donner le départ de la traversée de l'Amérique à la nage – Il a gagné le Tour de France des Bouches-du-Rhône – La marine autrichienne, elle vous dit merde.

21. Un seul ici pour deux là-bas est une aberration logique. Ou alors c'est la guerre.

Bolje preprečiti ...

- Zbrali smo vojake s samostreli, kondotjere, dragonce, komandose, zbrali smo centurije, pandurje, zbrali smo karliste, lahko pehoto, zelene baretke, lokostrelce, zbrali smo skinheade, apaše, marince, računamo na armanjake, posebne enote, sepoje, evzone, računamo na SAS, camisarde, vojaško policijo, računamo lahko na člane tolpe Bloods in Crips, zbrali smo lotte, mudžahedine, švicarsko gardo, gorile, z nami so nacionalne garde, zbrali smo oklepniške, croquante, ulance, skupino Tanzim, hoplite, zbrali smo boksarje, kozake, žandarje, patriote, enote za podvodno bojevanje, na mejah smo zbrali, na vseh mejah, chouance, baši bazouke, enote organizacije Todt, ustaše, ostrostrelce, vpoklicali smo Sonderkommande, zavezniške sile, računamo lahko na falange, konjenike, brigade mučenikov Al-Aqsa, avtomobilske tolpe, tolpo Barrow, računamo lahko na Rdečo armado, prostake, pešmerge, računamo lahko na bersagliere, Jehovove priče, perujske gverilce, zbrali smo pirate na mejah, izvidnike, konjeniške garde, četnike, civilne garde, fedajine, brigadirje, lancknehte, falcone, puščavske podgane, eskadronce smrti, zbrali smo modre baretke, francoske komunistične upornike, skavte, senegalsko pehoto, marince, križarje, Rešilno vojsko, zbrali smo konjeniško stražo, vietkongovce, kraljevo mornarico, fašiste, varuhe revolucije, komunarde, na mejah smo zbrali mameluke, rdečesrajčnike, morske roparje, britansko konjenico, ob celotni meji smo zbrali paznike, barbudose, kraljeve osebne stražarje, liktorje ob celotni meji, razporedili smo spahije, skupino Égaut, mamertine, tolpo Les Postiches, tolpo iz južnega predmestja, fronto Farabundo Marti, razporedili smo Spidermana, Batmana, Supermana ob celotni meji, preuredili smo Oboroženo islamsko gibanje, mobilno gardo, preuredili smo kataebe, vpoklicali smo Tonton Macoute, postavili Shreka, Hulka, Tarzana ob celotni meji, računamo lahko na Rintintina in Zorra, z nami so tabori, gurke, unionisti, peklenski sprevodi, ob celotni meji smo razporedili zuave, vpoklicali smo lovce, imune, gladiatorje, harkije ob celotni meji, zbrali smo janičarje, Rdeče Kmere, viteze templarje, policijske čete, londonske stražnike, palikarje, samuraje, grenadirje, računamo lahko na Burgundijce, karbonarje, Ku-klux-klan, chauffeurje s severa, računamo lahko na gvelfe, sapeurje, Cosa nostra, tolpo Bonnot, računamo lahko na kolumno Durruti, vpoklicali smo mehariste, husite, kopjanike, ob celotni meji smo razporedili katoliško ligo, zbrali smo grognarde, FARC, bataljon Cameron Highlanders, zbrali smo tamilske tigre, triade, kirasirje, zbrali smo gestapovce, poilujce, plačance, fantassine, zbrali smo vopose, razvrstili smo SS-ovce, falange, mušketirje, domobranci, razvrstili smo federalce, računamo lahko na viteze, Brabantove morilce, računamo lahko na GRAPO, na alpske lovce, himero, računamo lahko na LVE, zbrali smo G.I.-je, talibane, oklepniške, sanskilote, artilerijo, katango, zbrali smo padalce, FFI, vojaško mornarico, zbrali smo sive volkove, ostrostrelce, ob meji smo postavili Turke, makijevce, zapatiste, zbrali smo kamikaze, versajske lojaliste, na meji smo zbrali masajske bojevnike, pionirje, helebardiste, gibeline, zbrali smo francosko tujsko legijo, zbrali smo goumierje.

- Grožnja?

- Nobene, samo previdnostni ukrep.

(januar–februar 2003)

Zgodovina ljubezenskega diskurza

- Ljubim te.
- Jaz tudi.
- Vem.
- Vem, da veš.
- Vem, da veš, da vem, da si vedela.
- In jaz vem, da veš, da te ljubim.
- Vem, da veš, in veš, da vem, da veš, da vem, in veš, da vem, da veš, da te ljubim.
- Vem, da veš, in veš, da vem, da veš, da vem, da veš, da te ljubim, in vem, da veš, da vem, da veš, da vem, da veš.
- In ti je všeč, da vem?
- Ja, rada vem, da veš, rada vem, da veš, da vem, da me ljubiš, rada vem, da me ljubiš, in rada vem, da veš.
- In jaz rad vem, da veš, da vem, da rada veš, da te ljubim.
- Vem in všeč mi je, da vem, da rad veš, da ti je všeč, da vem, da veš, da mi je všeč, da vem, da veš, da vem, da me ljubiš.
- Všeč mi je, da te znam ljubiti.
- Všeč mi je, da mi je všeč, da vem, da rad veš, da te znam ljubiti.
- Všeč mi je, da vem, da ti je všeč, da veš, da znam.
- In meni je všeč, da mi je všeč, da ti je všeč, da veš.
- Vem, da me ljubiš, in všeč mi je, da vem, da veš, da vem.
- Ljubim te.
- Vem.
- Saj sem vedela.

Tu pa tam

1. Svet je vse, kar je tam.
2. Skupek sveta je skupek vseh tamov na svetu minus en tam, ki je tu.
3. Tu je vsota vseh tamov minus vsi tam minus ena.
4. Če pogledamo od tam, bo vedno en tam manjkal iz skupka vseh tamov na svetu in tisti manjkajoči tam je tu. Tako da si ni mogoče predstavljati vesoljnega sveta, v katerem je samo tam. Toda vse, kar ni tu, ne obstaja.
5. Iz tega sledi, da noben tam, ki ni hkrati tudi tu, tu ne obstaja.
6. In tako torej svet ne obstaja. Razen tu.
7. »Pojdi tja in poglej, ali sem tam,« je ukaz, ki ga je težko izpolniti.
8. Vse, kar je tam, nikoli ne pride sem, razen če greš po to tja in tam tudi ostaneš.
9. Vrednost tuja je odvisna od tu. »Doktor, tu me boli,« ne pomeni isto kot »tu v Evropi;« »tu v Evropi« vključuje »doktor, tu me boli«, če sta bolečina in doktor »tu v Evropi.« Iz tega sledi, da »doktor, tu me boli« ne pomeni isto kot »tu v Evropi,« tudi če je »doktor, tu me boli« dejansko »tu v Evropi.« Torej med mnogimi tuji obstaja relacija vsebovanja, saj je tu vedno del tistega tuja, ki je večji od njegga.
10. Iz tega sklepamo, da je vsak tu sestavljen iz neskončnega števila tujev, ki so eden znotraj drugega kot babuške, celo v Evropi.
11. Ta relacija ni recipročna (»tu v Evropi« vsebuje »tu me boli«, a »tu me boli« ne vsebuje »tu v Evropi«).
12. Če tisti, ki ga »tu boli«, telefonira s Kitajske doktorju, ki je »v Evropi«, je tu relacija med obema relacijama, znana kot telediagnostična s premikom v prostoru, saj »tu v Evropi« vsebuje »tu me boli« in doktor, ki je »tu v Evropi«, mora diagnosticirati »tu boli«, ki ni »tu v Evropi«.
13. Dva tu = 1 tam, ki ni tu + 1 tu, ki ni tam (razen tam).
14. Če velja za tu tam = tam, velja za tam tu = tam; a če velja tam, tam ni nujno enak tu.
15. Na tisoče tamov, ki so tam za druge ljudi tam, ne obstaja za te druge ljudi tu, ki ne obstajajo za tu.
16. Skupek drugih ljudi tam je enak skupku potencialov tu.
17. En tam ni nikoli enak drugemu, tudi če sta za tu dva različna tam nekako tam.
18. Vsak tam je tam vseh drugih tamov naenkrat.
19. Meja med tu in tam ni preveč jasna.
20. Izjava »Jaz sem tam« je logično nemogoča kot na primer izjave »On ima ta rdečo. Ta hrup je čuden občutek. Ko sem šel prvič v New York, sem bil v Kaliforniji. Imava tri sinove edince. Težak sem 1,81 metra. Štejem jih na prste svojih bokov. Moja mati je še vedno devica. Odprto 24 ur do 10.30. Umoril sem edinega brata svoje sestre. 97 % vprašanih je bilo živih. Novi urniki za tretjo polovico leta. Dvojčka Novak sta deset mesecev starejša drug od drugega. Prižgali so zeleno luč za preplavanje Amerike.

Zmagal je na Tour de France departmaja Boushes-du-Rhône. Avstrijska mornarica pravi, da ste za en drek.«

21. Samo en tu za dva tam je logično zgrešeno. Ali pa gremo v vojno.

Prevedla Tanja Ahlin

Ounce of prevention...

– We have amassed cross-bowmen, condottiere, dragoons, commandos, we have amassed centurions, pandours, we have amassed carlists, light infantry, green berets, archers, we have amassed skinheads, apaches, jarheads, we can count on the armagnacs, on the special forces, on the sepoy, on the evzones, we count on the HSH, on the camisards, on the military police, we can count on the bloods and the creeps, we have amassed lottas, mujaheddin, swiss guards, gorillas, we have with us the national guards, we have amassed cataphractaires, croquants, uhlands, tanzimes, hoplites, we have amassed boxers, cossacks, gendarmes, patriots, submarine forces, we have amassed on the borders, on all the borders, chouans, bashi-bazouks, einsatzgruppen, oustachi, franc-tireurs, we have deployed sonderkommandos, confederates, we can count on the phalangists, the reiters, the martyrs of al-Aqsa, the front-wheel drive gang, the Barrow gang, we can count on the red guard, the tommies, the peshmergas, we can count on the bersaglieri, the companions of Jehu, the shining path, we have amassed corsairs at the borders, scouts, horse guards, tchetniks, gardes-civils, we have deployed fedayeen, brigadiers, lansquenets, falcons, desert rats, death squads, we have amassed blue berets at the borders, FTP, boy scouts, Senegalese infantry, marines, crusaders, SA, we have amassed mounted bodyguards, Vietcong, royal marines, blackshirts, guardians of the revolution, communards, we have amassed mamelukes at the borders, redshirts, buccaneers, household cavalry, we have amassed rangers all along the border, barbudos, beefeaters, lictors all along the border, we have ranged the spahis, the Égaux, the mamertins, the toupee gang, the gang of the south suburbs, the Farabundo Marti front, we have ranged Spiderman, Batman, Superman, all along the border, we have regrouped the GIA, the gardes mobiles, we have regrouped the kataebs, we have deployed tonton macoutes, we have ranged Shrek, the Hulk, Tarzan all along the border, we can count on Rintintin and on Zorro, we have with us tabors, gurkhas, unionists, infernal columns, we have deployed the zouaves all along the border, we have deployed huntsmen, immunes, gladiators, harkis all along the border, we have amassed janissaries, Khmer rouge, knights templar, riot police, bobbies, polikars, samurai, grenadiers, we can count on the burgundians, on the carbonari, on the Ku Klux Klan, on the chauffeurs of the north, we can count on the guelfs, on the sapeurs, on Cosa Nostra, on the Bonnot gang, we can count on the Durruti columns, we have deployed méharistes, hussites, lancers, we have ranged the catholic leagues all along the border, we have amassed the grognards, the FARC, the Cameron Highlanders, we have amassed the tamil Tigers, the triads, the cuirassiers, we have amassed gestapo, poilu, mercenaries, fantassins, we have amassed vopos, we have deployed SS, fellaghas, musketeers, militiamen, we have deployed federates, we can count on the knights, on Brabant's murderers,

we can count on the GRAPO, on the alpine huntsmen, on the chimera, we can count on the LVF, we have amassed GI's, taliban, tank units, sans-culottes, artillerymen, katanga, we have amassed paras, FFI, navy seamen, we have amassed grey wolves, snipers, we have ranged turks at the border, maquis, zapatistas, we have amassed kamikaze, Versailles loyalists, we have amassed masai warriors on the border, pioneers, halberdiers, ghibellines, we have amassed French foreign legionnaires, we have amassed goumiers.

– Threat?

– No, just a precautionary measure.

(january-february 2003)

Translated by Sherry Brennan

History of Amorous Discourse

- I love you.
- Me too.
- I know.
- I know that you know.
- I know that you know that I know that you know.
- And for my part I know that you know that I love you.
- I know that you know and you know that I know that you know that I know, and you know that I know that you know that I love you.
- I know that you know and you know that I know that you know that I know that you know that I love you, and I know that you know that I know that you know that I know that you know.
- And do you love it that I know?
- Yes, I love knowing that you know, I love it that you know that I know that you love me, I love knowing that you love me and I love knowing that you know.
- And for my part I love knowing that you know that I know that you love knowing that I love you.
- I know and I love loving knowing that you love knowing that you know that I know that you know that I love loving knowing that you know that I love it that you love me.
- I love knowing to love you.
- I love loving knowing that you know to love it that I know to love you.
- I love knowing that you love knowing that I know.
- And for my part I love loving that you love to know.
- I know that you love me and I love knowing that you know that I know.
- I love you.
- I know.
- I knew it.

Translated by Keston Sutherland

Here and There

1. The world is all that is there.
2. The totality of the world is the totality of theres of the world minus one there that is here.
3. Here is the sum of all the theres minus all the theres minus one.
4. Seen from there, there will always be one there missing from the totality of theres of the world, and that missing there is here. So that one cannot conceive a universe comprised of there only. However, all that is not here does not exist.
5. From which it follows that all the theres which are at the same time not here do not exist here.
6. And thus the world does not exist. Save here.
7. "Look over there and see if I am there" is an order difficult to follow.
8. All that is there never comes here, save if one should go there to look for it and remain there.
9. The value of here varies according to here. "Doctor, I have a pain here" does not designate the same here as "here in Europe;" "here in Europe" includes "doctor, I have a pain here" if the pain and the doctor are "here in Europe." It follows that "doctor, I have a pain here" does not designate the same here as "here in Europe" even if "doctor, I have a pain here" should happen to be "here in Europe." There exists therefore a relation of inclusion between many heres, since here is always included in a here larger than it.
10. From which it will be deduced that each here consists of an infinity of heres all nested in each other like matryoshka dolls, even in Europe.
11. This relation is not reciprocal ("here in Europe" includes "I have a pain here," but "I have a pain here" does not include "here in Europe").
12. If he who has "a pain here" telephones from China for a doctor who is "in Europe," here the relation between the two is a relation known as space-shifted telediagnostical, since "I have a pain here" is included in "here in Europe" and the doctor who happens to be "here in Europe" must diagnosticate the "pain here" that is not "here in Europe."
13. Two heres = 1 there who is not here + 1 here who is not there (except there).
14. If for here there = there, for there here = there; but for there, there does not necessarily equal here.
15. The thousands of theres which are there for other people over there do not exist for these other people over there who do not exist for here.
16. The totality of other people over there corresponds to the totality of the potentials of here.
17. One there never equals another, even if for here two distinct theres are indistinctly there.
18. Each there is the there of all the other theres at once.

19. The frontier between here and there is not very neat.

20. The statement “I am there” is a logical impossibility, similar for example to the statements “He is on his period. That noise feels funny. The first time I went to New York it was in California. We have three only sons. I weigh 1.81 metres. I count them on the fingers of my hip. My mother is still a virgin. Open 24 hours until 10.30. I assassinated my sister’s only brother. 97% of the persons interrogated were alive. New timetables for the third half of the year. The Andrews twins are ten months older than each other. I have given the go-ahead for the crossing of America by swimming. He won the Tour de France of the Bouches-du-Rhône. The Austrian navy, it claims that you are shit.”

