

TATOVI MOKRIH ROBČKOV

GLEDALIŠČE
GLEJ
THEATRE

BETONTANCE
A B C
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BETONTANCE


CANKARJEV DOM
kulturni in kongresni center
sezona 1993 - 1994

REŽIJA:

matjaž pogrjajc

KREACIJA IN INTERPRETACIJA:

**alma blagdanic
igor dragar
janja majzelj
blažka muller
ivan peternelj
matej recer**

AUTOR GLASBE:

mitja vrhovnik smrekar

SCENOGRAFIJA:

Tomaž Štrucl

KOSTUMI:

Lena Pislak, Rok Preložnik

IZVAJALCI GLASBE:

Žarko Pak (glas, kitara)
Ivan Peternelj (glas)
Bojan Fifnja (kitara)
Nikola Sekulovič (bas)
Nino de Gleria (bas)
Tibor Keres (trobenta)
Andrej Žibert (tolkala)

“Enzo Fabiani kvartet”:
Lidija Grkman (violina)
Marko Kodelja (violina)
Sonja Vukovič (viola)
Pavle Rakar (čelo)

APZ “Tone Tomšič”, dirigent Stojan Kurent, Slovenska Filharmonija, dirigent Nikolaj Žličar
Posneto v studiu Kif Kif, Ljubljana in v dvorani Slovenske Filharmonije

LUČNO OBLIKOVANJE:

Pascal Merat

LUC:

Denis Tankovič

UODJA PREDSTAVE:

Andrej Meljo

Predstava TATOVI MOKRIH ROBČKOV je produkcija GLEDALIŠČA GLEJ v koprodukciji s CANKARJEVIM DOMOM iz Ljubljane in s pomočjo CNDC L'Esquisse de Angers.

Predstavo so omogočili: Ministrstvo za kulturo Slovenije in Mesto Ljubljana.

Zahvaljujemo se Radiu Slovenija, še posebej g. Francetu Vurniku, g. Igorju Otavniku in g. Matjažu Culibergu, Slovenski Filharmoniji, še posebej g. Borisu Šinigoju, Slovenskemu Mladinskemu Gledališču, Krajevni skupnosti Črnuče, ga. Milanki Dragar, ga. Sonji Vukovič, g. Borutu Berdenu, g. Dušanu Laharnarju. In g. Mitju Rotovniku.

Sponzorji: Kompas Turizem, Ljubljanske mlekarne, Ljubljanska banka, Peko Tržič - Pro Ars Vivendi, Finara d.o.o., DIP Consulting, MAC ADA, Makro 5, AMMA Leasing d.o.o.

PREMIERA: 17. NOVEMBER 1993
U CANKARJEVEM DOMU, LJUBLJANA

WET HANKY THIEFS

"I've seen enough tears to wash away this street,
I've heard wedding bells chime and a funeral march
when as one life finishes another one starts."

PAUL WELLER: "JUST WHO IS 5 O'CLOCK HERO?"

DIRECTED BY:

matjaž pogrjec

CONCEIVED AND PERFORMED BY:

alma blagdanič
igor dragar
janja majzelj
blažka muller
ivan peternelj
matej recer

MUSIC COMPOSED BY:

mitja vrhovnik smrekar

STAGE DESIGN:

Tomaž Štrucl

COSTUMES:

Lena Pislak, Rok Preložnik

MUSIC PERFORMED BY:

Žarko Pak (voice, guitar)
Ivan Peternelj (voice)
Bojan Fifnja (guitar)
Nikola Sekulovič (bass)
Nino de Gleria (bass)
Tibor Keres (trumpet)
Andrej Žibert (percussion)

"Enzo Fabiani Quartet":
Lidija Grkman (violin)
Marko Kodolja (violin)
Sonja Vukovič (viola)
Pavle Rakar (cello)

Slovenian Philharmonic, conductor Nikolaj Žličar, APZ "Tone Tomšič", conductor Stojan Kurent
Recorded in Kif Kif studio, Ljubljana and in the hall of Slovenian Philharmonic

LIGHTING DESIGN:

Pascal Merat

LIGHTING OPERATOR:

Denis Tankovič

STAGE MANAGER:

Andrej Meljo

Performance WET HANKY THIEVES was produced by GLEJ THEATER in co-production with CANKARJEV DOM and with the support of CNCD L'Esquisse de Angers.

Performance was made with the support of Ministry of Culture of Republic of Slovenia and City of Ljubljana.

