

2018/19



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M L A D I N S K O 6 3 . S E Z O N A

Sezona / Season 2018/2019

Uprizoritev / Performance 2

- 2 **Kazalo**
- 3 **Zasedba**
- 6 **Gal Kirn:**
Narodna sprava s fašizmom? *Ne, hvala!*
- 7 **Gal Kirn:**
National Reconciliation with Fascism? *No, thanks!*
- 8 **Ana Hofman:**
Zvoki zarez, upora in upanja /
Sounds of Rupture, Resistance and Hope
- 12 **Ana Vujanović:**
O krajinski dramaturgiji danes
- 14 **Ana Vujanović:**
On landscape dramaturgy today
- 18 **Dokumenti – strani iz Sonjinega dnevnika 1944/45 /**
Documents – pages from Sonja's diary 1944/45
- 21 **Odlomki iz besedila predstave**
- 22 **Performance text excerpts**



Narodna sprava: Krajine svobode

National Reconciliation: Freedom Landscapes

Režija / Direction:
Ana Vujanović, Marta
Popivoda

Igrajo / Cast:
Damjana Černe
Vida Rucli k. g. / as guest
Katarina Stegnar

Besedilo / Text:
Ana Vujanović v
sodelovanju z Marto
Popivoda po pričevanjih in
intervjujih Zore Konjajev,
Sonje Vujanović in Zdenke
Kidrič /
Ana Vujanović in
collaboration with Marta
Popivoda based on the
testimonies by Zora
Konjajev, Sonja Vujanović
and Zdenka Kidrič

**Dodatna besedila /
Additional texts:**
Damjana Černe, Katarina
Stegnar

**Dramaturgija /
Dramaturgy:**
Ana Vujanović

Video / Video:
Marta Popivoda

**Asistentka režije in
dramaturgije / Direction
and dramaturgy assistant:**
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**Koreografija /
Choreographer:**
Sheena McGrandles

**Scenografija /
Set design:**
Matej Stupica

**Sodelavka za
kostumografijo /
Costume design
collaborator:**
Slavica Janošević

**Filmska fotografija /
Film photography:**
Lev Predan Kowarski

**Svetovalec za montažo /
Editing consultant:**
René Frölke

**Lektorica /
Language consultant:**
Mateja Dermelj

**Strokovna sodelavca /
Consultants:**
Ana Hofman, Gal Kirn

**Asistent dramaturgije
(študijsko) /
Dramaturgy assistant
(internship):**
Jernej Potočan

**Asistentka kamere /
Camera assistant:**
Gaja Naja Rojec

**Prevod v slovenščino /
Translation to Slovenian:**
Sonja Dolžan

**Prevod v angleščino /
Translation to English:**
Vid Ropoša, Sandra Lukič
(Zdenka Kidrič, Zora
Konjajev), Žarko Cvejič
(Sonja Vukičević)

**Lektorica za angleščino /
English language
consultant:** Jana Renée
Wilcoxon

**Oblikovanje svetlobe /
Lighting design:**
David Cvelbar

**Oblikovanje tona /
Sound design:**
Silvo Zupančič

**Video tehnika in mapiranje /
Video engineering and
mapping:**
Dušan Ojdanič

**Vodja predstave /
Stage manager:**
Liam Hlede

Premiera / Première:
29. 11. 2018, Slovensko mladinsko gledališče
(v okviru CoFestivala / as a part of the
CoFestival programme)

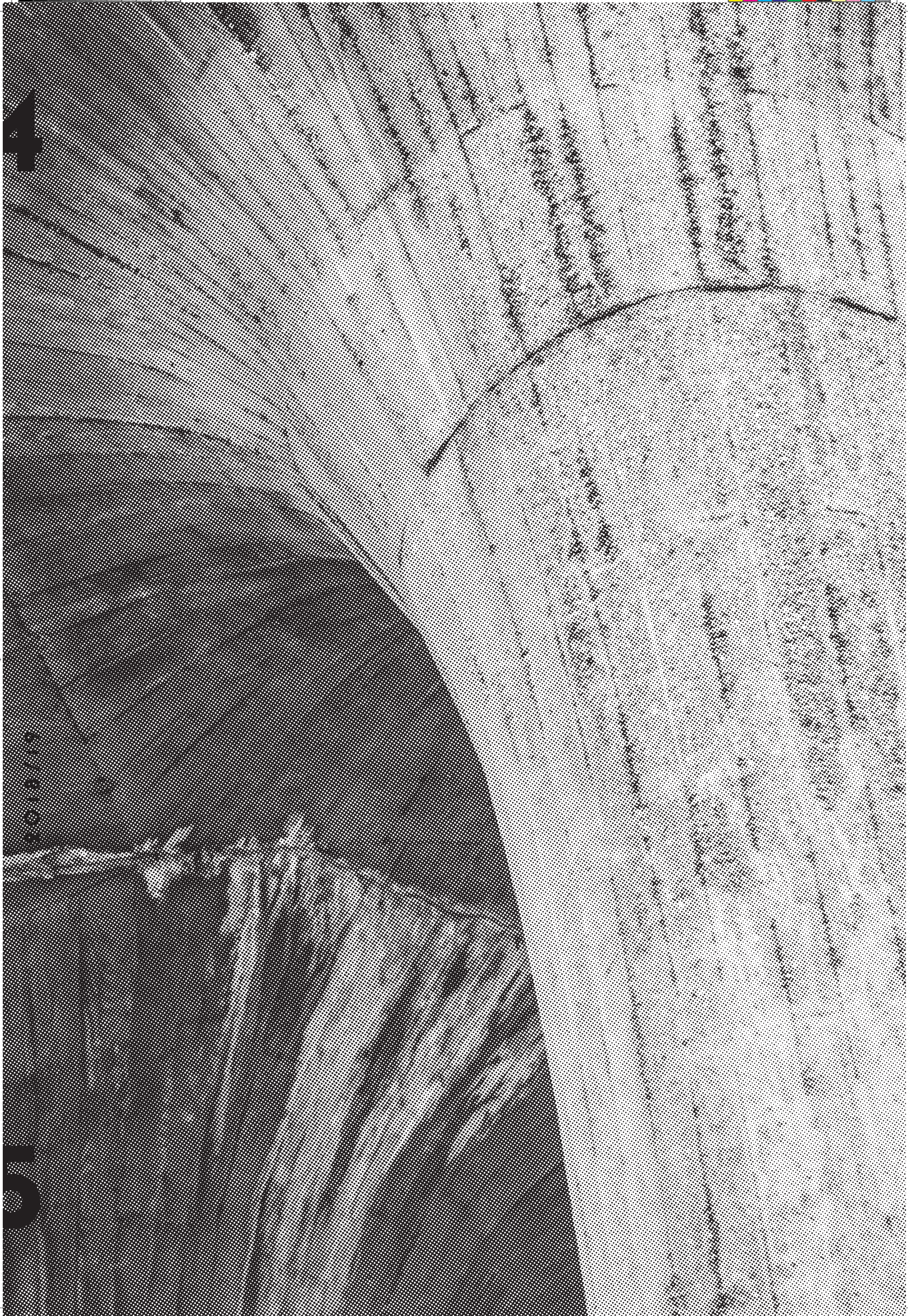
Pevski zbor / Choir: Amila Adrovič, Teja Bitenc, Urška
Cocej, Sabina Črnica, Polona Glavan, Anja Kocman,
Mateja Kuntarič, Mojca Peternel, Ana Smerdu, Tanja
Urek, Silvia Viviani, Gaja Vudrag, Anamarija Žagar

Lokacije snemanja / Shooting locations:
Hvala / Thank you: Zora Konjajev, Adreana Družina, Ivanka
Mežan, Miklavž Komelj, Marko Brdar, Dunja Nanut

**Nekaj spominov Zdenke Kidrič smo pridobili iz gradiva
v Arhivu Republike Slovenije. / Zdenka Kidrič's
recollections were partly gathered from the material
in the Archives of the Republic of Slovenia.**

