

# LITERARNI OPOLDAN LITERARY NOON

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Mestna občina  
Ljubljana



primorske novice  
Glasilo slovenskega primorskega  
Majur, malba, glasilo

In drugi partnerji festivala

## Ryan Falzon

C.

S C. se ne bi smela srečati. Vse se je začelo napol v šali s testom, enim od tistih spletnih testov z generičnimi imeni, kot so ›Še danes najdi ljubezen‹ ali ›Čaka te ljubezen tvojega življenja‹. To so trivialni testi, banalni, tisti, ki se pojavijo ob obisku dvomljivih spletnih strani, ali pa se prikažejo kot oglasi z vmesnikom, ki spominja na Windows 95. Večina ti da slutiti, da bo tvoj prenosnik kmalu okužen z vsemi vrstami vohunske programske opreme. Takšne teste človek izpolni, da bi si krajšal čas, sledi pa mu srečanje, prav tako zato, da bi zabil čas. Ko sva oba brez premisleka navedla, da iščeva stik z drugimi, je bil rezultat zame in za C. slab in nespodbuden. Nimam pojma, kako ti testi delujejo. Mislim, da podobno kot ujemanje v horoskopu določajo planeti in zvezde, ti testi delujejo na podlagi zapletenih izračunov umetne inteligence.

Med pisanjem tega kratkega besedila sem raziskal, kako se določa verjetnost uspeha v razmerju glede na horoskopsko znamenje, v katerem si se rodil. OpenAI ti pove, da horoskop analizira simbole, horoskopska znamenja in izračune astroloških podatkov, zbranih iz natalne karte, pri čemer ga vodijo astrologija, matematika in intuicija.

Pravim ji C., ker je to ime navedeno v njenem profilu. Povedala mi je, da je C. dovolj in da je edini resnični odgovor, ki ga je dala med testom, zadeval priložnostni seks. Test nama je predlagal, naj greva na kak miren kraj ali pa se srečava v kakšni gneči. Pokazal nama je sliko para, ki si gleda v oči sredi knjižnične tišine. Pokazal nama je sliko para, ovitega v moštveni šal, ki proslavlja zmago. C. mi koketno pove, da se bova odpravila na kratek sprehod v obalno vasico, potem pa bova že videla.

OpenAI mi je povedal, da so nekatere obalne vasi na Malti San Ġiljan, Tas-Sliema, il-Mellieħa, Marsascala, Birżebbuġa, Buġibba in Marsaxlokk. Razmišljal sem, da bi to zgodbo postavil v Buġibbo ali Birżebbuġo. Obe sta zanemarjeni in prepuščeni sami sebi, kot nevestna šolarka v zadnjem koncu učilnice. Pametna, lepa, karizmatična, ki se zaveda svojega potenciala, vendar ji je povsem vseeno.

Birżebbuġa je prazna in zanemarjena, vendar še vedno ohranja videz vzvišene zrele dame, ki je v najboljših letih, pozabljena, vendar še vedno razpoložena. Znaki trgovin so napol osvetljeni. S čudovitih pročelij počitniških hišic, ki so obrnjene proti Freeportu, blede živa barva. Policijska postaja je zaprta.

Restavracije so zaprte. Stoli in mize so priklenjeni na kandelabre. C. mi pove, da že dolgo sanja o tem, da bi prenočila v hotelu na obali, tistem, ki štrli v zaliv, vendar nihče ni želel z njo, saj AI nikoli ne predlaga romantičnih srečanj v dekadentnih, razpadajočih, zanemarjenih krajih, ki se bodo kmalu za vedno zaprli. C. hrepeni po tem, da bi med nevihto obtičala zgoraj, najela sobo v najvišjem nadstropju in preživela noč ob opazovanju valov, ki se lomijo, divjajo, poskušala videti, kako se morje dviga do njene sobe, in zmoči par čevljev, ki jih je namenoma pustila na balkonu. Do zdaj še nikoli nisem vstopil v nobeno od hotelskih sob, sem pa obiskal bar. V njem so lutke, oblečene v malteške viteze s šlemi na glavah, in neujemajoči se fotelji. Plastične rastline prekriva prah. Ogromna miza za biljard je osvetljena



z belo neonsko svetlobo. Naokrog vedno teka pes, velik kot osel. Ob poletnih večerih na terasi organizirajo vrstni ples in predvajajo country glasbo. Ob vonju pice, ki prihaja iz zunanje krušne peči, igrajo bočči.