Thanks to Radio Slovenia, specially to Mr. France Vurnik, Mr. Igor Otavnik and Mr. Matjaž Culiberg, Slovenian Philharmonic, specially to Mr. Boris Šinigoj, Slovenian Youth Theater, Local Community Črnuče, Ms. Milanka Dragar, Ms. Sonja Vukovič, Mr. Borut Berden and Mr. Dušan Laharnar. And to Mr. Mitja Rotovnik.

Sponsors: Kompas Turizem, Ljubljanske mlekarne, Ljubljanska banka, Peko Tržič - Pro Ars Vivendi, Finara d.o.o., DIP Consulting, MAC ADA, Makro 5, AMMA Leasing d.o.o.

FIRST PERFORMED: NOVEMBER 17, 1993
IN CANKARJEV DOM, LJUBLJANA

TEARS ARE OUR CHEWING GUM solze so naš žvečilni gumi

My legs and arms are sound. I am not blind yet. I can also hear and everything is all right down there
Noge in roke imam zdrave. Slep še nisem. Slišim tudi in spodaj je zaenkrat vse O.K. Samo srce mi noro
for the time being. Only my heart is beating madly because of the pain I feel in my head when I look at
razbija zaradi bolečine v glavi, ko gledam v sonce, ki je baje 300 000 krat večje od zemlje in kar je še
the sun which is supposedly 300,000 times greater than the Earth and any other such zeros and
takih ničel in številk, ki mi pripovedujejo o tem, kako majhni smo. Zato smo sedli na oder in rekel sem
numbers that tell me how small we are. So we sat on the stage and I told them to be a forest, because
jim, da naj bodo gozd, ker v gozdu raste vsako drevo tam, kjer hoče, pa ni kaosa, in rekel sem jim, da
in a forest every tree grows where it will, yet there is no chaos and I told them to take colours - blue,
naj vzamejo barve: modro, rdečo, rumeno in ostale packarije, se zadavijo z domišljijo in premažejo to
red, yellow and all the other mess - choke on imagination and plaster it all over this green valley of
našo zeleno dolino.
ours.

Potem smo zmagoslavno šli čez hribe in doline, pa so nas zmerjali z barbarsko tolpo z Vzhoda in da
Then we roamed victoriously over hill and vale, and they reviled us, calling us a barbaric horde from the
smo mi tista vrsta bitij, ki živijo le, če sovražijo. Vendar jim ne bomo razbili gobca, ker smo že dolgo
East, saying we were that kind of being which can live only if it hates. Yet we did not bust their jaws,
prodani. Prodani zaradi strahu in edina zabava, ne tolažba, ki nam je še ostala, je jokanje. Ne
because we had already sold our souls/ourselves long ago. Sold them from fear, and the only pleasure,
potrebujemo njihovih žvečilnih gumijev. Imamo svoje solze. Ko bi lahko vsaj bruhali. Po bruhanju je
not comfort, still left us is weeping. We do not need their chewing gum, for we have our tears. If we
želodec lažji. Po joku ne.
could only throw up. Throwing up eases the stomach. Crying doesn't.
Zato nam oprostite, nekateri znajo delati bombe, mi delamo samo predstave.
Therefore we beg to be excused. You see, some people know how to make bombs, while all we know to
do is stage plays.

Matjaž Pograjc

M

P





S predstavo ZA VSAKO BESEDO CEKIN se je za Betontanc sklenila napovedana trilogija, ki jo sestavljata še predstavi PESNIKI BREZ ŽEPOV in ROMEO IN JULIJA, zato so sledeči članki odgovor na to prvo zaokroženo obdobje Betontanca. Ne moremo trditi, da je referenčno ozadje Betontančevskih predstav skromno, prej obratno. Če se predstava PESNIKI BREZ ŽEPOV obrača h konfliktu med gledališko besedo in gibom, ROMEO IN JULIJA problematizira gledališko zgodovino, ZA VSAKO BESEDO CEKIN išče vzgibe v bolečini realnosti. Ne glede na referenčno bogatost smo opazili, da se dosedanje pisanje o Betontancu bolj nagiba h klišejski intelektualni misli, kot da bi "si intelektualec upal misliti s svojim telesom". Zato smo ob tej priložnosti povabili nekaj piscev, ki so z delom Matjaža Pograjca in Betontanca najbolj povezani, in vsem - Johannesu Odenthalu, Danielu Sibonyju, Raimundu Hoghu in Aldu Milohniću - se iskreno zahvaljujemo.

