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UVODNIK: MARKOVE TOPOGRAFIJE

Alja Lobnik

Z Markom Požlepom sem pred nekaj časa opravila krajši intervju, on je sedel za svojim računalnikom v Belgiji in jaz za svojim v Mariboru, no ja, v Hočah, potem ko se mi je na trebuhu izrisalo nekaj bojvniških (prekarnih) ran, ki so me prisilile v mirovanje. S tehnološkimi vmesniki je hecna reč, stvar naredijo malenkost neosebno, zlasti kadar se deležnika še nista spoznala, in ker tehnologija vedno nekaj nagaja in nam zvočna slika pogosto uhaja, se mukoma spotikaš ob lovljenju vseh nians, ki jih živa komunikacija še vedno temeljiteje zabeleži. Ali pa je to le romantična stava živosti in nekakšen tehnoskepticizem, ker sem zapisana neki določeni generaciji? Po svoje je v tehnologijo vtisnjen utopičen zastavek, ki njej ni imanenten, nosi ga kot potencialnost, ki se bo morda ali pa tudi ne bo nikoli realizirala, in obstaja v napetosti med sedanostjo in možnimi poteki prihodnosti, ki lahko temeljno reorganizirajo načine obstoja sveta. Partikularen tehnološki dispozitiv od akterja terja posebno vrsto pozornosti, načine odjemanja vsebin, organizacije prostora in skupnosti. Temeljni Markov raziskovalni impulz je natanko v prehajanju med različnimi dispozitivi in iskanjem načinov realizacije posamičnih potencialnosti.

Markovo ustvarjalno prakso, kot se bo bralo skozi list, preči avtobiografska dimenzija njegovih dnevniških potopisov, ki se iz osebnoizpovednega naselijo v vizualni umetniški izraz znotraj galerijskih kontekstov, o čemer nadrobneje govori članek Alenke Gregorič. Vse pogosteje pa je njegovo mesto zanimanja tudi gledališče kot prostor, ki ga radikalno zaznamuje dvoje: časovna umeščenost v sedanosti, konvencija začetka in konca, ter temeljna gledališka vez med ustvarjalcem in publiko oziroma javnostjo. O (za)čaranju v gledališču piše Jure Novak, ki je z avtorjem sodeloval pri projektu **Bolj čudno od raja** in s katerim je tudi tokrat zavezal umetniški voz. Avtobiografsko kot vzgib snovanja izhaja tudi iz Markove umeščenosti v umetniški sistem, pa tudi v svet vobče, od koder, pravi, šele lahko naslovi določena vprašanja, ki gredo skozi izkušensko, izpovedno in telesno. Ob

tem kopiči raznoliko žanrsko pisavo, ko mozaično razpostavi dnevniško, literarno-esejistično in poetično govorico in jih zлага ob vizualno. Dejala bi, da ima pisava status samostojnega umetniškega artefakta in je hkrati tloris za njegova umetniška zarisovanja oziroma se pojavi kot nekakšen amplifikator imaginacije. Medij njegovega ustvarjanja je pravzaprav trojen, tekstualni, vizualni in gledališki. Tudi tekstualni je sekundaren skrbno načrtovanim akcijam, nekakšnim avanturam, ki se prevedejo v umetniška izrazja. In ker že od pamtiveka velja, da sta si gledališče in tekst zvesta sopotnika, je premestitev v gledališki medij in govorjeno besedo logično nadaljevanje, ki črki zagotovi telo, zvok in ritem, gledališče nastopi kot telesni jezik. List, ki ga namenjamo Markovi praksi, zato nujno vključuje tudi njegove zapise dveh projektov, ***Bolj čudno od raja*** in povsem frišen ***Blueprint for Revolution***, s tem pa že meji na poskus hibridizacije formata, je hkrati list in artefakt.

Blueprint for Revolution je frišen samo za gledališče. Spet se namreč igra s prehajanjem med mediji, leta 2017 je projekt že stal v galeriji P74, potem ko je Mark nekaj mesecev preživel v New Yorku na rezidenci, ki jo je prejel kot nagrajenec skupine OHO. ***Site specific*** oziroma prostorska in geografska orientacija ter avtobiografija se združijo v razmisleku o statusu ZDA, o kolonizatorski logiki, o skrivenčenem pričanju zgodovine in o Mayevih neznosno smešnih Vinetoujih. Nekaj zelo humornega je na tem, pove Mark, da so večino Indijancev¹ igrali prebivalci Dugega otoka, ki so jih enostavno pobarvali, verjetno pa so zaradi cenejših produkcijskih razmer večji del Vinetoujevih filmov posneli na Plitvičkih jezerih. Humor vpeljuje torej tja, kamor se zavlečeta boleče in krivično, smeh postane blažilec

I Izraz »Indijanci« v listu uporabljamo zato, ker po eni strani sledimo prevodom Vinetouja Karla Maya v slovenski jezik, po drugi pa z rabo že ciljamo na kolonizatorsko logiko tega izraza, kar je tudi v jedru umetniške prakse Marka Požlepa, torej nekakšna dekonstrukcija pozicij moči. Hkrati smo senzibilni za izrazje, ki so ga v slovenski jezik konsistentno uvajali pretežno pisci in piske, ki so se ukvarjali z zapatizmom, opozarjali na problematično rabo izraza »Indijanci« in predlagali rabo izraza »staroselci«.

in sprožilec hkrati, nekakšen topograf stanja stvari. Te vrste igrivost in humornost ne meri samo na obče stanje sveta, pač pa se naseli tudi v samoironizacijo in antiherojskost Markove izjavljalne pozicije, v maniro trolanja aktivacije posameznika in njegove umetniške akcije. Premišljevanje o Manhattnu kot simptomu poznega kapitalizma in kot prostoru manjšinskih, nikoli izpričanih, potlačeni in pozabljenih zgodovin Indijancev je antagonizem, ki se je zapisal v Markovo plovbo s kanujem okoli otoka. Mana-hata v jeziku Indijancev pomeni številne hribe, ki jih je Mark lovil skozi beleženje krajine, namesto gričevnate pokrajine pa so se mu izrisovale betonske topografije. Takšna dihotomija med naturo in kulturo obstaja grobo rečeno tudi v razliki med vodovjem in celino, med ladjo kot prostorom deregulacije, naključja, heterotopije in migriranja ter celino kot organizacijo prostora, kamor so vpisana razmerja moči, statičnost, hierarhije in teritorialnost. Ni naključje, da Markovo pot, bodisi osebno bodisi umetniško, ki sta po svoje ena drugi hrbtna plat, vselej spremljajo plavajoči kosi – kanu, splav, ladja – kot majhni prostori svobode.

Mayeve pisarije o pustolovskih Vinetoujih v podtalju skrivajo popolno nadvlado belega človeka, s čigar imaginarijem so se vzgojile generacije, tudi tiste, rojene v socializmu Jugoslavije. V osemdesetih letih, v letih Markovega odraščanja, sta se v jugoslovanski prostor že naselila skepticizem in nacionalizem. Titova skupna država in njegova utopična stava sta se raztopili v zadolževanju in utrjevanju razlik med nacijami, ljudstvo pa se je začelo romantično obračati k »demokratičnemu« zahodu, ki je napovedal novo družbeno utopijo, s katero je bil naseljen tudi otroški Markov svet. Lasten spomin sooči z nakopičeno vednostjo o vsem tem, kar je zahodna kolonizatorska sila uspela zatreti in potlačiti, ter ga jemlje kot materialnost, ki jo je mogoče preoblikovati in prepustiti postopkom odčaranja. **Blueprint for Revolution** je obračun z zahodnimi utopičnimi stavami, **Bolj čudno od raja** pa ponovno začaranje nekdanjega skupnega jugoslovanskega prostora, ki se je tako žalostno razklalo in zapisalo prenekateri spomin, kjer ima, če si izposodim besede Roka Bozovičarja, izguba družbenega (in utopičnega) okvira Jugoslavije obliko kulturnega spomina: »**Kot estetizirani**

odziv na premike, ki poskušajo družbeno solidarnost in univerzalno emancipacijo, ki jo je vsaj v idejnem izhodišču predstavljal jugoslovanski projekt, izbrisati iz doživetja preteklosti, da bi se omejila njena aktualnost, sta spomin in spominjanje predstave Bolj čudno od raja zatočišče pred vsakodnevno izkušnjo ranljivosti in izgube družbenosti.«^{II}

^{II} Bozovičar, Rok in Lobnik, Alja. **Bolj čudno od spomina**. Teater v eter. Radio Študent. Dostopno prek: <https://radiostudent.si/kultura/teater-v-eter/bolj-čudno-od-spomina> (10. 10. 2018).

EDITORIAL: MARK'S TOPOGRAPHIES

Alja Lobnik

I conducted a short interview with Mark Požlep a while ago; he sat at his computer in Belgium and I sat at my computer in Maribor, oh well, to be precise in Hoče, as I was suffering from battlefield (free-lancer) wounds to my stomach, which made me more or less bed-ridden. It was a strange feeling, as using these technological interfaces makes everything slightly impersonal, especially as the two participants in the interview did not know each other personally and as technology never works as it is supposed to, which means that the sound often eluded us; but we tried our best to capture all the nuances, which are still best revealed in personal communication. Or is this merely a romantic view of vivacity and some sort of techno-scepticism, because I belong to a certain generation? In a way technology has a utopian wager imprinted in it, which is not imminent, for it carries it as a potential, which might or might not be realised and which exists somewhere in the tension between the present moment and the possible futures, which can substantially reorganise the world. The particular technological dispositive demands a special type of attention from the stakeholder, a way of taking in contents, organising the space and community. Mark's basic research impulse is found in the transition between the various dispositives and the search for ways of realising individual potentials.

Mark's creative practice, as will be read throughout the theatre paper, Glej, List, traverses from the personal and autobiographical expression found in his travel diaries, to visual artistic expression found within gallery contexts, which Alenka Gregorič discusses in greater detail in her text. He is also becoming increasingly interested in theatre as a space that is radically marked by two things, its placement in the present time, i.e. the convention of the beginning and end and the basic theatre connection between the creator of the performance and the audience. Jure Novak, who cooperated with Mark in the project ***Stranger than Paradise*** and with whom he once

again tied the creative knot for this project, writes about the magic in theatre. The autobiographical as a reason for creativity also originates from Mark's position within the art system, as well as in the world in general. He states that it is only from this position that he can pose certain questions, which touch upon the experiential, narrational and physical. He accumulates a diverse genre script as he exposes the diary, literary-essayistic and poetic languages, which play with the ways of recording and are accumulated alongside the visual expressions. I would say that the dairy has a status of an independent artistic artefact and a simultaneous plan for his artistic delineations or one could say that it appears as some sort of an imagination amplifier. In reality he creates in three different mediums: textual, visual and theatrical. The textual is secondary to the carefully planned actions, some sort of adventures, which are translated into artistic expressions. And as it known since time eternal that theatre and text are loyal companions, the transfer into the theatre medium and spoken word is a logical continuation that provides a body, sound and rhythm to the word; the theatre thus appears as a bodily language. The theatre programme that is dedicated to Mark's practice, thus necessarily includes also his records from two of his projects, **Stranger than Paradise** and the entirely new **Blueprint for Revolution**, and with this the theatre paper Glej, List borders on an attempt of format hybridisation - it is a theatre paper but it is also an artefact.

Blueprint for Revolution is new only in its theatre version. Once again Mark decided to play with the transition between the different media, for the project was already on display in Gallery P74 in 2017, after Mark spent a few months in an art residency in New York, which he received as the winner of the OHO award. The site specific or spatial and geographic orientation and the autobiography merge in his thoughts on the status of USA, the colonial logic, the twisted history and Karl May's unbelievably amusing Winnetou. Mark explains that there is something

vastly humorous in the fact that most of the Indians^{III} were played by the native inhabitants of Dugi Otok (Croatia), who were simply painted red, and most of the *Winnetou* films were filmed in The Plitvice Lakes (Croatia), most likely due to the cheaper production costs. With this he introduces humour into a space into which pain and injustice crawl, and thus laughter becomes a softener and a trigger at the same time, some sort of a topography of the state of things. This type of playfulness and humour is not oriented merely towards the general condition of the world, but it also inhabits the self-irony and anti-heroic stance of Mark's position of expression, as well as the trolling of the activation of the individual and his artistic action. Seeing Manhattan as a symptom of late capitalism and as a space of minority, never expressed, repressed and forgotten histories of the native Americans, is an antagonism that has outlined Mark's circumnavigation around the island in a canoe. In the language of the native Americans *Mana-hata* stands for numerous hills, which Mark was capturing while recording the landscape, but instead of the hilly landscape, concrete and steel topographies were drawn out. Such a dichotomy between nature and culture also exists in the difference between water and the mainland, between the ship as a space of deregulation, coincidence, heterotopy and migration and the continent as an organisation of space into which the relations of power, stationalness, hierarchies and territoriality are inscribed. It is not a coincidence that Mark's paths, both, personal and artistic (which are in a way merely two sides of the same coin) are always accompanied by floating objects – a canoe, a raft, a ship – which represent small spaces of freedom.

III In our theatre paper we use the expression “Red Indians” because we on one hand follow the Slovene translations of Karl May's *Winnetou*, and on the other hand we, target the colonial logic behind this expression, which is also to be found in the core of Mark Požlep's artistic practice, i.e. a deconstruction of the positions of power. However, we are also sensitive as regards the terminology we use, which was introduced into the Slovene language rather consistently by writers interested in the Zapatista movement who drew attention to the problematic use of the expression ‘Red Indians’ and proposed the use of the expression ‘original settlers’.

In the underbelly of Karl May's writings about the adventurous Winnetou we can find the total domination of the white man, the imagination of which brought up generations, including those born into Yugoslav socialism. In the 1980s, in the period when Mark was growing up, nationalism and scepticism have already found their way into the territory known at the time as Yugoslavia. Tito's shared country and its utopian stance disintegrated in the ever-growing debt and the strengthening of differences between nations, and people started romantically turning towards the 'free and democratic' West, which was announcing a new social utopia that also inhabited Mark's childhood. He confronts his memory with the accumulated knowledge of everything that the western colonising forces managed to suppress and that it takes as materiality that can be transformed and left to the processes of disenchantment. **Blueprint for Revolution** is a settlement with the western utopian stances, while **Stranger than Paradise** is a re-bewitchment of the former shared Yugoslav space, which has sadly been split and written into many a memory, in which, if I borrow the words of Rok Bozovičar, the loss of social (and utopian) frame of Yugoslavia has the form of a cultural memory: "As an aestheticized response to the movements which try to erase the social solidarity and universal emancipation - which were at least in the starting point represented by the Yugoslav project – from the past experiences, i.e. to restrict their actuality, the memory and remembering the performance **Stranger than Paradise** is a sanctuary from the everyday experience of vulnerability and the loss of sociality".^{IV}

IV Bozovičar, Rok in Lobnik, Alja. **Stranger than Memory**. Theater into ether. Radio Student. Accessible on (in Slovene): <https://radiostudent.si/kultura/teater-v-eter/bolj-čudno-od-spomina> (10. 10. 2018).

LUCIDEN INTERPRET REALNOSTI

Alenka Gregorič

Vsaka interpretacija umetniškega dela je istočasno zanimiva in dolgočasna, predvidljiva in vznemirljiva, resnična in fiktivna, polna smislov in zablod ter je predvsem osebni pogled posameznika na izbrano vsebino. Harmonija med interpretacijo umetniškega dela in njegovo materialno pojavnostjo ni odločilna, je pa v primeru efemernih materialov nujna za njegovo razumevanje. Pomembno vlogo pri razlagi ima obče razumevanje tako širšega družbenega konteksta kot tudi sistema umetnosti ter umetnikovega opusa. Ravno zato se pisanje o umetniškem delu in avtorju, čigar prakso dobro poznamo, na prvi pogled zdi nadvse preprosto, pa vendar je v mnogih primerih situacija ravno nasprotna – v primeru prevelike količine informacij je interpretacija veliko zahtevnejša, saj je od samega začetka podvržena racionalizaciji in največkrat suhoparnemu podajanju dejstev. In ko imamo opraviti z umetnikom, ki bolj kot o sami produkciji del in končni prezentaciji razmišlja o procesu in izvedbi, je spremno besedilo ključno za njegov prikaz v okolju umetnosti, kjer sta abstraktnost idej in zvok tišine že ničkolikokrat dobila svojo podobo in zapis. Čarovnija se zgodi, ko se vsebina zapisanega prelevi v pripoved oziroma ko zgodba postane tako celovita, da ne prinaša motnje v bralčev oziroma gledalčev svet.

Mark Požlep je pripovedovalec, ki dogodivščine ne le pripoveduje, temveč jih tudi (so)ustvarja. Zgodbe o snovanju, poteku, realizaciji in umestitvi projektov v družbeni in umetnostni kontekst so zanj enako pomembne kot umetniško delo, ki ga kot končno stvaritev postavi na ogled javnosti. Požlep se razgali povsem, brez olepšav in dodatkov. Brez misterioznosti nas popelje v svoj svet ter nam pripoveduje o vsem, kar sami nismo mogli doživeti. Njegove prezentacije, pa najsi gre za umetniška dela v galerijskih prostorih ali performanse v gledališkem miljeju, so dokumenti doživetega in izrečenega ter hkrati nezavednega in neulovljivega. Požlep je namreč neizmerno luciden interpret svoje realnosti v realnost slehernika, v svet, v katerem njegove pripovedi stvarnost

naredijo znosnejšo in lahkotnejšo, kjer se otroška želja in zanos prepletata v igrive pripovedi, polne nepozabnih dogodivščin. Je avanturist in istočasno skrben načrtovalec, je igriv in skrajno resnoben, je precizen in nepredvidljivo neroden. Je neumoren raziskovalec, večni romantik in nepoboljšljiv zanesenjak. In čeprav se vedno znova vrača k platnu in čopiču, ki ostajata njegova zaveznika, njegov duh ne ostaja ujet v varnem zavetju ateljejskih sten. Če je v prostorski inštalaciji **Close to The Clouds; Not to be Seen or Expelled** želel predstaviti romantično podobo osamljenega otoka sredi morja kot kuliso, pri čemer so bili vsi elementi z izjemo palme umetni, se je v projektu **Whatever Happened to Major Tom** odločil to podobo prenesti v resnično življenje. Zato je sprva iz Hamburga prepeljal jadrnico **Cayuco**, jo sam restavriral in na koncu z njo odplul na zapuščen mali otoček ob Unijah, kjer je zasadil taisto palmo, ki je bila prej del galerijske kulise.

