



NI MOGOČE ČAKATI ZAMAN

avtorski projekt / Leja Jurišić in Miklavž Komelj

Avtorica predstave *Ni mogoče čakati zaman* /

Praktični misterij: Leja Jurišić

Izvajalca: Leja Jurišić in kamen

Predstava traja 2 uri in 23 minut

Scenografija, luč, kostumi: Petra Veber

Snemanje: mali film, Hana Vodeb, Vid Hajnšek

Tehnično vodstvo: Grega Mohorčič

Tehnična podpora: Simon Bezek, Brina Ivanetič, Žan Rantaša

Avtor knjige *Ni mogoče čakati zaman* / Statični misterij: Miklavž Komelj

Avtor knjige slik *Ni mogoče čakati zaman*: Miklavž Komelj

Urednica gledališkega lista: Tery Žeželj

Oblikovanje plakata, knjig in gledališkega lista:

Mina Fina, Ivian Kan Mujezinović / Grupa Ee

Fotografija: Ivian Kan Mujezinović, Mina Fina in Petra Veber

Producenta: Barbara Poček (Gledališče Glej), Žiga Predan (Pekinpah)

Produkcija in koprodukcija: Gledališče Glej, Pekinpah, Leja Jurišić

Produkcija knjig: Pekinpah

Sofinancerja: Ministrstvo za kulturo, Mestna občina Ljubljana

Ni mogoče čakati zaman Miklavža Komelja in Leje Jurišić je soavtorski projekt dveh umetnikov, ki prvič sodelujeta. Odločila sta se, da bosta delila skoraj enoleten ustvarjalni proces, pri formiranju končnega umetniškega dela pa ne želita sprejemati kompromisov, zato sta ustvarila vsak svoje avtonomno delo z naslovom *Ni mogoče čakati zaman*.

Ni mogoče čakati zaman je del programa *Glej, rezident*.

Rezidentka med leti 2019 in 2021 je Leja Jurišić.

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UVODNIK
Tery Žeželj

Glejev rezidenčni program je eden izmed redkih produkcijskih modelov v Sloveniji, ki omogoča okolje in podporo za daljšo raziskavo na področju performativnih umetnosti. Vpeljuje oz. vrača nazaj delovanje, ki se upira logiki hiperprodukcije. Izhaja iz omogočanja občutka varnosti, ki je nujen za svobodo ob ustvarjanju v neki produkcijski hiši in za nadaljnje eksperimentiranje in preizkušanje. Tokrat je Glejeva rezidentka Leja Jurišić, ki je k soavtorstvu povabila Miklavža Komelja. V procesu sodeluje tudi s scenografko Petro Veber, njeno precej stalno sodelavko.

Z Lejo in Miklavžem smo se dobili na Skypu. Veliko smo se pogovarjali o daljavah, o povezavah, ki so nepričakovane, za katere se zdi, da so daljne, pa na koncu nepričakovano povezujejo in premoščajo navidez neobvladljive daljave. In veliko smo se pogovarjali o telesu, kar se zdi eno izmed nujnih izhodišč za premišljanje trenutnih razmer, ki zdaj že niso več tako trenutne. Kako se spreminja naš odnos do telesa? Se je intenziviral občutek drugosti? Kaj pomeni spodbujanje in intenziviranje percepcije telesa kot samostojne in koherentne celote, individua?

V pogovoru je ves čas ostajala podčrtana Lejina misel, da se telesa in uma ne da deliti, da je oboje eno. To bi lahko povezali z Merleau-Pontyjevim pojmovanjem telesa, kjer opozarja, da zaznavamo s celim telesom, da telo ni nekaj, kar imamo, ampak nekaj, kar smo. Lahko bi rekli, da to nenehno zastopa Leja s svojim opusom.

1.

Za začetek in širšo kontekstualizacijo vajinega srečanja in sodelovanja mogoče lahko najprej vprašam o vajinem poznanstvu. Sta se že prej poznala? Kako to, da sodelujeta?

LEJA JURIŠIĆ

»Prvič sva se srečala na komemoraciji za Tomaža Šalamuna na Metelkovi, kjer sem nastopila z delčkom predstave *I fear Slovenia*, kamor je bila vključena Šalamunova poezija. Po nastopu je Miklavž Komelj pristopil k meni s popravkom ene besede v pesmi. Potem sva se, ne vem več, zakaj, skupaj od srca smejala. V tem smehu sem jaz prepoznala neko bližino, neko močno povezavo.«

MIKLAVŽ KOMELJ

»Zanimivo, sploh se ne spominjam, da je bila v nastop vključena Šalamunova poezija, in tudi ne tega, da je šlo za odlomek iz predstave *I fear Slovenia*; tega očitno sploh nisem opazil; spominjam se samo, da je bil to ples ob Allegrijevi glasbi, kar je učinkovalo zelo nenavadno in na neki način metafizično. Pozneje pa sva sodelovala pri *Izumitelju na zemlji* Bare Kolenc. Takrat me je Leja Jurišić nekajkrat presenetila s svojimi mimogrede izrečenimi modrostmi; zapisal sem si par njenih takih izjav, v procesu pa me je pripravila celo do tega, da sem se enkrat udeležil fizičnega ogrevanja igralcev, ki ga je vodila – in takrat sem se spet veliko naučil. V znak hvaležnosti sem ji posvetil že malce prej napisano kratko pesem – in to je pesem o kamnu, o skali, ki tudi, ko leži na tleh, ni inertna, ampak lovi ravnotežje. In v procesu najinega sodelovanja v projektu *Ni mogoče čakati zaman* sem presenečeno ugotovil, da je bila ta pesem že napoved tega sodelovanja, saj Leja Jurišić v svoji predstavi v okviru tega projekta komunicira s kamnom.«

2.

Vajin način sodelovanja je zelo zanimiv. Nekako bi lahko rekli, da si delita en proces in hkrati ostajata vsak v »svojih« medijih ter delata ločeno, vsak na svojih »končnih produktih«.

LEJA JURIŠIĆ

»Soavtorji nujno pogojujejo način ustvarjanja in končno obliko umetniškega dela, sploh če sodeluješ s tako vrhunskimi in avtonomnimi umetniki. Skupno takim sodelovanjem je, da so izjemno intenzivna, da se dela noč in dan. Matrice pa ni. Z vidika truda bi bilo veliko lažje, če bi šlo po neki že znani matrici, z vidika končnega umetniškega dela pa ravno nasprotno. Matrica daje varnost, a predpostavlja ujetost.

Posebnost sodelovanja z Miklavžem Komeljem je, da po enoletnem skupnem ustvarjalnem procesu, ki je bil po moje zelo globok, nastanejo tri avtonomna dela, za katera je odgovoren vsak avtor, torej vsak od naju sam. Komelj je to predlagal že na samem začetku in meni se je zdel tak predlog zelo logičen za to sodelovanje, predvsem pa izjemno direkten in iskren. Točno taka iskrenost in direktnost sta pravi način sodelovanja. V resnici pa gre tudi v duetih z Mandićem in Lazarjem za izrazito sopostavljanje dveh avtonomij. V projektu *Ni mogoče čakati zaman* avtonomnost najde zopet novo rešitev. Predstava *Ni mogoče čakati zaman. Praktični misterij* bo zagotovo nekaj drugega, kot je bila *De facto (Pojdi s seboj)*. Ravno tako kot je bila *De facto* popolnoma drugačna od *Skupaj*.«

MIKLAVŽ KOMELJ

»Sodelujeva vsak v svojem mediju oziroma medijih. To seveda pomeni tveganje, da povezava med najinimi deli ne bo na prvi pogled vsem očitna, toda obenem sem prepričan, da je lahko tako še globlja in da je sodelovanje lahko tako še intenzivnejše. Navsezadnje ta najin skupni projekt ves čas eksplicitno tematizira daljave, srečanja

med popolnoma različnimi svetovi, ki se lahko povezujejo, ampak na ne povsem predvidljive načine. In se ves čas sprašuje, kaj sploh je bližina in kaj daljava. To je že od začetka interkontinentalni projekt in poleg naju je tukaj mistična oseba, ki se skrivnostno pojavlja na slikah. In najin način sodelovanja niti ne predpostavlja, da bi moralo biti vsakemu od naju blizu delo drugega, ki bo predstavljeno javnosti kot rezultat tega procesa. Vsak prevzema odgovornost za svoj del in to se zdi tudi meni najbolj pošteno. Ravno to šele omogoča neprisiljeno interakcijo na različnih nivojih. Moj statični misterij *Ni mogoče čakati zaman* je bil na primer v izhodišču zasnovan povsem neodvisno od tega skupnega projekta, toda brez tega sodelovanja gotovo ne bi bil povsem enak; zlasti v besede zboru plesalk na koncu je vpisanih tudi nekaj spoznanj, ki so zelo neposredno povezana z mojimi obiski na Lejinih vajah, kjer me je vsaj enkrat pripravila celo do tega, da sem se vrtel kot derviši.«

3.

Definicija vajinega sodelovanja se izmika bolj klasičnim, prakticirata drugačno sobivanje, kjer vaju proces združuje, in lahko bi rekli, da se morata sproti učiti in raziskovati, kako sodelovati. Kaj so značilnosti takšnega sodelovanja?

LEJA JURISIČ

»Ko berem statični misterij, se prepoznam tudi na drugih mestih, ne samo v zboru in na koncu. Je pa verjetno vprašanje, kdo je ta jaz, ki se tam prepozna. Sprotno učenje je v bistvu vedno nujno za dobro sodelovanje oziroma za kakršenkoli napredek. Na neki način prav zato tudi sodelujem s takimi avtorji. Je pa res, da takšna sodelovanja zahtevajo precej poguma. V sodelovanjih je bistveno, da si, kar se tiče dela, to, kar si. S tem ne mislim tega, da se znotraj sodelovanja ne spreminjaš, gre za to, da ne omahuješ zaradi dobrega počutja ali všečnosti. In

sodelovanja so različna: kako jaz sodelujem s pesnikom, piscem, se seveda razlikuje od sodelovanja z nekom, ki si deli moj medij. Metode kreacije nekoga, s komer si deliva medij, poznam vsaj približno. Komeljevih pa ne.

Sodelavci, ki jih izbiram, me zanimajo zato, ker je njihovo delo, ki sem ga videla, slišala ali prebrala, v meni nekaj intenzivno fizično vzdramilo, me na nekem nivoju zbudilo ali bolje – oživelo. In to se je zgodilo s Komeljevo poezijo, ki sem jo poznala veliko prej kot njega osebno. Njegova poezija je neverjetna. Tudi ostalo pisanje. Zame je on največji živeči slovenski pesnik, kalif besede.

Že prej sem prebrala veliko njegovih del, tekom procesa pa sem brala večinoma njega. To ni bila odločitev, to je postala nuja. Poskušala sem predelati tudi čim več virov, ki jih je mimogrede navajal v pogovorih. Celostno pa sem ob njem lahko brala samo še Toni Morrison, edino črnsko nobelovko, in *Drugi spol* Simone de Beauvoir. Dobro, tudi zavestno sem hotela vzpostaviti vsaj nek odmik.

Preposlušala sem vse posnetke, kjer je nastopal, prebrala vse intervjuje, do katerih sem se lahko dokopala. In ko mi je zmanjkalo, sem ga povprašala, če kaj novega piše in če bi bil tako prijazen, da bi mi to poslal. Še dobro, da tako veliko dela, da je lahko zapolnil mojo (vedo)željnost. Zapolnil ni prava beseda. Zadovoljil, da, ta je prava. Vse to se je intenzivno vpisovalo vame in v moje postopke dela v studiu. Točno, še nekaj je skupnega procesom v tej trilogiji. To, da je povezava s soavtorji izjemno močna, v studiu pa sem večino časa sama (smeh).«

MIKLAVŽ KOMELJ

»Zelo mi je blizu, da ni bilo tu res nobenega vsiljevanja. Leja Jurišić me je povabila k sodelovanju, potem ko sem ji razlagal, da mi je včasih obisk pri zobozdravniku manj neprijeten kot obisk gledališča. Njena tolerantnost je neverjetna in me vedno znova spravlja v začudenje. Vsekakor naju z Lejo Jurišić najgloblje družijo ravno to, da

se ne pretvarjava, da naju nekaj apriorno družijo ali da bi morala imeti na karkoli skupne poglede. Seveda se prav na ta način lahko vzpostavijo mnogo globlje povezave, kot bi bile povezave na osnovi skupnih pogledov. Sicer pa se mi bo zdelo pri vsem skupaj najbolj dragoceno, če bo iz tega, kar bo nastalo, mogoče začutiti, da so ob vseh razlikah med nama prišli kamni v moja likovna dela in v njeno predstavo iz istega prostora, ki je zelo konkreten in zelo magičen.«

4.

Predstava *Ni mogoče čakati zaman/Praktični misterij* je skupaj s predstavama *Skupaj* in *De facto (Pojdi s seboj)* tudi del trilogije, kjer se v vsakem procesu srečaš z moškim iz drugega medija. V tokratnem procesu gre za srečanje koreografke in plesalke s pesnikom in slikarjem. S čim se ukvarjaš v tej predstavi?

LEJA JURISIČ

»S praktičnim misterijem, kako pride telo do besede in beseda do telesa. Od kod govori telo in od kod beseda? Kaj slišimo? Kaj so značilnosti utišanega? Če se sprašujem o zaznavanju, se sprašujem o identiteti. Ko se sprašujem o konstruktivni identiteti, se sprašujem o konstruktivni civilizaciji. Čigava sta slovnica in jezik, v katerem se danes svet izraža?

Toni Morrison, ki je v tem procesu z vidika besede kot rečeno stala ob strani Miklavžu Komelju in meni, je leta 1993, mislim da prav v intervjuju ob prejemu Nobelove nagrade, rekla, da jo skrbi za jezik, ki ji je bil dan ob rojstvu, za jezik, v katerem sanja. In med drugim tudi to, da je dobrota v jeziku utišana. »*Dobrota je resno zelo naporena, težka. Ne da se je zapeljati. In vse, kar sem jaz delala v svojem pisanju, je bilo, da sem poskušala najti jezik zanjo.*« Navdihujoče. Druga ženska, ki me je navdihovala, pa tudi spravila v nekem trenutku tega ustvarjalnega procesa v resno negotovost,

je Simone de Beauvoir z *Drugim spolom*. Mislim, da bi morala biti ta knjiga izdana v slikah za otroke.

Ponovno branje tega teksta me je resno vrglo iz tira. Ob tem, da mene kot žensko zgodovinsko tako močno pogojuje in konstruira pasivnost, čakanje, pripravljanje teritorija za nekoga drugega, da se bo razcvetel in osvojil svet, mi je postalo fizično slabo, dejansko so mi ošibile noge. Saj je to čisto nasprotje tega, kako funkcioniram in vidim sebe v svetu. In ko je naslov, ki je bil najprej naslov Komeljevega statičnega misterija, preskočil na celoten projekt, so se stvari osmislile in sem se pomirila. Čakanje je očitno pomemben del mojega telesa, mene, zaradi ponavljajoče tisočletne prakse je to zapisano v mojih genih in je izjemno pomembno, da tega ne zanikam. Ne govorim o tem, da bi to pasivno sprejela, ah, kar je, pač je, ampak o tem, da razmislim, kako je čakanje lahko kvaliteta v akciji. Je pa bistven celoten naslov *Ni mogoče čakati zaman*. Ker če bi bilo čakanje zaman, bi imela hud problem. Že v otroštvu se mi je zgodilo eno čakanje, ki hvala bogu ni bilo zaman, mi je pa vzelo zaupanje v sistem. To ni bilo nedolžno čakanje. V primeru Iskra Delta, ki je še danes zavrt v tančice, so mi, devetletni deklici, kar na lepem in brez pojasnil odpeljali očeta v preiskovalni zapor z obljubo, da se vrne čez en mesec. Čez dva meseca. Spet ne. Čez tri mesece. Potem otrok, za katerega je to dolga doba, zavestno neha čakati, ker ni neumen. Pozdavevno čaka in hkrati ne verjame več (v nič). Ko so izčrpali vsa sredstva za zavlačevanje, da bi utemeljili sum kaznivega dejanja, ko jim to ni uspelo in je bil izčrpan čas maksimalnega trajanja preiskovalnega pripora, je prišel nazaj. Drugačen. Potem smo čakali še naslednjih deset let, da mu je uspelo dokazati nedolžnost in je bil pravnomočno oproščen. To izbrišeš. Ne čakaš. Pomagati ne moreš. Živiš po svoje. Nato se zaveš, da si ves čas čakal. In je optimistično, da čakanje ni bilo zaman.«

5.

S čim pa se ukvarjata tvoja dva projekta, Miklavž? Se povezujeta z Lejino predstavo?

MIKLAVŽ KOMELJ

»Gre za že omenjeni statični misterij in za knjigo 223 likovnih del na papirju, ki so nastajala od julija 2019 do oktobra 2020; večina predstavljenih del je nastala v času najinega sodelovanja. Za obe knjigi, besedno in likovno, je bistvena tematizacija daljav, ki so skrajno blizu in skrajno konkretne, in komunikacije preko zelo oddaljenega prostora. Za knjigo slik je slikarka Joni Zakonjšek ob oredstavitvi na knjižnem sejmu dejala, da »so živa vstopanja v krajino Brezčasja, polna magične vizualne poezije, evokacije,« in da »združujejo nasprotja v stopnjevanju notranje zbranosti, duhovne napetosti, kjer zasijejo v nedolžnosti, skrivnosti. V spomin mi priključijo Giotta, le da se je svet od takrat zelo spremenil. A Miklavževa pesniška in likovna dela v svoji nujnosti zmorejo biti, nositi ves svet v tem trenutku, resnična in svobodna žarijo v tem, kar je vselej prisotno in sveto.« Na vprašanje, ali se knjigi povezujeta z Lejino predstavo, moram odgovoriti z vprašanjem, kaj sploh je povezovanje. V procesu najinega sodelovanja se je kot resnična bližina vedno znova pokazalo prav sprejemanje daljav. In seveda, povezava se lahko dogaja tudi kot nasprotje. Zdajle sem se spomnil, da je bila pravzaprav v nekem hipu mimogrede izrečena Lejina pripomba o dvomu – njena afirmacija dvoma – izhodišče za to, da sem v svojem tekstu razvil afirmacijo gotovosti nasproti dvomu. *En esto yo no puedo dudar*^{*}, kot pravi sveta Terezija Avilska. In to je zelo globoka in zame zelo pomembna povezava, tudi če je nihče ne vidi. Kar pa zadeva samo čakanje, ga ne razumem kot nekaj pasivnega; pravzaprav tematiziram, kako se njegova pasivnost s stopnjevanjem transformira



O tem ne morem dvomiti

v aktivnost, tematiziram preskok, s katerim se percepcija transformira v kreacijo. Čudež umetnosti je vedno znova prav v tem preskoku, ki prepozna kreacijo kot najglobljo resnico same percepcije.«

6.

Mogoče lahko še malce več poveš o tekstu *Ni mogoče čakati zaman*, ki je nekako tudi izvor naslova *Lejine predstave*.

MIKLAVŽ KOMELJ

»Tekst je zvrstno nekje med pesnitvijo in odrskim tekstom, ampak pri pisanju se za to, kako vse skupaj zvrstno opredeliti, nisem menil. Čeprav seveda že sintagma »statični misterij« nakazuje na neko referenčno polje, na Maeterlinckovo statično gledališče, na Pessoaovo statično dramo in tako naprej. Paradokсно mi je zavest o možnosti, da bo ta tekst lahko objavljen v kontekstu tega skupnega projekta, omogočila, da sem še laže pisal ne glede na vse, brez misli na to, kako bi bilo to mogoče označiti, klasificirati, umestiti. Kajti to je tekst, ki bi se ga vsaka založba ustrašila že zato, ker ne bi bilo jasno, kako ga klasificirati. Ali se povezuje s predstavo, pa bo odvisno od predstave.

Izhodišče zanj je sufijska legenda z Jave, ki sem jo našel v antologiji sufijskih tekstov Eve de Vitray-Meyerovitch. Glavna oseba je Sunan Kalidžaga. To je pomembna zgodovinska osebnost javanske zgodovine druge polovice 15. in zgodnjega 16. stoletja, eden od devetih svetnikov javanskega islama, po njem se imenuje tudi indonezijska državna univerza. V tej legendi nastopa kot spreobrnjeni zločinec, ki je srečal svojega učitelja Sunana Bonanga tako, da ga je napadel kot razbojnik. Sunan Bonang pa mu je rekel, da živimo samo en trenutek in da naj pogleda bananovec – in bananovec je bil spremenjen v zlato. In Sunan Kalidžaga, ki ima tedaj še drugo ime, bi rad, da ga Sunan Bonang nauči, kako se

pride do te čudežne moči. On pa mu samo reče, naj ga čaka ob reki. In Sunan Kalidžaga ga res čaka, čaka, čeprav je videti absurdno, niti za hip ne podvomi, z zaupanjem ga čaka štirideset let, dokler on ne pride. In ko on pride, Sunan Kalidžaga že sam ve vse, česar bi ga lahko on naučil. Ponovno ga je lahko srečal šele v trenutku, ko je sam prišel do vsega, kar bi mu on lahko dal. In zavest o tem se mi zdi pomembna pri vseh sodelovanjih in tudi branjih. Dejansko lahko od nekoga drugega zares sprejmemo samo tisto, kar na neki način že imamo v sebi, zares lahko dojamemo samo tisto, do česar smo že sami prišli – ampak srečanje je ravno v tem, da si priznamo, do česa smo že prišli, spoznanje je prav v tem, da si upamo sprejeti, kar že vemo. Nietzsche nekje pravi, da je človeku najteže, da si prizna, kar v resnici že ve. Sunan Kalidžaga resnično poseduje to, do česar je sam prišel, šele ko ponovno vidi Sunana Bonanga. Sicer pa je moj tekst o času, o tem, kaj resnično pomeni en sam trenutek. In obenem je to tudi tekst proti času, proti toku današnjega časa, kajti čakanje, ki ne more biti zaman, nasprotuje današnji doksi, da je pravo čakanje ravno tisto, ki je zaman. V nekem smislu anti-Beckett, seveda z globokim spoštovanjem do Becketta. Zelo globoka inspiracija pri pisanju mi je bil sufizem, tekst je napisan z zaupanjem, da svet vodijo druge sile, kot so tiste, ki jih današnja materialistična civilizacija priznava kot edino realnost. In obenem je ta tekst nastal v poskušanju, da bi beseda znova našla tisto magično moč, ki je lahko spreobrnila Sunana Kalidžago. Mislim, da današnji dominantni diskurzi prav načrtno počnejo vse, da beseda ne bi imela resnične moči. V puščavi današnjih diskurzov priti do prave moči besede je proces, ki je analogen temu, kako spregovori kamen.«

7.

In pa še zadnji dve bolj splošni vprašanji: kaj so značilnosti dobrega sodelovanja?

MIKLAVŽ KOMELJ

»Značilnosti vsakega res dobrega sodelovanja so v tem, da je to sodelovanje vsaj nekoliko podobno sodelovanju Leje Jurišić in Miklavža Komelja pri projektu *Ni mogoče čakati zaman*.«

LEJA JURISIĆ

»Definitivno. Dobro sodelovanje je zame sodelovanje z umetniki, ki so do konca predani svojemu delu. Taka sodelovanja naseljujejo najrazličnejše prostore in čase, saj ideje ne vznikajo po vnaprej določenem urniku. In niso vsi koraki v takih procesih kot sprehod po mehkem spomladanskem mahu z bosimi nogami. Vsake toliko pohodiš tudi kakšen zelo špičast kamen.

Dobro sodelovanje rezultira v kvalitetnem umetniškem delu. Na tem mestu bi rada omenila Petro Veber, ki je na več ravneh bistvena za ta projekt. S Petro Veber sodelujem že deset let in najina sodelovanja so, lahko rečem, zelo dobra.

In zaupanje. Ne pogojevanje, ampak globoko zaupanje.«

8.

Kaj so za vaju osnovni pogoji za normalno ustvarjanje?

MIKLAVŽ KOMELJ

»Joj, kako naj vem, kdaj je ustvarjanje normalno? Seveda si vsak želi zase čim boljše pogoje. Po drugi strani seveda tudi najboljši pogoji še niso nikakršna garancija, da bo nekaj vrednega nastalo. Louis Adamič v knjigi *Orel in korenine* opisuje, kako sta se po drugi svetovni vojni Tito in Kardelj malce obupano spraševala, kaj je zdaj to, ko so vendar dali umetnikom tako dobre pogoje, umetnost, ki nastaja, pa je slabša kot pred vojno. Resnično ustvarjanje pa je vedno samo tisto, ki je brezpogojno.