21. Just one here for two there is a logical aberration. Or it is the war.

Translated by Keston Sutherland

Xavier Farré



Xavier Farré se je rodil leta 1971 v kraju L'Espluga de Francolí v Kataloniji. Je pesnik in prevajalec iz poljščine in slovenščine v španščino in katalonščino. Iz poljščine je prevedel izbor poezije Czesława Miłosza *Travessant fronteres. Antologia poètica 1945-2000* (Prehajati meje. Izbrane pesmi 1945–2000, 2006), dve pesniški zbirki Adama Zagajewskega, dve zbirki esejev Zbigniewa Herberta in dramska dela Krystiana Lupe. Iz slovenščine je leta 2006 v katalonščino prevedel pesniško zbirko *Mesto in otrok (La ciutat i el nen)* Aleša Debeljaka, leta 2007 pa v španščino roman *Prišleki (Los inmigrados)* Lojzeta Kovačiča. Kot pesnik je objavil štiri pesniške zbirke: *Llocs comuns* (Običajni kraji, 2004), *Retorns de l'Est. Antologia de poemes 1990-2001* (Vrnitev z vzhoda. Izbor pesmi 1990–2001, 2005), *Inventari de fronteres* (Popis meja, 2006) in *La disfressa dels arbres* (Krinka dreves, 2008). Njegove pesmi so bile prevedene v angleščino, hrvaščino, litovščino, poljščino in slovenščino.

Xavier Farré was born in 1971 in L'Espluga de Francolí, Catalonia. He is a poet and translator from Polish and Slovene into Spanish and Catalan. From Polish, he has translated works such as an anthology of poems by Czesław Miłosz Travessant fronteres. Antologia poètica 1945-2000 (Crossing Borders. Selected Poems 1945-2000, 2006), two collections of poetry by Adam Zagajewski, two collections of essays by Zbigniew Herbert, and plays by Krystian Lupa. From Slovene, he translated a collection of poetry by Aleš Debeljak, Mesto in otrok, into Catalan as La ciutat i el nen (The City and the Child) in 2006, and a novel by Lojze Kovačič, Prišleki, into Spanish as Los inmigrados (The Newcomers) in 2007. As a poet, he has published four collections of poetry: Llocs comuns (Common Places, 2004), Retorns de l'Est. Antologia de poemes 1990-2001 (Returns from the East. Selection of Poems 1990-2001, 2005), Inventari de fronteres (Inventory of Borders, 2006), and La disfressa dels arbres (The Disguise of the Trees, 2008). His poems have been translated into English, Croatian, Lithuanian, Polish, and Slovene.

Elegies centreuopees?

10

Després de llegir un assaig de Drago Jančar

La blava superfície, estesa com uns llençols
massa amples per a les cordes, els suports
que han d'ajudar a la sequera dels dies,
ha volgut entrar també en la història.
Massa poc és ser un accident geogràfic,
passatemp per dibuixar mapes, comparar
cabals i endinsar-se en recorreguts entre fronteres.
La blava superfície aquí és la mort i és la vida.

Un capbussament i es passa a l'altre cantó,
l'aigua que rovella un teló d'acer, s'alimenta
del metall. Només la boira que inesperadament
s'alça impedeix més rovell. S'endinsa, però,
el calibre de les bales. I també els cossos. Uns metres
que només recorrerà la imaginació descansant al fons
del riu. És una qüestió de meteorologia. Triar
el moment adient enmig dels canvis de temps.

Però els llibres (per a Czeslaw Milosz)

Et torno a tenir a les lleixes, d'on mai
hauries d'haver marxat, però fou el viatge
que m'allunyà de tu. Un viatge per arribar
a tu. La paradoxa de les distàncies aquí
arriba al paroxisme. M'allunyo de la lletra
impresa per acostar-me en la geografia.
He arribat a la teva darrera ciutat quan
ja no hi eres. T'he buscat en els rastres
dels edificis, en les ombres de les façanes.
M'he convertit en tots els oficis possibles,
en rastrejador de paraules oblidades,
en el lladre i alquimista dels teus versos,
per donar-te una nova alenada en altres sons.
Tot ha estat una recerca de tu, fins ara,
que els llibres m'han retornat a mi.
Ocupes la part central de la biblioteca,
aquest és el teu lloc. He vingut fins aquí
per poder trobar la direcció correcta.
La distància és un concepte mental,
una equació de matemàtiques on tots
els elements són intercanviables.
Menys els llibres, la tinta, les paraules
nuades per recórrer la travessa,
els dards per fer blanc a la diana.
Com el blanc de la neu rere la finestra.
T'hi imagino amb el bastó, escrius
el darrer poema amb lentitud.
I veig que és un camí. El meu viatge.
Però de mi ja em separen quilòmetres,
els anys de pèrdues i de guanys.
No és un viatge a la deriva, del naufragi
he salvat les mans plenes dels llibres
que m'han conduït de nou a casa.

Claude Monet. La garsa.

Un matí esplendorós, una llum del nord
que es filtra per tots els racons, entra
pels bastons de l'escala, i deixa l'ombra
de la imminència. La neu té un silenci
profund, més profund, com estar abocat
hores en un pou per intentar veure'n el fons.
Els arbres callen, qualsevol moviment
queda ensordit a l'acte, la neu dirigeix
els ulls, el tacte, el so, els mots, els crits.
Els corbs, les garses presenten el silenci
i l'únic que els queda és observar.

Tot és silenci, tot és una mirada,
vers l'interior dels objectes, vers els talls
de les plantes que suren per buscar l'oxigen,
com un nedador massa temps sota l'aigua.
Per tornar a la superfície, i trobar-se la mirada
sotjant de la garsa. És l'únic que ens queda,
la mirada sotjant, l'amenaça imminent.
El canvi en la quietud estranya i silenciosa.

Dia de tardor

Herr: es ist Zeit. Der Sommer war sehr groß
Rainer Maria Rilke

Senyor: ja és l'hora. L'estiu ha estat llarg,
Que l'ombra s'apoderi del rellotge de sol,
que la nit vessi llargament el pot de tinta,
i que l'esborri amb la mànegua, deixant
un rastre de cel enteranyinat durant el dia.

Que les fruites arribin a madurar per darrer cop,
i que el vent les retorni a casa, enmig de fulles
plenes de rovell. I que el vi descansi en els cups,
en la foscor, en la humitat de les voltes baixes.

Qui no té encara casa, ja no en construirà,
s'arraularà com una serp, per buscar el significat
en si mateix, en el seu signe d'interrogació
massa llarg. Amb un punt, el verí que té a dins.

Qui estigui sol, perdrà el compte de les hores,
una filera de boies indicant els nivells del negre.
Passejarà seguint l'eco de cada cruixit, dels nervis
de les fulles que seran la seva pròpia saba.

Recerca**(xv)**

Entres a la plaça central. Et converteixes en l'objectiu d'una càmera. Per treure'n un informe precís, transparent. Les valoracions seran sobreres, com els ossos llençats al gos després d'un gran àpat. Apareixerà una natura morta, però la llum sempre serà diferent. I les ombres amaguen més que no pas diuen. Són il·lusions del passat passejant-se en el present com un gat que coneix tots els racons. Submergeix-te en les ombres, com per travessar un film revelat massa d'hora. Ara els cafès són buits, les terrasses amaguen les converses en les cadires on s'enfonsaven les figures. Queda un estol de tovalles que reflecteix el sol. Com el marc en una pintura que encara s'està assecant. Falten les últimes pinzellades, i al final una imatge: és la natura morta la que ens defineix.

Srednjeevropske elegije?

10

Po prebranem eseju Draga Jančarja

Modro površje, obešeno kot prevelike
rjuhe na vrveh, oporniki, ki
podpirajo sušo dni,
želijo stopiti v zgodovino.
Premalo je biti zgolj geografska nesreča,
kratkočasje risanja zemljevidov, primerjava
premoženj in tuhtanje mejnih poti.
Modro površje je tukaj smrt in je življenje.

Skok v vodo te pripelje na drugo stran,
voda, ki razjeda železno zaveso, se hrani
s kovino. Le megla, ki se nepričakovano
dvigne, prepreči še več rje. Postane gostejša,
a so krogle. In tudi telesa. Nekaj metrov,
ki jih lahko premaga samo domišljija, počivajoč
na rečnem dnu. Za meteorološko vprašanje gre. Izbrati
primeren trenutek sredi vremenskih sprememb.

Toda knjige (za Czesława Miłosza)

Spet te imam na policah, od koder
sploh ne bi smel nikoli oditi, a me je potovanje
oddaljilo od tebe. Potovanje, ki je vodilo
k tebi. Paradoks razdalje je tukaj
dosegel paroksizem. Oddaljim se
od tiskane črke, da bi legel v geografijo.
Prišel sem v tvoje zadnje mesto, ko
te tam že ni bilo več. Iskal sem te v sledovih
stavb, v sencah pročelij.
Poskusil sem se v vseh možnih obrtéh,
kot stezosledec pozabljenih besed,
kot tat in alkimist tvojih verzov,
da bi ti dal dih v nekih drugih sanjah.
Vse je bilo eno samo iskanje tebe, vse do sedaj,
ko so me knjige vrnile k sebi.
V knjižnici si na osrednjem mestu,
tu je tvoj prostor. Do sèm sem moral priti,
da sem našel pravo smer.
Razdalja je miselni koncept,
matematična enačba, kjer so vsi
elementi zamenljivi.
Razen knjig, črnih, zavozlanih
besed, ki potujejo,
puščic, ki zadenejo v belino tarče.
Kakor tista belina snega izza oken.
Predstavljam si te s palico, počasi
pišeš zadnjo pesem.
In sprevidim, da je pot. Moje potovanje.
A od sebe me že ločujejo kilometri,
leta porazov in zmag.
Ni potovanja brez cilja, z brodoloma
sem rešil polne roke knjig,
ki so me znova pripeljale domov.

Claude Monet. Sraka.

Prečudovito jutro, severni sij,
ki pronica iz vseh kotov, vstopa
skozi letve in meče senco
neizbežnosti. Sneg nosi v sebi globoko tišino,
še globljo, kakor da ure in ure zijaš v vodnjak,
da bi videl njegovo dno.

Drevesa molčijo, vsak premik je
v trenutku zadušen, sneg vodi
oči, otip, zvok, besede, krike.
Krokarji, srake predstavljajo tišino,
in vse, kar jim preostane, je opazovanje.

Vse je tišina, vse je pogled,
v notranjost stvari, proti krošnjam
dreves, ki se širijo v iskanju kisika
kakor plavalec, ki je predolgo pod vodo.
Da bi se vrnil na površje in se srečal s prežečim
pogledom srake. To je vse, kar nam preostane,
prežeč pogled, neizogibna grožnja.
Sprememba v čudni in tihi nepremični umirjenosti.

Jesenski dan

Herr: es ist Zeit. Der Sommer war sehr groß
Rainer Maria Rilke

Čas je, Gospod. Poletje je zašlo.*
Naj senca polasti se sončne ure,
naj noč razlije kozarec črnila
in naj pobriše ga z rokavom, za sabo pa čez dan pusti
sled pajčevinastega neba.

Naj sadeži še zadnjič dozorijo,
naj veter jih z rjastimi listi
vrne domov. Naj vino počiva v sodih
v temi in vlagi, pod nizkimi oboki.

Kdor nima hiše, več je ne zgradi,*
zviije se v kačji klobčič, da najde smisel
sam pri sebi, v svojem prevelikem
vprašaju. S piko pa strup, ki nosi ga v sebi.

Kdor sam je, bo pozabil šteti ure,
nanizane boje, ki kažejo raven črnine.
Na sprehodu bo sledil odmevu vsakega šelesta
listnih živcev, ki njegov bo lastni sok.

* Verza, označena z zvezdico, sta prevod Kajetana Koviča.
(Rainer Maria Rilke, Ljubljana: MK, 1988, str. 12)

Iskanje

(xv)

Prideš na glavni trg. Spremeniš se v objektiv
fotografskega aparata. Da dobiš natančno, pregledno
poročilo. Sodbe bodo odveč
kakor kosti, ki jih vržemo psu po obilnem
obroku. Pojavila se bo mrtva narava, a svetloba
bo vsakič drugačna. In sence skrivajo več,
kot povedo. Pretekle iluzije, ki se sprehajajo
v sedanjosti, so kakor maček, ki pozna vsak kotiček.
Potôpi se v sence, kakor da si v filmu,
ki je bil prekmalu razvit. Zdaj so kavarne prazne,
terase skrivajo pogovore v stolih,
kjer so se prej utapljale podobe. Ostale so le jate
brisač, ki se bleščijo v soncu. Kakor okvir
slike, ki se še vedno suši.
Še nekaj potez s čopičem in na koncu podoba:
mrtva narava je tista, ki nas opredeli.

Prevedla Marjeta Prelesnik Drozg

Central European Elegies?

10

After reading an essay by Drago Jancar

The blue surface, spread like sheets
too wide for ropes, the support
that has to allay the drought,
intends to enter history as well.
To be a geographical accident
is too little, a pastime to draw maps,
to compare riches and take
established paths across borders.
Here the blue surface is death and life.

One dive and you go to the other side,
the rusting iron curtain water feeds
on metal. Only the unexpected rising
fog prevents more rust. It filters
into bullets. And bodies also. A few
yards imagination alone will cover
resting at the bottom of the river.
It's a matter of climate. Choosing
the right moment among the weather changes.

And yet the books (for Czeslaw Milosz)

You're back on my shelves, from where
you never should have left, but it was
a trip that kept us apart. A trip to reach
you. The paradox of distances here
reaches the point of outburst. I stay
away from print to come nearer the lay
of the land. I reached your last city when
you were no longer there. I searched
for you in the traces of buildings, in shadows
on façades. I have held all possible jobs,
a tracker of forgotten language,
a robber and alchemist of your verse,
to give you a new breath in other sounds.
It's all been searching for you, until now,
when books led me back to myself.
You occupy the main part of the bookshelf,
that is your spot. I came to this place
to be able to find the right direction.
Distance is just a mental concept,
an equation where the expressions
are completely interchangeable.
Except for books, print, words
linked to cover the crossing,
darts to hit the bull's-eye.
Like the white of snow beyond the window.
I imagine you there with your cane, writing
your last poem patiently.
And I see it's a roadway. My trip.
And yet years of losses and gains
steer me miles away from myself.
I'm not drifting, from the shipwreck
I saved as many books as I could
and they have led me back home.

Claude Monet. The magpie

A splendid morning, the northern light
filters into all corners, it comes through
the banister shafts and leaves a shadow
of imminence. The snow has a deep
silence, deeper, like looking down
into a well for hours to see the bottom.
The trees keep quiet, any motion
is instantly muffled, the snow directs
eyes, touch, sound, words, cries.
Crows, magpies foresee the silence
and all that is left is to watch.

All is silence, all is a look
inside everything, toward plant
stems coming to the surface in search
of air like swimmers who have been
under water too long. Returning
to the surface to find the surveillant
look of the magpie. The only thing left
is the surveillant look, the imminent daring.
Change in the quiet and strange stillness.

Autumn day

*Herr: es ist Zeit. Der Sommer war sehr gross
Rainer Maria Rilke*

Lord: it is time. The summer has been lengthy.
May the shadow overcome the sundial,
may the night spill its inkwell for hours
and may it be washed away, leaving
a trace of spiderweb skies during the day.

May fruit come to ripen for the last time,
and may the wind send them home among
the rusty leaves. May the wine rest in vats
in darkness, in the dampness of low vaults.

The homeless are not in time to build one,
they will coil like snakes to find meaning
in itself, in its extended question mark.
In a period, the poison it bears within.

The lonely will lose the count of time,
a string of buoys to mark the level of black.
They will walk following the echo of every leaf
nerve crunch that will be their own sap.

Search

(xv)

You enter the main square and become a camera lens.
To keep a clear, accurate record.
All evaluation is unwanted like the bones
thrown to the dog after a heavy meal.
A still life will appear, but the light
will always be different and shadows conceal
more than they say. They are illusions from the past
walking through the present like a cat that is familiar with every location.
Sink into the shadows as if you were walking through film
developed too soon. Now the cafes are empty,
the terraces hide the conversations in the chairs
where the figures were deeply seated. A flock of
tablecloths remain, reflecting the sunlight. Like the frame
of a painting that is still drying.
The last brush strokes have yet to come, and in the end an image:
it is the still life that gives us meaning.

