



Zoskupenie **Med a prach**
Scénické dielo **Domov Eros Viera**

Art group **Honey and Dust**
Scenic piece **Home Eros Faith**

Libreto - Andrej Kalinka, Ivan Martinka, Michal Mikuláš, Juraj Poliak

Obsadenie - Ivan Martinka, Miriam Kalinková, Michal Mikuláš,

Adam Marec, Juraj Poliak, Andrej Kalinka

Hudba - Andrej Kalinka

Bábky, masky - Ivan Martinka

Scéna, akčná maľba - Juraj Poliak

Kostýmy - Ivan Martinka, Markéta Plachá

Svetelný dizajn - Michal Juhás

Rézia - Andrej Kalinka, Ivan Martinka

Prológ - Chlieb a pierka

Od narodenia sa učím chodiť, smiať sa a byť sám.

Obraz prvý - Hľadajte moju tvár

Učím sa lietať s jedným krídlom a túžim po druhom.

Obraz druhý - Zveri

Všetci poblúdili, všetci sa skazili. Aj ja strácam svoju tvár.

Obraz tretí - Domovy, erosy, viery

Všade boli. Mal som ich stále. A zrazu nie sú nikde žiadne.

Nič nie je samozrejme a nikdy nebolo.

Interludium - Vdýchol som pierko

A tak som pripravený dať lásku. Takú smiešnu, takú moju.

Obraz štvrtý - Stará žena

Ako mám kráčať ďalej, keď moje dávne viny svedčia proti mne?

Obraz piaty - Dielňa

Kým ešte vládzem, chcem po sebe zanechať stopu, pripraviť si „život večný“.

Obraz šiesty - Starý muž

Stratil som najbližšieho. Kde mám teraz domov?

Obraz siedmy - Chlieb a vták

Voda nám vystúpila až po krk a čas sa nám kráti.

Vták sa vznáša nad hladinou. A hľadá človeka.

Home Eros Faith

Prologue – The Bread and the Feathers

Ever since I was born I have been learning to walk, to laugh and to be by myself.

Scene One – Seek my Face

I am learning to fly with one wing and I ache for the other.

Scene Two – The Beasts

Everyone went astray, everyone went corrupt. I too am losing my face.

Scene Three - Homes, Eroses, Faiths

They were everywhere. I always had them. And suddenly, there are none. Nothing is granted, never was.

Interlude – I Breathed in a Feather

So I am ready to give love. A funny kind, my kind of love.

Scene Four – The Old Woman

How am I to keep on walking, when my ancient guilt testifies against me?

Scene Five – The Workshop

I want to leave a mark while I still can, to prepare for myself the “eternal life”.

Scene Six – The Old Man

I lost my closest one. Where is my home now?

Scene Seven – The Bread and the Bird

The water rose all the way up to our necks and our time is running short. A bird is circling above the surface, looking for a man.

Prologue – The Bread and the Feathers

Ever since I was born I have been learning to walk, to laugh and to be by myself.

Psalm 55

Who will give me wings like the dove, so that I may fly away and take rest? Behold, I have fled far away, and I linger in solitude.

Quis dabit mihi pennas sicut columbae, et volabo et requiescam? Ecce elongabo fugiens et manebo in solitudine.

Scene One – Seek my Face

I am learning to fly with one wing and I ache for the other.

Psalm 88

O Lord, God of my salvation: I have cried out, day and night, in your presence. Let my prayer enter in your sight. Incline your ear to my petition.

Domine, Deus salutis meae, in die clamavi et nocte coram te. Intret in conspectu tuo oratio mea; inclina aurem tuam ad precem meam.

Scene Two – The Beasts

Everyone went astray, everyone went corrupt. I too am losing my face.

The abstract of the ballad:

A girl and a lad love each other, but one day they have a fight. The girl then marries someone else. The lad cannot get over it and dies of sorrow. The girl runs to his grave and regrets ever leaving him, thus ruining both his life and her own.

Scene Three - Homes, Eroses, Faiths

They were everywhere. I always had them. And suddenly, there are none.

Nothing is granted, never was.

Psalm 144

Man has been made similar to vanity. His days pass by like a shadow. O Lord, incline your heavens and descend. Touch the mountains.

Homo vanitati similis factus est, dies eius sicut umbra praeteriens. Domine, inclina caelos tuos et descende; tange montes.

Psalm 88

Lord, why do you reject my prayer? Why do you turn your face away from me?

Ut quid, Domine, repellis animam meam, abscondis faciem tuam a me?

Interlude – I Breathed in a Feather

So I am ready to give love. A funny kind, my kind of love.

The abstract of the ballad:

A young widow with three children falls in love with a man who lures her to come away with him. The widow gives one of her children to her brother, the other to her brother-in-law and she takes the third one with her. During their journey her lover tells her to leave the third child, because he only wants her. The woman leaves the child by the path in the woods. Crying, she says goodbye to the child and she weeps over her leaving her children for her lover.

Scene Four – The Old Woman

How am I to keep on walking, when my ancient guilt testifies against me?

If I were to speak in the language of men, or of Angels, yet not have charity, I would be like a clanging bell or a crashing cymbal.

And if I have prophecy, and learn every mystery, and obtain all knowledge, and possess all faith, so that I could move mountains, yet not have charity, then I am nothing.

