

BARBORA KROPÁČKOVÁ: TEBE HRDINO VOLÁM / I CALL YOU HERO

video / 14 min. / © 2022 Barbora Kropáčková

1. 7. – 30. 9. 2022

Barbora Kropáčková je rodačka se severních Čech, vyrostla ve sklářském městě Nový Bor. V roce 2020 ukončila magisterské studium na AVU v Praze (ateliér Nová Média 2), předtím získala bakalářský titul na FUD UJEP v Ústí nad Labem (ateliér Interaktivní Média). Pracuje především s pohyblivým obrazem a videoinstalacemi, ve kterých se zpravidla prolínají její osobní témata a forma vyprávění. Aktuálně žije a působí v Ústí nad Labem.

Barbora Kropáčková was born in Northern Bohemia. She grew up in Nový Bor - a „town of glass“. In 2020, she completed her master's degree at the Academy of Fine Arts in Prague (New Media 2) while previously she obtained a bachelor's degree at FUD UJEP in Ústí nad Labem (Interactive Media). She works mainly with moving images and video installations, in which her themes often intertwine with the narration form. Currently she lives and works in Ústí nad Labem.

ÚČINKUJÍ / FEATURING

Forest Blunt
Shaka CG
Klára Vlachová

KAMERA / PHOTOGRAPHY

Tomáš Lumpe
Petr Kubáč

STŘIH / EDITING

Ondřej Kroupa

HUDBA / MUSIC

Further Down

VOICEOVER

Klára Suchá

TEXT

Lukáš Černocho

KOSTÝMY / COSTUMES

Marta Štědrová
Antonín Štědra
Miloslav Štědra

PODĚKOVÁNÍ /

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

Vanda Michalská
Štefan Pecko
Laura Filáková
Simon Pekařová
Jan C. Löbl
Jan Seibt
Novotný Glass Centrum
v Novém Boru
Veřejný sál Hraničář

KURÁTOR / CURATOR

Mikuláš Novotný

I CALL YOU HERO

Long it has been what the melodious songs of the forest wafted through the wind. When the azure skies reflected their own beauty on the surface of the deepest waters. When white snow covered the tops of the mountains with silver, when the tops of the old gents and the ice was stronger than the most solid rock. Ten thousand herbs will no longer give off the smell when the hills cry with happiness in the streams of spring. The ages of time have turned upside down and one barely knows the boundaries of night and day. Vigil and dream. Life and death. Handcuffs broken and everything tied at the same time. Groping without memory in the void of craters. An eternal cry from the holes, ripped open by the conqueror's knives, whose full belly was dearer than the famous story of the name.

Nearly all hope and light vanished. Few who have been destined, in turn, to lift the ancient glory from the dust, which means shine and glitter. After all, not the one on the surface, the one inside is the right one. So in your heart you now seek, you who are to rise up and raise the banner, according to the custom of knight's old songs. Those times have long been silted with an infinity of sand grain, which a thousand forms can take on, fragile as our souls. Then it ties itself down to its fragility and becomes time again. Those few grains now belong to you whom I am calling.

*Where creeping fog licks the remains of past celebrated temples
where metal dragons spout fire and
brimstone to heaven
in forests full of black game
in the countryside like cut out by a horde of
dwarves
there look for me
There you have the holy grail of my soul*

*Deep in the river valley in rainbow colours
You ought to protect treasures hidden in the
ground
You shall guard the borders on the arid
plains,
which tells a story where our age was born*

*You shall stumble along broken paths,
through no man's land
and listen to the moaning silence
in the deserted ruins to read
indecipherable runes of unknown ancestors*

*Do not lose your heart just yet
although you may be falling on your knees
in the meanders of thorny roads
In the most difficult moments, the giant
burden
the faithful friend may help you bear
Like a famous and good
man of La Mancha
in the fight against giants
you have your Sancho Panza too*

*I am the one who the self-righteous snatched
from you,
you got me and played with my hair
Like Cid's daughters I am, battered by infants
I am you
look for me
I request resuscitation*

*I am your Dulcinea
look for me
my footprint
leads through the whirling blades*

*shovel after shovel
dig in proximity angle
you may catch a glimpse of me
in a blind spot of mica*

*spade after spade
dig in the shafts
of my arteries
like a trapped horse
I shall roar
of unhealed scabs
then you whistle three times
you Jonah in my stomach*

*By echo
I shall tell you
the story of infinity of dead bodies
my lord of Neumětely*

*You shall wear mithril armour,
that is more valuable than the whole Shire
Raise the sword that was forged
when the world was at its dawn
And birds, animals and plants were one with
man and death was just a fantasy*

*wander the lowlands
through maze of water pipes
this aqueduct that leads you to me
I am feeding you
I am the centre of it*

*to bring the dead water back to life
to win lost battles
via beds against the flow of choked rivers
you pass
pikes, perches and herrings
with their bellies up*

*poison glazed eyes
tell me - how you are going
in that quasi-underworld?*

*go along the horizon:
slide down the smooth landscape
something will bring you here
to the edge of the madness
I am the centre of it*

*do not stop
walking along
trajectories*

*Let me blacken like coal,
let me be slaughtered with my own sword,
if I do not avenge it all,
if I do not pay back everything!
Even more and worse!*

*I am the Lady of the Lake
a mighty sceptre I forge from waves and
whirl
only courage and faith
my dear Arthur*

*riverbed of my blood
tunnels of dead snakes and earthworms
through uprooted roots of my arms
empty burrows without foxes
blind paths of moles
look for me by touch*

*no fear of dark nights
in swamps and muds
like Héro for Leandros
I shall lead you to the beacon of the moon
Whispering in your dreams
like the rustling of oaks
I am an echo of the cave
through stalactites I am crying into your lap
I am your nymph
open up
you are the only one who hears my grief
others are sleeping
in the mountain*

*So wake them up
my Roland
blow the trumpet, the Olifant
until everyone's temple burst*

*avenge me
blood for blood
water for water
milk for honeycomb
honeycomb for steel
steel for prosperity
I am the barter of your conscience*

*Nearly all hope and light vanished. Hard
to recognize the boundary between day
and night, vigil and dreaming. Few people
have been destined with even less than it
seems. Yet, before my voice itself turns into
the silence of overturned times, until the last
I will be calling by the thinnest tones into
the darkness, that the wheat will one day
be separated from the chaff and hope will
glow with a shoot of light. It is said that the
greatest darkness is just before dawn. But
how to recognize the darkest darkness?*