Translated by D. Sam Abrams

Guy Helminger



Guy Helminge se je rodil leta 1963 v mestu Esch-sur-Alzette v Luksemburgu. Od leta 1985 živi v nemškem Kölnu. Študiral je germanistiko in filozofijo v Luksemburgu, Heidelbergu in Kölnu. Helminge je romanopisec, pesnik, dramatik in pisec radijskih iger. Med letoma 2006 in 2007 je kot gostujoči pisatelj obiskal Hiderabad v Indiji in Sano v Jemnu ter kot sodelavec pri skupnem literarnem projektu Nemčije in držav Bližnjega vzhoda »Zahodno-vzhodni divan« gostoval tudi v Iranu. Njegova najodmevnejša dela so zbirka kratkih zgodb *Rost* (*Rja*, 2001), ki je leta 2008 izšla pri založbi Modrijan v slovenskem prevodu Martine Soldo, roman *Neubrasilien* (2010), gledališka igra *Morgen ist Regen* (Jutri bo dež, 2003), ki je bila prevedena tudi v angleščino z naslovom *Venezuela*, in pesniška zbirka *Libellenterz* (Terca kačjih pastirjev, 2010). Prejel je številne prestižne nagrade, med drugim tudi luksemburško književno nagrado »Servais« (2002) in nagrado mesta Esch-sur-Alzette za dosežke na področju kulture (2006).

*Guy Helminge was born in 1963 in Esch-sur-Alzette in Luxembourg. He has been living in Köln, Germany, since 1985. He studied German philology and philosophy in Luxembourg, Heidelberg and Köln. Between 2006 and 2007, the novelist, poet, dramatist and radio playwright acted as author-in-residence in Hyderabad, India and in Sanaa, Yemen, and also spent time in Iran as a contributor to the German-Middle-Eastern literature project "West-Eastern Divan". His most acclaimed works are the collection of short stories *Rost* (*Rust*, 2001), which was translated into Slovene by Martina Soldo and published by the Modrijan Publishing House in 2008; and the novel *Neubrasilien* (2010), the play *Morgen ist Regen* (Venezuela, 2003); which was also translated into English; and the book of poetry *Libellenterz* (*Dragonfly Third*, 2010). He is the recipient of several prestigious awards, such as the Luxembourgian Servais Prize for Literature (2002) and the City of Esch-sur-Alzette-Prize for Cultural Merit (2006).*

Neubrasilien

(Auszug)

Am Morgen dieses langen Novembertages 1999, gegen sechs Uhr, war ein kleiner Transporter auf den spärlich beleuchteten Platz neben dem Bahnhofsgebäude in Esch-Alzette gerollt, hatte sich auf die Mauer, über der die Schienen nach Luxemburg-Stadt lagen, zubewegt und abrupt gebremst. Einige Sekunden später wurden die hinteren Türen aufgerissen, und ein Lichtstrahl schoß zwischen den Traubenkisten hindurch ins Innere des Wagens. Die zehnjährige Tiha verengte ihre Augen zu Schlitzeln, aber das gebündelte Licht verschwand sofort wieder. Der Fahrer, dessen Gesicht aus Wachs geformt zu sein schien, nahm mit schnellen Griffen den rechten Turm aus Traubenkisten von der Ladefläche, winkte alle heraus, stellte die Trauben, nachdem der Wagen leer war, wieder hinein, nahm seinen Strahler, stieg ins Auto und fuhr davon.

Tiha sah den Wagen über den Parkplatz beschleunigen; die Bremslichter leuchteten einmal hell auf, bevor er auf die Straße rollte. Dann war er hinter einem Haus verschwunden.

„Wir sind da“, sagte ihre Mutter.

Tiha bemerkte ein Glänzen in ihren Augen und dachte, Mama freut sich. Auch sie war froh, dass der Mann mit dem Wachsgesicht weg war. Er hatte unterwegs nie gesprochen, war während der Pausen nervös auf und ab gegangen, hatte schon nach kurzer Zeit wieder zur Eile ermahnt. Dabei hatten sie immer irgendwo gehalten, wo sowieso niemand vorbeikam, auf einer abgelegenen Straße, in einem Waldstück. Das Wachsgesicht aber hatte immer nur mit der Hand gewedelt, wenn es weitergehen sollte, außer beim letzten Mal, als Mr. Carter ihn gefragt hatte, wann sie denn ankämen, da war ihm eine Uhrzeit rausgerutscht. Aber nicht einmal die stimmte, so dunkel wie es war, konnte es gar nicht neun Uhr sein.

Auf der anderen Seite des Parkplatzes standen zwei schwarze Taxis. Die Fahrer hatten die Köpfe in den Nacken gelegt und dösten.

Biljana strich ihrer Tochter über die Haare. Tiha mochte das, aber an diesem Morgen hatte sie das Gefühl, es liege keine Zärtlichkeit, sondern Verlegenheit in der Geste.

„Was machen wir denn jetzt, Mama?“, fragte sie.

Die Umstehenden sahen sie lächelnd an. Einige hielten ihre Koffer in der Hand, als wüßten sie, wohin sie gehen sollten, als würden sie jeden Augenblick abgeholt.

„Wir warten, bis die Geschäfte aufmachen. Dann können wir deinen Vater anrufen“, antwortete Biljana.

„Aleksandar wird gleich hier sein“, sagte Mr. Carter. Er sagte es so übertrieben, dass Tiha sofort wußte, dass es noch dauern würde, bis ihr Vater käme. Sie war zehn, da mußte niemand mit ihr reden wie mit einer Fünfjährigen!

„Ach ja?“, antwortete sie.

Mr. Carter legte erstaunt den Kopf schief. Er war ein netter Mann, den Tiha bereits aus Trepezi kannte. Aber er konnte schlecht lügen. Sie ahnte sofort, wenn er schummelte oder Geschichten erzählte, die wahr klangen, es aber nicht waren. Er hatte nie in ihrem Dorf gewohnt, zumindest nicht, seit Tiha sich erinnern konnte, war aber einmal die Woche abends aus Berane gekommen, um mit den Männern Karten zu spielen. Das war, bevor ihr Vater weggegangen war. Tiha wußte, dass er eigentlich Adnan Dobrić hieß und für eine Zeitung geschrieben hatte. Warum jeder ihn Mr. Carter nannte, wußte sie nicht. Seine Frau Nada stand neben ihm, das lange, dunkle Haar hochgesteckt, was altmodisch aussah. Alles an ihr sah altmodisch aus. Sie hatte fast so wenig gesprochen wie das Wachsgesicht, seit sie zu ihnen gestoßen war. Aber das machte Tiha keine Angst, im Gegenteil. Nada war Ärztin. Sie hatte Tiha den Fuß abgetastet und verbunden, als sie beim Marsch durch den Wald umgeknickt war.

„Damit das so schnell nicht wieder passiert“, hatte sie zu Tiha gesagt. Mehr hatte sie nicht gesagt, auch nicht, als das Wachsgesicht wieder mit der Hand gefuchelt hatte. Nada war sitzen geblieben, hatte ihren Kopf gewendet und das Wachsgesicht auf eine Weise angesehen, dass sofort klar gewesen war, wer hier bestimmen würde, wann es weiterginge. Das Wachsgesicht hatte sich daraufhin umgedreht und gewartet, bis alle von selbst aufgestanden und weitermarschiert waren.

...

„Wir können auch nicht hier bleiben“, sagte einer der Männer.

„Wenn die Polizei nicht kommt, müssen wir halt zur Polizei.“

„Ich frage den Taxifahrer“, sagte Mr. Carter und strich mit beiden Händen über seine graue Frisur.

Die andern blickten ihm nach, als er den Parkplatz überquerte, an die Scheibe des Taxis klopfte und mit dem Mann redete. Er konnte bereits einige Brocken Deutsch und das, so hatte er gehört, verstand man hier in Luxemburg. Aber der Taxifahrer schien nicht aus Luxemburg zu sein. Er sprach französisch. Also reduzierte Adnan seinen Satz auf ein einziges Wort, das er wiederholte. „Polizei“, sagte er, dann auf serbisch: „milicija“. Der Taxifahrer wies mit dem Finger in Richtung Frontscheibe und nickte.

„Dorthin?“, fragte Adnan.

„Si“, sagte der Taxifahrer, „tout droit“.

Adnan sah die Straße hoch. Jenseits des Bahnhofsgebäudes erstreckte sich ein weiterer Parkplatz, auf dem Busse hielten. Gegenüber lagen Geschäfte, die noch geschlossen hatten. Die Fassaden sahen grau und schmutzig aus, nicht wie im reichsten Land Europas. Er bedankte sich und ging zu seinen Landsleuten zurück. Einige griffen nach ihren Koffern, noch ehe Adnan ihnen erklärt hatte, dass die Polizeistation direkt vor ihnen lag. Sie mussten nur der Straße folgen.

„Können wir nicht auch mit und von da aus Aleksandar anrufen?“, fragte Tiha.

Biljana verneinte: „Wir haben das so abgemacht. Ich weiß nicht genau, was dein Vater vorhat. Er kennt sich hier schon aus.“

„Wir sehen uns“, sagte Mr. Carter, reichte Tiha die Hand. Auch Nada verabschiedete sich von ihr, hielt ihren Blick einige Sekunden lang, ohne zu blinzeln, auf sie gerichtet. Die anderen winkten kurz, dann gingen alle los, nur sie und ihre Mutter blieben zurück.

Es war noch immer dunkel. Aber mehr und mehr Menschen kamen zum Bahnhof oder verließen ihn. Der Taxifahrer, der Adnan gezeigt hatte, wo es zur Polizeistation ging, fuhr vom Parkplatz. Wenig später stieg ein Fahrgast in das zweite ein.

„Wie lange müssen wir warten?“, fragte Tiha.

„Bis die Geschäfte aufmachen“, wiederholte Biljana. Sie war sich nicht einmal sicher, ob ihr Mann von ihrer Ankunft wußte. Wenn sie es sich genau überlegte, konnte er gar nicht wissen, dass sie hier waren. Ihr Vater, der sie und seine Enkelin durch Bosnien bis nach Kroatien begleitet hatte, würde ihn nach seiner Heimkehr nach Tpezi sicher anrufen haben. Aber war er bereits wieder heimgekehrt? Und selbst wenn er es bereits geschafft und Aleksandar angerufen hatte, wußte ihr Mann zwar, dass seine Familie im Anmarsch war, aber nicht, wann sie in Esch ankommen würde.

Biljana öffnete den Reißverschluß an der Seite ihres Koffers, entnahm dem Fach einen Zettel mit der Telephonnummer von Aleksandars Bruder, bei dem ihr Mann seit seiner Flucht wohnte. Živko war bereits vor acht Jahren nach Luxemburg gekommen und arbeitete als Dreher. Er hatte seine Papiere, er war angestellt, alles legal. Biljana sah auf die Nummer, dann steckte sie den Zettel in ihre Hosentasche.

Im hohen Gebäudeklotz des Bahnhofes gingen vereinzelt Lichter an, auch Parterre kam Leben in den Schankraum der Gaststätte. Aber von einer Kneipe aus würde sie nicht anrufen.

...

Am Himmel löste sich langsam die Nacht auf. Die Dunkelheit wurde maulwurfsfarben, durchsichtig, schließlich hell wie ein weißer, aber oft benutzter Putzlappen, der zwischen die Dachplatten der Häuser fusselte.

„Wärmer als in Montenegro ist es hier auch nicht“, sagte Biljana. Sie schlug die Arme um ihre Schultern, wirkte zierlich, so als brauche die Kälte nicht lange, um sie zum Zittern zu bringen. War das der Ort, an dem sie leben würde, an dem sie leben wollte? Sie würde ihren Vater vermissen, die Berge, das Haus, all die Kleinigkeiten, die selbstverständlich waren, das Gackern der Hühner, die Holzscheite vor der Tür, die Fahrten nach Berane.

Erneut rollte über ihnen ein Zug heran, bremste quietschend, fuhr wieder ab.

Tiha begann sich zu langweilen, ging die Mauer entlang und zählte die Autos. Sie hatte ihren Vater nun ein halbes Jahr nicht gesehen und stellte ihn sich dicker vor als früher. Bestimmt aß er viel hier in Luxemburg. Nicht dass er wenig zu Hause gegessen hätte, aber sie war sich sicher, dass er hier mehr aß. In Trpezi würden Eldina und Milka bald schon auf der Straße vorm Haus spielen, wie sie das immer mit ihr zusammen getan hatten, bis kurz vor zwölf der Bus kam, der sie hinab zur Schule brachte.

„Geh nicht zu weit weg“, hörte Tiha ihre Mutter rufen. Sie wandte den Kopf, ohne etwas zu antworten, ging weiter. Würde sie hier auch mit dem Bus zur Schule fahren?

In einige Geschäfte schien Leben zu kommen. Tiha sah, wie die Schaufenster aufleuchteten, Verkäuferinnen durch die Läden schlenderten, die Theken bestückten oder die Waren neu anordneten. Sie hatte gute Augen. Opa Gordan würde das von hier aus nicht sehen können, vielleicht nicht einmal ihre Mutter.

Neubrasilien

(odlomek)

Tistega dolgega novembrskega dne v letu 1999 je okoli šestih zjutraj zavilo na skopo osvetljen prostor ob kolodvorskem poslopju v Esch-Alzette majhno transportno vozilo; zapeljalo je k zidu, nad katerim so tekle tračnice proti mestu Luksemburg, nato pa sunkovito zavrla. Čez nekaj sekund so na stečaj zazevala zadnja vrata in mimo zabojev z grozdem je v notranjost švignil svetlobni žarek. Desetletna Tiha je stisnila veke v ozki režici, toda snop luči je takoj spet izginil. Voznik, čigar obraz je bil videti kakor iz voska, je s hlastnimi prijemi odstranil iz prostora za tovor desni steber zabojev z grozdem, pomignil vsem, naj izstopijo, naložil po izpraznjenju vozila grozdje nazaj noter, vzel svojo svetilko, zlezal v avto ter odpeljal proč. Tiha je videla, kako pospešuje hitrost med vožnjo čez parkirišče; zavorne luči so še enkrat močno zasvetile, preden je zapeljal na cesto. Nato je vozilo izginilo za neko hišo.

»Prišli smo,« je rekla njena mati.

Tiha je opazila lesk v njenih očeh in pomislila, mama je vesela. Tudi njo je veselilo, da moškega z voščenim obrazom ni več tam. Vso pot sploh ni spregovoril, med postanki je živčno korakal sem ter tja, že kmalu pa jih je spet priganjal, naj pohitijo. Ustavili pa so se vedno kje, kjer tako ali tako ni bilo nikogar mimo, na odročni cesti ali v gozdu. Voščeni obraz je vselej samo kri-lil z roko, kadar so morali naprej; razen zadnjikrat, ko ga je Mr. Carter vprašal, kdaj neki naj bi prispeli, in mu je ušel z jezika čas prihoda. Toda niti to ni držalo, saj glede na temo, ki je vladala, ura nikakor ni mogla biti že devet.

Na drugi strani parkirišča sta stala dva črna taksija. Voznika sta dremala z nazaj nagnjeno glavo.

Biljana je pobožala hčer po laseh. Tihi je bilo to navadno všeč, toda tisto jutro je imela občutek, da mamina kretnja ne izraža nežnosti, ampak zadržego.

»Kaj bova zdaj, mama?« je vprašala.

Naokrog stoječi so se nasmihali ter ju opazovali. Nekateri so držali v rokah kovčke, kakor da bi natanko vedeli, kam morajo kreniti, kakor da pride vsak hip kdo ponje.

»Počakali bova, da odprejo trgovine. Potem lahko pokličeva tvojega očeta,« je odgovorila Biljana.

»Aleksandar bo vsak čas tukaj,« je rekel Mr. Carter. To je povedal s tako pretiranim poudarkom, da je Tiha takoj vedela: trajalo bo še dolgo, preden pride oče. Stara je bila deset let, zato ne bi nihče smel govoriti z njo kot s petletnim otrokom!

»Oh, res?« je odgovorila.

