



L.I.P.A. presents

“Ode on Manhattan Avenue”

A visual-sound production/presentation

by CUCNIK, PODLOGAR, KARIZ

Tuesday, October

7 pm–8:30pm

Visual design: ZIGA KARIZ

Compilation of sound materials: CUCNIK, PODLOGAR, KARIZ

Composition: PRIMOZ CUCNIK

Sound production: SASO KALAN

Ode On Manhattan Avenue, is a collection of poems by Primoz Cucnik and Gregor Podlogar, and was originally written in collaboration by the two poets during their two-month stay in New York City in 2002 and 2003. Coming to the city from Ljubljana, Slovenia, New York becomes for them a protagonist of happenings, an image of fascination, and a space for movements in language, sound, and sight.

Primoz Cucnik, born in Ljubljana in 1971, has published three books: *Two Winters* (1999), *Rhythm in Hands* (2002), and *Chords* (2004). He translates from Polish, writes literary criticism, and works as an editor for the magazine *Literatura*.

Gregor Podlogar, born in Ljubljana in 1974, has published poems in various literary magazines in Slovenia and abroad. Aleph Press published his first two collections of poetry, *States* (1997) and *Joy in Vertigo* (2002).

Ziga Kariz, who contributed visual artwork for the collection, was born in Ljubljana in 1972. A visual artist working in a number of different media—including painting, photography, installation, video, and digital media—his work was selected for the 2003 Venice Biennale.

These city-inspired poems form the basis for poetry readings in which through created noisy sound environments we hear the rough and dynamic sonic material of fifty different voices reading the poems—each voice with a distinct pronunciation, intonation, and style of reading. Everyday noises from the city provide the background to this chorus, resulting in a sound collage that, on the one hand, doesn't stray too far from the texts's conceptual territory and, on the other, dares to sacrifice the language of the poems to the music of a genuine urban sound environment. Through the ears of the city, we hear poetry taking an awkward—and loud—position far removed from the proverbial silence of inaudible readings.