OpenAI ti pove, da so v številnih malteških rustikalnih barih prisotni lokalni motivi, kot je malteški križ. Omeniti velja, da malteški križ ne pripada izključno Malti, temveč viteškemu redu svetega Janeza, skupini evropskih plemičev, ki so skoraj tristo let vladali otoku, kakor se jim je zljubilo. Prav tako ti pove, da je na Malti veliko novih barov z najnovejšim minimalističnim dizajnom, ki ponujajo zapletene koktajle in elegantno vzdušje. Z drugimi besedami, predstavniki gentrifikacije, zlasti v glavnem mestu Valletta. Čeprav je OpenAI v večini vidikov natančen, spregleda nekatere bistvene elemente, na primer komično imitacijo ruševin, ki so po stenah obdane z betonom, ali zbirko pogrebnih kartic, raztresenih med steklenicami viskija in ruma. Te podobe, ki spominjajo na minula obdobja, ki še niso povsem izginila, so bile nekoč vir zabave, do nedavnega pa simbol sramu in zaostalosti. Danes jih celo progresivni posamezniki romantizirajo, saj se bojijo globalne homogenizacije v majhnih državah, kot je Malta, kjer je učinek odmevne komore kar močan. Tu ni težko narediti vtisa na postkolonialno prebivalstvo, ki še vedno hrepeni po tem, da bi bilo podobno tistim v tujini, saj je vse, kar je uvoženo, boljše in vselej prekaša domači proizvod, zrasel na suhem otoku.

C. vztraja pri obisku obskurnega hotela, čeprav se zaveda, da tam kozarci nikoli niso dobro oprani in da natarjari drobiža namenoma ne vračajo točno. Vprašam jo, ali želi iti sama ali v družbi, vendar ne odgovori. Pove mi le, da bo, ko bo vstopila v najeto sobo, izgubila internetno povezavo, izklopila telefon in pustila morju, da ji govori, da jo objamejo valovi, ji dajo občutek krhkosti, majhnosti, podrejenosti in jo odtrgajo od sveta. Napol v šali ji rečem, naj pohiti, ker lahko hotel ob morju kaj hitro izgine. Babica je govorila, da bo po besedah starejšega moža, ki je živel v jami v pečinah in varil mistična zelišča, Malta kmalu za vedno izginila. V prihodnosti bodo mimo plule ladje in kapitan bo mornarjem povedal, da je bil na tem mestu nekoč otok, ki so ga naseljevali pirati, oboroženi z bigillo, dokler jih ni naposled doletela usoda in jih je bog, ki so ga častili in preklinjali obenem, izbrisal. C. mi resno pove, šalo na stran, da se na otoku, kjer z vsakim vdihom zajamemo sol in so naše kosti oslabiljene zaradi artritisa, grožnja podnebnih sprememb zdi veliko bolj resnična kot v celinski Evropi.

OpenAI navaja, da je verjetnost, da bi Malta popolnoma izginila, minimalna, vendar bi lahko obalne vasi utrpeli škodo, Malta pa mora prispevati svoj delež k ublažitvi vpliva podnebnih sprememb na svet. Vendar pa, kaj lahko spremeni prenaseljen otok, ki je na zemljevidih pogosto prezrt?

V skledici na mizi so arašidi. C. vpraša, ali v tem zanikrnem hotelu strežejo s polži. Pove mi, da bi si rada privoščila polže. Po naključju mi je včeraj oče povedal, da so vsi polži poginili, ker niti septembra niti oktobra in novembra ni deževalo. Polži so hibernirali veliko dlje kot sicer, saj se niso zavedali, da se je začela zima, in so pomrli od lakote. Danes niti v tradicionalnih malteških lokalih, v katerih lahko požrete, kolikor hočete, ne strežejo polžev kot prigrizka k pivu. Takoj ko je skleda z arašidi prazna, se zaveva, da sva se naveličala spogledovanja, in to je to. Spontano se odločiva, da najameva sobo, in se tja v naglici odpraviva seksat. C. me spomni, da jo tečasne nastanitve zares vznemirjajo. C. mi pove, da imajo minljiva stanja vedno pridih svobode. Hotelske sobe so kot internet. Tvoje, a hkrati ne tvoje. Vsaka soba v vsakem hotelu se zdi kot virtualni prostor, v katerega vstopiš, čeprav veš,



da je sosednja soba in vsaka druga soba na hodniku enaka, vendar s prvim korakom, s prvim klikom sprejmeš piškotke in dovoliš, da se tvoji podatki obdelujejo. Narediš jo za svojo. Z njo manipuliraš. Oblačila odvržeš, kamor se ti zahoče, ali pa jih zložiš na dve polici. Po dolgem dnevu se sprostiš. Dvigneš rolete. Na telefonu si ogleduješ nespodobne slike in posnetke. Začneš se premikati in vrteti po virtualnem prostoru, ugotavljaš, koga boš osvajal, s kom boš perverzen, kdo ti bo poslal sliko svojega golega telesa in ti rekel, to je zate. Pridružil se ti bom v tvoji sobi in se ulegel v tvojo posteljo, čeprav ne vem, kdo si. Prišel bo in vdrl v tvoj prostor, prodrl vate in odšel ter ob zvoku zaloputnjenih vrat pritisnil na gumb X.