Mr. Carter je osupel nagnil glavo. Bil je prijeten možak, ki ga je Tiha poznala že iz Trpezov. Lagati pa je znal bolj slabo. Takoj je začutila, če je kaj

pogoljufal ali če je pripovedoval zgodbe, ki so zvenele resnično, vendar niso bile resnične. Nikoli ni prebival v njeni vasi, vsaj odkar se je Tiha lahko spomnila, toda enkrat na teden je prihajal zvečer iz Beran, da bi z možmi igral karte. Tako je bilo, preden je njen oče odšel. Tiha je vedela, da mu je v resnici ime Adnan Dobrić in da piše za neki časopis. Zakaj ga vsi kličejo Mr. Carter, ni vedela. Ob njem je stala njegova žena Nada z dolgimi temnimi lasmi, ki si jih je spenjala visoko, kar je delovalo staromodno. Vse na njej je bilo videti staromodno. Odkar se jim je pridružila, je govorila skoraj tako malo kot voščeni obraz. Toda Tihe to ni navdajalo s strahom, ravno nasprotno. Nada je bila zdravnica. Pretipala je Tihino stopalo in ga obvezala, kajti med potjo skozi gozd je nerodno stopila in si ga izpahnila. »Da se ne bi prekmalu spet zgodilo,« je rekla Tihi. Nič drugega ni več rekla, niti takrat, ko je voščeni obraz spet zakrilil z roko. Obsedela je, obrnila glavo in ga ošinila s takšnim pogledom, da je postalo nemudoma jasno, kdo tukaj odloča, kdaj bodo krenili dalje. Nato se je voščeni obraz obrnil in počakal, da so vsi sami od sebe vstali ter odkorakali naprej.

...

»Tukaj tudi ne moremo ostati,« je rekel eden izmed mož.

»Če ne pride policija, moramo kar sami na policijo.«

»Vprašal bom taksista,« je rekel Mr. Carter in si z obema rokama pogladil sivo pričesko.

Drugi so pogledovali za njim, ko je prečkal parkirišče, potrkal po šipi taksija in se začel pogovarjati z možakom. Znal je že nekaj drobcev nemščine, in to, kot je slišal, tukaj v Luksemburgu razumejo. Toda taksist očitno ni bil iz Luksemburga. Govoril je francosko. Adnan je zato skrčil svoj stavek na eno samo besedo, ki jo je ponavljal. »Polizei,« je rekel, nato pa po srbsko: »milicija«. Taksist je pokazal s prstom v smeri prednje šipe in pokimal.

»Tam?« je vprašal Adnan.

»Si,« je rekel taksist, »tout droit.«

Adnan je pogledal navzgor po ulici. Onstran kolodvorskega poslopja se je razprostiralo drugo parkirišče, na katerem so se ustavljali avtobusi. Nasproti so stale trgovine, ki so bile še zaprte. Pročelja so bila videti siva in umazana, nikakor takšna, kakršna naj bi bila v najbogatejši evropski deželi. Zahvalil se je in se vrnil k rojakom. Nekateri so pograbili svoje kovčke, še preden je lahko Adnan pojasnil, da leži policijska postaja naravnost pred njimi. Samo naprej morajo po tej ulici.

»Ne moreva tudi midve z njimi, da bi poklicali Aleksandra od tam?« je vprašala Tiha.

Biljana je odkimala: »Tako smo se dogovorili. Ne vem natanko, kaj name-rava oče. On že dobro pozna ta kraj.«

»Se vidimo,« je rekel Mr. Carter in pomolil Tihi roko. Tudi Nada se je poslovila od nje, za nekaj sekund je, ne da bi zamežikala, uperila pogled vanjo. Drugi so bežno pomahali, nato pa so vsi odšli, le onidve z materjo sta ostali tam.

Še vedno je bilo temno. Toda vse več ljudi je prihajalo na kolodvor ali ga zapuščalo. Taksist, ki je Adnanu pokazal pot do policijske postaje, je odpeljal s parkirišča. Malo pozneje je v drug taksi vstopil nek potnik.

»Kako dolgo bova morali čakati?« je vprašala Tiha.

»Dokler ne odprejo trgovin,« je ponovila Biljana. Niti o tem ni bila pričana, da mož ve za njun prihod. Če je dobro pomislila, sploh ni mogel vedeti, da sta tukaj. Njen oče, ki jo je skupaj z vnukinjo pospremil skozi Bosno na Hrvaško, bi mu po vrnitvi v Trpeze zagotovo telefoniral. Toda, ali se je že vrnil domov? In celo če je prispel in poklical Aleksandra, je mož vedel samo to, da je njegova družina na poti, ne pa tudi, kdaj prideta v Esch.

Biljana je odprla stransko zadrgo na kovčku in vzela iz predelka listek s telefonsko številko Aleksandrovega brata, pri katerem je mož živel, odkar je prebегnil. Živko je prišel v Luksemburg že pred osmimi leti in je tukaj delal kot strugar. Imel je dokumente, zaposlitev, vse legalno. Biljana si je ogledovala številko, nato pa je vtaknila listek v hlačni žep.

V visokem trupu kolodvorskega poslopja so se prižigale posamezne luči, tudi v pritličju so oživele šanki gostinskih lokalov. Toda iz krčme raje ne bi poklicala.

...

Na nebu se je počasi razkrajala noč. Tema je postajala krtovo rjava, prosojna, nato svetla, in kakor bela, vendar že pogosto rabljena čistilna krpa se je svaljkala med strešnimi ploskvami hiš.

»Topleje kot v Črni gori tukaj gotovo ni,« je rekla Biljana. Z rokama si je objela ramena; delovala je krhko, tako, kot da mraz ne potrebuje prav veliko časa, preden jo pripravi do tega, da zadrgeta. Ali je bil to kraj, kjer naj bi živela, kjer bi hotela živeti? Pogrešala bi očeta, gore, hišo, vse malenkosti, ki so bile samoumevne, kokodakanje kokoši, polena pred vrati, vožnje v Berane.

Nad njima je pripeljal še en vlak, cvileče zavrl, zopet odpeljal. Tiha se je začela dolgočasiti, hodila je vzdolž zidu in preštevala avtomobile. Očeta zdaj ni videla dobrega pol leta in predstavljala si ga je bolj zajetnega kot prej. Tukaj v Luksemburgu je gotovo veliko jedel. Saj ne, da bi doma jedel malo, toda bila je prepričana, da tukaj zaužije več. V Trpezih se bosta Eldina in Milka kmalu začeli igrati na cesti pred hišo, kakor sta se vselej igrali skupaj z njo, dokler ni nekaj pred dvanajsto prišel avtobus, ki jih je odpeljal navzdol v šolo.

»Ne hodi predaleč,« je Tiha zaslišala materin klic. Obrnila je glavo, ne da bi odgovorila, in krenila naprej. Ali bi se tukaj tudi vozila z avtobusom v šolo? Videti je bilo, da so nekatere trgovine oživele. Tiha je opazovala, kako se prižigajo izložbene luči, kako se prodajalke prestopajo gor in dol po trgovini, opremljajo prodajne pulte ali na novo zlagajo blago. Imela je dobre oči. Deda Gordan tega od tod ne bi mogel videti, morda tudi njena mati ne.

Neubrasilien

(Excerpt)

On that long November day in 1999, around six in the morning, a small van arrived at the dimly lit square by the train station in Esch-Alzette, moved towards the wall and braked sharply. On the other side of the wall, the rails led off toward Luxembourg city station. A few seconds later the back door was thrown open and a shaft of light shot into the van, between the crates of grapes. Ten-year-old Tiha narrowed her eyes to slits, but the beam of light disappeared immediately. The driver, a man whose face looked like it was made of wax, hastily removed the tower of grape crates from the right side of his load bed, waved everyone out, and replaced the boxes back once the vehicle was empty; he took his spotlight, climbed into the van and drove away. Tiha saw how the vehicle accelerated across the parking lot; the brake lights flashed once before it turned into the street. Then it disappeared behind a house.

“We’ve arrived,” said her mother.

Tiha noticed her mother’s eyes sparkle and thought: Mama’s happy. Tiha was glad too; at least the man with the face of wax was gone. He hadn’t spoken a word during the journey, nervously walking up and down during the stops and urging them to hurry up after only a while, though they only stopped in places where no one came anyway, on a back road, or in the middle of a forest. Wax-face though just waved his hand, time to leave, except once when Mr. Carter asked him the time they would arrive – only then a couple of words slipped from his mouth. But even that information was not true; as dark as it was, it could never be nine o’clock.

Two black taxis were parked on the other side of the parking lot. The drivers were sleeping, their heads leaned back.

Biljana stroked her daughter’s hair. Tiha liked this gesture, but that morning she had the feeling that it expressed helplessness rather than tenderness.

“What are we going to do now, mum?” asked Tiha.

The group standing about smiled at her. Some of them were carrying suitcases as if they knew where they were headed to, as if they were waiting for someone to pick them up any moment.

“We have to wait for the shops to open. Then we can call your father,” answered Biljana.

“Aleksandar will be here in a snatch,” said Mr. Carter. He said it with such emphasis that Tiha knew it would take a long time before her father came. After all, she was ten, nobody had to speak to her as if she was five!

“Oh, really?” she answered.

Mr. Carter cocked his head in surprise. He was a kind man, Tiha knew him from Irpezi. But he was a terrible liar. She sensed immediately whenever he tried to cheat or tell stories that only sounded true but were in fact not. He had never lived in her village, at least not as long as Tiha could remember, but he used to come from Berane once a week in the evening to play cards

with the men. That was before her father went away. Tiha knew his actual name was Adnan Dobrić and that he had worked as a journalist for a newspaper. She didn't know why they all called him Mr. Carter. His wife Nada was standing beside him, her long dark hair pinned up, which looked old-fashioned. Everything about her looked old-fashioned. She had been almost as silent as wax-face, ever since she joined them. However, Tiha wasn't afraid of that; on the contrary. Nada was a doctor. She had examined Tiha's ankle and bound it up after Tiha twisted it on the march through the forest.

"So that it doesn't happen again too soon," she said to Tiha. She hadn't said more than that, not even when wax-face eagerly waved his hand again. Nada stayed sitting and glanced at wax-face in a way that made it quite clear who here would decide when it was time to move on. Wax-face turned around and waited until everybody stood up and was ready to continue.

...

"We can't just stay here," said one of the men.

"If the police don't come, we'll have to find the police ourselves."

"I will ask the taxi driver," said Mr. Carter, passing both hands over his gray hair.

The rest of the group followed him with a glance when he crossed the parking lot, tapped the window of a taxi and talked to the driver. He knew a little bit of German and had heard they would understand him here in Luxembourg. But the taxi driver didn't seem to come from Luxembourg. He was speaking French. So Adnan reduced his sentence to a single word he kept repeating.

"Polizei," he said, and again in Serbian: "milicija." The taxi driver pointed a finger at the front windscreen and nodded.

"That way?" asked Adnan.

"Si," said the taxi driver, "tout droit."

Adnan looked up the street. On the other side of the train station there was a parking lot for buses. Opposite were some shops, still closed at this hour. Their facades were gray and dirty, not looking much like the wealthiest country in Europe. Adnan thanked the taxi driver and went back to his fellow-countrymen. Some people picked up their suitcases even before Adnan could tell them that the police station was straight ahead. They only had to follow that street.

"Can't we go as well and call Aleksandar from there?" asked Tiha.

Biljana shook her head: "We agreed we'd do it this way. I don't know what your father is up to. He knows his way around here."

"See you," said Mr. Carter and offered his hand to Tiha. Nada said goodbye too, she looked at her for a few moments without blinking. Others waved shortly and went off, Tiha and her mother were left alone.

It was still dark. However, more and more people were coming and going from the train station. The taxi driver who had showed Adnan the way to the police station, drew out from the parking lot. A few minutes later another passenger climbed into the second taxi.

“How long do we have to wait?” asked Tiha.

“Until the shops are open,” repeated Biljana. She wasn’t sure if her husband knew they had arrived. Come to think of it, how could he know they were already here? Her father had gone with her and his granddaughter across Bosnia and all the way to Croatia, and would certainly have called him after he had got back to Trpezi. But had he returned already? And even if he had, and if he had called Aleksandar, he could only have told him that his family was on the way, not when exactly they would arrive at Esch.

Biljana opened the zipper on the side of the suitcase and pulled out a piece of paper with the phone number of Aleksandar’s brother, where her husband lived since he had fled. Živko had come to Luxembourg eight years ago and worked here as a turner. He had his papers, he was employed, everything legal. Biljana looked at the number for a while, then she tucked the piece of paper into her trouser pocket.

Sporadically, the lights went on in the tall building of the train station, a pub in the ground floor opened. But she didn’t want to call from a bar.

...

The night leached slowly from the sky. The darkness turned mole-colored, then translucent and in the end bright like a white but frequently used cleaning rag, wiping between the roofs of the houses.

“Not really much warmer here than in Montenegro,” said Biljana. She folded her arms; she seemed so delicate, as if she would start shivering with cold any moment. Is this the place where she would live now, where she would want to live? She would miss her father, the mountains, the house, all the small things always taken for granted, the cackling of the hens, the pile of firewood by the doorway, the trips to Berane.

Another train was approaching, the brakes creaked, then it drew out again. Tiha was beginning to get bored, and walked along the wall counting cars. She hadn’t seen her father for six months, and she imagined he had gained some weight since then. Surely he ate more, here in Luxembourg. Not that he picked at his food at home, but she was somehow sure he ate more here. In Trpezi, Eldina and Milka would already be playing on the street in front of the house, as they played together each day before the bus came around noon to bring them to school.

“Don’t go too far,” Tiha heard her mother calling. She turned her head without answering and continued walking. Would she also have to take the bus to school here?

Some of the shops seemed to fill with life. Tiha saw how the shop windows lit up, how saleswomen strolled up and down the shopfloors, loading the sales counters or rearranging the goods. She had good eyes. Grandpa Gordana wouldn’t have been able to see that from all the way over here, perhaps not even her mother.

*Translated by Ana Jasmina Oseban
and Samuel Pakucs Willcocks*

Tatjana Komissarova



Tatjana Komissarova je bila rojena v Moskvi v Rusiji. Končala je študij slovenskega jezika in književnosti na Filozofski fakulteti Univerze v Ljubljani. Je pesnica, filologinja in prevajalka. Dvajset let je delala na Moskovskem radiu kot novinarka in napovedovalka za oddaje v slovenščini. Je članica Društva ruskih novinarjev, trenutno pa je zaposlena v enem večjih evropskih farmacevtskih podjetij. Poezijo je začela pisati, ko se je pojavila možnost objave na spletu. Komissarova je v dveh letih in pol na nacionalnem portalu za poezijo *stihi.ru* – enem največjih literarnih portalov v ruščini, ki je namenjen sodobni poeziji in na katerem je prijavljenih več kot 300.000 avtorjev – objavila več kot 250 pesmi. Sodelovala in zmagala je na mnogih spletnih literarnih natečajih. Njeno pesniško ustvarjanje spremlja več kot 30.000 bralcev.

*Tatiana Komissarova was born in Moscow, Russia. She studied Slovene philology at the Faculty of Arts at the University of Ljubljana. She is a poet, philologist, and translator who had spent twenty years working as a journalist and host of broadcasts in Slovene for Radio Moscow. She is also a member of the Russian Union of Journalists. Her current employer is one of the largest pharmaceutical companies in Europe. She began writing poetry as soon as it became possible to publish it online. Within two-and-a-half years, she published over 250 poems at the national poetry portal *stihi.ru* – one of the largest poetry websites in Russian dedicated to modern poetry. The website hosts more than 300,000 authors. She has participated in and won several online literary contests. Over 30,000 readers follow her poetic endeavours.*

Отражение

Полощет река отражение города -
Два призрачных мира - реальность и вымысел,
Как будто бы после чумы или голода
Ремесленник зеркало к празднику вывесил.
Дома этажи моментально удвоили
И нижние сдали отъевшимся рыбакам,
Мосты, упираясь друг в друга устоями,
Повисли в пространстве воздушными глыбами.
Меж копий ушедших под воду Манхэттенов
Плывем, отдаваясь гипнозу течения.
Забыв о насущном, мы тонем в неведомом,
И рыбы копируют наши движения.

Ночные гости

Они пришли в свой старый двор,
Они играют в домино,
Ведут неспешный разговор.

Вверху распахнуто окно,
На нем старинный патефон
Поет неслышно ни о чем.

Как странно все - не явь, не сон,
Холодный дождь асфальт сечет,
Но им как будто все равно.

Сыграешь с ними в домино?