Skratka, ne upam si reči ničesar splošnega, zase pa lahko samo rečem, da sem neskončno hvaležen Leji Jurišić za povabilo k temu projektu, ki mi je v sodelovanju z društvom Pekinpah in Gledališčem Glej omogočil realizacijo dveh knjig, ki sta popolnoma zunaj konceptov današnjih slovenskih založb; to povabilo je bilo pravi čudež, brez njega mogoče letos sploh ne bi preživel ali pa bi me ljudje linčali. Tako pa si me niso upali, ker me je kot neviden ščit varovalo dejstvo, da sodelujem z Lejo Jurišić pri projektu *Ni mogoče čakati zaman*.«

LEJA JURISIĆ

»Na splošno imam kar težave z besedo *normalno* oziroma ne vidim toliko normalnosti na tem svetu. Za moje delo je nujno, da imam vsak delovnik tekom procesa na razpolago dovolj velik ogrevan prostor z lesenimi tlemi, kar mi je za ta projekt zagotovila prav Glejeva rezidenca.

Nekdo, ki je šel ravno mimo, je komentiral, da se je Miklavž pohecal z zgornjimi besedami. Jaz bom te besede vzela resno, ker so čudovite. Najlepša hvala, Miklavž Komelj.«

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EDITORIAL

Tery Žeželj

Glej's residential programme is one of the rare production models in Slovenia that provides a supportive environment for long-lasting research projects in the field of performance arts. It introduces or rather tries to bring back the operation that fights against the logic of hyperproduction. Its main desire is to provide a feeling of safety, which is necessary for the freedom of creation production house as well as for the future of experimentation. This time, Glej's resident was Leja Jurišić, who decided to invite Miklavž Komelj to work with her. She also invited the scenographer Petra Veber - with whom she often cooperates - to participate in the process.

Leja, Miklavž and I held a meeting over Skype. We talked about distances, unexpected connections, which seems to be far away, but in the end, they unexpectedly connect people and overcome the seemingly uncontrollable distances. We also talked a lot about the body, which seems to be one of their starting points from which they consider the current conditions that have been going on for quite a while. How is our relationship with the body changing? Has the feeling of the other become more intense? What does the encouragement and intensification of the perception of the body as an independent and coherent whole, an individual, mean?

Leja's idea that the mind and body should not be separated, that they form a unified entity, remained lingering throughout the conversation. We could link this to Merleau-Ponty's understanding of the body, where he draws attention to the fact that we use our entire bodies to connect with our surroundings, that a body is not something that we have, but something that we are. We could say that this idea is always present in Leja's opus.

1. I will start by contextualising your co-operation by asking you where and when did you two meet? Did you know each other from before? What made you work together?

LEJA JURISIĆ: The first time we met was at the commemoration for Tomaž Šalamun on Metelkova, where I performed a part of the performance *I fear Slovenia*, which included Šalamun's poetry. After the performance Miklavž Komelj approached me and told me I got a word in one of the poem's wrong. We both laughed wholeheartedly, but I no longer remember why. However, I recognised a strong connection in this laughter.

MIKLAVŽ KOMELJ: That's interesting. I don't remember Šalamun's poetry in that performance, nor do I remember that you performed a fragment from the performance *I fear Slovenia*; it seems I failed to notice this. The only thing I remember is that I watched a dance performance accompanied by Allegri's music, which was unusual, and in a way, metaphysical. Later we cooperated in Bara Kolenc's performance *Izumitelj na zemlji (Inventor on Earth)*. During that project Leja Jurišić surprised me on a couple of occasions with the wisdoms she would share casually; I wrote down a few of her statements, and during the process she even managed to convince me to participate in the physical warm-up with the actors – which was another new learning experience for me. As a sign of gratitude, I dedicated a short poem I wrote shortly before to her – the poem was about a stone, a rock, which is, even when lying motionlessly on the ground, not inert, but is balancing. And during our cooperation on the project *It is impossible to wait in vain* I suddenly realised that the poem was an announcement of our cooperation, for in her performance that is a part of this project Leja Jurišić communicates with a stone.

2. I find your cooperation interesting. We could say that you share one process, but at the same time you both remain in your 'own' medium and work independently, each on your 'final products'.

LEJA JURISČIĆ: Co-authors often condition their cooperation and the final artwork, especially if you work with top level and autonomous artists. Such cooperation is always intense, the work never stops. And there is no matrix. If we look at the effort that we invest in the project, it would be much easier if we worked according to a previously determined matrix, however, if we take into account the final result it would be the exact opposite. The matrix provides security, but assumes that one is captured within it.

The characteristic of my cooperation with Miklavž Komelj is that after a one year shared creative process, which I consider to have been very deep, three autonomous works have emerged for which each author is individually responsible. Komelj proposed this at the very beginning of the process and I thought that this proposal was not only logical for this type of cooperation, but also extremely direct and honest. It was this honesty and directness that convinced me that this was the right way to set up our cooperation. In reality, the duets with Mandić and Lazar were explicit juxtapositions of two autonomies. In the project *It is impossible to wait in vain* the autonomy found a new path and a new solution. The performance *It is impossible to wait in vain / Practical mystery* will differ from *De facto (Pojdi s seboj)* (*De facto (Go with yourself)*). Just as *De facto* differed from *Skupaj (Together)*.

MIKLAVŽ KOMELJ: We each worked in our own medium or media. Of course, this represented a risk that the connection between our works will not be obvious to everybody, however,

I'm convinced that this will only make our cooperation deeper and more intense. In the end, our project constantly and explicitly deals with distances, meetings between different worlds, which can find a connection that is not always predictable. We also constantly wondered about the definitions of closeness and distance. From the very start, this was an intercontinental project which includes the two of us as well as an enigmatic person who appears mysteriously on photographs. Our manner of cooperation does not even assume that the work of the other - which will be presented at the end of this process - would have to be close to either one of us. Each one of us accepts full responsibility for his part and I believe this is the fairest it can be, for it enables an unforced interaction on multiple levels. My static mystery *It is impossible to wait in vain* was planned independently of this project, however, it had changed during our cooperation, for instance, the words spoken by the choir of dancers at the end include a few realisations that are linked to my visits of Leja's rehearsals, where she once (at least) made me spin like a dervish.

3. Your cooperation is unusual, as you practice a different type of coexistence, in which the process brings you closer together, and we could say that you have to learn as you go along and find new ways to work together. What are the main characteristics of such work?

LEJA JURIŠIĆ: As I read the static mystery, I recognised myself not only in the choir at the end, but also in other places. However, I have to wonder who is this me that I recognised. A good cooperation always demands that I learn as I go along, in fact this is necessary for any good cooperation or progress. In a way, this is the reason why I have worked with the artists I have chosen. However, such cooperation

demands great courage. In any cooperation it is essential that you remain true to yourself in your work. By this I do not mean that you do not change as a result of the cooperation, it is more about not hesitating because you want to feel good or be liked. No cooperation is the same: I work differently when I am working with a poet, a writer, compared to somebody who works in the same medium as I. I am at least partially acquainted with the creative methods of somebody I share the medium with, but I have no idea how Komelj works.

I'm interested in the co-workers I choose to work with because their work that I saw, heard or read, had awoken something intense and physical within me, it took me to a different level or even better – brought me back to life. And this happened with Komelj's poetry, which I knew long before I got to know him personally. His poetry is incredible. As is the rest of his writing. I believe he is the greatest living Slovene poet, the calif of the word.

I have read quite a lot of his work before, but during this process I read most of his opus. This was not a decision, but a necessity. I tried to work though as many sources that he mentioned in our conversations as I could. The only other authors I could read while reading his opus were Toni Morrison, the only black Nobel prize winner, and *Second Sex* by Simone de Beauvoir. I think I wanted to consciously establish some sort of a distance.

I've listened to all of the recordings in which he appeared and read all of his interviews I could find. And when I ran out of material, I asked him if he was writing anything new and if he would be kind enough to send it to me. Luckily, he is such a prolific writer that he could fulfil my curiosity. I don't think fulfil is the word I am looking for. Satisfy, yes, that's the right word. His work had a

profound influence on me and my work process in the studio. There is another point that all three processes in this trilogy shared. The connections with the co-authors were extremely strong in all three cases, but I was alone in my studio most of the time (laughter).

MIKLAVŽ KOMELJ: I found it very much to my liking that there was no imposition in this process. Leja Jurišić invited me to join the process while I was explaining to her that I sometimes find a visit to the dentist less painful than a visit to the theatre. Her tolerance is unbelievable and I am still constantly taken aback by it. The thing that binds the two of us close together is that we do not pretend that we are kept a priori together by something or that our views should be shared. This, of course, leads to a much deeper connection than any connection based on shared views could ever be. I will consider the process a success if, regardless of all the differences between the two of us, one will feel that the stones in my artwork and the stones in her performance came from the same concrete and magical space.

4. The performance *It is impossible to wait in vain / Practical mystery* forms a trilogy with the performances *Together* and *De facto (Go with yourself)*, in each of which you worked with a man who works in a different medium. The last in the trilogy is a meeting between a choreographer/dancer and a poet/painter. What did you address in this performance?

LEJA JURISIĆ: Through the practical mystery, I addressed how does a body get to speak and how does speech reach a body. Where does the body speak from and from where the word? What do we hear? What are the characteristics of the silenced? When I wonder about perception, I ask myself about identity. When I

ask myself about the construct of identity, I ask myself about the construct of civilisation. Where did the grammar and language the world uses to express itself today come from?

In an interview Toni Morrison (whose words accompanied Miklavž Komelj and myself during this process) gave in 1993, she stated that she is afraid for the language that she was given at birth, the language in which she dreams. She also stated that kindness has been silenced in language. *'It's too easy, if you get my drift. Goodness is really and truly hard. You can't seduce it. So writing and trying to find language for it has been probably all I've ever done in the novel.'* I found this inspiring. Another woman who inspired me, and at a certain point of this creative process pushed me into serious insecurity, was Simone de Beauvoir with her *Second Sex*. I think this book should be published as a picture-book for children.

The re-reading of this text truly threw me off guard. I became physically sick at the idea that I, as a woman, am historically conditioned and constructed by passivity, waiting, preparing the territory for someone else so that he will flourish and conquer the world. I literally went weak in my knees, as this is the absolute opposite of how I function and see myself in this world. And when the title which started off as the title of Komelj's static mystery, permeated throughout the project, things started making sense and I calmed down. As a result of the repetitive practice that had been going on over millennia, waiting is inscribed into my genes and obviously an important part of my body. It is exceptionally important and I don't want to deny this. I'm not talking about passively accepting it, in the style of whatever will be, will be, but I want to consider how this wait can be turned into a quality in action. The title *It is impossible to wait in vain* is of vital importance. Because if

the waiting was in vain, I would have a serious problem. I had to wait as a child. Thank god it was not in vain, however, as a result I lost my faith in the system. I'm not talking about an innocent wait. It took place during the Iskra Delta case, which is even today wrapped in mystery. Suddenly, with no explanation, my dad was taken away from me, a nine-year old girl, and detained in custody, with the promise that he will return in a month. In two months. And he didn't. In three months. After that the child, for whom this was a terribly long period, decided to stop waiting, as the child was not stupid. However, on the subconscious level, the child continued to wait while losing trust (in everything). When they exhausted all possibilities of detaining him and their search for proof that would confirm their suspicion of a criminal offence came to no avail, and the maximum time for detaining a person had passed, he returned. Changed. Then we waited for another ten years for him to prove his innocence and be legally cleared. You somehow erase this. You don't wait. You can't help. You live your own life. And then you realise you have been waiting all along. And it is optimistic to think that the wait was not in vain.

5. What do your two projects address, Miklavž? Are they connected to Leja's performance?

MIKLAVŽ KOMELJ: My two projects are the previously mentioned static mystery and the book with 223 artworks on paper that were created between July 2019 and October 2020; most of them within the period of our cooperation. Characteristic of both books, the one with words as well as the one with artwork, is that they deal with extremely close and concrete distances, and communication across extremely vast spaces. When the book was presented at a book fair, the painter Joni Zakonjšek said that *'they are entrances*

into the landscape of Timelessness, full of magical, visual poetry, evocation,” and that they “combine the opposites in the gradation of inner concentration, spiritual tension, in which they shine in their innocence, mystery. They bring Giotto to memory, the only difference being that the world has changed greatly since his times. But Miklavž’s poetry and artwork carry the entire world in this moment and can be in their necessity true and free as they radiate what is always present and sacred.” I have to reply to the question whether the books are connected to Leja’s performance with another question: What is a connection? In the process of our cooperation the acceptance of distances always showed itself as true closeness. Of course, the connection can also be the exact opposite. I have just remembered that Leja’s fleeting remark on doubt – her affirmation of doubt – was in fact the starting point from which I developed my affirmation of the certainty against doubt. *En esto yo no puedo dudar / In this I can not doubt*, as Teresa of Avila said. And this is a very deep and important connection for me, even if nobody else can see it. I don’t see the waiting as passive; in fact, I discuss that escalation transforms its passivity into activity. I discuss the leap, with which perception is transformed into creation. The miracle of art can always be found in this leap, which recognises creativity as the deepest truth of perception.

6. Maybe you can tell us a bit more about the text *It is impossible to wait in vain*, which has become the starting point of Leja’s performance.

MIKLAVŽ KOMELJ: In terms of genre, the text is somewhere between a poem and a play, but I never focused on defining its genre while writing it. Of course, the syntax ‘static mystery’ indicates a certain referential field, Maeterlinck’s static theatre, Pessoa’s static play and so on.

Paradoxically, the awareness of the possibility that this text will be published within the context of our shared project, freed me in my writing, for I didn't need to think how it would be classified, placed, evaluated. This is a text that any publishing house would be terrified of receiving, if not because of anything else, because it would not know how to classify it. Whether it connects to the performance will depend on the performance itself.

The starting point for the text is a Sufist legend from Java, which I discovered in the anthology of Sufist texts compiled by Eva de Vitray-Meyerovitch. The main character is Sunan Kalijaga. He was an important historic personality in the second half of the 15th and beginning of the 16th century, one of the nine saints of Islam on Java, who has given his name to the Indonesian state university. In this legend he plays a converted criminal, who met his teacher Sunan Bonang when he attacked him. Sunan Bonang told him that our existence is fleeting and that he should look at the banana plant – and the banana plant changed into gold. And Sunan Kalijaga, who had a different name at this point, wanted Sunan Bonang to teach him how to obtain this mysterious power. And he told him that he should wait for him by the river. Sunan Kalijaga waited and waited, even though it seemed absurd. He didn't show any doubt and waited for forty years, until he came. And when he arrived, Sunan Kalijaga already knew everything that he could be taught. He could only meet him again at the moment he had already managed to grasp everything that he could have received from him by himself. I find this realisation important for any cooperation or reading. We can truly only accept something that we already carry within, which is why we only grasp what we have already grasped by ourselves – but the meeting can be seen in our admittance of what we have already reached,

while the realisation lies in the fact that we dare to accept what we already know. Nietzsche once stated that it is the hardest for a person to admit to himself something he already knows. Sunan Kalijaga truly possessed what he discovered himself only once he saw Sunan Bonang again. My text is a text about time, about what a single moment in time truly means. It is also a text against time, against the current flow, as waiting that cannot be in vain contradicts today's doxa that true waiting is the one that is in vain. In a sense this is totally against what was said by Beckett, even though it is uttered with utmost respect for him. A great inspiration for the text can be found in Sufism, as the text was written with the belief that the world is led by other forces to those that are accepted by today's materialistic civilisation as the only truth. At the same time this text emerged in an attempt to return to words the magic power that could convert Sunan Kalijaga. I believe that the current dominant discourses carefully plan everything so that words no longer have true power. Reaching the true power of the word in the current discourse desert is a process analogue to that of a stone speaking.

7. And now for the final two, more general, questions: what are the main characteristics of good cooperation?

MIKLAVŽ KOMELJ: Characteristic of every truly good cooperation is that it is at least in some ways similar to the cooperation between Leja Jurišić and Miklavž Komelj in their project *It is impossible to wait in vain*.

LEJA JURISIC: Definitely. For me, good cooperation happens between artists who are totally dedicated to their work. Such cooperation inhabits various spaces and times, as the ideas do not erupt according to a set schedule.

And not all steps in these processes are as pleasant as walking barefoot on soft spring moss, as every now and then you step on a very sharp stone.

Good cooperation results in quality art. At this point I would like to mention Petra Veber, who is important for this project on multiple levels. I have been working with Petra Veber for ten years and our co-operation is truly excellent. And trust is also important. Not conditioning, but deep trust.

8. What do you think are the basic conditions for normal creativity to take place?

MIKLAVŽ KOMELJ: Ah, how am I to know what creativity is considered normal? Of course, we all want the best possible conditions. On the other hand, the best possible conditions do not necessarily guarantee that something good will emerge. In his book *Orel in korenine (Eagle and the Roots)* Louis Adamič described how, after World War II, Tito and Kardelj wondered what had happened, for they have provided excellent conditions for the artists, and yet the art they produced was not as good as before the war. True creativity is always unconditional. I wouldn't want to speak for others as I can only speak for myself, but I must say that I'm truly grateful to Leja Jurišić for her invitation to this project, which made it possible for me to create two books in cooperation with Pekinpah and Theatre Glej. Two books that would never fit within the concepts of the current Slovene publishing houses; this invitation was a true miracle, and without it I might not have survived this year or people might have lynched me. As it was, they didn't dare touch me, as my work with Leja Jurišić on the project *It is impossible to wait in vain* provided an invisible shield that protected me.

LEJA JURISIĆ: I generally have a problem with the word *normal* or I just don't see that much normality in this world. In my work I need to spend a part of every working day in a relatively large and warm space with wooden floors, and this year, this was provided for me by Glej and their residency programme.

Somebody who just passed by commented that Miklavž wasn't serious when he stated those words above. I decided to take them seriously as I believe they are wonderful. Thank you very much, Miklavž Komelj.

This theatre programme comprises of contributions that form various perspectives and contextualise the work created by Leja Jurišić, Miklavž Komelj and Petra Veber. Alongside theoretical essays and impressions/reflections, the programme begins with Miklavž's song and essay, which looks from a point in the distant future 'back' at the not so distant future. It looks back on the performance, the opening night of which will take place on 4th December. At the end of the year-long creative process two books by Miklavž will be published: a book with pictures and a poetic play.

—

I wish you pleasant reading and watching!

MIRACLE

Miklavž Komelj

Holding a stone with such conviction,
that it is, when you let go,
the same miracle if it falls
to the ground as if it floats to the sky.

V tokratnem gledališkem listu so zbrani prispevki, ki z različnih perspektiv in z različnimi pristopi kontekstualizirajo delo Leje Jurišić, Miklavža Komelja in Petre Veber. Poleg teoretskih esejev in impresij/refleksij pa list najprej odpirata Miklavževa pesem in esej, ki iz daljne prihodnosti gleda »nazaj« na bližnjo prihodnost, na predstavo, ki se je premierno zgodila 4. decembra za občinstvo kamnov. Ob zaključku enoletnega ustvarjalnega procesa sta izšli tudi dve Miklavževi knjigi: knjigi slik in dramske pesnitve.

Prijetno branje in gledanje!



Vem.
Zdaj, ko si tukaj, vidim,
kako sem sam.
Ti nisi moja družba.
Ti si moja samota.
Jaz nisem tvoja družba.
Jaz sem tvoja samota.





Glej, kako čaka

Glej, kako čaka

Glej, kako čaka

Glej, kako čaka

Glej, kako čaka

Glej, kako čaka



!
!
m!
m!
m!
m!



Vs
Op
Op
Ha
O
O
V
N
T
C
C
C



... je sublimno, sveto, vzvišeno.

... prôsti ...

... prôsti ...

... ahahahaha!

... prôsti ...

... prôsti ...

... se je sublimno, sveto, vzvišeno.

... ni razlike.

... o je sveta vojna.

... D, vzdržimo Srečanje!

... D, vzdržimo!

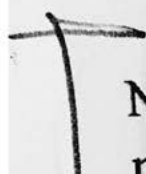
... D, vzdržimo!



Zdaj, ko si tukaj

kako sem sam

NAN BONANG:



Nikoli nisi pre

niti vrstice sv



ko si tukaj, vidim,
sem sam.

NANG:

oli nisi prebral
vrstice svete Knjiige.

vem, da bo p
Moje čakanj
brez zakaj,
vem, da bo p
Prišel bo sèm
Rekel mi je,
Jaz nimam n
Jaz sem se us
Jaz nimam n
Lahko je mis
da me nekaj
Jaz
vem, da je to
moja absolut
odločitev pre
Lahko je mis
da je ta moja

orišel.

e je brezpogojno,

orišel.

n, ker je reka tukaj.

naj ga čakam ob rek

iti trenutka počitka.

stavil.

iti trenutka počitka.

sliti,

determinira.

, kar me determinira,

no svobodna

d začetkom sveta.

liti,



On je samo videl,
kako je v resnici.

In jaz sem takoj videl,
kako je v resnici.

Jaz nočem ničesar zmotiti.

Ce hočem samo to, kar hoče Bog,

Bog ne more hoteti
ničesar, ničesar nočem.

Svem.

To ni čaranje. To je čakanje.

To, da je bilo drevo



(Tišina.)

Tisti trenutek je bilo ustvarjeno iz ničā.

In to ni drug trenutek.

Mi živimo samo en trenutek. (Simurg)

S tem smo za večno iztrgani minljivosti. -u-

Seveda vem, da sem tisti, ki ga čakam,

jaz sama

Kot so ptice, ki so šle iskat Simurga,
ko so našle Simurga, videle,
da so same Simurg.

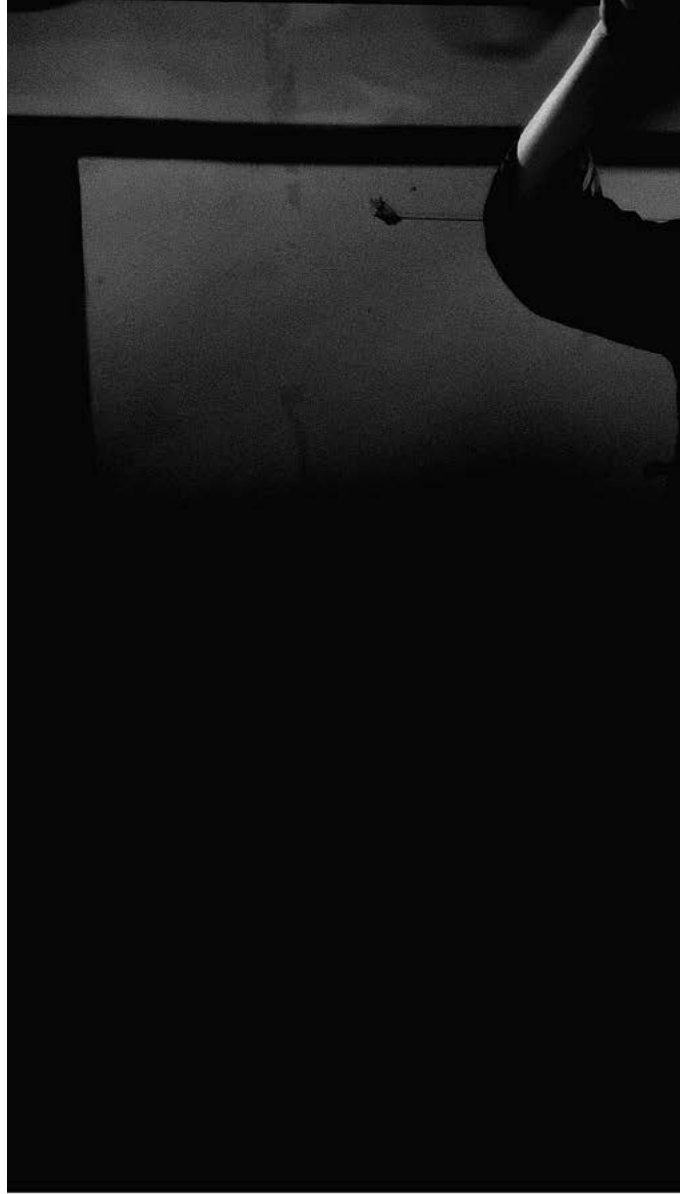
Toda to, da so same Simurg, so videle,
šele takrat, ko so našle Simurga.

Šele takrat, ko so videle Simurga.

Šele takrat, ko so prišle k Simurgu.