Lučna mojstra / Lighting engineers: Matjaž Brišar, David Cvelbar
Tonski mojster / Sound engineer: Silvo Zupančič
Asistent tonskega mojstra / Sound technician: Marijan Sajovic
**Asistent video tehnika / Assistant video
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Vodenje podnapisov / Surttitle operator: Tina Malič
Garderoberki / Wardrobe mistresses:
Slavica Janošević, Andreja Kovač
**Maskerka in frizerka / Make-up artist and
hair stylist:** Nathalie Horvat
Rekviziter / Property master: Dare Kragelj
Odrski mojster / Chief stage technician: Boris Prevec
Odrski tehniki / Stage technicians: Tomaž Erzetič,
Valerij Jeraj, Tine Mazalovič, Mitja Strašek
Ključavničar / Master welder: Sandi Mikluž
Mizar / Master carpenter: Boštjan Kljakič Kim
Izdelava scenografije / Set construction: Martin Lovšin, Miran
Bratuš (Woodmood Woodcraft) & delavnice Slovenskega
mladinskega gledališča / Mladinsko Theatre workshops
Ekonom / Production services: Ivan Šikora
Čistilki / Facilities maintenance: Ljubica Letić, Nevzeta Šabić





6 National Reconciliation with Fascism? No, thanks!

National reconciliation in Slovenia has aimed to manage the largest conflict during and immediately after WWII. Let's remember that, apart from brutal fascist occupation, local fascist collaborationists (White Guards and Home Guards) participated in crimes against partisans and the civilian population, facilitating the deportation of Jews and political opponents to concentration camps. There was a civil war, while immediately after the war, in a mix of reprisal policy, revenge and revolutionary violence carried out by the secret police (Ozna) and detachments of the partisan army, some 12,500 local collaborationists from all over Yugoslavia were executed in the post-war killings in Kočevski Rog.¹ To avoid misunderstanding: this text is written from an affirmative position towards the partisan struggle, but despite the necessity to fight fascism and think about the fascist crimes preceding the post-war killings, one should not provide political or moral justification for the post-war killings. At the same time, the condemnation of the post-war killings should not function as the absolving of the crimes of the fascist collaborators during the war. This text claims that it was the discourse of national reconciliation in Slovenia that first opened the gates to equate partisans and fascists as all equal victims of the war/ideology, who, in the end, all belonged to the Slovenian nation. Advocates of reconciliation not only decontextualised the causes of WWII, the political and ethical positions within the struggle, they also executed a reconciliation of two irreconcilable political positions in order to heal the wounds of the nation. I claim that the "original sin" of national reconciliation was "committed" by the moral philosopher Spomenka Hribar;² her slogan soon became the major point of Slovenian nationalist ideology and a point of cohesion of the new ruling political class.

The nationalisation of the political body and the denationalisation of social property as the key to understanding the specific Slovenian road to independence

Spomenka Hribar's pioneering text carried the title "Avant-garde Hate and Reconciliation" and made a symbolic bridge about how to overcome the past sins, guilt and injustices in order to heal the Slovenian nation. I will touch on two major problems with Spomenka Hribar's meditation: firstly, as Irena Šumi well argues, Hribar's call is "morally vague" since it "dispersed the perpetrators and victims in a reciprocal way which would demand a mutual apology and the goal of reconciliation without the unconditional recognition of guilt".³ Secondly, Hribar decontextualises WWII and remains silent about (the fight against) Nazism and about the anti-Semitism that was part of anti-communism, defining part of the Slovenian Home Guards, the conservative political forces and the Catholic Church. Another key moment in Hribar's embrace of reconciliation is the demand for a separation between the individual as a "human being" and "ideology":

Reconciliation should be understood as agreement about our history. It would enable us to see both in revolutionaries and counterrevolutionaries at the end of the day unlucky "sons from the same mother", that is, that we primarily see them and recognise them as people (of one epoch). That does not mean that we accept ideology! Errors are human, and one should not accept them and perpetuate them. But not accepting ideology does not already mean to excommunicate their carriers; we need to separate thus between the man AND ideology.⁴

The elementary naiveté of such a premise to pretend there is a way to separate the individual/citizen from ideology other than in some moral laboratory is symptomatic of the ideological operation at work in Hribar's text. She understands reconciliation primarily as a moral process that should be built slowly, while it "concerns heart"⁵ and is vehemently juxtaposed to the "avant-garde hate". Reconciliation is a search on the "soil", where *love* and *memory* grow⁶ and can only happen "between us as human beings".⁷ Most importantly, and here the evident ideological call comes into play, reconciliation should take between us as human beings, but *nota bene*, within the national context, that is, within the "Slovenian nation". It no longer has anything to do with European (anti)fascist or Yugoslav history. The operation of stripping the individual of all his/her ideological identifications but national belonging was criticised by historian Lev Centrih:

[National reconciliation] has been understood as a call for the mutual recognition and respect of all sides engaged in the conflict, on the grounds that they all belong to the same motherland, to the same Nation, even though they may perceive their devotion differently and are marked by errors and crimes. Nation and motherland have been perceived as pre-given qualities of every individual, that is, as essentially separate from one's affiliations to political, production, or ideological practices.⁸

Despite Hribar's pre-theoretical understanding of ideology and, clearly, the nationalist twist of her interpretation, it would be wrong to ascribe to Hribar a rehabilitation of fascism, while her text talks about the need to condemn fascist ideology and the mistakes and crimes made in its name. If a reader is generous, one can understand that her intervention came in the time of late socialism, when the silence around the post-war killings weighed heavily and her first target "avant-garde hate" was there to attack political bureaucrats and censorship.

However, where her operation becomes more problematic is that, for the goal of national reconciliation, Hribar needs to beat the major enemy, the "avant-garde hate". The latter is allegedly perpetuated and will prevent us from reconciling as humans on Slovenian "soil". If one can see where her critique of the logic of "avant-garde" with its insistence of infallibility of Party can be epistemologically and politically fruitful, one needs to stay tuned for the major ideological displacement of the

text. Why is there no serious discussion of the principle of hate that started WWII? Hribar does not mention that the principle of ethnic hate and "national soil" actually started WWII. She does not mention the history of the fascist invasion of Yugoslavia and does not explain that local collaborationists took over the fascist principle of ethnic and racial hate and stood on their side till the very end of the war. Fascist collaborators were a vital part of the military-political apparatus that terrorised and executed any political opponents (anticommunism) and ethnic minorities (anti-Semitism, anti-Roma sentiment) that did not fit into the new order. The ethnic cleansing and belonging became the *central political border* that differentiated partisans from fascists. Partisan formation remained all-inclusive – everyone, from all classes, nations, genders belonged to this community in resistance except fascists. This border represents the major split in the nation, and once we connect this to the defence of material interests of old political-economical elites of old Yugoslavia, we get a clearer explanation as to why the nation as a whole was not fighting together against the occupation. The national liberation struggle was not only fought against the fascist occupation and local collaborationists, but also for a social revolution.

Within WWII, we can speak of two *non-reconcilable* principles: on the one hand, the fascist principle of ethnic/racial hate under the collaborationist regime, and on the other, the partisan inclusion of everyone who fought against fascism, built multinational solidarity and constructed a different, federative and multinational political entity. In the

political sense, this translates to a clear ethical choice: either fascist occupation or national liberation struggle. The perversity that the moral universe of national reconciliation prescribes now retrospectively is to already be forced to a moral relativisation and historical abstraction of the struggle of WWII. Think of the president of Slovenia, Borut Pahor, and you will find meaning as to how to sit on both sides of the fence all the time. Then again, if one calls for national reconciliation, should we then imagine the existence of a third option that goes beyond the two exclusive alternatives? What would that mean in the actual sense? Would this mean to call citizens to fight neither with Nazis nor with partisans, but rather to wait or become moral authorities – beautiful souls who can later on morally condemn both sides and their crimes? The more we dwell on this ethical meditation, the more we see its frame is useless for understanding WWII, while also serving a specific memorial goal: to force the retroactive mourning of fascist and antifascist victims alike.

Despite the nationalist prescription of the moral universe of Spomenka Hribar, we need to give her text the credit of having visionary powers. She largely defined the coordinates of the dominant memory politics in the Slovenian context, which achieved its memorial peak in the *Monument to Victims of all Wars in Ljubljana* (2014) that even took the poem of Oton Župančič from a partisan memorial. Already in 1986, she called for a "monument to national reconciliation":

The obelisk should stand in the middle of Ljubljana ... and scream to the sky about the tragedy of a small nation that while in the struggle for its own existence along incomprehensible human destiny became at the same time its own executioner and punisher. On this obelisk there should simply be written "Fallen for the Homeland". Indeed they all died for their homeland. Each for their own beloved and dreamt homeland ... All of us that still live are descendants of this yearning and suffering. If as nation we are not able to take all this suffering as the suffering of our nation, then we are not able to finish the civil war that decimated us. If we are not able to see the human being in the criminal, and if in a human way we do not feel pity for a criminal himself, then the sting of war was not beaten, and catharsis will not be reached.⁹

Her mnemonic call to arms interpellated "us" into the descendants of the Slovenian nation that have to recognise partisans and fascists as a part of the same "homeland". If we are to live freely and united, we need to feel pity and forgive each other, even the criminals on the both sides of the civil war. We become subjects supposed to commemorate the victims of the wars – no matter which side or politics they followed – with a crucial reference to "national soil", which is framed in nationalist ideology.