And if I distribute all my goods in order to feed the poor, and if I hand over my body

to be burned, yet not have charity, it offers me nothing.

Charity is patient, is kind. Charity does not envy, does not act wrongly, is not inflated.

Charity is not ambitious, does not seek for itself, is not provoked to anger, devises no evil.

Charity does not rejoice over iniquity, but rejoices in truth.

Charity suffers all, believes all, hopes all, endures all.

Charity is never torn away, even if prophecies pass away, or languages cease, or knowledge is destroyed.

For we know only in part, and we prophesy only in part.

But when the perfect arrives, the imperfect passes away.

When I was a child, I spoke like a child, I understood like a child, I thought like a child.

But when I became a man, I put aside the things of a child.

Now we see through a glass darkly. But then we shall see face to face. Now I know in part, but then I shall know, even as I am known.

But for now, these three continue: faith, hope, and charity. And the greatest of these is charity.

Scene Five – The Workshop

I want to leave a mark while I still can, to prepare for myself the “eternal life”.

Psalm 15

O Lord, who will dwell in your tabernacle? Or who will rest on your holy mountain?

He who walks without blemish and who works justice. He who speaks the truth in his heart, who has not acted deceitfully with his tongue, and has not done evil to his neighbor, and has not taken up a reproach against his neighbors. In his sight, the malicious one has been reduced to nothing, but he glorifies those who fear the Lord. He who swears to his neighbor and does not deceive. He who does these things will be undisturbed for eternity.

Domine, quis habitabit in tabernaculo tuo? Quis requiescat in monte sancto tuo? Qui ingreditur sine macula et operatur iustitiam, qui loquitur veritatem in corde suo, qui non egit dolum in lingua sua nec fecit proximo suo malum et opprobrium non intulit proximo suo. Ad nihilum reputatus est in conspectu eius malignus, timentes autem Dominum glorificat. Qui iuravit in detrimentum suum et non mutat, Qui facit haec, non movebitur in aeternum.

Psalm 17

From those who resist your right hand, preserve me like the pupil of your eye. Protect me under the shadow of your wings.

Custodi me ut pupillam oculi, sub umbra alarum tuarum protege me.

Psalm 102

I have become like a pelican in solitude. I have become like a night raven in a house.

Similis factus sum pellicano solitudinis, factus sum sicut nycticorax in ruinis.

Jan Skácel: My house

My house
Would have a door without a latch
And windows without panes.
For anyone to come in:
The hens with their chicks,
The rain, the wind, the mist,
My sweetheart,
Joy with sorrow
And grave quiet times too.
No one would have to knock three times,
The lock would never rattle.

Scene Six – The Old Man

I lost my closest one. Where is my home now?

The abstract of the ballad:

Three children ask their father about their mother. He answers, that their mother is in the grave by the tower. The children run to the grave, dig out their mother and beg her to come back to them. She answers that it is not possible and she sends them off home to their new mother. The children complain, that their stepmother treats them badly / when combing their hair it gets covered in blood... when putting them down to sleep she curses them/. Their mother tells them to go home and pray and they will die on the third day and reunite with her. The children come home and ask their father to get the coffins ready. They die on the third day and have a wonderful funeral.

Scene Seven – The Bread and the Bird

The water rose all the way up to our necks and our time is running short. A bird is circling above the surface, looking for a man.

Psalm 55

Who will give me wings like the dove, so that I may fly away and take rest? 8

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Libretto - Andrej Kalinka, Ivan Martinka, Michal Mikuláš, Juraj Poliak

Cast - Ivan Martinka, Miriam Kalinková, Michal Mikuláš, Adam Marec, Juraj Poliak, Andrej Kalinka

Music - Andrej Kalinka

Puppets, masks - Ivan Martinka

Set design, action painting - Juraj Poliak

Costumes - Ivan Martinka, Markéta Plachá

Light design - Michal Juhás

Directed by - Andrej Kalinka, Ivan Martinka

Prologue – The Bread and the Feathers

*Ever since I was born I have been learning to walk,
to laugh and to be by myself.*

Scene One – Seek my Face

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A bird is circling above the surface, looking for a man.*

Honey and Dust is a group of creative artists and performers bound together by the same kind of poetics, tendencies and values, which they try to transform into various genres and shapes of art. Fine arts transform into music, music transforms into theatre, theatre into fine arts and so on and always in a different way. Sometimes, the cooperation results in an exhibition, sometimes in a play or a concert. Mostly it becomes a form of mutual and concurrent communication. But, however varied, it is still all about one thing only - the need and the will to seek, find and process in a joint cooperation the topics that we find powerful, essential and irreplaceable.



Med a prach je voľné zoskupenie tvorcov a interpretov, ktorých spája vzájomná poetika, smerovanie a hodnoty, ktoré sa snažia pretaviť do rôznych umeleckých žánrov a podôb. Výtvarné umenie sa tu prevtel'uje do hudby, hudba do divadla, divadlo do výtvarného umenia a tak ďalej a tak stále inak. Raz je výsledkom vzájomnej spolupráce výstava, inokedy divadelné predstavenie alebo koncert. Najčastejšie sú to formy, v ktorých všetko komunikuje spoločne a súčasne. Stále však ide len o jedno jediné, o potrebu a chuť hľadať, nachádzať a v spoločnej tvorbe spracovávať témy, ktoré sú pre nás silné, nevyhnutné a nezastupiteľné.



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