



ROKOVNIK
2024

Januar	Februar	Marec	April	Maj	Junij
1 P	1 Č	1 P	1 P	1 S	1 S
2 T	2 P	2 S	2 T	2 Č	2 N
3 S	3 S	3 N	3 S	3 P	3 P
4 Č	4 N	4 P	4 Č	4 S	4 T
5 P	5 P	5 T	5 P	5 N	5 S
6 S	6 T	6 S	6 S	6 P	6 Č
7 N	7 S	7 Č	7 N	7 T	7 P
8 P	8 Č	8 P	8 P	8 S	8 S
9 T	9 P	9 S	9 T	9 Č	9 N
10 S	10 S	10 N	10 S	10 P	10 P
11 Č	11 N	11 P	11 Č	11 S	11 T
12 P	12 P	12 T	12 P	12 N	12 S
13 S	13 T	13 S	13 S	13 P	13 Č
14 N	14 S	14 Č	14 N	14 T	14 P
15 P	15 Č	15 P	15 P	15 S	15 S
16 T	16 P	16 S	16 T	16 Č	16 N
17 S	17 S	17 N	17 S	17 P	17 P
18 Č	18 N	18 P	18 Č	18 S	18 T
19 P	19 P	19 T	19 P	19 N	19 S
20 S	20 T	20 S	20 S	20 P	20 Č
21 N	21 S	21 Č	21 N	21 T	21 P
22 P	22 Č	22 P	22 P	22 S	22 S
23 T	23 P	23 S	23 T	23 Č	23 N
24 S	24 S	24 N	24 S	24 P	24 P
25 Č	25 N	25 P	25 Č	25 S	25 T
26 P	26 P	26 T	26 P	26 N	26 S
27 S	27 T	27 S	27 S	27 P	27 Č
28 N	28 S	28 Č	28 N	28 T	28 P
29 P	29 Č	29 P	29 P	29 S	29 S
30 T		30 S	30 T	30 Č	30 N
31 S		31 N		31 P	

Januar



2024



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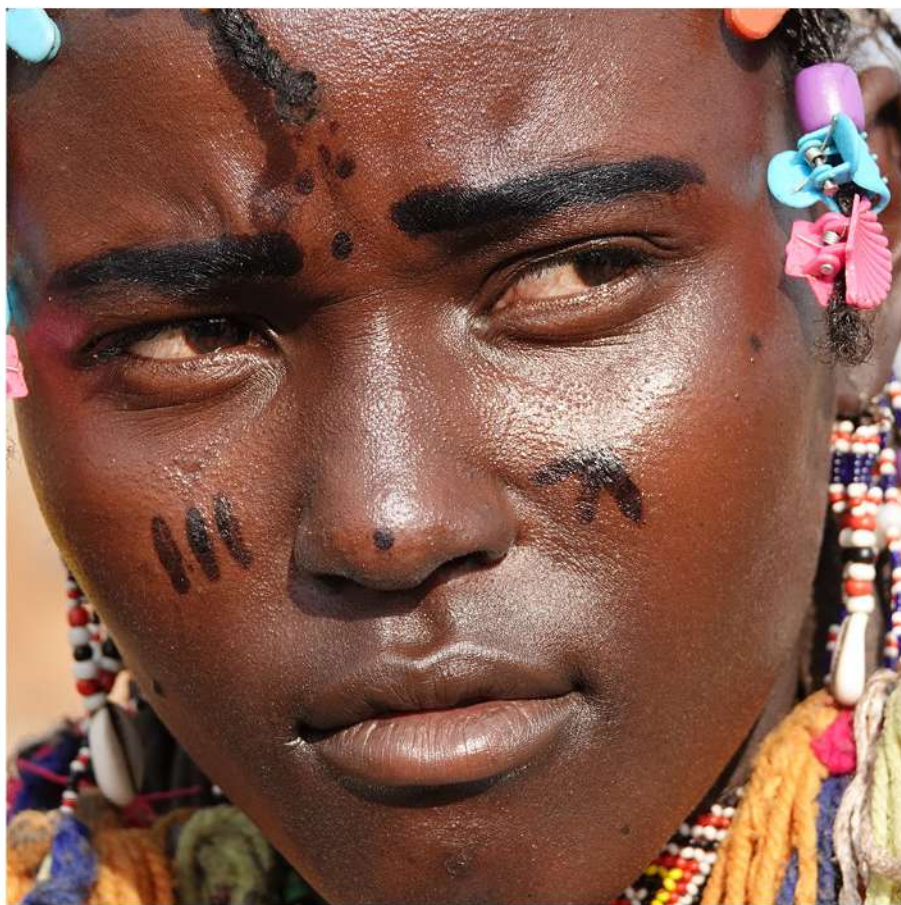
Februar