Ńobena misel me ne more
potolaŃiti.





je rekla:
»Najini duši sta se poljubili
in povabil si me
na potovanje v neznano.
In jaz sem sprejela.«
In če več ne govorijo
o tem,
je to zato, ker si ne upajo,
~~imeti moči govora.~~
A jo še vedno imajo.
Pravijo, da je spoj časa in večnosti
katastrofičen,
ker pri tem izhajajo iz časa,
ne iz večnosti.

Mislil sem, da se upiram.
Mislil sem, da se bom s svojo
iztrgal iz človeške družbe.
Mislil sem, da se upiram,
a sem s tem sledil nekemu t
ki me je nosil.

To je bilo premalo.

Mislil sem: transgresije



Avtorica kolažev: Petra Veber

imi dejanji

ku,



SI HI
TACUERINT,
LAPIDES
CLAMABUNT*

Miklavž
Komelj

*Non ha l'ottimo artista alcun concetto
c'un marmo solo in sé non circoscrivea
[...]*

*Izvrstni umetnik nima nobene zamisli,
ki je ne bi vseboval že sam marmor
[...]*

Michelangelo Buonarroti

1.

»In odgovori in jim reče: Pravim vam, če ti umolknejo, vpilo bo kamenje.« (Lk, 19, 40.)

Danes smo prišli v to obdobje. Videti je, da so glede bistvenega vsi umolknili, tudi če govorijo, in da mora nenadoma vpiti kamenje.

Je to manj? Je to več? Je to skrajna točka noči? Je to točka, kjer se tisti, ki bdijo, srečajo s tistimi, ki so se prvi prebudili v novem jutru?

Ali lahko v predstavi Leje Jurišić resnično vsaj za hip zaslišimo glas kamnov?

Je tako slišala kamen, da ga zaradi nje tudi mi slišimo? Je bilo to vpitje? Je kamenje zavpilo? Zapelo? Zašepetalo? (Kot pri starih Keltih.)

Jalâl âl Dîn Rûmî v pesnitvi *Masnavi* govori o govorečih kamenčkih. Âbû Jahl je imel v pesti kamenčke. In je preizkušal Preroka Mohameda, naj pove, kaj ima skrito v roki, če res pozna skrivnosti Neba. On pa mu je rekel: »Kaj hočeš, da naredim? Naj jaz sam rečem, kaj so tiste stvari, namesto da bi one povedale, kako sem jaz zvest in pravičen?« Âbû Jahl odgovori: »Drugo je bolj nenavadno.« Prerok odgovori: »Da, ampak Bog ima še večjo moč.« In v tistem hipu se oglasijo kamenčki in izpovedujejo vero. Ko je Âbû Jahl zaslišal kamenčke, je pobesnel in jih vrgel na tla.

Vse to se dogaja danes.

2.

Kamen za Lejo Jurišić v tej predstavi ni rekvizit. Je soigralec. Ona mu namenja dolgo, poglobljeno, nežno pozornost (pozornost, ki jo vidimo na odru, je rezultat dolgih ur in dni skoraj zenovsko skoncentriranih vaj), ob kateri se lahko zavemo

arbitrarnosti naše aprioristične predstave, da kamen ni živo bitje.

Kako je potem sploh mogoče udariti kamen? Ampak ko recimo kamen zgrmi na tla – ali ni tudi to njegova govorica? In celo če kamen udariš s kovino, če ga napadeš – ali ne spregovori on sam, ali ne spregovori z živim ognjem, z iskrami? Udarec najde v kamnu iskro, brez njega bi obtičala v kamnu, pravi Njegošev Iguman Stefan.

Kako Leja Jurišić komunicira s kamnom? Se s svojo prezenco pokloni njegovi prezenci? Ga oživlja? Ga pušča indiferentnega? Ga gane? (Vznemirile so jo *las piedras enternecidas* iz misterija *Božanski Narcis* Juane Inés de la Cruz.) Se z njimi igra kot punčka? Je ikonoklastična ali izvaja neki ritual?

Ne počiva. Tudi ko počiva na kamnu, ne počiva. Jure Detela v neki pesmi piše o šamanih, ki vse življenje nosijo kamne, da se sprostijo v smrti. Nekoč si je nekdo v času, ko je Leja Jurišić sodelovala pri predstavi *Izumitelj na Zemlji*, kot vodilo za svoje lastno delovanje zapisal njene mimogrede izrečene besede: »*Ljudje mislijo, da se morajo sprostiti. Jaz pa mislim, da se ljudje nikoli ne bi smeli sprostiti.*« In zdaj vidimo, da tudi kamen ne počiva. Če se naslanja na tla, se vsa tla naslanjajo nanj. Njegova negibnost ni inercija, ampak interakcija sil.

Ona v nekem trenutku reče o kamnih: »*Tako močni so, da meni omogočajo vse.*«

Omogočila nam je vpogled v del zapiskov, ki si jih je delala v času pripravljanja predstave. Vse je povezano s kamni. »Marijin aksiom« v odnosu do kamna modrosti (*lapis philosophorum*) v Jungovi interpretaciji alkemičnega procesa, progresija od števila 4 do 3 do 2 do 1 ... Demokrit, duh v atomih ... Kamen spotike iz evangelijev ... Rudi Šeligo, *Kamenje bi zagorelo* ... Dante, kamen, sinonim za smrt ... Julius Evola ... (Tega

kontroverznega avtorja ji je gotovo podtaknil kontroverzni sodelavec; a če je že omenjen, naj navedemo besede iz članka o magiji kreacije, ki jo je objavil v glasilu Marie de Naglowske: *»Ta misterij boste razumeli, ko boste spoznali globoko misel, ki vznikla iz vašega celotnega telesa kot nekaj težkega in drhtečega, plastičnega in elementarnega. To je dih mesa in kosti, želja kamna.«*) Kamniti gost in Don Giovanni. Plečnikov nagrobnik. Njegoš: *»Na krvavi kamen oltar pravi.«* *»Kaj za vruga, ste okameneli?«* Paracelsus in norčev vogelni kamen. Barthesov *Dnevnik žalovanja*: *»Obup: beseda je preveč teatralna, je del govorice. Kamen.«* Staroverci, kamni in kačje glave ... Rea da v tkanino zaviti kamen Kronosu ... In Molloyevo štetje kamenčkov v Beckettovem *Molloyu* ...

Vse polno povezav, referenc, asociacij. Toda ona je na odru sama s kamnom.

»Kamen sedi na kocki, jaz slonim ob njem in mu preberem Žirafa Djune Barnes.«

Toda kako naj vemo, ali niso morda kamni, ki sedijo ob Leji Jurišić, gledalci, ki so prišli in so v nekem trenutku okameneli?

»Nikogar ni. Glej kamne.« (Pablo Neruda.)

Neki kamni z imenom Wiyipai na skrajnem severu Mehike so bili prej družina starodavnih prebivalcev tistih krajev, ki je okamenela ob potopu.

A prav tako lahko ljudje nastanejo iz kamnov.

Morda je edino vprašane, ali bomo na predstavi okameneli ali nehali biti kamen.

Rojstvo iz kamna – mit o Mitri, ki se rodi iz kamna. Kamen kot simbol telesa. Roditi se iz kamna – realizirati stanje zavesti, ki ni več determinirano s telesom – a ravno to zahteva, da odkrijemo tisto, kar ni determinirano s telesom, v najgloblji substanci samega telesa. V najgloblji substanci samega kamna.

Jure Detela je poskušal transcendirati zgodovino z *Zgodovinsko pesmijo*, ki bi upesnila kamen »na mnogo različnih / načinov, / odvisno do tega, / kako nastane: / v morju, / na gori, / ob cesti.«

Orfeju, ki je znal s svojo glasbo očarati, ganiti in premakniti tudi kamne, pa so pripisovali tekst *O kamnih*.

Od kod je prišel kamen v predstavo?

Ali se Leja Jurišić zaveda, da je v njej kamen zato, ker je *tam* toliko kamnov?

Tam, kjer je tisti kolibri, ki ji jasni pot.

Kako lahko neko stanje duha *tukaj* nekje *tam* pošlje kolibrija, da pozdravi sveto čuvarko Orlovega prehoda?!

Če *tam* kamen, ki ga držiš, izpustiš iz rok – je to, če pade na tla, tako čudno, kot je *tukaj*, če poleti v nebo? Toda ko si *tam*, je odgovor na vprašanje, kje si: »*Tukaj*.« Kateri prostor je resničnejši? Je med njima razlika?

Rûmî pa je Lejo Jurišić prosil, naj bo s kamni v tej predstavi še bolj nežna. Napisal je: »*Tudi na videz neživi kamen ima neko stopnjo zavesti; spoštuj jo.*«

Leja Jurišić pa je v procesu prišla do spoznanja, kako so kamni duhovno močnejši kot fizično: »*Kamni prenesejo ideje, kladiiva pa ne prenesejo.*«

3.

Nekateri bi seveda v tem gledališkem listu radi brali teorijo. Zato je treba opozoriti na dejstvo, ki se ga morda v Sloveniji premalo zavedamo: danes je prišlo že v splošno rabo govorjenje, da živimo v dobi petralne performativnosti; skorajda ne najdemo več akademskega besedila s področja

uprizoritvenih umetnosti, ki ne bi poudarjalo tega dejstva; prevečkrat pa pozabljamo, da je bila teorija petralne performativnosti, o kateri danes govorijo tako rekoč vsi, prvič artikulirana prav v navezavi na predstavo Leje Jurišić *Ni mogoče čakati zaman*. Kot to zelo jasno zapišeta Amarna McCarty in Arnulf von Weidenbuam v knjigi *World History of Petral Performativity*, (University of California Press, 2079): »Čeprav danes nekateri kot najstarejše tekste o petralni performativnosti berejo stare indijske zapise o Kali Yugi in po drugi strani starogrški mit o Meduzinem pogledu, je zelo jasno, da je teorija petralne performativnosti vzniknila ob natančno določenem dogodku mnogo manj davne preteklosti. Ta dogodek – nedvomno dogodek v badioujevskem smislu – je bila kulturna predstava Leje Jurišić *Ni mogoče čakati zaman* v Ljubljani leta 2020. /.../ Toda po drugi strani so povsem zmotne interpretacije, ki trdijo, da je ta predstava inaugurirala dobo petralne performativnosti kot tako; prej bi lahko rekli, da se je s to predstavo petralna performativnost zavedela same sebe in se s tem že preseгла.« (Str. 7.) »Ko se je petralna performativnost z 'najlepšo gledališko predstavo vseh časov', kot je predstavo Leje Jurišić označila Clorinda Véliz, emancipirala od predhodnih performativnih praks, se je s tem emancipirala tudi od same sebe.« (Ibid., str. 17.) »Vzpostavitev petralne performativnosti s predstavo Leje Jurišić je bila obenem že njeno preseženje, tako da po mnenju nekaterih teoretikov petralne performativnosti lahko že od leta 2020 govorimo o postpetralnoperformativni dobi;

*toda za razumevanje revolucionarnosti geste Leje Jurišić je bistvena prav ta napetost v temporalnosti med 'še ne' in 'ne več'; to je temporalnost revolucionarnega trenutka, o kateri govori Althusser v svojem tekstu o Leninu in filozofiji; toda revolucionarnost Leje Jurišić je bila povsem druge vrste, bližja temu, kar je revolutio nebesnih teles. Leja Jurišić je v svoji predstavi veliko delala s telesom, a tako, da je pokazala, da je vsako telo – tako njeno telo kot telo kamna – v resnici nebesno telo.» (Ibid., str. 789.) Toda vprašanje je, ali nam teorija res lahko pripomore k dojetanju tega, kaj je odprla ta predstava. Simptomatično je, da je Jeanette N. Martz, ena od začetnic teorije petralne performativnosti, na koncu postala asketinja in izražala pomisleke do teorije kot take; v svojem poznem tekstu *Grau, teurer Freund, ist alle Theorie – Slovo od teorije* je napisala: »Zdaj se mi zdi, kot da je bila vsa moja teorija le tolčenje kamnov. Zdaj kamnov ne morem več tolči. Počutim se, kot se je morala počutiti Leja Jurišić v legendarni predstavi leta 2020. Sama s kamnom.« (Ibid., str. 811.)*

4.

Ure in ure božanja nekega kamna, ki se zdi negiben, zato da se bo vzpostavilo neko gibanje.

Neko gibanje, ki bo spremenilo postavitev kosti, da se bo lahko telo premikalo naprej, pravi Leja Jurišić.

Dih kosti, želja kamna ...

5.

Iz dodatka knjige *World History of Petral Performativity*, v katerem so objavljeni številni zgodovinski dokumenti, naj navedemo še nekaj pričevanj gledalk in gledalcev, ki so bili leta 2020 priča legendarni predstavi:

»*Strmeli smo. Nekateri so po predstavi govorili, da so videli, kako je kamen lebdel. A tudi tisti, ki so rekli, da so videli, kako je ležal na tleh, so to rekli z glasom, ki je izražal osuplost.*« (Str. 993.)

»*Po gostovanju v Zacatecasu mi je Leja Jurišić o kamnu in kamnih v neformalnem pogovoru zaupala: 'Za določene akcije potrebujem druge, ker vem, da on tega ne bi prenesel.'*« (Str. 994.)

»*Bilo je nenavadno skrivnostno. Avantgardno in obenem davno; kot da se vzpostavlja neka nova časovnost, ki se lahko dogaja brez časa. Prizor vrtenja s kamnoma v rokah me je spomnil na plese dervišev. Leja Jurišić je bila v tej predstavi neverjetno lepa. Izžarevala je nenavadno koncentracijo in notranjo moč. Govorili so, da se ni še na nobeno predstavo tako intenzivno pripravila. To je bila njena velika transformacija, ki je uvedla njeno najboljše obdobje. Pravili so celo anekdoto o tem, kako si je v času vaj moč volje utrdila tudi tako, da se je posebej zaradi te predstave odvadila kaditi. To posebno moč je potem izžarevala v celotni predstavi.*« (Str. 995.)

»*Ko smo prišli na premiero, se je govorilo, da gre za kontroverzno predstavo, saj je v tem projektu Leja Jurišić sodelovala*

s kontroverznim Miklavžem Komeljem. Nekateri so zato govorili, da je predstavo financiral Vatikan, drugi, da so jo financirali arabski emirati. V resnici pa jo je omogočil skriti zaklad.» (Str. 995.)

»Najbolj nenavadno je bilo to: čeprav sem bila tisoče kilometrov oddaljena od Ljubljane in čeprav predstava ni bila prenašana po internetu, sem predstavo videla, čeprav je nisem gledala. Predstavo se je videlo tisoče in tisoče kilometre daleč.« (Str. 1000.)

6.

Vse se začena daleč, daleč, na drugem kontinentu. Velik kamen, razdeljen z razpoko. Deklica si predstavlja, da v njej živijo kače. Njene igre so igre s kamnom. Njena kolena so krvava od kamna.

Joka. Ob vsem, kar ji pokažejo, joka. To ni tisto. Joka.

Je to totalni upor ali totalno sprejemanje ali nekaj onkraj tega?

Če solza pade na kamen – ga razkolje na dvoje, na troje?

7.

Ta predstava govori o daljavah.

Leja – lejana.

In o srečanju zelo daljnih svetov.

Najbolj daljni svetovi se srečajo na najbolj nemogočem kraju.

Kako daleč je ta kamen!

Dotik je neodvisen od bližine ali daljave v trenutku, ko ni vezan na fizičnost.

»Ples lahko vzpostavi dotik, ki ni fizičen,« pravi Leja Jurišić.

»Zdi se mi, da na primer, če dovolj dolgo plešem s kamnom na specifičen način, ki izhaja iz njegove teže in oblike, postane jasno, da v bistvu kamen lebdi, leti. De facto leti po zraku in lebdi – praktični misterij; kdo pa je rekel, da mora lebdeti sam od sebe?«

Globoka povezanost najbolj daljnega.

»Jakob je odšel iz Bersabe in potoval v Haran. Dospel je na neki kraj in je tam prenočil, ker je sonce bilo zašlo. Vzel je enega izmed kamnov tega kraja, si ga dejal za podglavje, legel in zaspal na tistem kraju. Tedaj se mu je sanjalo: Glej, lestvica je bila postavljena na zemljo in njen vrh je segal do neba in angeli božji so hodili po njej gor in dol.« (1 Mz, 28, 10 – 12.)

Resnično vprašanje, ki ga zastavlja ta predstava, je: Igra katerih sil je svet v resnici? Če bodo o tem vsi umolknili, bodo vpili kamni. Če so o tem vsi umolknili, to vpijejo kamni.

LEJA

**Bara
Kolenc**

Leja.

Vihar, pravijo. Neustavljiva borka za pravičnost. Korenita preizpraševalka vsega, kar se pretvarja, da je nekaj drugega, kot meni, da je.

Kaj je? Tišina? Nič, morda? Ali morda midva? Če je kaj, kar si zasluži obstoj, je to nekaj, kar je brez zaslombe. Nekaj, kar salutira brez opravičila. Brez institucije. Olepšave. Potrdila.

Ko stojim pred tabo, gola, je moj pogled zahteva. Zahtevam, da odvržeš svoje šcite in zagrabiš moč tam, kjer je.

Odlepi svoje rane in se postavi v boj. Kaj ni to tvoja naloga?

Se bojiš? Stava je stava le, če gre na vse ali nič. Samo ta, ki zastavi vse. Ne le svojega imetja, ne le svojih sanj, temveč vse. Svoje telo in življenje. Samo ta postane zastava. Zastava, ne zastavonoša.

Kaj boš? Moje telo je moje delo.

Moje telo je top. Upor proti vsem nesmislom in nepravicam. Ne govorite neumnosti. Ne jemlji mi tega, česar mi ne moreš vzeti. Ne moreš vzeti več, kot sem ti pripravljena dati.

Spoštovanje. Sva lahko, smo lahko skupaj?

Zastaviti telo. Ne zase, zate. Za otroke. Za ženske. Za zapornike. Za delavce. Za migrante. Za borce. Na kaj vse smo pozabili, ko nosimo telesa naokoli, ne da bi jih vprašali, zakaj?

Njeno telo je odporno, pravijo. Vztrajno se odpira.

Vztraja. Vrača se k točki, kamor se je nujno vračati. A je težko. Biti do biti eksistencialist. Morda

ni težje stvari na svetu. Ležati, ležati, ne odlepiti se od tal, a tu plesati.

Bodimo eksistencialisti! Morda je Simone nekaj rekla. Kaj včasih ne gre zares zares?

Skrajnost obrnjenega pogleda. Skrajna zagledanost vase dela za drugega.

V soočenju smo.

Stati, stati, in v tem stanju streljati.

Dihati in ne pustiti, da bi skozi nas dihali duhovi.

Precej jih je. Duhovi zgodovine. Duhovi interpretacije. Duhovi inkvizicije. Duhovi ljubiteljstva. Duhovi merodajnosti. Duhovi resnice. Vdihniti in izdihniti. Izdihniti do konca. Za vdih.

Leja je lovilka duhov z mrežo za metulje. Ujame jih in jih spusti na oder. Ko se trudimo zbrano gledati, se nam pisani spreletavajo okrog glave.

In nenadoma iz njene zahteve, iz njene razgaljenosti, iz njene moči vstane poziv.

Interpelacija! Gremo.

Iz strahu neustrašnost, iz ležanja na tleh pokončnost, iz neposrečenosti srečanje.

Šele ko se bom predala, se ne bom predala.

Kdo si, vendar, tujec? Snemi klobuk, da vidim, kako se ti sveti pleša. Blešči se. Bleščice sem vrgla. Zaplešiva.

In ne misli, da ne misliš. Smiliš pa se mi ne.

Če je bilo vse sveto že zdavnaj oskrunjeno, naj se vrne svet! Naj se rodi, naj pride na svet.

Zaupanje. Odkritost. Pravičnost. Srečanje.

Vztrajnost.

Ljubezen, navsezadnje.

Ednina. Dvojina. Množina.

Svoboda.

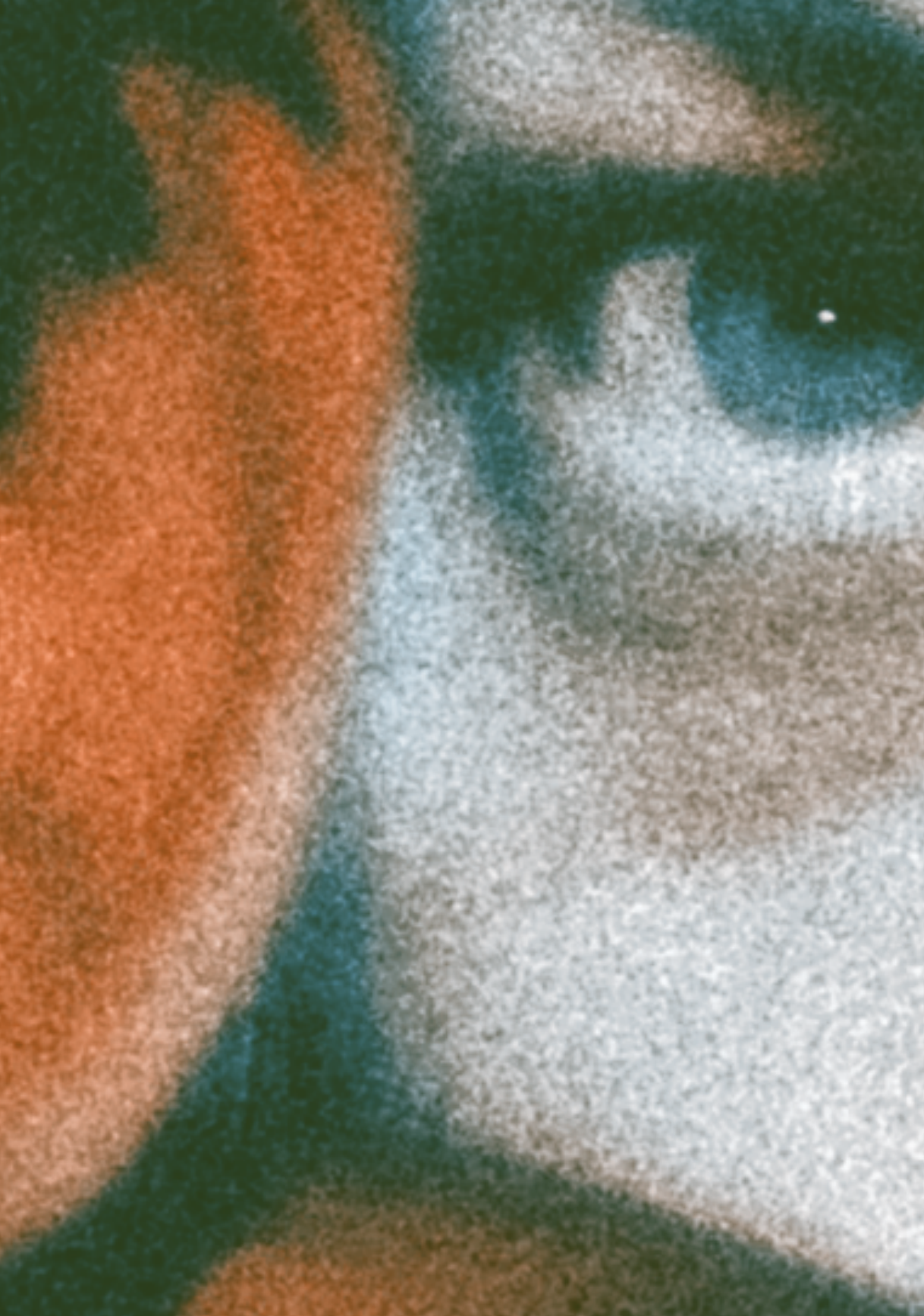
Dejanja ni mogoče pokončati, mogoče ga je le zanikati.

Telesa ni mogoče obleči, mogoče ga je le odstraniti.

Umetnosti ni mogoče izmeriti, mogoče jo je le prepoznati.

Leja.











SI HI TACUERINT, LAPIDES CLAMABUNT
Miklavž Komelj

*Non ha l'ottimo artista alcun concetto
c'un marmo solo in sé non circonscriva
[...]*

Nothing the best of artists can conceive
but lies, potential, in a block of stone,
[...]

Michelangelo Buonarroti

1.

“And he answered and said unto them, I tell you that, if these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out.” (Lk, 19, 40.)

Today we have found ourselves in this period. It seems that nobody discusses the essential anymore, even when they are talking, and that stones have suddenly started to scream.

Is this less? Is this more? Is this the final point of the night? Is this the point, at which those who stayed awake, encounter those who are the first to wake into the new morning?

Does Leja Jurišič's performance truly emanate the sound of stones, if only for a fleeting moment?

