

POSLANICA OB MEDNARODNEM
DNEVU KNJIG ZA OTROKE 1997

MOTO: *Otroštvo je poezija življenja. Poezija je otroštvo sveta.*

Boris A. Novak

(pesnik iz Slovenije)

OTROŠTVO SVETLOBE IN SENCE

I

*Odrasli poslušajo besede, ne da bi jih slišali.
Odrasli berejo besede, ne da bi jih začutili.
Odrasli govorijo besede, ne da bi jih pokušali.
Odrasli pišejo besede, ne da bi jih poduhali.
Odrasli pri besedovanju sploh ne opazijo besed, zato besede
zvenejo od samote in žalosti.
Odrasli uporabljajo besede, ne da bi jih ljubili. Tako se
besede pokvarijo in postarajo.*

*Otroci pa so drugačni. Otroci se z besedami igrajo. Igra
popravi pokvarjene besede. Igra s starih besed postrga rjo in
jim povrne mladosten lesk. Igra porodi nove, nezaslišane,
nezaslišano lepe besede.*

*Otroci poslušajo besede. Besede so glasba človeških glasov.
Otroci čutijo besede: so mehke? trde? okrogle? špičaste?
Otroci pokušajo besede: so sladke? slane? kisle? grenke?
Otroci duhajo besede. Besede so cvetni prah na rožah stvari.
Otroci imajo radi besede. Zato imajo tudi besede rade otroke.*

II

*Odrasli gledajo barve, ne da bi jih videli.
Odrasli zaznavajo oblike, ne da bi razumeli njihovo govorico.
Odrasli živijo v svetlobi in od svetlobe, ne da bi jo sploh opazili.
Odrasli mečejo dolge sence, ne da bi se z njimi igrali.
Odrasli zavzemajo precej (kar preveč) prostora, ne da bi se
enkrat samkrat začudili njegovi prostornosti.
Odrasli gledajo v svet z zaprtimi očmi. Zato se prostor skrči,
sence umrejo, svetloba potemni, barve zbledijo, oblike pa
onemijo.*

*Otroci so drugačni. Otroci s široko razprtimi očmi strmijo v
svet in se čudijo stvarjem. Otroci se z barvami in oblikami
igrajo. Igra razpiha prah z zbledelih barv in jim povrne rojstni
blesk. Igra porodi nove, dotlej nevidene in nezaslišane,
nezaslišano lepe oblike.*

Otroci vidijo barve. Barve so otroštvo svetlobe.

Otroci razumejo govorico oblik: so nežne? ostre? živahne? otožne?

Otroci čutijo, otroci dihajo, otroci vidijo nevidno svetlobo. Svetloba je mati sveta.

Otroci sicer mečejo kratke sence, a se z njimi igrajo. Sence so slepe, zato jih svetloba pelje za roko – kot otroke.

Otroci se čudijo prostoru in njegovi neznanski prostosti.

Otroci imajo radi slike. Zato imajo tudi slike rade otroke.

III

Vsak pesnik je velik otrok. In vsak otrok je mali pesnik.

Vsak slikar je velik pacon. In vsak otrok je mali malar.

IV

Ta poslanica je uglasena kot pesem, kot oda neskončni ustvarjalni zmožnosti otrok. Vendar je žal ne morem skleniti kot pesem. Vse preveč je trpljenja otrok, da bi ga lahko zamolčal. Zato bom pesem na koncu pokvaril. Zaradi odgovornosti do usode otrok in prihodnosti tega našega edinega sveta.

Obiskal sem Sarajevo med okrutnim obleganjem tega lepega mesta. Sredi grozних prizorov uničenja so me najbolj pretresli, obenem pa vzradostili prav otroci: povsod sem jih videval, na vsakem vogalu, kako se igrajo, podijo za žogo, se skrivajo in lovijo ter se z improviziranimi palicami gredo vojne igre. Celo med čisto zaresnim streljanjem odraslih. Kadarkoli sem to zagledal, me je zazeblo, saj so bili najbližji položaji ostrostrelcev oddaljeni komaj sto – dvesto metrov, znano pa je, da ostrostrelci tako radi streljajo na te male glavice! To je zločin, ki je v tej strašni vojni najbolj podel in gnusen! Kako je mogoče, da odrasel človek skozi daljnogled vzame na muho otroka?! Tu se svet konča!

