

Irena Štaudohar: OBLIKA MOJIH OBRVI

Ko je Mina Loy v dvajsetih letih v Parizu izdala svojo prvo zbirko pesmi, nihče ni verjel, da ta oseba resnično obstaja. Veliko let kasneje, ko so literarni kritiki z obdukcijskimi rezili analizirali njeno pozabljeno poezijo so se spraševali ali so posamezne besede v njenih delih izmišljene ali zgolj napisane v nepravilni angleški slovnici. Tako njeno življenje kot tudi njena poezija sta oblikovala nenavadi kolaž zamenjanih identitet, napak, izgubljenih prostorov ter zapletenih ugank. Ta uganka o resničnem ali neresničnem telesu, o tem kar se nahaja v notranjem gibanju misli in asociacij ter v zunanji ekspresiji gibov in komunikacije z ljudmi in svetom je vpeta tudi v plesni duo Mina in Giovanni.

Bolj kot njeno življenje v eksplozijah nadrealizma, futurizma, ameriške avantgarde ter revolucionarne Mehike, smo kompase orientacije usmerili v njeno poezijo, ki jo je sama, še preden se je na Dunaju srečala z Freudom, poimenovala »moj podzavestni arhiv«. Njena poezija je karografija različnih stanj in opisov sveta, ki jo je obkrožal, pa vendar je sestavljena iz tistih vsakdanjih in emotivnih občutij, ki so mnogokrat odprti prostori znotraj katerih lahko artikularna razmišljanja preciznega talenta in poguma zlepimo s svojimi lastnimi stanji. V kaj se pravzaprav preobrazi naša zunanja oblika, kadar svoje največje notranje želje in emotivna stanja obrnemo v zunanji svet? Vse največje oblike naših neracionalnih notranjih želja ali čustev kot so ljubezen, želja, intuicija, zaslutni arhetipi, oboževanje ali mitologija, se v nekem realnem svetu preobrazijo v nevsakdanja stanja napake, umetnosti, igre, bolezni, histerije, ugajanja ali recimo klovnovstva. To je večna univerzalna a paradoksalno tudi intimna čustvena zgodba individuuma. Mina Loy je bila lepotica in pesnica. Kombinacija zunanjega in notranjega. Gledati in biti viden. Želja v zunanji in notranji smeri.

»Ljubezen je lirika dveh teles«, je zapisala. Čisto na drugem koncu sveta, v Rusiji, pa je pesnica Marina Cvetajeva ugotovila, da je »ritem mišica in verz gibanje telesa.« Ta nenavadna povezava poezije in ekspresije telesa, je tisti gibalec, ki je sprožil obliko predstave, kjer ples pripoveduje zgodbo in kjer zgodba postaja vsakdanji vzorec o specifični in trenutni pripovedi o intimnem svetu o ženske, moškega, samoti in svetu.

Nekoč je Mina Loy na vprašanje kaj je tisto, kar ima pri sebi najraje dejala »obliko svojih obrvi«. In ta polkrožna lepota nad očmi je, kot se zdi, lahko individualna oblika opazovanja.

Irena Štaudohar: THE SHAPE OF MY EYEBROWS

When Mina Loy published her first poetry collection in Paris in the twenties, no one believed that she was not a fictional character. Years later, when literary critics took her forgotten poetry under their magnifying glass, they wondered whether the words she used in her work were invented or perhaps just written in a less than perfect grammar. Her life and poetry were an unusual collage of emigration, forgotten identities, different emotional states and impulses, lost spaces, subtle perceptions on the evolution of new arts and of the intricate universal and individual enigmas. These enigmas of the real or imaginary body, on the content of inner movement of thoughts and associations, and outer expression of the bodily movement, of communication with fellow human beings and the world, can also be found in the pulsation of Gina and Miovanni's dancing duet.

Rather than steering the compass of our attention to the life of Mina Loy in explosions of surrealism, futurism, and American Dada movement, we aimed for the labyrinths of her poetry, which she herself had called "my subconscious archive" even before meeting Freud in Vienna. This poetry is a map of her states of being and her descriptions of the world around her, but it nevertheless consists of those emotive and almost ordinary daily feelings which open up spaces and rooms for the recognition of our own feelings as we meet the well-articulated reflections of this sensitive talent.

And what does our external shape transform into, when our innermost wishes or emotional states turn to face the world? All our apparently biggest and irrational desires, illusions, feelings - such as longing, love, ideas, archetypes, mythologies, or worshipping are transformed in the real world into unusual states of a "flawed" existence, which we recognize as art, make believe, solitude, hysteria, illness... The inner becomes the external and acquires an extraordinary shape. The metamorphosis of the body hues our states of existence like a litmus paper in a chemical substance. Mina Loy was a poet and a beauty. "Love is the lyrics of two bodies," she wrote. At the other end of the world, in Russia, Marina Tsvetaeva concluded that "the rhythm is a muscle and the verse is the movement of the organs." This uncommon linking of poetic metaphors and bodily expression is the agent which has set off the shape of the performance where the story of a woman, a man, and the world, unfolds through the observation of our own movement. Replying to the question of what did she like best in herself, Mina Loy said "the shape of my eyebrows". And it is under this arched beauty that its beholder is concealed.