Her call was written in the famous 57th issue of *Nova Revija* that announced the nationalistic program and the destruction of Yugoslavia, while its most evident political realisation was materialised in July 1990. It was then that the most famous symbolic gesture, a historical shaking of hands between the (now late) bishop of the Catholic Church Alojzij Šuštar and the head of the former Communist Party and the first president of independent Slovenia, Milan Kučan, took place. The latter also held a speech announcing the necessary reconciliation of all Slovenians. This was the announcement of a long-term process that gathered very different agents from the Church, intellectuals, civil initiatives and politicians alike, who all insisted on settling accounts related to WWII and the civil war that divided Slovenia. The agents of reconciliation agreed that the crimes of both the partisan and fascist collaborationist sides should be fully acknowledged in order that we be able to move forward as a nation. The specific Slovenian anti-totalitarian ideology was formed: we should condemn both fascist totalitarian rule and (partisan?) communist totalitarianism. One could add that it was national reconciliation that ended up with a new form of totalitarianism: totalitarianism of the nation that waged ethnic wars in the 1990s. The claim that Yugoslav socialism was totalitarianism does not hold water and is a clear part of right-wing paranoia, if something, we could claim that the Yugoslav experiment from partisan struggle to self-management showed how both totalitarianisms could be defeated: Nazi-fascism and Stalinism. In simplified dictum: Tito defeated both Hitler and Stalin, but this could not be done without tremendous popular support and the belief in another world.

If something, the moral ramblings of national reconciliation clearly show that it became the ideology of new ruling class that appeased old communist apparatchiks with new right-wing parties and Church masters, while on the other hand this discourse opened a gate towards the rehabilitation of fascism. Instead of the erection of antifascist and partisan monuments, Slovenia saw the proliferation of monuments dedicated to fascist collaborators, which received its peak in *Grahovo* (2014) and which openly rehabilitates fascism, both as a form of memory and as an actual politics today. Thus, it becomes even more necessary for us to reject both national reconciliation with fascists and fascist rehabilitation and remobilise past partisan and revolutionary resources.

- 1 Čepič, Zdenko, Guštin, Damijan and Troha, Nevenka, *Slovenija v vojni, 1941–1945*, Ljubljana: Založba Modrijan, 2017.
- 2 Hribar, Spomenka, *Krivda in greh, Katedra*, Vol. 28, No. 1, 2, 3., 1986.
- 3 Šumi, Irena, *Slovenski antisemitizem, živ pokopan v ideologiji slovenske narodne sprave*, ČKZ 260, 2015, p. 73.
- 4 Hribar, Spomenka, *Avantgardno sovražstvo in sprava, Nova revija*, No. 57, 1987, p. 102.
- 5 Ibid.
- 6 Ibid., p. 101.
- 7 Ibid., p. 100.
- 8 Centrih, Lev, *O pomenu Komunistične partije Slovenije med drugo svetovno vojno in po njej, Oddogodenje zgodovine: primer Jugoslavije, Borec 60 – Special edition*, 2008, pp. 70–71.
- 9 Hribar, Spomenka, *Krivda in greh, Katedra*, Vol. 28, No. 3, 1986, p. 8.

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Zvoki zareze, upora in upanja

Partizanske pesmi so bile po razpadu Jugoslavije potisnjene na rob javnega prostora kot ideološko kontaminiran in formaliziran glasbeni žanr – konstrukt komunističnega režima, brez pravega družbenega pomena in potenciala. V luči militantnega nacionalizma devetdesetih let prejšnjega stoletja in uvajanja radikalnih neoliberalnih politik je antifazišem postal del problematične socialistične preteklosti ter predmet negacije in revizionizma. Zaradi svoje dvojne narave, in sicer hkratne povezave z jugoslovansko identiteto in socialistično preteklostjo, so bile partizanske pesmi označene kot nezaželene in problematične.

Z novimi generacijami se pod vplivom zgodovinskega konteksta prvega desetletja 21. stoletja ter aktualnega trenutka globalnega kapitalizma (in njegove krize) v postjugoslovanskem prostoru pojavlja novo zanimanje za antifaziščno zvočno preteklost in njene nove interpretacije. Partizanske pesmi so postale znova aktualne v trenutku, ki ga zaznamujeta družbena dezintegracija in politična apatija in v katerem si je vse težje zamisliti prihodnost kapitalizma. Za ta čas so značilni tudi novo razmišljanje, praksa in domišljija za politično delovanje – predvsem zaradi ponovnega vrednotenja razuma in racionalnosti v politiki, etiki in estetiki. V 21. stoletju je postalo ključno politično vprašanje, kako s pomočjo čutnih in čustvenih sredstev doseči politične in ideološke učinke.

Partizanske pesmi dandanes slišimo na različnih prizoriščih, prostorih in v različnih okoliščinah: na protestih, shodih, ob zanemarjenih spomenikih v spomin na dogodke iz druge svetovne vojne, zapuščenih privatiziranih tovarnah, med odpuščenimi delavci ali deložiranimi družinami na gentrificiranih obrobjih mest, na aktivističnih festivalih poezije, proslavah, posvečenih drugi svetovni vojni, koncertih in festivalih. Na vseh teh raznolikih prizoriščih je ključna »osnovna« vloga, ki so jo partizanske pesmi imele med drugo svetovno vojno – da ljudi v izjemnih zgodovinskih okoliščinah nagovorijo k uporu. Besedila izražajo neomajnega duha in zavezanost k uporu in boju v najtežjih trenutkih: od kmečkih vstaj proti fevdalnim gospodarjem, bojev za delavske pravice v dvajsetih in tridesetih letih prejšnjega stoletja, do partizanskega upora med drugo svetovno vojno. Zato so partizanske pesmi tako zvok upora kot zvočna podlaga za družbeno revolucijo – glas zatiranih, na obrobje potisnjenih in izkoriščanih. Razumevanje partizanskega upora ideološko polnijo z novimi pomeni in potencialnimi rabami. Opominjajo nas na to, da se je pomembno sklicevati na glasbeno preteklost, saj je to način političnega angažmaja, in, nenazadnje, na nujnost reaktualizacije revolucionarnih idej in vrednot. V trenutni postpolitični in postresničnostni družbeni realnosti, ki jo zaznamujeta dvoumnost in nezmožnost zavzemanja jasnih stališč, nas partizanske pesmi spominjajo na to, kako pomembno je, da se do nečesa nedvoumno opredelimo in se z nečim radikalno soočimo.

Sporočila, vrednote in ideje, ki jih pesmi nosijo, niso edino, kar sproža njihovo mobilizacijsko moč: dejstvo, da so bile »rojene« v trenutku boja in upora, jih prežema s posebnim gonom, ki omogoča telesno in čutno mobilizacijo. Partizanske pesmi čutimo kot polne energije, strasti ter čustvene in čutne moči. Ker so bile rojene v skupinskem petju, jih prežemajo močna občutja, kakršna ustvarijo čustvena srečanja in kolektivna izkušnja zvoka. Pokaže se, da je prav njihov skupinski zvok najučinkovitejše sredstvo, ki omogoča vzpostavitev posebnih vrst čustveno-energijskih kolektivov.

Zato so partizanske pesmi dandanes zmožne zarezati v politično ozračje, ki ga čustveno zaznamujeta apatija in politična izčrpanost. V uporu proti temu so uporabljene kot budnice, da bi ljudje politično usodo spet vzeli v svoje roke in odkrito zavrnilo položaj pasivnega opazovalca. Njihov vrojeni mobilizacijski potencial priča o politični zmožnosti glasbe, da ponudi vpogled v tiste vidike političnega delovanja, ki bi drugače ostali skriti ali nevidni. Še več, te pesmi nas nagovarjajo, naj razmišljamo onkraj konservativne ideje »politike« in v prid čustveni moči, ki je na voljo v vsakdanjem življenju, in v časih, ki so kruti in gluhi za vse, tudi za življenje samo, prinaša novo energijo in upanje.

