

Xena Zupanic/



X for Xena, Xena for stranger.

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*The first time I met Xena Zupanic it was love at first sight. I was at the Parenti theatre to watch a performance in honour of the Milan Design Week when all of a sudden I see a strange, elegant and mysterious figure. She was wearing black boots with a very high wedge and a long black cardigan with a hood, ice-cold eyes, very pale skin and hair that was nearly green. None of my friends knew who she was so I didn't insist on finding out. In the meantime, time went by and my curiosity was growing: I met her on the street, at the supermarket, on the tram. I was sure of it, she in fact lived on my same street. After thousand and more vicissitudes (I left my telephone number at the baker, at the news vendor and at the fruiterer: everything just to meet her), I am able to leave a letter with my details to the porter of her building. The following day I receive an email from her and I immediately rush to contact her. She has a calm and deep voice; she invites me to her house the same night. At 10pm. In Milan it's pouring, classic summer storm. I am in front of the buzzer, I press the button and I announce myself. After a few seconds she appears, magnificent, wearing a turquoise jumper and a long black skirt. I enter her loft and greeting me I find an enormous, immeasurable amount of books: old, new, some uncut, the other read over and over several times. I'm enormously surprised by the spontaneity of this woman (this being), and while I'm munching on some rice appetizers that she so kindly offered, I start interviewing her.*

**Xena Zupanic: is that your real name or a stage name? And who is Xena Zupanic?**

It is a name that mirrors me. The truth is always an act of art that reflects the falsehood of the person. Xena is simple in her involuntary confusion, in her radical loss, full of loving trust. You are holding in your hand what many fear, without the will to see, what many call mute, daily, accurately ignoring it. What is it? The fear of objectifying, of tearing down the inorganic silence filled with paralyzing and obsessive menace. Xena exorcises her-their unknown X, a swarming territory with unknown forces. These forces advance, in military orderly and glowing form, similar to a mobile X, lethal, full of unexpected energy. Xena is there, shouts, a thousand-year shout (maybe thousand years are always current), against the invincible army that at ever shout vibrates like the string that holds the entire universe. I admit: I Xena, the conscious subject, with the address and street number in order, with an unchanging shoe size, with changeable hair colour, with a precise pain the left rib which is detectable but invisible, I am a considerable abortion, a destroyed, degraded, despised, derelict and abandoned, a knock-out in the centre of nothing, striped of myself and everything, plunged in the abyss of my nothing, detached from the creator and from myself, I want denial of will, the decisive will, of not wanting to know more about one's own will. I am a crazy abortion, a jurodivyja never gives up, one that doesn't give up the magnificent origins in a fixed shown spot.

**Croatia, your land and your roots, what and who do you always bring with you?**

The roots of my land burn inside me: a fire that doesn't consume but lightens even more my internal path, all splendid. The darkness I leave inside me, at the West, the real land of the sunset.





**You have studied philosophy and have read hundreds of books (your house is full of them). Among them, which one(s) is/are the one(s) you re-read with pleasure and that has left a mark in you? "The soul and its forms" by the Hungarian philosopher Georg Lukacs. The text analyses in depth the forms that the human soul tends to mould: giving life a meaning, at our earthly passage.**

The thought that recurs before going to sleep, even the one that maybe doesn't let you sleep. Death, the queen of life. It is in fact she who in a concealing way governs our path, triggering the perpetual motion of my daily actions.



**What is for you, if you feel it is so, “the unsustainable lightness of the being”?**

“The unsustainable lightness of the being” is the ship that is carelessly sinking. Sinking is sweet, while living is unbearable.

**Do you have in mind to leave, go far away and leave everything, starting from scratch? You leave the door to your past slightly open and you keep some things that tell and remind you of your “before”?**

Every day I start from zero in order to arrive to absolute zero. When you arrive you don't find even the smallest trace of air, no movement produced by the wind: that way the doors aren't used, the windows don't help. I see myself well, a crystal that has never been oxidized.

**What does voyeurism mean to you? Maybe we are all a little, don't you think?**

Voyeur is an onanist highly technical, slave to the virtual world. The real voyeurism has gone down the tubes and is found in some more or less sophisticated museum, past the Alps.

**Your house is burning in flames and you can save three things, which ones?**

To tell you the truth I have stopped smoking and drinking alcohol. Thus I defend my house from treacherous fire hoping to fill it up in the future up to the improbable. Once full, I will start smoking and drinking again comfortably. Waiting for God knows what.

**Favourite foods.**

Ham from Istria, the food of the Balkan gods. Occasionally I am invited to their table.

**Tell us one of your dreams, not necessarily the one you have most frequently.**

Sometimes I dream of being alive and breathing happily. Filled with joy, I measure my blood pressure and realize that what really counts is the stability of prime numbers in the interior of eternal parameters.

**What is freedom to you? Do you feel free? Were you born free or did you “free yourself”?**

Freedom, I presume, is the abyssal fall towards the surface of our flat world, everything terrestrial. Once we have fallen and been flattened, we feel the earthly organism breathing, jumping at his every yearning, gently filled with trust in that something that cancels the thought. This is maybe freedom?

**The person you who you value the most.**

Myself. I praise myself in order to responsibly hold the entire universe and to understand the Demiurge that has put it into action.

**In her previous lives who was Xena Zupanic? And in whom would you like to reincarnate yourself in the future, if you could?**

**I will follow wolves in my next life. Stranger to myself I am maybe a hybrid form between a zoomorphic and a plant or a winter immaculate manna, the recovery of white wolves.**

**I know that you can see into the future. Tell me what your eyes can see...**

**They see the year 2014. Polite extra-terrestrials will come who will win the elections and will govern the Italic land. My eyes will look at them filled with extra-terrestrial grace. Alleluya.**