2024



Marec



2024



April



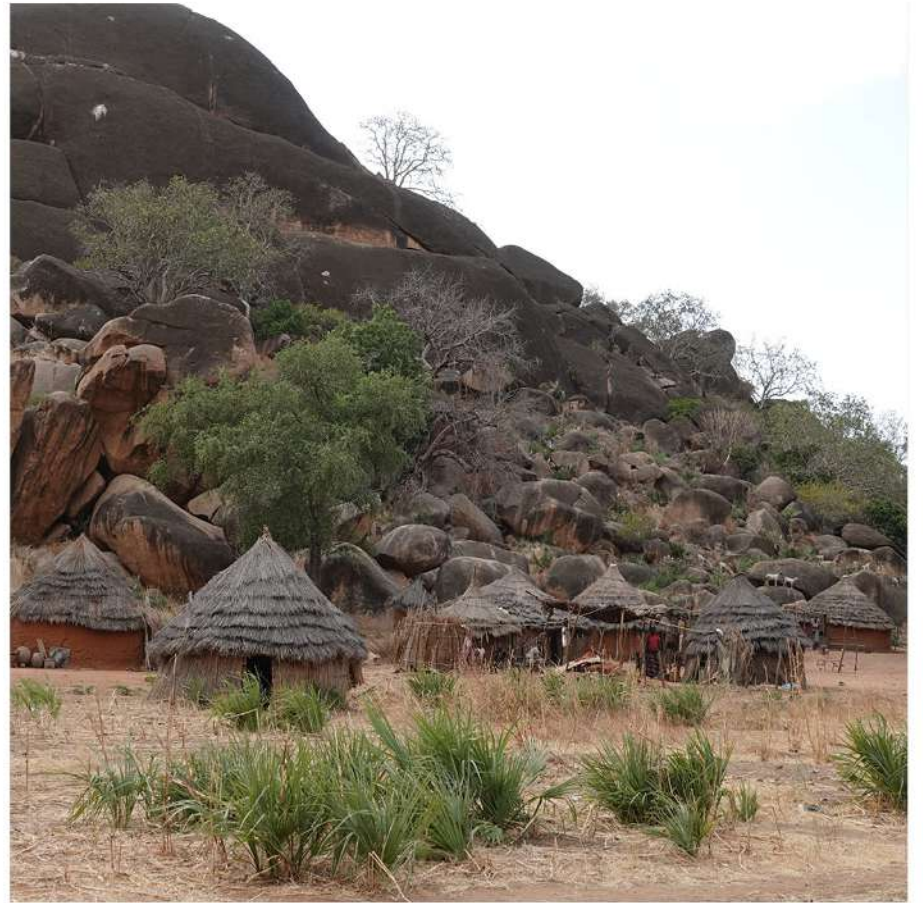
2024



Maj



2024



Junij



2024



Julij



2024



August

2024



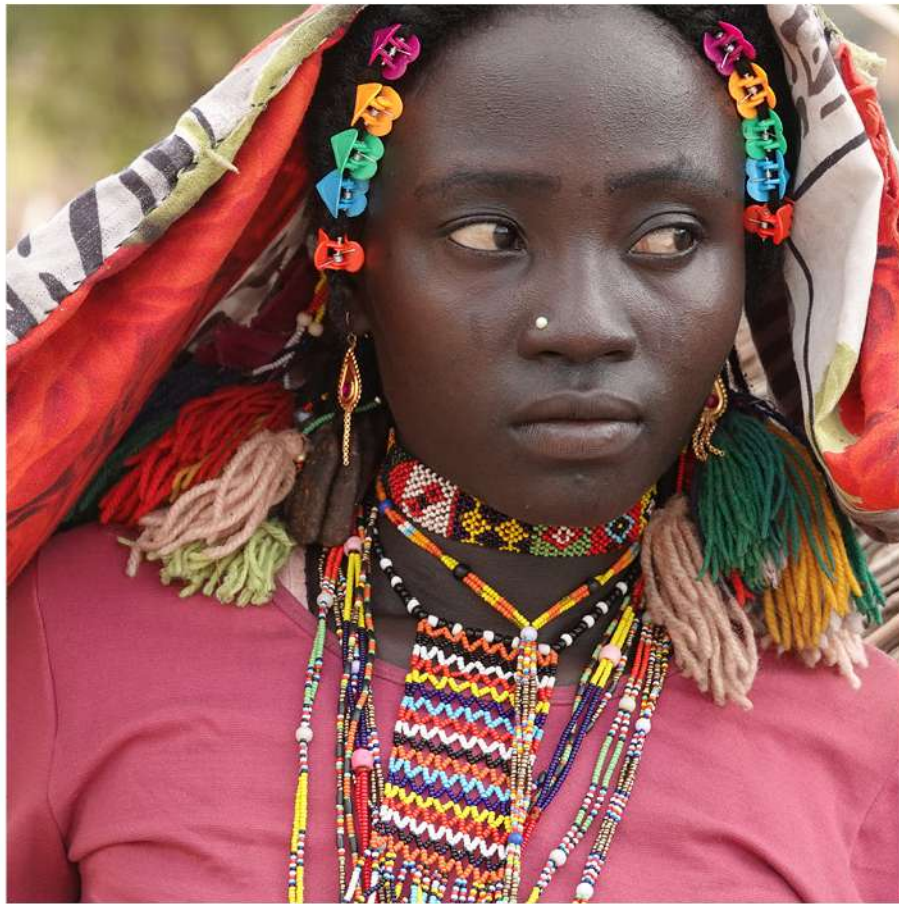
September



2024



Oktober



2024



November



2024



December



2024



30°

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Na poti, po poti do sočloveka

Še dobro, da je sonce spontano in neobremenjeno poljubilo zemljo za lahko noč in se je naša pozornost s plesa preusmerila na čudovito barvno predstavo, ki nam je vsem jemala dih. Pred nami je bilo nekaj, kar slikarji, snemalci in fotografi vsak na svoj način poskušamo zabeležiti s tehnološkim izumom, a smo vedno znova in znova razočarani nad slabimi približki.

Slabimi približki, slabimi približki ... si mrmram. Kdaj človek postane slab približek tistega, kar se je rodilo kot svetlo, čisto, v nebo upajoče ... bitje, v katerega so vsi polagali upanje, bitje, za katerega so verjeli, da bo zrastle v nekaj lepega, nežnega, sočutnega, čuječega?

Natančen časovni okvir bi rada ... 6. decembra xy leta je postal približek. Želim, da mi nekdo s prstom pokaže na tega, pa na tistega in še na onega, ki so odgovorni, da tukaj stoji približek. In da mi nekdo reče – ta politična struja in še tista in tista so kreirale približek. In da mi pritrди, da so vsi približki posledica socialnega okolja, v katerem živimo. Recept bi rada. Dajte mi recept!

