

Rok Vevar: A LITTLE SOMETHING ABOUT GIBANICA AND MALE KLINE & IN EFTYCHIE STEFANOU'S SOLO SONG

Visiting the selection of this year's Gibanica confirmed to me how good the selection of contemporary dance creativity looks in a condensed short time. In addition, a number of choreographic names remained outside the selection, which I really appreciate: Maja Delak, Mateja Bučar, Andreja Rauch Podrzavnik, Snježana Premuš and the collective Anja Bornšek, Tina Valentan and Barbara Kanc. There are others who did not make it into the selection. I am not saying this because the selection would seem illegitimate to me, but because I believe that if we add it all up, we can conclude that contemporary dance in our country is not in as bad a state as the conditions in which it takes place. This fills me with optimism.

The real singular moment of this year's selection (and - I would say - contemporary dance practices in our country at the moment) seems to me to be the solo Song, created by Mala Kline and performed by the excellent dancer Eftychia Stefanou. I thought it worked like the Yvonne Rainer Trio A in 1965 in the US. In no procedural or aesthetic sense, but as a kind of negative to the dominant production of dance art in our country: as a negative to the context in which it originated. Song is in fact an example of an extremely complex, you could say classical (modern) dance choreographic composition, which we are not (anymore) used to seeing. Especially not so filigree. With this kind of density and fundamentality of choreographic texture, the domestic public is in fact very rarely confronted. However, such works are rarely created in our country. When confronted with works like this, they rarely act as vividly and truly as Song Male Kline. If I remember correctly, the solo consists of seven parts (perhaps more or less, depending on how we count them), in which the first is a synthetic exposition of choreographic materials homogenized from very diverse kinetic figures, and morphologically combines fragments of long dance time into stunning dance work. The starting part is a kind of dance palimpsest, which with individual elements reaches all the way to the baroque (if the individual elements escaped, he may have overlooked the time inhabited by the solo), but before us it emerges alive and truly in the embodied present, combined with the dancer's exceptional dance competencies and knowledge. It acts as a language course that needs to be taken if we want to follow further work.

The baseline exposure is followed by six variations, in which we monitor the reconfiguration and elaboration of the baseline elements. (The separators between them are also fun, with one the dancer literally puts herself on her head and turns into a slow exclamation point). In them, the dominants and subdominants, consisting of temporal, spatial, dynamic and kinetic elements of the initial sequence, are rearranged each time, as well as mutually contrasting. The instrumentation that choreographs consists of tools of baroque compositional techniques (eg fugue in music), where the basic melodic lines (in our case these are kinetic figures), which are usually placed in front of us by the exposition (the first part), are subjected to transformative process: variations, transformations, mirrors, repetitions, derivations ... in different dynamic modalities. Between individual parts, the choreography transforms individual dance gestures from formal to more or less expressive gestures all the way to open markers at the zero level of the sign, speech, where we recognize that subvocalization of movement pronunciation is not available in its particular code, meaning, signifier. The dance body that unfolds before us in one hour is not an identity (a particular dance style; it does not tell us what dance is), but a difference (a transition between modalities as well as spaces between them; it tells us what happens to it in time).

It is also interesting that the choreography abandons the negotiating and advocacy elements, as it does not want to convince us of anything other than the intensification of spectator's attention, from which neither our sensorium nor the reading act is excluded. If we are willing to dive into the work. Her discretion and delicacy are framed at the front by a translucent and at the back by a projection screen, two screens between which the structure stands before us as a choreographic object or choreographic text from which Mala Kline has extracted most of the working processes that make up her opus. The degree of choreographic reduction, distillation or abstraction seems to me loud and astonishing in the case of a choreographer's work.

The system we don't need to know anything about in order to understand the choreography of Solo Song is Song of Songs. The starting point that Mala Kline takes for her choreographic work is one of the systems they generate, but it seems far from the only one. Work is available to us even without this information. With choreography, we just have to be willing to spend our intense time and give it our attention. Song of Salomon, also known as Song of in English, I personally find interesting next to an entirely private association. In 1978, Toni Morrison titled her excellent novel that way.