Prevedla: Urška Brodar

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Sounds of Rupture, Resistance and Hope

After the disintegration of Yugoslavia, partisan songs were pushed to the edge of the public sphere as an ideologically contaminated and formalised music genre – as a construct of the communist regime without any social meaning and potential. In the light of the militant nationalisms of the 1990s and the introduction of radical neoliberal politics, antifascism became a part of the problematic socialist past, subject to negation and revisionism. Due to their double nature – the simultaneous connection to the Yugoslav identity and the socialist past – partisan songs were labelled unwanted and problematic.

With new generations under the influence of the historic context of the first decade of the 21st century and the contemporary moment of global capitalism (and its crisis), new interests and interpretations of the antifascist sonic past are emerging in the post-Yugoslav setting. In a moment marked by social disintegration and political apathy, in which it is getting harder and harder to imagine the future of capitalism, partisan songs have become relevant again. It's also a time that fosters new attempts in thinking, practising and imagining capacities to act politically – primarily through a re-evaluation of reason and rationality in politics, ethics and aesthetics. Producing ideological and political effects by sensorial and affective means has become a key political issue in the 21st century.

Today, partisan songs resound in various performance settings, spaces and occasions: at protests and rallies, at the sites of neglected monuments of WWII, in abandoned privatised factories, among fired workers or evicted families in gentrified city outskirts, at activist poetry festivals, at commemorations dedicated to WWII, at concerts and festivals. Across these diverse settings, the "primary" function of partisan songs during WWII – to appeal to people to resist in extreme historical circumstances – is utilised. Their lyrics portray a strong spirit and dedication to resist and fight in the most difficult moments: from the peasants' uprisings against feudal masters, the workers' struggle for their rights during the 1920s and 1930s, to the partisan resistance in WWII. This is why partisan songs are at the same time sounds of resistance and a soundtrack of social revolution – a voice of the oppressed, marginalised and exploited. Through their new use, the songs are transformed discursively, sonically, spatially, symbolically. Ideologically, they populate the notion of "partisan resistance" with new meanings and uses. They remind us of the importance to reference the musical past as a means of political engagement and the urgency to reactualise the revolutionary thought and values. In the current post-political and post-truth social reality, which is marked by ambiguity and the impossibility of taking clear positions, partisan songs remind us of the importance of taking sides unequivocally, and of radical confrontation.

However, the messages, values and ideas the songs carry are not the only trigger of their mobilising force: the fact that they were "born" in the moment of struggle and resistance suffuses them with a special drive that enables an embodied and sensorial mobilisation. Partisan songs are perceived as highly energetic, passionate, affectively and sensorially powerful. Conceived in the collective singing, they are characterised by a strong intensity of feeling produced through the affective encounters in the collective experience of sound. Their collective sound proves to be the most powerful tool for enabling the emergence of specific kinds of emotional-energetic collectives.

This is why partisan songs today are able to make a rupture in the political atmosphere affectively structured by apathy and political exhaustion. Going against this grain, partisan songs are a wake-up call for people to start retaking their political destiny into their own hands and to openly express their disagreement with the passive bystander position. The inherent mobilising potential of these songs is witness to the political capacities of music to provide insights into invisible aspects of political activity which would otherwise remain hidden or out of view. Moreover, they call on us to think beyond the conservative idea of "politics", towards the affective powers available to everyday life that bring new energy and hope in a time of atrophy and deafness for everything, including life itself.



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2018/19

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Mladinsko gledališče



01/18

On Landscape Dramaturgy Today

Today, dramaturgy is more than ever a vibrant artistic field, on the one hand, constantly expanding, and on the other, populated with various discourses and practices coming from other social and cultural spheres. Therefore, simultaneously with following how it spilled out of the drama play, theatre stage, black box and even the performance in broadest artistic sense, we can follow how present day media, cinema, internet, management of labour, educational system, popular music, life styles, organisation of perception and attention, as well as the financial crisis, protests, assemblies and self-organised communities that have appeared in Europe in the recent years have influenced dramaturgy. In this present article I will focus on a point where these two streams intersect. There, where dramaturgy in performing arts reverberates with the surrounding context and by the same stroke invites us to think that context by observing performances, I see a tendency on contemporary European dance and performance scene(s) that I name "landscape dramaturgy". I am aware that the idea of landscape, with its wide horizons and empty spaces, seems just opposite to how we visualise our fast-changing, turbulent and supersaturated social environment. To a certain extent it is, especially if we associate the landscape with pastoral idylls; yet to another one, the landscape may be exactly a sublimation of that environment, especially if we associate it with an indifferent "thingness" of the world around us. This is where my concern in this tendency starts. Landscape is not a genuinely new dramaturgical concept although the way it manifests on contemporary European scene(s) entirely belongs to our present-day social and cultural context.

In different manners it appeared throughout the 20th century from Gertrude Stein's plays to the post-dramatic theatre of the 1990s.²

Landscape dramaturgy: problems and tendencies

When I say "landscape dramaturgy", I think in poetic rather than analytical terms. Therefore, I do not induce that notion from the formal or structural analysis of a particular set of works and authors, nor do I have a clear and strong concept of dramaturgical model, which I am to apply to certain performances. It is rather about the fact that in recent years, due to my professional engagements, I have been exposed to a great number of new European productions, by renowned artists as well as those just starting with performance making. And while attending these performances, I let myself enjoy them, be with them, get to know them ... postponing the transformation of that experience into the professional engagement by the tools and notions with which I was already familiar. That is how I noticed a renewed interest in the landscape dramaturgy while attending performances such as Márten Spångberg's *La Substance*, but in English (2014), *The Internet* (2015) and *Natten* (2016); Doris Uhlich's *more than naked* (2014) and *Boom Bodies* (2016); Isabelle Schad's and Laurent Goldring's *Collective Jumps* (2014); Sebastian Matthias's *Groove Space series* (2014–16) and Anne Imhof's *Angst II* (2016). Then I recognised similar approaches in the first works of several new authors, such as Linda Blomqvist's *Cosmos the Beach* (2015); Sigrid Stigsdatter Mathiasen's *Coordinates* (2017); and Tea Teearu's *Monumental – The Fallen* (2017). Besides, I remember that some landscape thinking was present in Christine de Smedt's *Four Choreographic Portraits* (2011–12), which I in different ways associate with Florentina Holzinger's and Vincent Riebeek's *Wellness* (2013) and *Schönheitsabend* (2015) and (La)Horde's dance-film *Novaciéries* (2015). Eventually, in how Ivana Müller creates the stage of appearance in *Edges* (2016) and unfolds it in time, I see a literary journey through a landscape. These performances do not form a new movement and the differences between them are bigger than what they share. Yet, there are certain similarities in how they organise our experience and situate the human as being-and-agent in the world, which I name "landscape dramaturgy".

I do not see landscape dramaturgy as an exclusively artistic invention. The way that artists like Doris Uhlich, Márten Spångberg, Isabelle Schad, Sebastian Matthias, Christine de Smedt, Ivana

Müller and (La)Horde, among others, dramaturgically approach their recent performances is embedded in the social, cultural and artistic contexts in which they make these performances. In the frame of the artworld, I see resemblances and affinities between, on the one hand, landscape dramaturgy and post-internet art and on the other, landscape dramaturgy and slow cinema, although post-internet art and slow cinema look like very distant artistic practices and I do not see significant junctions between them. Besides, the recent trend of programming dance in museums has also left its mark on the dance scene and the landscape dramaturgy in performing arts could be seen as a remarkable echo of that trend. In addition, if I broaden my view I would associate landscape dramaturgy with the recent protests, assemblies and self-organised communities across neoliberal Europe, where new ways of gathering, relating, presence and co-presence have been probed. These connections and networks are dense and vast and in what follows I will tackle only a few points of intersections, the ones I find indispensable, while leaving the rest for some future writings.

Temporality as a visual composition: the logic of the internet

What landscape dramaturgy shares with post-internet art is the awareness of an immense influence of internet on how we spend time, engage creativity, structure knowledge, think and communicate and organise our perception and attention. That manifests but does not exhaust itself in the cases such as Spångberg's performance *The Internet*, (La)Horde's "post-internet dance" including the installation *Danse Post-Internet Dance* (2017) and the use of internet as the main means of communication and promotion and an important means of production both by Spångberg, Uhlich and Müller and post-internet artists Ryan Trecartin, Jesse Darling and Amalia Ulman.