Maja Breznik

BETONTANC

W ith its production EVERY WORD A GOLD COIN'S WORTH Betontanc Company has concluded the trilogy which began with POETS WITHOUT POCKETS and ROMEO AND JULIET. The following block of articles is thus a response to this first completed period of Betontanc's work. It cannot be said that the referential background of Betontanc's productions is uniform, on the contrary, if the POETS WITHOUT POCKETS appeals to the conflict between the theatrical word and movement and ROMEO AND JULIET refers to theatre history, then the our painful common experience is inscribed in the third production EVERY WORD A GOLD COIN'S WORTH. In spite of this referential richness, we have noticed that the writing on Betontanc's productions tends more towards "the intellectual cliché thinking" than "thinking with one's body", in the words of Daniel Sibony from the following article. On the occasion of the fourth production WET HANKY THIEVES we invited some writers who have a close relation to the work of **matjaž pograjc** and **betontanc**. To all of them - Johannes Odenthal, Daniel Sibony, Raimund Hoghe and Aldo Milohnić - we are deeply grateful.

Maja Breznik

THE THEATRE OF DIRECTNESS

ON THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE BETONTANC THEATRE OF DANCE AT THE GLEJ THEATRE

The physical theatre of Matjaž Pograjc is not limited only to dance techniques or questions of aesthetics. It also explores the conditions that govern shared lives; it attempts to discover the rules of the game of human existence.

Their performances occur on the line between art and every-day life, between theatre and reality. The initial atmosphere usually conveys nonchalance and irrelevance. The dancers lost in their own thoughts gradually find themselves, discovering themselves during the fragments interspersed between the games, until, out of nowhere, logic springs forth and the rules of the game are reversed. In this way, restlessness is embodied. Anything is possible at any given moment - a gentle touch, or the sadistic infliction of pain. Pograjc's theatre is unpredictable, as though everyday reality were woven into an occurrence that avoids all symbolic language and the rhetorical world of metaphors and examples. The performances are breathtaking; the violence of reality is depicted without distortion. Matjaž Pograjc conveys his message unambiguously and directly and creates the language of his theatre through this directness.

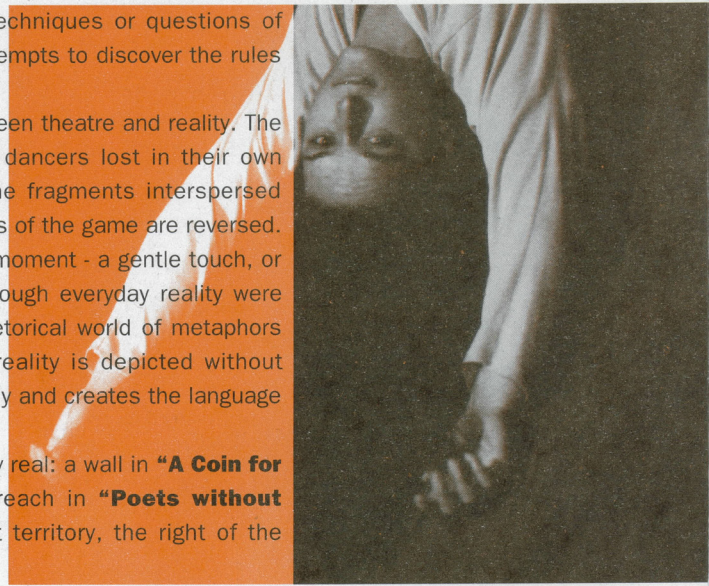
Usually the boundary line that sets off the dynamics of an event is entirely real: a wall in **"A Coin for Every Word"**, a narrow ventilation shaft, or a window just out of reach in **"Poets without Pockets"**. The play unfolds before us in a limited space. It is about territory, the right of the

individual to self-expression, and fleeing across boundaries. Violence marches into the heart of the play with a heavy tread. It cannot be driven out. It sleeps fitfully beneath the surface of everyday life, in the games we play, in the meeting of man and woman. It lurks behind every movement, in everyday contacts. It is fascinating how the border between reality and the stage gradually dwindles. The actions expressed through bodily strength are concrete and real and yet stylized through repetition of combinations of figures, physical density, choreographic order. The theatre is no longer political in the ideological or revolutionary sense, in the sense of morals or manifestos. It is political through the link it establishes with the way we actually feel, with the personal borders we set and with our wishes and desires.

