

Delo  
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## No Fake Pathos

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Pograjc and Vogrinčič made Run for Love seem more like an exhibition of their visual thought rather than a show as a final, aesthetically fixated work. As soon as they present their scenery, they already reassemble it, so naming Run for Love (Slovene translation Marš Ljubezni of the French Course a l'amour seems dynamically the least appropriate) a composition, configuration or a visual or a performative system would be the best choice.

Their method seems paradox, because if we understand the videomix (the term may be inappropriate as it is associated to something blurry when it is in fact cleansing) projected on to the screen as the ultimate outcome of the performative happening, we missed the point: also relevant is the »on the spot composing« of the final product, that is creation, as only creating can make the show as a whole. The point, that doesn't seem achievable, is therefore the persistent struggle for the show as a whole, which is what everybody is striving for, especially performers with their obvious effort to encapture the fugacious happening (live and media communicated at the same time) on the stage, to transform the scene identity and to find the delicate relationship between ones own nature and the perpetually new stage function (Katarina Stegnar plays a series of very expressive roles), to play (to run as devoted as Branko Potočan) for themselves, the audience and the camera (the superior, manipulative, autonomous and esthetical eye that has a role of the absolute substitute of divine).

Eze3kiel's (the third author of the performance) presence is also carefully timed in a sense of physical presence as in a sense of their presence in some of the exposed songs (especially the one with Katarina Stegnar as a post-punk singer).

The slope with all the descending slinkies takes the central place in the performance and not just because of the large area it covers. Although the performance was expected to be compliant with Vogrinčič's monumental minimalism, this time was different. Not a minimalistic repetition on monumental surfaces and aesthetized multiplication to the unbearable extent, but an affective »psychologization« of the unliving as a contrast of urbanisation and degradation of all the living (as the video extract of Run for Love can be understood); not perfection, but a lapse, not a plan for a system that wants to incorporate a coincidence, but a coincidence that wants to incorporate a system into its plan. Slinkies go their own unpredictable way down the slope, but they prove to be a community where one's action has impact on a number of others if not on a community of slinkies as a whole. If we strip the title syntagma of its resentment (and we have to since the modulation of the entire performance sways it in that direction), we can understand love as an ideal, that is perpetually being interrupted, finished, destroyed (like Potočan in the Eisenstein scene of the shooting), but is – like the always to the starting-point returning slinkies - worth fighting, marching and competing for. It is about life without fake pathos, with intellectual and »working« engagement, with a little more than just a few good moments.