Apart from these obvious, thematic and technical and technological connections, a dramaturgical junction here lies in how the visual logic of the internet, with its spatialisation of thinking through hypertexts and hyperlinks and production and circulation of images as the new dominant means of communication, together with the instantaneousness of the communication on social media, appears both in post-internet artworks and contemporary dance and performance. I refer, for instance, to Schad choreographing *Collective Jumps* as a slide-show, where one live group picture morphs into the next one or to how characters in (La)Horde's *Novaciéries* gather, "understand" each other and form a social group just by dancing "jumpstyle". In different media but still employing the instantaneous visual communication there are blogging-style day-to-day performances of self in Ulman's *Excellences and Perfections* (Instagram, 2014) and *The Scandalishious Project* (YouTube, 2008) by Ann Hirsch and Trecartin's movie *I-Be Area* (2007) where editing connects frames, sequences and scenes mostly by juxtaposing them in a succession that has a strong visual integrity although might look random if we focus on the meaning, the storyline. What I notice here as peculiar is that the dramaturgical problem of temporality, of time needed for communication to develop is treated as a matter of visual composition. The artists offer various solutions to that problem. In Spångberg's *The Internet*, dramaturgy reconstructs the internet browsing. Its temporality is not linear; it rather spreads through and across visually suggestive milieus, whose intelligibility does not count (only) on the semantic register. The performance is over there, on stage, clearly displayed and symbolically divided from the audience. What we follow is a network of situations in which a group of performers speak among themselves and the audience can hear hardly anything; they change their clothes, the purpose of which might remain opaque for us; their group dynamics change but it is not followed with the reactions of the performers, which could give us a key to the rationale of the changes. It all resembles the experiences of time while searching for something on internet for hours: finding an article that leads to a blog, reading poetry and then losing the track, opening the poem in a new window and leaving it in the background, then going back back back to one of the previous pages,

opening a forum where a fierce debate is going on and you are a total outsider having no clue about what is happening since you jumped in at the 78th page of the discussion, getting out and checking Google images, while you listen to the music from one of the opened tabs. What happens with the human perception of time in the course of that search is connected with the confusion about the chronological time itself, where before, now and after, which get a new, visual dimension, become vague, if not inappropriate.

Attention and attending

From another angle, the visual and spatial treatment of time described above can be seen as a new precondition of the audience's attending, watching and listening, comparable with the experience of attending an exhibition in the gallery or the museum. Furthermore, the audience's attending in landscape dramaturgy, which on the one hand comes from the similar mindsets from which post-internet art and slow cinema originate, could be seen as the most direct echo of programming dance and performance in the museum in contemporary dance and performance. It could be summed up in the expression "spending time with". That is to say, a focused attention is usually not needed, and the audience is more often invited to be with an artwork, free to jump in and get out, without the fear that they will get lost as would be the case if they would miss one step in the causal narrative chain. This dramaturgy of audience's attention and attending could be seen as undemanding, easy-going and in the last instance pretty pleasing. However, for me, it also indicates a concern about how to navigate through the world that is not there for us and, eventually, imply ourselves in it. My experience of attending *Natten* might help explaining why I do not hasten to criticise this approach.³

Natten takes place in an open space (not divided into the theatre stage and the auditorium seating), with the audience sitting on cushions and blankets around the stage. The performance runs almost the entire night, in a dark and mysterious atmosphere where everything is slow or slowed down. To be a member of that audience meant to be almost left alone with each other, together and alone, together with the piece and alone. There was one moment which was organised differently. It was "a time to sleep", when the dancers were sitting on the floor and repetitively singing a very slow and gentle kind of (seemingly) folk song (*Ásgeir's Going Home*), which sounded like a lullaby. Most of us really fell asleep, and it was the only collective moment, the moment when the audience behaved as a group. Otherwise the visitors organised their "spacetime" individually. When I looked around, I saw a man who was sitting next to me lean against the wall, let his smartphone rest on his lap, and take a nap. Two others, further on his left, were sitting in the same position while staring at the stage. A young woman on my right was reading the book *Natten*, which accompanies the performance. How can she read in the dark? I wondered. A former-hippie, middle-aged couple in front of me brought some beer and lay on the floor in the spooning position ... I also didn't follow the performance with my eyes wide open all the time. For a while I was curious to follow a dancer leaving the group and going to his "station" on the stage, where he would take a sip of water and read from a notebook. I would then lose interest and look around. Very often I would follow one particular performer (Hana Lee Erdman). I tried to understand why I was always able to recognise her in that half-dark and I caught my thought: she was the one who embodied the very thought of the piece. But what was the thought of *Natten*? ... I would observe Hana Lee Erdman again: she dances as if she leaves the traces of former movements visible like long-exposed photographs. Then I would briefly comment on that to my girlfriend sitting next to me and we would start chatting on some unrelated topic. Then I would go back to the video, where the image of fog was lingering over the screen. Or once I just closed my eyes and enjoyed listening to Prince's *Purple Rain* ...

I can easily compare that experience with my experience of watching Lisandro Alonso's movie *Freedom* (2001). Where Alonso is even more radical is that whereas Spångberg plays with the night-time, the time when the unexpected might happen, in *Freedom* a (work)day of a woodworker is unfolding before our eyes and it is certain that "nothing will happen". In both cases, however, there is a generosity regarding the demands from the audience, which is by that very gesture given responsibility for their own perception, reception and experience. That is the tie I find intriguing. Not only that slow cinema is usually accused by its critics for being boring and hence elitist – that is, only for a sophisticated and patient audience – I also remember that after watching *Natten* some people said that they "didn't get much from the performance". In my attempt to understand that impression, the explanation that came to mind is that you in fact got what you gave. If you were mostly busy with checking Facebook – and nobody on the stage prevented you from doing that – of course you didn't get a lot from the performance. So, this might be the state of affairs with *Natten* – and similarly with *Freedom* – you yourself didn't pay attention to what was happening on the stage, and there was *something* always happening there, and as a consequence you simply didn't get that "thing". This is eventually a far-reaching proposal, this invitation to give your attention to something that does not require it, and then

go home with “some-thing” that filled your attention or with “no-thing”. The landscape dramaturgy is thus as demanding as it is pleasing, and when it comes to the audience’s attention and attending, I see it is a call to find your own pace of being with an artwork and decide for yourself if you are to exercise contemplation, consumption or absentmindedness. Similarly to how we attend an exhibition; not only when pictures and sculptures are on display, but also even when video pieces take much more time to be seen in their entirety.

Dramaturgy as the organisation of experience

At this point, I would like to mention Bleeker’s theses on stratigraphy⁴ as a dramaturgical tool of landscape theatre. When she wrote about it, 15 years ago, it suited well the postdramatic theatre of the 1980s, 1990s and early 2000s; while in the performances to which I refer here, I have noticed a modification of stratigraphy, originating from a changed understanding of what the main components of a performance are. The change goes from thinking in semiotic categories of “the texts of performance” (verbal text, set design, music, lights, etc.) toward thinking about the affects and experience as the main performance tissue. Therefore, whereas stratigraphy implies semantic layers and their coordination and superimposition, landscape dramaturgy today implies an organisation of experience.

In *Natten*, for instance, there is a slow, irregularly curling dramaturgy, which manifests in a non-narrative composition of the event, which progresses somewhere, then goes back to an earlier point, and from that point continues in a new direction. These points – a dance material (Birgit Åkesson’s solos), a tune (Samuel Barber’s *Te deum*), or a group formation (two trios) – although changed when they reappear, pop up as what we know, like loose and brief anchors for our perception, but only to fail us in the next moment by not continuing in the way we expect. And we do expect a continuation in a certain direction on the ground of what was previously seen emerging from that point. Namely, we are looking for patterns which can systematise our experience. But it does not happen, and *Natten* seems to revisit and erase its traces all the time. Its dramaturgy of an experience on the verge of language resembles the messy squiggle of a spring that curves and swirls throughout a sheet of paper, all the time losing itself and finding itself again ...

Another approach that I find striking is the dramaturgy of Uhlich’s *more than naked*. Instead of working with performance texts and their layering, it operates in only one, solely experiential register: the relationship between the common and the singular, as examined by human bodies moving/dancing to music. Philosophically speaking, the performance does not take the individual as primordial and it brings us back to the passages from the common to the singular: therefore, the flesh has priority over the body and the body over the identity. In dramaturgical terms, the basic premise here is the body as what we humans have in common and the performance then unfolds the experiences of 20 performers actualising that generic feature differently in singular interplays between their bodies and movements (to the same music). The dramaturgical specificity is that the process never progresses further – the techno music beats emphasise that impression – and Uhlich does not offer a unification, conflict or revolutionary gathering of all these bodies that meet on stage. The political side of that to and fro dramaturgy is that it shifts away from assigning an identity to the naked body (by help of abstract qualities such as fat, slim, fast, short, skilful) toward how humans move and exist in the body, whereby leaving the space for the actual bodies to determine their singular ways of moving. What is here important for a basic outline of a political dimension of the dramaturgical concern with the experience is that the group in *more than naked* is not a result of the interaction between performers as individuals, but of individuals belonging to the common. This is where we should look for the social imaginary of this particular shared experience and where the experience, in general, shows its prefigurative political power.