На балконе

Добычу в луже размочив,
Легко клюет ворона сушку.
Весь мир повешен на просушку
Под ветра простенький мотив.
Движенье легких облаков
Удвоит мокрая клеенка,
На черно-белой кинолентке
Вот-вот прибавится цветов.
Мне старый тополь машет - жив! -
И под его прозрачной сенью
Прекрасный водолей весенний
Торгует будущим в разлив.

Дождик

Спи, милый, спи, за окном непогода,
Можно сегодня подольше поспать.
Сны не спугнув, по темнеющим водам
Двигается медленным ходом кровать.
Что там мерцает в стекле мутноватом?
Зеркало смотрит в незрелый рассвет.
Призраки кружатся, словно совыта,
Что-то забывшие в сонной Москве.
Шелест и шепот, невидимый кто-то
Руку тихонько на сердце кладет...
Спи, милый, спи, ведь сегодня суббота,
Просто над городом дождик идет.

У костра

Всё чрезвычайно,
Всё, как во сне.
Выкипел чайник -
Что там, на дне?
Ворон, не каркай,
Песня стара.
Светло и жарко
Пламя костра.
С посвистом поезда
Мимо осин.
Долгая осень,
Скорая жизнь.

На языке крупинкой перца

На языке крупинкой перца
Умолкшей речи пряный звук.
Я говорю с тобою сердцем -
Ты слышишь этот легкий стук?
В звучанье слов полузабытых -
Вкус хлеба, запахи жилья,
Развалы свежего белья,
Сиянье детских лиц умытых,
Смех Сары, тихий голос Ривы,
И нет войны, и все мы живы.

Я читаю тебя

Я читаю тебя, ты читаешь меня, -
Затянулся немой диалог.
Мы меняем стихи, словно двое менял,
На ракушки и белый песок,
На зеленые бусы индейских лесов,
На седую золу от костра,
На неласковый норд, холодящий висок,
И молчанье вдвоем до утра.

Ночное

За окошком промозглая взвесь,
Серым съедена звездная бездна.
А ты знаешь, я все еще здесь,
Если это тебе интересно.
А ты знаешь, я все еще длю
То, что счастья мне стало дороже,
И на то, как тебя я люблю,
Эта ночь без исхода похожа.

Одиночество

Одиночество - благо, -
Поняла, поседев.
Чистый стол и бумага -
Отрешенье от дел,
Отрешенье от смуты.
Лист прозрачен и бел.
Ощущаю минуты.
Возвращаюсь к себе.

Odsev

Izplakuje reka odseve mesteca –
dveh prividnih svetov – resničnosti in izmišljije,
kot da bi po kugi ali lakoti
obrtnik zrcalo za praznik izobesil.
Hiše so v hipu podvojile nadstropja
in nižja oddale preobjedenim ribam,
mostovi, ki se drug na drugega naslanjajo z nosilci,
so v prostoru obviseli kot zračne gmote.
Med kopijami pod vodo potopljenih Manhattnov
plavamo, prepuščeni hipnozi toka.
Ob pozabljenem vsakdanu tonemo v neznano,
in ribe oponašajo naše gibe.

Nočni gostje

Zbrali so se na svojem starem dvorišču,
igrajo domino
in se lagodno pomenkujejo.

Zgoraj na stežaj odprto okno,
s police starinski gramofon
prepeva neslišno o ničemer.

Vse je čudno – ni ne budnost ne sen,
hladen dež biča asfalt,
njim pa kot da bi bilo vseeno.

Bi zaigral z njimi domino?

Na balkonu

V luži razmočen plen,
 presta, ki vrana jo zlahka kljuva.
 Ves svet je izobešen na sušilu
 ob vetra preprostemu motivu.
 Premikanje lahnih oblakov
 bo podvojilo mokro povoščeno platno,
 na črno-belem filmskem traku
 se bodo zdaj zdaj pojavile barve.
 Stari topol mi maha – živ! –
 in pod njegovo prosojno senco
 prelep spomladanski vodnar
 prodaja prihodnost na litre.

Dežek

Spi, ljubi, spi, zunaj je nevihta,
 danes lahko potegneš s spanjem.
 Postelja premika se po temnih vodah
 s počasnim korakom, sanj ne preganja.
 Kaj se tam v motnem steklu svetlika?
 Zrcalo gleda v nezrelo zarjo.
 Prividi krožijo kot sovji zarod,
 ki je nekaj pozabil v zaspani Moskvi.
 Šelestenje in šepetanje, neviden nekdo
 blago na srce položi roko ...
 Spi, ljubi, spi, saj je danes sobota,
 dežek pa pada nad mestom.

Ob kresu

Vse je neobičajno,
vse, kot v sanjah.
Prekipel je čajnik –
na dnu pa, kaj je?
Krokar, ne krakaj,
pesem je stara.
Svetal in vroč
je plamen kresa.
Vlak je švisnil
mimo trepetlik.
Dolga jesen je,
prehitro življenje.

Na jeziku kot poprovo zrnce

Na jeziku kot poprovo zrnce
potihle govorice začinjeni zvok.
S tabo govorim iz srca –
mar slišiš ta lahni trk?
Ob zvenu polpozabljenih besed –
okus po kruhu, vonji dóma,
kupi perila, sveže opranega,
sij otroških obrazov umitih,
Sarin smeh, tihi Rivin glas,
in vojne ni in vsi smo živi.

Berem te

Jaz berem tebe, ti bereš mene -
zavlekel se je nemi dialog.
Verze menjujeva kot dva mešetarja,
za školjke in bel pesek,
za zelene koralde indijskih gozdov,
za siv pepel od kresa,
za neprijazni sever, ki hladi sencè,
in molčanje v dvoje do svita.

Nočna

Za oknom je vlažna zmes,
sivina je pogoltnila zvezdno praznino.
A ti veš, da sem še vedno tu,
če te to še zanima.
A ti veš, da še vedno podaljšujem
to, kar je zame od sreče bolj dragoceno,
in temu, kako te ljubim,
je ta noč brez konca podobna.

Samota

Samota je blagor,
sem šele osivela dojela.
Prazna miza in papir,
odrekanje opravkom,
odrekanje zmedi.
List je prosojen in bel.
Občutim trenutke.
Vračam se vase.

Prevedla Andreja Kalc

Reflections

The river is flapping my city's reflections:
Two phantoms – the real and fictional city.
It looks like a craftsman has set up a mirror,
To hail the retreat of black plague or famine.
All houses have instantly doubled their height
And let the lower flats to overweight fish.
The bridges have planted their pillars into one another
And hang in the universe like airborne giants.
We swim through the spires of sunken Manhattans
And give ourselves to the river's hypnosis.
Forgetful of the actual, we sink into the unknown,
And the fish imitate our movements.

Night guests

They've come to their old courtyard,
They are playing dominos,
Their talk is unhurried.

A window is open up high,
And an old gramophone
Is singing silently of nothing, from above.

All this is strange – not real, nor a dream.
Cold rain is beating against the asphalt,
But they don't seem to care.

Will you play dominos with them?

From the balcony

Having soaked its booty in the puddle
The crow is pecking easily at dry bread.
The whole world is hanged out on the line,
To dry to the wind's simple song.
The movement of light clouds is reflected
By a piece of wet oilcloth,
And the black-and-white film
Is just about to turn colour.
The old poplar's waving: "I'm alive!"
And under its transparent canopy
The handsome Aquarius
Is ladling out the future.

Rain

Sleep, my dear, sleep. It's bad weather outdoors.
So you can sleep longer today.
Disturbing no dreams,
The bed's floating slowly on darkening waters.
What's shimmering in the dim glass?
It's the unripe dawn looking at the mirror.
Ghosts are swirling like little owls –
What have they lost in sleepy Moscow?
With a rustle and whisper, an invisible someone, gently,
Is pressing a hand on your heart...
Sleep, dear, sleep. It's a Saturday morning,
And the city is simply shrouded in rain.

By the bonfire

It's extraordinary,
And like a dream.
The kettle's empty –
What's left in the dregs?
Don't you croak, raven,
Your song is too old.
The flames are brilliant
And the bonfire's hot.
A train has swished past
Russet aspen trees.
Autumn's long,
Life is fast.

On my tongue

On my tongue, like a grain of pepper,
The spicy sound of extinct speech:
I'm speaking to you from my heart –
Can you hear its soft beating?
Those half-forgotten words bring back
The taste of bread, the smell of home,
The freshness of clean clothes,
The children's bright new faces,
And Sarah's laughter, Riva's quiet voice.
There is no war, and everyone's alive.

I read you

I read you, you read me –
And the dumb dialogue lasts too long.
Like two money jobbers we change
Poems into seashells, white sand,
And green beads of Indian forest.
We change poems into grey ashes of a fire,
Into northern wind that chills my temple
And into two silences till first light.

Night-watch

Outside, the damp drizzle
Has swallowed up the starry abyss.
But you know, I'm still here,
If you care to notice.
And I'm still holding on
To what I cherish more than happiness.
And the night without end
Is the way I love you.

Solitude

Solitude is a blessing,
I've learnt that at my age.
A clean table and paper
Spells resignation from chores,
Resignation from trouble.
The sheet is transparent and white.
I'm aware of minutes.
I'm coming back to myself.

Alain Lance



Alain Lance se je rodil leta 1939 v Bonsecoursu blizu Rouena v Franciji. Odraščal je v Parizu in študiral germanistiko v Parizu in Leipzigu. Je pesnik, pisatelj, prevajalec in učitelj francoščine in nemščine. V Frankfurtu na Majni in v Saarbrücknu je vodil francoske kulturne ustanove, deloval pa je tudi kot direktor Maison des écrivains (Hiše pisateljev) v Parizu. Izdal je več pesniških zbirk. Prvo zbirko z naslovom *Les Gens perdus deviennent fragiles* (Izgubljeni ljudje postanejo šibki) je izdal leta 1970, njegova najnovejša, *Longtemps l'Allemagne* (Nemčija – dolgo časa), pa je izšla leta 2007 in bila v razširjeni izdaji objavljena tudi leta 2009. Z Renate Lance-Otterbein sta v francoščino prevedla dela nemških avtorjev, kot so Christa Wolf, Volker Braun in Ingo Schulze. Med priznanji, ki jih je prejel, velja omeniti nagrado Tristana Tzara (1996) in Appollinairjevo nagrado (2001) za poezijo, nagrado za tujo književnost knjižnega sejma v Bordeauxu (1997) ter nagrado »Deka Bank« (2006) za promocijo nemške književnosti v Franciji.

*Alain Lance was born in 1939 in Bonsecours, near Rouen, France. He grew up in Paris and studied German philology in Paris and Leipzig. The poet, author, translator and French and German language teacher once headed the French cultural institutes in Frankfurt-am-Main and Saarbrücken in Germany and served as the director of the Maison des écrivains (House of Authors) in Paris. He has published several books of poetry, beginning with *Les Gens perdus deviennent fragiles* (Lost People Become Fragile, 1970), with the most recent being *Longtemps l'Allemagne* (Germany – A Long While, 2007), also published as an expanded edition in 2009. Together with Renate Lance-Otterbein, he has translated works from German authors Christa Wolf, Volker Braun and Ingo Schulze into French. His accolades include the Tristan-Tzara-Prize (1996) and the Apollinaire Award (2001) for poetry, the Bordeaux-Book-Fair-Foreign-Literature-Prize (1997) and the Deka-Bank-Award (2006) for promoting German literature in France.*

Janvier

Sommeil coupé
Sur le côté
Un quart de la nuit de nivôse

Organes
Au repos
On pourrait
Comme dans l'eau
Les oublier

De lentes lueurs s'élèvent
Vers le centre
Encore clos

Février

Les chenilles font gicler
Les cailloux du désert
Vers les téléobjectifs

C'est la guerre
Qui pénètre en nos crânes
De betterave cuite

Silence des dîneurs
Au banquet diplomatique
Un chien fou recule en grondant
Dans sa gueule un coin de la nappe

Mars

Revisitons quelques heures
Cette terre interrompue
De vert et bleu drapée

Lourdaud ludion je remonte
De la marée maugréante
À la toison des falaises

Aux mots que d'autres piquent en l'air
On distrait son silence

Avril

De proche en proche la vie fait
Ricocher nos projets sur l'âpre loi

(l'économie bouchère charge les langues)

Horizon rongé
Dressé pour les missiles

Caillou demain et caillou espoir
Dans le flot glacé des mots en fuite

Mai

Un jour on découvre un grand vide
Sous des bulbes pourris
(quoi donc, un mulot ravageur
dans cette ville de papier ?)

Tandis que je n'écris pas
Le temps se renverse
Sur des femmes qui
Partent sans mot dire
 au long d'anciens commerces

Juin

Quelques pages d'avance
Sur un livre de passage
Regarde le chevalier coquelicot
Lancer un défi à l'orage

Haut-le corps des feuillages
Appels sous les cerises

Mon enfant ne m'abandonne
Ce chemin qui se tait
La marge engloutit le manque

Tant d'impuissance offerte aux nuages

* * *

D'anecdote en anecdote le voici en compagnie de doctes ânes et la fin du banquet le retrouve juché minuscule entre d'énormes pommes vertes sur un compotier de porcelaine dont il ne peut sauter sans se rompre un membre au moins. J'ai dû perdre du temps, songe-t-il. En effet, dans le parc aux cent regards, le vent rebrousse les intelligences et le rouge frémit avant la petite mort.

Januar

Prekinjen spanec
Na boku
Četrtno noči prosinca

Organi
V mirovanju
Lahko bi
Kot v vodi
Pozabili nanje

Počasno svetlikanje se dviguje
Proti središču
Še zaprtemu

Februar

Od gosonic brizga
Kamenje puščave
Proti teleobjektivom

Vojna je
Ki vdira v naše lobanje
Kuhana pesa

Molk gostov
Na diplomatski večerji
Nori pes se renče umika
S koncem prta v gobcu

Marec

Obiščimo spet za nekaj ur
To odsekano obalo
Pregrnjeno z zelenjem in modrino

Kot okoren potapljač se dvigujem
Iz godrnjave plime
Proti grivam čeri

Besedam, ki jih drugi prestrežejo v zraku
Je odvezeta tišina

April

Vse bolj in bolj življenje
Odbija naše načrte s trdimi zakoni

(klavska ekonomija obteži jezike)

Razjedeno obzorje
Razprostrto za izstrelke

Kamen jutri in kamen upanje
V ledenem toku bežečih besed

Maj

Nekega dne odkriješ veliko praznino
Pod trhlimi čebulicami
(kako neki, zajedalska miš
v tem mestu iz papirja?)

Kadar ne pišem
Se čas obrne
Proti ženskam, ki
Odidejo brez besed
 ob starih prodajalnah

Junij

Nekaj strani prej
V mimogrede prelistani knjigi
Glej makovega viteza
Izzvati vihar

Krošnja privzdignjena v vetru
Klici izpod češenj

Otrok moj ne zapusti me
Na tej poti ki molči
Rob pogoltne manjkajoče

Toliko nemoči podarjene oblakom

* * *

Iz anekdote v anekdotu je tako zdaj v družbi učenih oslov in na koncu banketa se znajde ves droben med velikanskimi zelenimi jabolki v porcelanasti skledi za sadje, iz katere ne more skočiti, ne da bi si zlomil vsaj en ud. Kar nekaj časa sem moral izgubiti, pomisli. In res, v parku stoterih pogledov veter prepriha učene glave in rdeče listje vztrepeta pred malo smrtjo.

Prevedla Nadja Dobnik

January

Lying on one side
Sleep broken
In the small hours of some night of snow

Organs
As rest
One might
As in water
Forget them

Faint glimmerings reaching
Towards the centre
Still closed off

February

Tracked vehicles
Squirt the desert stones
At the telephoto lens

It's the war
Which invades our skulls
Of cooked beetroot

Silence of the guests
At the diplomatic banquet
A mad dog backs away growling
A corner of the table-cloth in his mouth

March

Going back for an afternoon
To visit the coast
This truncated land
Which unfurls in blue and green

Like an awkward diver I rise again
From the grumbling ocean
To the fleece of the cliffs

And with words which others trap mid-air
Distract my silence

April

Increasingly our best laid plans
Ricochet off the iron law

(the knacker's economy thickens the tongue)

Jagged horizon
Laid out for the missile strike

Small pebbles of hope of days to come
Swept away in the icy stream of words fleeing

May

On day we discover a gaping void
Beneath some rotten bulbs
(what's this a voracious field mouse
in our paper city?)