Razsežnosti in ambicije projektov pa so se skozi leta rapidno stopnjevale. V njihove izvedbe je vložena veliko vztrajanja, tehtnih odločitev, železne volje in neizmerne želje po uresničitvi, predvsem pa velika mera potrpljenja in nesebičnosti. Vse te vrline so bile odločilne tudi pri projektu **Hogshead 733**, ki ga je izvedel v sodelovanju z umetnikom Maximom Berthoujem. Ko sta umetnika sprejela odločitev, da želita z ribiško barko prepluti 733 milj dolgo pot od Francije do Škotske, jo na koncu poti razstaviti in z nje narediti sode, v katerih se bo staral čisto pravi viski, poti nazaj ni bilo več. Plovilo, ki sta ga našla v Bretaniji, je potrebovalo popolno prenovo, saj je bilo narejeno davnega leta 1941. Za njegovo popravilo so potrebovali pet mesecev in čeravno še ni bilo dokončno pripravljeno za plovbo, sta se po mesecih dela, čakanja in planiranja odločila, da nemudoma odrineta na pot. V slabem mesecu dni, kolikor je trajalo potovanje, se je nabralo ogromno izkušenj, strahov, dvomov in veselja. Barka z imenom **Soutien De Famille** ju je, kljub mnogim zapletom na njeni poslednji plovbi, varno pripeljala do cilja. Iz njenega zdravega jedra, tj. trupa, sta na koncu nastala dva dvestolitrska soda, ki so ju v destilarni Bunnahabhain napolnili z dvanajst let starim viskijem. Usoda sedemdesetletne ribiške barke, ki je bila načrtovana že tistega

dne, ko sta jo Berthou in Požlep v zanemarjenem stanju našla v malem mestecu na francoski obali, se je tako izpolnila. Razmislek o pozabljenih in odrinjenih na rob družbe Požlep neposredno udejanji v projektu **Čudnije od raja**, ko se z Igorjem Feketijem odpravi na potovanje po mestih nekdanje skupne države. Na poti nista obiskovala galerij, gledaliških ali glasbenih odrov, še manj znamenitosti ali novokomponiranih veseljaških zabav, temveč domove za starejše občane. Stanovalcem sta predstavila repertoar sedmih pesmi jugoslovanske popularne glasbe iz 50. in 60. let prejšnjega stoletja. S to gesto sta se želela pokloniti generacijam, ki so v časih teh popevk z zanosom in neskončno voljo ter predanostjo gradile boljšo prihodnost za naše rodove. Tvrstnih potovanj, polnih pustolovščin, bežnih podrobnosti, komaj opaznih kretenj in pogledov, ni lahko pretvarjati v umetniška dela, saj lahko kaj hitro izpadejo kot preprosta in dolgočasna dokumentacija. Vendar so Požlepova precizna koncepcija, iskrivost prikaza ter iskrenost pripovedovanja tiste neprecenljive lastnosti, s katerimi njegove zgodbe oživijo in s pomočjo katerih nas popelje na popotovanja, kjer v svoji neizprososti sobivajo žalost in veselje, ljubezen in sovraštvo, začetek in konec, življenje in smrt.

Umetnikov najnovejši projekt, ki sodi v omenjeni sklop t. i. dolgotrajnih performansov in vključuje potovanje, je **Blueprint for Revolution**. Tekom daljše raziskave, pogovorov in dostopnih informacij o sedanjem stanju ameriških staroselcev na Manhattnu se je odločil, da s kanujem, poimenovanim **Black Winnetou**, obpluje polotok. Ime vsekakor ni naključno, v njem so zaobjeti dogodki in zgodbe iz umetnikove sedanjosti in preteklosti ter refleksija na konkretna dejstva. Zapisi, ki so narejeni na podlagi zbranih informacij, se posledično prepletajo z reminiscencami iz njegovega življenja ter se v nadaljevanju povežejo z zgodbami Karla Maya, s knjigami, ki jih je prebiral v mladosti, s filmi, povezanimi z ameriško kulturo, ki so nanj naredili nepopisen vtis, s spomini, pripetljaji, naključji. Te avtobiografske sledi v svoji avtentičnosti in duhovitosti sprožajo mnoga in zelo raznolika čustva, ki se ob Požlepovem nastopu na odru zlijejo v eno samo veliko radost in nasmeh.

LUCID INTERPRETER OF REALITY

Alenka Gregorič

Any interpretation of a work of art is interesting and boring at the same time, predictable and exciting, true and fictitious, full of meanings and delusions, but mainly it is a personal view on selected contents. The harmony between the interpretation of the work of art and its material appearance is not decisive, but in the case of ephemeral materials necessary for its understanding. The general understanding of the broader social context as well as the art system and the artist's opus play an important role in the explanation. It is because of this that the writing on the work of art and the artist, the practice of which we know so well, appears to be so simple at first glance and yet the situation is the exact opposite in many a cases – in the example of too much information the interpretation is more demanding for it is from the very start subjected to rationalisation and most often a dry delivery of facts. And when we are dealing with an artist, who is more interested in the work process rather than the production of the works and their final presentation, the accompanying text is essential for the understanding of the artistic environment, where abstract ideas and the sound of silence have already obtained an image and record on numerous occasions. The magic happens when the contents are transformed into a narration or when the story becomes so clear that it does not bring disturbances to the reader's or viewer's world.

Mark Požlep is a narrator who not only narrates the adventures, but also co-creates them. He finds the stories on planning, the duration, realisation and placement of the projects into the social and artistic context to be equally important as the final work of art which is displayed to the public. Požlep reveals his all, without embellishments and additions. He leads us into his world without holding back and he tells us about everything that we could not have experienced ourselves. His presentations, whether they are works of art in gallery spaces or performances in the theatre milieu, are documents of his experiences as well as documents of the subconscious and intangible. Požlep is an exceptionally lucid interpreter of his own reality into the

reality of everyman, into a world in which his narrations make the reality more bearable and easier, where the children's desire and enthusiasm are interwoven into playful narrations full of unforgettable adventures. He is an adventurer and a meticulous planner, he is playful and extremely serious, he is precise and yet unpredictably clumsy. He is a tireless researcher, eternal romantic and an inveterate enthusiast. And even though he keeps returning to the canvass and brushes, which remain his allies, his spirit does not remain trapped in the safe refuge of the studio walls. If he, in the spatial installation **Close to The Clouds; Not to be Seen or Expelled**, wished to present a romantic image of an isolated island in the middle of the sea as a backdrop, at which all elements with the exception of the palm tree were man-made, he, in the project **Whatever Happened to Major Tom**, decided to bring the image into real life. Thus, he first brought the sailing boat **Cayuca** from Hamburg, restored it and in the end sailed with it to the solitary little island close to Unije, where he planted the palm tree that was used in his previous project as a gallery backdrop.

The comprehensiveness and ambition of his projects grew rapidly through the years. A lot of persistence, well thought-out decisions, iron will and immense desire for their fulfilment and especially great patience and unselfishness is placed into their realisation. All of these virtues were decisive also in the project **Hogshead 733** which he performed together with the artist Maxim Berthou. As soon as the two artists decided to sail 733 miles from France to Scotland in a fishing boat, and in the end disassemble the boat and make barrels out of it in which whiskey will be aged, there was no turning back. They found the vessel which needed total renovation, as it was made in the long-forgotten year of 1941, in Brittany. It took them five months to fix it and even though it was not completely seaworthy, they decided to set off after months of waiting and planning. During the voyage which lasted less than one month, they gained endless experience, and faced numerous fears, as well as experienced plenty of doubt and joy. On its final voyage the fishing boat **Soutien De Famille** brought them safely to their destination, even though the journey was

not free of complications. The core of the boat, i.e. the hull, was transformed into two two-hundred litre barrels which were filled with twelve years old whisky at the Bunnahabhain distillery. The fate of the seventy-year-old fishing boat, which was sealed on the very day Berthou and Požlep found it neglected in the small town on the French coast, was thus fulfilled.

In his project ***Stranger than Paradise***, in which Požlep and Igor Feketi set off on a journey through the capitals of the former shared country, Požlep enacted his thoughts about the forgotten and marginalised. On their journey they did not visit galleries, theatre or music venues, yet alone tourist sites or cheap village fates, but retirement homes. They presented a repertoire of seven songs from the 1950s and 60s Yugoslav popular music scene. With this gesture they wished to pay homage to the generations who were building a better future with great enthusiasm and unbelievable will and dedication, in the period these songs were popular. It is not easy to change such travels filled with adventures, fleeting details, barely visible movements and gazes into works of art, for they can quickly appear to be merely simple and boring documentation. However, Požlep's precise conception, the sparkling of the display and the honesty of the narration are the priceless characteristics with which his stories come to life and through the aid of which he takes us on journeys, inevitably full of sadness and joy, love and hate, beginning and end, life and death.

The artist's latest project, which belongs amongst the aforementioned so-called durational performances and includes a journey is called ***Blueprint for Revolution***. Following long research, debates and studying the available information on the current situation of the native Americans on Manhattan he decided that he will travel around the island in a canoe named ***Black Winnetou***. The name is by no means coincidental, for it includes the reflection of concrete facts and events and stories from the present moment as well as the artist's past. The records made on the basis of the gathered information consequentially intertwine with the reminiscences from his life and are in the continuation linked to the stories

written by Karl May, books that he read as a youth, to films connected to American culture, which have had a great impression on him, to memories, events and coincidences. In their authenticity and wittiness these autobiographical traces trigger many and diverse feelings, all of which merge into great joy and laughter during Požlep's performance on stage.

NA ODER!

ROJSTVO GLEDALIŠČA IZ DUHA UMETNIKA

Jure Novak

Gledališčniki smo snobi. V dvorane se usedamo s prekrižanimi rokami in skeptičnim izrazom na obrazih. Od nesrečnega **gesamtkunstwerka** zahtevamo vse: vsebino, koncept, izvedbo, vznemirjenje, katarzo, fokus, širino, domet in avtentičnost. Čokolado IN presenečenje. Razvajeni smo, izbirčni in hkrati navajeni vsega mogočega.

Gledališče je ultimativno nadzorovano okolje. Konvencije in tehnologije ustvarjalcem omogočajo, da natančno določimo vsak parameter, vsako okoliščino, s katero soočimo gledalca. V gledališčih smo, če želimo, bogovi naših dogodkov, vanje pripuščamo ravno dovolj naključja, da stvari ostanejo zanimive in da ohranimo edinstvenost (vendarle nismo filmarji!), a v splošnem smo v svojih dizajniranih svetovih varni in v kontroli. Mark ni varen in ni v kontroli. Ko se v starem WV kombiju vozi širom bivše Juge, ko čolnari okrog Manhattna, pluje po Rokavskem prelivu ali vedri na DIY splavu v mrzlem skandinavskem doku, se predvsem odpira nepredvidljivemu. Upam si trditi, da je prav nepredvidljivo, nenapovedano in nepričakovano nezamenljivi predpogoj njegovega umetniškega ustvarjanja. Mark svoja umetniška dela najprej živi – doživi, izživi, preživi – in šele nato razstavi, posreduje, zapakira.

Prav ta odsotnost varnosti in nadzora sta me ob povabilu k sodelovanju pri **Bolj čudno od raja** hipoma zapeljala in očarala. Želel sem biti del te, v današnjem času dolgotrajnih načrtovanj, projektiranja in produkcijskih kompromisov, tako zelo avtentične, hipne in nore zgodbe. V istem hipu pa me je tudi zmrazilo: kako bom te tako zelo ne-gledališke prvine pomagal presaditi na oder, v dogodek, ki ga je moč producirati in ponavljati, plasirati in re-kontekstualizirati.

Zgodba vsekakor ni nova. Samo v slovenskem prostoru je takšen prenos avtentičnega, osebnega, angažiranega na oder uspel vsaj še Vii Negativi, ekipi Betontanc Ltd. in nekaterim umetnikom, ki so ustvarjali v Krpanovi Kapelici, s sorodnim izzivom pa se soočamo tudi v trojcu Novak / Brodar / Stegnar v naši Trilogiji.

Kaj so temeljni izzivi tovrstnega početja? In v čem se podvig z Markom razlikuje od naštetih?

Najprej se tu izpostavlja vprašanje ponovljivosti. Markovi podvigi so po svojem bistvu enkratni dogodki, hkrati **ready made** in **fait accompli**. Srž in jedro umetniškega dela sta se že pripetila. Mark je v svojih galerijskih postavitvah stavil na karti dokumenta in interaktivnosti, a ti karti v gledališču nista zmagovalna kombinacija. Dokument je zaradi konvencije vprašljiv (saj nam vendar pripovedujejo zgodbe, ne?), interaktivnost pa pripelje s sabo resne produkcijske omejitve. Gledališče ne proizvaja artefakta niti ga ne prezentira. Kako torej re-prezentirati, po-ustvariti, kar je bilo?

Tu je še vprašanje verjetnosti. Konvencija, ki nam omogoča, da se v gledališču lažemo, da se pretvarjamo, da prikazujemo, da smo, kdor v resnici nismo, dokumentarnosti spodnese tla pod nogami. Če iz konteksta iztrgano citiramo kolegico Stegnar: **»Ni važno, da je res, važno je, da se dobro sliši.«** Kako naj torej v mediju laži učinkovito trdimo, da se je nekaj res zgodilo? In ali je to res bistveno za prenos Markovih del v gledališče?

Omenjeni snobi se soočimo tudi z vprašanjem kvalitete izvedbe, ki nas pripelje do vprašanja lika: je Mark na odru res najbolj primeren, da igra vlogo Marka na odru? Bi ne bilo bolje, da bi Marka igral, ne vem, Mandič? Ali komade odpel Benko? Če mu tako ali tako ne verjamemo povsem, če mu verjamemo zgolj zaradi konvencije, zakaj silimo pravega Marka za mikrofona (in pravega Igorja za klavir)?

Različni prenosi performativnega v gledališko so na zastavljena vprašanja odgovarjali različno. Via Negativa je stavila na transgresivnost, mejnost izvedenega: rekla je – samo avtorji posameznih performansov so dovolj predani, prepričani in nori, da bi svoj performans tudi zares izvajali. Dan za dnem, večer za večerom. Betoni vprašanja odpravijo z brendom – mi smo mi, ker nas poznate, ker smo mi sami, ker bi vsi takoj vedeli, če bi bili nekdo drug. Tabar ali Eclipse so avtentičnost dokazovali preko telesnega – pred nami so izvedli dejanja, ki so s posegi v telo in intimo zagotavljala svojo avtentičnost. V **Trilogiji** pa se z vprašanji avtentičnosti, identitete, verjetnosti vedno znova poigravamo, se nalašč izogibamo jasnim odgovorom in poskušamo gledalca zapeljati v igro, kjer se o istem, glede sebe, sprašuje tudi sam.

V ***Bolj čudno od raja*** se je kot potencialno dober odgovor ponudila neke vrste simulacija, po-stvaritev izhodiščnega dogodka.

Če na kratko povzamem: Mark in ekipa so izvedli turnejo po domovih za ostarele na področju bivše Jugoslavije. Varovancem domov so izvedli kratke koncerte hitov iz petdesetih in šestdesetih let, Mark pa je izkušnjo popisal in izdal v obliki umetniške knjige. Galerijsko postavitev je dopolnil z artefakti: podij iz starinskega parketa, plošča posnetkov odpetih komadov, omenjena knjiga, video in foto posnetki publik s turneje.

Nekaj izvedbenih elementov se je ponudilo kar samih. Vedeli smo, da bosta Mark in Igor komade odigrala v živo. Dobili smo koncert. Gledalkam bosta pripovedovala o popotovanju. Potopisno predavanje. Pokazali bomo video posnetke ostarelih publik. Dokumentarec. A vse skupaj še ni delovalo kot celota. Želeli smo zapeljati in poustvariti v gledališkem jeziku, gledalke prepričati v izhodiščno avtentičnost, hkrati pa biti resnični, enkratni, avtentični tudi v tukaj-in-zdaj.

Nadgradnjo v ***gesamt***, v gledališki dogodek smo našli v ščepcu interakcije s publiko, v nekaj malega video manipulacije, kjer smo posnetke vsakokratne publike premešali med dokumente izvornih publik, v dveh ali treh inscenacijah z novimi elementi (zemljevid Jugoslavije ter svetlobna in scenografska oprema dogodka), predvsem pa v načinu, kako ohraniti ter vsakič znova poustvariti Markovo in Igorjevo ***stanje*** s turneje.

V primeru ***Bolj čudno od raja*** se je izkazalo, da je prav Markova ***pojava***, dejstvo, da ni popoln izvajalec, da ne govori jezika odrske konvencije in v enačbo ne vnaša let vaj in nadzora, tisti ključen element, ki v publikah vzbuja zaupanje v avtentičnost in izvornost. Želijo mu verjeti, video intervencija ter interakcija z zemljevidom pa jih še dodatno soočita s tem, da bi bili prav oni zlahka katera od izvornih publik s turneje.

Bolj čudno od raja deska na podirajočem se valu med ***ready made*** in gledališkim, na neki tanki meji med performansom in entertainmentom. Vprašanja ponovljivosti niti nismo zares rešili, ker bi se prav lahko zgodilo, da bi postal Mark pre-dober (izvajalec) za svoje dobro. Tudi verjetnost ostaja na nek način odprta – po predstavah dobivamo vprašanja, ali je vse skupaj res. Lik Marka je ves čas v nekakšni fluidni situaciji med

likom in osebnostjo. A celota ostaja eden od najbolj iskrenih, dostopnih in čarobnih predstav, pri katerih sem sodeloval.

Te dni se Mark sooča z novim izzivom: v gledališče prenaša še manj javen performans čolnarjenja okrog Manhattna, kjer že v izhodišču ni predvideval publike in je bilo soočanje s seboj še bolj intimno. Kako bo tokrat odgovarjal na zastavljena vprašanja? Mu bo uspel drugi korak v medij gledališča? Ga bo stal avtentičnosti, ponovljivosti ali vsečnosti?

Ker vem, kako se loteva svojih del, in ker imam tudi tokrat čast imeti nekaj malega prstov vmes, sem prepričan, da nas bo znova očaral in presenetil. Hkrati pa si upam trditi, da so izzivi, s katerimi se sooča Mark pri vstopu v gledališče, identični tistim, ki se jih moramo lotiti gledališki snobi: le da se morajo naši koraki obrniti v obratno smer, k Marku, k umetnosti, k **just do it**, k vračanju iskrenega in pristnega in izstopu iz zatočišča varnosti in nadzora.

ONTO THE STAGE! THE BIRTH OF THEATRE FROM THE SPIRIT OF THE ARTIST

Jure Novak

People who work in theatres are a bit stuck up. We sit in theatres with our arms crossed and gaze sceptically at the stage. We demand everything from the unfortunate gesamtkunstwerk: contents, concept, execution, excitement, catharsis, focus, depth, range and authenticity. We want the chocolate as well as the surprise. We are spoilt, picky and at the same time used to almost everything.

The theatre is ultimately a controlled environment. The conventions and technologies enable the creators to precisely define each parameter, each circumstance, which we spring upon the visitor of the theatre. In theatres we are, if we so desire, gods of our events, we allow just the right amount of coincidence for things to remain interesting and to preserve the uniqueness (after all, we are not film makers!), but generally we are safe and in control of our designed worlds.

Mark is not safe and is not in control. As he drives around former Yugoslavia in an old VW van, paddles around Manhattan in a canoe, sails across the English Channel or is waiting for the weather to clear on his raft in a cold Scandinavian dock, he is exposed to the unpredictable. I dare say that it is the unpredictable, the unannounced and the unexpected that are the unchangeable preconditions for his creative work. Mark primarily lives his works of art - he experiences them, thrives on them and survives them – and only then does he exhibit, mediate and package them.

It was this lack of safety and control that immediately drew me in when Mark invited me to cooperate at **Stranger than Paradise**. I wished to be a part of this - in today's period of drawn out planning, projecting and production compromises - so authentic, momentary and crazy story. At the same time, I was also freaking out: how will I help bring these extremely non-theatrical elements onto stage, into an event that can be produced and repeated, placed and re-contextualised.

The story is by no means new. Already in Slovenia we can find successful examples of such transfer of authentic, personal and engaged to the stage, for instance in the works by Via Negativa, Betontanc Ltd. and some artists who created in Krpan's Kapelica Gallery, and we (the trio Novak / Brodar / Stegnar) are encountering a similar challenge in our Trilogy.

What are the main challenges of these activities? And in what way does Mark's feat differ from the previously mentioned ones?