How to be together and the problem of perspective

The last issue of present-day landscape dramaturgy I would tackle here is that if it is about the organisation of experience, which leaves the space in which a performance is happening usually semantically vague, then the question of how to be together in that underdetermined area becomes urgent. After contemporary performing arts in Europe in principle rejected the sovereignty of the author’s view as the perspective that configures the whole space, today’s landscape dramaturgy does not incline toward an objective view of a descriptive geographer either.⁵ In what I have seen in recent years throughout Europe, I can identify two different tactics.

One is the shifting of personal views, which destabilises a clearly displayed ground and scatters it in a multiplicity of perspectives and particles, such as in *Groove Space*. In these performances, the audience and the performers share the space, and the audience looks for the performance around. Usually they do not

manage to see all the materials created by performers because other people are around and obstruct their gaze or the scenes are happening simultaneously. Due to shaping the audience as a mass of individuals who all have the right to their personal view while there is still a whole that no one can properly see, I would consider these and similar performances a symptomatology of neoliberal social configuration expressed in the vocabulary of plurality. This dramaturgical tactic is inherited from postmodernism and is now intertwined with social networking and the experience of the daily life of urban smart mobs. It thus comes as no surprise that the shifting of personal views can be also found in Ulman’s *Excellences and Perfections* and Hirsch’s *The Scandalous Project*, both performances expanded in an abundance of Instagram posts and YouTube clips, leaving them open for everyone’s personal access and interpretation through the followers’ comments.

In more radical cases, landscape dramaturgy proposes the other tactic: to experiment with the cancellation of the personal view on a shared space altogether. This can be seen in Spångberg’s performances, in Uhlich’s *more than naked* or *Boom Bodies* and other works that give an impression of not being composed and meant to be watched by anyone in particular. If I move to the cinema, that tactic will become more apparent since film cannot but create the view. So, what we see on stage as an attempt at a non-hierarchical and impersonal total view has its dramaturgical counterpart in the off-centre frame, vista, *mise-en-cadre* and frame-sequence of Beld Tarr’s, Apichatpong Weerasethakul’s and Tsai Ming-liang’s “slow films”. Banners with brands and logos, painting canvas, performers, clothes and objects are scattered through the space of *La Substance*. Similar to the dancing bodies in *more than naked* and *Boom Bodies*, they are all present onstage all the time but look unaware of and disinterested in being watched. This produces an effect of the undetermined – if not equal – importance and value of everything that is there. (Again, like on the internet or in the gallery and museum.) In a similar fashion, hospital scenes with comatose men, a building site with a bulldozer working or the scene in the canteen in Apichatpong’s *Cemetery of Splendor* (2015) are created by long shots and distant views, and in many frames we see crucial actors appearing on the margins, while others – like a hen with chicks – are taking space of the frame, not because they feature in the narrative action but because they are part of the life about which the narrative speaks. In his *Mekong Hotel* (2012), the scenes where we can see this impersonal – maybe we can also call it “anonymous” – view are the ones with two lovers in the hotel room or the film’s ending with a 6-minute-long take of a river. These are long shots, which are so emptied of excitement and action that we totally lose the author’s wink “Look at this or that” and instead must look at everything appearing on the screen. In Ivana Müller’s *Edges*, this impersonalisation that contests the hierarchy of assembling whatever is there onstage reaches its final instance. The performance starts with an empty stage over which fog is hovering. The introductory dialogue of two interlocutors, which we hear from the off, goes like this:

JB: Last night I had a dream.

A: Really?

JB: Yes.

A: And what was happening in your dream?

JB: Well, I was dreaming I was inside of a painting.

A: How strange.

JB: Yes. It was one of those paintings with many details, many people, many animals, also with objects, houses, trees ...

A: Mmh mmh ... And how was it?

JB: It was good. It was very ... lively. A lot was going on. Except that very soon I realized that I was ... invisible ...

A: Mmh ... Invisible to whom? To those who were in the painting with you or to those who were looking at the painting?

JB: Actually, for both.

At the end, I would claim that both of these dramaturgical tactics – the multiplication of personal views and experiments with impersonal views – are about the democratisation of organising the social. This proposition becomes even more complex when other than human agents come into play. And in these performances, they often do. Because of that, the question of being together in today’s landscape dramaturgy goes beyond the social-political matters of democracy and opens up a debate on the human existential condition, which is never only social. Explained this way, the cancellation of the personal view seems to be more radical than the multiplication of personal views because it is an experiment in suspending the perspectival order that structures the landscape from the position of the first person singular. I cannot bring this discussion far here, but I must mention that it does not only address the set design and *mise-en-scene*. In optic terms, this suspension manifests in the spaces, things and bodies present onstage in their actual sizes, shapes, proportions and disproportions, instead of as they appear in our impression – where the objects in the first plane appear bigger than those in the third plane, for instance – as is the case in classical theatre scenography that adopts the perspective. In epistemic terms, it is about the “perspective configuration as a model of thought”, as Hubert Damisch would say.⁶ As such, it was challenged already in the early 20th century by cubism, futurism, suprematism

and neoplasticism,⁷ and today, a perspective configuration as a model of thought might be even completely inadequate, in optic, political and philosophical terms. In the performances I discuss here, I notice a distrust in that organisation of the world, which results in attempts at creating the landscape in its thingness in which the only way to situate ourselves as the audience is to enter as one of the components of that unstructured world, to meander through it together with the performers and other audience members. In these terms *Mekong Hotel*’s ending with a vista of a river comes with a far-reaching proposal: “sharing view”. According to Karl Schoonover, what is at stake in that shot is the intertwining of the gaze of two men, whom we have seen in the preceding shot as they stand overlooking the river from a balcony, and our own gaze, left to hover over the river after we forget about them, since they never appear again:

The shot’s variegated temporality confronts the viewer with a tension between individual and collective registers of looking: an assortment of differently paced micro-events and seemingly inconsequential actions make looking seem both individualistic (distraction is decidedly personal) and communal (sharing a durational observation with other humans onscreen and off).⁸



In closing the article, I would remark that in the 20th century theatre and performance, the concept of landscape was connected with an intention of spacing out, where the surface replaced the depth, embedded in the logocentric tradition of human expression. Thereby the visual – with its surfaces, layers, strata and architectonic elements – became the main domain of performance where the meaning was disintegrated and opened to intertextuality, including co-creation with audience. The recent trend of landscape dramaturgy, however, seems to attend to another problem: the problem of the perspective as a problem of inhabiting that surface together. It might be that the previous artistic experiments – along with the wider social and cultural processes in the field of information and communication theory and technology as well as the “affective turn” – succeeded in proving that the meaning is not a condensed unit of human rationality that you can carry around, from context to context, period to period, medium to medium, which can all express it. Concomitantly, it might be that once the visual becomes the default domain wherein the meaning, the sensory and the affective meet, the problem of perspective becomes unavoidable. The recognition of the perspective as a still predominant model of thinking the world, resulting both in anthropocentrism and individualism, as well as experiments in meandering through the spaces of cognition, affection and sensation configured by shared views are for me the most important contributions that landscape dramaturgy brings both to the contemporary performing arts and a wider social imaginary. This present article was only my preliminary attempt to understand it and unleash its rays.