As long as I do not write
Time turns back on itself
To those women who go off
Without saying a word
 down the streets of old shops

June

Several pages into
A book we have chanced upon
Observe the poppy-coloured knight
Hurl his challenge at the storm

A sudden start of wind in the foliage
Small cries near the cherry trees

Do not leave me my child
On this silent road
Where the blank margins consume my need

Such impotence offered up to the clouds

* * *

Anecdote after anecdote here he is in the company of learned asses and the end of the meal finds him perched minutely between enormous green apples in a porcelain fruit-bowl out of which he cannot jump without breaking at least one limb. I must have wasted some time, he reflects. Indeed, in the park of many eyes, the wind ruffles the mind and the crimson leaves tremble before their little death.

Translated by Geoffrey Squires

Alberto Manguel



Foto © Gunter Glücklich

Alberto Manguel se je rodil leta 1948 v Buenos Airesu v Argentini. Odraščal je v Tel Avivu, kjer je njegov oče služboval kot prvi argentinski veleposlanik v Izraelu. Pisatelj, prevajalec in urednik se po narodnosti opredeljuje za Kanadčana, odkar je leta 2000 tudi postal kanadski državljan. Danes redno piše kolumno za *Geist*, najbolj razširjeno kanadsko literarno revijo. Je avtor številnih strokovnih del, kot so *The Dictionary of Imaginary Places* (Slovar domišljjskih krajev, 1980) v soavtorstvu z Giannijem Guadalupijem, *History of Reading* (*Zgodovina branja*, 1996) in *The Library at Night* (*Knjižnica ponoči*, 2007), slednji sta izšli pri Cankarjevi založbi v slovenskem prevodu Nade Grošelj ter *Homer's Iliad and Odyssey: A Biography* (Homerjevi *Iliada* in *Odišeja*: Biografija, 2008). Leta 1992 je prejel nagrado »McKitterick« Združenega kraljestva za najboljši romaneskni prvenec *News from a Foreign Country Came* (Prispele so novice iz tuje dežele, 1991). Med drugim je prejel tudi Guggenheimovo stipendijo (2004), bil imenovan za častnika reda umetnosti in leposlovja francoske republike (2004), podeljen pa mu je bil tudi častni doktorat Univerze v Liègeu (2007). Leta 2009 mu je bil podeljen še častni doktorat Univerze Anglia Ruskin v Cambridgeu.

Alberto Manguel was born in 1948 in Buenos Aires, Argentina. He grew up in Tel-Aviv, where his father served as the first Argentinean ambassador to Israel. The writer, translator, and editor identifies his nationality as Canadian since becoming a Canadian citizen in 2000. Today he writes a regular column for Canada's most widely read literary magazine Geist. He is the author of numerous non-fiction books, such as The Dictionary of Imaginary Places (1980), co-written with Gianni Guadalupi; History of Reading (1996), and Library at Night (2007), which were also translated into Slovene by Nada Grošelj and published by the Cankarjeva založba Publishing House in 2007; and Homer's Iliad and Odyssey: A Biography (2008). In 1992, he won the McKitterick Prize of the United Kingdom for his debut novel News from a Foreign Country Came (1991). Among others, he also received the Guggenheim Fellowship (2004), was appointed an officer of the French Order of Arts and Letters (2004), and was presented with an honorary doctorate from the University of Liège (2007). In 2009, he was also presented with an honorary doctorate from the Anglia Ruskin University in Cambridge.

The Return of Ulysses

"And, you know, I once saw the Sibyl of Cumae in person. She was hanging inside a bottle, and when the children asked her, "Sibyl, what do you want?" she said, "I want to die."

Petronius, Satyricon.

Ulysses turned his back on the harbour and followed a rough track leading through the woods and up to the hills towards the place where Athena had told him. A group of men were idling around an oil barrel in which a fire was burning. He muttered a greeting and stood for a moment with them, trying to warm his hands. Then he entered the town through a crumbling stone gate.

Athena had wanted to be paid in full before leading him onto the ship, and then the captain had asked for further payment before allowing him and the other four men to crawl into the wooden crate and cover themselves with the raw hides meant for export. The customs people, Athena had told him, hardly ever bothered inspecting a cargo of hides. Afterwards, he'd tried to wash himself off in salt water, but the smell of dead animals still clung to him like a wet cloth.

All the years he'd been away, he'd remembered the way home in snapshots: the house of the Englishwoman, the oak tree inside a ring of stones, the sloping wall which he and his friends used to climb pretending it was a mountain. Now he let his legs carry him, like mules that knew the way. Straight on, then left, then right, then left again. He looked about in wonder.

Was this the place? Were these the houses he knew, built this way and that? Were the shutters painted that colour? From the many places he had seen he carried images that were not his own, and now they overlapped and stuck to the half-remembered sites in a confusion of impressions. As a child, it was all clear-cut: a word for everything around him, a tag for every event, for every person. Not now. Already the harbour looked different: loads of fruit from the Caribbean, tractors from the United States, blond men from Norway and Iceland. Places he knew faraway. Not here.

A scent of benzine filled his nostrils, and a purple-coloured dust blew in the air as it never had blown in his childhood. A pale, young, helmeted man stood in a doorway, gently caressing a gun. A 4-x-4 roared past him and then turned towards the old cemetery. A black man with salt-white hair, blind in one eye, opened and closed a high window. A woman with snakes in her hair sat on a stone bench, shouting curses to the passers-by. A group of children dressed in smocks were throwing stones at a pack of dogs. Even the dogs looked strange. Who were they, these people who'd never belonged here, whose stories were told elsewhere, in languages he never learned to speak, in places where he'd been a foreigner? He stopped by the fountain where his mother and aunts used to fetch the water before the aid workers built the neighbourhood pump.

The Sibyl of Cumae, two thousand years old, was coming up the street with her shopping basket. He recognized her immediately. Huffing and drooling, gobs of spittle forming at the corners of her mouth like foam on an ancient sea, her face, shrivelled and bristly, framed by her kerchief, as he remembered it from Cumae, where he had gone to ask her a question, her body bent over like one of the small old trees that grew in the harbour. She struggled up the street clutching the folds of her black dress.

“Sibyl! Sibyl!” called the children, and laughed. One of the boys threw a stone at her, not meaning to hit her, as if he just wanted her to say something, to answer back. He then ran to his friends, laughing but also frightened. Ulysses remembered that his mother had told him that the Sibyl lived far across the water and that, once a year, she caught a little child and drained its blood. This kept her young. Ulysses didn’t believe his mother, but when he’d approached her in Cumae he’d still been afraid. “Sibyl! Sibyl!” Ulysses heard a girl call, taller and older than the other children. She had a mane of curly black hair and firm breasts that showed under her shirt. “Sibyl, tell me, can you teach me how to make love?” And she laughed louder than the others.

“Shameless!” a woman shouted out at the girl. “How can you say such things?” And she turned to Ulysses as if to seek his support. The children laughed again, proud of their leader. But the girl had nothing more to say and ran off, and the children followed.

Instead of turning down the street that almost certainly led to his house, Ulysses followed the Sibyl until she reached the marketplace. This too was not as he remembered it. Now, next to the food stalls, there were sellers of polyester dresses and jeans, radios and electric clocks, Russian shoes, German cutlery and Romanian china. There was a stall that sold tapes and played music: Aldo Freni, Ben Trent, Valentino. The Sibyl stopped to buy grapes which she would swallow whole because her toothless gums couldn’t burst the skin, and bread whose crust she’d first cut off with a knife she’d brought to be sharpened. In Cumae, Ulysses had seen her throw the crusts to the ravens outside her door before she’d turned back in and not come out again. He’d left without asking his question.

The Sibyl filled her basket and began the long walk back to her house, a small house on the edge of town. The door was very low, barely high enough for a child; the three small windows were shuttered. Outside there was a wooden bench, weathered and warped, set against the wall. There the Sibyl sat, her basket by her side. A canary sang through the shutters. “Poor innocent little bird!” said a young couple, passing by. “Locked up in that darkness of hell!” In Cumae too, the Sibyl had a house very much like this one. Every evening, except in the depth of winter, the Sibyl would sit on the wooden bench and wait. On the Sibyl’s street, no boys played soccer in the evenings, no girls played hopscotch. *When she’s walking*, Ulysses thought, *she looks alive, funny with age, an ugly Polichinella. But now that she’s sitting, she’s as if made of wood, like the bench, or of stone, like the grey house.*

Ulysses waited. From the Sibyl's house he could see the whole town stretching out from wall to crumbled wall and beyond, to the harbour from which he'd come far in the distance, to his house hidden behind a new grey building crowned with a billboard advertising a supermarket. Athena had led him back, but was this the town he'd left? Again he felt lost. The many years of wandering dragged behind him like the wake of a ship, and were now wearily familiar in the suffering they'd brought; he'd grown accustomed to them as one might grow accustomed to the pain of an old wound. Every new port, every new encounter had made him feel alien in a different way and his senses were now attuned to certain expected sights and sounds and smells: the crash of a door slamming in his face, the raised eyebrow of the bureaucrat fingering his passport, the brackish odour of a meal offered by a kind soul through the bars of a detention camp. A man he'd met on one of his attempts had said to him: "Once an exile, always an exile."

He had tried to redo his life in many places. In one, he had been kept imprisoned in a cave-like room, like sheep to be fattened and devoured. In another, he had worked and slept in an underground factory, among clattering machinery, surrounded by men and women who had forgotten even their names. In a third, he had been allowed to stay only if he swore to leave again after a certain time and not claim any of the benefits of an ordinary labourer. In a fourth, he had been forced to hide night and day from the immigration police, and if anyone asked he said his name was Nobody. Twice he had become a prostitute. In the most dreadful place of all, ghost-like souls past all hope whirled about him in howling droves and told him of the terrible things that had happened to them. Officials with bored faces went around taking down their stories and collecting them in cardboard files.

After Cumae, he'd seen the Sibyl in several of those places, staring blankly among those who had lost all memory, huddled among the *sans-papiers*, wandering among the ghostly asylum-seekers. She had appeared in the midst of them all, or had sat to one side, brooding, or had shuffled with the crowd waiting endlessly in queues to fill in forms, furnish documentation, explain, cajole, plead. He'd seen her once, with two other old women, dragged handcuffed onto a plane between armed *gendarmes*: she had said nothing, but the women were sobbing and screaming, and the other passengers had been very upset. Another time, she had stood among the neighbours watching a small African boy being taken from his school to a waiting car, his teacher shouting curses at the abductors. Then too, the Sibyl had remained silent.

The Sibyl now sat on her bench, her basket by her side, as if she had been sitting there since the beginning of the world. Ulysses looked at her and, for the first time, she looked back at him. He imagined what the old woman saw: an old man, in dirty rags, possessing nothing, belonging nowhere.

A question had been shaping itself since he'd left home, in the early years of the war, and after his first death, and then after the second, and later towards the end of the fighting and the city's fall, and all throughout the cursed voyage back, after every new marvel and every new terror. His tongue now mouthed it, mumbling. Then he spoke it again, more clearly. On her bench, the Sibyl lifted her ancient head. Her breast heaved with an asthmatic wheeze, strands of grey hair which had escaped from under her kerchief blew now against her face and stuck to her wet jaw. She lifted a hand to her mouth but didn't touch her lips. She uttered a low moaning sound, between a grunt and a cackle, let out a whistling sigh, and then a shriek so shrill that the people, coming now up her street in an ever-increasing crowd, failed to hear it.

Odisejeva vrnitev

»Sam sem videl na svoje oči tudi Sibilo v Kumah: v steklenici je visela, in ko so jo paglavci po grško spraševali: 'Sibila, kaj hočeš?', jim je odgovarjala: 'Umrla bi rada.'«

Petronij, *Satirikon*.¹

Odisej je obrnil hrbet pristanišču in krenil po razdrapani stezi, ki je vodila skozi gozd proti hribovju, tja, kamor ga je napotila Atena. Skupina mož je povisevala okrog naftnega sodčka, v katerem je gorel ogenj. Zamomljaj je v pozdrav in za trenutek obstal pri njih, da bi si ogrel roke. Nato je vstopil v mesto skozi krušljiva kamnita vrata.

Atena je zahtevala celotno plačilo, preden ga je odpeljala na ladjo, plačilo pa je zahteval tudi kapitan, preden je dovolil njemu in drugim štirim, da so zlezli v leseni zaboj in se pokrili s surovimi kožami za izvoz. Tovora živalskih kož, mu je povedala Atena, se carinikom zlepa ne zdi vredno pregledovati. Pozneje se je poskusil umiti v slanici, toda smrad mrtvih živali se je še vedno lepil nanj kot mokra cunjka.

Vsa ta leta, ko je bil zdoma, se je spominjal poti domov le kot posamičnih slik: Angležinjine hiše, hrasta, obdanega s krogom iz kamnov, poševnega zidu, po katerem je svojčas plezal s prijatelji in se igral, da je gora. Zdaj se je prepustil nogama, da sta ga nosili kot muli, ki poznata pot. Naravnost naprej, potem levo, potem desno, pa spet levo. Strmeč se je ozrl okoli sebe. Je to pravi kraj? So to hiše, ki jih je nekoč poznal, nekatere zgrajene tako, nekatere drugače? So res imele tako popleskane polknice? Od množice krajev, ki jih je videl, je nosil v sebi podobe, ki niso bile njegove, in zdaj so se v pravi zmedi vtisov prekrivale, se lepile na napol pozabljena prizorišča. V otroštvu je bilo vse jasno izrisano: za vse okoli njega je obstajala beseda; vsak dogodek, vsak človek je imel svojo oznako. Zdaj pa ne. Že pristanišče je imelo drugačen videz: tovari sadja s Karibov, traktorji iz Združenih držav, plavalasci iz Norveške in Islandije. Iz krajev, ki jih je poznal daleč proč. Ne tukaj.

V nosnice mu je vdrl vonj po naftnih hlapih in veter je prinesel vijoličast prah, kakršnega ni nikdar nosil v njegovem otroštvu. Med vrati neke hiše je stal bled mladenič s čelado in ljubeče božal puško. Mimo njega je prihrumel terenec in zavil proti staremu pokopališču. Okno visoko zgoraj je odprl in spet zaprl črnc s solno belimi lasmi, slep na eno oko. Na kamniti klopi je sedela ženska s kačami v laseh in zmerjala mimoidoče. Nekaj otrok v delovnih haljah je s kamni obmetavalo trop psov. Celo psi so se mu zdeli tuji. Kdo so to, ti ljudje, ki nikoli niso sodili sem, ljudje, katerih zgodbe so se pripovedovale drugje, v jezikih, ki se jih nikoli ni naučil, v krajih, kjer je bil nekdanj tujec? Postal je ob vodnjaku, iz katerega so nosile vodo

¹ Slov. prevod: Petronius Arbiter. *Satirikon*. Prev. Primož Simoniti. Ljubljana: Cankarjeva založba, 1973, str. 69. (Op. N. G.)

njegova mati in tete, preden so humanitarni delavci postavili črpalko za celo sosesko.

Po ulici se je bližala dvatisočletna kumajska Sibila z nakupovalno košarico. V hipu jo je prepoznal. Sopla je in se slinila, v kotičkih ust so se ji zbirali kosmi sline kot pena na starodavnem morju, njen z ruto uokvirjeni obraz je bil posušen in kocinast, kakršnega se je spominjal iz Kum – tja je svojčas prišel k njej z vprašanjem –, telo pa se ji je krivilo kot eno tistih starih drevesc, ki so rasla v pristanišču. Prišantala je po ulici in v roki stiskala gube svoje črne obleke.

»Sibila! Sibila!« so se drli otroci in se smejali. Eden od fantov je vrgel proti njej kamen, pa je ni mislil zadeti – menda kratkomalo zato, da bi kaj rekla, zabrusila nazaj. Nato je stekel k prijateljem, s smehom, a tudi s strahom. Odisej se je spomnil, kako mu je mati pravila, da Sibila stanuje daleč čez vodo, enkrat na leto pa ujame otroka in mu izpije kri. Tako ostaja mlada. Odisej materi ni verjel, toda ko se ji je približal v Kumah, ga je bilo kljub temu strah.

»Sibila! Sibila!« je zaslišal Odisej deklico, večjo in starejšo od drugih otrok. Imela je grivo kodrastih črnih las in čvrste prsi, ki so se ji risale pod srajco. »Daj, povej, Sibila, me lahko naučiš seksati?« In se je zasmejala glasneje od drugih.