First of all, we have the issue of repeatability. Mark's feats are in their essence unique events, ready-mades and fait-accomplis at the same time. The core of the artistic work has already taken place. In his gallery installations Mark backed the documentary approach with interactivity, but these two approaches do not suffice in theatre. Due to the convention the document is questionable (they are telling us stories, aren't they?), while interactivity brings along serious production limitations. The theatre does not produce an artefact, not does it present it. How can we then represent, re-create, something that has already taken place?

We also need to dwell on the issue of probability. The convention which enables us to lie in theatre, to pretend, to show a personality that we do not possess in real life, pulls the rug from under the documentary approach. If I were to quote colleague Stegnar (with a quote taken out of context): 'It doesn't have to be real, it has to sound good.' What makes it possible for us, in our medium based on lies, to efficiently state that something has truly happened? And is this truly essential for the transfer of Mark's works into theatre?

We, the aforementioned snobs, also have to confront the issue of the quality of execution, which brings us to the issue of the character: is Mark on stage truly the best choice to play the role of Mark on stage? Would it not be better if Mark was played for instance by Mandič? Or if the songs were sung by Benko? If we do not believe him entirely, if we believe him only because of the convention, why are we forcing the real Mark to perform with the microphone in hand (and the real Igor behind the piano)?

The various transfers of the performative into the theatrical, responded differently to the posed questions. Via Negativa backed transgressivity, the borderline qualities of

the performed: they said – only the authors of individual performances are truly dedicated, crazy and certain enough to actually perform their performance. Day after day, night after night. Betontanc Ltd. responded to the questions with the brand – we are who we are, you know us, because we are ourselves, because you would all immediately know if we were someone else. Tabar or Eclipse proved their authenticity through physicality – they performed activities in front of our eyes and their interventions into their body and intimacy ensured their authenticity. In our Trilogy we constantly toy with the issues of authenticity, identity, probability, we deliberately avoid clear answers and try to lead the viewer into a game in which he asks the same questions about himself.

In ***Stranger than Paradise*** some sort of simulation, a re-creation if you will, of the starting events offered itself as a potentially good answer.

If I were to summarise: Mark and the team performed a tour of retirement homes throughout the territory of former Yugoslavia. They performed short concerts of hits from the 1950s and 60s in front of the inhabitants of the retirement homes, and Mark described this experience in the form of an artist book. He added artefacts to the gallery installation: a podium made from old parquet flooring, a record containing the songs which were sung during the concerts, the aforementioned book, video and photo documentation of the audiences from the tour.

A few elements seemed to be obvious. We knew that Mark and Igor will play the songs live - we thus had a concert. They will tell the visitors about the trip - we had a travelogue lecture. We will show the video recordings of the elderly audiences - we had a documentary. But when all of this was put together it did not function as a whole. We wanted to take you on a theatrical journey and recreate the trip in the language of theatre, we wanted to convince the viewers of our starting authenticity and at the same time be real, unique, authentic as well as here and now.

The upgrade into the gesamt-, into a theatrical event, was created by adding a smidgen of interaction with the audience, a little bit of video manipulation, where we mixed the video recordings of the current audiences with the original documents of the shows, two or three new elements (a map of Yugoslavia

and new lighting and set design) and mainly in the way, in which we preserved and every time anew emphasised Mark's and Igor's **state** from the tour.

In ***Stranger than Paradise*** it was proven that it was Mark's appearance - the fact that he is not a perfect performer, that he does not speak the language of theatre and that he does not bring to the equation years of practice and control - that initiated the trust in authenticity and originality amongst the audience. They want to believe him, and the video intervention and the interaction with the map additionally led them to believe that they could have easily been one of the original audiences on the tour.

Stranger than Paradise surfs on a collapsing wave amongst the ready-made and the theatrical, along the thin line between a performance and entertainment. We have not truly solved the issue of repeatability, because it could easily happen that Mark would become too good (as a performer) for his own good. The probability also remains open in a way – after the performances we are often asked whether it was all true. Mark's character constantly lingers between the character and his personality. However, as a whole, this is one of the most honest, accessible and magical performances that I have been a part of.

Currently Mark is facing a new challenge: he is bringing an even less public performance into the theatre, a performance of canoeing around Manhattan. At the beginning of this project he did not foresee an audience and the confrontation with himself was thus even more intimate. How will he respond to the questions asked this time? Will he be able to make the second step into the medium of theatre? Will it cost him his authenticity, repeatability or agreeability?

As I know how he approaches his work, and as I have the honour of having a spanner or two in the works, I am convinced that he will charm and surprise us all once again. At the same time, I dare state that the challenges that Mark faces when entering the theatre are identical to those that the theatre snobs have to endure: however, our steps need to turn in the opposite direction, towards Mark, towards art, towards just-do-it, towards the return of the honest and authentic and towards stepping out of the refuge of safety and control.

Mark Požlep

**SKRIP -
TABOLJ
ČUDNO
OD RAJA,
JN, 25. 8.
2016**

Priredba in prevod Jure Novak

Pozdrav,

najprije isprika na jeziku, pišemo iz Slovenije. Izmedžu institucija za starije osebe izabrali smo Vašu. Radi se o brezplačnem koncertu, trečem u nizu od sedam, koji će se u roku od sedam dana izvoditi u sedam zemalja bivše Jugoslavije.

Sadržaj programa je sedam starih jugoslavenskih pesama iz 50. i 60. godina i željeli bi jih odsvirati za određenu publiku – stanovnice u staračkim domovima ili sličnim ustanovama jer smatramo, da je socialno uključivanje značajno i da možemo napraviti za njih nešto, što bi ih razveselilo. Jednostavni koncert pjevačem i klavijaturistom ima svoje ozvučenje.

Čudnije od Raja je glasbeni projekt vizualnog umjetnika Marka Požlepa i muzičara Igora Feketiće. Sa koncertnim izvođenjem muzike 50. i 60. godina, pesama *Bila je tako lijepa*, *Djevojko mala*, *Dušo moja*, *Oj sončece*, *sončece*, *Stranci u noći*, *Žute dunje* i *Potraži me u predgradžu*, muzike zlatnog razdoblja Jugoslavije, pokušavaju donijeti u staralačke domove čarobni zvuk muzike i mladosti.

Poster je u prilogu i može se slobodno distribuirati.

S poštovanjem i hvala na odgovoru!

Voljelo se dvoje mladih ...

Naše prevozno sredstvo je bil volkswagnov rešilec, predelan v avtodom. Napolnili smo ga z vsem ozvočenjem in opremo, pripravljeni na koncert v vseh situacijah.

Jure, Igor in jaz. Danas po prvi put i poslednji put u vašem gradu.

Prva postaja – Maribor Tezno.

Pred dom smo se pripeljali malo pred tretjo. Urejena moderna zgradba z vonjem in izgledom inštitucije. Stanovalci doma so nas že pričakovali, razvrščeni okrog majhnega odra. Uro pred začetkom. V formacijo jih je postrojila direktorica doma v spremstvu malega psička, ki je skakal naokrog kot ovčarček.

Linije njihovih vozičkov so sporočale red, urejenost in organiziranost. Znotraj Jugoslavije je Slovenija veljala kot simbol urejenosti, poslušnosti in marljivosti, mala Švica.

Direktorica je prišla v službo posebej za ta dogodek, čeprav je bila na dopustu. Najbrž smo ji bili sumljivi.

Glasno je spraševala, znova in znova: *»Mi smo vedno pravi čas tu, kajne?!«* Vsi so pritrjevali.

Med koncertom so stanovalci mirno in urejeno ploskali. Posamezniki so si tiho mrmrali komade. Gospod na desni si je v naročje postavil malega kuštravega psa in ga neustavljivo gladil. V domu biva z ženo, sedela sta skupaj, z nasmehom na ustih.

Bila je tako lijepa ...

»Leva vrsta najprej, obrnite prosim svoja kolesa! No, gospod Jurman, gremo, gremo!« Glas dominantne direktorice, ki je diktirala premike v sobe, nas je v trenutku iztrgal iz kratkega potopa v preteklost, razpihnila je vse spomine.

Po koncertu nas je v posebni sobi čakal narezek. Direktorica se je v zadregi smehljala. Ni razumela, kaj počnemo, zakaj smo pri njej. Koncert ni bil najbolje glasbeno zastavljen, je rekla, če že v srbohrvaščini, potem raje Mišo Kovač.

Ob izhodu so nas prestregle ostarele oboževalke, mežikale so nam in klepetale. Še bolj od glasbe, ki jim je pričarala mladost, smo jim bili všeč mladi izvajalci.

Prvo mejo med Slovenijo in Hrvaško smo prečkali brez težav, brez sumničavih pogledov, brez pregledov. Dovolj je bila osebna izkaznica voznika.

Drugič se ustavimo v domu starejših v Opatiji.

Razdeljen je na dva dela, postavljen med magistralo in pokopališče. Koncert je bil v drugem, zgornjem delu.

S terase se je odpiral prelep pogled na severni Jadran in mirno pokopališče, obkroženo s palmami. Ob prihodu so nas popeljali na kratko predstavitev doma.

»Kako vidite, nismo potpuno tehnički opremljeni, mrtve iznosimo na rukama.« Vsaj daleč ni bilo.

Tu smo takoj dobili svoj *backstage* s hladno malvazijo in torticami. Spremljali so nas vzkliki: »Dolaze naši muzičari!«

Direktorja ni bilo, sprejela nas je mlada uslužbenka. Oboževala je svoje delo in to se je čutilo v odnosu do stanovalcev doma. Uniformiranost tu ni bila potrebna. Topel, domač občutek je preveval dom. V takšnem okolju me starosti ne bi bilo tako strah.

Uslužbenka nam je prišepnila: »Pogledajte ovu fotografiju, naš novi ljubavni par! Ovdje sam uhvatila poljubac!« Hudomušen nasmešek in: »Znate, oni su još seksualno aktivni.«

Koncert je bil ob šestih. Gospe so si nadele večerne toalete. Gospodje so si zavezali kravate in ogrnili suknjiče. Zrak so napolnili stari parfumi pomešani z vonjem Mediterana. Devetdesetletna gospa iz spodnjega doma se je povzpela po neskončnih stopnicah, da bi slišala koncert.

Publika je bila veliko bolj sproščena od mariborske in kmalu so prepevali z nami. Med pesmijo *Djevojko mala* sta dva para celo zaplesala.

Djevojko mala ...

Tudi uslužbenka je zaplesala z enim od stanovalcev. Zahtevali so bis. Ker naš program ni imel več kot sedem komadov, smo jih zadovoljili s ponovitvijo *LALALA*.

Stiski rok in zahvale so presegale vse izkušnje pohval in zahval z otvoritev mojih razstav.

Bližala se je noč in z Juretom sva se odločila prespati v avtu. Uslužbenka nama je odstopila prostor na zavarovanem

parkirišču doma. Utaborila sva se zraven kamnitega vodnjaka, ki nama je ponoči služil kot kopalnica.

Naslednji dan ni bilo koncerta. Devet domov na Kosovu se je odzvalo z odgovorom, da nočejo imeti opravka z ničimer, kar je povezano z bivšo Jugoslavijo.

Čakala nas je dolga pot od Opatije do Risana v Črni gori, okrog 800 kilometrov. Ustavili smo se v Trogirju in prespali pri družini moje sestrične v drugem kolenu. Leta 1993 so prebegnili iz Banja Luke, ko je po razpadu Jugoslavije postala del Republike Srbske. Od jugoslovanske vojne si še vedno niso opomogli. Avtomobilsko delavnico in stanovanjsko hišo v Banja Luki so v nuji, ko je tam že divjala vojna, zamenjali za majhno obmorsko hišo v Trogirju.

Medtem ko so potovali do Trogirja, je nekdo popolnoma izpraznil hišo. Odmontiral je tudi okna, vrata in kopalniško opremo. Življenje, že globoko v drugem življenjskem obdobju, so ponovno začeli graditi iz nič.

V jutranjih urah smo se odpravili naprej.

4. maj. Cilj je Risan, Črna gora.

Jadranska magistrala pelje od Trsta po vijugasti cesti s pogledom na plavi Jadran do Ulcinja in je skupaj dolga 1006 kilometrov. Kot večina velikih povezovalnih cest je bila zgrajena na začetku Jugoslavije, v žaru in intenzivni veri v boljšo skupno prihodnost. Ceste so gradile prostovoljne mladinske delovne brigade in jugoslovanska vojska.

Na novi, hrvaško-črnogorski meji nas hrvaški carinik enkrat pogleda in reče: *»Zaustavite malo, sigurno imate nešto. Ajd, vas dvojica, van, a mi ćemo malo da popričamo, vozi v garažu.«*

Z Juretom sva Igorja čakala skoraj celo uro. Kombi so na pol razstavili.

Kljub temu da sem rojen leta 81 in sem deset let živel v Jugoslaviji, se ne spomnim prostih mej med državami. Mogoče zato, ker je bilo samoumevno. Prvega svobodnega prehoda čez

mejo se spomnim, ko je Slovenija vstopila v Evropsko unijo in ni bilo več mej s sosednjima Avstrijo in Italijo.

Risanski dom za starejše je obdan s palmami, zavarovan z gorami, ki se izlivajo v morje.

»Direktor dolazi!«

Preden smo začeli, so nas prosili, če lahko prvo pesem namenimo Zehidi, ki je imela ta dan rojstni dan – in zadnji stadij raka.

Žute dunje so bile za njo.

Voljelo se dvoje mladih ...

Publika je spet prepevala z nami. Na trenutke tako glasno, da sem pozabil besedilo in jim samo poskušal slediti. Gospa Zehida nam je po koncertu povedala, da ji ni še nikoli nihče odpel pesmi za rojstni dan. Zadnjič sem jo videl med zapirajočimi vrati dvigala.

»Direktor došao!«

Zaukazal je večerjo in vranca. Neomejene količine, ki so se točile ves čas v dva deci kozarce. Vsi smo kadili verižno in 'sala' je bila prekrita z dimom. Z rokami smo odrivali meglice, da smo si lahko zrlili v oči. Kot bi vstopili v zgodbe, ki sem jih poslušal kot otrok, o hedonističnih večerjah, oboževanih direktorjih, zanosnih besedah in velikih ciljih.

Direktor Zoran je podpiral projekt. Sam je na osnovi ideje o sodelovanju bivših republik organiziral prvo regionalno konferenco *Starenje i starost - kvalitet života* v zdaj že propadajočem risanskem Hotelu Teuta.

S svojo družino je živel več let v domu za ostarele in pravi, da ni boljšega kot to, da so njegovi otroci dobili na desetine babic in dedkov.

Zoran ne more dojeti nesmiselne vojne, ki je razrila to državo. V Risanu, pravi, se je oboroževanje začelo v dveh gostilnah – in v dveh različnih taborih. V službi sta se sprti

strani pogovarjali, kateri tip orožja je kdo dobil: eden kalašnikov, drugi minometač. Na srečo v Črni gori ni prišlo do bratomora.

Pripravili so nam prenočišče v domu, a smo morali naprej. Ura je bila skoraj polnoč in še vedno smo imeli pred seboj 250 kilometrov cest preko gora do Sarajeva. Za popotnico smo dobili košaro sendvičev in tri litre vranca.

To noč smo imeli z oblastmi srečo. Najprej nas je ustavila policija.

»Odakle dečki?«

*»Iz Doma starijih Risan. Baš smo večerali zajedno sa Zoranom.«
»Sa Zoranom? Pa on je moj ujak! Samo napred, dečki ...«*

Na carini pa:

»Kakav koncert?«

Z Igorjem sva počasi razložila, oba še v koncertnih uniformah.

Carinica je prislonila stisnjeno pest k čelu v pozdrav:
»Zdravo, drugovi partizani!« in dvignila rampo.

Ko smo se vzpenjali preko gora pri Sarajevu, smo naleteli na sneg in malo za tem je cesto prečkal volk. Ob petih zjutraj smo prispeli do Sarajeva.

Tamkajšnji dom je namenjen samo za dnevno bivanje. Imenuje se Center zdravega staranja. Vsi uporabniki še vedno sami skrbijo zase in se tu le družijo in aktivno preživljajo preostali čas. Tu je prepevala celotna dvorana. Iz srca.

Dušo moja, ja ne znam više ...

Pesmi, ki sem jih prepeval, nisem izbiral po nacionalnem ključu, niso predstavljale držav bivše Jugoslavije, a ko je slišal za našo pot, je Mustafa, vodja pevskega zbora Centra, rekel, da moramo v Makedoniji nujno odpeti eno makedonsko.

K O N C E R T

Č u d n i j e o d

RAJA

Pesme iz 50. i 60. godina

J. U. DOM STARIH

"GRABOVAC" RISAN

4. 5. 2014

u 16 30



DSCF3022.eps





Dom MARIBOR.eps



Dom OPATIJA 2.eps



CRNA GORA.eps



DOM JAGODINA.eps



Dom RISAN 3.eps



Dom SARAJEVO.eps



DSCF3039.eps



Dom SKOPJE.eps



1G.eps



MAKEDONIJA.eps



OPATIJA.eps



pokopališče.eps



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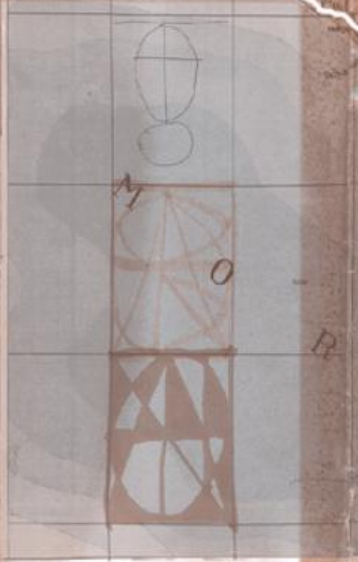


sarajevo 2.eps



ČUDNIJE OD RAJA - PLAN POTI

- 1 Dom starijih občanov Maribor Tezno
- 2 Dom za starije i nemoćne osobe Volovsko Opatija
- 3 Dom starih Grabovac Risan
- 4 Centar za zdravo starije Novo Sarajevo
- 5 Dom za stari lica Majka Tereza
- 6 Gerontološki Centar Jagodina







3G.eps



4G.eps



COD3.eps

*Stranger
Than*

PARADISE



Prinesel je note za *Jovano Jovanke* in z Igorjem sva vadila še celo pot do Skopja.

Kraj Vardara sediš ...

Na koncertu v Skopju ni bilo bisa in tudi Jovane nismo zaigrali.

Dom Majke Tereze je zgrajen iz bivalnih kontejnerjev, ki jih je poklonila švedska vlada po velikem potresu leta 1964. Kontejnerji in bivalni pogoji so od tedaj ostali nespremenjeni.

Predstavitev je bila pripravljena zunaj, s plapolajočo zastavo večnega makedonskega sonca, belimi stoli in varnostnikom, ki je v rahlem počepu s fotoaparatom beležil vsak naš stik z direktorjem. Direktor je imel predstavitev. In govor. In slikanje. In še en govor. Tu publika, razen ene stanovalke, ni prepevala z nami. Nemo so sedeli in njihov pogled je bil oddaljen.

Le gospa bolgarskega porekla se je že od našega prihoda mrščila in burno pritoževala osebju. Izvedeli smo, da so fotografijo nje in makedonskega politika, ki ji je priskrbel državljanstvo, prekrili z našim plakatom. Ko so na našo prošnjo plakat odstranili, se je hvaležno nasmihala.

Oj sončece, sončece

Po koncertu nam je direktor v svoji pisarni kazal fotografije. Na vseh so poleg stanovalcev doma z velikimi nasmehi stali politiki.

»*Oni puno pomažu našim upotrebnicima,*« je rekel. V kontejnerju. Pomagali so predvsem z majicami in čepicami s svojimi imeni. Upokojenci so še vedno najmočnejše volilno telo.