Ko umetno inteligenco vprašaš, katero vrsto pornografije ljudje običajno gledajo v prehodnem stanju, v katerem se znajdemo v hotelski sobi, te OpenAI z nežnim tonom obvesti, da razpravljanje ali deljenje tovrstnih informacij ni namen te platforme.

Ko si v hotelski sobi, imaš občutek, da si v prostoru, ki ni tvoj, v prostoru, kamor se lahko prijaviš in odjaviš, kakor ti je po godu. Tako kot na spletnih straneh tudi v hotelske sobe vstopaš in iz njih izstopaš, kakor se ti zljubi, v tolažbo pa ti je anonimnost, funkcionalnost, dekor ali njegova odsotnost. Generično pohištvo služi vsem, tako kot spletna mesta in aplikacije. Tu sta še osamljen aparat za kavo in vodeno mleko v posodicah za enkratno uporabo. Sterilne bele brisače, skrbno zložene za uporabo, pripravljene, da se umažejo, da se vanje ovije, skrije, da se z njimi pokrije in ogreje telo. Kopel je do roba napolnjena z vročo vodo, iz katere se dviga para. C. si ne zmoči las. Vso noč fukava, utapljač se v sanjah o sredozemskih poletnih nočeh, podobah enega sladoleda za drugim iz pisanega tovornjaka, parkiranega ob obali, ohlajeni limonadi, soncu in senci izza poševnih oken med popoldansko spokojnostjo, vetriču po maši v skromni kapelici v Zalivu svetega Pavla s starimi starši.

Na tem mestu ti OpenAI ponudi še zadnje opozorilo, ko ga vprašaš, katerim užitek se predajajo zaljubljeni pari ali spolno kompatibilni posamezniki, ko so zaprti v hotelski sobi.

Na tem mestu postane OpenAI nič in neuporaben.

Napočil je čas, da s C. zapustiva hotel. Na vratih C. ne obljubi, da se bova še kdaj srečala, ne v lepem ne v slabem vremenu. C. mi pove, da je morda razpoložena za ponovno reševanje kakšnega testa, ko se bo ta nepričakovano pojavil. Najverjetneje bo tokrat odgovorila na kar najbolj iskren način in upoštevala nasvete iz testa. Morda, kdo ve, naju bo test tokrat označil kot zelo kompatibilna. Med kakšno nogometno tekmo bova šla proslavljat z množico ali pa si bova v zapuščeni knjižnici recitala ljubezenske pesmi. Vse drugo, razen mečkanja v zaniknem hotelu ob morju, kjer v toplih poletnih večerih plešejo vrstni ples in so vse plastične rastline še vedno prekrite s prahom.

*Prevedla Petra Meterc*

### C.

Me and C. shouldn't have met. Everything started from a half-joke test, those online dodgy ones, with generic names such as 'Find Your Love Today' or 'Here is the Love of your Life.' These are trivial tests, banal, the ones that appear when visiting dubious sites, or pop up as adverts, with an interface reminiscent of Windows 95. Most of them give you the vibe that your laptop will soon be infected with all types of spyware. One does such tests to pass the time and follow up with a meeting just to kill time as well. When, half arsed, we indicated that both of us were seeking contact with others, the result for me and C. was weak and discouraging. I have no clue how these tests work. I believe that, much like how horoscope matches are determined by planets and stars, these tests operate based on complex AI calculations.

While writing this short text, I researched how to determine the probability of success in a relationship according to the zodiac sign under which we were born. OpenAI tells you that the horoscope analyses symbols, zodiac elements, and astrological data calculations gathered from the birth chart, guided by astrology, mathematics, and intuition.

I refer to her as C. because that name appears in her profile. She told me that C. is enough, and the only true answer she gave during the test concerned casual sex. The suggestion from the test's side was for us to go to a quiet place or meet as part of an audience. We were shown an image of a couple gazing into each other's eyes amidst the quiet of a library. We were shown an image of a couple wrapped in a team scarf, celebrating some win. Cockily, C. tells me that we will be going for a short walk in a coastal village and take it from there.

OpenAI informs me that some of the coastal villages in Malta are San Ġiljan, Tas-Sliema, il-Mellieħa, Marsascala, Birżebbuġa, Buġibba, and Marsaxlokk. I was considering setting this story in either Buġibba or Birżebbuġa. Both are neglected and left to their own devices, like a scruffy student at the back of the class. Clever, handsome, charismatic, aware of the potential, but couldn't care less.