If there is a basic structure in the theatre of Matjaž Pograjc, it is play, and its obverse, war. **"Poets without Pockets"** and **"A Coin for Every Word"** show the war waged amidst the game by each individual through his/her desires and limitations. Yet Pograjc's theatre is not of a psychological but of a physical and sensual nature. It is the theatre of directness, and for precisely this reason, a theatre of unrest.

johannes odenthal,

Editor-in-chief of German dance magazine Tanz AKTUELL.



GLEDALIŠČE o delu plesnega gledališča betontanc. gledališče glej NEPOSREDNOSTI

Fizično gledališče Matjaža Pograjca ni omejeno le na izkušnje s plesnimi tehnikami ali z estetskimi vprašanji, ampak raziskuje pogoje za skupno življenje ljudi, hkrati pa odkriva pravila igre človeškega bivanja.

Uprioritve so na meji med umetnostjo in vsakdanom, med gledališčem in resničnostjo. Večinoma je začetno vzdušje ravnodušno, nepomembno. Počasi se v svoje misli zatopljene osebe najdejo, se v fragmentih med igrami odkrivajo, dokler kot iz nič ne privre logika in se pravila ne obrnejo. Tako nastaja nemir. V vsakem trenutku je možno vse; nežen dotik ali sadistična ranitev. Pograjčevo gledališče je nepreračunljivo, kot bi resničnost vsakdana spesnil v dogodek, ki se ogiba vsem vrstam simboličnega jezika ter retoričnemu svetu metafor in primerov. Predstave nam jemljejo sapo, saj se nasilje resničnosti kaže v nepopačeni podobi. Matjaž Pograjc pripoveduje nedvoumno in neposredno in v tej neposrednosti ustvarja svoj gledališki jezik.

Povečini je meja, ki sproži dinamiko dogajanja, konkretna; je zid v **"Za vsako besedo cekin"**, ozek zračni preduh ali nedosegljivo okno v **"Pesnikih brez žepov"**. Igra se odvija v omejenem prostoru. Gre za ozemlje, za pravico posameznika do izražanja, za beg prek meja. V središče igre vkoraka nasilje. Nasilja ni mogoče izriniti, v enaki meri dremlje v vsakdanu, v igri, v srečanju med moškimi in ženskami. Preži v vsakem gibu, v vsakem srečanju med ljudmi. Očarljivo je, kako se meja med resničnostjo in odrom tanjša. Dejanja, izražena z močjo telesa, so konkretna in realna, a vendarle stilizirana v ponovitvah kombinacij gibov, v fizični gostoti, v koreografskem redu. Gledališče ni več politično v smislu ideologij ali revolucij, morale ali manifestov, politično je v zvezi z našim konkretnim počutjem, z osebnimi mejami, željami in hotenji.

Če v gledališču Matjaža Pograjca obstaja osnovna struktura, potem je to igra in njena druga plat, vojna. **"Pesniki brez žepov"** in **"Za vsako besedo cekin"** kažejo vojno sredi igre, ki jo izvaja vsak posameznik s svojim hotenjem in svojo omejenostjo. Vendar Pograjčevo gledališče ni psihološke, ampak fizične, čutne narave. Je gledališče neposrednosti in prav zato gledališče nemira.

johannes odenthal

Johannes Odenthal je urednik nemškega plesnega časopisa Tanz AKTUELL

Daniel Sibony

A SHORT ANSWER ON THE DANCING BODY

1] Dancing body. In dance, particularly in contemporary dance, the body sets out in search of a living space where it can remain, exist, accede to its forces, its potentials. And this living space is physical, material; it is a spreading out of the body, it is the **space of the dancing body**. It is also a thoughtful, thinking body, which comes into resonance with the spectators' bodies to take them out of their **immediate body**, which is often a package of enclosed flesh reduced to itself, where impulses and pulsations reduced to themselves beat in a circle, unaware of the possibilities, decisive gestures, inspired extensions. Many things we do are intended to restrain the body, to suppress it as living potential full of spirit and desire, which invites us to things other than contemplating forms: the body calls us to **events of being**, to jerks of being, where what we are crosses thresholds, critical stages and emerges into other relations, other energies. The step of the dancer seeks these passages and seeks to cross them through thoughtful and spontaneous gestures, gestures full of **being-otherwise**.

2] Violence. The performance by Mr. Pograjc, which I saw at Bagnolet Days 92, was violent. Yet it is the violence of bodies, of walls we hit against (the physical and mental walls of Eastern Europe have just opened, have just fissured, bringing to light other walls): it is the violence of desire, of desire which assumes shape, of passing sexuality, of the passage between a folklore mode and a more open, more daring mode.

