

I N T E L I G E N T N I N E M A R A J O M N O Ž I C E

Video ambiente Nataše Prosenc, posestnice največje količine črne tkanine v državi, bi najbolj precizno opisali z naslovom enega od njih: *Potovanje v nič*. V ponavadi popolnoma zatemnjenih prostorih je naša pozornost usmerjena v učinek potovanja brez cilja, v gibanje brez rezultata, na vzpenjanje in padanje, v hojo na mestu in izgubljanje v labirintu. Njeni ambientni so premišljeno grajeni tako, da se ne dotaknejo zgolj psihologije posameznika, ampak kolektivne psihologije. Najmočnejši občutek, ki ga sprožajo v gledalcu je občutek numinoznega, občutek nečesa onkraj, nečesa zunaj nas, neodvisno od vida in dotika. Uspeva ji, da gledalec, ujet v temne votline njenih inscenacij, naleti na nekaj *drugega*, nekaj kar je morda podobno nenadnemu občutju transcendentnega, ki ga včasih doživimo ob izjemnem občutenju narave - visoko v gorah ali ob razburkanem morju pozimi.

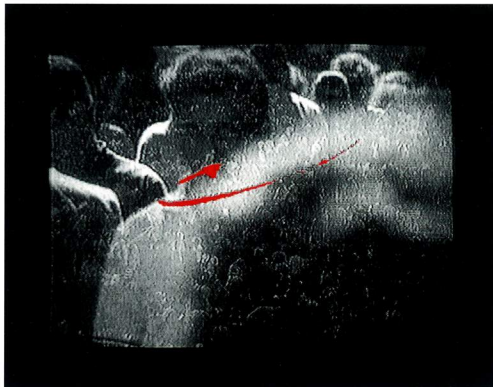
Večkrat zapisano ugotovitev, da vizualna kultura elektronskih medijev izrinja skrivnostnost, ezoteričnost, lahko ob video ambientih Nataše Prosenc zato dvakrat prečrtamo.

Kako pa je v *Sobi velikega brata*? Vanjo nas Nataša Prosenc zvabi z velikimi obeti; najbolj se razvnamemo ob podatku, da gre za interaktivni video ambient. Interaktivno si v dobi virtualne resničnosti predstavljamo kot garancijo za hipersenzualno doživetje, prebrisana Nataša Prosenc nam v zatemnjeni kocki ponudi v upravljanje linearno zaporedje posnetkov ekstatičnih ljudskih množic, ki se vrstijo na velikem projekcijskem platnu pred nami. Čez vse te podobe pa se premika rdeči disk, ki pa nam ga ni dano usmerjati. Vse kar si lahko privoščimo, je zgolj to, da sliko pospešimo, ustavimo, zavrtimo nazaj ali naprej, to pa je, kar se interaktivnosti tiče, tudi vse. Vsak povprečni televizijski gledalec si lahko doma na svojem televizorju simulira poljubne video instalacije, ko z nonšalantnim manipuliranjem z daljinskim upravljalcem izbira satelitske TV programe, jih dopolnjuje z lastnimi video posnetki, ki jih zaustavlja ali pospešuje ali počne z njimi karkoli se mu zahoče.

Naslov *Soba Velikega brata* pa je drugo neizpolnjeno pričakovanje, saj omemba Velikega brata takoj priključuje neizbežno asociacijo na *Orwellov* roman *1984*, ki je prišel v splošno zavest predvsem zaradi znamenite parole *Veliki brat te opazuje*. Mimogrede, splošna zavest,

kot mi je povedala Nataša Prosenc, izključuje Američane; ko je namreč svojim ameriškim kolegom omenila naslov *Soba Velikega brata*, so bili vsi brez izjeme prepričani, da bo to nekaj v zvezi s sobo njenega starejšega brata, ki ga, spet mimogrede, Nataša sploh nima, mislim da ima sestro, no saj ni pomembno, skratka, mi vemo za katerega velikega brata gre in pričakujemo izjemno razburljivo dogodivščino. Nataša Prosenc nas postavlja v njegovo vlogo, upravljalni vzvod je v naših rokah, podarjena nam je moč manipulacije z množicami. Občutek moči nas za nekaj trenutkov zares prevzame, toda takoj zatem se zavemo zvoka prijaznega, umirjenega ženskega glasu, ki nam iz zvočnikov narekuje nekakšna navodila, vendar zvok ni sinhron s sliko in nanj nimamo nikakršnega vpliva. Naša moč manipulacije je torej skrčena na minimum in na lepem se zavemo potegavščine. Moč je samo navidezna, z našimi občutki manipulira nekdo, ki je nad forično predstav- nekdo drug, ki je govori: levo... kaj... odločno ovira....ne ozi- desno....umakni

V popolnoma za- storu se zdaj sotnosti *drugega*, vse to predvidel cijo. Naša pozije, z besedami Nataše Prosenc, "cinično terapevtska", naša akcija nesmiselna in mogoče bi šli zdaj lahko na svetlo in kaj malega citirali. *Orwell*ov *Winston Smith* (na strani 212 v *Kondorju*) preučuje šahovski problem in razpostavi figure: "Končnica je bila zamotana in jo je bilo treba rešiti z dvema tekačema. "Beli na potezi in mat v dveh potezah." Winston je pogledal portret Velikega brata. Beli vedno matira, je pomislil z nekakšnim motnim mističnim občutjem. Vedno, brez izjeme, je urejeno tako. V nobenem šahovskem problemu, od začetka sveta, ni nikdar zmagal črni. Ali to ne simbolizira večne, nespremenljive zmage Dobrega nad Zlim? Velikanski obraz mu je vračal pogled, poln mirne moči. Beli vedno matira."