Brez okvirjenih okvirjev ne znam več živeti. Znam, ampak več okvirjev, kot imam, lažje mi je. Glavo lahko nosim samo še kot okras, četudi bolj slab okras, kajti zob časa mi že odnaša dlesni, lase ... gube spreminjajo podobo obraza. Jaz pa bi recept, še en recept ... Recept za covid že imam, dve leti je počasi lezel vame, in zdaj ne samo, da se bojim vsega, kar se začne na CO ... Co-m-pany, co-ctail, co-py ... saj že samo od sebe vse kliče po množičnosti, pandemiji, epidemiji..., zdaj se bojim že tudi tistega drugega dela CO-VID – vida, svojega lastnega čutila se že bojim. Zato zdaj še toliko bolj potrebujem recept za približke, recept za kožo brez gub, recept, kako spregledati videno, in kako ne videti gobavcev, **ČE PA SO.**

A verjemite, to še ni najhujše. Hudo je takrat, ko izgubiš stik sam s seboj in začneš iskati recept za svojo dušo, ko jo začneš prepričevati: Svet se vrti in se bo vrtel. S teboj ali brez tebe. Peklensko hudo je, ko se zaveš, da napeto televizijsko nadaljevanje zamenja bitka za zdravje nekoga od tvojih najbližjih. Ko se kar naenkrat začneš prepričevati, da je to samo nadaljevanje in z bolj ali manj prekrizanimi rokami upaš na srečen razplet, bodisi zaradi nemoči ali pa, še huje, zaradi otopelosti, ki ji v 'modernem svetu' dovolimo, da leze v nas.

Epilog: Nemoč, otopelost, vdanost, neznanje, beg pred resnico, pokvarjenost???

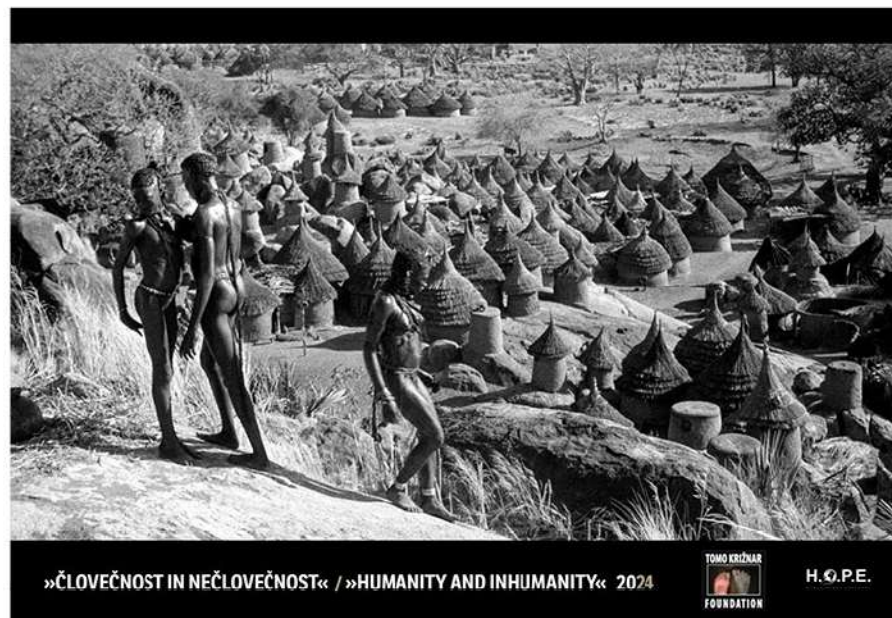
Slavni fotograf George Rodger je kot uradni fotograf zavezniških sil v 2. svetovni vojni dokumentiral grozote nacističnih taborišč smrti. S svojimi posnetki je naši kolektivni zavesti in vesti zapustil svarilo, kam lahko pripeljeta oholost in napuh neke civilizacije, ki je samo sebe razglasila za superiorno in najbolj humano. Ob pogledih skozi objektiv na trpeče ljudi, na kupe izmognanih trohnečih mrličev, se ni zgrozil samo nad Evropo, ampak tudi sam nad sabo, ko je opazil, da ničesar več ne čuti in išče samo še najboljšo kompozicijo in nastavitve zaslonke in časa na fotoaparatu.