Birżebbuġa is empty and neglected, but still holds onto a facade of a haughty mature lady, past her prime, forgotten but still up for it. The shop signs are half lit. The colourful paint is fading from the beautiful facades of the holiday homes facing the Freeport. The police station is closed.

The restaurants are closed. The chairs and tables are padlocked to light posts. C. tells me that she has long been dreaming of staying in the hotel on the shore, the one protruding on the bay, but no one ever wanted to join her because AI never suggests romantic meetings in decadent, dilapidated, shabby places which are about to close for good. C. yearns to be stuck there during a storm, to rent a room on the top floor and spend the night watching the waves crashing, raging, attempting to see the sea rise to her room and soaking the pair of shoes left in the balcony on purpose. I have never entered any of the hotel rooms until now, but I have visited the bar. There are mannequins dressed as Knights of Malta with helmets on their heads and a mismatch of armchairs. Plastic plants covered in dust. There is an enormous billiard table under white neon light. There is always a donkey-sized dog running around. On summer evenings, they organize line dancing on the parapet and play country music. They play boċċi amidst the scent of pizza coming out of the open-air oven.

OpenAI tells you that many of Malta's rustic bars feature local motifs, such as the Maltese cross. It's worth mentioning that the Maltese cross is not exclusively to Malta, but rather to the Knights of the Order of St. John, a congregation of European noblemen who ruled the island as they pleased for almost three hundred years. It also tells you that there are many new bars with the latest minimalist design, offering complicated cocktails and a stylish atmosphere. In other words, agents of gentrification, especially in the capital city, Valletta. While OpenAI is accurate in most aspects, it overlooks certain intrinsic elements, such as the comical imitation rubble stuck with concrete to the walls, or the collection of funeral cards strewn among whiskey and rum bottles. These images, reminiscent of bygone eras yet to be fully eradicated, once served as sources of amusement and, until recently, symbols of shame and backwardness. Today even progressive individuals are romanticizing them, fearing global homogenization in tiny countries like Malta, where the echo chamber effect resonates loudly. Here, it's easy to impress a post-colonial population still longing to be like those from abroad, because everything imported is better, and is always superior to the homegrown product grown on a dry island.

C. insists on going to shabby hotel, fully aware that the glasses are never washed properly and that the bar people give you the wrong change on purpose. I ask her if she wants to go alone or in company, but she doesn't answer. She just tells me that as she enters the rented room, she will lose her internet connection, turn off her phone, and let the sea speak to her, allow the waves to embrace her and make her feel fragile, small, submissive, detach her from the world. Half joking, I tell her to hurry up because the seaside hotel might quickly vanish. Grandma used to say that, according to an elderly man who lived in a cave on the cliffs brewing mystical herbs, soon Malta will disappear forever. In the future, ships will be sailing, and the captain will announce to the sailors that once here there was an island, now submerged, inhabited by bigilla-wielding pirates, until finally they met their fate and the god they simultaneously worshiped and cursed eradicated them. In a serious tone, C. tells me, joking apart, on an island where we inhale salt with every breath and our bones are weakened by arthritis, the threat of climate change feels much more real than in continental Europe.

OpenAI states that the probability of Malta disappearing altogether is minimal, but coastal villages might suffer damages, and Malta must do its part to mitigate the impact of climate change on the world. However, what difference can an overpopulated island that is often overlooked on the maps make?

There are peanuts in a small bowl on the table. C. asks if they serve snails at the shabby hotel. She tells me she wants to feast on snails. Coincidentally, yesterday my dad told me that all the snails died because it didn't rain in September, or in October, or in November. The snails hibernated for a much longer period as they didn't realize that winter had started and they died of starvation. Not even the traditional gobble-down-as-much-as-you-can Maltese food places are serving snails as an appetizer with beer nowadays. As soon as the peanut bowl is empty, we realize that we are tired of giving each other the eye and that's it. Spontaneously we decide to rent a room and get there in a rush ready for a shag. C. reminds me that she really gets excited by these temporary accommodations. C. tells me that ephemeral states always contain a flavour of freedom. Hotel rooms are like the internet. Yours, but not yours. Every room in every hotel feels like a virtual space, where you enter knowing that the one

next door, and every other one all the way down the corridor is identical, but with the first step, with the first click, you accept the cookies and give permission for your data to be processed. You make it yours. You manipulate it. You toss the clothes as you please or organize them on two shelves. You relieve yourself after a long day out. You open the shutters. You view obscene pictures and clips on your phone. You start scrolling and rolling in the virtual, identifying whom you will hit on, perv on, who will send you a picture of his naked body and tell you, this is for you. I am joining you in your room and I will get in your bed, even though I don't know who you are. He will come and invade your space, penetrate, and leave, pressing the X button as the door closes with a bang.