Did she hear the sound of stones and thus made it possible for us to hear it? Were they screaming? Did the stones scream? Sing? Whisper? (As with the ancient Celts.)

In his poem *Masnavî*, Jalâl âl Dîn Rûmî spoke about talking stones. Âbû Jahl held stones in his hand. And he tested prophet Muhammed, wanting to see if he truly was familiar with the secrets of the Heavens, asking him what he was holding hidden in his hand. And he replied: *‘What do you want me to do? It is not for me to say what are those things, it is on them to say I am just and true.’* Âbû Jahl commented: *‘The latter*

is more unusual,’ to which the prophet replied: ‘Yes, but God has greater powers than this.’ At that very moment the stones intervened and started expressing their faith. When Âbû Jahl heard the stones, he was angered and threw them to the floor.

All of this is taking place today.

2.

The stone is not Leja Jurišić’s prop in the performance. It is an independent actor within the performance. She offers it long, deep and gentle attention (the attention that can be seen on stage, is a result of hours and days of almost Zenlike practice), at which we become aware of the arbitrariness of our aprioristic belief that a stone is not a loving being.

How can one hit a stone? When a stone falls to the ground – does it not speak? And when you hit a stone with metal, when you attack it – does it not speak, does it not speak with lively fire, sparks? The strike finds the spark in the stone, without the strike it would remain within the stone, stated Njegoš’s prior Stefan.

How does Leja Jurišić communicate with the stone? Does her presence bow to its presence? Is she reviving it? Leaving it indifferent? Does she touch it? (She was disturbed by *las piedras enternecidas* found in the mystery *Divine Narcissus* by Juana Inés de la Cruz). Does she play with it like a girl? Is she being iconoclastic or is she performing a ritual of some sorts?

She never rests. Even when she rests on the stone, she isn’t truly resting. In one of his poems Jure Detela wrote about shamans who carry stones with them all of their lives, just so that they can relax when death arrives. Once, when Leja Jurišić was working on the performance *Izumitelj na Zemlji (Inventor on Earth)*, somebody wrote down the words she said in passing, so that they could serve him as

guidance in his own work: *'People think they need to relax. I think people should never relax.'* And now we see that the stone also never rests. If it leans on the floor the entire floor leans upon it. Its stillness is not inertia, but an interaction of forces.

At a certain moment she said about the stones: *'They are so strong I can do anything when I have them.'*

She allowed me to take a peek into the notes she made while preparing for this performance. All of her notes were to do with stones. In Jung's interpretation of the alchemy process, the 'axiom of Maria' is in relation to the philosopher's stone (*lapis philosophorum*), the progression of number 4 to 3 to 2 to 1... Democritus, the spirit in atoms... The stumbling block in the gospels... Rudi Šeligo, *Kamenje bi zagorelo (The Stones Would Burst into Flames)*... Dante, stone, a synonym for death... Julius Evola... (I am certain that her controversial co-worker planted this controversial author; but if he is already mentioned, I should quote his words on the magic of creation, which were published in Maria de Naglowska's newspaper: *'You will understand this mystery when you know deep thought, that which rises from your whole body like a heavy and vibrant thing, plastic and elemental. It is the breath of the flesh and bones, the desire of the stone.'*) The guest made of stone and Don Giovanni. Plečnik's tombstone. Njegoš: *'Let the true altar rise on blood-stained stone! 'Ye wretches, are ye petrified?'* Paracelsus and the fool's corner stone. Barthes's *Mourning Diary*: *'Despair: the word is too theatrical, a part of the language. A stone.'* Ancient believers, stones and snake heads... Rea gives Chronos a stone wrapped in cloth ... And Molloy counts pebbles in Beckett's *Molloy*...

They are all full of connections, references, associations. But she is alone on stage, alone yet accompanied by a stone.

'The stone lies on a cube, I am leaning next to it, reading Giraffe by Djuna Barnes.'

But how can we know whether the stones sitting alongside Leja Jurišić are not members of the audience who came to watch the performance and were turned to stone at a certain point?

'There is no one. Behold the stone.' (Pablo Neruda.)

Some stones that carry the name Wiyipai on the far north of Mexico used to be a family of ancient settlers who turned to stone during the flood.

But people can also be made of stone.

Possibly the only question is whether we will turn to stone during the performance or will we stop being one.

Birth from a stone – the myth of Mitra, who is born from stone. Stone as a symbol of the body. To be born from stone – to realise the state of consciousness that is no longer determined by the body – but it is precisely this that demands from us to discover what is not determined by the body, within the deepest substance of the body itself. In the deepest substance of stone itself.

Jure Detela tried to transcend history with his *Historic Poem*, which poeticised stone *'in many different / ways, / depending on, / how it emerges: / in the sea, / on the mountain, / on the roadside.'* They have attributed the text *On Stones* to Orpheus, who could charm, touch, and move stones with his music.

How and from where did the stone become a part of the performance?

Does Leja Jurišić know that the performance includes a stone only because there are so many stones *there*?

There, where the colibri lights the path.

How can the state of a spirit *here* send a colibri somewhere over *there* to greet the sacred guardian of the Eagle's Pass?

If you drop the stone that you are holding in

your hands over *there* – is the fact that it falls to the ground as strange as it would be if it flew into the sky over here? But when you are there, the answer to the question where are you is: ‘Here.’ Which space is truer? Is there a difference between them?

Rûmî asked Leja Jurišić to be even more gentle with the stones in this performance. He wrote: *‘Even though a stone might appear not to be alive, it has a level of consciousness; respect it.’*

During the process Leja Jurišić reached the realisation that stones are stronger spiritually than physically: *‘Stones can survive ideas, but they cannot survive a hammer.’*

3.

Of course, certain individuals would love to find a theoretical text in this theatre programme. However, we need to draw attention to a fact that we might not be truly aware of in Slovenia: today the idea that we live in a period of petral performativity seems to have become common; it is almost impossible to find an academic text in the field of performative arts that would not emphasise this fact; however we much too often forget that the theory of petral performativity, which is on everybody’s lips, was articulated for the first time in relation with Leja Jurišić’s performance *It is impossible to wait in vain / Practical mystery*. As Amarna McCarty and Arnulf von Weidenbuam clearly state in their book *World History of Petral Performativity*, (University of California Press, 2019): *‘Even though some consider the old Indian texts on Kali Yuga and the Ancient Greek myth on Medusa’s gaze to be the oldest texts on petral performativity, it is clear that the theory of petral performativity emerged during a specific event in the not so distant past. This event – undoubtedly an event in the sense of Badiou*

*- was the cult performance by Leja Jurišić It is impossible to wait in vain / Practical mystery which took place in Ljubljana in 2020. /.../ However, the interpretations that state that this performance inaugurated the period of petral performativity as such are totally mistaken; we could sooner say that with this performance petral performativity became aware of itself and by this surpassed itself.' (Pg. 7.) 'When petral performativity with the 'most beautiful theatre performance of all times', as Clorinda Véliz described Leja Jurišić's performance, emancipated itself from the previous performative practices, it - with this action - also emancipated itself from itself.' (Ibid., pg. 17.) 'The establishment of petral performativity through Leja Jurišić's performance was also its surpassing, so some theoreticians of petral performativity believe that we can talk about the post-petral performativity period already from 2020 onwards. However, in order to understand the revolutionary gesture of Leja Jurišić, the tension in the temporality between 'not yet' and 'no more' is essential; this is the temporality of the revolutionary moment that Althusser describes in his text on Lenin and philosophy; however, Leja Jurišić's revolutionary move was of a totally different scope, it is closer to the revolution of celestial bodies. In her performance Leja Jurišić worked a lot with her body, but this was performed in such a way that she showed that every body - hers as well as the stone's body - is in truth a celestial body.' (Ibid., pg. 789.) However, the question is whether this theory can truly bring us closer to the understanding of what this performance has opened. It is symptomatic that Jeanette N. Martz, one of the initiators of the theory on petral performativity, became an ascetic and expressed doubts as regards the theory in her later years; in her late text *Grau, teurer Freund, ist alle Theorie - Farewell to Theory* she wrote: 'It now seems that all my theoretical work was*

merely smashing rocks. I can no longer smash rocks. I feel as Leja Jurišić must have felt in her legendary 2020 performance. Alone with a stone.' (Ibid., pg. 811.)

4.

Hours and hours of stroking a stone that appears to be motionless, in order to establish some form of movement.

A movement that will change the position of the bones, so that the body will be able to move onwards, says Leja Jurišić.

The breath of bones, the desire of the stone ...

5.

I should quote statements provided by the various members of the audience who witnessed the legendary performance in 2020. The statements are taken from the appendix in the book *World History of Petral Performativity*, which includes numerous historical documents:

'We stared. After the show some stated that they saw the stone hover in the air. But even those who said that they saw it lie on the ground said this in a voice that expressed astonishment.' (Pg. 993.)

'In an informal conversation after the tour in Zacatecas, Leja Jurišić told me about the stone and stones: 'I need to use other stones for certain actions, as I know he would not survive them.' (Pg. 994.)

'It was unusually mysterious. Avant-garde and ancient at the same time; it seemed a new temporality was being established, a temporality that can take place without time. The spinning scene with the stones in her hands reminded me of the dance of the dervishes. Leja Jurišić was exceptionally beautiful in this performance. She radiated an unusual concentration and

inner strength. They said that she never had such intense preparations for any other performance. This was her great transformation, which led to her greatest period. There was even an anecdote circulating, about how she - during rehearsals - strengthened her will power by quitting smoking especially for this performance. This special strength was radiated throughout the performance.' (Pg. 995.)

'As we arrived at the premiere, we heard people saying that it is going to be controversial performance, as Leja Jurišič cooperated with the controversial Miklavž Komelj. Because of this some believed the performance was financed by the Vatican, while others believed it was financed by the Arab Emirates. In reality it was made possible by a hidden treasure.' (Pg. 995.)

'The most unusual thing was that even though I was thousands of miles from Ljubljana, and the performance was not broadcast over the internet, I saw the performance even though I did not watch it. The performance could be seen thousands and thousands of miles away.' (Pg. 1000.)

6.

Everything starts far, far away, on another continent. A large stone split by a crack. The little girl imagines that snakes live in this crack. She plays games with a stone. Her knees were bloodied by the stone.

She is crying. She cries at everything she is shown. This is not it. She cries.

Is this a total rebellion or total acceptance or something beyond both?

If a tear drops on a stone – does it break it in two, in three?

7.

This performance addresses distances.

Leja – *lejana*.

And the meetings of extremely distant worlds.

The worlds furthest apart meet at the most impossible locations.

This stone is so far away!

The touch does not depend on the proximity or distance in the moment it is not linked to physicality.

'Dance can establish a touch that is not physical,' Leja Jurišić believes.

'It seems that if I dance with a stone in a specific way - which is determined by its weight and shape - for long enough, it becomes clear that the stone hovers in the air, flies. It De facto flies and hovers in the air – a practical mystery; who said it has to hover on its own?'

Deep connection of the ones furthest away.

'And Jacob went out from Beersheba, and went toward Haran. And he lighted upon a certain place, and tarried there all night, because the sun was set; and he took of the stones of that place, and put them for his pillows, and lay down in that place to sleep. And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven: and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it.' (1 Gen, 28, 10 – 12.)

The real question this performance poses is: The game of which forces have created this world? If nobody will speak about it, the stones will shout about it. If everybody has already stopped speaking about it, the stones keep shouting about it.

LEJA
Bara Kolenc

Leja.

A storm, they say. An unrelenting warrior for justice. A radical examiner of everything that pretends to be something else.

What is it? Silence? Possibly nothing? Or the two of us? If something deserves existence, then this is something that has no support. Something that salutes with no excuse. No institution. No embellishment. No confirmation.

As I stand in front of you, naked, I am demanding with my stare. I demand you drop your shields and grab hold of power wherever you can find it.

Peel away your wounds and prepare to fight. Is this not your mission?

Are you scared? A bet is a bet only when the stakes are all or nothing. Only an all-in bet is a true one. Not merely all your possessions, your dreams, but everything. Your body and your life. Only a bet like this becomes a flag. A flag, not a flagbearer.

What are you going to do? My body is my work.

My body is a cannon. A rebellion against nonsense and injustice. Don't take away from me what cannot be taken. You cannot take more than I'm willing to give.

Respect. Can we exist together?

Pawning my body. Not for myself, for you. For the children. For women. For prisoners. For workers. For migrants. For warriors. What have we forgotten as we carry our bodies around without asking why?

Her body is resilient, they say. It keeps opening up persistently.

She is persistent. She keeps returning to the point to which she has to return. But it is hard. To be an existentialist. This is possibly the hardest thing in the world. Lying down, lying, sticking to the ground, and yet dancing.

Let's be existentialists! Maybe Simone said something. Is it not sometimes for real?

The extreme of the inverted stare. Extreme infatuation with oneself works for the other.

We have found ourselves confronted.

Standing, standing, and shooting in this state.

Breathing, not allowing the ghosts to breathe through us.

There are a lot of them. The ghosts of history. The ghosts of interpretation. The ghosts of the inquisition. The ghosts of amateurism. The ghosts of jurisdiction. The ghosts of truth. Inhale and exhale. Exhale to the very end. For the breath in.

Leja captures ghosts in a butterfly net. She captures them and releases them onto the stage. As we focus on watching, they flutter around our heads in all their colours.

Suddenly, a call comes from her demand, her vulnerability, her strength.

Interpellation! Let's go.

Fearlessness from fear, upright stance from lying on the floor, meeting from the fleeting.

Only once I surrender, I will fail to surrender.

Who are you stranger? Take your hat off so I can see your shiny boldness. It is shiny. I have thrown some glitter. Let's dance.

And don't think that you don't think. I pity you not.

If everything that is sacred has been desecrated a long time ago, let the world return! Let it be born, let it come to this world.

Trust. Honesty. Justice. Meeting.

Persistence.

Love, in the end.

Singularity. Duality. Plurality.

Freedom.

Actions cannot be finished; they can only be denied.

A body cannot be dressed; it can only be removed.

Art cannot be measured; it can only be recognised.

Leja.

GO WITH YOURSELF

Mark Požlep

She picked me up in the centre of Ljubljana. She was driving barefoot and we whizzed towards Kamnik. 'Let's go for a swim!' she said. 'The last swim of the Indian summer.' It was the middle of the week and there were almost no other bathers at the lake. We started spreading clay over our bodies and as the clay dried out it cut into our faces, drawing wrinkles, showing the ones we already have as well as the ones we are yet to get in the years to come. Afterwards we jumped into the water, washed the clay and the premonition of age from our bodies, climbed onto the crocodile - the large trunk that floated pass us - tried to stand on it, kept falling into the water and couldn't stop laughing. We were not playing as children, we were playing as adults. We unhooked the swing from the branch high up in the tree canopy and swung into the lake. We kept climbing out of the water, grabbing the crossbar on the swing, trying out a variety of different jumps. We swam back to the shore, part of the way breaststroke, part freestyle, and I lay on the towel, while Leja did a few more backflips from the pier.

In order to write about Leja's work I needed more than merely the experience that one could gain from being in the audience, I wanted to spend some time with her behind the scenes. I wanted to make sure that the feelings I experienced as I watched her perform on stage, were present also once we stepped out of the sacred space.

The elegant Prussian blue dress shined in the spotlight and illuminated Leja's movements across the stage. The wooden, brown and rigid upright piano stood motionless. Silence. Leja inched closer to it with her moves, and it replied with its static presence. The more Leja moved

around it, the stronger its presence became. Each in their own reality, and yet together on stage. Defacto.

Leja's research leads her through various concepts, statements, beliefs and emotional states. It is a process that leads to truth through a process of questioning, verifying relations, various media and forming answers. In the last three years she has been researching the coexistence of two autonomies. Her fellow passengers in this triptych, in which movement/dance, sound/music and words intertwined were Marko Mandić, Milko Lazar and Miklavž Komelj. Each one of them had been carefully selected due to the nature of their work. Leja's research is performed through her body, her medium is dance and the coexistence of various media is one of the first steps in her research. Petra Veber creates the set design for most of Leja's performances.

With her next move she touched the keys. Every movement dictated the tempo of the sound. Her body changed its form in her desire to communicate. The increasingly abstract body started changing the sound into a melody. Her head disappeared and she started playing the keyboard with her feet, but these were no longer feet and the individual keys were no longer a part of the piano, for a completely new form emerged in front of the audience. Defacto.

'In the moment; in a certain moment you do what you think is necessary, otherwise what's the point of it all?' she shared the idea of her friend Jurij Konjar with me. The mind consists of thought fragments – feelings, sympathy, thoughts, imagination, all of which line up in one moment and disintegrate into chaos in the next. On the other hand, the body is constructed in accordance to physical laws - it is symmetrical, harmonised and trained. It is the characteristic

differences between the two – the mind and the body – that lead to the problem which is unified by the movement and dance into the *bodymind*.

She climbed to the top of the upright piano, gently covered the keys with the lid, and rode the piano like a gymnastics beam. She performed two two-legged turns, a squat, and executed a two-legged landing of an experienced gymnast - the 1991 Yugoslav state champion - to the rhythmical applause of the audience. Defacto.

The image of an upright piano always raised slight fear of classicist mastery and all the formality and limitations linked to it within me. Leja grabbed this image, shredded it to pieces, kneaded it and used it as a pedestal, on which she triumphed like Artemis following a successful hunt.

The audience started laughing. '*How can they possibly laugh?*' I heard a voice say next to me. '*Laughter is offensive!*' Of course, the laughter was not offensive, on the contrary, emotions are allowed and even desired during Leja's performances. Humour, lucidity, unpredictability and the questioning of every move are some of the main attributes of Leja's work.

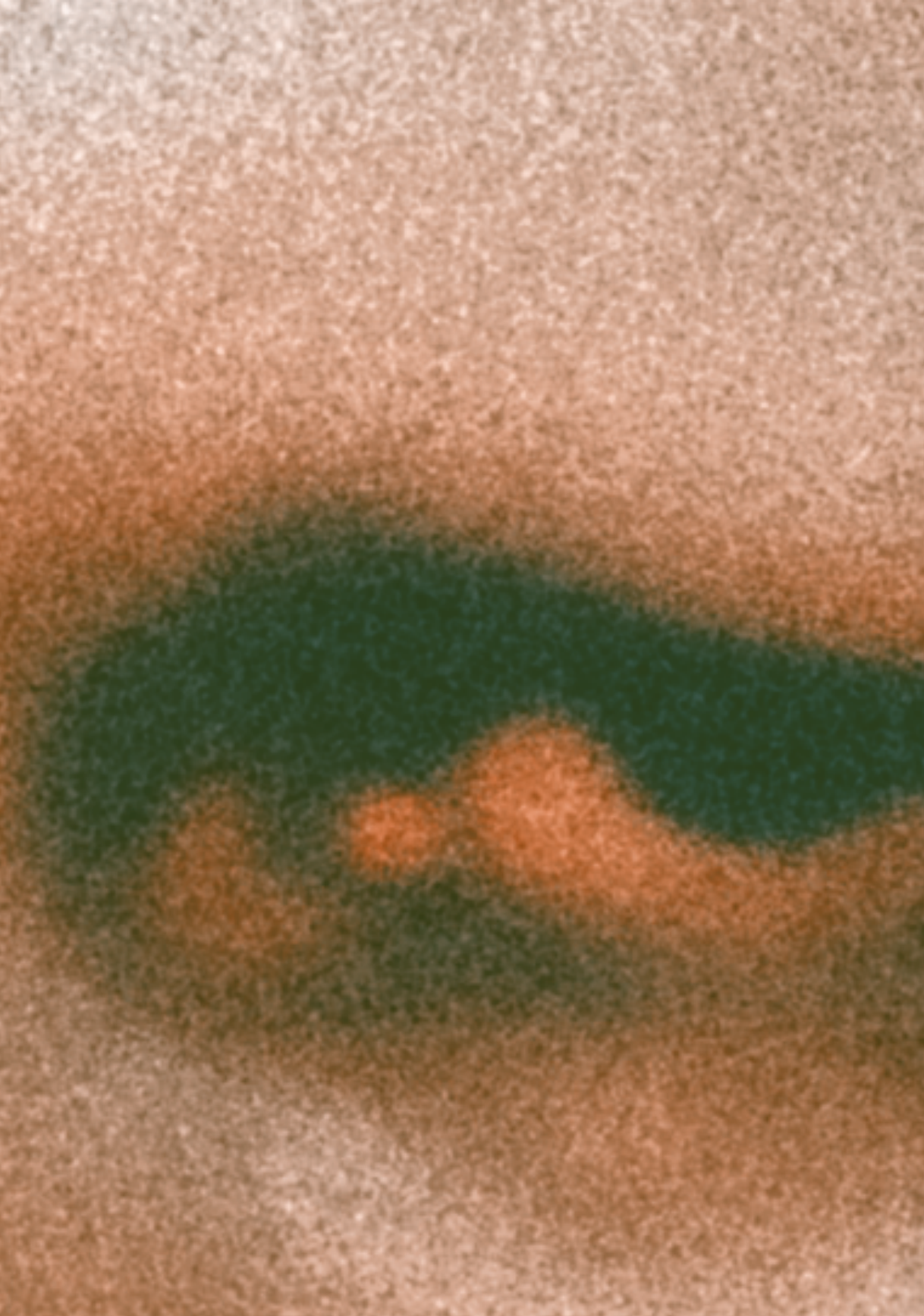
VIEWING LEJA JURIŠIĆ THROUGH MY PERSONAL FASCINATION

Maja Šorli

The function of art is to duplicate reality. It uses the existing reality to create a new reality, in this case a theatrical reality, which, in turn, enables us to view the original reality from a different aspect, thus changing reality for the better. For the better. I believe Leja Jurišić is in her best years. She might be in her best years, because she is always in her best years, as she always devotes her entire heart and soul to life. Thus, it is important to remember she is not a young artist. *Maybe this is important for me, as I was born in the same year as she was. I'm her peer.* In recent years Leja's work has been marked by a certain maturity, her excellent physical condition (as we would say in the sporting jargon), social sophistication, courage, toughness, and, most of all, artistic boldness. Leja's personal standards are high, and she passes on her awareness, her ethics onto her fellow artists, as well as to her public. Yes, also to her public, as clearly indicated by the reactions to the performances and the awards bestowed upon her work. Her dedication to art is contagious, which was clearly noticed during our shared mentorship of the youth for their performance *Rdeči utop (Red Drowning, Glej, 2019)*, which fizzed with physical action, creative stories, ideas, monologues, dance, in short: performative debauchery. This has practically become Leja's brand, trademark. She had always been a good narrator, bubbling with sparkling humour, she always kept her body in shape and wanted to cross borders with her performances. While most performers tire under the weight of experience (and yes, years), Leja always manages to squeeze the exciting and dedicated *je ne sais quoi* from herself and others, and we want to observe her, we are truly interested in what she has to say, where she stands, which

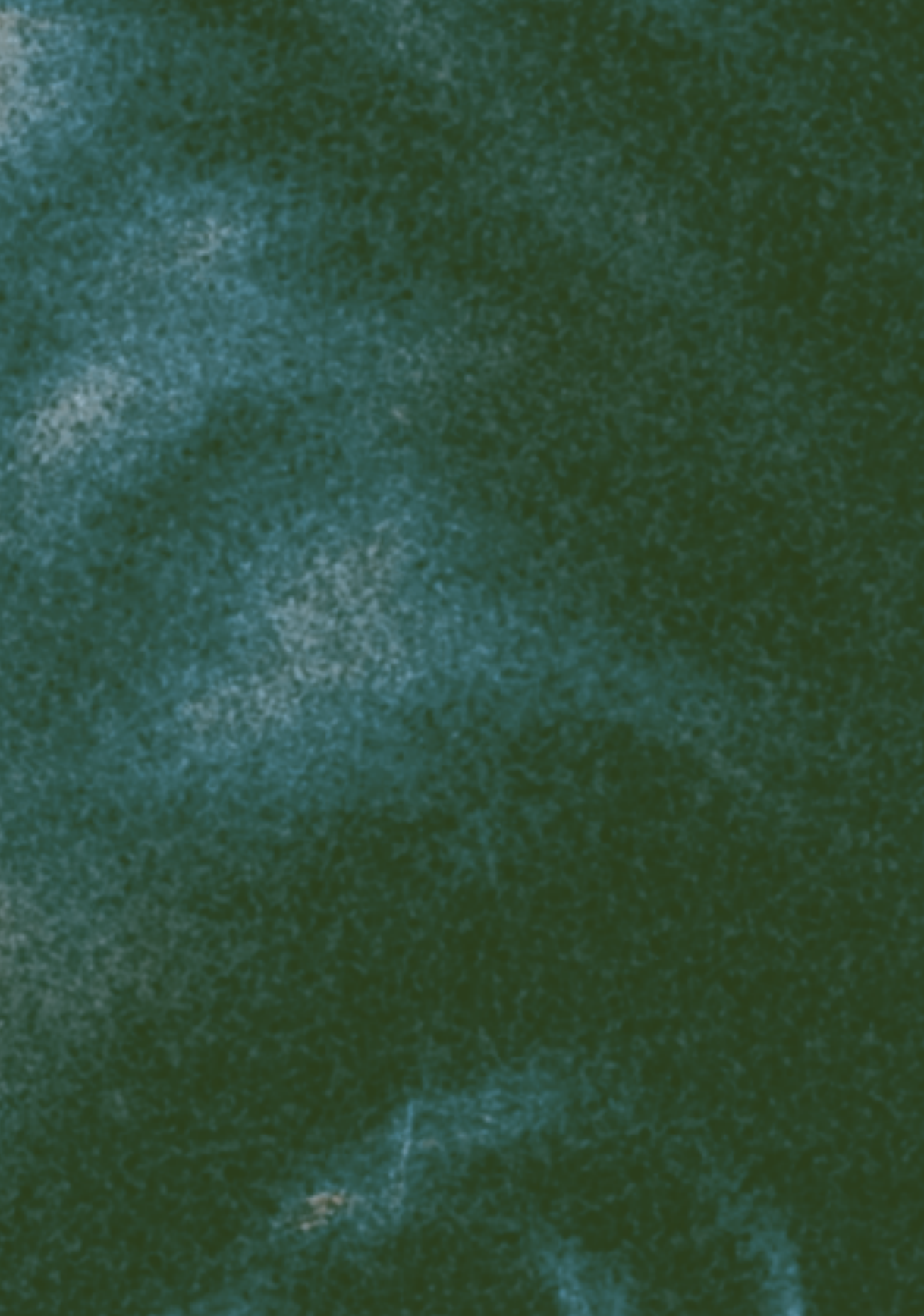
genres she finds tantalising and what she will dare to perform. Her performances always have the right degree of vulnerability, openness, but they also have borders. Maybe it was not right to say that she 'passes on her ethics onto her fellow artists', as it is probably closer to the truth to say that she chooses to work with artists who share her view on life, as this makes it easier for her to create art that draws us in, that we are enthusiastic about, that we care about.