Kot je sam zapisal, je zdravilo za svoje travme našel v »zibelki človeštva«, med ljudmi na granitnih otokih sredi savan, med Saharo na severu in največjimi močvirji na planetu na jugu. V štirih najteže dostopnih, osamljenih in od vsega sveta pozabljenih vaseh Sudana: Kau, Niario, Fungor in Verni.

Lepota do potankosti izpopolnjenih ljudi, ki jih je leta 1948 ujel v objektiv, je kasneje pritegnila še dva svetovno znana fotografa – Hitlerjevo režiserko nacističnih propagandnih filmov Leni Riefenstahl in uradnega fotografa španske kraljeve družine Antonija Coresa.

V rokovniku so fotografije, nastale med najinim zadnjim obiskom, januarja 2023, po več desetletjih posledic, ki so jih vsak na svoj način sprožili omenjeni fotografi. O tem, kaj prinaša oziroma odnaša beli človek s svojo prisotnostjo med staroselci ter kaj je staroselcem omogočilo preživeti, bo razmišljal novi dokumentarni film Ustanove Toma Križnarja »Pismo Evropi«.

Snemati sva začela januarja 2023. S sodelavci ga bova poskušala dokončati do konca leta 2024. Glavni koproducent je tudi tokrat TV Slovenija. Na Slovenskem filmskem centru finančna podpora za film ni bila odobrena, kljub temu pa ga bova dokončala. Film nama lahko pomagata dokončati z donacijo na **TRR: SI56 0400 1004 8620 172** ali pa z nakupom koledarja za leto 2024 z naslovom "Človečnost in nečlovečnost".