Varnostnik je pogrnil prt na mizo v izpraznjeni skupni jedilnici in pogostili so nas z ajvarjem, kruhom, sirom

in toplim čajem. Stanovalci so nas opazovali skozi okno jedilnice.

O Jagodini sem slišal zgodbe že pred našo turnejo. Oziroma – slišal sem za njenega župana z nadimkom Palma. Mesto je z njim dobilo živalski vrt, kjer ima svojo žirafa, aqua park in muzej voščениh lutk. Novopečenim parom nudi finančno pomoč in delovno mesto, ko pridejo na vrsto otroci, je finančna pomoč še višja. V Jagodini nataliteta raste. V Jagodini ni čutiti krize.

Stanovalci doma so se posedli. V sredini prve vrste nas je budno opazoval starejši gospod.

»I ja sam pevao. Sve te pesme. Sve znam. Dugo sam pevao. Onda sam ostao sam, supruga je umrla. Zadeo me infarkt. Od tuge, kaže doktor. I otišao glas, čuješ.«

Bila je tako lijepa ...

Bis so nam pripravili stanovalci sami. Direktoričina prijateljica je pevovodja in v roke je prijela harmoniko. Skupina iz zadnje vrste nam je odpela venček srbskih narodnih pesmi. Stanovalci imajo vaje enkrat tedensko in vsakič znova se naučijo iste pesmi, saj jih sproti pozabljajo.

Iz Jagodine smo zavili na Cesto bratstva in enotnosti. Cesta, ki je povezovala republike bivše Jugoslavije, je potekala od Jesenic preko Ljubljane, Novega mesta in Brežic, skozi Zagreb, Slavonski Brod, mimo Vinkovcev do Beograda, nato skozi Niš mimo Skopja, do makedonsko-grške meje.

Vozili smo izmenično. Voznik in sovoznik vedno budna. Utrujeni, a polni vtisov.

Na cestninski postaji zraven Beograda se je zaslišal čuden ropot. Kot bi se nekaj prilepilo na gumo in udarjalo v podvozje. Zaustavili smo, zlezli pod avto, vsi trije, a nič. Odpeljali smo, zvok se je spreminjal, a ni ponehal. Olje ni puščalo in tudi gume se niso grele. Obrati so bili normalni, temperatura ni naraščala.

Vozili smo naprej, ves čas v strahu, da nam bo nenadoma kaj odpadlo. Iznenada, kakor je zvok prišel, je tudi izginil. S kratkim piskom je ponehal.

Na zadnji, slovenski meji smo cariniku še pokazali dokumente, ko pa smo hoteli speljati, je v prestavah škrtnilo. Avto je obstal. S skupnimi močmi smo ga porinili čez mejo, nazaj, v Slovenijo.

Ova dvorišta

ali

Putujemo putevima

BOLJ ČUDNO OD RAJA:
Nastopata: Mark Požlep, Igor Feketija
Koncept: Mark Požlep
Dramaturgija in videografija: Jure Novak
Scenografija: Meta Grgurevič
Kostumografija: Dajana Ljubičić
Oblikovanje luči in tehnično vodstvo:
Grega Mohorčič
Fotografije: Barbara Poček
Izvršna produkcija: Barbara Poček
Produkcija: Gledališče Glej

Mark Požlep

**SCRIPT
STRANG-
ER THAN
PARA-
DISE,
JN, 25.
8. 2016**

Priredba in prevod Jure Novak

Dear Madam or Sir,

First, we would like to apologize if our Serbo-Croatian is less than perfect. We are writing this letter from Slovenia. From a list of institutions for the elderly, we have chosen yours. We are offering a free concert, third in a series of seven to be held within seven days in seven countries of the former Yugoslavia.

The program includes seven Yugoslav songs from the 1950s and 60s, which we would like to perform for a certain audience – residents of retirement homes and similar institutions, as we believe in the importance of social inclusion and wish to contribute something to cheer them up. A simple concert, performed by a singer and a pianist, with their own PA system.

Stranger than Paradise is an art project by the visual artist Mark Požlep and musician Igor Feketija. Our concert performance of the songs from the golden era of Yugoslav popular music aims to bring the magical sound of music and youth into retirement homes.

A poster is attached herewith, and it can be freely distributed.

In appreciation of your response, we remain

Yours faithfully,

Stranci u noći

Our means of transportation was a decommissioned Volkswagen ambulance transformed into a motorhome, and pimped up. It was loaded with the sound system and other equipment – ready for a concert in any situation.

It was the three of us – Jure, Igor, and me. Tonight only! Be there or miss it.

First stop: Maribor Tezno.

We arrived at the retirement home just before 3 in the afternoon. The tidy modern building had the smell and appearance of an institution. The residents were already expecting us, gathered around a small stage. They were arranged in strict lines, an hour before the concert, by the retirement home director, a stern-looking woman in her late forties, accompanied by her small dog.

She kept repeating a seemingly rhetorical question: "We are always on time, aren't we?" Everyone agreed.

The lines formed by their chairs and wheelchairs reflected order, discipline, and organization – as in former Yugoslavia where Slovenia symbolized order, obedience, and diligence – indeed, it was dubbed Little Switzerland.

It was actually the director's day off, but she came to work just because of us. She did not trust us and she found us very suspicious.

During the concert, the audience clapped in an orderly and reserved manner. Some hummed quietly to the songs. A gentleman on our right sat the director's curly-haired dog in his lap and kept stroking it. He lives at the retirement home with his wife. They sat together, with big smiles on their faces.

Bila je tako lijepa ...

"Left row, forward! Turn your wheelchairs! Go on, Mr Jurman, let's go, let's go!" The voice of the bossy director abruptly tore us from our brief journey into the past, shattering every nostalgic remembrance.

After the concert, we were shown to a room where a table with snacks awaited, along with the visibly uncomfortable director. She could not understand what we were doing there. She also disagreed with our choice of songs. "If you have to sing in Serbo-Croatian boys, then a more popular singer, someone like Mišo Kovač would have been a better choice."

On our way out, we were greeted by our elderly fans. They winked at us, and flirted shamelessly. More than the concert that took them back in time, they seemed to fancy the young performers.

We crossed the first border between Slovenia and Croatia without any problems – without suspicious gazes or shakedown. All it took was the driver's ID.

Our second stop was the retirement home in the town of Opatija.

The home is located on a rather steep slope. There is the lower part followed by the main road that runs through the town, and the upper part – with a cemetery next to it. The concert took place in the upper building.

The terrace afforded a magnificent view of the north Adriatic Sea, and of the tranquil cemetery lined with palm trees. When we arrived, we were shown around briefly.

“As you see, our technical equipment is not quite state-of-the-art. We carry out the dead by hand. Luckily, however, we don't have to carry them far.”

We were assigned a backstage with chilled local white wine, Malvazija, and cupcakes. The residents greeted us: “Here come our musicians!”

The director was not at work on that day, and we were welcomed by a young employee. She seemed to enjoy her work and this was evident in the way she treated and interacted with the residents. The home had a homely, cosy feel to it. For the first time I felt I would not fear getting old that much if I was in an environment like this.

The young nurse showed us a photo of a couple of residents, and whispered: “Take a look: these are our lovebirds. Here, I caught a kiss.” She smiled mischievously, and added: “You know, they are still sexually active.”

The concert started at half past five. The ladies put on their evening gowns. The gentlemen wore their ties and jackets. The air was filled with old perfumes that blended with

the scent of the Mediterranean. A ninety-year-old lady, residing in the lower building, climbed the endless stairs to hear our concert.

The audience in Opatija was infinitely more relaxed than the one in Maribor, and soon, two couples started dancing.

Djevojko mala ...

They demanded an encore. Since our program only had seven songs, we played Djevojko Mala again.

Igor decided to spend the night in a hotel with his wife who accompanied him for this part of our journey – she wasn't your wife at the time, was she?

She is now.

... while Jure and I decided to sleep in the van. The nurse led us to a free spot on their secured parking lot. We camped next to a water fountain that we used as our bathroom during the night.

On the third day, there was no concert. Nine retirement homes from Kosovo rejected our offer, saying they wanted nothing to do with former Yugoslavia.

Since it was a long drive - approximately 800 kilometres - to our next destination, Risan in Montenegro, we decided to make it in two days, and we spent the night with a relative of mine in Trogir, a town on the Adriatic Coast in Central Dalmatia. This relative is the daughter of my grandfather's brother. In 1993, her family had to flee Banja Luka, formerly a part of Bosnia, which became a part of the Republic of Srpska after the breakdown of Yugoslavia. They still haven't recovered from the Yugoslav war. As Bosnia was engulfed in a bloody war, they were forced to exchange their car repair shop and their house in Banja Luka for a small coastal house in Trogir, Croatia.

While they were travelling from Banja Luka to Trogir, which isn't very far, somebody completely emptied out their new home, even removing the doors, windows, and bathroom fixtures.

Already in their forties, they started building their lives again - from scratch.

Early next morning, on day four, we continued our way towards Montenegro.

The Adriatic Highway, a two-lane road also called Route E65, starts in Trieste, Italy, and winds along the Adriatic coast, against breath-taking scenery, all the way to Ulcinj, Montenegro, spanning a total of 1,006 kilometres. Like most major roads in former Yugoslavia, it was built soon after World War II, with collective zeal and great confidence in a better, shared future. The roads were built by volunteer youth labour brigades and the Yugoslav Army.

At the new border between Croatia and Montenegro, we were stopped by Croatian customs.

Customs.

Customs. After taking one look at us, he was absolutely sure.

"You boys, I know you 'consume'. Hand over your weed now, and you will get off with merely a fine."

"Sorry sir, we only smoke cigarettes. We don't smoke marijuana and we don't have any."

"Right. The two of you, get out and wait here," he said to Jure and me.

"We," he pointed at Igor, "are going to have a little talk. Park over there."

Jure and I nervously waited for Igor for a good two hours. They almost completely disassembled the van - in vain.

The retirement home in Risan, on the glorious Bay of Kotor, is lined with palm trees and surrounded by mountains rising steeply from the crystal-clear sea.

Before we started the concert, the caregivers at the retirement home asked us to dedicate a song to Ms. Zehida.

It was her ninetieth birthday that day and she had a late stage brain tumour.

“Žute Dunje” – was for her.

Voljelo se dvoje mladih ...

The audience sang along. At some points, they sang so loud I forgot the lyrics and tried to follow their lead. After the concert, Ms. Zehida, in tears, thanked us from the bottom of her heart. Nobody had ever sung her a birthday song. The last time I saw her was when she was carted in her wheelchair into the elevator, and the doors slowly closed behind her.

“Here comes the manager!”

The manager arrived, and ordered dinner for us, paired with infinite amounts of the local red wine, Vranac, served in tall glasses. We all chain-smoked and the conference room in which we ate our dinner was soon filled with thick fog. We had to wave away the smoke to be able to look each other in the eyes.

The manager, Zoran, a tall imposing figure, supported our project and seemed to understand it. He was also a proponent of a collaboration between the former Yugoslav republics, and used the idea as a platform for his first regional conference called Ageing and Old Age – The Quality of Life, which was held in the now abandoned and crumbling hotel Teuta in Risan.

He and his family lived in the retirement home. While some found this a morbid choice, he said there was nothing better than his children having dozens of loving grandmas and grandpas.

Zoran finds it impossible to grasp the senseless war that tore the country apart.

In Risan, mobilization took place in two bars and two national camps. When friends and co-workers met at work, they discussed the weapons they had received. Some got Kalashnikovs, others RPGs.

Luckily, Montenegro evaded the fratricidal war.

They invited us to spend the night at one of the free rooms at the retirement home, but we had to move on. We still had a 250-kilometre drive across mountains ahead of us, and an early afternoon concert in Sarajevo the next day. They gave us basket of sandwiches with, um ...

Schnitzels! Beef wiener schnitzels.

... exactly, and three more bottles of the red wine, Vranac.

Jure and I were in no shape to drive, so we relied on Igor to at least appear sober.

We were lucky with the authorities that night. As we were leaving Risan, we were stopped by traffic police.

“Where are you coming from, lads?”

“Retirement home Risan. We just held a concert there.”

“Is that right? A concert at a retirement home?” the police officer laughed. “Who were your hosts there?”

“Well, we were welcomed by the team of employees, and then we had dinner with the manager, Mr Zoran.”

“Have you had anything to drink?”

“A glass of wine, but along with a big dinner.”

“How about this manager, Zoran? Was he drinking?”

“Actually, he wasn’t. He drunk coffee and smoked a few packs of blue Gauloises Blondes.”

“Yes, yes, that’s him. Do you lads know why he didn’t drink tonight?”

“We have no idea, sir.”

“Because the night before, he had one too many with me! I’m his cousin. As for you, my friends – have a safe journey!”

Relieved, we drove on. On the border crossing between Montenegro and Bosnia, a strict tall blonde female customs officer took her time to understand our story.

“What? What kind of concert?”

Igor and I, still wearing our concert uniforms, slowly explained the concept of our project.

Finally convinced, the customs officer manually lifted the toll gate, pressed her fist to her forehead, and solemnly saluted: “Zdravo, comrades partisans!”

We encountered snow as we were driving across the rolling Bosnian hills. Later, a wolf crossed the road. Descending towards Sarajevo, we saw snow – a rare sight in early May. We arrived in Sarajevo at five o'clock in the morning.

Our venue there was called The Healthy Ageing Centre. In reality it is a community centre for the elderly as it has no residential facilities and does not offer medical care. People there are still able to care for themselves and only come to the Centre to socialize and enjoy the time they have left. Here, the entire audience sang with us – from their hearts.

Dušo moja ...

The audience there was amazing, wasn't it?

I did not pick the songs I sang to represent any nation or republic of the former Yugoslavia. However, when Mustafa, the conductor of the choir at the Sarajevo Healthy Ageing Centre, heard our next concert was in Macedonia, he insisted we include a Macedonian song in our set list. He showed us the sheets for Jovano Jovanke, and Igor and I practiced in the van all the way to Skopje.

Jovano – Interlude

The idea was to play Jovano Jovanke as an encore. But there was no encore at our concert in Skopje, and so the song did not make the cut.

The Mother Teresa retirement home is in fact a trailer park, made from disaster relief container homes donated to Yugoslavia by Sweden after the devastating Skopje earthquake in 1964. Half a century later, the containers, and the living conditions in them, are still the same.

The concert was held outdoors, under a waving flag of the eternal Macedonian sun, with white plastic garden chairs, and a security guard who, appearing ready to spring into action at any time, cautiously monitored and photographed every contact we had with the manager. The manager held a presentation, a speech, a photo shoot, another speech, another presentation, and yet another speech. Except for one lady, the audience did not sing along. They sat, silently, disconnected, with empty gazes directed nowhere in particular.

There was a lady of Bulgarian origin, with an angry frown, who was complaining to the staff from the very moment we arrived. We somehow found out that the photo of her and the local politician who arranged her Macedonian citizenship, displayed on the bulletin board, was covered with our poster. When, upon our request, they removed the poster, she kept smiling gratefully.

Oj sončece, sončece ...

After the concert, the manager took us to his office and showed us never-ending slideshows, most of them showing retirement home residents alongside politicians with big smiles.

“They do a lot to contribute and help our residents,” he said - in a fifty-year-old container! They mostly contributed T-shirts and hats with their imagery. The elderly are a very large group of voters.

The security guard laid a tablecloth in the empty dining hall. The manager joined us and we were offered ajvar, bread, cheese, and warm tea - while the residents observed us through the dining hall window.

I had heard stories about the Serbian town of Jagodina before our trip. More precisely, I had heard stories of the town's mayor, commonly known as Palma. Under his leadership the town acquired a zoo with two giraffes for which he had just conducted a wedding ceremony, a water park, and a wax museum. Newlyweds are offered financial incentives, jobs, and homes; when children are born, the financial incentives become even higher. In Jagodina, birth rates are on the rise. In Jagodina, there are no signs of the crisis.

The residents of the retirement home sat down. A gentleman sitting in the first row followed our every move closely.

"I used to sing. I sang all of these songs. I know them all. I sang for a long time. But then, my wife died. And I had a heart attack. It was a result of sadness, the doctor said. And then, my voice was just - gone."

Potraži me u predgrađu ...

Here, the residents played the encore. The manager's friend and choir leader, a tall black-haired woman in high heels and a mini skirt, with big breasts, grabbed a huge accordion and a group from the back row sang a medley of Serbian folk songs. The residents practice once a week, and every time they learn the same songs because they had forgotten them from the last session."

Leaving Jagodina, we took the Brotherhood and Unity Highway. The road connecting the former Yugoslav republics stretches from Jesenice in northwest Slovenia, via Ljubljana, Novo mesto, Brežice, Zagreb, Slavonski Brod, Vinkovci, Belgrade, Niš, and past Skopje to the Macedonian-Greek border.

As we left the toll both near Belgrade, a strange noise could be heard from the van's undercarriage - as if something was stuck to the tyre and kept hitting the body. We stopped. The three of us crawled under the van, but could not find anything wrong. There was no oil leak; the tyres did not feel too hot. We continued on our way, closely monitoring the dashboard, hoping the van would not break down. The engine temperature

was ok, the RPMs stable. After a while, the noise stopped as suddenly as it had appeared.

As the customs officer checked our documents on the final border crossing between Croatia and Slovenia and we wanted to move on, the gearbox made a loud crunching noise. The van would not move another inch. Together, the three of us pushed it across the border – back to Slovenia.

Putujemo putevima

STRANGER THAN PARADISE:
Starring: Mark Požlep and Igor Feketija
Concept: Mark Požlep
Dramaturgy and videography: Jure Novak
Set design: Meta Grgurevič
Costume design: Dajana Ljubičić
Light design and technical oversight:
Grega Mohoročič
Executive producer and photographer:
Barbara Poček
Produced by: Glej Theatre

Mark Požlep

TLORIS

ZA

**REVOLU-
CIJO**

Priredba in prevod Jure Novak

Leta 2017 sem v kanuju obplul otok Manhattan.

Želel sem raziskati spravo z vidika konfliktnih dojemanj svobode. S fizičnim dejanjem plutja sem se soočil z vseprisotnim kapitalizmom otoka in tako poskusil aktivirati ideje fantazije, odkritja, zavojevanja in preživetja.

*Prosil sem za nekaj specifičnega in popolnega za moje mesto,
Ko je nenadoma, o!, skočilo predme domorodno ime
Zdaj razumem, kaj je v imenu, beseda, tekoča, razumna,
nemirna, glasbena, samozadostna.*

*Vidim, da je beseda mojega mesta tista stara beseda,
ker jo vidim gnezditi v gnezdih zalivov,
prelepih,*

*bogatih, obkroženih z jadrnicami in
parniki, otok, dolg šestnajst milj, na trdnih temeljih.*

*Nešteto prenatrpanih ulic, visoka rast železa, vitka,
močna, lahka se fino dviga proti jasnemu nebu.*

Hitre in obilne plime, ki jih ljubim, proti zabodu sonca,

Morski tok teče, pa mali otoki, večji otoki

ob njih, višavja, vile,

nešteti jambori, beli parniki in čolni

in trajekt in črne morske barke.

Ulice centra, hiše borznikov,

hiše trgovcev in mešetarjev,

ulice kot reke.

Imigranti prihajajo, petnajst ali dvajset tisoč na teden,

vozovi vozijo blago, možata rasa kočijažev

mornarji rjavih obrazov.

Poletni zrak, in svetlo sonce sije in plujejo

oblaki in lebdijo

in sneg pozimi in kragulji, počen led

reke, ki se ob plimi in oseki

priziblje mimo.