Macon Dead III (Milkman), who in the second part of this story somewhere in the southern United States investigates his family story, including the murder of his grandfather, cannot and cannot get any tangible testimonies in the local environment where he arrived. He then finds that in the play the children play on the playground in the center of the small town as they dance and sing a song, the play and singing that has constantly accompanied him since arriving in the city is in fact the coded story he seeks, the story of his family: about his grandfather Father Solomon. He suddenly realizes that the information he was looking for was in front of his eyes and in his ears all the time. In order to subject bitter experiences to oblivion, the natives had to turn them into a form in which the traces could persist in a painless way. The art of forgetting is in individual cases at least as important as the art of remembering, but the former is only revealed to us when we are able to decipher its traces. And this is not always an easy task. Milkman must first give up and give up the desire to find so he can hear Solomon's song. It seems to me that the artistic community in the field of contemporary dance has a similar experience in our country and that it has to go on the same trip as Milkman in Toni Morrison's novel. The moment one deviates from the desire, SONG can really reveal herself to her.

Congratulations Mala Kline!

Rok Vevar: NEKAJ MALEGA O GIBANICI IN SOLU SONG MALE KLINE IN EFTYCHIE STEFANOU

Ob ogledu selekcije letošnje Gibanice se mi je potrdilo, kako dobro je videti izbor sodobnoplesne ustvarjalnosti v sklenjenem, kratkem času, poleg tega pa je izven selekcije ostala vrsta koreografskih imen, ki jih zelo cenim: Maja Delak, Mateja Bučar, Andreja Rauch Podrzavnik, Snježana Premuš ter kolektiv Anja Bornšek, Tina Valentan in Barbara Kanc. Tu je še kdo, ki se ni uvrstil v izbor. Tega ne ugotavljam, ker bi se mi zdela selekcija nelegitimna, ampak ker menim, da če vse skupaj seštejemo, lahko zaključimo, da sodobni ples pri nas sploh ni v tako slabem stanju kakor pogoji, v katerih nastaja. To me navdaja z optimizmom.

Resnični singularni moment letošnje selekcije (in – rekel bi – sodobnoplesnih praks pri nas v tem trenutku) se mi zdi solo Song, ki ga je ustvarila Mala Kline in ki ga odpleše izvrstna plesalka Eftychia Stefanou. Pomislil sem, da deluje tako, kakor Trio A Yvonne Rainer leta 1965 v ZDA. V nikakršnem postopkovnem ali estetskem smislu, ampak kot neke vrste negativ dominantni proizvodnji plesne umetnosti pri nas: kot negativ kontekstu, v katerem je nastal.

Song je v resnici primerek izjemno kompleksnega, lahko bi rekli klasičnega (sodobno)plesnega koreografskega komponiranja, kakršnega pri nas nismo (več) vajeni gledat. Predvsem ne tako filigransko. S tovrstno gostoto in fundamentalnostjo koreografske teksture je domača javnost v resnici zelo redko soočena. Tovrstna dela pa pri nas redko nastanejo. Kadar smo soočeni s tovrstnimi deli, redko učinkujejo tako živo in resnično, kakor Song Male Kline.

Če se prav spomnim, je solo sestavljen iz sedmih delov (morda je kakšen več ali kakšen manj, odvisno kako jih štejemo), pri katerem je prvi sintetična ekspozicija koreografskih gradiv, homogeniziranih iz zelo raznorodnih kinetičnih figur, v morfološkem smislu pa spaja okruške dolgega plesnega časa v osupljivo plesno delo. Izhodiščni del je nekakšen plesni palimpsest, ki s posameznimi elementi seže vse do baroka (če so koga posamezni elementi begali, je morda spregledal čas, ki je naseljen v solu), vendar pred nami nastaja živo in resnično v utelešenem sedanjiku, spojenemu s plesalkinimi izjemnimi plesnimi kompetencami in znanji. Deluje kot jezikovni tečaj, ki ga je treba opraviti, če želimo slediti nadaljnjim delom.