»ČLOVEČNOST IN NEČLOVEČNOST« / »HUMANITY AND INHUMANITY« 2024

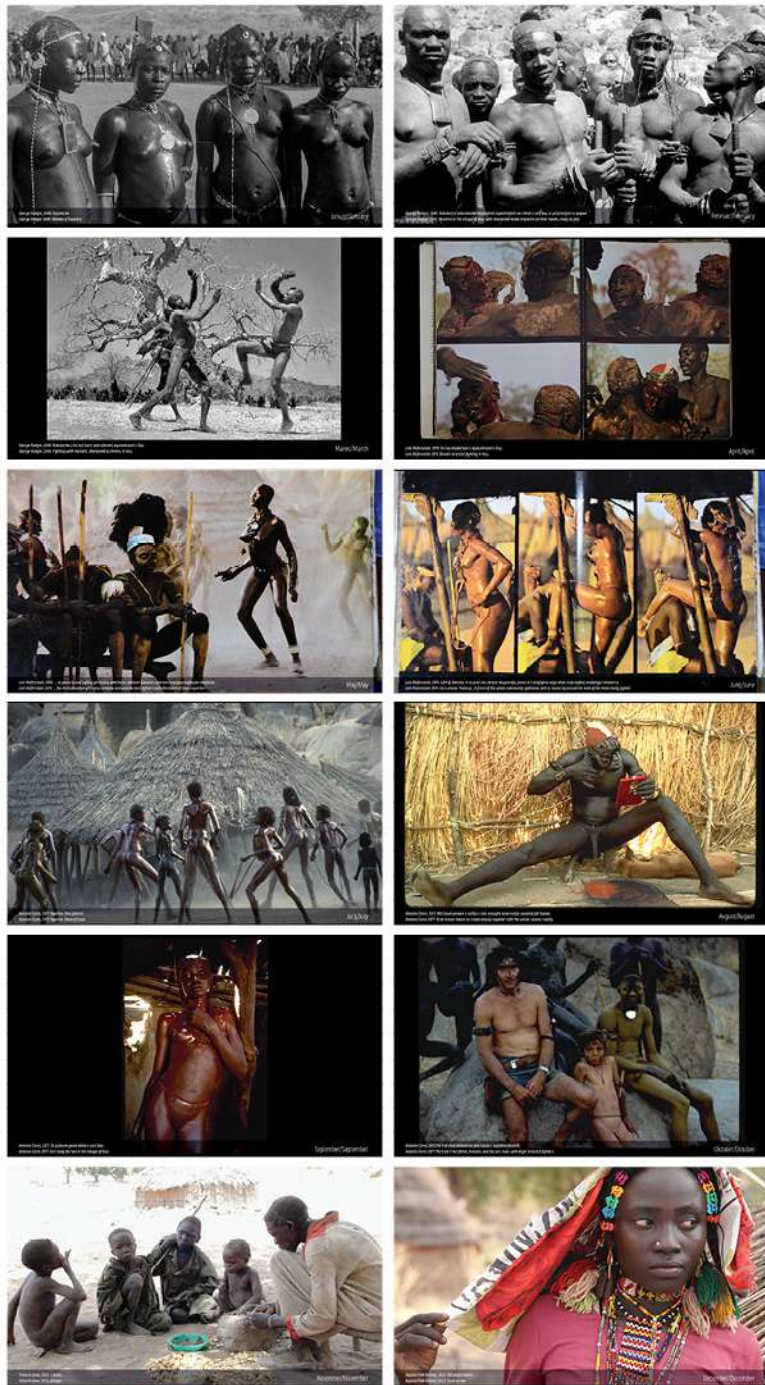


H.O.P.E.

Koledar se, s pomočjo arhivskih fotografij vseh treh že omenjenih fotografov, po mesecih sprehodi skozi nedolžnost, zarnaknjenost, radost in veselje do

življenja ter ljubezni staroselcev v Kauniaru nekoč. Pogled v sedanost teh istih staroselcev, po več kot 70-ih letih, pa vam omogoča nekaj najinih novjših fotografij, nastalih januarja 2023. Srečno.

Bojana in Tomo



On the way, along the way to fellow humans

Nice to see the sun kiss the earth good night, spontaneously and unencumbered, and our attention shift from the dance to the wonderful colors of the show that took our breath away. What was there in front of us was something that painters, cinematographers and photographers try to record, each in their own way, with technological inventions, but are disappointed again and again by poor approximations.

Poor approximations, poor approximations ... I mutter to myself. When does a person become a poor approximation of what was born as a bright, pure, hopeful to heaven ... being that everyone was placing their hopes in, a being they believed would grow into something beautiful, gentle, compassionate, sentient ?

I would like an exact time frame... on December 6th of the year xy it became an approximation. I want someone to point the finger at this one, and that one, and that one too, who are responsible for the approximation standing here. And for someone to tell me - this political trend and that one and that one too created the approximation. And to confirm that all approximations are a result of the social environment in which we live. I would like the recipe. Give me the recipe!

I don't know how to live without framed frames anymore. I do know, but the more frames I have, the easier it is for me. I can only wear my head as an ornament, although a rather poor ornament, because the ravages of time are already taking away my gums, my hair ... wrinkles are changing the appearance of my face. And I would like a prescription, another recipe ... I already have a prescription for covid, it slowly crept into me for two years, and now I'm not only afraid of everything that starts with CO... Co-mpany, co-ctail, co-py ... because it all calls for multitudes, pandemic, epidemic, ... now I'm also afraid of that other part of CO-VID - of sight („vid“ = sight in Slovene), of my own sense organ. That is why I now need all the more a recipe for approximations, a recipe for wrinkle-free skin, a recipe for how to overlook what is seen, and how not to see the lepers, **WHEN THEY ARE.**

But believe me, that is not the worst yet. It's bad when you lose touch with yourself and start looking for a recipe for your soul, when you start to persuade it: The world is spinning and will go on spinning. With or without you. It's hellish bad when you realize that a tense TV series is replaced by a battle for

the health of someone close to you. When you suddenly start to convince yourself that this is just a series and with more or less crossed arms you hope for a happy outcome, either because of helplessness or, even worse, because of the numbness that we allow to creep into us in the „modern world“.