»Da te ni sram!« je zavpila na deklico neka ženska. »Kako moreš tako govoriti?« Obrnila se je k Odiseju, kot bi iskala pri njem podporo. Otroci so spet bruhnili v smeh, ponosni na svojo voditeljico. Toda deklica ni imela ničesar več povedati in je zbežala, otroci pa za njo.

Namesto da bi zavil v ulico, ki je skoraj zanesljivo vodila k njegovi hiši, je Odisej sledil Sibili vse do tržnice. Tudi ta je bila drugačna, kot jo je imel v spominu. Poleg živilskih stojnic so se zdaj gnetli prodajalci poliestrskih oblek in kavbojk, radiov in električnih ur, ruskih čevljev, nemškega pribora in romunskega porcelana. Na eni od stojnic so bile naprodaj kasete in z nje se je razlegala glasba: Aldo Freni, Ben Trent, Valentino. Sibila je postala toliko, da je kupila grozdje – jagode je goltala kar scela, ker z brezzobimi dlesnimi ni mogla streti kože – in kruh; z nožem, ki ga je prinesla nabrusiti, mu je najprej vedno obrezala skorjo. V Kumah jo je Odisej videl, kako je zmetala te skorje krokarjem pred vrati, preden se je vrnila v hišo in je ni bilo več ven. Odšel je, ne da bi vprašal, kar je hotel.

Sibila si je napolnila košarico in se podala na dolgo pot nazaj do svoje hiše, majhne hišice na robu mesta. Vhod je bil zelo nizek, komaj dovolj visok za otroka; polknice na vseh treh okencih so bile zaprte. Zunaj ob steni je stala lesena klop, izdelana in skrivnena. Nanjo je sedla Sibila, košarico pa postavila poleg sebe. Skozi polknice je prepeval kanarček. »Ubogi nedolžni ptiček!« je dejal mlad par, ki je šel mimo. »Takole zaklenjen v tisti peklenski temi!« Tudi v Kumah je imela Sibila zelo podobno hišo. Vsak večer razen v najhujši zimi je sedela na leseni klopi in čakala. V Sibilini ulici fantje ob večerih nikoli niso brcali žoge in deklice se niso igrale ristanca. *Med hojo*, je

pomislil Odisej, *se zdi živa, smešna zaradi starosti, nekakšna grda Pulčinela. Ko takole sedi, pa deluje leseno kot njena klop ali kamnito kot ta siva hiša.*

Odisej je čakal. Od Sibiline hiše je imel razgled na celo mesto, ki se je raztezalo od enega porušenega zidu do drugega in še dlje, do pristanišča v daljavi, od koder je prišel, in do njegove lastne hiše, skrite za novim sivim poslopjem, ki ga je kronal pano z reklamo za supermarket. Atena ga je sicer privedla nazaj, ampak ali je zares odšel prav iz tega mesta? Spet ga je navdal občutek izgubljenosti. Vsa popotna leta so se vlekla za njim kakor brazda za ladjo, po vsem trpljenju, ki so mu ga prinesla, pa so mu bila zdaj že utrudljivo domača; navadil se jih je, kot se navadiš bolečine v stari rani. V vsakem novem pristanišču, ob vsakem novem srečanju se je spet počutil tujca, vendar vselej drugače, in čute si je že izostril za nekaj pričakovanih prizorov, zvokov in vonjav: za tresk vrat, ki se mu zaloputnejo pred nosom, za pridvignjeno obrv birokrata, ki preklada po rokah njegov potni list, za slankasti zadah obed, ki mu ga ponudi kaka dobra duša skozi taboriščne rešetke. Nekdo, ki ga je srečal pri enem svojih podvigov, mu je rekel: »Enkrat brezdomec, vedno brezdomec.«

Novo življenje si je poskusil ustvariti na mnogih krajih. Na enem je bil ujet v votlinastem prostoru kot ovca, ki jo bodo zredili in požrli. Na drugem je delal in spal v podzemski tovarni med ropotajočimi stroji, sredi moških in žensk, ki so pozabili celo lastna imena. Na tretjem so mu dovolili ostati samo, če se zaveže, da bo po določenem času spet odšel in ne bo zahteval nobenega od nadomestil, ki bi pripadala navadnemu delavcu. Na četrtem se je moral noč in dan skrivati pred imigracijsko policijo in če ga je kdo vprašal po imenu, je odgovoril, da je Nihče. Dvakrat je postal prostitut. Na najstrašnejšem kraju od vseh pa so se prikaznim podobne duše, za katere ni bilo nobenega upanja več, v tulečih gručah vrtinčile okoli njega in mu pripovedovale o grozotah, ki so jih zadele. Med njimi so krožili uradniki z zdolgočasenimi obrazi, si zapisovali njihove zgodbice in jih zbirali v kartonaste kartoteke.

Po Kumah je videl Sibilo na več takih krajih: v prazno je strmela med ljudmi, ki so popolnoma izgubili spomin, čemela med *sans-papiers*, tavela med fantomskimi prosilci za azil. Včasih se je nenadoma prikazala v njihovi sredi, včasih je sedela ob strani in tuhtala, včasih podrsavala skupaj z množico, ki je brez konca in kraja čakala v vrstah, da bi izpolnila obrazce, priskrbela dokumentacijo, pojasnjevala, prigovarjala, prosila. Nekoč je videl, kako so jo še z dvema starkama v liscih vlekli na letalo oboroženi *gendarmes*: sama ni niti črhnila, pač pa sta ženski hlipali in vreščali in drugi potniki so se močno vznemirjali. Spet drugič je stala med sosedi in gledala, kako majhnega afriškega fantka vodijo iz šole proti čakajočemu avtomobilu, medtem ko njegov učitelj kriči psovke za ugrabitelji. Tudi takrat je Sibila molčala.

Zdaj je Sibila sedela na domači klopi s košaro ob sebi, kot da sedi tam že od pamtiveka. Odisej jo je gledal in to pot ga je prvokrat pogledala tudi

ona. Skušal si je predstavljati, kaj starka vidi: starca v umazanih capah, ki ničesar nima in nikamor ne sodi. V njem je zorelo vprašanje, že odkar je odšel od doma – v prvih letih vojne, po njegovi prvi in nato še po drugi smrti, pozneje, ko sta se bližala konec spopadov in padec mesta, in med vsem prekletim potovanjem nazaj, po vsakem novem čudesu in vsaki novi grozi. Zdaj ga je njegov jezik momljaje izoblikoval. Nato ga je izgovoril še enkrat, tokrat jasneje.

Sibila na klopi je dvignila prastaro glavo. Prsi so ji plale od nadušljivega hropenja, pramene sivih las, ki so se ji izmuznili izpod rute, ji je veter vrgel čez obraz in prilepil na mokro čeljust. Dvignila je roko k ustom, a se ni dotaknila ustnic. Izdabila je tih stok, nekaj med godrnjanjem in hehetom, piskajoče zavzdihnila in nato tako predirljivo zavreščala, da je ljudje, ki so se zdaj bližali po njeni ulici v vse večji množici, sploh niso slišali.

Prevedla Nada Grošelj

**Dobitnica
nagrada poetry
slam 2011 /**

*Poetry Grand
Slam Winner
2011*

Sarah Clancy



Sarah Clancy se je rodila leta 1973 v Galwayu na Irskem. Poezijo je začela pisati pred dvema letoma. Njene pesmi so bile objavljene v številnih pomembnih irskih zbornikih sodobne poezije, kot sta *Revival* (Preporod, 2010) in *The Stony Thursday Book* (Kamnita knjiga četrтков, 2010), kot tudi v antologijah *Behind the Mask* (Za masko, 2010) in *Dog's Singing* (Petje psa, 2010). Njena prva samostojna pesniška zbirka z naslovom *Stacey and the Mechanical Bull* (Stacey in električni bik) je bila objavljena ob koncu leta 2010. Istega leta je bila nominirana za več nagrad za poezijo, med drugim tudi za prestižno nagrado Patricka Kavanagha za pesnike, ki še niso izdali samostojne pesniške zbirke. Leta 2011 je osvojila veliko nagrado »Poetry Slam« v okviru literarnega festivala Cúirt. Izbor njene poezije bo objavljen poleti 2011 v pesniški zbirki skupaj še z dvema pesnikoma. Pripravljeno pa ima tudi že novo samostojno pesniško zbirko, ki bo leta 2012 izšla pri založbi Salmon Poetry.

Sarah Clancy was born in 1973 in Galway, Ireland. She has been writing poetry for nearly two years. Her poems have been published in several important Irish collections of contemporary poetry such as Revival (2010) and The Stony Thursday Book (2010), as well as in the anthologies Behind the Mask (2010) and Dog's Singing (2010). Her first individual collection of poetry titled Stacey and the Mechanical Bull was published in late 2010. The same year, her work was shortlisted in numerous award contests, among them also in the contest for the prestigious Patrick Kavanagh Poetry Award for poets who have not yet published a collection. In 2011, she won the Cúirt International Festival of Literature Grand Slam. A further selection of her poetry is due to be published in a three-writer collection in the summer of 2011. She has also written another individual collection of poetry, which will be published by Salmon Poetry in 2012.

No Man's Land

You know, you can seek asylum here
anytime you want
on these rain drowned nights
just knock at my front door- late on
I won't overwhelm you with welcomes
by now we know it takes
a little time for us to readjust
so you can shower, leave wet clothes
drying in the kitchen, I'll make tea
and get you something dry of mine to wear
and we can listen to late night radio,
while we slide into the old shoes of us
then sleep together
like inverted commas.

Tomorrow, over breakfast,
I'll ask you not to over-think things,
but you'll probably worry at our beads,
that's your way, to face for home,
but you know and I do,
this no man's land is just that
it borrows no territory from anyone
and we can seek our shelter here
anytime we want.

Ringin in Sick to go Mermaid Hunting

Once when I wasn't, I called in sick for the evening shift
 and went instead to meet you at Raftery's in Kilcolgan,
 we left your car there and I drove south- west down
 the summer solstice evening, hitting for the coast.
 We squinted through sunglasses at Ballinderreen and Kinvara
 but didn't stop, turned for Fanore at Ballyvaughan, you leaning back
 feet on the dash singing along to the Indigo girls and Johnny Cash,
 and asking me where we were going, messing about, I wouldn't say,
 I just told you -'on a day like this, trust me, it'll all work out-
 we're going mermaid hunting and the signs are good, for catching'.

There were no mermaids though, at the pier before Black Head
 just one dolphin doing her bit for inter-special integration-
 she came in waist-deep to meet us and we were charmed,
 and drenched. From behind wet hair you asked me how I'd known
 and in my stupid humour I said 'oh you know I had my people
 call hers -that's how it goes, this was arranged for your pleasure dear'.
 So you pushed me backwards off the pier then jumped yourself
 and our dolphin circled as if she got the joke,
 spearing herself four feet skywards above our heads
 then vanishing beneath. Us two fools, we swam through seaweed,
 feeling elemental and amateur 'you're half fish,' you said,
 and me; 'yea but I've caught you this time'

In Lenane's at dusk we had chowder, and a pint
 I sat with salty skin and hair and when you joined
 the jobs-worth band to sing 'The Dimming of the Day'
 for me, you made every hair on every sunburned neck there stand.
 You slept then as I drove back but I woke you in Kilcolgan
 to send you down the Craughwell road, Me? I hit for home
 but parked instead at White Strand beach, on the longest evening
 of the year, too full of everything to go inside just then.

Horse Latitude

What do you mean when you affix
those phrases to the flare of a nostril,
or the grease-warm feel of neck muscles
hidden under a rough knotted mane?
Why spell out this anatomy, not your own?
It's there, one way or another, and unlike
some expectant lover it doesn't pace
and wait for you to name it.

Tell me what can 'fetlock' signify
when the joint's own leg, own heart
own foot don't know the term?

The sound, low and secret,
a mare makes to her foal
holds no gospel, no prophesy
however hard you try
and even as you describe it
resonating in your blood
your bones
your womb,
laden though it is it doesn't speak for you.

You search out the music in hoof on grass,
the scratch of teeth on another's back,
and I say even if the whiskered lip
responds in kind
it's on instinct, not affection not connection
and that's
fine.

Metaphor for nothing,
it doesn't share your melancholy
it's just horse, and it doesn't wonder
how we see it.

And I've been groomed
to use this tongue
these fingers and not to second guess it
I don't share your need to hear the music
from a hoof that doesn't know the tune it's playing;
I grew with them, can catch the wildest,
calm the highest strung, though
I no longer have the need to.

I know horses
and they know nothing or very little, of me
and that is how it should be.

This is not a Poem

I didn't write it,
it landed in and I was fluent
phyletic it was, I stepped
from some subway of the mind
and mistakenly made land
through a different portal
where I got turned Alice-like
with wonder, new scripts
were lucid though, words
and grammar flowing
the way I'd always spoken
my feet walking uninstructed
knew exactly where to go
and they hit new footpaths
as familiars, I'm not saying
it wasn't different,
and it stayed strange
stayed foreign but I'd lost
my precious xenophobia
and as I took my bearings
I saw inexplicably
how I already know
all that's here worth grasping
including the sharp fact
that knowledge is never
legal tender when you're trading
on a market of emotions
I knew it and I know it
but here I am; still walking.

Nikogaršnje ozemlje

Saj veš, tu lahko poiščeš zatočišče
kadarkoli hočeš
v teh v dežju utopljenih nočeh
samo pozno potrka na moja vrata
ne bom te z dobrodošlicami preplavila
zdaj že veva da terja
nekaj časa da se spet urediva
torej se lahko stuširaš, pustiš mokra oblačila
naj se v kuhinji sušijo, pripravila bom čaj
in ti dala kaj svojega suhega da si nadeneš
in pozno v noč lahko poslušava radio,
medtem ko drsiva v najine stare navade
potem spiva skupaj
kot narekovaja.

Jutri, pri zajtrku,
te bom prosila, da ne premlevaj stvari,
ampak najbrž te bodo vznemirjale najine muhe,
tako ti to počneš, se otepaš doma,
ampak sam veš in vem jaz,
to nikogaršnje ozemlje je prav to,
da si ne prisvoji nobenega ozemlja od nikogar,
in kadar koli hočeva,
si tu lahko poiščeva zavetje.

Vsega sita sem klicala za lov na morske deklice

Nekoč, ko me ni bilo, sem vsega sita klicala za večerno izmeno in šla namesto tja na zmenek s tabo pri Raffertyju v Kilcolganu, tam sva pustila tvoj avto in odpeljala sem na jugovzhod dol v poletni solsticijski večer, naravnost proti morskemu obrežju. Mežikala sva skozi sončna očala pri Ballinderreenu in Kinvari, a nisva ustavila, zavila pri Ballyvaughanu za Fanore, z uprtimi nogami ob sunkih si prepeval z Indigo dekleti in Johnnyjem Cashem in me spraševal, kam greva, zapravljajoč čas, nisem povedala, rekla sem le – »na takšen dan, zaupaj mi, vse bo šlo gladko – morske deklice greva loviti in za ulov dobro kaže«.

Tam pa nobenih morskih deklic, na pomolu pred Black Head le ena pliskavica je počenjala svoje za vzajemno integracijo – do pasu visoko je prišla, da se sreča z nama, in očarala naju je in zmočila. Izza mokrih las si me vprašal, kako sem vedela, in v svojem trapastem humorju sem rekla »oh veš, svojim ljudem sem rekla, naj pokličejo njene – tako se to dela, urejeno je bilo, dragi, tebi v veselje«. Torej si me pahnil vznak s pomola in skočil še sam in najina pliskavica je krožila, kot da bi bila to imenitna šala, poganjala se je proti nebu štiri čevlje visoko prek najinih glav in potem izginjala spod. Midva trapa sva plavala skoz morsko rastlinje in se počutila elementarno in amatersko »pol riba si,« si rekel, jaz pa »ja, ampak tokrat sem te ujela«

V Lenane sva ob mraku naročila ribo in pivo, sedela sem z mokro kožo in lasmi in ko si se pridružil posluha vrednemu bendu in zapel za mene »Dan bleedi«, so se tam na zagorelih temenih vsem naježili lasje. Potem si spal, ko sem vozila nazaj, a te zbudila v Kilcolganu in te poslala dol po Craughwell roadu. Jaz? Obrnila domov, pa namesto tja parkirala na plaži White Strand, v najdaljšem večeru leta, tedaj preveč polna vsega, da bi šla prav takrat noter.