When you ask AI about what type of pornography people tend to watch in the transient state one finds themselves in when in a hotel room, OpenAI, with a gentle tone, informs you that discussing or sharing this type of information is not the purpose of the platform.

When you're in a hotel room, you feel like you're in a place that isn't yours, a space you check in and out of at your convenience. Just like websites, in hotel rooms you enter and leave as you please, comforted by anonymity, functionality, decor, or its absence. The generic furniture serves everyone, like websites and apps. There's the solitary coffee maker and watery milk in disposable containers. The sterile white towels folded neatly for use, ready to be stained, to wrap around, hide, cover, and warm up the body. The bath is full to the brim with steaming water. C. doesn't wet her hair. We spend the night fucking, drowning in a dream of Mediterranean summer nights, images of one ice cream after another from the colourful van parked by the shore, lemonade from the cooler, the sun and the shade from behind the slanted windows during the afternoon stillness, the breeze after mass in the modest chapel of St. Paul's Bay with the grandparents.

Here, OpenAI gives you a final warning when asked about what activities couples in love or sexually compatible individuals indulge in when they are locked in a hotel room.

Here, OpenAI becomes null and useless.

Here, it is time for C. and me to leave the hotel. At the door, C. does not promise that we will meet again, neither in fair nor in harsh weather. C. tells me she might be in a mood to re-do some test that comes up by surprise. Most probably, this time she will answer in the most honest manner and follow the test's advice. Perhaps, who knows, this time the test will mark us as highly compatible. We will go celebrate with the crowd during some football match, or quote love poems to each other in a deserted library. Anything but cresting in a shabby hotel by the seaside where in the warm summer evenings they do line dancing and all the plastic plants are still covered in dust.

*Translated by the author*

## Dora Kaprálová

### Srednja Evropa

Ko se po Berlinu vozim z linijo mestne železnice S 41 ali S 42 okrog notranjega mestnega središča, se mi velikokrat zazdi, kot da se vozim okrog vsega sveta. Sveta, ki ga ta proga omejuje – nekje na sredini pa leži češki Nikjer, labirint z Romarjem Zablodo in Vseprisotnim Vsevedom.<sup>1</sup>

Rojena sem v Brnu, odraščala pa sem v času, ko nas je vse bolj stiskala trda prosovjetska diktatura, ki ji je oblast pravila »normalizacija«. Bil je to čas odštekanih spartakijad, plinskih mask in bega v počitniške hišice na podeželje.

Živela sem s starši in bratom, stanovali smo v Údolni ulici, v velikem monarhističnem stanovanju s štukaturami, marmornatimi kamini in zimsko verando. Usoda hiše, o kateri je v petdesetih letih moja duševno načeta prababica Julija napisala noro zgodbo, mi že leta ne da miru. Del družine je namreč trdil, da je leta 1937 hišo kupil prastric, tovarnar, od neke judovske družine. Toda spomladi sem ugotovila, da je šlo za najem premoženja, ki je bilo kasneje »arizirano«, se pravi zaplenjeno Judom med okupacijo, pri čemer je bilo čisto vseeno, da je bil prastric med vojno zaprt v Berlinu. Skratka, čudovita dvonadstropna hiša z vrtom pod špilberskim gričem nikoli ni bila last mojih prednikov.

Živelimo torej v provizoriju, kar mi je postalo jasno šele kasneje. V zidovih stanovanja je bilo od nekdaj čutiti izginevanje, čeravno so na dvorišču rasle stoletne vrtnice, ki jih je tja posadila že Klára Redlichová, prva lastnica hiše.

Gospa Redlichová ni imela otrok, poročena pa je bila z Julijem Redlichom, ki je bil sin naprednjaka Jakoba. Ta je v Hustopečih ustanovil prvi vrtec na Moravskem. Redlichová je umrla – kje drugje kot v koncentracijskem taborišču Terezín. Njen mož prav tako. Vsi, ki so se v to hišo naselili z optimizmom začenjajočega se dvajsetega stoletja in secesije, so izginili. Izginil pa je tudi moj prastric, pred komunisti je z družino vred pobegnil prek Indije in Avstralije v Ameriko.

Vsi naši sosedje so imeli nenavadne priimke. Poleg Rabušicovih in Bajnokovih so pri nas stanovali še Zitterbartovi.

