

**PREČO NEVYŠLO TATARKOVO DIELO**

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Prvé, čo som mal na mysli, keď sme zakladali vydavateľstvo Archa a stal som sa šéfredaktorom, bolo vydať súborné dielo Dominika Tatarku. Považoval som to za svoju povinnosť voči človeku, ktorého som mal veľmi rád. Považoval som to aj za povinnosť voči slovenským čitateľom, ktorí Tatarku do roku 1989 nemohli čítať.

Spoliehal som sa na to, že pri vydávaní Tatarkovho diela budú mať ten istý postoj aj ľudia, bez ktorých súhlasu by Tatarkove knihy nemohli vyjsť. Mám na mysli manželku Vieru Tatarkovú, syna Olega a dcéru Desanu.

V roku 1991 sa vydavateľstvu Archa podarilo na tento projekt vydania Tatarkovho diela získať grant z fondu Pro Slovakia. Vydali sme Démona súhlasu v náklade 10 000 kusov. Do tlače bola pripravená zbierka poviedok V úzkosti hľadania. V počítači som mal prakticky hotovú verziu pôvodného textu Sám proti noci (toho, z ktorého vychádzal český preklad).

Vydávanie sme však museli zastaviť, pretože sa nám nepodarilo dohodnúť s Olegom Tatarkom. Dôvodov bolo viacero, ale ak nepočítam jediný možný racionálny dôvod, Olegom Tatarkom však priamo nevyslovený – že by chcel väčší honorár –, tak všetky ostatné dôvody boli iracionálne. Rokovanie s Olegom Tatarkom o každej malichernosti bolo také vyčerpávajúce, že sme sa museli sriedať, aby sme to psychicky vydržali (Marián Sapák, riaditeľ, Miloš Žiak, môj zástupca a ja). Napokon to však skončilo tak, že Oleg Tatarka od zmluvy odstúpil.

Moja pamäť slabne, ale niektoré ultimatívne požiadavky Olega Tatarku si pamätám dobre – tak ma poburovali.

Žiadal, aby bol na konci každej knihy slovníček „cudzích“ slov, teda takých, ktoré Dominik používal, ale čitateľovi by nemuseli byť zrozumiteľné. Pritom nešlo vždy len o novotvary, ale aj o obyčajné nárečové slová.

Žiadal, aby bol autorom nielen editorskej poznámky, ale aj akéhosi predslovu. Jeden priniesol na ukážku a pobúrila ma nielen biedna kvalita textu, ale aj sebaštylizácia autora do jediného dediča a vykladača Dominikových textov. Príliš dobre som poznal situáciu u Tatarkovcov, aby som pristúpil na takéto idylizovanie minulosti.

Kládol si podmienku, že bude výlučným autorom grafickej podoby kníh aj definitívnych verzií textov a že vydavateľstvo bude vlastne len

**WHY TATARKA'S WORK HAS NOT BEEN PUBLISHED**

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When we were founding the publishing house ARCHA and when I became its editor-in-chief, one of the first projects I had in mind was to publish the collective works of Dominik Tatarka. I considered this publication to be my duty, not only to Dominik, of whom I was very fond, but also to Slovak readers who were not allowed to read Tatarka before 1989. I was hoping that my plans would be supported by Tatarka's his wife Viera Tatarková, son Oleg and daughter Desana, without whose permission Tatarka's books could not have been published.

In 1991 our publishing house received a grant for publishing Tatarka's works from the Slovak Ministry of Culture. We first published The Demon of Consent with a print run of 10,000. At that time, we had already prepared a collection of his short stories, In the Agony of Searching, for printers. As well, I was basically finished the preparation of the first Slovak edition of Alone against the Night, a text which had been previously published in Czech.

Unfortunately, we were not able reach agreement with Oleg Tatarka and were forced to terminate the whole project. Our dealings with Oleg Tatarka were so strenuous that we – Marian Sapák (the director), Miloš Žiak (my deputy), and myself had to take turns in order to manage the psychological pressure of the negotiations. In the end, Oleg Tatarka terminated the contract. There are several possible reasons for this outcome. In my view, most of the reasons initially struck me as irrational. But, I could not but help believe that there must be a rational explanation for how things ended and, although he never made it explicit, I thought for a time that it was likely, because rational, that the problem was that he wanted more money.