Epilogue: powerlessness, numbness, resignation, ignorance, flight from the truth, corruption???

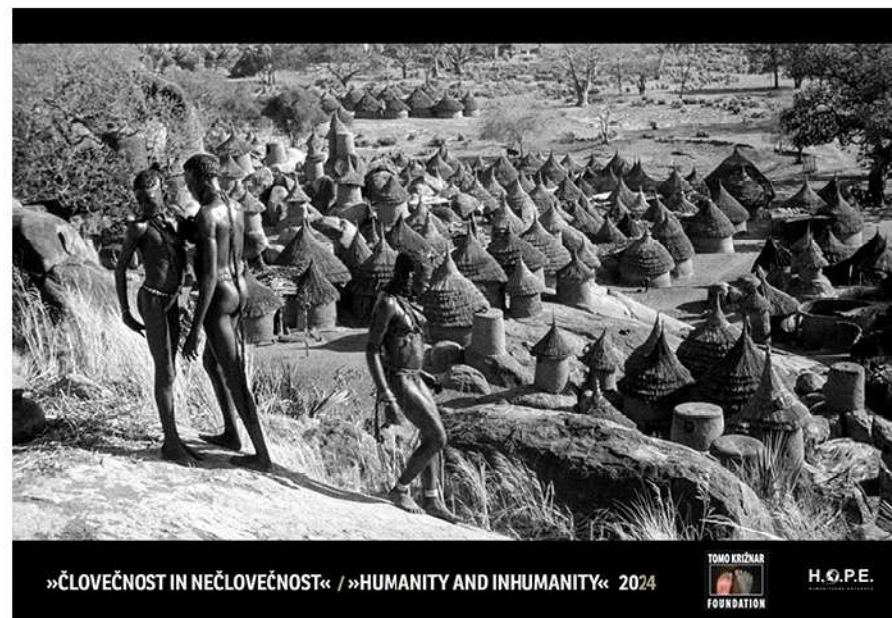
The famous photographer George Rodger documented the horrors of the Nazi death camps as official photographer of the Allied Forces in World War II. With his images, he left a warning to our collective consciousness and conscience about where the arrogance and conceit of a civilization that has declared itself superior and supremely humane can lead. Looking through the lens at the suffering people, at the piles of emaciated rotting corpses, he was horrified not only by Europe, but also by himself, when he noticed that he no longer felt anything and was only looking for the best composition and settings for aperture and exposition on the camera.

As he himself wrote, he found the cure for his traumas in the „cradle of humanity“, among the people living on granite islands in the middle of the savannas, between the Sahara in the north and the largest swamps on the planet in the south. In four of the most difficult to reach, isolated and forgotten villages of Sudan: Kau, Niaro, Fungor and Verni.

The beauty of down to smallest details perfected people that he captured with his lenses in 1948 later attracted two more world-famous photographers - Hitler's director of Nazi propaganda films Leni Riefenstahl and the official photographer of the Spanish royal family Antonio Cores.

The organizer contains photographs taken during our last visit, in January 2023, after several decades of consequences, each triggered in their own way by the aforementioned photographers. The new documentary film „Letter to Europe“ by the Tomo Križnar Foundation will reflect on what the white man brings or takes away with his presence among the natives and what enabled the natives to survive.

We started filming in January 2023. Our colleagues and I will try to finish it by the end of 2024. The main co-producer this time is again TV Slovenia. Financial support for the film was not approved by the Slovenian Film Center, but we will finish it nonetheless. You can help us finish the film by making a donation to **TRR: SI56 0400 1004 8620 172** or buying a calendar for the year 2024 titled „**Humanity and inhumanity**“.



With help from archival photos by the three photographers mentioned, the calendar takes a stroll, month after month, through the innocence, rapture, delight, joy for life and the loves of the natives in Kauniar in those times. A glimpse into the present of these same natives, more than 70 years later, is then provided by some of our more recent photos, taken in January 2023. All the best.

Bojana and Tomo

ROKOVNIK 2024

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