Mehanika mesta, mojstri, dobro grajeni

lepih obrazov te gledajo v oči

in polni pločniki, vozila, Broadway, ženske

*trgovine in predstave,
milijon ljudi – prostega obnašanja in lepih, odprtih glasov --
gostoljublje – najbolj hrabri in prijazni mladi
možje.*

Mesto bitrih žuborečih voda! Mesto konic in jamborov!

Mesto vgnezdено v zalive! Moje mesto!

(Walt Whitman, 'Mannabatta', Travnne bilke, 1900)

Spominjam se, da je moj oče, ko sem bil še otrok, petletnik, nosil volnen pulover z ameriško zastavo.

Bila je zima leta 1986 in Slovenija, kjer sem se rodil, je bila še vedno del Jugoslavije, socialistična republika pod nadzorom Komunistične partije.

»Oče, zakaj imaš Ameriško zastavo?« Takrat je bil moj oče v mojih očeh velik junak.

»Ta zastava, sin moj, predstavlja svobodo govora, enakost in demokracijo,« je rekel in potegnil dolg dim s svojega rdečega marlbora.

Državna zastava Jugoslavije je nosila veliko rdečo zvezdo. A ta dan so se majhne bele na ameriški zastavi bleščale svetleje.

Naročil je še eno kokakolo, ki sva jo pila iz steklenice, in še dva žetona za fliper.

Črni Vinetou me je čakal. Trup čolna sem že nekajkrat premazal s tesnilno maso, ker je štirimetrski aluminijasti kanu puščal skoraj na vseh šivih.

Kupil sem plastično vedro s pokrovom za vodotesno komoro, veslo za kajak in nekaj metrov vrvi.

Rešilni jopič, prenosni radijski oddajnik in svetilko mi je dal Owen, vodja čolnarne Gowanus Dredgers, kjer so mi tudi dovolili shraniti kanu.

Načrtovana pot s kanala Gowanus, okrog okrožja Red Hook, po Vzhodni reki, nato po reki Harlem in nazaj na reko Hudson naj bi mi vzela približno dva dneva.

Posebno nevarne so bile tri točke: Battery, vrh Manhattan, kjer je ogromno tovarnega prometa, Hells Gate, kjer pogosto poplavlja, in Spuyten Duyvil, pljuvajoči vrag, kjer se mešata reka Hudson in Harlemski kanal in nastajajo vrtinci in močni tokovi.

Ko sem se odločil obpluti Manhattan, si nisem niti predstavljal ovir, s katerimi bom soočen.

Prva težava je nastala, ker sem tujec in zame veljata drugačna zakonodaja in regulacija. Nisem si mogel izposoditi čolna. Vsi so se bali, da se mi bo kaj zgodilo in jih bom tožil.

Zato je bilo najlažje, da čoln kar kupim. Našel sem ga na Craigslistu za 150 \$: star, aluminijast, štirimetrski kanu. Krstil sem ga: Črni Vinetou.

Razen evropskih imigrantov ni v Ameriki še nihče slišal za Karla Maya, Vinetouja ali Old Shatterhanda.

Vse, kar sem kot jugoslovanski otrok, otrok z južnega roba srednje Evrope, vedel o divjem zahodu, sem izvedel iz knjig o velikem vodji Apačev, Vinetouju, in njegovem belem krvnem bratu, Old Shatterhandu.

Nešteto filmov o Vinetouju, posnetih v Evropi in v katerih so nastopali beli Evropejci, je samo še potrjevalo moja predvidevanja. Večino teh filmov so posneli na Hrvaškem, v naravnih parkih ob Jadranski obali. Med letoma 1962 in 1968 so v koprodukciji berlinskega Rialto filma in Jadran filma iz Zagreba posneli enajst takih filmov. Leta 2009 so v Starigradu na Paklenici odprli muzej Vinetouja.

Pri tem je pomembno, da je Karl May večino svoje sage o Vinetouju napisal okrog leta 1880, pretežno iz ječe, vsaj dvajset let preden je prvič dejansko obiskal Združene države Amerike.

Ko pomislim na ameriškega Indijanca, pomislim še na Turka. To se morda zdi čudno, a primerjavo lahko opravičim. Kolikor sta si ljudstvi različni, obe po mnenju sveta pripadata neki pretekli

dobi. Turku pogosto rečemo "bolnik Evrope" in kdorkoli pozna Indijanca mu mora reči "človek, ki umira".

(Karl May, Vinetou I., 1893)

Naslednja težava je bila – kam naj spravim čoln. Vse čolnarne so bile polne in znova kot tujec nisem bil dobrodošel.

Kak teden sem obiskoval čolnarne. Poskusil sem muzej Waterfront Barge v Red Hooku, marino One 15 v Brooklynu, čolnarno ob mostu Pulanski v Newtown Creeku, Pier A. Battery ... Nenehne zavrnitve.

Ker je moja newyorška rezidenca trajala samo dva meseca in ker čas v New Yorku hitro zbeži, sem čoln kupil, preden sem našel prostor zanj.

Mislil sem si, da ga lahko za nekaj časa preprosto spravim v svojo sobo v Red Hooku. A takoj se je pokazalo, da kanu ne gre niti čez hišna vrata. Prijatelju, ki mi ga je pomagal pripeljati iz New Jerseyja, kjer sem ga kupil, se je mudilo v službo in s kanujem naju je pustil tam. Pred hišo.

Na srečo je prišel mimo Sanchez, soudeleženec rezidence, in odločila sva se, da bo streha mojega začasnega doma v Red Hooku odlično počivališče za kanu. Nikogar nisva prosila za dovoljenje in vedela sva, da morava akcijo izvesti hitro in kanu čim manj očitno – povleči na streho.

Ura je bila ena popoldne. Splezal sem na streho, vrgel konec vrvi Sanchezu, ta je nanjo navezal kanu in jaz sem začel vleči. Navzgor, naravnost navzgor. Predstavljajte si svetel, sončen, vroč poletni dan, prazno ulico v industrijskem okolju in fasado, po kateri počasi pleza kanu.

Bil je težak kot vrag, zato sem se za oporo naslonil na strešno ograjo.

Kanu se je dvigal, centimeter za centimetrom. Hiša je bila trinadstropna. Sanchez je vpil: »Vleci! Vleci! Zmoreš!« Vlekel sem.

Nenadoma sem zaslišal pok. In ga trenutek kasneje tudi začutil. Pok je bil zvok mojih reber, ki so se nalomila.

Ampak nisem mogel izpustiti vrvi. Če bi kanu padel, bi padel na Sancheza. Ali na kak avto. Trdno sem držal vrv, se nagnil čez ograjo in zastokal: »*Sanchez. Labko prideš gor, prosim? Nalomil sem si rebra.*«

Po mnogo neuspešnih poskusih in pogajanjih z različnimi čolnarnami sem končno dobil prostor za kanu v čolnarni Gowanus Dredgers na kanalu Gowanus.

Kanal Gowanus je eden najbolj onesnaženih kanalov v vseh ZDA. Dvomim, da imajo veliko povpraševanj za sidrišča. Verjetno so me prav zato vzeli.

Kanal močno in neprekinjeno onesnažujejo od leta 1750. Čudni, lepljivi mešanici, ki se je posedla na dno kanala, pravijo črna majoneza.

Ko se je v Brooklynu razširila italijanska mafija, je kanal služil kot odlagališče trupel. Še danes na gladini najdejo sledi bakterij sifilisa in kolere. Kanal čistijo že od zgodnjih dvatisočih, ko se je v okolici pričela gradnja dragih stanovanj. A do očiščenja jih čaka še veliko dela.

Vedno znova me preseneča ameriška zakonodaja in birokracija. Da bi obplul Manhattan, ne potrebuješ nobenega dovoljenja. Lahko bi šel na pot v banji in nikomur ne bi bilo mar. Ko pa poskusiš pristati in stopiti iz čolna, nastopijo problemi. Če pristaneš na zasebnem zemljišču, te lahko aretirajo, pridržijo ali celo ustrelijo.

Ko so v teh krajih prvič pristali kolonizatorji, so jih domačini toplo sprejeli. Videli so, da so lačni in utrujeni in jim postregli sveže ostrige.

Medtem ko sem čakal na dobro vreme za podvig, sem poskusil stopiti v stik s potomci indijanskega plemena Lenape.

Odločil sem se, da če že s kom govorim o trenutni družbeno-politični situaciji na Manhattnu, naj bodo to potomci izvornih prebivalcev teh krajev. Našel sem jih v New Jer-

seyju, kjer so kupili manjšo zaplato zemlje in ustanovili ritualni tabor – molitveni tabor Split Rock Sweetwater.

Tabor stoji na sveti zemlji, kjer so predniki domačinov od nekdanj izvajali svete rituale.

Plemeni Lenape in Ramapough sta združeni pod enim vodjem, veteranom vietnamske vojne, poglavarjem Perryjem. Kljub vztrajnemu pisanju e-pošte mi z njim ni uspelo stopiti v stik, zato sem se končno odločil in enostavno obiskal tabor.

O problematiki ameriških domorodcev sem pred tem že govoril s svojo najemodajalko, Saro. Tudi ona je ameriška staroselka, a izvira iz plemena, ki uradno ni priznано. Ona me je napotila na spletno stran plemena Lenape-Ramapough in njihovega poglavarja Perryja. Sara me je tudi peljala do tabora Split Rock Sweetwater.

Tabor leži ob jezeru Mahwah, dve uri in pol vožnje iz New Yorka.

Urejen je in obkrožen z ograjo. Sestavlja ga nekaj šotorov in ritualni center, zelena trava, orjaška drevesa, jezero in gozdnato pobočje, ki tabor ščiti z zahodne strani. Tabor je deloval osem mesecev in kljub temu, da je pleme Lenape-Ramapough zemljišče kupilo, jim policija in sosedi ne dajo miru. Vsak drugi dan se pripelje policijska patrulja, sosedge pa vlagajo vedno nove neutemeljene tožbe. Zaradi prisotnosti Indijancev so padle vrednosti sosednjih zemljišč.

*Če bi le bil Indijanec, vedno na preži, na konju v galopu,
naslonjen v veter, ves čas trepetajoč nad trepetajočimi tlemi, da bi
pustil ostroge, ker ni bilo ostrog, odvrigel vajeti, ker vajeti ni bilo,
in bi komaj videl zemljo pred seboj, kot gladko porezано vresišče,
ne konjskega vratu, ne konjske glave.*

(Franz Kafka, 'Želja biti rdeč Indijanec, Meditacije, 1904-1912)

Poglavar Perry je sicer v taboru bil, a okrog njega je bil neprebojen ščit. Ker je starosta, zaradi pravil in hierarhije

kot tujec nisem nikakor mogel do njega. Mojo pozornost je pritegnil mlad moški, ki se je po taboru sprehajal z velikim nožem za pasom in safari klobukom, okrašenim z orlovim perjem. Ime mu je bilo Dva oblaka. Ker je bil mlajši, sem si mislil, da bom k njemu lažje pristopil in se pogovoril. Kmalu sva sedela skupaj s še dvema mladima obiskovalcema v vigvamu. Podajali smo si pipo s tobakom in se predstavljali drug drugemu.

Dva oblaka je bil eden od ustanoviteljev tabora. Tam je živel od ustanovitve, kakih osem mesecev, in skušal živeti tradicionalno življenje svojih prednikov. Naučil se je, kako ubiti jelena z lokom in puščico, kako ga odreti in pripraviti meso. Tla njegovega šotora je prekrivala velika jelenja koža.

Dva oblaka je musliman. Pred ustanovitvijo tabora je v Williamsburgu delal kot prodajalec čevljev.

Za poglavarja sem imel pripravljena vprašanja, zdaj pa sem za odgovore prosil Dva oblaka.

Od kod izvirajo vaši predniki?

Že od nekdanje veste, da ste Indijanec?

Koliko preteklosti potrebujemo za prihodnost?

Kaj vam pomeni ameriška zastava?

Če bi vas vpoklicali, bi šli branit ZDA kot vojak?

Kaj ostane, ko se neha svoboda?

Kako načrtovani plinovod vpliva na vaše teritorialne svoboščine?

Kako ohraniti človeštvo ob trenutnih političnih trendih?

Kako si predstavljate prihodnost človeštva?

Kakšna je v politiki vloga narave?

Tudi Dva oblaka mi ni odgovoril. Ko sem zastavil vprašanja, mi je enostavno odgovoril, naj govorim s starosto.

Manhattan je dobil ime iz imena Mana Hata, kakor so otok imenovali Indijanci plemena Lenape, pomeni pa otok mnogih gričev.

Leta 1626 so otok nizozemski kolonisti odkupili od plemena Lenape za 60 guldnov. To je približno 1000 današnjih dolarjev. Cena majhnega enosobnega stanovanja na Manhattnu je trenutno okrog 2 milijona dolarjev in še vedno rase.

Za naslednjo sredo in četrtek je bilo napovedano dobro vreme. Po pregledu seznamov plimovanja sem se odločil, da se bom na pot odpravil okrog petih zjutraj.

Sonce je ravno vzhajalo, ko sem kanu spustil v ogabno omako kanala Gowanus. Obračal sem se počasi, da strupena voda ne bi namočila notranjosti kanuja. Zaplul sem proti vzhodnemu kanalu, z mastne vode proti urbanemu mastodontu.

Ponavljanje gibov mojih rok in umirjeno zibanje kanuja sta me spravila v nekakšen trans.

Na ustju Vzhodne reke so se vsi zvoki prenehali. Rjovenje in vrtanje, kriki in trobljenja so se počasi zlili v en trušč, ki se je valil po gladini in oddaljeval z vsakim zamahom vesla.

Kmalu sem slišal samo še zvok valov in izmenjajoče se pljuske vesla ob vodo. Dandanes v New Yorku miru in tišine skoraj ni več mogoče najti, razen če zmoreš zanj plačati nore vsote.

Začel sem z oseko pri okrožju Battery na koncu Manhattna. Čez šest ur naj bi se dvignila plima in to je bila moja priložnost, da preplujem Vzhodno reko, mimo okrožja Hell's Gate do kanala Harlem.

Morje se je pričelo zlivati v zaliv in me nositi s seboj. Na začetku je bil tok počasen, komaj opazen in moral sem močno veslati. A hitreje, kot je prihajala plima, močnejši je postajal tok in veslanje je bilo čedalje lažje. Na koncu sem z veslom le še krmaril, tok pa me je nosil s seboj.

Počasi sem spolzel pod mostovoma Manhattan in Brooklyn, mimo nove marine Dumbo, mimo prenovljene

promenade in zelenega parka z vsemi možnimi športnimi igrišči.

S tokom reke je pritekel še tok domišljije. Zlil sem se s svojim plovilom. Odmaknil sem se od realnosti, ki jo poganjajo stroji, ker me je nežno poganjal tok. Trenutki so postali počasni, mehki, nežni, svilnati. Blodnje vsakdanjega življenja so izginile.

V spominu sem se vrnil v otroštvo, v indijanski šotor, ki ga je pred svojo kočico zgradil moj ded. V rokah sem držal pištolo, okrog glave pa sem imel fazanovo perje, privezano s šalom, ki ga je spletlo novo dekle mojega očeta.

Ko sem bil otrok, se mi je Vinetou zdel popolnoma resničen. Oboževal sem ga in celo pri 37-ih mi leta grenke resničnosti niso uspela popolnoma izbrisati tega občutka.

Takrat seveda nisem vedel, da so izrazi kot *plemeniti divjak* ali *rdeči budič* odražali kolonialistične predsodke Karla Maya.

Tako kot za mnoge druge mlade Evropejce je bil Vinetou tudi zame pobeg iz resničnosti. Vsi smo spremljali Old Shatterhanda, kavboja in misijonarja, na njegovih avanturah.

Pod mostom Williamsburg sem priplul do velike tovarne cementa, ki je v vodo bljuvala nekaj vročega. Ko se je snov pomešala z vodo, so se z gladine dvignili oblaki barvite pare. Veslal sem vzdolž kanala Newton's Creek, ki meji na Queens in je manj onesnažen kot kanal Gowanus. Pa mimo otoka Roosevelt, mimo tekačev, mater z dojenčki, poslovnih in raznih delavcev z različnimi etničnimi ozadji. Vonj reke se je mešal z vonji okrožij, mimo katerih sem plul, od spodnjega Manhattna z njegovimi svetlikajočimi se nebotičniki, mimo Hell's Gatea do rjavih blokov Harlema.

Ko sem se bližal Manhattanu, so se zvoki mesta vrnil.

Čeprav sem bil še vedno na sredini reke in se je mesto zdelo kot miniatura, se je njegov trušč dvigal in dvigal, čedalje glasnejši je postajal. Manhattan je eno najbolj gosto naseljenih področij na svetu in še vedno raste. Razvija se tako hitro, da izgleda arhitekturna dediščina preteklih treh stoletij ujeta med nove zgradbe.

Hunter S. Thompson: "Amerika bi lahko bila fantastičen spomenik vsem najboljšim instinktom človeške rase. Mi pa smo se preselili sem in vse skupaj uničili od obale do obale, kot morilski polži. Vsak želi oblast v državi, katere najboljši časi so že za njo."

Ko sem čakal, da se plimovanje obrne, je bil moj prvi postanek čuden klanec, s kopnega skoraj nedostopen, imenovan urbana plaža. Bila je polna ameriške zgodovine: leseni stebri, ki so bili nekoč temelji za barake na reki, veliki železni privezi, opeke z vgraviranimi imeni hiš ali tovarn in zeleno-rjav mah, ki je vse skupaj prekrival in ščitil. Tu sem si privoščil prvi piknik. Sonce je bilo že visoko in na plaži ni bilo nobene sence. Ker so me vročina, prah in hrup dušili, sem komaj čakal, da se obrne tok in se lahko vrnem na reko.

V tabor Split Rock sem se vrnil neke nedelje. Bil je dan za ceremonije z bobnanjem, petjem, druženjem in popoldansko molitvijo za vodo. Mirne, ponavljajoče ritme bobnov so spremljala ritmična zaklinjanja. Ponavljanje zvoka me je zapeljalo v trans, enako močan kot tisti, ki sem ga doživel na reki.

Reki Harlem ni in ni bilo konca. Nisem čakal dovolj dolgo, da bi se tok obrnil in me porival, zato sem se moral z njim boriti dve dolgi, vroči uri. Sonce je žgalo in nad glavo so mi topotali vlaki, ko sem veslal pod neštetimi mostovi.

Na vroč dan v juliju beton žari žgočo vročino. Bloki in bloki in bloki železa in betona se dvigajo nad obema bregovoma reke. Kot orjaške pajčevine jih povezujejo mostovi. Prah, zvok strojev, kaplje potu, nove ceste, bolj in bolj sive, vsak centimeter je terjal svojo ceno.

Ko gradbišča, avtoceste in rjavi nebotičniki Harlema končno zapustijo bregove, se prikaže prva zelena zaplata, utrinek narave. Na drugi strani kanala se je pričlenjal Bronx, a na strani Manhattna sem ugledal drevesa.

Neverjetno! Neuporabljen kos zemlje v tem mravljišču civilizacije!

Kot privid se je na koncu reke Harlem, tik pred vstopom v reko Hudson, na ustju pljuvajočega vruga prikazala peščena plaža. Brez ljudi, brez smeti in z naravno zeleno senco. Čoln sem povlekel na pesek, se dvignil iz njega in ko sem se z nogami dotaknil tal, sem že spal. Na pesku, v senci, z vetrom in skoraj brez hrupa.