But for many people today to mention ex-Yugoslavia is also to mention physical violence. This violence, too, is physical and radical, because it bruises bodies and also because its root is a narcissistic impasse: similar and different beings no longer manage to live together in the same social "body". So this body is rent asunder, falls to pieces, hoping to find other, calmer **places of being**. It seems to have difficulty finding them except in terror, boredom and anguish...

This is to say that even if this performance did not have any connection with the violence of ex-Yugoslavia, it happens that the two violences are ultimately very close. The very dynamics of dance reveals resonances with dead-ends of history.

When violence is commonplace it affects the body in the question of its existence.

3] Work and speech. The connection between dance and speech is complex and subtle, and so is the relation

between body and thought. It is not (as Michel Foucault intimated) that the word can say everything about the visible or the body, nor that only that which is utterable can be performed or presented. It is more profound. The word may speak of the event (hence also of the event that may be a spectacle), but is there a point-to-point connection between the word and the event? That is the whole question. Generally, it is a success if the word can give rise to the event and create a point of view from which the event may be received: to interpret it, to make something else out of it. If the word can vibrate in the true rhythm of the event to the extent where it seizes its origin, its rise, without being a mere explanatory setting, then this word itself becomes event: creation, creative work. This is not often the case.

To interpret an event does not necessarily mean to say what is behind or beneath it ... because the event does not confine itself to hiding what is behind so as to demand that it be explained, made clear. To interpret the **event of being** is to give it back its place and force in the creative flow that produced it, which comes from afar and goes farther than the event itself. It means,

therefore, to offer it to other interpretations. It implies not only speaking but also thinking, involving one's body, oneself becoming a participant in the event that is always in progress.

Some anti-intellectual positions are comprehensible and also merit interpretation, transformation ... We have in mind the cliché of the intellectual who uses his speech like a plaster applied to living flesh, without taking the risk of getting too involved and reminding himself that he has a body, too; without daring to think with his body. Fortunately, there are other approaches of intellect and thought, which always insists on the integration of something alien, an alien body perhaps; to think differently.

Daniel Sibony is writer, psychoanalyst, mathematician, author of some fifteen books including *Perversions*, *Avec Shakespeare*, *Les trois monothéismes*, *Le peuple "psy"*, *Le féminin et la séduction*, *Du veuc et de l'inivable*.

DANIEL SIBONY

KRATEK ODGOVOR O TELESU, KI PLEŠE

1] Telo, ki pleše. Pri plesu, zlasti pri sodobnem plesu, se telo prepušča iskanju živega prostora, kjer se lahko ohranja, obstaja, kjer lahko pride do svojih moči, svojih zmožnosti. Ta živi prostor je fizičen, materialen prostor, je razpiranje telesa, to je prostor telesa, ki pleše. To je tudi telo, ki je predmet misli, ki samo misli, ki ustvarja sozvočje s telesi gledalcev, da bi jih iztrgalo iz neposrednosti njihovega telesa; ta je pogosto le sveženj vase zaprtega in vase zamejenega mesa, kjer v krogu utripljejo goni in nagoni, zaprti vase in ne da bi se zmenili za možnosti, za odločilne gibe, za navdihnjene razsežnosti. Marsikaj, kar počnemo, je namenjeno temu, da telo zadržujemo, da zatiramo njegove žive potenciale, polne duha in želje, ki nas vabijo še k čemu drugemu kakor zgolj k temu, da si ogledujemo oblike: telo nas vabi k dogodkom biti, k pretresom biti, kjer to, kar smo, stopa čez pragove, prestopa kritične točke in se predaja novim razmerjem, novim energijam. Prav te prehode išče plesalčev, plesalkin korak, poskuša jih prestopiti s premišljenimi in s samoniklimi gibi, z gibi, polnimi biti-drugače.

2] Nasilje. Pograjčeva predstava, ki sem jo videl na festivalu Bagnolet 92, je bila nasilna. A to je nasilje teles, zidov, ob katere zadevamo (snovni in duhovni zidovi Vzhodne Evrope so se pravkar podri, razklali so se in razkrili nove zidove); to je nasilje želje, želje, ki se uteleša, seksualnosti v prehanjanju, prehoda med folklornim načinom in nekim drugim, odprtejšim in bolj tveganim načinom. Za marsikoga je danes govoriti o nekdanji Jugoslaviji govoriti o fizičnem nasilju. Tudi to nasilje je fizično, prav tako radikalno, saj uničuje telesa, pa tudi zato, ker izvira iz narcisistične zagate: bitja, ki so si podobna in različna, ne zmorejo več živeti skupaj, v istem družbenem "telesu". Telo se potem trga, drobi na kose in upa, da bo našlo druge kraje bivanja, ki bodo mirnejši. Očitno jih ni tako zlahka najti, vsaj ne brez strahot, muk, tesnobe...