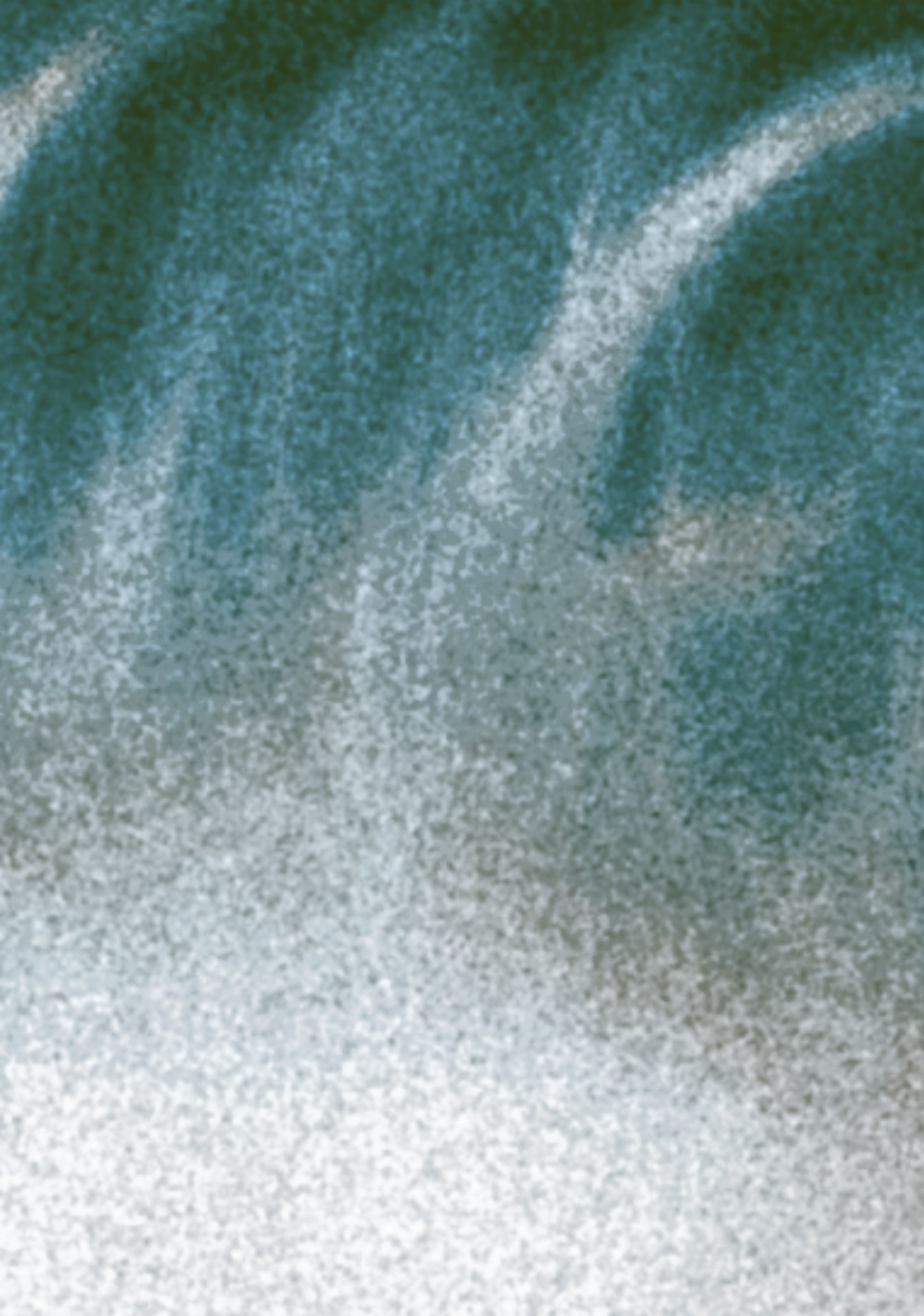
I think it is great that Leja was the resident artist in Glej, the oldest non-institutional theatre in Slovenia, that has managed to survive to this very day. Surely Leja is the best choice to represent this theatre in its 50th anniversary year. Leja Jurišič's performance might turn out be the best anniversary gift Glej and its audience could have hoped for. In this case, high expectations are totally justified.











POJDI S SEBOJ

Mark
Požlep

Pobrala me je v Centru Ljubljane, vozila je bosa, in oddrvela sva proti Kamniku. »*Greva se kopat!*« je rekla. »*Na zadnje kopanje tega indijanskega poletja.*« Bilo je sredi tedna in na jezeru ni bilo skoraj nobenega kopalca. Najprej sva se namazala z glino in posušena glina se je na najinih obrazih zarezala in izrisala vse gube, ki jih imava in ki jih bova še pridobila v naslednjih namenjenih letih. Potem sva skočila v vodo, sprala s sebe glino in slutnjo starosti, splezala na krokodila, ogromno deblo, ki je priplavallo mimo, poskušala stati na njem, padala v vodo in plezala nazaj in se krohotala. Nisva se igrala, kot se igrajo otroci, igrala sva se, kot se igrajo odrasli. Z veje sva snela gugalnico, ki je bila pripeta visoko v drevesni krošnji, in se zagugala nazaj v jezero. Lezla sva iz vode, grabila prečko na gugalnici in poskušala najrazličnejše skoke. Odplavala sva na obalo, malo žabico, malo kravl, sam sem legel na brisačo, Leja pa je naredila še par salt nazaj s pomola.

Za pisanje o Lejinem delu sem potreboval več, ne samo izkušnje s stola publike, želel sem si preživeti čas z njo tudi izza kulise. Se prepričati, ali občutki, ki me prevevajo, ko jo spremljam na odru, delujejo tudi zunaj posvečenega prostora.

Prusko modra večerna obleka se je svetlikala v soju reflektorjev in izrisovala Lejine gibe na odru. Pianino je stal mirno, lesen, rjav in okoren. Tišina. Leja se mu je približevala z gibom, on je odgovarjal s svojo statično prisotnostjo. Bolj kot se je Leja gibala okrog njega, močnejša je bila njegova prezenca. Vsak v svoji realnosti in skupaj na odru. Defacto.

Raziskava je forma, ki jo vodi skozi različne koncepte, izjave, prepričanja in emocionalna stanja. Je proces, ki skozi preizpraševanje, preverjanje odnosov, različne medije in s formiranjem odgovorov tekom procesa vodi do resnice. V zadnjih treh delih raziskuje sobivanje dveh avtonomij. Njeni sopotniki v tem procesualnem triptihu, kjer se prepletajo gib/ples, zvok/glasba in beseda so Marko Mandić, Milko Lazar in Miklavž Komelj. Vsak od njih je skrbno *izbran* ravno zaradi specifik svojega dela. Leja raziskuje s telesom, njen medij je ples in sobivanje različnih medijev je že eden prvih korakov raziskave. Za oblikovanje prostora v večini Lejinih projektov poskrbi Petra Veber.

Z naslednjim gibom se je dotaknila tipk. Vsak gib je narekoval tempo zvoka. V želji po komunikaciji je njeno telo spreminjalo obliko. Vedno bolj abstraktno telo je zvok bolj in bolj spreminjalo v melodijo. Glava je izginila in po tipkah so igrale noge, a to niso bile več noge in tipke niso bile več del klavirja, pred gledalcem se je gradila popolnoma nova forma. Defacto.

»In the moment, v danem trenutku delaš, kar se ti zdi potrebno, zakaj bi drugače to sploh počel?« mi je zaupala izjavo svojega prijatelja Jurija Konjarja. Um sestavljajo miselni drobci – občutki, sočutki, misli, domišljije, ki tečejo zdaj v urejenem zaporedju in se trgajo na kaotičen način. Po drugi strani pa je telo zgrajeno v skladu s fizikalnimi zakoni, simetrično, urejeno, urjeno. Prav te značilne razlike med obema – med duhom in telesom – vodijo v problem, ki ju gib/ples združuje v eno – *bodymind*,

telo-um. *Vzpela se je na vrh pianina, nežno zaprla pokrov tipk, ga zajezdila kot gimnastično gred, opravila dva sonožna obrata, počep, in ob spremljavi aplavza sonožni doskok izkušene športne gimnastičarke, Jugoslovanske državne prvakinje iz leta 1991. Defacto.*

Podoba pianina mi je vedno zbujala rahel strah pred podobo klasicističnega mojstrstva in s tem povezano vso formalnost in omejenost. Leja je zgrabila to podobo, jo raztrgala, pregnetla in jo uporabila za piedestal, na katerem je triumfiral kot Artemida po uspešnem lovu.

Publiko je pograbil smeh. *»Kako se lahko smejijo?«* sem zaslišal zraven sebe. *»To je vendar žaljivo!«* Seveda smeh ni bil žaljiv, nasprotno, čustva so dovoljena in zaželjena znotraj doživljanja Lejinih del. Ravno humor, lucidnost, nepredvidljivost ter preizpraševanje slehernega giba so eden glavnih atributov Lejinega dela.

O LEJI JURIŠIĆ

SKOZI
OSEBNO
FASCINACIJO

Maja Šorli

Umetnost je med nami zato, da podvoji resničnost, da iz ene resničnosti ustvari še eno stvarnost, v tem primeru gledališko resničnost, da lahko na prvo gledamo z novimi očmi in jo na ta način spreminjamo na bolje. Na bolje. Leja Jurišić je morda v najboljših letih. Mogoče pa je v najboljših letih zato, ker so zanjo vsa leta najboljša, ker ves čas daje vse od sebe. Zato ni nepomembno, da ne sodi med najmlajše umetnice. *Morda zame ni nepomembo, ker sem rojena v istem letu kot ona. Njena vrstnica.* Lejino delo zadnja leta zaznamujejo nekakšna zrelost, vrhunska telesna pripravljenost (kot bi lahko rekli v športnem žargonu), družbena razgledanost, pogum in neizprosnost, predvsem pa umetniška drznost. Leja ima svoje standarde, ti pa so visoki, in to zavedanje, to etiko prenaša tudi na svoje sodelavke (ženski spol uporabljam generično za vse spole) in, upam, tudi na publiko. Ja, tudi na publiko, o tem pričajo odzivi na predstave pa tudi nagrade. Nedvomno je njena predanost umetnosti nalezljiva, to je bilo mogoče videti v najinem skupnem mentoriranju mladih v predstavi *Rdeči utop* (Glej, 4ID, 2019), kjer se je cedilo od fizične akcije, ustvarjalnih zgodb, domislic, monologov, plesa, na kratko: performerskega razvrata. To pa je praktično že *brand*, znamka Lejinega dela. Od nekdanja dobra pripovedovalka, od nekdanja z obilico humorja, od nekdanja natrenirano telo in od nekdanja skrb za prestopanje performerskih robov, to je njena znamka. Če se nekatere performerke (ne pozabimo, spol je generičen) pod težo njenih izkušenj (in ja, tudi let) utrudijo, Leja iztisne iz sebe in drugih tisto sočno, tisto predano, da jo hočemo gledati, da nas zanima, kaj ima povedati, kakšna so njena stališča, kateri umetnostni žanri jo

dražijo in kaj si upa uprizarjati. Njeno gledališče ima vedno pravo mero ranljivosti, odprtosti, a tudi okvirov. Morda ni točno, da svojo delovno etiko »*prenaša na svoje sodelavke*«, kot sem zapisala prej, najbrž je točneje, da izbira sodelavke, ki z njo delijo ta življenjski nazor. Potem je seveda lažje snovati umetnost, ki nas pritegne, ki nas navdušuje, za katero nam je mar.

Fino se mi zdi, da je bila Leja rezidentka v Gleju, najstarejšem inzveninštitucionalnem gledališču na naših tleh, ki drži kontinuiteto vse do danes. Kdo drug, če ne Leja, bi ga lahko zastopal ob svoji petdesetletnici. Morda utegne biti uprizarjanje Leje Jurišić najlepše darilo za ta jubilej. Visoka pričakovanja so na mestu.

LUŠČENJE
POMENOV
V ODRSKI
PISAVI PETRE
VEBER

Primož
Jesenko

Oblikovanje uprizoritvenega prostora je kombinacija dejavnikov, »umetnost organizacije« (Pavis) dramske predloge ali sodobnoplesnega besedišča, ki pa vselej vznikne iz specifičnega družbenega konteksta. Aktualna zglajenost gledališkega časa v Sloveniji, v katerem se je scenografska umetnost (glede na možnosti, pogoje) vse bolj primorana sprijazniti z vlogo strahotno podhranjene desetnice, rada preizkuša rešitve, ki zarežejo pragmatično, z nedvoumnostjo, ki jo publika zlahka prepozna. Na ta način odrska pisava izgubi nekaj plasti, zato pa je estetska linearnost vsaj razumljena prav in nemudoma.

Za razliko od tega Petra Veber kriči in se ne strinja.

Sprva je kontinuirano oblikovala svoj scenski pristop v okviru neinstitucionalnega kulturnega zavoda E.P.I. center (1997–2008) v projektih Sebastijana Horvata. Nekako tukaj se je začela razvijati tudi igralska generacija, ki je nastopila v projektu *SS – Sharpen your senses* (Gledališče Glej, 1999) in ki se s svojo energijo zdi kot ustvarjena za do prave mere grobi in nedorečeno selektivni, z vodnimi kapljami smisla natopljeni literarnokubistični svet Gertrude Stein, kot ga »programira« scena Petre Veber.

V tem času nastanejo prepoznavne izčiščene, klinično koncizne estetske podobe predstav iz faze E.P.I. centra (legendarna predstava *Ion, Elizabeth* z Natašo Matjašec, *Misfits*(z) v Gleju, *Juliette Justine* v Mladinskem, *Makbet* v SNG Drama Maribor). Specifični institucionalni vrhunec predstavljajo Cankarjeve *Romantične duše* v Horvatovi režiji v ljubljanski SNG Drama, 2007; močan vtis pušča *Predtem/Potem* (2009) v Stari elektrarni. Te predstave še danes najdem zaklenjene v svoj čutni spomin. Toda čas Horvatove »cerkve« je minil, ljudje se spoznajo, na križiščih pa se razidejo.

S tem se je Petri odprl spekter drugih izpovednih sistemov, kot možnost za premislek vere v sisteme, povezave, unije. Nova zlitja vselej čakajo za vogali in se približajo samodejno. Kot samostojna umetnica Veber ne odide v podzemlje, pač pa razširi svoj žanrski in generacijski spekter z režiserji, kot so Juš A. Zidar (*Zimski sončev obrat*, *Ukročena trmoglavka* itn.), Igor Pison (*Angel pozabe*, *Češnjev vrt*, *Rensko zlato*, *Dogodek v mestu Gogi* itn.), Ivana Djilas (*Šolski zvezek*, *Fužinski bluz*, *Discopigs*, *Moj fant se je vrnil z vojne* itn.), Boris Ostan (*Mobilec*, *Harper Regan*), Barbara Hieng Samobor (*Zgodbe vsakdanje norosti* itn.), Miha Nemeč (*Rokovnjači*, *Hotel Modra opica* itn.), Miha Golob (*Hlapci*, kjer je Petra Veber nakazala transverzalo med Cankarjem in Plečnikom), Mateja Kokol (*Skrivnostni primer ali kdo je umoril psa*, *Naše skladišče*), po enkrat Simona Semenič, Luka Martin Škof, Barbara Novakovič (*Knjižnica pisem*), Jaka Lah (*Rob sveta*), Galin Stoev (*Zavratne igre*), Jana Menger, Tomaž Gorkič in drugi. Natančnejši pogled začuti, kateri teksti in miselni spektri so bili scenografski blizu in kateri nekoliko manj.

Kot eksperimentalno podžgana avtorica, ki ji nepredvidljivi stik z odrsko materijo ni nerešljiv, ustvarjalno obstane tudi brez besedila. Pri plesnih projektih z Lejo Jurišič (*Balet upora*, 2012; *Druga svoboda*, 2013; *De facto*, 2019), Malo Kline (*Eden*, 2013; *Geneza*, 2015; *Pesem*, 2017), s Snježano Premuš, Matejem Kejžarjem ali Gregorjem Kamnikarjem je njen delež pri formuliranju odrske misli še nekoliko bolj v ospredju. Tu je še vrsta projektov zunaj institucij, h katerim jo kot »think tank« vabijo z redno frekvenco. Ob prostoru pogosto oblikuje tudi luč postavitve, ki je del iste celostne senzibilnosti. Možnost presežka je izmuzljiv pojem, ve

Petra, toda vpliv nanj je običajno zunaj dosega njenih rok.

Značilna je podoba, ko akterji v naskoku, ozvočno ali v mikrofone, govorijo o retoriki okolja, kjer je vse mogoče zaznati intuitivno (ali pa sploh ne). To pa namesto viharne burnosti vnaša v odrske postavitve Petre Veber nadzorovani temperament, ki ne improvizira, pač pa lušči pomene. Scenska pisava, polna simbolnih prešitij, učinkuje na dodatni pomenski premici, ki ne razjeda dramskega konteksta uprizoritve. Veber v svojih scenografijah rada razmeji oder na ospredje in na prostore prehoda, nemara zasenčeni hodnik, kjer postopajo liki, ki stopajo v interakcijo. V uprizarjanih ozračjih, kjer se distanciranost pogosto shizofreno prevrne v hlastno zapljivost, igralci izmenično stopajo v ospredje in si vzamejo besedo. Ali pa se v slikanju medčloveških odnosov (kot v *Harper Regan* po tekstu S. Stephensa; MGL, 2011) med konceptualnimi bravurami pojavijo vrata, ki terjajo poseben trud, da se prestopi prag. To nedidaktično mišljenje prostora (ko ni v funkciji spektakelske freske) operira z včasih komaj opaznimi »incidenti«, ki marsikdaj tvorijo okvir za sociološko raziskavo, hkrati pa utripajo s celoto in ohranjajo »zvestobo besedilu«. Pa naj gre za variacijo Ionesca, za Cankarja, G. Stein ali za *Angela pozabe* Maje Haderlap. V tem ni nič arbitrarnega, scenografska zasnova temelji na poglobitvi v besedilo, na čutenju senzibilnosti teksta in njegovega avtorja, avtorice. V tem je Veber suverena, »mehka«.

Ko sledi aksiomu, da prostor ni nujno tak, kot je zapisan v drami, gre Veber dlje od običajnih, »povsem sprejemljivih« pojmovanj gradnje odrskega prostora – zlovesči pojem tradicije prebije tako, da se mu mačje smeje v brk. V prostor vpisuje konotacije, ki niso gola podpor-na dekoracija, ne korakajo v smeri suhotne ilustracije,

prej uprizarjajo dramaturgijo »sintetičnega fragmenta«, ki z narativnimi drobci metaforično razklenja pramene snovi. Ko prepleta čase ali jih sopostavlja, asociativno niza reference iz slikarstva, sestavlja pomene, ki izhajajo iz globlje plasti besedila ali iz celotnega opusa posameznega avtorja. Didaskalije kot aksiomatski oporniki so ji v resnici sekundarnega pomena. Primer: v predstavi *Zimski sončev obrat* po tekstu R. Schimmelpfenniga (MGL, 2016) namesto 'predpisanega' pohištva »razmeroma premožnega meščanskega stanovanja« razpne po ozadju okrvavljene majice s silhuetami razpela, s tem pa ustvari dodatno asociativno polje, vezano na motive iz drame (od didaskalij ostane v omenjeni predstavi na odru »star klavir«).

Brez osebnega stališča pri Petri Veber ne gre, toda njen opus izgovarja trenje z družbenim kontekstom s specifičnim zamolkom, saj njen koncept tega ne omogoča, pa tudi v njenem interesu ni. Prostorski razmislek, ki se ne mojstri v mimetičnem povzemanju, se seveda lažje sprostí, ko/če med sodelavci naleti na konsistenten stik, na interpretativno drznost z jasno izoblikovano željo, kaj s predstavo povedati. Le sogovornik, ki se v izpeljevanju zamisli o svetu zaveda sporočilnosti prostora, ustvarja pomene v predstavi tudi s pronicljivostjo scenske pisave in ne prepusti dominancé izključno dramskemu ogrodju. In to ne na repertoarnih odrih ne na prizoriščih zunaj institucije ni samoumevno.

O EMPATIJI, KI NI ZAMAN

Muanis
Sinanović

V nekem neformalnem pogovoru, ki se je dotikal raznih kontroverz na družbenih omrežjih, je bilo rečeno, da Miklavž Komelj nima empatije. Implicirana je bila psihologizacija, ki mu je pripisovala sociopatijo. V tem se mi je zdela tragika njegovega genija. Tega namreč ne zaznamuje sociopatija, temveč pretanjena antisocialnost, ki izhaja ravno iz totalne empatije, iz zmožnosti vživljanja, ki je neprimerno bolj subtilna od ideoloških dogem sodobnosti. Tako zelo subtilna, da v njih najde protislovja, ki jih je tako težko prenesti, da si jih lahko prekrijemo le tako, da tistega, ki jih razkrije – četudi skozi trolanje na družbenem omrežju – označimo za sociopata. Kar je predstopnja oznake zločinca. Oznake, ki jih kot popreproščanja v povezavi s številnimi kompleksnimi zgodovinskimi osebnostmi, razgalja ravno Komelj.

No, njegova zmožnost totalne empatije se razkriva tudi v pesnitvi *Ni mogoče čakati zaman*. Ko sem jo prvič bral, nisem mogel verjeti, kako zelo je – z zunanje pozicije – prodrla v duhovno jedro islama, ki ga navadno povezujemo s sufijsko mistiko. Kako zelo je razumel islamsko kozmologijo, njeno specifično časovnost, kako pametno in subtilno je med svoje verze vtkal reference na koranske verze (*ajete*). Če bi ne poznal avtorja, bi jo brez težav pripisal kakšnemu muslimanskemu pesniku ali pesnici, tako zelo je v njej živ duh vere, ki jo sam poznam od znotraj. Ali potemtakem sploh lahko rečemo, da gre za zunanjo pozicijo? Skozi različne, za marsikoga najbrž tudi protislovne faze Komeljevega pesniškega in miselnega iskateljstva, pravzaprav ves čas opažamo zasledovanje sublimnega. Prisotna je stava, da je to inherentno vsakemu višjemu človeku, najsi gre za partizana, pripadnika

evropske meščanske kulture, krščanskega mučenika ali islamskega mistika. Komeljevi verzi sublimno vsakokrat artikulirajo v jeziku posameznega simbolnega sistema, ki ga intuitivno dojamejo do srži. In če iščemo tako, se zdi, ni mogoče iskati zaman.