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- 1 This term recurrently raises extensive debate in philosophy, but here I would use it to lightly differentiate between objects and things as material, physical entities, where the former are already-yet modelled by human mind (language, history, standards, etc.) and thus necessarily objects of knowledge, while the latter exist on their own, (still) unknown to and unnamed by anyone.
- 2 For historical references see Stein, Gertrude, *Selected Writings of Gertrude Stein*, Vechten, Carl Van (ed.), Random House, 1946; Marranca, Bonnie (ed.), *The Theater of Images*, PAJ Publications, 2005; Lehmann, Hans-Thies, *From Logos to Landscape: Text in Contemporary Dramaturgy*, *Performance Research* 2:1, 1997, pp. 55–60; Marranca, Bonnie, *Ecologies of Theater*, New York: Theatre Communications Groups, 1996; and Bleeker, Maaike, *Dramaturgy as a mode of looking*, *Women & Performance* 13:2, 2003, pp. 163–172.
- 3 I wrote extensively about *Natten* in Vujanović, Ana, *Sputnik Natten, Oslo International Theatre Festival – a program booklet*, Black Box theater: Oslo, 2017, pp. 4–5.
- 4 Bleeker, Maaike, *Dramaturgy as a mode of looking*, *Women & Performance*, 13:2, 2003, pp. 163–172.
- 5 Sauer, Carl O., *The Morphology of Landscape*, in: Sauer, Carl O. (ed.) *University of California Publications in Geography – Volume 2 (1919–1928)*, Berkeley: University of California Press, 1929, pp. 19–55, https://archive.org/stream/universityofcalifornia/universityofcalifornia_djvu.txt (accessed 21 April, 2017).
- 6 Damisch, Hubert, *The Origin of the Perspective*, Cambridge Mass: The MIT Press, 1995, p. xlii. *Ibid.*, pp. 28–30.
- 7 Schoonover, Karl, *Slowness as Intimacy in Apichatpong’s Mekong Hotel*, in *media res*, 2012, <http://mediacommons.futureofthebook.org/imr/2012/12/O4/slowness-intimacy-apichatpong-s-mekong-hotel> (currently unavailable, alternative link: <https://doctiktak.com/slowness-as-intimacy.html>, accessed 7 November, 2018).
- 8





7

Dokumenti – strani iz Sonjinega dnevnika 1944/45

Sonja, tovariš,
ljudje so govorili o ženski heroju.
Tovariši so govorili o ženski,
ki se z njimi z ramo ob rami bori
vse od prvega dne.
O njenem prvem ognjenem krstu
je stric pisal v svojem dnevniku.
Vsi smo jo občudovali.
Številne mladinke so jo hotele spoznati,
da bi se zgledovale po njej.
Sama sem se srečala z njo
v partizanskih vrstah.
Videla sem, da je takšna,
kakaršno sem si zamišljala,
razvneta od boja, blagega nasmeha
in toplih, pametnih oči.
Njena slika mi je ostala v globokem spominu,
minevali so dnevi,
dnevi težki, krvavi.
Čez dve leti sem jo spet srečala
v koncentracijskem taborišču, za električnimi žicami.
Vse težave je pogumno prenašala.
To je bila tista stara Sonja,
kakaršno sem poznala.
Pa tudi zdaj, medtem ko sedimo v gozdu,
zemlja pod nami pa se trese in zvija v krčih,
ko nam eksplozije min in grmenje topov
glušijo ušesa,
te gledam, Sonja,
nobenega trzljaja, nobenega krča strahu
ne vidim na tvojem obrazu,
samo oči se ti bleščijo z večno
blagostjo,
ker čutiš, kako prihaja svoboda.
O, glej jo, prihaja – tu je,
na dosegu roke,
svoboda vsega človeštva.
Kako je dragocena, mogočna,
veličastna.

Vida Jocić
Skopje, vas Sindelič

Documents – pages from Sonja's diary 1944/45

Sonja, comrade,
people spoke about a woman warrior.
Comrades told stories about a woman
who fought with them,
shoulder to shoulder, from day one.
In his diary, my uncle wrote about
her first baptism by fire.
We all marvelled at her.
Young girls wanted to meet her,
to follow her example.
It was in the partisan troops
that I met her.
I saw that she was exactly
as I had imagined her,
scorched by the battle, smiling gently,
her eyes warm and sharp.
Her image persisted deep in my memory.
Days went by;
they were rough, bloody days.
After two years we met again
behind electric wires in a concentration camp.
She faced the hardship bravely.
She was still the same old Sonja,
like the one I knew before.
Even now while we sit in the woods,
the ground shaking and convulsing beneath us,
our ears ringing
from mine explosions and cannon thunders,
I look at you, Sonja,
I cannot see a single quiver,
nor a trace of fear on your face.
Only your eyes shine
with an everlasting grace,
because you feel that freedom is coming.
Oh, here it comes now – it is here,
within easy reach,
the freedom of the entire humanity.
How beloved, glorious,
and magnificent it is.

Vida Jocić
Skopje, Sindelič village

Сова друже,

1. Гривали су брзи о жени кривој.
Другови су говорили, о жени
која се свиња капе уз раме,
од првог дана доћи
О њеном првом вајроком крикљасту
лица је писао у свом дневном листу
љубиви само јој се сви.
Многе младинке желеле су да је знају
да се на њу угледају.
Ја сам се зрела с њом,
у партизанским редовима
нашла сам је овакву,
какву сам је замислила
обавезу добром, бољом осмехом
и широким љубавним осмехом.

Онида ми је нама слика, у дубоком сећању
измицати су дану
дану љубави крвави.
После две године сам је оћело
у комунизационој школи на стварицима
дошло је она, све љубавице драго
било је то она Сова,
какву сам је знала.

Та и сад док седимо у шуми
а земља се мресе и грчи под ногама
док нам уши заплушчују
скалози је шума и грмљавина њој
ја ме мислим Сова
ниједан, ниједан, ниједан тра сећања
не видимо на њеном лицу
само ми, очи збојеће великом

јер осећам како долази слобода

Ово је где - ми је

на дохватају руке

слобода целог човека

како је дрва, узвишета,

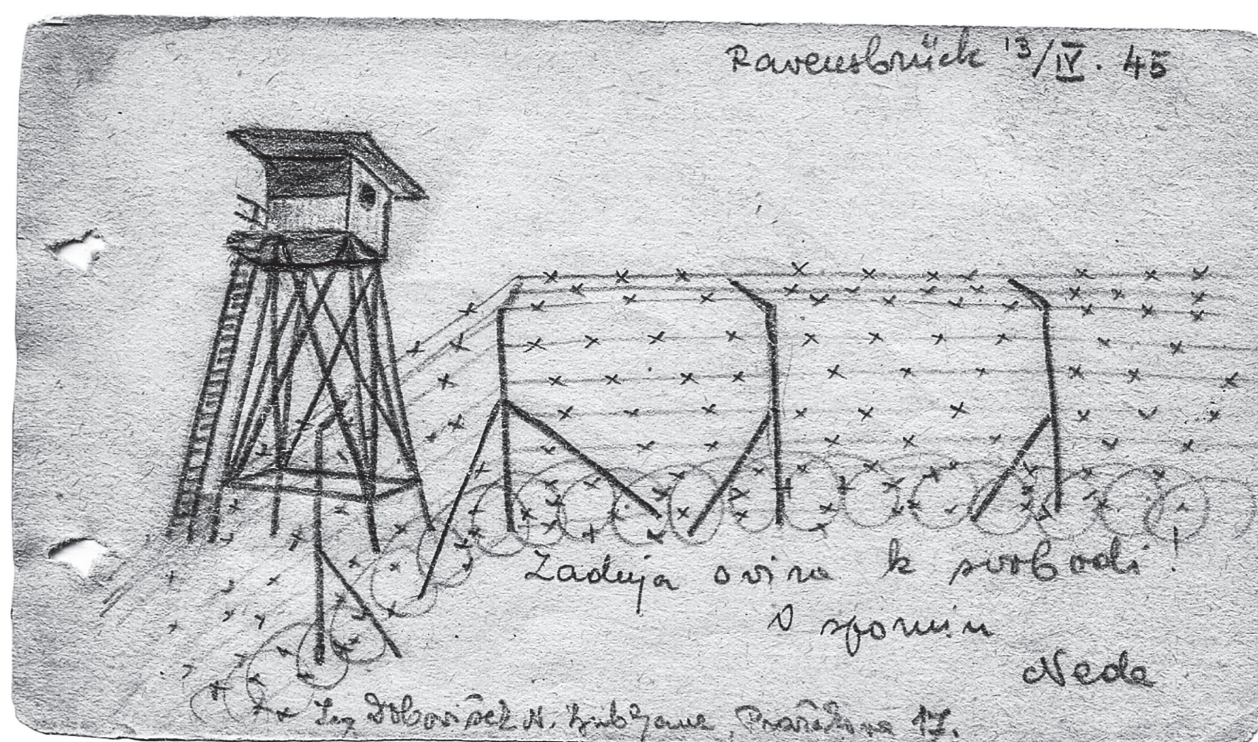
великакошвета.