Za Matjaža Pograjca

Vreči telo v boj. Ustvariti si svojo zgodbo. Zavarovati sledi. Utelesiti realnost. Hrepenenja in strahove. Sanje in rane. Pina Bausch je nekoč dejala, da jo zanima, kaj premika ljudi. Predstave BETONTANC pripovedujejo o tem. S preprostimi sredstvi. Neposredno. Za umik za tuje fasade ni več časa. In kar je z besedami težko izraziti, pove telo, ki se premika in premaguje meje.

Vreči telo v boj. Najti nov jezik. Predati se in govoriti. O nasilju in iskanju nežnosti. O blizini in daljavi. Spremembah in spreminjanju. Nič več ni, kar je bilo. Sledi pa so vidne. V gibih, telesih plesalcev, ki pripovedujejo o svojih zgodbah in pri tem izhajajo iz sebe. Človek je lahko svet. BETONTANC zrcali ta svet.

Vreči telo v boj. Izostri pogled. Teči proti zidu in ga premagati. Plesati.

Raimund Hoghe je pisec in režiser, kot dramaturg dolgoletni sodelavec Pina Bausch.

Raimund Hoghe

For Matjaž Pograjc

To throw your body into the fight. To create your own story. To guard the traces. To embody reality. Cravings and fears. Dreams and wounds. What moves people is what interests her, Pina Bausch once said. The performances of BETONTANC tell of this. Through simple means, directly. The time to move to outer facades has elapsed. And what cannot be expressed in words can be told by the body, in movement, surpassing its limits.

To throw your body into the fight. To find a new language. To submit and speak. Of violence and the pursuit of kindness. Of nearness and remoteness. Of changes and changing. What used to be is no more. But the traces are visible. In the movements, the bodies of the dancers narrating their stories springing out of their nature. A human being can become the world. BETONTANC mirrors this world.

To throw your body into the fight. To sharpen your vision. To run against the wall and conquer it. To dance.

Raimund Hoghe is author and director, he has worked as the dramaturge with Pina Bausch for more than a decade.

Raimund Hoghe

Četudi bi ta predstava ne imela zveze z nasiljem v nekdanji Jugoslaviji, pa vidimo, da sta si na koncu koncev obe nasilji zelo blizu. Sama dinamika plesa razkriva sozvočja z zagatami zgodovine.

Nasilje je banalno tedaj, kadar prizadeva telo v samem njegovem bivanju.

3] Umetnina in beseda. Razmerje med plesom in besedo, ali tudi med telesom in mislijo, je zapleteno in pretanjeno. Ne zato, ker bi (kakor je mogoče razumeti Michela Foucaulta) beseda zmogla izreči vse o vidnem ali o telesu - ali ker bi bilo mogoče zaigrati ali predstaviti zgolj tisto, kar je mogoče izreči. Stvar je globlja. Beseda sicer lahko govori o dogodku (torej tudi o predstavi, ki je lahko dogodek) - toda: ali se beseda in dogodek lahko v vseh točkah ujemata? To je ves problem. V splošnem je velik uspeh že, če se besedi posreči, da dogodek sproži in da vzpostavi gledišče, od koder je ta dogodek mogoče dojeti: pojasniti ga, iz njega narediti kaj drugega. Če beseda zmore, da zatrepeta v resničnem ritmu dogodka, tako da ujame njegov izvir, vznik, ne da bi postala zgolj pojasnjevalni okvir, tedaj beseda sama postane dogodek; stvaritev; ustvarjalna umetnina. A to se ne zgodi pogosto. Interpretacija dogodka ni nujno v tem, da povemo, kaj je za njim ali pod njim..., saj dogodek ni zgolj v tem, da prikrije, kaj je za njim, in da zahteva, da ga razjasnimo, obrazložimo. Interpretacija dogodka biti je v tem, da mu povrnemo njegov kraj in njegovo moč v ustvarjalnem toku, ki ga je proizvedel, v toku, ki prihaja od daleč in ki sega dlje kakor sam dogodek. Interpretacija je torej v tem, da dogodek ponudimo drugim interpretacijam. To ne zahteva le, da govorimo, temveč tudi, da mislimo, da se zastavimo s svojim telesom, da sami postanemo sprejemnik dogodka, ki se nenehno dogaja. Nekatera anti-intelektualna stališča je mogoče razumeti in zaslužijo, da jih tudi interpretiramo, predelamo... Tu mislim na predsodek, da naj bi intelektualec svoj diskurz kakor mavec polagal na živo meso, pri tem pa ne bi hotel tvegati, da se tudi sam vplete in da se spomni, da ima tudi on telo; na predsodek, po katerem naj bi si intelektualec ne upal misliti s svojim telesom. Na srečo so tudi drugi načini intelektualnosti in mišljenja; mišljenja, ki vselej zahteva, da vzamemo vase nekaj tujega, nemara neko tuje telo; da bi mislili drugače.