Konjska latituda

Kaj hočeš povedati, ko privezuješ
tiste stavke plapolanju nosnic,
ali občutku oljnate topline vratnih mišic,
ki se skriva pod grobo vozlano grivo?
Zakaj črkovati to anatomijo, ki ni tvoja?
Tam je, tako ali drugače, in se ne prestopa
kakor kak veseleč se ljubimec
in ne čaka, da bi ji dajal imena.

Povej mi, kaj lahko pomeni »bincelj«,
ko sklep lastne noge, lastno srce
lastno kopito ne pozna izraza?

V zvoku, tajnem in globokem,
s katerim se oglasi kobila žrebca,
ni nobenega evangelija, nobene prerokbe,
naj se še tako trudiš
in celo ko ga opisuješ
in ti odmeva v krvi
v tvojih kosteh
tvojem drobu,
čeprav je obremenjen ne govori o tebi.

Prodiraš v glasbo kopit na travi,
strganje zob po drugem hrbtu
in trdim da če celo kosmate ustnice
odgovarjajo po svoje
je to nagonsko, nobeno čustvo nobena zveza
in to je
lepo.

Metafora za nič,
ne deli melanholije s tabo
je zgolj konj, in se ne sprašuje
kako vidimo to mi.

Bila sem privajena
 uporabljati ta jezik
 te prste in ne tuhtati o njem
 ne delim z vami nuje da bi slišala glasbo
 kopit ki ne poznajo pesmi ki jo prepevajo;
 z njimi sem rasla, lahko ujamem najbolj divjo,
 najbolj vznemirjeno utišam, čeprav
 se mi nič več ne zdi potrebno.

Poznam konje
 in oni ne vedo o meni nič ali zelo malo,
 in to je tako, kot mora biti.

To ni pesem

Jaz je nisem napisala,
 priletela je in bila sem zgovorna
 bila je filogenetična, stopila sem
 iz nekega podvoza uma
 in pomotoma pristala
 skozi drugačen vhod
 kjer sem se spremenila podobno Alici
 s čudežem, novi rokopisi
 so bili kajpak jasni, besede
 in slovnica tekoča
 tako kot sem zmeraj govorila
 moje noge stopale nepoučeno
 so natančno vedele kam iti
 in so šle po novih potih
 kot domačih, ne pravim
 da je bilo drugače,
 in je ostalo čudno
 je ostalo tuje vendar sem zgubila
 svojo dragoceno ksenofobijo
 in ko sem se razgledala
 sem videla nedopovedljivo
 kako že poznam
 vse kar je tu vredno doumeti
 skupaj z ostrim dejstvom
 da vednost ni nikoli
 zakonito plačilo kadar trguješ
 na tržišču čustev
 vedela sem to in vem to
 vendar sem tu; še zmeraj stopam.

Mlada

Vilenica 2011

*Young Vilenica
Award 2011*

Nagrajenka 11. mlade vilenice v skupini od 7 do 10 let je Julija Železnik, učenka 4. razreda Druge osnovne šole Slovenj Gradec, za pesem Mreža. Mentorica: Jožica Vajt.

Ritem, rima, premišljen izbor besed. Že če bi pisali o pesmi odraslega pesnika, bi včasih zanjo težko našli tak seznam besed za značilnosti, ki jo krasijo. Julijina pesem, pesem deklice, ima vse to. Pa še začinjeno z zgodbo, ki dokazuje, da je pozorna opazovalka sveta okrog sebe, saj je motiv pesmi drugačen od večine motivov, ki se pojavljajo sicer (starši, prijateljstvo, ljubezen, letni časi ...). Še več – ima zgodbo, ki ji s slonom, ujetim v pajkovo mrežo, s tem bistrournim nesmisлом, na katerega v literaturi tako pozabljamo, doda tisti presežek, ki nas dokončno prepriča. S spretnim koncem, dvakrat ponovljeno pajkovo težavo, pa dokaže, da je obenem, ob že tako nazorno opisanem dogajanju, zaradi katerega prizor skoraj zaživi pred našimi očmi, še mojstrica dramaturgije.

Mreža

Pajek je naredil mrežo,
da kosilo bi si ujel,
veter mu je strgal prežo,
čmrlj veselo odletel.

Pajek novo mrežo splete,
močno mrežo iz vrvi,
pa se vanjo slon zaplete,
močna mreža ga zdrži.

Slon se guga in uživa,
miga z uhlji in troblja,
pajek se med listi skriva,
zdaj prevelik plen ima.

Zdaj prevelik plen ima.

The winner of the 11th Young Vilenica Award in the 7–10 year age category is Julija Železnik, a fourth-grader from the Second Elementary School Slovenj Gradec, for the poem Web. Mentor: Jožica Vajt.

Rhythm, rhyme, judicious choice of words. Even a poem written by an adult poet cannot always claim this list of epithets, but Julija's poem, the poem of a little girl, has it all – seasoned, moreover, with a plot which reveals her as a perceptive observer of the surrounding world, since the theme of the poem stands in stark contrast to the prevailing themes (parents, friendship, love, the seasons ...). Indeed, the story of an elephant caught in a spider's web, an oxymoron all too often forgotten in literature, adds that decisive extra value. In addition to the graphic description of the action, which almost brings the scene to life before our eyes, the dexterous conclusion – a repetition of the spider's predicament – establishes the author's mastery of dramaturgy as well.

Web

Once a spider took to making
a fine web to catch its prey,
but the wind tore down the plaiting
and the bee flew straight away.

Then the spider started knotting
one more web, of sturdy rope.
Soon an elephant came hopping:
now the web did not let go.

The glad elephant is swinging,
wiggling ears and honking, too;
through the leaves, the spider, clinging,
looks on more than he can chew.

Looks on more than he can chew.

Translated by Nada Grošelj

Nagrajenka 11. mlade vilenice v skupini od 11 do 13 let je Teja Gerjovič, učenka 7. razreda Osnovne šole Franca Rozmana-Staneta Maribor, za pesem Napis na steni. Mentorica: Simona Deučman.

Bralca pri Tejini pesmi najprej pritegne motiv, ki si ga je izbrala. Če smo pošteni, priznamo, da nas prav taki napisi, še posebej na kakšnih starih hišah, večkrat premamijo, saj vzbujajo našo radovednost, in zato na pesem postanemo pozorni. Pesnica svoje vtise upesni s skopimi besedami, ki pa se gladko prelivajo iz verz v verz in pred nami nizajo vse, o čemer ob napisu premišljuje. Odvečnih besed ne najdemo, zato ne zmotijo našega dožemanja. Na steni minljive sive črke, kot pravi pesnica, zaslužijo našo pozornost, saj lahko v nas prebudijo kopico skritih čustev, razmišljanj, spominov ... In to nam mlada pesnica s svojim besedilom spretno in mojstrsko po(do)kaže.

Napis na steni

Izbrisan napis na steni,
zamegljena poved.
Nihče več se ne zmeni
za izgubljen skupek besed.

Vprašanje,
ki v zraku obvisi.
Nikogaršnje znanje,
ki skupaj z barvo blede.

Misel,
že od začetka izgubljena.
Pomen, ki išče svoj smisel,
in ideja neutrjena.

Rahlo sive
male tiskane črke.
Na steni minljive,
a iz srca v srce –

neuničljive.

The winner of the 11th Young Vilenica Award in the 11–13 year age category is Teja Gerjovič, a seventh-grader from Elementary School Franc Rozman – Stane, Maribor, for the poem Note on the Wall. Mentor: Simona Deučman.

The first magnet of Teja's poem is her chosen theme. In all honesty, we must confess that we are often seduced and intrigued precisely by such notes, especially when scrawled on old buildings: this is why the poem attracts our attention. The poet's impressions are articulated economically, with the words smoothly flowing from line to line, setting out before us all her reflections triggered by the note. There are no redundant words to disturb our perception. Fading away from the wall, as the poet says, the grey characters still deserve our attention because they evoke a turmoil of hidden feelings, meditations, memories ... a truth skilfully and masterfully demonstrated by the young poet's text.

Note on the Wall

A note erased from the wall,
a sentence blurred.
No one pays notice at all
to a lost cluster of words.

A question
left hanging in midair.
Nobody's knowledge,
peeling like paint, thin and bare.

A thought
lost at the launch.
A meaning in search of its sense,
a notion lacking support.

Faint and grey
the fine print of characters.
From the wall fading away,
but from heart to heart –

to stay.

Nagrajenka 11. mlade vilenice v skupini od 14 do 15 let je Lara Ružič Povirk, učenka 8. razreda Osnovne šole Sostro, za pesem Kako naj zaspim brez tebe. Mentorica: Majda Tomc.

Poleg bogatega besednega zaklada je morda najbolj očitna odlika Larine pesmi iskrenost, s katero pred nas polaga pesem o svoji bolečini. Zna jo poudariti tudi z izborom nekoliko trših besed in besednih zvez, retoričnih vprašanj, naštevanj ter različnih ločil. Iskrenost ... Izpostaviti moramo najlepša verza: »Vedno sem se najbolj bala ... Da boš umrl na mojih rokah in jaz ne bom niti vztrepetala.« Resnični biser pa je zadnja kitica, ki že sama deluje kot pesem. Čeprav je pesem dolga, mlada pesnica niti ene same besede ne uporabi brez potrebe ali nepremišljeno. Z njo očetu postavi neminljiv spomenik.

Kako naj zaspim brez tebe

Kako naj zaspim brez tebe?

Hoditi v tvojih čevljih v sanjah in se zbirati na koncu pomola.

Takrat biti ... Preblizu zvezd.

Vosek v najinih krilih.

Nedaleč nazaj sva poletela skozi okno, rešena najinih okov.

Pa sem takrat raje visela na drevesu in iskala lepše sanje.

Si predstavljaš, kako lep je svet, obrnjen na glavo?

Kako naj berem?

V težkih nočeh si knjige bral le ti.

Sapa tvoja mimo mojih ušes kot pomladni veter in smeh v tvojih očeh.

Da, takrat je bil še smeh, tam.

Si ga izgubil? Tam nekje, na svojih samotnih poteh?

Takrat, ko si ga nekemu dal. Za vedno.

Sam pa si nesebično obstal, ti patetično bitje.

Sedaj ne vem več, kaj si je misliti o tebi.

Neka sladkost je na tvojih licih, teža, skromnost, trdnost, ranljivost, šibkost, žalost.

Vedno sem se najbolj bala ... Da boš umrl na mojih rokah in jaz

ne bom niti vztrepetala.

In tako, oče, hodila sem v tvojih čevljih in bili so mi preveliki.

Spotikala sem se ob travne bilke in ležala med stvori in blatnimi dežniki.

A sem se pobrala ... Zaradi tega ... Ker bili so tvoji.

Z luknjami, polni vode, teže, gnilobe ... A bili so tvoji.

Bili so najini ...

Sedaj jih s ponosom lahko nosim sama.

The winner of the 11th Young Vilenica Award in the 14–15 year age category is Lara Ružič Povirk, an eighth-grader from Elementary School Sostro, Ljubljana, for the poem How Can I Fall Asleep without You. Mentor: Majda Tomc.

Besides the rich vocabulary, the most striking quality of Lara's poem may be her frankness in laying out the poem about her pain. She knows how to accentuate it by introducing somewhat rougher words and phrases, rhetorical questions, enumerations, varied punctuation. Frankness ... the two most beautiful lines should be quoted in full: "*What I always feared most ... That you would die in my arms, and I never even quiver.*" The true pearl is the final stanza, which might well be a poem in its own right – long as the poem is, not a single word is used needlessly or injudiciously – and builds the father's monument indeed.

How Can I Fall Asleep without You

How can I fall asleep without you?
To walk in your shoes in my dreams, to meet at the end of the pier.
Then be ... Too close to the stars.
Wax in our wings.
Not long ago we flew through the window, freed from our shackles.
But I chose to hang from the tree, seeking lovelier dreams.
Can you imagine how lovely the world looks upside down?

How can I read?
You were the one to read books on hard nights.
Your breath past my ears like the spring breeze, a laugh in your eyes.
Yes, the laugh was still there, at the time.
Did you lose it? Out there, on your solitary paths?
When you gave it to someone. Forever.
While you yourself halted selflessly, you pathetic being.
I no longer know what to think of you.
There is a sweetness on your cheeks, a weight, modesty, firmness, defencelessness,
weakness, sadness.
What I always feared most ... That you would die in my arms, and I
never even quiver.

And so, father, I walked in your shoes, and they were too large.
Stumbling over grass blades, sprawling among creatures and muddy umbrellas.
But I would rise again ... Because of ... Because they were yours.
Riddled with holes, clogged with weight, water, mould ... But they were yours.
They were ours ...
Now I can proudly wear them alone.

**Dosedanji
udeleženci in
nagrajenci
Vilenice**

Previous

*Participants and
Vilenica Prize
Winners*

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Fulviu Tomizzi

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

MEDNARODNO LITERARNO NAGRADO VILENICA ZA LETO 1988
JE DRUŠTVO SLOVENSКИH PISATELJEV PODELILO

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Ryszard Schubert, Tomaž Šalamun, Rudi Šeligo, Josef Šimon, Aleksandar Tišma, Judita Vaičiunaite, Tomas Venclova, Giorgio Voghera, Josef Winkler, Dane Zajc, Štefan Žary

DISPUT: *Czesław Miłosz: Četrta učna ura / The Fourth Teaching Lesson*

MEDNARODNO LITERARNO NAGRADO VILENICA ZA LETO 1989

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DISPUT: *György Konrad: S sredine / From the Centre*

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DISPUT: VENO TAUFER: *Izziv ali zgaga? / Challenge or Hassle?*

MEDNARODNO LITERARNO NAGRADO VILENICA ZA LETO 1991
JE DRUŠTVO SLOVENSКИH PISATELJEV PODELILO

Zbigniewu Herbertu

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

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JE DRUŠTVO SLOVENSКИH PISATELJEV PODELILO

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DISPUT: *Evgen Bavačar: 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

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

MEDNARODNO LITERARNO NAGRADO VILENICA ZA LETO 1994

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

MEDNARODNO LITERARNO NAGRADO VILENICA ZA LETO 1995

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

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MEDNARODNO LITERARNO NAGRADO VILENICA ZA LETO 1996

JE DRUŠTVO SLOVENSКИH PISATELJEV PODELILO

Adamu Zagajewskemu

Utemeljitev nagrade: *Niko Jež*

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DISPUT: *Svoboda imaginacije – imaginacija svobode / Imagination of Freedom – Freedom of Imagination:*

Branko Miljković: Poezijo bodo vsi pisali / Everybody Will Be Writing Poetry

MEDNARODNO LITERARNO NAGRADO VILENICA ZA LETO 1997
JE DRUŠTVO SLOVENSКИH PISATELJEV PODELILO

Pavlu Vilikovskemu

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

MEDNARODNO LITERARNO NAGRADO VILENICA ZA LETO 1998 JE DRUŠTVO
SLOVENSКИH PISATELJEV PODELILO

Pétru Nádasu

Utemeljitev nagrade: *Orsolya Gállos*
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DISPUT: *Timothy Garton Ash: Konec stoletja, začetek tisočletja / The End of the Century, the Beginning of the Millennium*

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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*

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Niko Grafenauer: Pisatelj v ekscentru časa / Writer in the Off-Centre of Time
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MODERATOR: *Andrej Blatnik*

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Zbornik Vilenica, ki izhaja od leta 1986, predstavlja poleg dobitnika mednarodne literarne nagrade vilenica tudi dela avtorjev, ki jih žirija Vilenice izbere za goste festivala. Besedila so objavljena v izvorniku, v slovenskem in angleškem prevodu. Poleg avtorjev iz Srednje Evrope, ki se potegujejo za kristal vilenice, nagrado za najboljši literarni prispevek v zborniku, Vilenica gosti tudi avtorje od drugod, ki so predstavljeni v posebni rubriki. V zborniku objavljamo tudi dobitnika nagrade poetry slam v okviru Mednarodnega literarnega festivala Cúirt na Irskem in zmagovalne pesmi natečaja mlada vilenica.

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 poetry grand slam winner of the Cúirt International Festival of Literature and winning poems of the Young Vilenica competition.



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