Виде Јоцић
Скопје село Сивце



20

Zadnja ovira k svobodi. V spomin Neda



slovensko MLADINSKO gledališče

The last obstacle to freedom. In memory of Neda

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Odlomki iz besedila predstave

Italijani so v tem času okrepili svoje patrulje po ulicah in legitimirali vse mimoidoče. Na eno od teh italijanskih patrulj, ki je štela petdeset vojakov, je z avtomobilom naletel vosovec Srečko Potnik z orožjem v žepu. Srečko je skočil iz avtomobila, ubil nekaj Italijanov in se začel umikati v smeri Pražakove ulice. Vendar pa so ga Italijani zadeli v obe nogi in padel je na tla. Uspelo mu je izvleči bombo, in ko so se Italijani približali, jo je vrgel in jih nekaj ubil. Italijani so začeli z vseh strani streljati nanj, on pa se je delal, da je mrtev. Previdno so se mu približali, on pa je neopazno zamenjal šaržer na revolverju in spet začel streljati na Italijane. Ubil je še tri, potem pa so ga prereševali. Srečko Potnik je bil študent umetnostne zgodovine.

(Iz pisnih poročil Zdenke Kidrič, komunistične aktivistke in vodje Varnostno-obveščevalne službe Osvobodilne fronte, o okupirani Ljubljani)



K meni v sobo je prišel stražar in rekel: »Pripravi se ta in ta, kliče te tvoj preiskovalec.« Skoraj sem umrla od strahu. Prišla sem h komandantu taborišča, tja so me odpeljali. »Pri meni je bil vaš brat in prosil, naj vas pošljejo na delo v Nemčijo.« Namesto streljanja – na delo v Nemčijo. Zjutraj so nas odpeljali iz taborišča Banjica. Nekje okrog osmih zjutraj so nas naložili na tovornjake in odpravili smo se iz Banjice proti Beogradu. Pripravile smo listke, vsaka je napisala sporočilo komu, ki ga je imela v Beogradu. Jaz sem napisala: Teta Bisa, prosim te, pridi na železniško postajo. Grem nekam v Nemčijo, delat.« Meščani so pobrali skoraj vse te listke in jih odnesli, tako da so nas prišli pogledat sorodniki in prijatelji, ki smo jim pisale in jih prosile, naj pridejo.

Odpeljali so nas in nas takoj vkrcali v tovarne vagone, tiste, na katerih piše: Štirje konji in dvanajst vojakov. Na majhnih oknih je bila bodeča žica, od zunaj so zaprli z zapahom in zaklenili. Tudi tukaj so bili okrog nas stražarji. Mene je prišla spremit teta Bisa in mi prinesla neko pecivo, ki ga je menda imela doma. Vprašala me je, ali mora še kaj kupit. Rekla sem: »Nič ne potrebujem.« Še od doma sem imela tisto, kar sem dobila: prepečenec in meso, zalito z mastjo, da bi imele tam kaj jesti, da bi lahko delale.

Ko so nas prišli spremit, ko smo šle ven, da bi se z njimi pogovarjale, smo videle, ravno

oni so nam pokazali: »Poglej, kaj piše, kam greste, piše Auschwitz.« Kje je Auschwitz, kaj je Auschwitz, nimamo pojma. Nihče od nas ne ve, kje je.

Zjutraj smo prispeli v Budimpešto. Na postaji so bili ljudje lepo oblečeni, dame s klobuki, res lep pogled, srečni ljudje, zadovoljni, mi pa smo potovali v negotovost.

Iz Budimpešte smo prispeli na Dunaj.

Potem pa smo videli, da z Dunaja ne gremo naprej proti Nemčiji, ampak proti vzhodu. Ko smo prispeli v mesto Prerov na Češkem, so nam njihovi železničarji z rokami kazali nekaj podobnega prižiganju vžigalice ali vžigalnika in vpili: »Plin, plin!« In potem smo doumeli – zagotovo gremo v tovarne, kjer predelujejo plin!

(Iz intervjujev s Sonjo Vujanović, antifašistično in komunistično aktivistko, partizansko borko in članico uporniškega gibanja v Auschwitz-Birkenau)



Tedaj smo mi doživljali fašizem skozi usode naših sorodnikov. Maltretiranje Slovencev, prepoved slovenskega jezika, gospodarsko uničenje Slovencev in to, kar se je z otroki godilo po šolah, ko so bili kruto kaznovani, če so govorili v maternem jeziku ... To je bilo nekaj pretečega. Mi smo že tedaj poleg raznorodovanja slovenskega naroda doživljali fašizem, ki je zajel ves svet. Čeprav je takrat fašizem bil najbrž porojen iz drugačnih razlogov, saj je bil svet bistveno drugačen kot danes. Danes si pridobiva potrošniško družbo, osiromašeno etičnih vrednot, predvsem z borbo proti emigrantom iz azijskih in afriških dežel, proti ljudem, ki bežijo pred lakoto in smrtjo. Prejšnji fašizem smo izkusili na svoji koži, in današnji ... Če se bo razvijal, ne bo nič dobrega.

(Iz intervjujev z Zoro Konjajev, antifašistično aktivistko in sanitetno delavko v bolnišnici Osvobodilne fronte Kanižarica)

Performance text excerpts

At that time, the Italians intensified their patrols over the streets, checking everyone's identification. Driving by with a pistol in his pocket, Srečko Potnik, a member of the Intelligence and Security Service, chanced on one of those fifty-man Italian patrols. Srečko jumped out of his car, killed a few Italian soldiers and then began to retreat in the direction of Pražakova ulica. Meanwhile, he was hit in both legs and fell to the ground. He managed to pull out a grenade, which he hurled across as the Italians drew nearer, finishing off a few soldiers. The Italians continued to shoot haphazardly at Srečko, who pretended to be dead. While they cautiously approached his body, he inconspicuously changed the clip on his revolver and again opened fire on the Italian soldiers. He brought down three more Italians, but the rest gunned him down. Srečko Potnik was a history of art student.

(From the written reports on occupied Ljubljana of Zdenka Kidrič, communist activist and the chief of the Intelligence and Security Service of the Liberation Front)



They came to my room and said, "This and this person, get ready, the investigator wants to see you." I was paralysed with fear. They brought me to the commanding officer of the concentration camp. "Your brother was here to see me, so I requested for you to be transferred to Germany to work." Instead of being shot, I was sent off to work in Germany.

In the morning they transferred us from Banjice. Around 8 a.m. they hauled us on trucks and we left for Belgrade. Each of us prepared notes for friends or relatives we had in Belgrade. Mine read: "Aunt Bisa, come to the train station, please. I'm leaving for Germany to work." Residents took our notes and delivered them to friends and family who came to send us off.

We were taken to freight wagons and each of them had "4 horses and 12 soldiers" written on it. Small windows were covered with barbed wire and they locked us in. Even here we were surrounded by guards. Aunt Bisa came to say goodbye and brought some cake that she probably had at home. She asked me if she needed to buy anything else, but I told her I didn't need anything. I still had what they gave me at Banjice. Some toast and some meat covered in lard, so I had something to eat,

because we were going to work and for that we needed food.

When they let us out to talk to friends and family, they pointed, "Look, that's where you're going! It says Auschwitz." Auschwitz? God knows where that is! None of us knew where or what that was, so we were travelling towards the unknown.

In the morning we reached Budapest. There were beautifully dressed people at the train station, ladies with their hats, very pretty. They seemed happy, pleased and we were travelling towards the unknown. Next stop was Vienna.

After that we saw we were not travelling towards Germany but towards the east. When we reached Prerov in Czechoslovakia, the rail workers made hand gestures, showing us something like lighting a match or flicking a lighter and they were shouting, "Gas, gas!" And then it dawned on us: we are definitely travelling to factories, where they manufactured gas.

(From the interviews with Sonja Vujanović, anti-fascist and communist activist, partisan fighter, and a member of the resistance movement in Auschwitz-Birkenau)



At the time, we experienced fascism through the fates of our relatives. The maltreatment and abuse of Slovenians, the ban on Slovenian language use, the economic destruction done to the Slovenian nation, and the cruel punishment of children whenever they spoke in their mother tongue in schools ... It was truly horrendous. Alongside the dismantling of the Slovenian nation, we were forced, even then, to contend with fascism, which overtook the entire world. The world was completely different than it is today, meaning that fascism must have emerged out of entirely different reasons. Nowadays, it is gaining ground with the help of consumerism, a society devoid of ethical values, and predominantly with the battle against immigrants from Asian and African countries; against people who are fleeing from hunger and death. We experienced fascism first-hand before, and now ... if this ideology continues to evolve, nothing good will come of it.

(From the interviews with Zora Konjajev, anti-fascist activist and surgical nurse in the Kanižarica Liberation Front Hospital)

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slovensko MLADINSKO gledališče

20

2

2018/19

3



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