Navdajali so me mešani občutki: obenem z bojznijo za njihova življenja sem razumel globoko potrebo sarajevskih otrok po igri. Po tisočih dneh vojne, po tisočih nočeh skrivanja po kletih (za otroke pa je vsak dan dolg kot neskončnost) je otroški nagon po gibanju in igri prevladal. Kratko malo morajo na dvorišče in na ulico, podit se in izživet svojo potrebo po igri!

In čeprav sem se kot otrok (po drugi svetovni vojni) tudi sam pogosto »šel vojno«, me je pogled na igre sarajevskih otrok zmrazil: ker otroške igre, kot vemo, odsevajo odnose v »odrasli« družbi, lesene puške kažejo vojno v vsej njeni okrutnosti! Kakšne travme nosijo s seboj današnji otroci, ki odrasčajo v vojni? V Bosni, Ruandi, Somaliji, na Bližnjem vzhodu, v Kurdistanu in Čečeniji.

Naj torej ta poslanica o ustvarjalnosti otrok izzveni tudi kot zagovor njihove temeljne pravice do igre. In kot skrajno resno opozorilo odraslim, ki njihovo otroštvo spreminjamo v pekel: storimo vse, kar je v naših močeh, da se trpljenje otrok neha! Da otroci ne odrastejo prehitro!

Od tega je odvisna prihodnost tega našega edinega sveta.

THE 1997 INTERNATIONAL
CHILDREN'S BOOK DAY MESSAGE

MOTTO: Childhood is poetry of life. Poetry is childhood of the world.

Boris. A. Novak

(poet, Slovenia)

THE CHILDHOOD OF LIGHT AND SHADOW

I

*Adults hear words, yet do not listen to them.
Adults read words, yet do not feel them.
Adults speak words, yet do not taste them.
Adults write words, yet do not smell them.
Adults in their speaking do not notice the words at all,
so the words have a sad and lonely ring.
Adults use words, yet do not love them. So the words
become twisted and outworn.*

*But children are different. Children play with words.
Their play straightens the twisted words. Playing with
old words rubs off the rust and restores to them their
youthful shine. Play brings to life new words unheard,
fresh in their beauty.*

*Children listen to words. Words are the music of human voices.
Children feel words: are they soft? hard? round? spiky?
Children taste words: are they sweet? salty? sour? bitter?
Children smell words. Words are pollen on the flowers of things.
Children are fond of words. That's why words are also
fond of children.*

II

*Adults look at colours, yet do not see them.
Adults perceive shapes, yet do not understand their speech.
Adults live in light and from light, yet do not notice it at all.
Adults cast long shadows, yet do not play with them.
Adults take up much (indeed too much) space, yet never just
for once marvel at its spaciousness.
Adults look at the world with closed eyes. This is why space
shrinks, shadows die, light darkens, colours, fade and shapes
fall silent.*

*Children are different. Children with eyes wide open gaze out at
the world and marvel at things. Children play with colours and
with shapes. Their play blows away the dust from the faded*

*colours and returns to them the sheen with which they were born.
Play brings to life new shapes, unseen and unheard before,
fresh in their beauty.*

*Children see colours. Colours are the childhood of light.
Children understand the speech of shapes: are they gentle?
sharp? lively? sad?
Children feel, children breathe, children see the invisible light.
Light is the mother of the world.
Children, of course, cast short shadows, but they play with them.
Shadows are blind, that is why light takes them by the hand –
like children.
Children marvel at space and its immense openness.
Children are fond of pictures. That's why pictures are also
fond of children.*

III

*Every poet is a big child. And every child is a little poet.
Every painter is a big child. And every child is a little painter.*

IV

This address is composed as a poem, as an ode to the boundless creative capacities of the child. Unfortunately, however, we cannot conclude the text as a poem. The suffering of children is altogether too great for it to be concealed. This is why, at the end, I shall disturb the poem. Because of responsibility for the destiny of the child and the future of this only world of ours.