Izhodiščni ekspoziciji sledi šest variacij, v katerih spremljamo rekonfiguriracijo in razdelavo izhodiščnih elementov. (Zabavna so tudi ločila med njimi, pri enem se plesalka dobesedno postavi na glavo in pretvori v upočasnen klicaj). V njih so dominante in subdominante, sestavljene iz časovnih, prostorskih, dinamičnih in kinetičnih elementov izhodiščne sekvence, vsakokrat prerazporejene, pa tudi medsebojno kontrastne. Instrumentarij, ki jih koreografira, je sestavljen iz orodij baročnih kompizicijskih tehnik (npr. fuga v glasbi), kjer se osnovne melodične linije (v našem primeru so to kinetične figure), ki jih ponavadi pred nas postavi ekspozicija (prvi del), podvržejo transformativnim postopkom: variacije, prelikav, zrcaljenja, ponavljanja, izpeljav ... v različnih dinamičnih modalitetah.

Med posameznimi deli koreografija posamične plesne geste transformira od formalnih, do bolj ali manj ekspresivnih gest vse do odprtih označevalcev na nulti stopnji znaka, govorce, kjer razpoznamo predvsem to, da nam subvokalizacija gibalne izgovorjave ni dostopna v svoji partikularni šifri, pomenu, označencu. Plesno telo, ki se razprostre pred nami v eni uri, ni identiteta (partikularni plesni stil; ne govori nam, kaj ples je), ampak razlika (prehod med modalitetami, pa tudi prostori med njimi; govori nam, kaj se z njim dogaja v času).

Zanimivo je tudi, da se koreografija odpove pogajalskim in zagovorniškim elementom, saj nas ne želi prepričati v ničesar drugega, kakor v stopnjevanje gledalske pozornosti, iz katere pa ni izključena niti naša senzorialnost niti bralno dejanje. Če smo se pripravljani v delo potopiti. Njena diskretnost in delikatnost je uokvirjena spredaj s prosojnim in zadaj s projekcijskim platnom, dvema zaslonoma, med katerima se struktura pred nas postavlja kot koreografski objekt ali koreografsko besedilo, iz katerega je Mala Kline izločila večino delovnih postopkov, ki tvorijo njen opus. Stopnja koreografske redukcije, destilacije ali abstrakcije se mi zdi v primeru koreografinjinega dela glasna in osupljiva.

Sistem, o katerem nam ni treba ničesar vedeti, da bi lahko razbrali koreografijo sola Song, je Visoka pesem. Izhodišče, ki si ga vzame Mala Kline za svoje koreografsko delo, je eden od sistemov, ki ga generirajo, a zdi se, da še zdaleč ne edini. Delo nam je razpoložljivo tudi brez te informacije. S koreografijo moramo biti samo pripravljani preživeti naš intenziven čas in ji

nameniti našo pozornost. Song of Salomon, kakor je mogoče Visoko pesem imenovati v angleščini, se mi osebno zdi zanimivo z neko posvem privatno asociacijo. Leta 1978 je Toni Morrison tako nasloвила svoj izvrsten roman.

Macon Dead III (Milkman), ki v drugem delu te zgodbe nekje na jugu ZDA raziskuje svojo družinsko zgodbo, vključno z umorom svojega starega očeta, se v lokalnem okolju, kamor je prispel, ne more in ne more dokopati do nobenih oprijemljivih pričevanj. Potem ugotovi, da je v igri, ki se jo otroci igrajo na igrišču v centru malega mesteca, ko plešejo in pojejo neko pesem, v igri in petju, ki ga je od prihoda v mesto neprestano spremljala, v resnici zakodirana zgodba, ki jo išče, zgodba o njegovi družini: o njegovem starem očetu Salomonu. Nenadoma ugotovi, da so bili podatki, ki jih je iskal, ves čas pred njegovimi očmi in v njegovih ušesih. Da bi lahko bridke izkušnje podvrgli pozabljenju, so jih domačini morali pretvoriti v obliko, v kateri so lahko sledi vztrajale na neboleč način. Umetnost pozabljanja je v posameznih primerih vsaj tako pomembna kot umetnost spominjanja, vendar se nam prva razkrije šele, ko smo njene sledi sposobni dešifrirati. In to ni vedno lahko naloga. Milkman mora najprej obupati in opustiti željo po najdbi, da lahko zasliši Salomonovo pesem. Zdi se mi, da ima umetniška skupnost s področja sodobnega plesa pri nas neko podobno izkušnjo in da se mora odpraviti na enak izlet, kakor Milkman v romanu Toni Morrison. V trenutku nekega odstopa od želje, se ji SONG lahko resnično razkrije.

Čestitke Mali Kline!