Reka Hudson je mogočna. V primerjavi z njo izgleda reka Harlem kot potoček. Čeprav me je s sabo nosil tok, se je dvignil močan nasprotni veter in premikal sem se vse počasneje. Valovi so se večali, veter je pihal vse močneje in ne glede na plimovanje sem se boril še s tokom reke. Spustila se je noč in tri ure se utripajoča točka na GPS-u, ki je označevala mojo pozicijo, ni čisto nič premaknila. Temna voda je postala globlja in močnejša, vsak nov val se mi je zdel večji od prejšnjega in v sencah so tičale pošasti. Svetilka na rešilnem jopiču me je sicer naredila vidnega, meni pa poti ni čisto nič razsvetlila.

Manhattan se začne zares svetlikati šele, ko prideš mimo 74. ulice. Medtem ko sem se boril z vsakim sunkom vetra, ki je pripihal čez reko Hudson, se je sprehajališče ob bregu napolnilo s pari in nočnimi tekači.

Bližina kopnega ne olajša borbe z reko. Tekači in pari niso nič pomagali veslaču v kanuju v temi, ki se je meter za metrom boril z valovi, tokom in vetrom.

Z nekaj zadnjimi, utrujenimi vesljaji sem priplul mimo mosta George Washington in uprl pogled v obalo, iščoč javni kraj, kjer bi lahko pustil čoln čez noč. Okrog devetih zvečer sem našel javno newyorško marino na 79. ulici. Bila je polna malih jaht in jadrnic lokalnih lastnikov. Moj kanu je med njimi izgledal kot tujec. Nočno sidrišče me je stalo 25 dolarjev, a tako sem vsaj vedel, da bo kanu varen. Noge so se vlekle za menoj, ko sem se odpravil na podzemno proti domu. Otopel od utrujenosti sem le še opazoval barvite menjave potnikov, ko je vlak zapustil otok in se usmeril proti Brooklynu in Red Hooku.

Večina obiskovalcev, ki sem jih srečal v taboru Split Rock, je pred tem preživela vsaj nekaj časa v taboru Standing Rock v Severni Dakoti, kjer se je več kot 200 indijanskih plemen zbralo, prvič v znani zgodovini.

Zbrali so se v protest proti načrtovanemu naftovodu Energy Transfer Partners' Dakota. Naftovod naj bi peljal od črpališč nafte Bakken v zahodni Severni Dakoti do južnega Illinois, pod rekama Missouri in Mississippi in pod delom jezera Oahe blizu indijanskega rezervata Standing Rock. Izliv nafte bi lahko močno onesnažil vodo, ki jo pleme in posamezni člani plemena uporabljajo kot pitno in za namakanje poljščin.

Leta 1890 je Črni Los napovedal, da bo njegovo ljudstvo ogrozila orjaška črna kača.

Prerokoval je, da se bodo čez sedem generacij Indijanci združili in rešili svet pred črno kačo.

Aprila 2016 se je 297 različnih indijanskih plemen zbralo v rezervatu Standing Rock, da bi preprečili izgradnjo naftovoda, ki naj bi prečkal njihovo sveto zemljo in reko Mis-

souri. Med njimi je bilo pleme Vran, ki je bilo s plemenom Sioux že sto let na bojni nogi. Za skupno stvar in zaradi nevarnosti ekološke katastrofe so vsa plemena pozabila na svoje razprtije in stopila skupaj.

V Severni Dakoti sva z ženo Lucio nadaljevala svoja raziskovanja izkoriščanja naravnih virov in ekocida, ki sva jih pričela v Ekvadorju na Amazonki.

Iz New Yorka sva se v Severno Dakoto vozila dva dneva. Ob sončnem zahodu sva prečkala reko Missouri in vstopila v rezervat plemena Sioux. Najina veza in vodička je bila Sončna vrtnica, ameriška domorodka, ki je želela postati duhovna vodja plemena.

Predstavila se je kot »sleparka«, lik z visoko inteligenco in skrivnimi znanji, ki pogosto krši pravila in konvencije in vodi ljudi na kriva pota. Lucia jo je spoznala na delavnici v Los Angelesu in že takrat naju je povabila na obisk. Ker je bila del plemena Sioux, je bila tudi najin stik s starostami in vstopna karta v lokalno skupnost.

Prvo noč sva prespala pred hišo babice Sončne vrtnice v centralni utrdbi Fort Yates, ki je bila v 19. stoletju utrdba ameriške vojske.

V skupnosti Fort Yates sva se počutila kot v getu: alkoholizem, droge in visoka stopnja samomorilnosti. Že zadnjih 140 let beli prišleki iz pogoltnosti in pohlepa zatirajo lokalne Indijance. Od leta 1868, ko je bil ustanovljen, se je rezervat zmanjšal na manj kot četrtno. Povsod je prisoten rasizem. Indijanec je najmanj vreden člen ameriške družbe.

V baru v Fort Yatesu sem zagledal fotografijo: vojaška policija v oklepnikih in opremi za izgrede je uničevala šotore in preganjala Indijance z njihove zemlje. Izvedel sem, da so bili robokopi USACE, del ameriške vojske. Njihova misija je »dostaviti vitalne javne in vojaške inženirske rešitve;

partnerstvo v miru in vojni za krepitev nacionalne varnosti, ekonomije in manjšanje rizika pri katastrofah».

Fotografija je bila posneta leta 2016 in vojaška akcija je bila odziv na nedovoljeno opravljanje verskih ritualov.

Severna Dakota je tudi dom Sedečega bika, Tatanke Iyotake, Svetega moža in poglavarja plemena Hunkpapa Lakota. Po njem je poimenovana univerza na rezervatu, njegov kip pa se dviga nad reko Missouri.

Leta 1874 se je, kljub mirovni pogodbi iz Laramieja, s katero se je ustanovil »veliki rezervat plemena Sioux« in ki je podelila sveto ozemlje gorovja Black Mountain Indijancem, general Custer odpravil na ekspedicijo, da bi preveril, ali so v gorovju najdišča zlata.

Zlato je našel, pričela se je zlata mrzlica in čedalje več evropskih imigrantov je prišlo iskat uspeh in bogastvo. Veliki rezervat se je manjšal in napetosti so vodile do spopada pri Little Big Hornu leta 1876. Indijanci, ki jih je vodil Sedeči bik, so v spopadu sicer zmagali, a resnih posledic ni bilo. Sedeči bik je kasneje spremljal Buffala Billa na turneji šova *Divji Zabod* po ZDA in Evropi. Ko se je vrnil v Severno Dakoto, so ga ubili agenti Agencije za Indijance, ker so se bali, da se bo pridružil gibanju Plesa duhov. Ples duhov je indijansko gibanje, ki je verjelo, da bo s pravimi rituali priklicalo duhove mrtvih prednikov, ki bodo v boju pregnali bele kolonialiste in prinesli mir, blaginjo in enotnost vsem Indijancem.

Ker je bil moj oče zgodovinar, ni Vinetouja nikoli klical po imenu. Vsakič, ko je govoril o Indijancih, je omenil Sedečega bika. Indijanci so bili zame vedno divje, svobodno ljudstvo in moji mladi glavi so predstavljali svobodo v vseh njenih razsežnostih.

Pokrajina v Severni Dakoti je precej manj hribovita, kot bi si človek mislil zaradi filmov o Vinetouju. Ravna je.

Missouri teče med nešteti majhnimi jezeri in skozi široke prerije. Sveži kupi zemlje označujejo načrtovano pot cevovoda. Za ograjami so ob kupih zemlje parkirani neoznačeni avtodomi.

Ko sva domačine vprašala, kje bi lahko posnela naftovod, so nama odsvetovali vstop na območje, saj bi na naju lahko streljali pripadniki USACE.

Sončna vrtnica naju je peljala na kraj, kjer je stal tabor Standing Rock. Vse, kar je od njega ostalo, so požgana trava, pepel in ostanki oblačil.

V taboru Standing Rock se je zgodilo sledeče. Gradbinci so del zemljišča, ki so ga Indijanci označili za svetega, izkopali z buldožerji. Varnostniki so na protestnike naščuvali pse, ki so jih nekaj tudi pogrizli. Oboroženi vojaki in policija v opremi za izgrede so izpraznili taborišče, ki so ga protestniki postavili neposredno na načrtovani trasi naftovoda. Policija je protestnike v zimskih temperaturah razganjala tudi z vodnimi topovi. Po vsem tem se je 23. februarja 2017 tabor zaprl.

Ko sva zapuščala teritorij, sva se ustavila pri kipu Sedečega bika. Stoji na hribu nad reko Missouri. Naenkrat sem se zavedel miru in lepote tega kraja. Na kipu so v vetru trepetala peresa in barvni trakovi, medtem ko se je sonce spuščalo v modro reko.

Sedečega bika so sprva pokopali v utrdbi Fort Yates, a v petdesetih letih je grob skupina poslovnežev premaknila v svoje mesto Mobridge v Južni Dakoti – da bi postal turistična atrakcija.

Govoril sem, Hough!

Ob šestih zjutraj sem se znova spopadel z reko Hudson.

Ker sem vsaj nekaj ur spal in ker je znova sijalo sonce, sem čutil pozitivne vibracije in kmalu me je tok ponesel proti Greenwich Villageu.

Pred mano se je odprla futuristična panorama spodnjega Manhattna. Z vodne gladine vsa ta arhitektura izgleda nerealistično, kot založen, tuj objekt, kot prevelik zobni vsadek na zunanji strani ust.

Zgradbe so neorganske in prevelike za naravno površino otoka. Kičasta vrečka, do roba nabasana z orjaškim pomfrijem.

Nad mano so topotali helikopterji, vstajali in vzletali so, lebdeli nad mano kot orjaške muhe.

Na pristanišču je stalo letalo, pojma nimam, kako je prišlo tja, vojaška ladja, iz katere so v vse smeri štrleli topovi. Vprašal sem se, če so resnični. Prazen prostor, kjer sta nekoč stala Dvojčka. Bliski srebrnih odsevov v steklu. Drage restavracije. In ljudje, ljudje, ljudje.

Čez tri ure sem prispel do konca Manhattna in se obrnil proti Batteryju. Reka je bila polna vodnih taksijev, turističnih ladjic, velikih tovornih ladij in splavov smeti, pripetih na vlačilce. Prebil sem se na drugi breg in odplul stran od njihovih valov, vonjev in glasnih trobelj, proti otoku Governor in Red Hooku.

Ustje kanala Gowanus me je toplo sprejelo, lepljiva črna majoneza je ovila svoje lovke okrog mojega kanuja in me varno spremila do pristanišča. Mojega pristanišča. Glasen hrup mimoidočih ladij in divjo, razburkano vodo je zamenjala lena, gnijoča, rjava čorba.

Ob enajstih dopoldne sem Črnega Vinetouja potegnil iz vode na pomol pri Gowanus Dredgers.

»Orli so se vrnili,« mi je zašepetal Dva oblaka v taboru Split Rock. Indijancem orli predstavljajo pogum, moč, modrost in vizijo. *»Ko sem bil otrok, mi je ded pripovedoval zgodbe o orlih,«*

je nadaljeval. »Prejšnji mesec so se vrnili. Medtem, ko smo bobnali, so prišli. Trije orli.«

*Born on a mountain top in Tennessee,
Greenest state in the land of the free.
Raised in the woods so's he knew every tree,
Killed him a bear when he was only three.*

Davy, Davy Crockett King of the Wild Frontier.

*Fought single handed through the Injun war,
Till the Creeks was whipped and peace was restored.
And while he was handling this risky chore,
Made himself a legend, forevermore.*

*Davy, Davy Crockett the man who don't know fear.
Davy, Davy Crockett, Leading the Pioneer.*

(George Bruns, The Ballad Of Davy Crockett, 1955)

TLORIS ZA REVOLUCIJO:

Nastopajo: Mark Požlep, Gašper Piano

Avtorstvo / scenografija: Mark Požlep

Avtor priredbe in prevajalec: Jure Novak

Dramaturgija: Diane Fourdrignier

Glasba: Gašper Piano

Tehnično vodstvo in oblikovanje luči: Grega Mohorčič

Izvršna producentka: Barbara Poček

Produkcija: Gledališče Glej

Koproducent: Contour Biennale 9: Coltan as Cotton, Mechelen, Belgija

Koproducent: HISK, Higher Institute for Fine Arts, Gent

Mark Požlep

BLUE-
PRINT
FOR REV-
OLUTION

Edited by Jure Novak

In 2017 I circumnavigated the Manhattan Island in a canoe.

One of the main goals of this action was to explore human reconciliation through conflicting notions of freedom. Through the physical act of paddling in a canoe, I tried to activate ideas of fantasy, discovery, conquest, and survival by confronting the island's overwhelming capitalist system.

*I was asking for something specific and perfect for my city,
Whereupon lo! upsprang the aboriginal name.
Now I see what there is in a name, a word, liquid, sane,
unruly, musical, self-sufficient,*

*I see that the word of my city is that word from of old,
Because I see that word nested in nests of water-bays,
superb,
Rich, hemm'd thick all around with sailships and
steamships, an island sixteen miles long, solid-founded,
Numberless crowded streets, high growths of iron, slender,
strong, light, splendidly uprising toward clear skies,
Tides swift and ample, well-loved by me, toward sundown,
The flowing sea-currents, the little islands, larger adjoining
islands, the heights, the villas,
The countless masts, the white shore-steamers, the lighters,
the ferry-boats, the black sea-steamers well-model'd,
The down-town streets, the jobbers' houses of business, the
houses of business of the ship-merchants and money-
brokers, the river-streets,
Immigrants arriving, fifteen or twenty thousand in a week,
The carts hauling goods, the manly race of drivers of horses,
the brown-faced sailors,
The summer air, the bright sun shining, and the sailing
clouds aloft,
The winter snows, the sleigh-bells, the broken ice in the
river, passing along up or down with the flood-tide or
ebb-tide,
The mechanics of the city, the masters, well-form'd,*

*beautiful-faced, looking you straight in the eyes,
Trottoirs throng'd, vehicles, Broadway, the women, the
shops and shows,
A million people--manners free and superb--open voices--
hospitality--the most courageous and friendly young
men,
City of hurried and sparkling waters! city of spires and masts!
City nested in bays! my city!
(Walt Whitman, 'Mannahatta', Leaves of Grass, 1900)*

I remember that when I was a child, approximately 5 years old, my father wore a knitted pullover baring an American flag.

It was the winter of 1986 and Slovenia, where I was born, was still a part of Yugoslavia, a socialist state under the control of the Communist Party of Yugoslavia.

"Father, why the American flag?" Back then, he was my big hero.

"This, my son, represents freedom of speech, equality and democracy," he said and took a long drag on his Marlboro Red.

The national flag of Yugoslavia featured a big red star, but on that day, the little white stars on the American flag shone much brighter.

He ordered another Coca-Cola that we drank from the bottle and another two pinball tokens.

Black Winnetou was waiting. I've already sealed the hull a few times because this four-meter-long aluminum canoe was leaking at almost every seam.

I bought a plastic bucket with a lid so that I had a waterproof chamber, a kayak paddle, and a few yards of rope.

A rescue jacket, a radio station, and a lamp were provided by Owen, the head of the Gowanus Dredgers Boathouse, where I got permission to store the canoe.

The trip from the Gowanus Canal, around Red Hook, along the East River, the Harlem River, and back on the Hudson River, was supposed to take approximately 2 days.

Three points were particularly dangerous; the Battery — the peak of Manhattan — due to heavy shipping traffic, Hell's Gate — due to floods, and Spuyten Duyvil — spitting devil — because that's where the Hudson meets the Harlem Channel and they create vortices and strong currents.

When I decided to circumnavigate around Manhattan, I did not even think of the obstacles I could encounter.

The first problem I came across was the legislation and regulations that apply to foreigners. I was not able to rent a boat as everyone was afraid that I would sue them if anything happened to me.

Therefore, the easiest solution was to buy one. I bought it on Craigslist for \$150: an old, aluminum, four-meter long canoe, which I christened Black Winnetou.

Other than European immigrants, nobody in the US has heard of Karl May, Winnetou, or Old Shatterhand.

As a child born in Yugoslavia, at the southern fringe of Central Europe, the only insight I had into the Wild West was through the books about Winnetou, the great Apache leader, and his white blood brother Old Shatterhand.

The countless movies about Winnetou, filmed in Europe with local, white actors, reinforced this image. These movies were mostly shot in the Croatian natural parks along the Adriatic Sea. Between 1962 and 1968, eleven Winnetou movies, coproduced by Rialto film from Berlin and Jadran film from Zagreb, were filmed there. In 2009, a Winnetou Museum opened in Starigrad-Paklenica in Croatia.

Strikingly, Karl May wrote the entire Winnetou saga around 1890, most of it while in jail, at least twenty years before he ever actually visited the United States.

Whenever I think of the American Indian, I am reminded of the Turk. This may seem strange, yet the comparison can be justified. However different the two peoples may be, in the opinion of the world at large they both belong to a past age. The Turk is often called "the sick man of Europe," and anyone who knows the Indian is forced to think of him as "the dying man".
(Karl May, *Winnetou I*. p. 5., 1893)

The next problem was where to store the boat. All boathouses were fully occupied and, again, as a foreigner I was not welcome.

I was walking from one boathouse to another for a week. I tried the Red Hook Waterfront Barge museum, ONE°15 Brooklyn Marina, Newtown Creek (Pulanski bridge), Pier A, Battery,.. and all I got were endless rejections.

As I only had a two-month art residency and time flies in New York city, I bought the boat before finding a place to store it.

I thought I could just keep it in my room at Red hook for a while. However, it turned out that the canoe would not fit through the front door. The friend who helped me drive it down from New Jersey, where I had bought it, had an urgent job so he left me there. In front of the house. With the canoe.

Luckily, Sanchez, a Spanish co-resident, came by and we decided that the rooftop of my new home in Red Hook would be a great place to store the canoe. We didn't ask anyone if we could use the rooftop though, so we had to pull the canoe up the house as quickly and inconspicuously as possible.

It was 1 p.m. I climbed up on the roof, threw Sanchez the rope, he tied it to the canoe and I began pulling. Up, straight up. Imagine a bright, sunny, summer day, an empty street in an industrial zone and a canoe climbing up the wall of one of the houses.

The canoe was as heavy as hell so I leaned against the brick roof fence for support.

The Canoe climbed up centimeter by centimeter. It was a three-story house. Sanchez kept yelling “Pull, pull, you can do it!” and I pulled.

All of a sudden, I heard a crack. A moment later, I felt it, too. The crack was the sound of my ribs breaking. But I couldn’t let go. If the canoe fell, it could fall onto Sanchez. Or a car. Holding onto the rope as tightly as possible, I leaned over the fence and groaned: “Sanchez. Could you come up, please. My ribs broke.”

After numerous unsuccessful attempts to bargain with the various boathouses, I finally got a space at Gowanus Dredgers in the Gowanus Canal.

The Gowanus Canal is one of the most polluted canals in the US. I don’t think they get a lot of demand for mooring, which is probably why they let me in.

The canal has been heavily and continuously polluted since 1750. The strange, sticky mixture that has settled on the bottom is called the Black Mayonnaise.

When the Italian mafia was on the rise in Brooklyn, the canal served as a dumping place for bodies. Syphilis and cholera bacteria are still found floating on the surface to this very day. In the early 2000s, when they started erecting expensive apartments in the neighborhood, they also started cleaning the canal. However, it is still a long way to go.

I am surprised by American legislation and bureaucracy over and over again. One does not need permission to navigate around Manhattan. You could circumnavigate it in a bathtub and no one would care. It is only when you try to land and leave the boat that the problems begin. If you land on private land, you could be arrested, detained or even shot.