While my memory of these matters is now somewhat hazy, I recall quite well some of the excessive conditions that were requested by Oleg Tatarka. Frankly, I found them annoying. For example, he requested that each publication should include as an appendix a small dictionary of "foreign" words that were used by Dominik but which readers might find unclear. And this dictionary would include not only new expressions [his neologisms] but even common words and phrases. Oleg also demanded that he should have authority over all

akýmsi technickým dodávateľom. (Ustúpili sme v grafike, nemienili sme však ustúpiť v tom, že vydavateľstvo bude mať právo o textoch konzultovať s odborníkmi.)

Podmienok a prekážok na vydanie časom pribúdalo, to, čo sme dohodli včera, už na druhý deň neplatilo. Postupne som nadobúdal dojem, že Oleg Tatarka má iné plány. Myslel som si, že dostal lepšiu ponuku a väčšie peniaze a keď vypovedal zmluvu, očakával som, že časom začne súborné Tatarokovo dielo vychádzať v inom vydavateľstve. Nestalo sa, a tak ostávam pri pôvodnom vysvetlení, že dôvod, prečo dodnes dielo Dominika Tataruku nevychádza, spočíva v iracionalite jeho syna. A ešte možno v obave, že najmä v trilógii Písačky sú vety, ktoré stavajú rodinu do svetla oveľa menej idylického, než by si želal Oleg Tatarka.

K tomu treba poznamenať, že práva na vydávanie Dominikových textov (aj pri niektorých sporných výkladoch okolo Písačiek) mali podľa dedičskej zmluvy všetci traja Tatarokovci – Viera, Oleg a Desana a bez súhlasu všetkých troch vydávanie nebolo možné. Desana Tataroková bola z týchto troch dedičov jediná, ktorá mala podľa mojej skúsenosti naozajstný záujem, aby Dominikove diela čo najskôr a v necenzurovanej podobe vyšli.

Celý tento príbeh nevydania Tatarokovho diela je samozrejme oveľa komplikovanejší a podrobnejší by vydali na dlhú svedeckú výpoveď. Moje pocity sklamaní a bezmocnosti zasa na veľmi osobný list Dominikovi na druhý svet. A samotný fakt, že jeho knihy nevyšli a nevychádzajú, na eseje o slovenských pomeroch nielen v literatúre.



editorial comments as well as authorship of the preface. One such preface that he showed me enraged me with its poor quality. His attempt to portray himself as the sole heir and the preeminent authority on the interpretation of Dominik's texts enraged me all the more. I was all too familiar with the family situation at the Tatarkas to accept this effort to monopolize Tatarka's legacy.

Oleg added a further condition; that he become the sole author of the graphic design of the covers and of the final version of the text thereby reducing the publishing house's responsibilities to solely technical matters. (We caved in with respect to graphic design, but we refused to relinquish the publishing house's right to consult experts on matters regarding the content.)

These sorts of conditions and impediments gradually piled up. Worse, what we had agreed upon one day was invalid the next. Gradually, I got the impression that Oleg Tatarka had some other agenda. I thought that he had received a better offer and more money from a rival publisher, and that this was the reason he revoked the contract he had concluded with us. I had expected the complete edition of Tatarka's writings to be published by another publishing house. This never happened. And so I am left to conclude that, as I originally suspected, the reason why the works of Dominik Tatarka have not been published is the irrationality of his son. Perhaps, too, it was because some of Dominik's writings – in particular his trilogy, The Scribbles – contain passages that reveal the family in a less idyllic light than Oleg Tatarka might wish.

I should add that, according to his will, the rights to publish Dominik's texts (including some disputed interpretations regarding The Scribbles) belong to all three surviving members of the family - Viera, Oleg and Desana. Of these three heirs, Desana Tataroková was, according to my experience, the only one who was genuinely interested in publication of Dominik's work as soon as possible and in an uncensored version.

The whole story of the non-publication of Tatarka's work is certainly more complicated; a detailed account would require a very long testimony. My own feelings of betrayal and helplessness would become a very personal letter to Dominik in the other world, while the fact that his books have not yet been published would become a reflection on the wider situation in Slovakia and not only in literature.

Translated by Michaela Schoberová