nami in ga meta- lja rdeči disk, NAD NAMI in nam nekoliko poča- naprej...pazi raj se...malo na se

..... temnjenem pro- spet zavemo pri- tistega, ki je za svojo interak- cija v tem teatru

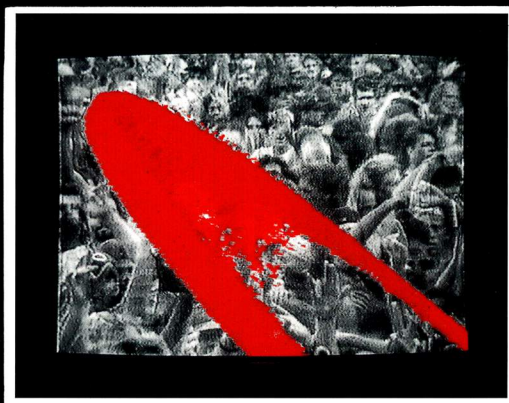
“...levo... nekoliko počakaj.... odločno naprej... pazi ovira...

ne oziraj se... vztrajaj.... malo na desno... obrni se.... umakni

se... počasi nazaj... odpočij si... postopoma povečaj hitrost....

samo korak na-

za hip... pomak-



prej... popusti

ni se nazaj ...

ne pretiravaj... takoj pospeši... čakaj na mestu... potrudi

se... zamenjaj hitrost... teči... mudi se... zavij v desno... takoj

prididem... previdno počakaj ob strani... umakni se....”

THE INTELLIGENT DON'T LIKE THE CROWD

The video installations of Nataša Prošenc, the owner of the largest amount of black fabric in Slovenia, can best be described with the title of one of her works: A Journey into the Void. The usually completely darkened rooms focus our attention on the consequences of aimless travelling, on movement without result, on climbing and falling, walking in place and getting lost in a maze. Her interiors are purposefully constructed so as to touch upon not only the psychology of the individual but our collective psychology as well. The most powerful sensation they evoke in the viewer is the feeling of something numinous, of something beyond, outside us, independent of sight and touch. She manages to guide the viewer, caught in the dark caves of her mises en scene, to encounter something other, something perhaps similar to the sudden sensation of the transcendent which one occasionally experiences when climbing up in the mountainous stormy sea in the ten repeated visual culture of has supplanted and esoteric is case of the video Nataša Prošenc.



Ans what about Room? We are promises, the most exciting of which is that it is an interactive video installation. In the era of virtual reality, interactivity presumably guarantees a hypersensuous experience, but all that clever Nataša Prošenc offers us in the darkened cube is a chance to manipulate the linear sequence of shots of ecstatic masses, projected on a large screen in front of us. A red disc moves over all the images, but is beyond our power to control. All we can do is play, stop, rewind or fast-forward the tape, and that is, interactionwise, all. The average TV viewer can simulate any video installation they want on their own TV set at home by casually choosing satellite channels by the remote control, supplementing them with their own video tapes, by stopping them, fast-forwarding them, or doing anything else they please.

The title itself, Big Brother's Room, is another unfulfilled expect-

tation, since the mention of Big Brother inevitably calls to mind George Orwell's novel Nineteen Eighty-Four, which has become part of the collective consciousness mainly due to the famous slogan Big Brother is watching you. It should be mentioned, however, that, according to Nataša Prosenc, the collective consciousness does not include the Americans; when she mentioned the title Big Brother's Room to her American colleagues, they, without exception, thought that it dealt with the room of her older brother, whom Nataša, coincidentally, does not have at all. I think she has a sister, but that is beside the point; we, then, know which Big Brother this is about and we expect an extremely exciting adventure.

Nataša Prosenc casts us in His role, putting the joystick in our hands, giving us the power to manipulate the masses. For a few moments we really are imbued with a sense of power, but then we become aware of a gentle, calm female voice, giving some kind of instructions over the loudspeakers; the sound is, however, not synchronous with the picture and we have no control over it. Our power of manipulation is thus reduced to a minimum and we suddenly see through the scam. The power is illusory, our sensations are manipulated by someone who is metaphorically represented by the red disc and who is ABOVE US, directing us: to the left...wait a second...forward with determination...look out for the obstacle...don't look back...a bit to the right...move out of the way.....

In the completely darkened room we again become conscious of the presence of the other, the one who has foreseen all this interaction. Our position in this playacting is, in the words of Nataša Prosenc, "cinically therapeutic", our action is pointless, and maybe now is the time to step out into the daylight and indulge in a quote: Orwell's Winston Smith (p. 232, Penguin Books) examines a chess problem and sets out the pieces. "It was a tricky ending, involving a couple of knights. "White to play and mate in two moves." Winston looked up at the portrait of Big Brother. White always mates, he thought with a sort of cloudy mysticism. Always, without exception, it is so arranged. In no chess problem since the beginning of the world has black ever won.

Did it not symbolise the eternal, unvarying triumph of Good over Evil? The huge face gazed back at him, full of calm power."