Stanovanje v prvem nadstropju je bilo prazno. Toda konec osemdesetih let sta se tja naselila mladoporočenca Zahrádkova. Kmalu se jima je rodil fantek, na katerega sem menda enkrat pazila. Zahrádkovi so gojili strupene kače, ki so se prosto plazile po stanovanju. Spečega dojenčka sem v smrtnem strahu pazila skrita v kuhinjski omari.

Zdaj v našem stanovanju stanuje moj brat, ki goji koze. Najmlajši stanovalec, bratov sin Felix, pri štirih letih še ne govori. Menda zaradi mutizma. Razume vse, govori pa ne.

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<sup>1</sup> Po: J. A. Komenský, *Labirint světa a ráj srdce* (1623; Labirint sveta in raj srca). (Op. prev.)



Je to skrito pričevanje o Srednji Evropi? Majhen fantič molče hodi po razvalinah, ki v resnici nikoli niso obstajale? Po ruševinah privida?

Živela sem v Brnu, v svetu, ki mi ni pripadal, vendar ta svet ostaja moja iluzijska domovina. Morda sem v Berlinu postala kakor tilandzija. Naj počnem karkoli – ne morem se rešiti prekletstva izkoreninjenosti.

Mislim, da nas iz Srednje Evrope kakršnakoli izguba v materialnem smislu boli veliko manj kakor pretrgana kontinuiteta skupne dediščine. Podobe, spomini, prepleteni s tekom časa, s katerimi nam govorijo mrtvi predniki, mi pa v njihovih grlih živimo kot ribe v akvariju.

Našega stanovanja se doba množične gradnje blokovskih naselij skorajda ni dotaknila. Le na stranišču smo imeli krožnik z Leninom in napisom ›Slava veliki oktobrski revoluciji‹. Razbito straniščno okence je gledalo v svetlobni jašek. Bil je ozek in temačen. Kos ometa, ki smo ga opazili za oknom, se je nenehno krusil, in če je deževalo, je na golem zidu zrasel mah. Ob dežju so skozi razbito okno iz jaška h krožniku z Leninom letali dibuki, zli duhovi, sem ter tja.

Vsako sredo je po marmornatih ploščicah v predsobi prihajal na partijo šaha starejši gospod Hučík, genialni šahist, po poklicu natakár v hotelu Slavija. Bil je plešast alkoholik, v mreži je prinašal polno piva in startovk, škatlic cigaret. Torej – Hučík.

Sprejemnica s knjižnico nasproti marmornatega, seveda že zdavnaj ne delujočega kamina, v njej pa plinska peč. Dva moška šahirata. Eden je moj molčeči oče, drugi je trideset let starejši gospod Hučík v natakarskem suknjiču. Med njima je šahovska ura. Šahirata celo večnost. Piva zmanjkuje. Skozi gosti dim iz pipe in cigaret lezem po sobi brez oken proti odraslosti.

Iz tega stanovanja sem se odselila šele potem, ko sem rodila starejšo hčer. Našla sem si druge konce in kraje ... Najlepše je bilo, ko sem v bližini novega bivališča odkrila judovsko pokopališče, kjer sem imela mir za dojenje in branje.

Šele zdaj se mi zdi, da sem na klopi poleg groba igralca Huga Haasa edinkrat doživela neponarejeno podobo izginjajoče Srednje Evrope. Čuval me je uniformirani varnostnik, ki je v resnici stražil pokopališče.

Naj se vrnem k staremu Hučíku. Nekega dne gospoda Hučíka v službenem suknjiču odsluženega natakárja in z mrežo, polno piva in cigaret, ni bilo. Niti naslednjo sredo ne. Moj oče se ne spomni več, kaj se je zgodilo. Izginil je, Hučík je preprosto izginil ...

Razblinil se je kot para iz parne lokomotive, si zdaj mislim na berlinskem balkonu, ki gleda na turški kiosk ... S paro se je vrnil v preteklost, po ovinkastih tokovih časa, odšel je v svojem službenem fraku naravnost v hotel Slavija. Tam je našel svoj staro-novi naslov in vse do zdaj streže vsem svobodomiselnim gostom, ki verujejo v lepši jutri skupne Evrope.

## Konec trpljenja

»Zakaj ne napišeš česa pravega?« me je nedavno tik pred spanjem vprašala enajstletna hči, ko se je predrzno raztegovala po moji postelji in mi kradla vzglavnik.

»Kaj misliš s tem?« sem jo vprašala, bolj presenečena kot užaljena.

»Kaj pa naj mislim? Preprosto takole: Sem ženska in trpim v tem svojem življenju, še predstavljati si ne morete, kako trpim.«

»Prav. In kako gre naprej?« jo spodbujam.