Ni mogoče čakati zaman ... Ta zaklinjan stavek artikulira temeljno ozadnje sporočilo Korana: stalno minevanje, gibanje planetov, menjavanje dneva in noči, klitje rastlin, pomorsko potovanje in človekovo prizadevanje, da z različnimi dejavnostmi na zemlji biološko preživi, vse to stalno gibanje je povzeto v svoji enosti, ki odraža enost Boga (*tarwhid*). Bistven izraz te višje enosti pa je lepota. In če je vse mineva-joče povzeto v enosti bivajočega, potem lahko v njem skozi njegovo lepoto zaznamo večnost. Ker je v jedru vsakega gibanja mirovanje, ni mogoče čakati zaman. Tu se nahaja kozmološka specifika islama: ne gre niti za krožni niti za ciklični čas, temveč za nenavadno intenziteto vztrajanja-minevanja. Za protislovje, ki ga je najbrž mogoče razrešiti le onkraj racia, v mističnem uvidu, protislovje, ki bo vztrajalo vse do sodnega dne. Protislovje, ki je obenem resnica, iz katere izhaja poseben islamski fatalizem, ki na zahodu sproža fascinacijo, tako naklonjeno kot nenaklonjeno. Ni čudno, da se uteleša tudi v značaju osrednjega lika, spreobrnjenega zločinca. Lika, ki je zahodnemu občestvu precej poznan tudi v sodobni različici, predvsem skozi številne primere spreobrnitev v ameriških zaporih. Spreobrnitev z logiko, ki jo je na prvi pogled težko razumeti, ki v pogled okorelih kriminalcev pogosto zareže ganjenost in usmiljenost. S tem pa se dotaknemo uvodnega vprašanja o empatiji, ki se razkriva v delu Miklavža Kome-lja, v nekem primeru dojetega kot sociopata.

Gre za pesnitev, ki iz manjšinskega verstva vsrka najslajši sok in ga slovenski publiki prikaže v njegovi univerzalni razsežnosti. S tem pa ravno s formalno zunanje perspektive z izjemno močjo in grandiozno gesto, ki je v tem prostoru najbrž zgodovinsko unikatna, slovenske muslimane in muslimanke širokosrčno vključi v slovensko kulturo, katere del skozi desetletja neogibno postajajo.

MIKLAVŽ
KOMELJ
V MAGIJI
BESEDE

Andrés
Sánchez
Robayna

Smo prepričani, da poznamo vse vezi, ki povezujejo – na skrit ali ekspliciten način – pesniško in gledališko besedo? Od antike naprej je aristotelovska razmejitev jasno ločevala med péto in uprizorjeno besedo.

Kljub temu pa vemo, da so bile v zgodovini zahodne literature oblike komunikacije med eno in drugo besedo mnogovrstne in da so prinašale velikansko obogatitev obema, tako da je danes celo težko najti pesniška in gledališka besedila, ki bi ohranjala tisto prvotno »čistost«. Vsak minimalno informirani bralec na primer ve, da je monolog, gledališka oblika *par excellence*, eden najljubših načinov izrekanja zahodne lirike in da sega izražanje (in raziskovanje) »lirskega jaza« od provansalskih pesnikov do naše najbolj žive sodobnosti. Zato je na primer nemogoče dojeti vse razsežnosti pesmi, kakršna je *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock*, ne da bi opazili gledališko – natančneje »monološko« – dimenzijo, obvladujočo izpoved osebe, ki jo je ustvaril Eliot, osebe, ki intonira svojo pesem, ne brez razloga, iz perspektive dramske *personae*.

Dejansko so se delno prekrivanje in izmenjave med poezijo in gledališčem razširili v vseh zvrsteh. Literarno zgodovino – še posebej moderno – bi lahko videli kot zgodovino postopne razgradnje zvrsti klasične poetike, njihovih zlitij in pomešanj. Nekaj takega je zelo elementarno in vidno v izhodiščih gledališča in poezije našega časa. Pomislimo na primer samo na Belgijca Mauricea Maeterlincka in na njegovo postsymbolistično zasnovo gledališča, s katero je težil k absolutnemu zlitju gledališkosti in »poetičnosti« in ki je imela velikanski vpliv na razvoj evropske kulture dvajsetega stoletja. Brez Maeterlinckove »sta-

tične drame« (ki je bila, kot je znano, tako ljuba tudi Stanislavskemu) na primer ni mogoče razumeti temeljev Lorcovega gledališča. Njegova tehnika ponavljanja besed – tipično pesniški postopek – je ustvarjala nepričakovane duhovne resonance, dotlej neznane drhtljaje duše. Ni treba posebej poudarjati, koliko teh »vibracij« lahko odkrijemo v »statičnem misteriju«, ki nam ga zdaj predstavlja Miklavž Komelj.

V *Ni mogoče čakati zaman* nas Miklavž Komelj vodi v oddaljeno vzhodno geografijo, da bi prodrli v neki svet – indonezijski islam, v katerem javanska tradicija, prežeta s hinduizmom in budizmom, preobrazi muslimanskega svetnika iz petnajstega stoletja Sunana v učitelja globokih mističnih in filozofskih vrednot. V osebi Radena Saida/Sunana Kalidžage opazujemo duhovno izkušnjo, katere ključ ni ne več ne manj kot iskanje smisla ali narave življenja. Čakanje Radena Saida/Sunana Kalidžage na Sunana Bonanga pri tem ustvarja duhovne napetosti oziroma *besedne* napetosti, ki jim gledalec prisostvuje, kot bi šlo za obred notranjega očiščevanja. Dejansko smo tu vabljeni predvsem v neki jezik, v besede, nabite z repetitivno magijo, v najboljši tradiciji, v kateri se poezija in gledališče zlivata v eno samo stvar. Besede, ki se zdijo nekakšne dolge litanije. Vabljev govor, katerega čarovnija nas postopoma zajema vase, dokler nas ne pripelje v območje, kjer se beseda dviga kot edina pot, ki lahko pripelje do smisla ali narave eksistence. V tej napetosti med časom in večnostjo, v kateri se dviga govor Radena Saida/Sunana Kalidžage, biva misterij notranjega miru: v napetosti samega jezika, v temeljni magiji besede.

SVETOST
ČAKANJA,
SKRIVNOST
PRIČAKOVANJA.
K STATIČNEMU
MISTERIJU
MIKLAVŽA
KOMELJA

Tonko
Maroević

Pesnik Miklavž Komelj se je od samega začetka posvetil prvim in poslednjim stvarim. Povedano drugače: v svojih stihih (in prozi) se je ukvarjal z večnostjo in smrtnostjo, z identiteto in množtvom, neobstojem in vseobsežnostjo, svobodo in omejenostjo, spremenljivostjo in neprehodnostjo in podobnim. To seveda ne pomeni, da je gradil trden pojmovni sistem in izpelejal filozofske ali teološke (ali teleološke) posledice takšnih premislekov, temveč se je s poetsko strastjo dotikal skrajnosti eksistence in zapisoval izkušnje mejnih situacij. Seveda sta ga pri tem posebej privlačila konfrontacija nasprotij ter dinamika in dramatika samih temeljnih polarizacij.

Na primer v njegovi prvi zbirki *Luč delfina* najdemo značilen opis kontrastnosti bivanja, ki pa se jezikovno pretapljajo in medsebojno nevtralizirajo: »*Iz tebe vzkljknjena beseda Vse / sprejema vase Nič in ga izniči.*« (Str. 27.) Zbirka *Nenaslovljiva imena* že s svojim imenom opozarja na težavnost, celo paradoksnost govorjenja o pomembnih stvareh, še posebej izrazit pa je dvom v možnost dogovora o premisah sodelovanja: »*In kdo v tem primeru sestavlja skupino Vsi / in kdo v tem primeru sestavlja skupino Nihče!*« (Str. 11.) Zbirka *Noč je abstraktnejša kot N* je prevzeta z nezanesljivostjo subjekta in vprašljivostjo časovnih koordinat: »*To me ločuje od vseh. Ali to / pomeni, da to vsakogar ločuje od vseh? // Trenutek in večnost. / Nobenih ur.*« (Str. 125.) Zbirka *Liebestod* prav tako že s samim naslovom kriptično govori o ljubezni in smrti, v številnih verzih pa o svobodi in premenah, o jeziku in kriku, o budnosti in o sanjah, o resnici in prevari, pa celo o zlatu in plesu, o čistoči

in samoti, vse to pa so motivi, ki najdejo svoje mesto v *statičnem misteriju* istega avtorja. Konec koncev je videti, kot da moto iz Srečka Kosovela, postavljen na začetek, predvidi položaj, v katerem se bo znašel protagonist izrekanja v besedilu *Ni mogoče čakati zaman*: »*Pride in gre, da spet pride ... Ali je to tista skrivnost? Ali je to? Mogoče.*«

Iz doslej navedenega bi bilo zmotno pomisliti, da je Miklavž Komelj avtor ozkih konceptualnih razsežnosti, obseden izključno s pojmovnimi paralelizmi in obrati, paradoksi in aporijami. Njegova miselnost je vedno v službi izgradnje in razgradnje izvirnih oblikovnih rešitev, naj gre za goste naplavine verzov ali za labirinte meditativne proze. Ne gre pa spregledati, da je hkrati tudi mojster niza tradicionalnih ritmov in kitic iz različnih kulturnih okolij (ob posebej pogostih sonetih so tu tudi sekstine, oktave, decime, haikuji in druge stalne kitične oblike). Kot prevajalec in tolmač se je pomeril z najvišjimi izzivi pesništva, kot sta Pessoa in Pasolini. Kot učeno izoblikovan pisec je svoj navdih iskal v izvirihi starih mitologij, zlasti Egipta in Grčije, a tudi domače tradicije, od ekspresionizma do neoavantgarde, nikakor ni prezrl.

Statični misterij, s katerim se tokrat predstavlja Miklavž Komelj, je izid bogatega nabranega ezoteričnega izkustva in rezultat obvladovanja najrazličnejših registrov. Legenda se odvija na Javi v islamskem kulturnem krogu, vendar z nekaterimi starozaveznimi asociacijami (Mojzes) in perzijskimi odmevi (mitološka ptica Simurg, ki je utelešenje lastnega imena). V seznamu oseb oz. likov, ki sodelujejo v misteriju, so navedeni Raden Said in Sunan Bonang ter zbor plesalk, vendar je več kot dve tretjini besedila prete-

žno monolog prvega, ki si – ko drugi navedeni končno prispe – spremeni svoje ime v Sunan Kalidžaga. Ob samem koncu se govor poveže s plesom in skozi telesno-verbalni izraz plesalk dobi svojevrstno razrešitev ali katarzo v pobotanju sedanjosti z večnostjo, v skrivnostnosti tega in drugega sveta.

Toda pot do spokoja samote je »tlakovana« z mnogimi dvomi in vprašanji. Protagonist Said začne s spomini na nauk Sunana Bonanga – zagotovo posrednika ali pričevalca višjih zapovedi – ki ga je poučil, da je naše življenje le trenutek in da mora pogledati drevo ob sebi. *»Mi živimo samo en trenutek,«* se oglašča v Saidovem samogovoru kot odmev učiteljevih spoznanj in ponavlja neskončnokrat kot leitmotiv in refren ter na svoj način ritmizira celoten monolog. *»Mi živimo samo en trenutek«* – že res, a ta trenutek, kot se izkaže, si delimo z omenjenim drevesom, ki traja brez premora, kakor si ga delimo z reko, ki prav tako traja brez premora. Ekstetično izrekanje o trenutnem življenju se, skoraj absurdno, raztegne v pravo apologijo trajanja oziroma v negacijo minljivosti ter afirmacijo razumevanja časa, ki teče od začetka sveta in s koncem dobiva nov zagon: *»Čas je posledica konca časa.«*

Za razliko od skupine Beckettovih obupancev v *Čakajoč Godota*, ki nimajo nikakršnega upanja, samotni Said v dolgotrajnem čakanju Sunana Bonanga izraža ne le zaupanje v njegov prihod, temveč tudi pravo metafizično vero v preseganje eksistencialnih omejitev. Kakor že omenjeno drevo je bila tudi prejšnja, prva pojavitev Sunana Bonanga (alkemijsko?) povezana z zlatom in dragulji, vendar je bila sama po sebi onkraj vnanjega sija in ni bila izpostavljena premenam. Reka,

ob kateri se dogaja čakanje, prav tako postaja primer obstoja v svobodi, mimo vsakega determinizma, saj sama s sabo ustvarja in odnaša strugo, po kateri teče.

»Ni mogoče čakati zaman,« trdi naslovna sintagma in to upravičuje z avtonomno vrednostjo samega čakanja kot pristnega dejanja eksistence. V nasprotju s pogostim prepričanjem, da dvom odpira pot spoznanju, je Said prepričan o zaupanju, s katerim se izpostavljammo svetu. In čeprav so nanj sprva gledali kot na izjemo ali eksces, je kasneje sprejet kot oporna točka trdnosti. Njegova sprememba je namreč v tem, da pri njem sploh ni razlike med tistim prej in poslej; torej, povedano (para)logično, kar je videti kot preobrazba, je (njegova) premočrtnost. Prevzel ga je, seveda, Absolut, toda absolutno znanje je nevarno, saj upravičuje ubijanje; toda – po drugi strani – samo v čistem sijaju Absoluta bo zares onemelo govorjenje, ki se perpetuira kot laž.

S parafrazo nekaterih značilnih formulacij smo vstopili v ožje razsežnosti tega *statičnega misterija*, za katerega bi morda lahko dejali, da je tudi »misterij brez skrivnosti«, kot je zapisano v knjigi *Noč je abstraktnejša kot N*, kjer pa v nadaljevanju opozarja: »Tudi najbolj vsakdanje ceremonije so ceremonialna magija.« (Str. 62.) Vendarle pa v kontekstu Saidovega premišljevanja nikakor ne gre za čaranje, temveč natanko za čakanje, nepremičnost, nasprotnost kaosu. Ena od parabol primerja nepremičnost čakajočega z nepremičnostjo strele, ki leti proti cilju in z druge strani cilja; druga zanimiva slika pa priča o viziji svete gore, »ki na njej veliki vojščak / pošilja svoji ljubljeni v sovražni tabor / sporočila, pritrjena / na puščice, / ki jih strelja«. V enem primeru imamo ravnoduš-

nost do tega, ali je cilj zadet ali zgrešen, v drugem primeru pa resnično nenavaden odnos med sovraštvom in ljubeznijo.

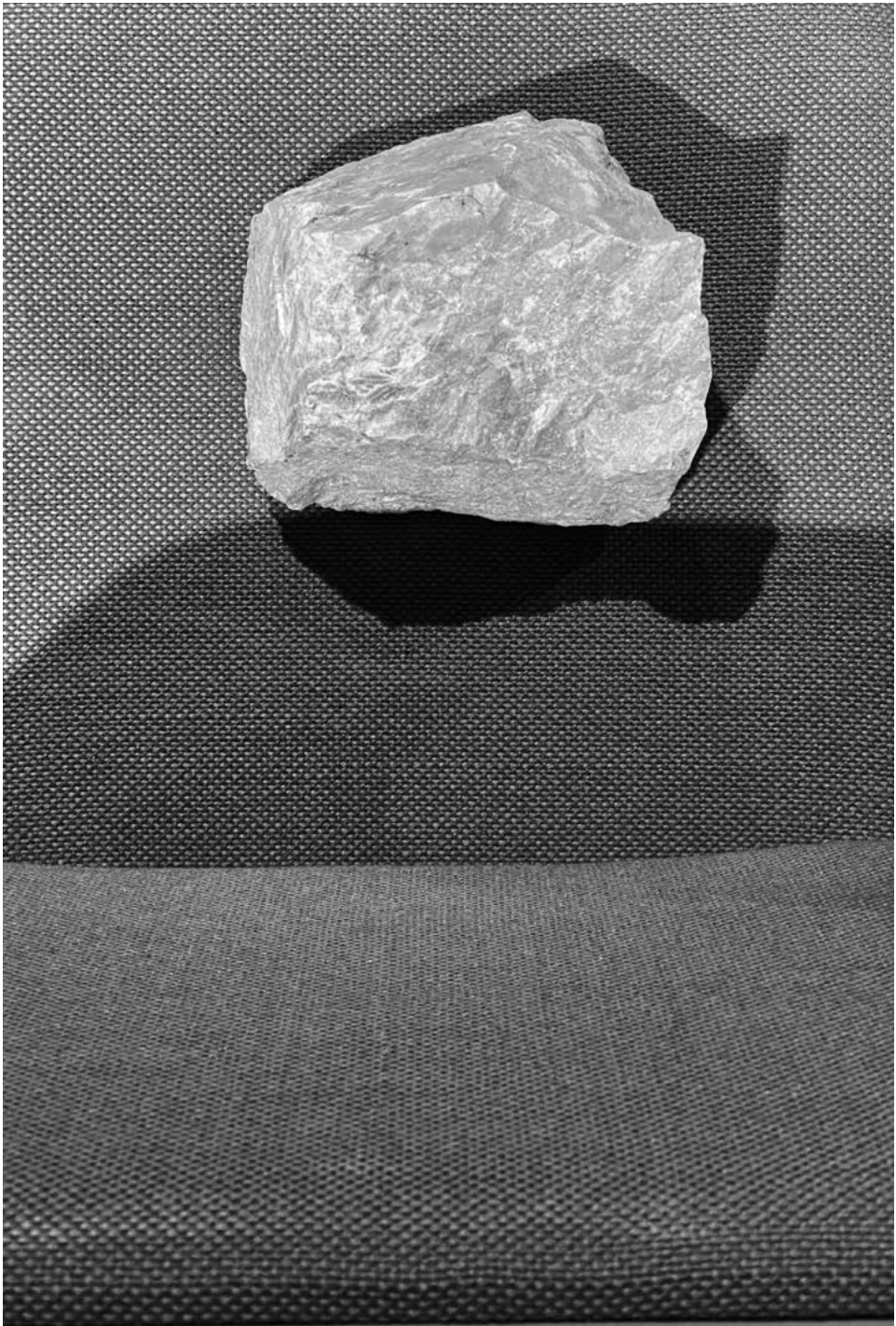
Ko se čakanje s prihodom Sunana Bonanga končno konča, sledita njegovo priznanje, da pričakanje ni zaman, in celo sprememba Saidovega imena kot izid trdne vere, ki je spremljala in podpirala čakanje. S tem ko postane Sunan Kalidžaga, je Said ustrezno povzdignjen za svojo čistost, neobremenjenost in svetost čakanja ter pohvaljen kot tisti, ki je spoznal resnico, ne da bi posegel po svetih knjigah. Na tej točki pridemo tudi do specifične teodiceje, prepoznavanja soodvisnosti človekovega in božjega obstoja. Na Sunanovo pobudo: »*Zdaj veš, zakaj je Bog ustvaril svet,*« Said odgovori: »*Vem. Bil je skriti zaklad / in hotel je, da bi bil prepoznan, / hotel je, da bi Ga našli.*« A našel ga je tisti, ki ni iskal, temveč je samo čakal – in v tem čakanju je dočakal, da se odloči, da prepozna trenutek. Zanimivo je, pa tudi relevantno za koherenco Komeljevega opusa, da je podobno misel o skritem zakladu, ki želi biti odkrit, naš avtor postavil za moto knjige *Larvae*, in sicer pred zgodbo, posvečeno Lauri de Sade (gre za navedbo iz svetega hadisa).

Nič manj pomembno ni Sunanovo priznanje Saidu, da je njegovo čakanje pravzaprav pesem. To pomeni, da ni pohvalil racionalnosti odločitve, temveč proces meditacije; ne nekaj, kar je zgolj rezultat »neplemenitega prozelitizma«, temveč neko organsko povezovanje raznovrstnih sestavin. Za Komeljevo kompozicijo bi lahko prav tako sklenili, da ni le miselna konstrukcija, temveč kontemplativna simfonija, v kateri se dotikajo, razvijajo in prepletajo vzgibi ezoteričnega, mističnega, gnostičnega ali transcen-

denčnega izvora z globokimi poetičnimi intuicijami in čutnimi preboji. Inkantacija in ritmizacija verzov se bo končno pretopila v plesni izraz, v soobčutje čutov in evforijo globljega prepoznavanja. Plesalke s telesom in besedo emanirajo iskanje ravnovesja, »s plesom slavimo sveto nepremičnost«, njihov ples pa bo pokazal, da med gibanjem in negibnostjo ni razlike. Ali, povedano drugače: »Vsi se gibljejo. Vsi so negibni.«

Med neveščim pripovedovanjem in kolažnim citiranjem smo se dotaknili nekaterih vidikov najnovejše knjige Miklavža Komelja, nenavadno kompleksnega teksta, ki govori o vrhunskih izzivih in maksimalni samorefleksiji. Kakor Saidovo sveto čakanje ni bilo zaman, smo tudi med svojim branjem našli lepo zadovoljstvo v interakciji verzov in stališč, v performativnosti govornega in plesnega ne-gibanja, še zlasti pa v plodovitem soku srečevanja in pričakovanja, ki nujno privede do reafirmacije plodne samote.

Pričujoče besedilo smo prejeli poleti 2020 in je eden izmed zadnjih tekstov, ki jih je profesor Tonko Maroević uspel napisati. Hvala.



PEELING THROUGH THE MEANINGS IN PETRA VEBER'S SCENOGRAPHY

Primož Jesenko

Creating a space for performances is a result of a combination of factors, 'the art of organisation' (Pavis), the text of the play or a contemporary dance text, all of which emerge from a specific social context. In the current situation in Slovenia, in which scenography is becoming forced to come to terms with its horrendous undernourishment (taking into account the conditions and possibilities), scenographers like to test out pragmatism and open solutions that are easily recognisable by the public. With this the text loses a few layers, however, the aesthetic linearity is understood correctly and instantly.

Contrary to this practice Petra Veber screams aloud and disagrees.

She started by developing set designs for Sebastijan Horvat's projects within the non-institutional cultural E.P.I. centre (1997–2008). This was also where the generation of actors and actresses that performed in the project *SS – Sharpen your Senses* (Glej Theatre, 1999) started forming. The energy of this generation was almost perfect for the crude and unspecified literary-cubist world of Gertrude Stein that was permeated with drops of sense, as 'programmed' by Petra Veber's scenography.

This was a period of clean, clinically precise aesthetic images in the performances of the E.P.I. centre (this period included the legendary performance *Ion, Elizabeth* with Nataša Matjašec, as well as *Misfits(z)* in Glej, *Juliette Justine* in Mladinsko Theatre, *Macbeth* in SNG Drama Maribor). The specific institutionalised peak was represented by Cankar's *Romantične duše* (Romantic Souls) directed by Horvat in

Ljubljana's SNG Drama in 2007; while a strong impression was also given by *Predtem/Potem* (Before/After, 2009) in the Old Power Station. I still find these performances locked into my sensory memory. However, the time of Horvat's 'church' has passed, people meet and when they reach a crossroads, they bid farewell.

A spectrum of different narrative systems opened up for Petra, and she was able to consider her belief in systems, connections, unions. New fusions always lurk around the corner and move closer on their own accord. As a freelance artist Veber did not move underground, but expanded her genre and generation spectrum under directors such as Juš A. Zidar (*Zimski sončev obrat* (*Winter Solstice*), *Ukročena trmoglavka* (*The Taming of the Shrew*), etc.), Igor Pison (*Angel pozabe* (*The Angle of Oblivion*), *Češnjev vrt* (*The Cherry Orchard*), *Rensko zlato* (*Das Rheingold*), *Dogodek v mestu Gogi* (*An Event in the Town of Goga*), etc.), Ivana Djilas (*Šolski zvezek* (*The Big Notebook*), *Fužinski bluz* (*The Fužine Blues*), *Disco Pigs*, *Moj fant se je vrnil z vojne* (*My Boyfriend Came Back from the War*), etc.), Boris Ostan (*Mobilec* (*Mobile*), *Harper Regan*), Barbara Hieng Samobor (*Zgodbe vsakdanje norosti* (*Wrong Side Up*), etc.), Miha Nemec (*Rokovnjači* (*The Bandits*), *Hotel Modra opica* (*Hotel Blue Monkey*), etc.), Miha Golob (*Hlapci* (*Serfs*), in which Petra Veber established a connection between Cankar and Plečnik), Mateja Kokol (*Skrivnostni primer ali kdo je umoril psa* (*The Curious Incident of the Dog in the Night-Time*), *Naše skladišče* (*Our Warehouse*)), and Simona Semenič, Luka Martin Škof, Barbara Novakovič (*Knjižnica pisem* (*The Library of Letters*)), Jaka Lah (*Rob sveta* (*The Edge of the World*)), Galin Stoev *Zavratne igre* (*The Killing Game*), Jana Menger, Tomaž Gorkič and others. A detailed look reveals which texts and ideas were close to the scenographer and which were not.