I visited Sarajevo during the barbarous siege of that beautiful city. Amidst the terrible scenes of destruction what shocked me most – yet at the same time gladdened me – were indeed the children: I saw them everywhere, at every corner, playing, chasing a ball, hiding and hunting and carrying on the war games with improvised sticks. Even in the midst of the real shooting by the adults. Whenever I saw this my blood ran cold, for the closest positions of the snipers were scarcely a hundred to two hundred metres away – and it's well known that the snipers all too gladly fire at those little heads! This is a crime which, in this dreadful war, is the most vile and loathsome! How can it be possible for an adult to take a child as a target?! Here the world ends!

I was caught up by conflicting feelings: while fearing for their lives, I also understood the deep need of the Sarajevo children for play. After thousands of days of war, after thousands of nights of sheltering in cellars (for the children, each day is as long as eternity) the childish urge for movement, for play, won over. They simply had to get out into the yard, into the street, to scamper away and enjoy their need for play!

And although I, as a child (after the Second World War), had also often »gone to war«, I was chilled at the sight of the Sarajevo children at play: for children's play – as we well know – reflects the relations in »adult« society,

and the wooden guns show war in all its brutality! In Bosnia, in Rwanda, in Somalia, in the Middle East, in Kurdistan, and in Chechnya.

So, may these few words on the creative power of children also ring out as a plea for their fundamental right to play. And as an only-too-real warning to us, the adults, not to change their childhood into hell: let us all do what we possibly can to stop the suffering of children! May the children not grow up too fast!

On this depends the future of our one and only world.

Translated from Slovene by Alan McConnell-Duff

25. KONGRES IBBY V GRONINGENU

V Groningenu na Nizozemskem bo od 12. do 16. avgusta 1996, 25. kongres Mednarodne zveze za mladinsko književnost (IBBY). Referati, okrogle mize in delavnice so vsebinsko naravnane na osrednjo temo kongresa: TELLING THE TALE (Pripovedovanje zgodb). Glavni referenti bodo spregovorili:

GENE DEITCH iz Češke in HARRIE GEELLEN iz Nizozemske o animaciji slikanice in filmski upodobitvi otroških knjig,

PAMELA MORDECAI iz Jamajke, CHARLES MUNGOSHI iz Zimbabveja, LEI CHU WANG iz Kitajske in MAX VELTHUIJS iz Nizozemske o zgodbah, ki so vezane na ilustracije, TRUUSJE VROOLAND iz Nizozemske pa o tem, ali slikanice potrebujejo tekst ali pripovedke potrebujejo ilustracije,

AIDAN CHAMBERS iz Anglije in MARGARET MAHY iz Nove Zelandije o pisanju, branju in poslušanju, o svojem delu in o metodah za spodbujanje branja,

ANNE PELLOWSKI iz ZDA o pripovedovanju zgodb kot načinu za spodbujanje branja in TOSHIO OZAWA iz Japonske o izvoru pripovedk.

V času kongresa bodo organizirana tudi srečanja strokovnjakov. Teme pogovorov naj bi se osredotočile na spodbujanje branja, na organizacijo otroške žirije za knjižne nagrade, na prodajo otroških knjig in na vlogo medijev pri spodbujanju branja.

Prevajalci bodo primerjali jezikovne možnosti prevoda knjige Astrid Lindgren: *Ključec s strehe*. Posebni poudarek bo dan prevajanju poezije.

Knjižničarji bodo izmenjali izkušnje, ki jih imajo z novimi mediji v knjižnicah za otroke, o tem, kako ravnati z najmlajšimi, še predšolskimi otroki v knjižnici in o tem, ali je otrokom bolje zgodbe pripovedovati ali jih glasno brati.

Ilustratorji bodo spregovorili o strokovnih problemih v današnjem času in o tem, kaj lahko sami doprinesejo k boljši izmenjavi knjig.

Univerzitetni profesorji bodo razpravljali o mladinski literaturi kot kategoriji, ki sodi k študiju literature oziroma pedagogike in o možnostih preživetja manjšinskih jezikov.

Pisatelji bodo razpravljali o svoji družbeni vlogi in o načinih, kako pospeševati prevajanje.