»No, malo počakaj. A ti nisem rekla, da se zgodba imenuje Medovnik?«

»Nisi.«

»Torej, naslov zgodbe je Medovnik.«

»In naprej?«

»Še enkrat,« je rekla hči, ki mi je, že rahlo zdolgočasena, kradla tudi odejo: »Sem ženska in trpim v svojem življenju, še predstavljati si ne morete, kako zelo trpim. In grem takole po ulici in vstopim v pekarno. Kaj opazim v vitrini? Medovnik.«

Takrat je nehala pripovedovati in se stisnila k meni.

»Mami, če ti zgodbo povem do konca, dobim žepnino?«

»Kakšno »žeparino« pa hočeš?« se trapasto pohecam, kot zmeraj, kadar hoče od mene izpuliti denar. Na koncu ji obljubim evro, saj me res zanima, kako se bo zgodba končala.

In hči pripoveduje naprej: »Torej, trpim, sem ženska, vstopim v pekarno, ki jo imamo pred parkom na Boxiku, in tam zagledam medovnik. Pa si ga kupim, tisti medovnik. Potem grem domov in ga pojem – in kaj se zgodi? Spremenim se v psa. Sem pes in kot pes sem končno srečna. Za srečo mi je zadoščala ena sama reč: pojesti medovnik ... To je vse.«

Moram priznati, da sem z mikrozgodbo zadovoljna.

Ponoči se mi sanja o majhnem psičku, ki po zelo zapleteni poti emigrira s Kube v svobodno Evropo, kjer pa nanj po nesreči stopi občutljivi stokilski tubist Aleksej Grimovič iz Berlinske filharmonije.

## Potovanja

Svet se brez nemirnega križanja od časa do časa subjektivno manjša. A ni nujno, da bi to škodovalo. V mojih nočnih sprehodih po Berlinu je nekaj starosvetnega in pomirjajočega. Hoja me spominja na izginjajočo pokrajino drvečega vlaka. Še posebej kadar je vetrovno, dežuje ali zmrzuje, se ulice izpraznijo in nikjer ni opaziti pasjih iztrebkov.

K mojim nočnim sprehodom sodi tudi blodenje. V tem je nekaj skrivnostnega, ampak po tistem, ko sem trikrat suvereno prišla k mestnemu ribniku Engelbecken, te angelske gramoznice nisem našla nikoli več. Zmeraj se zapletem na trgu Mariannenplatz in končam pod borovcem pred nekdanjo bolnišnico. Izletniška evforija s priokusom alpskega zraka. Potovanje me v zadnjih tednih spremlja tudi podnevi.

Ker sem neroda, iščem same bizarne zaposlitve, ampak ker sem tudi iznajdljiva, vedno najdem kakšno veselje pri delu in z žalostjo opažam, da bo z mojo službo kmalu konec.

Po računalniku nemške ajzenponarje učim češčino, da bi lahko z vlaki vozili avtomobile od Baltskega morja vse do Donave.

Takole gre. Osem jih je, mojih železničarjev. Sami moški. Trije med njimi fotografirajo vlake, dva rada poslušata Rammsteine (predvsem pesmi Benzin in Kokain), vsi radi pijejo pivo in vsi romantiki poleg metala poslušajo tudi klasiko. Naučila sem jih, da je himna čeških strojevodij Mládkova popevka Iz Opave (jo že skoraj znajo zapeti), radi govorijo, da je šifljene krasno, ko teče pifo, jaz pa sem se od njih naučila nemške besede za železniško signalizacijo, opozorilni mejnik, stranski tir ali premikač.

Zakaj imam tako rada te svoje ajzenponarje?

Eden od osmerice bere kriminalke.

Sedem jih ima punce.

Eden ima motor.

Eden vozi škodo, ki ji pravi František (ta zmeraj malica korenček).

Šest od osmih jih rado ponočuje v penzionu.

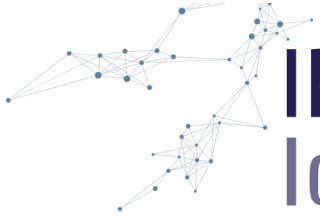
Eden od osmih rad spi na prostem (ta mi je najljubši).

Zadnji ima rad kitaro in šotor.

Eden med njimi (najmlajši, Benjamin) pozna ozkotirno železnico v Jindřichovem Hradcu in se trudi pisati češko brez napak.

Tisti, ki ima rad Rammsteine, vedno napiše v češčini kaj zelo romantičnega: Najdražja. Ne pridem. Grem poklicat taksi in se odpeljem zelo daleč. Ne čakaj name ...

Ker pač pretiravam, ponoči gledam videe s tovornimi vlaki. To je nekaj čudovitega in bizarnega, zlasti komentarji pod posnetki.