As an experimental artist, who is always willing and able to solve the unanticipated contacts on stage, she does not need a text to function. In the dance projects with Leja Jurišič (*Balet upora (Ballet of Revolt)*, 2012; *Druga svoboda (Second Freedom)*, 2013; *De facto*, 2019), Mala Kline (*Eden*, 2013; *Geneza (Genesis)*, 2015; *Pesem (Poem)*, 2017), Snježana Premuš, Matej Kejžar and Gregor Kamnikar her share in the creation of the events on stage is pushed slightly more into the forefront. She is frequently invited - usually as a 'think tank' - to a variety of non-institutional projects. Alongside the scenography, she often designs the lighting, which represents a part of the shared and rounded sensibility. Petra is aware that the possibility of a surplus is an elusive concept, however the influence upon it is usually out of her reach.

The image depicting performers who are wired or talking into microphones, discussing the rhetoric of the environment in which everything can be perceived intuitively (or cannot be perceived at all) - while performing an assault - is a classic. Instead of an intense storm, this introduces a controlled temperament into Petra Veber's scenography, which does not improvise, but peels back the various meanings. The stage language, full of symbolic embroidery, provides an additional semantic line, which does not diminish the dramatic context of the performance. When creating a scenography Veber likes to divide the stage into the forefront and spaces of transition, for instance, a shady hall, a space in which the characters that are about to step into an interaction can linger. In the atmosphere of a performance, where distancing often topples schizophrenically into eager trust, the actors alternately step into the forefront and start talking. Or a door that demands great effort to step through appears within the conceptual perfection of painting human relations (as in *Harper Regan* based on the text of S. Stephens;

MGL, 2011). This non-didactic imagining of space (when it is not in the function of a spectacle fresco) operates with what are sometimes barely noticeable 'incidents', which sometimes form a frame of a sociological research, while pulsating with the whole and preserving the 'truthful following of the text'. It does not matter whether this is a variation on Ionesco, Cankar, G. Stein or Maja Haderlap's *Angel of Oblivion*. There is nothing arbitrary in this, the scenography is based on Petra's immersion into the text, on her sensibility for the text and its author. Veber is sovereign and 'soft' in her work.

When she follows the axiom that the space does not need to necessarily reflect its description in the text, Veber sometimes goes further than the usual, 'totally acceptable' understanding of constructing the space on stage – she breaks through the ominous notion of tradition by laughing in its face. She includes connotations that function as more than mere decoration, they are not dry illustrations, for they are closer to establishing the dramaturgy of the 'synthetic fragment', which uses narrative fragments to metaphorically split the strands of matter. As she interlaces or juxtaposes the various periods, she associatively strings references from paintings, thus creating meanings that emerge from a deeper layer of text or from the entire opus of an individual author. The didascalies as axiomatic pillars are in reality of secondary importance. An example: in the performance *Winter Solstice* based on R. Schimmelpfennig's text (MGL, 2016) she - instead of using the 'prescribed' furniture 'found in relatively well-to-do bourgeoisie abodes' - stretched blood stained T-shirts imprinted with a silhouette of a crucifix across the background, with which she created an additional associative field, linked to the motifs in the play (from the didascalies for this play only the 'old piano' found its way to the stage). Petra Veber finds it impossible not to have a

personal view and her opus exposes the friction between the social context and a specific silence, as her concept does not enable this, nor is this in her interest. The spatial deliberation, which does not try to master the mimetic recap, finds it easier to relax, when/if it encounters a consistent contact with her co-workers, an interpretative daringness with a clearly defined desire what to say in the performance. Only a fellow debater, who is aware of the place a message has in the implementation of the idea, can create meanings in a performance with insightful language and does not allow the dramatic frame to dominate the performance. This is never taken for granted on repertoire stages nor on stages outside of intuitions.

ON EMPATHY THAT IS NOT IN VAIN

Muanis Sinanović

In an informal conversation that dealt with various controversies on social platforms, it was said that Miklavž Komelj lacks empathy. The psychologization that followed implied he was a sociopath. This is where the tragedy of his genius lies. He is not a sociopath, as his actions are marked by a refined anti-social trait, which derives from total and utter empathy, his capability of placing himself in somebody else's shoes, which is much subtler than the ideological dogmas of contemporaneity. In fact, it is so subtle that he is able to find contradictions within these dogmas that are so hard to accept, that the only way to cover them up is by outing the one who discovers them – even if this is through trolling on social networks – as a sociopath. Which is only a step away from calling somebody a criminal. Nobody but Komelj reveals the traits that are generalized and linked to numerous complex historic personalities.

His total empathy can also be noticed in the poem *Ni mogoče čakati zaman* (*It is impossible to wait in vain*). When I read it for the first time, I couldn't believe how deeply – from an external position – it penetrated the spiritual core of Islam, which we usually link to Sufism, i.e. Islamic mysticism. I couldn't believe how profoundly he understood Islamic cosmology, its specific temporality, how skilfully and subtly he weaved references to verses from the Quran (Ayahs) into his verses. If I did not know the author, I would have easily believed that the poem was written by a Muslim poet, for it is bursting with the spirit of the faith that I am so well acquainted with. Is it even possible to say, in this case, that we are dealing with an external position? In various phases of Komelj's poetry and mental searches, which many deem contradictory, we can in fact notice a constant pursuit of the

sublime. There was a bet, which stated that this is inherent to any highly developed person, regardless of whether he was a member of the resistance or the European bourgeoisie, whether he was a Catholic martyr or an Islamic mystic. Komelj's verses are sublimely articulated within the individual symbolic system, which he intuitively understands to its very core. And if one seeks in such a way, it seems he cannot be searching in vain.

It is impossible to wait in vain... This often repeated sentence articulates the fundamental message of the Quran: the constant passing, the movement of the planets, the changing of day and night, the sprouting of plants, sea travels and the endeavour of people to survive as a species on this planet through our various activities; all of this constant movement is summarised in its oneness, which reflects the oneness of God (*tawhid*). The essential expression of the higher oneness can be found in beauty. And if the passing is summarised in the oneness of the living, then eternity can be perceived in their beauty. It is impossible to wait in vain as stillness is at the core of every movement. This is where the cosmological specifics of Islam lie: it does not deal with circular or cyclic time, but with an unusual intensity of persistence and passing. It is a contradiction, which can most likely be solved only beyond rationality, in a mystical insight, a contradiction that will persist until doomsday. This contradiction, which is also the truth behind Islamic fatalism, leads to positive as well as negative fascination in the West. Thus, it comes as no surprise that it is embodied in the central character, the converted criminal. This character is known to the western audience in his contemporary version, mainly through the numerous examples of converted prisoners in America. The conversion with a logic that is at first hard to understand, often softens the stare of hardened criminals with emotion and

compassion. We use this to address the question of empathy, which is revealed in the work of Miklavž Komelj, who was in somebody's eyes perceived as a sociopath.

It is a poem that sucks in the sweetest juice from a minority religion and shows it to the Slovene public in its universal dimension. A poem that openheartedly incorporates Slovene Muslims into Slovene culture - a part of which they have been inevitably becoming over the past decades - with a formal external perspective, great strength and a grandiose gesture, which most likely has no historic parallels in this space.

MIKLAVŽ KOMELJ WITHIN THE MAGIC OF LANGUAGE

Andrés Sánchez Robayna

Do we truly believe that we are aware of all of the ties that connect – in a hidden or explicit way – the poetic and theatrical language? The Aristotelian division has clearly distinguished between the sung and performed language ever since antiquity.

However, we are aware that throughout the history of western literature the forms of communication between the two languages are numerous and that they have enriched both greatly, thus it is nowadays hard to find poetic or theatrical texts that have preserved their original ‘purity’. Any minimally educated reader will be aware that a monologue, a theatrical form *par excellence*, is one of the favourite forms of expression used in western lyricism and that the expression (and research) of the ‘lyrical self’ reaches from the Provençal poets to the poets of our times. Because of this it is impossible to understand all of the dimensions of a poem, such as for instance *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock*, without noticing its theatrical – or to be more precise ‘monologue’ – dimension that dominates the narrative of the individual as developed by Eliot, a person who intonates his song, not without a reason, from the perspective of a dramatic *personae*.

All genres have experienced the mixing and exchanges between poetry and theatre texts. Literary history – especially modern – could be seen as a history of the gradual disintegration, mixing and fusion of classic poetry genres. This is elementary and clearly visible in the starting points of theatrical texts and poetry of our times. Let’s consider, for example, the Belgian Maurice Maeterlinck and his post-symbolistic concept of theatre, with which he strived towards the absolute fusion of theatre and ‘poetics’ and which had a great influence on the development

of European culture in the 20th century. Without Maeterlinck's 'static play' (which was, as it is known, also favoured by Stanislavsky) it would be impossible to understand the foundations of Lorca's plays. His technique of repetition – a process characteristically used in poetry – created unexpected spiritual resonances, tremors of the soul, which were unknown until that moment in time. I believe I do not need to emphasise how many similar 'vibrations' can be discovered in the 'static mystery' presented to us by Miklavž Komelj.

In his *It is impossible to wait in vain* Miklavž Komelj takes us to a remote eastern location, where we can penetrate a certain world – the Indonesian Islam, in which the Java tradition, permeated with Hinduism and Buddhism, transforms the 15th century Muslim saint Sunan into a teacher with deep mystical and philosophical values. The character of Raden Said/Sunan Kalijaga reveals a spiritual experience, the key to which can be found in the search for the essence or nature of life. As Raden Said/Sunan Kalijaga waits for Sunan Bonang this creates spiritual or *language* tensions that are witnessed by the visitor, as if this was an inner cleansing ritual. We are literally invited to step into a language, into words that are charged with repetitive magic in its best tradition, in a tradition in which poetry and theatre have merged into a single idea. Words appear as some sort of long litanies. The speech, the magic of which gradually captures us, draws us in until we are led into a space in which the word rises as the only path that can lead to the essence or nature of existence. The mystery of inner peace can be found in this tension between time and eternity, from which the speech of Raden Said/Sunan Kalijaga emerges; in the tension of language itself, in the magic of words.

THE SACREDNESS OF WAITING,
THE MYSTERY OF EXPECTATION.
ON THE STATIC MYSTERY OF MIKLAVŽ KOMELJ
Tonko Maroević

Since his very beginnings, the poet Miklavž Komelj has focused on the first and last things. Or, if I was to paraphrase this: his verses (and prose) address eternity and mortality, identity and multitude, non-existence and omnipresence, freedom and limitation, variability and impassability and similar. Of course, this does not mean that he was constructing a solid conceptual system and establishing the philosophical or theological consequences of such reflections, however, his poetic passion touched upon the extremes of existence and recorded the experiences of borderline situations. In doing so he was especially drawn to the confrontation of the opposites and the dynamics and dramatics of the basic polarisations.

For instance, his first collection *Luč delfina* (*The Light of the Dolphin*) includes the characteristic descriptions of the contrasts of being, which, in the sense of language, flow into and neutralise each other: '*The word Everything that you exclaim / accepts Nothing and annuls it.*' (Pg. 27) Already the title of the collection *Nenaslovljiva imena* (*Unnameable Names*) draws attention to the difficulty, paradox even, of discussing important issues, and especially distinct is the doubt in the possibility that an agreement can be reached on the premise of cooperation: '*And who in this case forms the group Everybody / and who in this case forms the group Nobody!*' (Pg. 11.) The collection *Noč je abstraktnejša kot N* (*The Night is More Abstract than N*) is permeated with the uncertainty of the subject and the dubiousness of time coordinates: '*This separates me from all. Does this / mean that this separates everybody*

from all? // Moment and eternity. / No hours.'(Pg. 125.) The title of the collection *Liebestod* reveals the cryptic speech on love and death, multiple verses on freedom and changes, language and screaming, being awake and dreaming, truth and deception and even gold and dance, cleanliness and solitude, and these motives have also found their place in the *static mystery* of the same author. In the end it seems that the motto borrowed from Srečko Kosovel, quoted at the beginning, foresees the position in which the protagonist will find himself in the text *It is impossible to wait in vain: 'Comes and goes, only to return again... Is this the secret? Is it? Possibly.'*

It would be wrong to assume from what I have stated so far that Miklavž Komelj is the author of narrow conceptual dimensions, who focuses merely on conceptual parallelisms and twists, paradoxes and aporia. His line of thought is always in the service of constructing and deconstructing original design solutions, whether these are dense alluvia of verses or labyrinths of meditative prose. One should not fail to mention that he is also a master of spinning traditional rhythms and stances from various cultural environments (alongside the especially frequent sonnets he also writes sextains, octaves, décimas, haikus and other known verse forms). As a translator and interpreter, he has worked on the toughest challenges in poetry such as Pessoa and Pasolini. As a learned and fully formed writer he has looked for inspiration in the origins of ancient mythologies, especially Egyptian and Greek, but he had also not overlooked the Slovene tradition, from expressionism to the neo-avantgarde.

This time Miklavž Komelj is presenting *Statični misterij (Static Mystery)*, a publication of a rich esoteric experience which is a result of his mastery of various registers. The legend is

placed into an Islamic cultural milieu in Java, but has certain old testament associations (Moses) and Persian echoes (the mythological bird Simurgh, which is the embodiment of its own name). The list of persons or characters, who play a part in this mystery, include Raden Said, Sunan Bonang and a choir of dancers, however more than two thirds of the text is represented by a monologue of the first, who – when the second mentioned finally arrives – changes his name to Sunan Kalijaga. At the very end, the speech intertwines with dance and the bodily-verbal expression of the dancers leads to unique relief or catharsis in the reconciliation of the present with eternity, in the mysteries of this and the other world.

However, the path to the serene solitude is ‘paved’ with numerous doubts and questions. The protagonist Said starts with his memories of the teachings of Sunan Bonang – certainly a mediator or witness of higher commandments – who taught him that our lives are fleeting and that he had to look at the tree next to him. ‘*We live for a single moment,*’ we hear Said’s monologue echo the teacher’s realisations and repeat it infinity as a leitmotiv and chorus, rhythmising the monologue in his own way. ‘*We live for a single moment*’ – that is true, but this moment, as it has been proven, is shared by the aforementioned tree, which stands without a pause, in the same way that we share it with the river, which runs without a pause. The ecstatic utterance of the current life is, almost absurdly, stretched into a true apology of duration or the negation of the transience and affirmation of the understanding of time, which runs from the beginning of time and gains new momentum by the end: ‘*Time is a consequence of the end of time.*’

In opposition to the desperate pair in Beckett’s *Waiting for Godot*, who do not have a hope

in hell, the lonely Said, during his long wait for Sunan Bonang, does not express merely his belief in Sunan's arrival, but also a true metaphysical belief in the possibility of overcoming existentialist limitations. In the same way as the aforementioned tree, the previous, first, appearance of Sunan Bonang was (alchemically?) connected to gold and jewels, however it was beyond the external shine and was not exposed to alternations. The river, on the bank of which he waits, is also an example of existing in freedom, beyond any determinism, for it creates as well as takes with it the riverbed along which it runs.

The title syntagma states '*It is impossible to wait in vain*'. It justifies this notion with the autonomous value of waiting as an authentic act of existence. In opposition to the common belief, this doubt opens the path to the realisation that Said believes in the trust with which we expose ourselves to the world. Even though he was first viewed as an exception or a scandal, he was later accepted as a fulcrum of strength. His change can be found in the fact that there is no change between what was before and what is later; or, to word it (para)logically, what appears as a transformation, is (its) straightness. Of course, he was taken over by the Absolute, but absolute knowledge is dangerous as it justifies killing; however – on the other hand – only in the pure light of the Absolute will the talking that is perpetuated as lies truly become silent.

By paraphrasing a few characteristic formulations, we have stepped into the narrower dimensions of this *static mystery*, for which we might be able to say that it is also a 'mystery without a secret', as written in the book *Night is More Abstract than N*, which in the continuation warns: '*Even the most commonplace ceremonies are ceremonial magic.*' (Pg. 62.) However, in the context of Said's deliberation

we are not dealing with magic, but with waiting, immovability, the opposite of chaos. One of the allegories compares the stillness of waiting to the stillness of lightning, which flies towards its goal and from the other side of the goal; the second interesting image explains the vision of the holy mountain, *upon which the mighty warrior / sends to his beloved in the opponent's camp / messages attached / to arrows / that he fires.*' In one example we can see the indifference as to whether the goal is hit or missed, while in the other example we witness a truly unusual relationship between hate and love.

When the wait finally ends with the arrival of Sunan Bonang, it is followed by his confession, that expectation is not in vain, and even the change of Said's name is an outcome of strong faith, which accompanied and supported the wait. By becoming Sunan Kalijaga, Said was appropriately rewarded for his purity, unconcern and the holiness of his wait, praised as the one who got to know the truth without reaching for the holy texts. At this point we also reach the specific theodicy, recognising the co-dependency of human and god's existence. To Sunan's question: *'Now you know why God created the world'*, Said replied: *'I know. He was a hidden treasure / and he wanted to be recognised / he wanted to be found.'* But he was found by someone who wasn't looking for him, but merely waiting, and while waiting he reached the moment in which he decided to recognise this. It is interesting, and also relevant for the coherence of Komelj's opus, that our author placed a similar thought related to a hidden treasure that wants to be discovered as the motto in the book *Larvae*, just before the story that is dedicated to Laura de Sade (it is a quote from the holy hadith).

Of no lesser importance is Sunan's admission to Said, that his wait was in reality a song. This

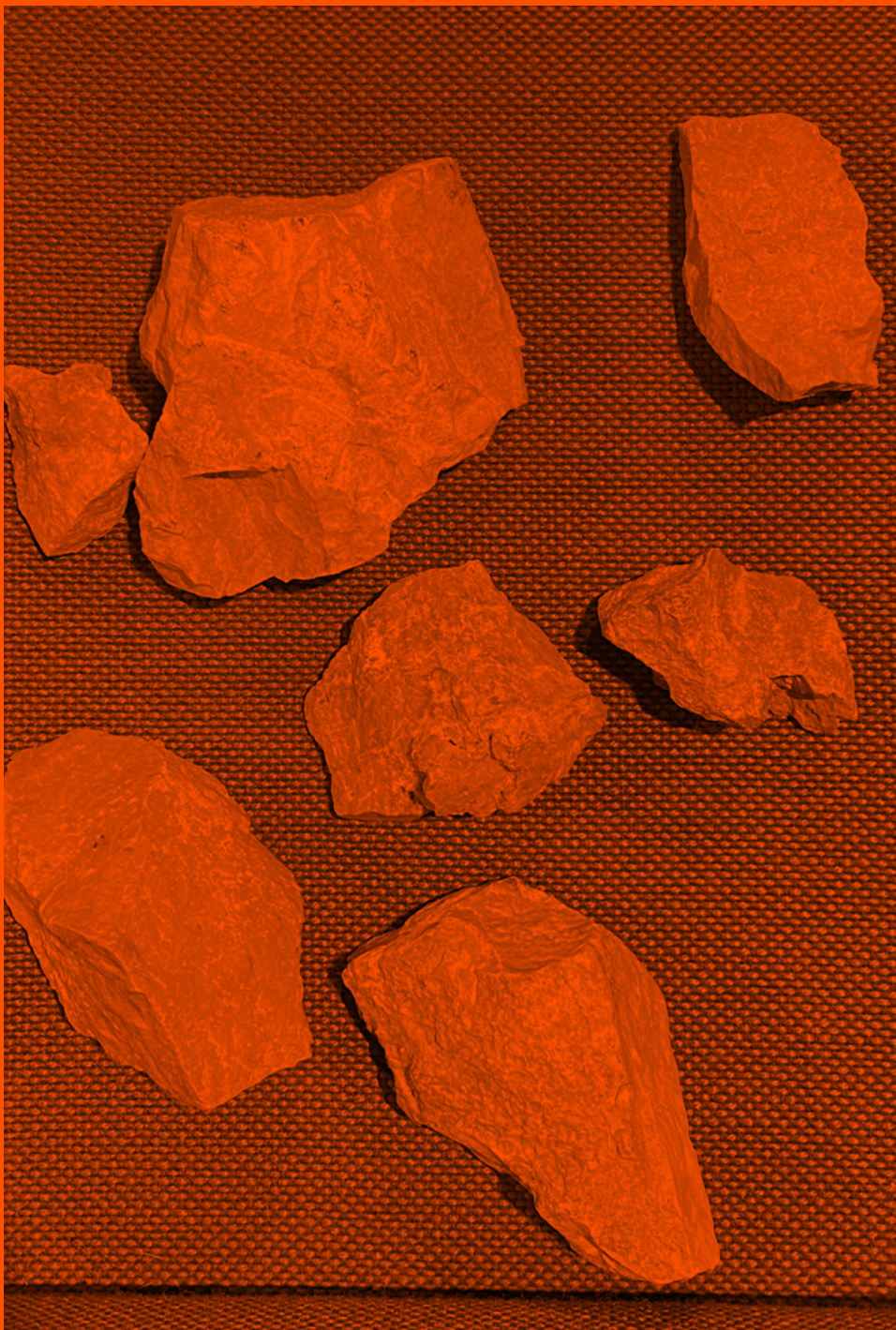
means that he did not praise the rationality of the decision, but the process of meditation; not something that is merely a result of the ‘unnoble proselitism’, but an organic connection between different ingredients. We might also conclude that Komelj’s composition is not merely a thought construction, but a contemplative symphony, in which the impulses of esoteric, mystic, gnostic or transcendental origin meet, develop and intertwine with deep poetic intuition and sensory breakthroughs. The incantation and rhythm of the verses will flow into a dance, into a co-feeling of senses and the euphoria of deep realisation. The dancers use their bodies and words to emanate their search for an equilibrium, *‘we celebrate the holy stillness with dance’*, and their dance will show that there is no difference between movement and stillness. Or, to paraphrase it: *‘Everybody is moving. Everybody is motionless.’*

I have addressed certain aspects of Miklavž Komelj’s most recent book, the unusually complex text, which speaks about exceptional challenges and utmost self-reflection through unskilled narration and a collage of quotes. In the same way as Said’s holy wait was not in vain, I have, while reading, found satisfaction in the interaction between verses and opinions, in the performative of the spoken and the stillness of dance, and especially in the fruitfulness of meeting and expectation, which leads to the reaffirmation of the fruitful solitude.

This text was written in the summer of 2020 and is one of the last texts written by professor Tonko Maroević. Thank you!