When the colonizers first landed here, they were warmly welcomed. The natives saw they were hungry and tired and offered them fresh oysters.

While waiting for a window of good weather, I tried to contact the descendants of the Lenape tribe.

I decided that if I wanted to talk to someone about the current socio-political situation in Manhattan, these should be the descendants of the native inhabitants of this land. I found them in New Jersey, where they bought a small patch of land and founded a ritual camp — Split Rock Sweetwater Prayer Camp.

It is located on a sacred site, on which their ancestors performed sacred rituals throughout history.

The Lenape and the Ramapough tribes are united under one leader, a Vietnam veteran, Chief Perry. I could not get in touch with him despite my persistent e-mailing, so I finally decided to just visit the camp.

I had already spoken about Native American issues with my landlord Laura. She is also a Native American, but part of an officially unrecognized tribe. It was she who directed me to the Lenape-Ramapough website and to their spokesman and leader Chief Perry. She also took me to the Split Rock Sweetwater camp.

The campsite is located next to a lake in Mahwah, a two-and-a-half-hour drive from New York.

The territory is neat and fenced; there are a few tipis and a ritual centre, green grass, huge trees, the lake, and the slope of the forest that shields the camp from the west. The camp has been running for eight months and despite the fact that the Lenape-Ramapough people bought the land, the police and neighbors will not leave them alone. A police patrol comes every other day and ill-founded lawsuits keep pouring in. The presence of Native Americans is causing the value of the surrounding plots to fall.

If only one were Indian, instantly alert, and on a running horse, leaning into the wind, quivering constantly over the quivering ground, until one left one's spurs, for there were no spurs, threw away the reins, for there were no reins, and could hardly see the land before one as a smoothly cropped heath, no horses neck and no horses head.

(Franz Kafka, 'The Wish to be a Red Indian', Meditations, 1904-1912)

Chief Perry was in the camp, but he was surrounded by an unbreachable shield. As he is one of the elders, the rules and hierarchies meant that there was no way I, an outsider, would be granted an audience.

My attention was drawn by a young man parading around the camp, with a large knife strapped to his side and a safari hat decorated with eagle feathers on his head. His name was Two Clouds. As he was younger, I thought he would be easier to approach and talk to. Soon, we were sitting with two other young visitors in a wigwam, passing around a tobacco pipe and introducing ourselves.

Two Clouds was one of the founders of the camp. He had lived there for the entire eight months, trying to follow the traditional way of life of his ancestors. He had learnt how to kill a deer with a bow, how to skin it and how to prepare its meat. The floor of his tipi was adorned with a large deer skin.

Two Clouds is Muslim. Before the camp was established he had been working as a sports shoe salesman in Williamsburg.

I had prepared a number of questions for Chief Perry, but as I couldn't reach him I asked Two Clouds instead.

- Where are your ancestors from?
- Have you always been aware of your Native American origins?
- How much past do we need for the future?
- What does the American flag mean to you?
- If called, would you defend the US as a soldier?
- What remains when freedom ends?
- In relation to the pipeline, how does it interfere with your territorial freedom?
- Taking in consideration the current political changes, how do we preserve humanity?
- How do you envision the future of humanity?
- What is the role of Nature in politics?

I failed to receive any answers from Two Clouds. When I started asking questions, he simply told me that I would have to speak to the elders.

Manhattan received its current name from the name the Lenape Indians used for it: Mana-hata, the Island of many hills.

In 1626, Dutch colonists purchased the island of Manhattan from the Lenape Native Americans for 60 guilders. In today's dollars, that's a value of a little over 1000 \$. The price of a small, single bedroom flat on Manhattan is currently \$2 million and rising.

A window of good weather was predicted for the following Wednesday and Thursday. Scouring over the tide charts I decided to begin my journey at five in the morning.

The sun was rising as I dropped the canoe into the disgusting sauce of the Gowanus canal. I swiveled slowly, so I would not get any of the poisonous water in the canoe, and headed towards the eastern channel, from the oily waters towards the colossal urban mastodon.

The repetitive movement of my arms and the steady sway of the boat slowly rocked me into a trance-like state.

All sounds stopped as I entered the East River. The roaring and drilling, the shrieks and honks slowly blended into a single noise, carried across the water and failing with every swing of the paddles.

Soon, all I could hear was the sound of waves and the alternating splashes of the paddles dunking into the water. It is almost impossible to find peace and quiet in New York these days, unless you're able to spend crazy amounts of money.

I started with the low tide at the Battery, the end of Manhattan. High tide would come in about six hours. This was my window to get across the East River, past Hell's Gate, to the Harlem Channel.

The sea was beginning to flow into the bay and carry me with it. At first, the current was slow, almost unnoticeable and I had to paddle hard. But the faster the tide ran in, the easier it became to row and towards the end, all I had to do was steer with the paddle while the current did the rest.

I slowly slid under the Manhattan and Brooklyn bridges and floated past Dumbo, a new marina, a renovated promenade, and a green park equipped with every imaginable kind of sports field.

The river flow carries with it a stream of imagination. You become one with vessel. As you are gently pushed forwards by the power of the current, you disconnect from the machine powered reality you left behind. Movements become slow, soft, gentle, silky. The ravings of everyday life disappear.

My memories went back in the time to when I was a child, sitting in a tipi that my grandfather erected in front of his cabin, cradling a toy gun, pheasant feathers tied to

my head with a scarf that was knitted by my father's new girlfriend.

As a child, the fictional Winnetou was as real to me as anything. I worshipped him and even at 37, the years of bitter reality could not entirely erase the awe I felt then.

At that time, I did not realize that terms like Noble Savage or Red Devil showed Karl May's colonialist attitudes towards Native Americans.

As many other young Europeans, I saw Winnetou as an escape from my everyday life. We all followed Old Shatterhand, a Christian, missionary cowboy in search of adventures.

I canoed under the Williamsburg Bridge and alongside a large cement factory that kept spurting out something hot. When the substance mixed with the river, clouds of colored steam rose up from the surface. I paddled along Newton's Creek, which borders on Queens and is less polluted than the Gowanus canal; past Roosevelt Island, past joggers, mothers with babies, businessmen, and various workers of a myriad of ethnicities. The scent of the river mixed with the scents of the quarters I passed, from Lower Manhattan with its glittering skyscrapers, past Hell's Gate to the brown blocks of Harlem.

The sounds of the city returned as I was approaching Manhattan.

Despite the fact that I was still in the middle of the river and the city seemed miniature, it's roar rose higher and higher, ever stronger. Manhattan is one of the most densely populated areas in the world and it still keeps growing. It is expanding so rapidly that the architectural legacy of the last three centuries remains trapped between the new buildings.

Hunter S. Thompson: "America could have been a fantastic monument to all the best instincts of the human race. Instead, we

just moved in here and destroyed the place from coast to coast like killer snails. Everybody wants power over a country that's had its day."

Waiting for a change of current in the Harlem Channel, my first stop was 'Urban Beach', a peculiar slope that is almost inaccessible to land visitors. This place was full of American history; wooden pillars which used to serve as the foundation for river barracks, large iron bollards, bricks with engraved inscriptions from houses and manufactories, and a green-brown indistinct moss that covered and conserved everything. This was the spot for my first picnic. The sun was already high and there was no shade in sight. Suffering from heat, dust and noise, I could barely wait for the current to change, so that I could return to the water.

The second time I visited Split Rock Prayer camp was on a Sunday. It was a ceremonial day with drumming, singing, socializing, and an afternoon prayer for water. The steady, perpetual rhythms of drums were accompanied by rhythmic incantations. The repetitive sound lulled me into a trans, which was as powerful as the one the river brought on.

There was no end to the Harlem River.

I did not wait long enough for the current to turn and push me along, so I had to fight the current for two long, hot hours. The sun was burning and the trains were rumbling above my head as I paddled under countless bridges.

On a hot July day, concrete radiates burning heat. Blocs and blocs and blocs of iron and concrete rise from the river on both banks, connected by bridges like thin threads of a gigantic spiderweb. Dust, the sound of machines, drops of sweat, new roads, grey and grayer, every centimeter has its price.

When the construction sites, motorways, and Harlem's brown skyscrapers finally let go of the banks, the first green patch appeared, a glimpse of nature. The Bronx started to emerge on the other side of the channel but I could see trees on the Manhattan side.

Unbelievable, a piece of useless land on this anthill of civilization!

Like a mirage, a sandy beach appeared at the end of the Harlem River, just before I entered the Hudson, at the mouth of the Spitting Devil. No people, no garbage, and a natural green shade. I paddled the boat onto the sand, pulled myself out, and fell asleep even before my feet touched the land; on the sand, in the shade, with the wind, and almost no sound.

The Hudson is mighty. In comparison, the Harlem River seems like a stream. Despite the fact that a tidal current was carrying me with it, a strong counterwind began to blow and I was moving slowly. The waves got bigger, the wind was getting stronger and I also had to struggle against the flow of the river, independent of tides. The night fell and for three hours the flashing marker on my GPS that marked my movement did not move an iota. The dark waters became deeper and more powerful, every new wave seemed larger than the previous and monsters kept lurking in the shadows. The lamp that I had on my life jacket marked my position, but did nothing to light my way.

The glow of Manhattan comes into its own once you pass 74th Street. While I was fighting against the gusts of wind that blew along the Hudson, the park road beside me transformed into a promenade crowded with well-dressed couples and night joggers.

The vicinity of dry land does not ease your struggle with the river. The joggers and couples did nothing to relieve the

paddler in a canoe in the dark, paddling meter by meter, fighting against the waves, currents and wind.

With the last tired strokes, I floated past the George Washington bridge and began to scan the coast intensively, trying to find a public space where I could leave the boat overnight. At nine o'clock in the evening, I found a public New York marina on 79th Street. It was full of small yachts and sailing boats, owned by locals. My canoe looked like a stranger amongst them. Overnight mooring set me back \$25, but at least I knew that the canoe would be safe. Dragging my feet, I hit the subway towards home. Numbed by tiredness, I silently watched the colorful changes of passengers while the train left the Island and reached Brooklyn and Red Hook.

Most of the visitors I met in Split Rock Prayer camp had previously spent some time at Standing Rock, a camp in North Dakota, where more than 200 Indian tribes gathered for the first time in recorded history.

They were there to protest against the construction of Energy Transfer Partners' Dakota Access Pipeline. The pipeline was charted to run from the Bakken oil fields in western North Dakota to southern Illinois, crossing beneath the Missouri and Mississippi Rivers, as well as under part of Lake Oahe near the Standing Rock Indian Reservation. An oil spill could impact the waters that the Tribe and individual tribal members rely upon for drinking and irrigation.

In 1890, Black Moose prophesized that a great black snake would endanger the people.

He foretold that in seven generations, the Indians would unite and save the world from the black snake.

In April 2016, 297 Indian tribes gathered at Standing Rock to prevent the construction of the oil pipeline that

would cross their sacred land and go under the Missouri River. Among the tribes were the Crows, who had been in war with the Sioux for the last hundred years. A common struggle and the threat of an ecological disaster made the tribes set aside their differences and join forces.

In North Dakota, my wife Lucia and I continued with our research into the exploitation of natural resources and ecocide, research we had begun on the River Amazon in Ecuador.

The trip I took with Lucia from New York to North Dakota took two days. We crossed the Missouri at sunset and entered the Sioux Reservation. Our connection and guide was Sunshine Rose, a Native American and an aspiring spiritual leader of the tribe.

She introduced herself as a “trickster”, a character that exhibits a great degree of intellect or secret knowledge, and uses it to play tricks or otherwise disobey normal rules and conventional behavior. Lucia had met her in Los Angeles during a workshop and she had invited us for a visit. As she was part of the Sioux tribe, she was our link with the elders and our ticket to the community.

On the first night we slept in front of Sunshine Rose’s grandmother’s house, in the centrally located Fort Yates, a former 19th century US Army fort.

Fort Yates feels like a ghetto with widespread alcoholism, drugs, and a high suicide rate. For the last 140 years, white immigrants, with their greed and desire for power, oppressed the Native Americans here. Since it was establishment in 1868, the reservation had been reduced to one quarter of its original size. Racism is present everywhere. A Native American is the least valuable member of US society.

In a bar in Fort Yates I saw a photo of military police in armored cars and riot gear destroying tipis and forcing Na-







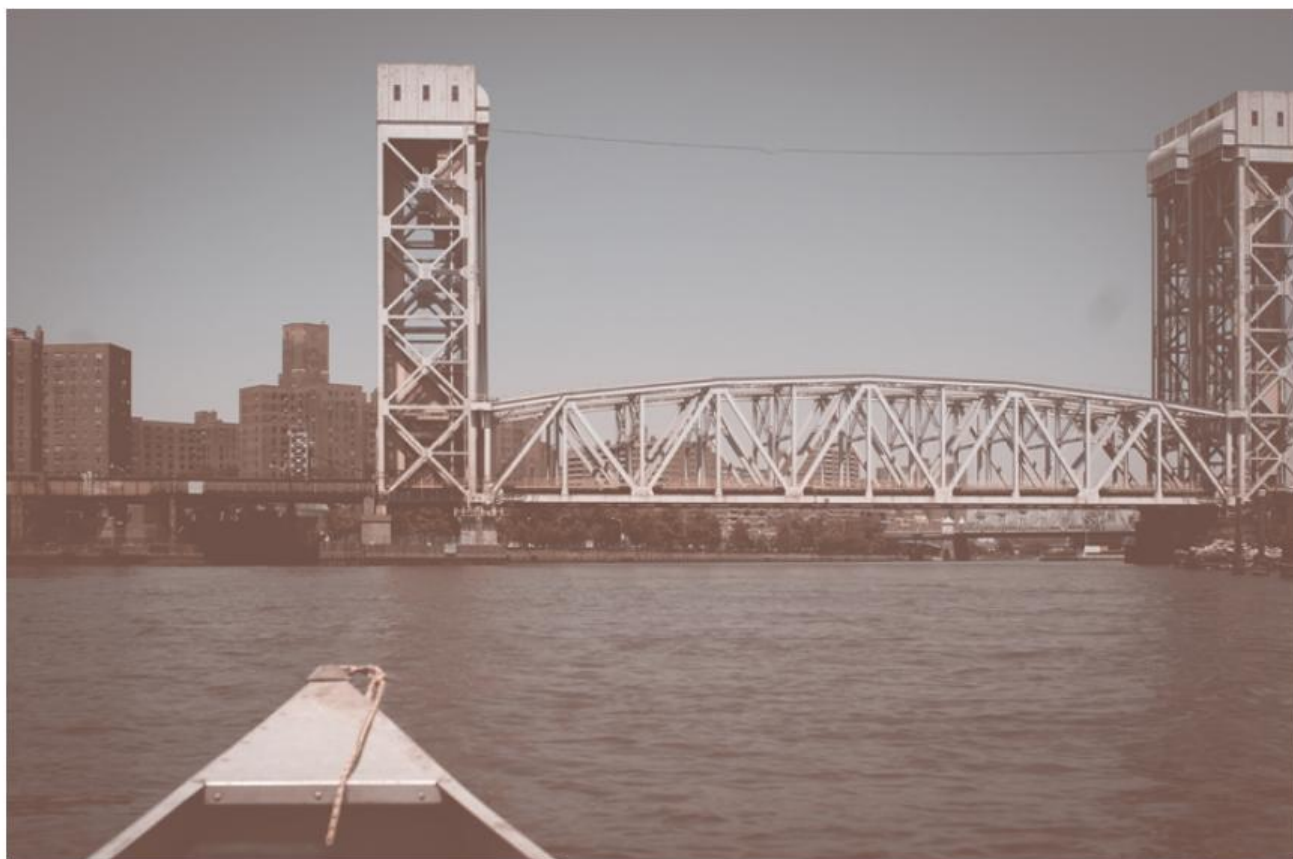
Old Shatterhand
mit dem Löjotau, Kruzar.







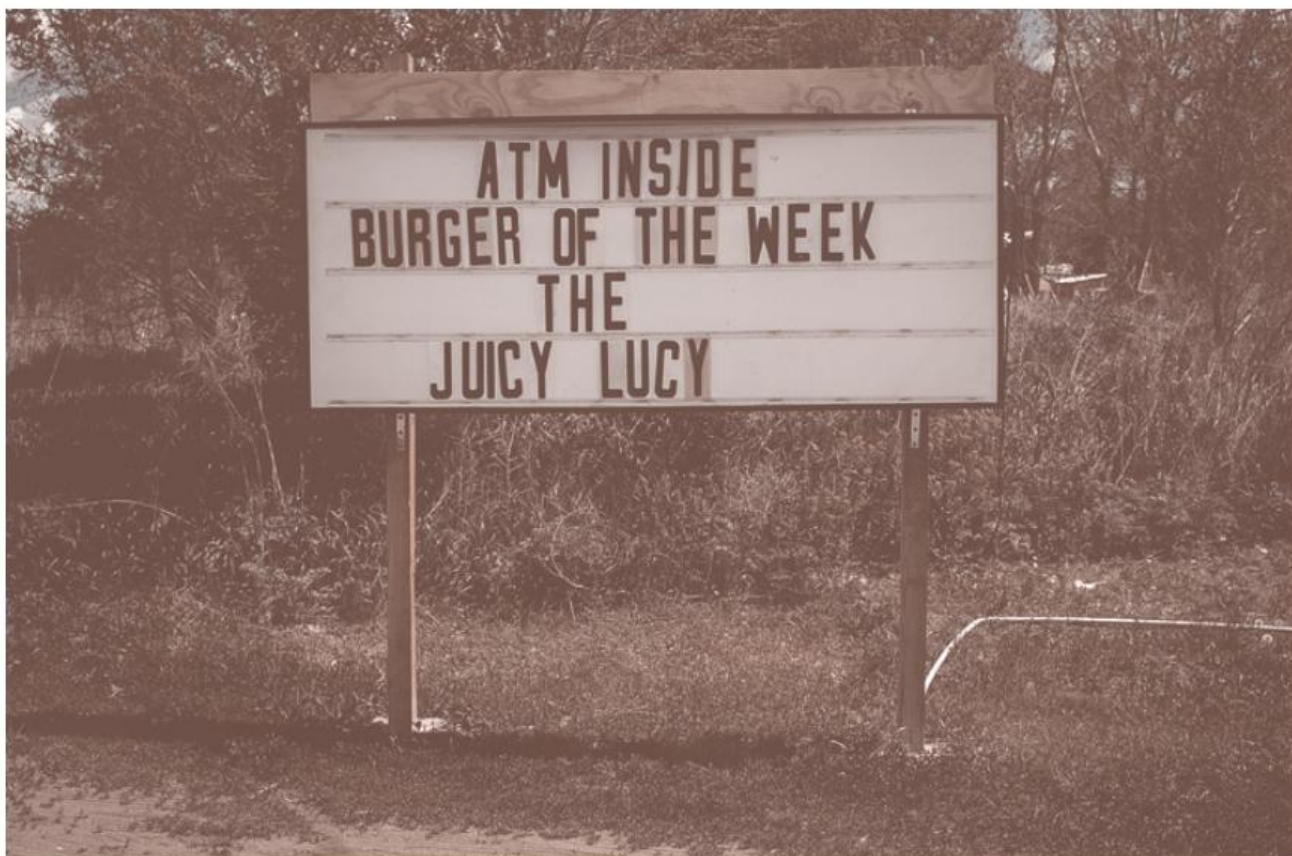




















tive Americans off their land. I learned that the robo-cops belonged to the United States Army Corps of Engineers (USACE). The corps' mission is to "Deliver vital public and military engineering services; partnering in peace and war to strengthen our Nation's security, energize the economy and reduce risks from disasters."