Pograjc's reductionism (in the sense of a directorial/dramaturgical procedure starting with some sort of

"totality", which is then shattered, fragmented and condensed) is, for the spectator, a conceptual and interpretative bomb, a piece of fiction that never leaves one indifferent because, intuitively, we know that the energy condensed inside it is much greater than the volume which our perceptive habits interpret as something small, unimportant, ordinary.

Fragments - the basic structural characteristic of Betontanc's performances, may seem like simple, infantile, nonproblematic topoi to the superficial observer, almost like children's fancies, whereas the more careful observer will perceive them as a metaphor for crumbs once forming a constitutive part of a sturdy, predominantly classicistic building. In "Poets without Pockets" this structure was Dostoevski, in "Romeo and Juliet" it was Shakespeare, and in "Every Word a Gold Coin's Worth" a folk tale. From a broader environment, from the landscape of "great stories" (resembling more and more the uprooted and deserted landscape of Mueller's most apocalyptic texts, "Hamletmaschine" and "Medea"), Pograjc chooses only those (marginal) fragments which allow for a large degree of double recognizability, that is, the recognizability of "background" on the one side, which is thus a matter of contextual effects, and the recognizability of the so-called "author's code" on the other. The latter does not lack originality and recognizable "writing", despite occasional critiques pointing to its exaggerated resemblance with the Belgian dance scene, which is merely the result of their failure to comprehend the essence of his creations and penetrate deeply enough into the structure of his performances. Betontanc's uniqueness is in their ability to conceal the "important", "great", "serious", i.e. social, psychological, ideological, etc., themes into a childishly simple, simplified "story". The popularity of their performances stems from this very paradigm - interpretative unraveling is all the more inviting because the answer is no predetermined, but covered with an infantile, self-understandable mask whose task is to create the impression of intellectual weakness. In fact, quite a few interpreters of Pograjc's creations have been caught in the trap of superficial interpretation.

On the other hand, Matjaž Pograjc belongs to the group of Slovene theater directors (almost exclusively of the younger generation) who were condemned by Slovene theater logocentrists for forgetting the WORD in theater. In order to avoid the deviating paths of far-reaching excursions into the mystification of words in Slovene (and perhaps also

European) theater, we may laconically express ourselves in the metaphoric language of Antonin Artaud: "It is not a matter of doing away with the articulated word, but of giving it approximately the same role that it plays in dreams." Matjaž Pograjc's performances can actually be understood as dream pictures: images of claustrophobic corridors in which one cannot find the way out, underground labyrinths and persons whose speech remains unfinished and redundant (with possible allusions to Ionesco's "Chairs"), desperate attempts to jump over the wall, all of which offers itself as the eminent symptomatic material of dreams.

And that brings us, once again, to fragmentariness, to the structural element of dreams, which never allow us the luxury of their totality; dreams are fragments, and because they are fragments, they are restlessness. Pograjc's performances/dreams are most reminiscent of contemporary design interventions into the "totality" of a work of art - designers often use a fragment of a (famous) painting which, after redimensioning and decontextualizing it, they offer as a new perception of the old, as their own micro-scope poetics (which, again, is a methodological fragment of a more complex spiritual environment, a certain "postmodernistic" corpus).

Indeed, Matjaž Pograjc's performances are not presentations of mythological lexicons neither of psychoanalytical consulting rooms, but selected pieces of a never completed mosaic.

Ein Traum, was sonst?