ČUDEŽ
Miklavž Komelj

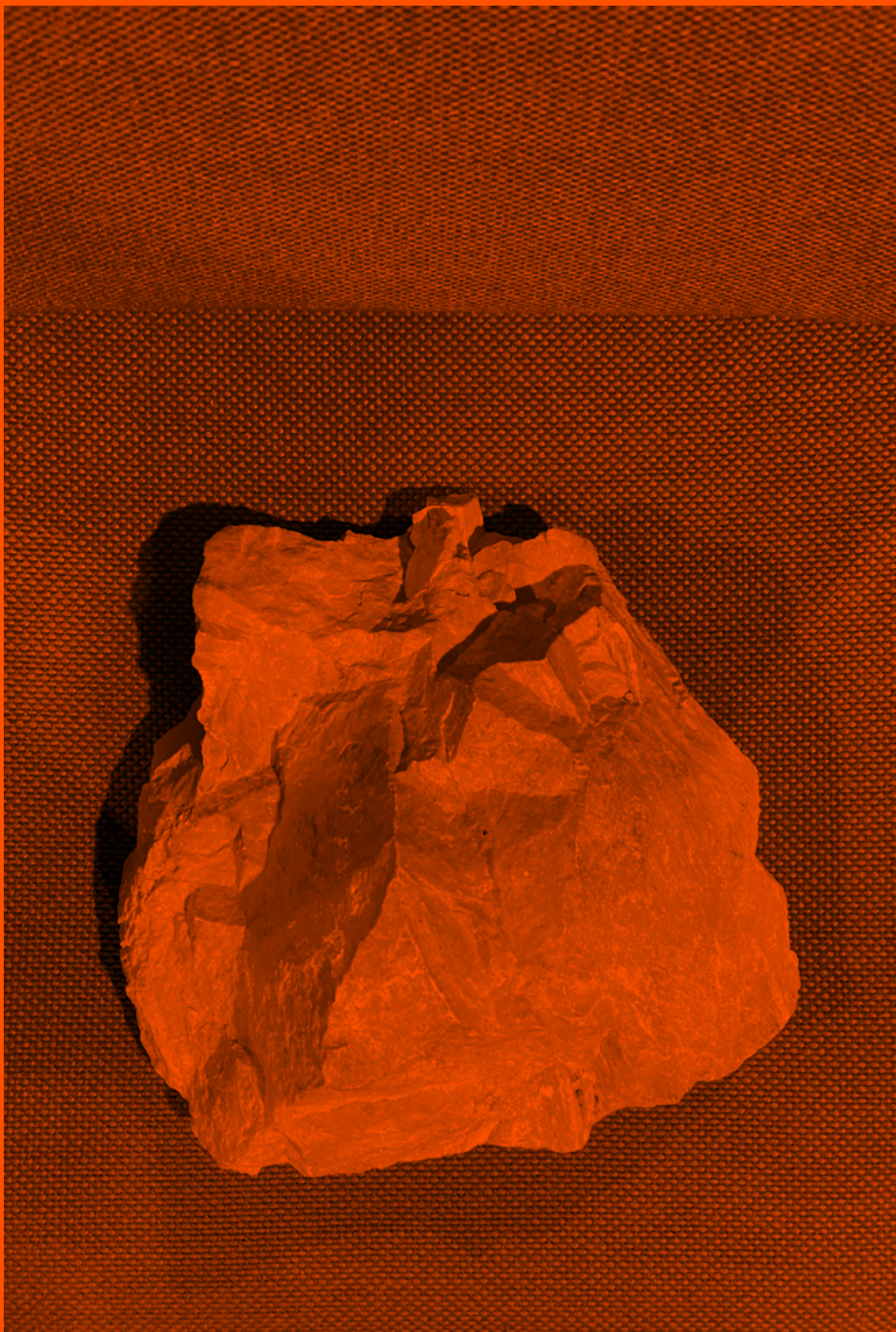
S takim prepričanjem držati kamen,
da je, ko ga izpustiš,
tak čudež, če ti pade
na tla, kot če ti poleti v nebo.

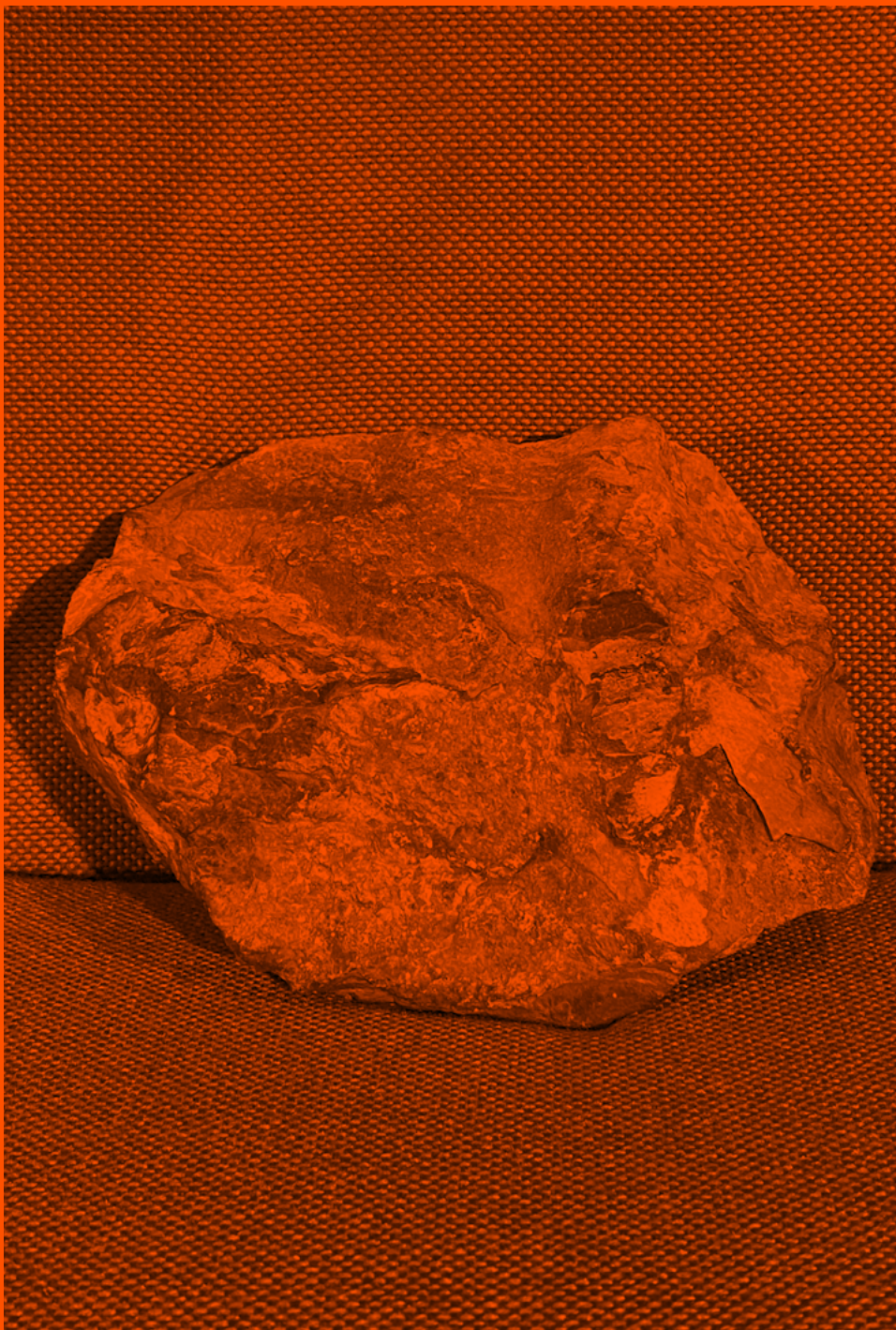


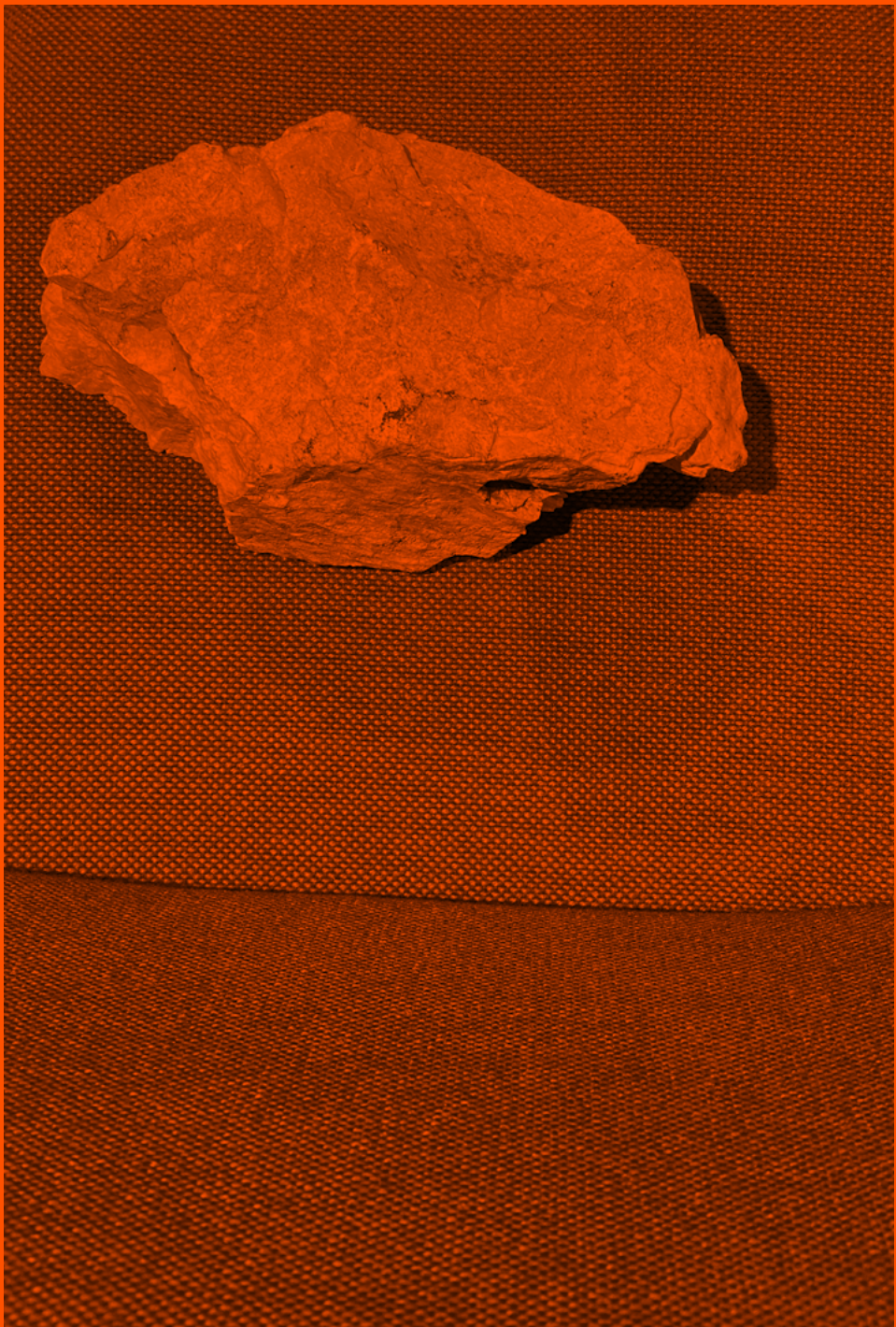




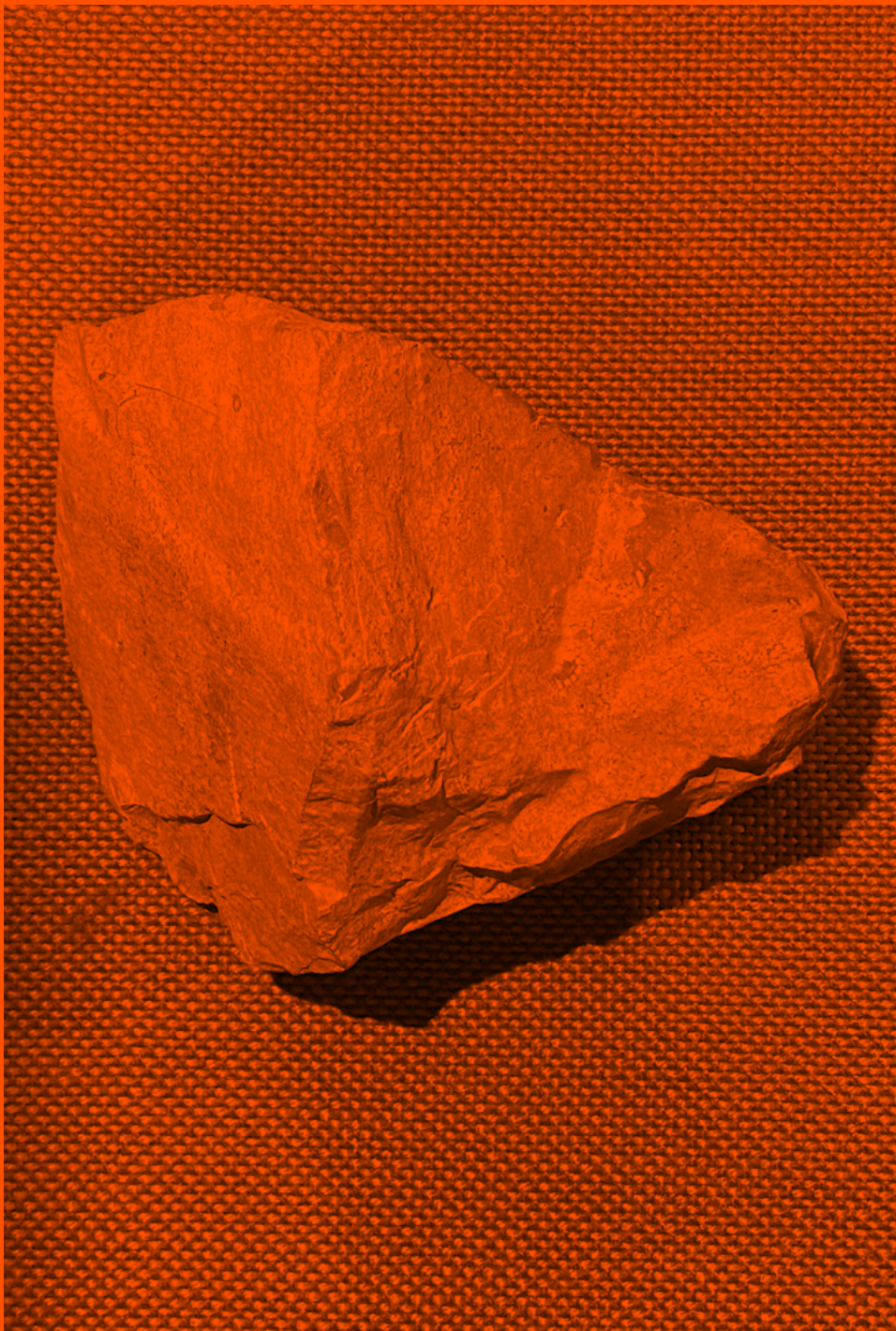


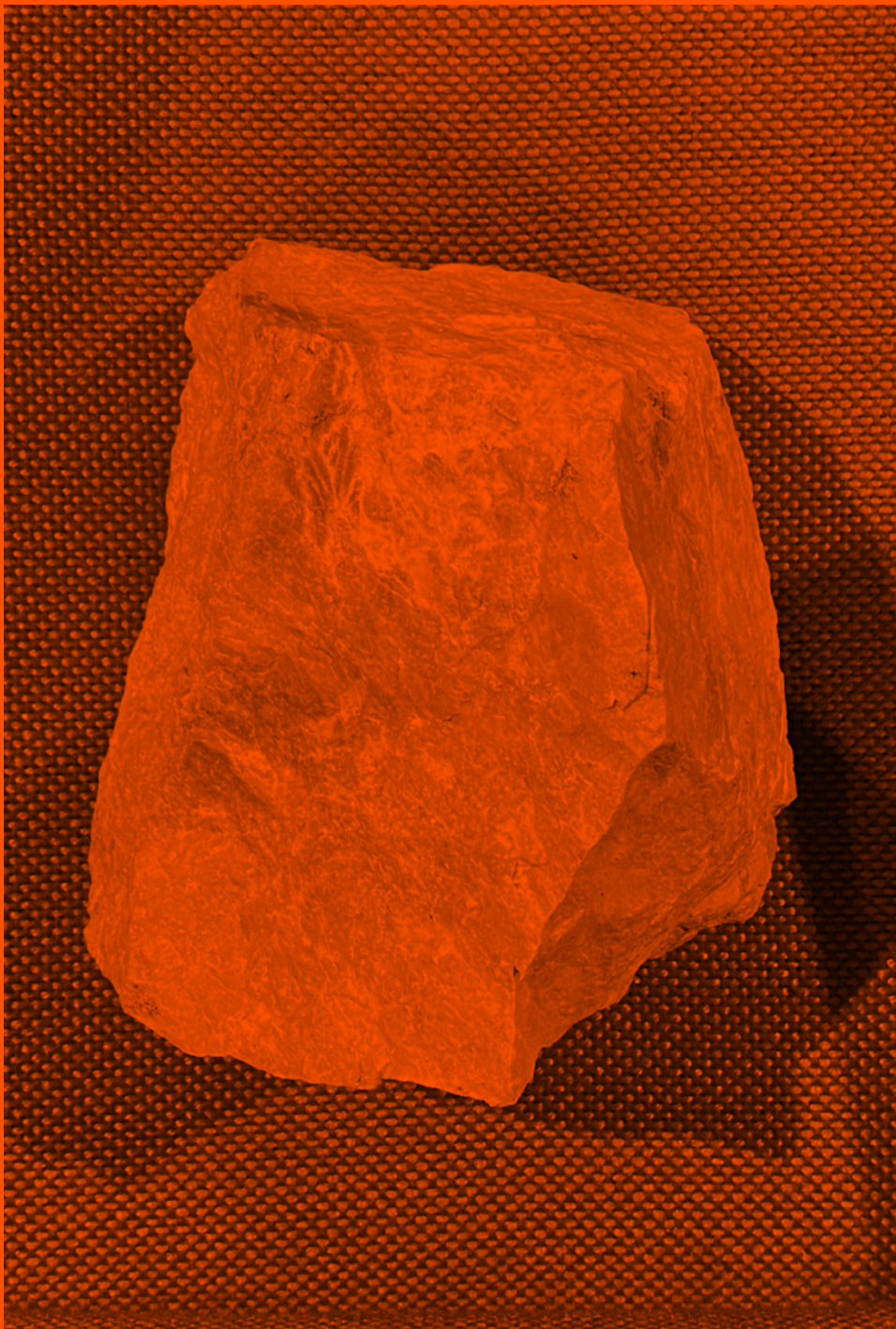




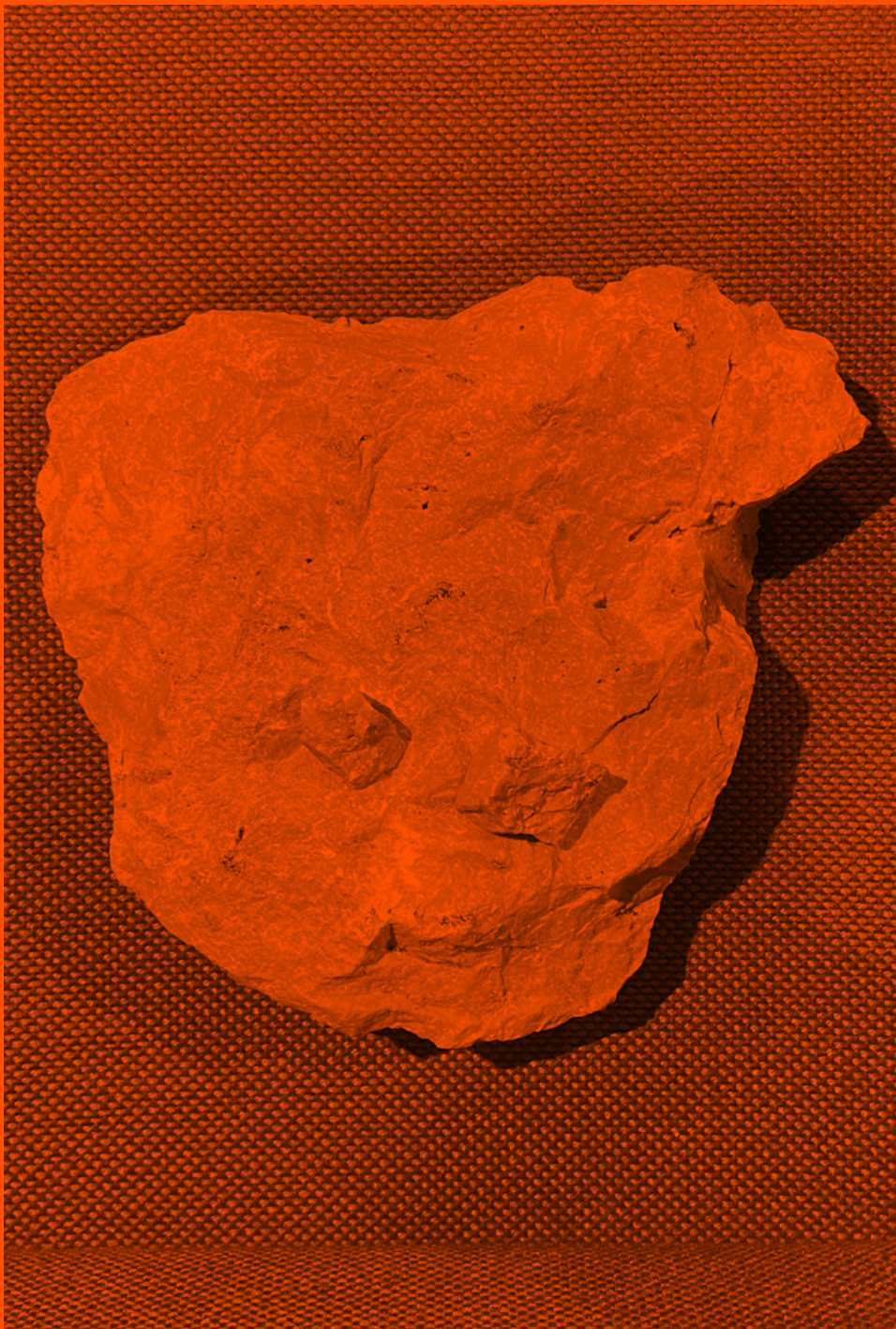


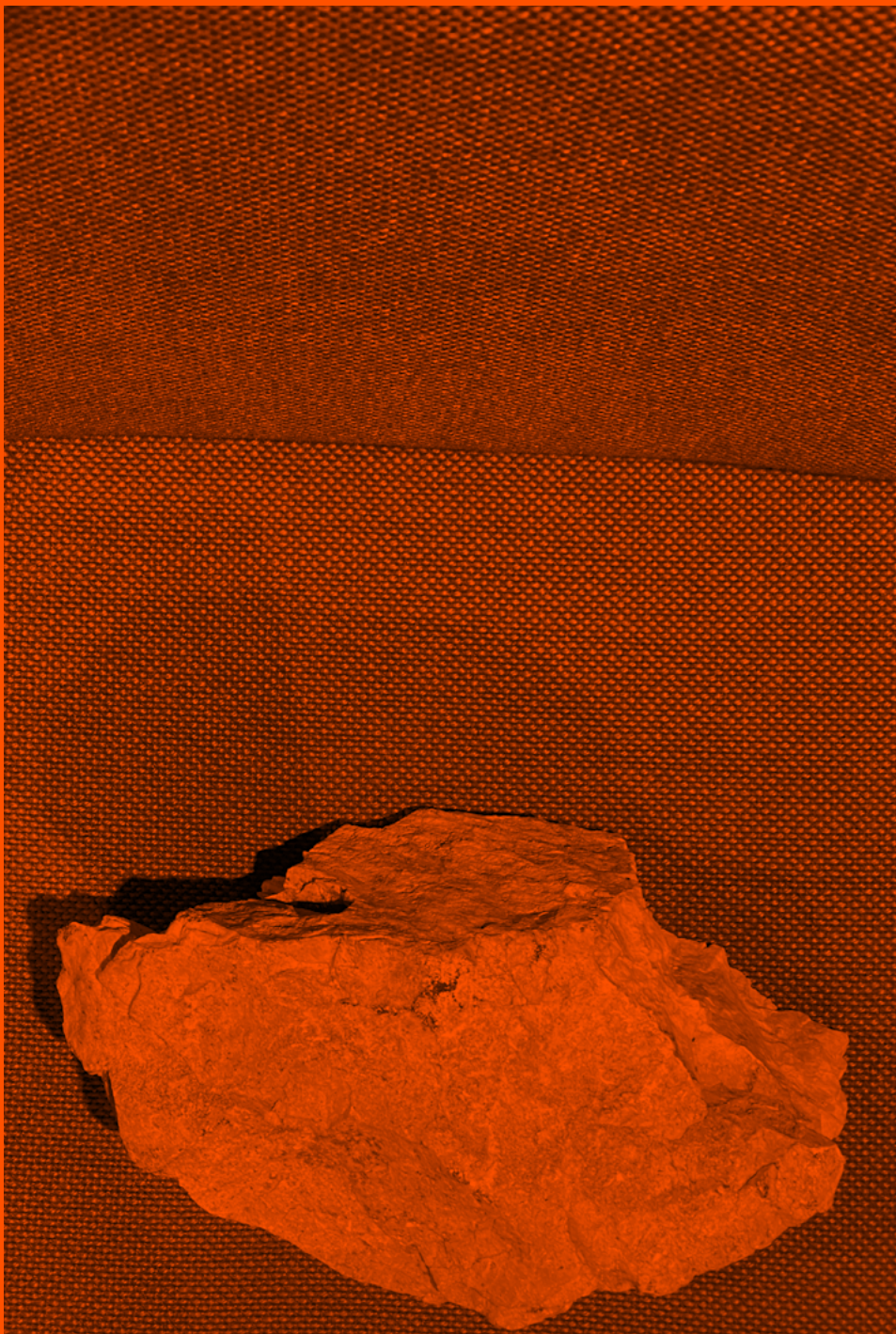














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