The photo was taken in 2016 and the military action was a response to the unauthorized performance of religious rituals.

North Dakota is also home to Sitting Bull, Tatanka Iyotake, the Holy Man and the head of the Hunkpapa Lakota tribe. The reservation's university is named after him and his statue overlooks the Missouri river.

In 1874, despite the peace treaty of Laramie, which established the "Large Sioux Reservation" and granted the sacred territory of the Black Mountains to the Native Americans, General Custer set off on an expedition which was to confirm the presence of gold in the Black Mountains.

Gold was discovered, the golden fever began, and ever larger numbers of European immigrants came to seek wealth and fortune. The Great Sioux Reserve shrank and tensions led to the Battle of Little Bighorn, which took place in 1876. The Native Americans, led by Sitting Bull, won the battle, however this brought no significant changes. Sitting Bull later accompanied Buffalo Bill on the Wild West show, touring the US and Europe. Upon his return to North Dakota, he was killed by the members of the Indians Agency because they believed he would join the Ghost Dance movement, a movement of Native Americans who believed that ritual dance practice would reunite the living with the spirits of the dead, bring the spirits to fight on their behalf, make the white colonists leave, and bring peace, prosperity, and unity to Native American peoples throughout the region.

As my father was a historian, he never called Winnetou by name. Every time when we talked about “the Indians” he referred to Sitting Bull. The Indians were always the wild, the free and in my young mind they represented the very notion of freedom in all its aspects.

The landscape there was not as hilly as the Winnetou movies would have you believe. It’s flat.

The Missouri flows through countless small lakes and spacious prairies. Fresh sand mounds mark the path of the new pipeline. Behind the fences, next to the sand mounds, unmarked RVs are parked.

When we asked the locals where we could shoot a video of the pipeline, they told us not to go in, as we could get shot by United States Army Corps of Engineers.

Sunshine Rose led us to the place where the Standing Rock camp had stood. Burned grass, ashes, and some remains of clothing are all that’s left to testify its existence.

This is what happened to Standing Rock. Construction workers bulldozed a section of land the tribe had identified as sacred ground. The security forces brought attack dogs that mauled several protesters. Armed soldiers and police in riot gear and military equipment cleared the camp that was directly in the proposed pipeline’s path. The police used water cannons on protesters in freezing weather. After this, the camp was closed on February 23, 2017.

Standing Rock remains one of the most important sites of Native American resistance in history.

As we were leaving the territory we stopped at the Sitting Bull Monument. It is positioned on a hilltop, overlooking the Missouri river. Suddenly, I was confronted with the peacefulness and beauty of this place. Feathers and colorful ribbons were fluttering in the breeze, while the sun sank into the blue Missouri river.

Sitting Bull was originally buried at Fort Yates, but in the 1950s a group of businessmen from Mobridge, South Dakota, endeavored to move the gravesite to their town in order to attract tourists.

Howgh!

At six in the morning, I tackled the Hudson River one more time.

As a result of a couple of hours of sleep and daylight, I was feeling positive and the current soon took me towards Greenwich Village.

The futuristic vista of Lower Manhattan opened up before me. From the water level, the architecture looks unrealistic, like a misplaced and alien object; an overgrown dental implant accidentally attached on the outside of the mouth.

Inorganic and too big for the natural island surface. A garish paper bag, stuffed to the brim with gigantic French fries.

Helicopters were rattling above my head, landing and taking off, like gigantic flies zooming around me.

There was an airplane parked in the port. I have no idea how it got there. It was a military plane with guns sticking every which way. I wondered whether they were real. The empty space where the twin towers once stood. Shiny reflections of silver and glass. High class restaurants. And people, people, people.

After three hours I arrived at the end of Manhattan and faced the Battery. The waterways were crowded with water taxis, tourist ships, large cargo ships, and large rafts, full of garbage, towed by tugboats. I cut my way across and sailed away from their waves, fumes, and loud horns towards Governor's Island and Red Hook.

The mouthpiece of the local Gowanus Canal received me warmly, sticky black mayonnaise wrapped its tentacles around my canoe and escorted me safely to port. My port. The loud noise of passing boats and wild, heaving water were replaced by lazy, rotting, brown broth.

At eleven in the morning I pulled Black Winnetou from the water onto the pier at Gowanus Dredgers.

“The Eagles have returned,” Two Clouds whispered to me at Split Rock camp. To the Native Americans, the eagle represents a symbol of courage, power, wisdom, and vision. “As a child my grandfather told me stories about them,” he continued. “Last month they came back. They appeared during the drumming and began to circle above us. There were three of them.”

*Born on a mountain top in Tennessee,
Greenest state in the land of the free.
Raised in the woods so's he knew every tree,
Killed him a bear when he was only three.*

Davy, Davy Crockett King of the Wild Frontier.

*Fought single handed through the Injun war,
Till the Creeks was whipped and peace was restored.
And while he was handling this risky chore,
Made himself a legend, forevermore.*

*Davy, Davy Crockett the man who don't know fear.
Davy, Davy Crockett, Leading the Pioneer.*

(George Bruns, The Ballad Of Davy Crockett, 1955)

BLUEPRINT FOR REVOLUTION:

Performers: Mark Požlep, Gašper Piano

Author / Scenography: Mark Požlep

Translation and Adaptation: Jure Novak

Dramaturge: Diane Fourdrignier

Music: Gašper Piano

Head of the Technical Team and Light Design: Grega Mohorčič

Executive producer: Barbara Poček

Produced by: Gledališče Glej

Coproducer: Contour Biennale 9: Coltan as Cotton, Mechelen, Belgium

Coproducer: HISK, Higher Institute for Fine Arts, Gent

Gospodarji po motivih Goldingovega Gospodarja muh / Generacija generaciji Avtorska predstava/Glej Premiera: 16. marec 2018

O predstavi

Predstava temelji na motivih romana Gospodar muh Williama Goldinga, ki predstavlja otroke, ki se znajdejo v »odrasli« situaciji. Ujeti na otoku so se primorani soočiti s vprašanji prvinskega nagona v človeku, odsotnosti odrasle figure, izločevanja in povezovanja v skupine, razdelitve vlog, strahu, nasilja, odgovornosti in potrebe po zavetju, domu. Svet, ki se vzpostavi v romanu, je antiutopičen svet, kjer so pravila, zdrav razum in zakoni postavljeni na preizkušnjo.

Uprizoritev v antiutopičnem svetu, ki ga je ustvaril Golding, išče alternativo skozi šest različnih svetov – utopij, ki temeljijo na razmisleku in potrebah ustvarjalcev samih. Ustvarjalci so se skozi proces nastajanja predstave ukvarjali s ključnimi vprašanji o tem, kako oblikovati svet, v katerem bi sami radi živeli.

Kolofon

Avtorska predstava po motivih Williama Goldinga, Gospodar muh

Igrajo: Anna Andolšek, Almedin Kajtazović, Nina Žerdin, Tina Malenšek

Mentorici: Mateja Kokol in Larisa Javernik

Oblikovanje svetlobe: Martin Lovšin

Tehnična podpora: Grega Mohorčič, Klemen Švikart

Izvršna produkcija: Inga Remeta

Produkcija: Gledališče Glej

O programu

Generacija generaciji

Program Generacija generaciji v Gleju

izvajamo že tretje leto.

V njem mlade, pretežno srednješolske starosti, spodbujamo in vodimo, da ustvarjajo lastno gledališče, gledališče mladih za mlade.

Projekt Generacija generaciji podpirata Mestna občina Ljubljana in Javni sklad Republike Slovenije za kulturne dejavnosti.

The Lords ***based on Golding's Lord of*** ***the Flies / G2G*** ***Devised theatre/Glej*** ***Opening night: 16th March 2018***

About the performance

The performance is based on William Golding's novel *Lord of the Flies*. The novel focuses on children, who find themselves in a situation which requires them to grow up quickly. As they are trapped on an island, they face various challenges, ranging from coping with primal instincts that emerge within people, the absence of adults in their lives, exclusion and community building, division of roles, fear, violence, responsibility and the need for shelter and home. They find themselves in an anti-utopian world that challenges rules, reason and law.

The performance in Golding's anti-utopian world is looking for a way forward through six alternative worlds and utopias that are based on the needs and ideas of the performers. Throughout the creative process they have been addressing key questions on how to shape the world in which they would want to live.

Credits:

Devised performance, based on the motives of William Golding's *Lord of the Flies*

Performers: Anna Andolšek, Alemedin Kajtazović, Nina Žerdin, Tina Malenšek.

Mentors: Mateja Kokol and Larisa Javernik

Light design: Martin Lovšin

Technical support: Grega Mohorčič, Klemen Švikart

Executive producer: Inga Remeta

Produced by: Glej Theater

The programme is supported by the Municipality of Ljubljana and the Public Fund for Cultural Activities.

About the Generation to Generation (G2G) programme:
The Generation to Generation programme is in its third year. We encourage and try to empower the youth, mostly secondary school pupils, to devise their own theatre – Theatre of the youth for the youth.

Neključni kamen spotike: Predstavje Zala Šajko/Miniatúrka/Glej Premiera: 15. maj 2018

O predstavi

Predstavje je stranski produkt projekta, ki se je zataknil v raziskovanju svetov Štrniševega Šamoroga.

Prekrivanje svetov, časov in resničnosti so zidaki Štrniševe poezije in Šamorog je ogromen, velikanski. Psihotični fragmenti različnih predstav in časov (gledaliških in o svetu) plešejo v neusmiljenem, a čudovitem vesoljnem kaosu, dokler ni vse, kar je lepega, zažgano, pofukano in posekano, ampak to je okej, tako pač to gre. Kaj je res in kaj ne, je pač stvar družbenih dogovorov.

Diskurz norosti v svoji brezmejni iskrenosti edini prepozna naše delovanje kot boleče, vidi resnico, o kateri ne govorimo. Nori so vsi, razen nore Uršule.

Kolofon

Neključni kamen spotike:
Barbara Ribnikar
Miranda Trnjanin
Tines Špik
Jonas Žabkar
Zala Šajko
kg. Thierno Diallo -
kontrabas
Feat. Peter Pečar

Izvršna producentka:
Anja Pirnat
Produkcija: Gledališče Glej

Stumbling Block of Little Importance: Performing By Zala Sajko/Miniature/Glej Opening night: 15th May 2018

About the performance

The performance is a byproduct of a longer process that found itself locked in a standstill while exploring the worlds of Štrniša's Unicorn.

Štrniša builds his poetry by overlapping worlds, periods and realities. Unicorn is not only big, it is huge. Psychotic fragments of various impressions and times (both within the theatre and within the real world) dance in a ruthless, and yet beautiful spatial chaos, until the very point where everything that is beautiful is burned down, fucked up, and chopped down. But that is OK, this is how the world goes. What is the truth and what is not is merely a matter of social agreement.

The discourse of madness in its boundless honesty is the only one that registers our work as pain. It sees the truth we don't speak about. Everyone is crazy, except for the mad Uršula.

Credits:

Stumbling Block of Little Importance
Barbara Ribnikar
Miranda Trnjanin
Tines Špik
Jonas Žabkar
Zala Sajko
Thierno Diallo - kontrabas
Featuring Peter Pečar

Executive producer:
Anja Pirnat
Produced by:
Gledališče Glej

Predstava o Doris avtorska predstava/ ŠtudenTeater/Glej Premiera: 10. marec 2018

O predstavi

Šolo za igralko, ki bi lahko bila, scenografko, ki to še bo, za pripovedovalko, ki skorajda je, pevko, ki to ni, performerko, ki to živi, za umetnico, ki potrpi in ni ali pa se smeje in je. Šolo za Doris.

Predstava je prejela nagrado na festivalu mladinske kulture Vizije 2018.

Kolofon

Režija: Zala Mojca Jerman Kuželički

Nastopa: Doris Barat

Besedilo: Doris Barat in Zala Mojca Jerman Kuželički

Mentor: Lroč Kaurin

A show about Doris Devised performance/ StudenTheatre/Glej

About the performance

This is a solo performance for an actress who could have been, a set designer who is yet to be, a narrator who almost is, a singer who is not, a performer who is living her faith, an artist who suffers and does not exist or smiles and exists. This is a solo performance for Doris.

The performance was awarded at the Festival of Youth Culture Visions 2018.

Credits:

Director: Zala Mojca Jerman Kuželički

Performer: Doris Barat

Text: Doris Barat and Zala Mojca Jerman Kuželički

Mentor: Lroč Kaurin



*Delavnica oblikovanja
svetlobe in zvoka
Oktober 2018/Glej*

Na dvodnevni delavnici so se udeleženci lahko spoznali z osnovnimi principi delovanja svetlobe in zvoka na gledališkem odru. Na tem temelju lahko ustvarjalke in ustvarjalci v prihodnje gradijo konceptualni aparat, ki jim bo omogočil poglobljeno razmišljanje o kontekstualizaciji zvoka in svetlobe znotraj gledaliških predstav, s tem pa bo rasla kompleksnost in premišljenost prihodnjih umetniških del. Udeleženke in udeleženci so se lahko spoznali tako s teoretičnimi kot praktičnim vidikom oblikovanja svetlobe in zvoka. Spoznali so se z gledališko opremo ter teoretično pridobljeno znanje pod vodstvom strokovnih mentorjev prenesli v prakso.

Podprto s strani Javnega sklada za kulturne dejavnosti.

*Workshop on lighting and
sound
October 2018/Glej*

The two-day workshop introduced the participants to the basic principles of theatre sound and lighting. This knowledge will enable the participants to develop their own conceptual apparatus in the future, deepen their understanding of sound and lighting within a theatrical performance, and consequently increase the quality and complexity of their future work. The participants got both, theoretical and practical, knowledge on theatre sound and lighting. They were also introduced to technical equipment. The mentors also encouraged the participants to transfer their theoretical knowledge into practical research.

Supported by the Public Fund for Cultural Activities.

Opijske ladje

avtorska predstava / Neja Tomšič /

MoTA

Predstava je letos gostovala na 33. Sarajevski zimi, festivalu Sofia Underground v Sofiji in konec junija na festivalu Azores Fringe.

Oktober je predstava gostovala v Trevisu (Ex Oriente, Galerija B#9), na Dunaju (Brutal Beauty), v Londonu (London South Bank University in Msdm Publications, LN 8 studio Gallery) ter Barceloni.

O predstavi

Čaj za pet: Opijske ladje je vizualni esej, ki združuje poslikano keramiko in pripovedovanje. Osrednji del projekta je pet ročno poslikanih čajnih setov za kitajski čajni obred, ki prikazujejo zgodovino trgovine z opijem in čajem v 2. pol 18. in 19. stoletju na Kitajskem. Namesto razstave so dela predstavljena s čajnimi obredi za skupine petih obiskovalcev, na katerih je čaj postrežen v čajnih setih. Vsak predstavlja eno opijsko ladjo in njeno zgodbo. Preko njih se ne pripoveduje zgolj o tem zgodovinskem obdobju, temveč pojasnjuje in vpenja posledice v današnje politične in družbene razmere.

Kolofon

Koncept, izvedba in poslikava: Neja Tomšič
Keramika: Anja Šlapničar

Produkcija: Gledališče Glej in Neja Tomšič
Produkcija do 2018: MoTA – Muzeja tranzitornih umetnosti

Opium Clippers

Devised performance/Neja Tomšič/ MoTA

This year the performance was shown at the 33rd Sarajevo Winter, Sofia Underground Festival in Bulgaria, and at the Azores Fringe Festival.

In October the performance was on tour in Treviso (Ex Oriente, Gallery B#9), Vienna (Brutal Beauty), London (London South Bank University and Msdm Publications, LN 8 studio Gallery) and Barcelona.

About the performance

Opium Clippers is both the title of a book and that of a tea ceremony in which Neja Tomšič tells (true) stories about forgotten episodes of world history while making and drinking tea. In the second half of the 19th century and at the beginning of the 20th century tea and opium trades were amongst the most lucrative businesses in the world. At the time they were under complete control of the European colonial powers and corporations enjoying state protection. Instead of a gallery show, the work is represented through tea rituals for a group of five visitors who receive tea in ceramic tea sets. Each tea set stands for one opium clipper and its story. This ritual not only tells us about history, but also helps us to contextualize the contemporary global political and social conditions.

Credits:

A project devised by Neja Tomšič
Ceramics: Anja Šlapničar

Produced until 2018: MoTA – Museum of Transitional art
Produced from 2018: Glej Theatre and Neja Tomšič

Starci

rezidenta / Tin Grabnar, Hana Vodeb/ Glej

Prva premiera: 8. junij 2018

Druga premiera: 1. december 2018

O predstavi

V prvi premieri projekta Glejevih rezidentov Tina Grabnarja in Hane Vodeb sta se avtorja srečevala s starostniki najrazličnejših ozadij. Z odpiranjem spominov, pripovedovanjem zgodb in povezovanjem ter s pomočjo filmskih posnetkov in s postopki dokumentarnega gledališča nastaja skupnost starcev. Srečujejo se z izzivi modularno zastavljenih uprizoritvenih dogodkov, ki so vedno drugačni. V ospredju so odnos do staranja in starosti, spominjanje in edinstvenost osebnih zgodb.

Kolofon

Rezidenta:
Hana Vodeb, Tin Grabnar
Dramaturgija:
Brina Klampfer, Alja Lobnik, Nina Šorak
Scenografija: Nina Rojc
Oblikovanje luči: Grega Mohorčič

Starci:
Božidar Škof
Irena Butoln
Jože Drabik
Jožica Hribar
Majda Lekše
Štanka Škodič
Vanja Matijevc
Vesna Škrebliin

Ostali:
Vanessa Benak Cvijanović
z Maksom
Kostja Matijevc Jerman
Katarina Legat Blomstedt

Mentorji:
iz. prof. mag.
Tomislav Janežič
doc. Janez Janša
iz. prof. mag. Jasna Vastl
red. prof. Janja Korun
asist. mag. Tina Kolenik

Fotografija:
Željko Števančić, Barbara Poček, Hana Vodeb

Izvršna producentka:
Barbara Poček
Produkcija: Gledališče Glej
Koprodukcija: Akademija
za gledališče, radio, film
in televizijo, Univerza v
Ljubljani

Seniors

residents / Tin Grabnar, Hana Vodeb/ Glej

Opening night: 8th June 2018
First repeat: 1. December 2018

About the project

In its opening night the Glej residents Tin Grabnar and Hana Vodeb explored the world of seniors, with a myriad of different backgrounds. A community of seniors was built through the exploration of their memories, storytelling, video and documentary theatre methodology. They are challenged by different modules within the event. The project opens the topics of aging and age, memory and the uniqueness of personal stories.

Credits:

Residents:
Hana Vodeb, Tin Grabnar
Dramaturgy:
Brina Klampfer, Alja Lobnik, Nina Šorak
Set design: Nina Rojc
Light design:
Grega Mohorčič

Seniors:
Božidar Škof
Irena Butoln
Jože Drabik
Jožica Hribar
Majda Lekše
Štanka Škodič
Vanja Matijevc
Vesna Škreblin

Others:
Vanessa Benak Cvijanović
with Maks
Kostja Matijevc Jerman
Katarina Legat Blomstedt

Mentors:
Associate Professor
Tomislav Janežič, MA
Assistant Professor Janez Janša
Associate Professor
Jasna Vastl, MA
Full Professor Janja Korun
Assistant Tina Kolenik, MA

Photography:
Željko Števanič, Barbara Poček, Hana Vodeb

Executive producer:
Barbara Poček
Production: Gledališče Glej
Coproduction: Academy of Theatre, Radio, Film and Television, University of Ljubljana

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