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Pograjčev redukcijem (v smislu režijsko-dramaturškega postopka, ki izhaja iz neke

"totalitete", a jo razbija, fragmentarizira in nato kondenzira) je za spremljevalca pomenska in interpretativna bomba, je nek košček fikcije, ki nas ne pusti ravnodušne ravno zato, ker intuitivno vemo, da je v njem zgoščena energija veliko večja od volumna, katerega naše perceptive navade interpretirajo kot majhnega, nenevarnega, vsakdanjega.

Fragments, temeljne strukturne značilnosti Betontanc'evih predstav, so morda za površnega gledalca preprosti, infantilni, neproblematični topoi, napol otroške domislice, za bolj pazljivega opazovalca pa se kažejo v metafori okruška, ki je bil nekoč konstitutivni del trdne, večinoma klasicistične stavbe. Ta zgradba je bil v "Pesnikih brez žepov" Dostojevski, v "Romeu in Juliji" Shakespeare, v "Za vsako besedo cekin" pa ljudska pripoved. Iz nekega širšega okolja, iz pokrajine "velikih zgodb" (ki je vse bolj razruvana in opustošena pokrajina iz Muellerjevih najbolj apokaliptičnih besedil, "Hamletmaschine" in "Medeje"), Pograjc izbira le tiste (večinoma obrobne) delce, ki mu lahko zagotavljajo veliko mero dvojne prepoznavnosti, ki je, po eni strani, prepoznavnost "backgrounda" in je torej stvar kontekstualnih učinkov in, po drugi strani, prepoznavnost t. i. "avtorskega koda". Slednja značilnost mu zagotavlja zadostno mero pristnosti in razpoznavne "pisave", ne glede na občasne očitke o pretirani podobnosti z belgijsko plesno sceno, ki ne zadenejo bistva in ne sežejo dovolj globoko v strukturo njegovih predstav. Posebnost Betontanca je v tem, da jim uspe zakriti "pomembne", "velike", "resne", torej socialne, psihološke, ideološke itn. teme v neko skoraj do infantilnosti preprosto, simplificirano "zgodbo". Priljubljenost njegovih predstav si lahko razložimo ravno skozi to paradigmo - interpretativno razvozlanje je toliko bolj vabljivo, ker ni preudicirano; prekrito je z neko infantilno, samo-po-sebi-razumevajočo prevleko, katere naloga je, da ustvarja videz intelektualne šibkosti. In dejansko je kar nekaj interpretov Pograjčevih predstav, ki so se ujeli v to past površne interpretacije.

Po drugi strani sodi Matjaž Pograjc v tisto skupino slovenskih režiserjev (skoraj izključno mlajše generacije), ki jo je doletela obsodba slovenskih gledaliških logocentrikov, da je pozabila na Besedo v gledališču. Z namenom, da bi se izognili stranpoti širokopoteznih ekskurzov o zamistificiranosti besede v slovenskem (in nemara evropskem) gledališču, tukaj lahko lakonično spregovorimo skozi metaforično govorico Antonina Artauda: "Ne gre za to, da bi bilo treba odpraviti artikulirano besedo, temveč za to, da bi dobila približno tak pomen, kakršnega ima v sanjah." Predstave Matjaža Pograjca dejansko lahko razumemo tudi kot sanjske slike: podobe klavstrofobičnih hodnikov, iz katerih ne najdemo izhoda, podzemeljskih labirintov in oseb, katerih govor ostaja nedokončan, odvečen (z možnimi aluzijami na Ionescove "Stole"), obupnih poskusov, da bi preskočili steno, kar se vse ponuja kot eminentni simptomatični material sanj.

In s tem smo že spet pri fragmentarnosti, strukturni prvini sanj, ki nam nikoli ne privoščijo lagodnosti celote; sanje so fragmenti, in ker so fragmenti, so nemir. Pograjčeve predstave/sanje so še najbolj podobne sodobnim oblikovalskim posegom v celovitost umetnine - oblikovalci si pogostokrat postrežejo s fragmentom (znane) slike in ga tako predimenzioniranega, dekontekstualiziranega ponudijo kot novo videnje starega, kot lastno mikroskopično poetiko (ki je spet metodološki fragment nekega bolj kompleksnega duhovnega okolja, nekega "postmodernističnega" korpusa).

Predstave Matjaža Pograjca dejansko niso predstave ne o mitoloških leksikonih in ne o psihoanalitičnih ordinacijah, so pa izbrani koščki nekega nikoli dokončanega mozaika. Ein Traum, was sonst?

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