# Ikar 2.0 Icarus 2.0



Danes se mi je po nekaj videih spet sanjalo o očetu. Postal je majhen fantek, praznoval je drugi rojstni dan, nesla sem ga v naročju, kakor da bi bila njegova mama, plesali so klezmer, moj očka-fantiček pa je nekaj momljal in pozdravljal anesteziologa, ki je sredi plesišča plesal kazačok. Očka-fantiček je za rojstni dan dobil vlakec.

Svet se krči, toda v sproščenih trenutkih vedno ponuja prav tako kakovostne, skrite zaklade.

*Prevedel Peter Kuhar*

## Central Europe

Riding around Berlin on the city railway lines S 41 or S 42, circling around the inner city centre, I often have the feeling that I'm circling around the whole world. Around the world delimited by that route – and somewhere in the middle lies the Czech Nowhere, a labyrinth with the Pilgrim and Searchall.<sup>2</sup>

Born in Brno, I grew up during the tightening oppression of iron-fisted pro-Soviet dictatorship, which was dubbed 'normalisation' by the government. It was a time of half-baked Spartakiads, gas masks, and retreats to country weekend cottages.

I lived with my parents and brother in Údolna Street, in a huge monarchy-style flat with stucco work, marble fireplaces, and a winter veranda. The destiny of the house, about which my mentally scarred great-grandmother Julija wrote a crazy story in the fifties, has been preying on my mind for years. Some in the family claimed that the house had been bought in 1937 by a great-uncle, a factory owner, from a Jewish family. I, however, established this spring that it was rented property which was later 'Aryanised', that is, confiscated from the Jews during the occupation. It played no role that great-uncle had been imprisoned in Berlin during the war. In short, the gorgeous two-storey house with a garden under the Špilberk hill had never been the property of my ancestors.

It was only later that it dawned on me we had lived in a makeshift flat. There had always been a sense of evanescence in its walls, even though the courtyard was home to one-hundred-year old roses planted by Klára Redlichová, the first owner of the house.

Mrs Redlichová had no children, but she was married to Julij Redlich, son of the progressivist, Jakob, who had had established, at Hustopeče, the first kindergarten in Moravia. Redlichová died – where else but in the concentration camp Terezín. So did her husband. All who had settled in that house, imbued with the optimism of the nascent 20th century and the Secession, disappeared. So did my great-uncle, who fled from the Communists together with his family to America through India and Australia.

All our neighbours had unusual surnames. In addition to the Rabušics and Bajnoks there lived with us the Zitterbarts.

The first-storey flat was empty. But in the late eighties it was settled by a newly married couple, the Zahrádkovs. Soon they got a little boy, who I must have babysat once. The Zahrádkovs bred poisonous snakes, which slithered freely all over the flat. In mortal terror I hid into the kitchen closet to watch over the sleeping baby.

Now our flat is inhabited by my brother, who breeds goats. The youngest resident, my brother's son Felix, is four but still doesn't talk. Supposedly because of mutism. He understands everything but doesn't talk.

Is this a secret testimony on Central Europe? A little boy silently roaming ruins which in fact never existed? The ruins of a mirage?

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<sup>2</sup> An allusion to the book by J. A. Komenský (Comenius), *Labyrint světa a ráj srdce* (1623; *Labyrinth of the World and Paradise of the Heart*). (Translator's note.)

I used to live in Brno, a world that never belonged to me yet remains my illusionary homeland. In Berlin I may have become like a tillandsia. Whatever I do, I can't shake off the curse of uprootedness.

I think that we Central Europeans are much less affected by any kind of material loss than by the broken continuity of our common heritage. The images, memories, interwoven with the passage of time, through which our dead ancestors speak to us, while we live in their throats like fish in a fishtank.

Our flat was hardly touched by the era of large-scale housing block construction. Except that our toilet boasted a plate with Lenin and the caption 'Glory to the Great October Revolution'. Its broken little window looked into the light shaft. It was narrow and murky. The patch of plaster we noticed behind the window was always crumbling, and if it rained, the bare wall sprouted moss. In the rain *dybbuks*, evil spirits, would dart through the broken window, from the light shaft to the Lenin plate.

Every Wednesday, crossing the marble tiles in the anteroom, Mr Hučík Senior would come over for a game of chess. He was a brilliant chess player and, by profession, a waiter at Hotel Slavija. A bald-pated alcoholic, he would bring loads of beer and *startovkas*, cigarette packs, in his shopping net. Very well, then – Hučík.

The drawing-room-cum-library with a gas stove opposite a marble fireplace had, of course, lost its function long ago. Two men playing chess. One is my reticent father, the other is Mr Hučík in his waiter's jacket, thirty years his senior. A chess clock stands between them. They play chess for ages. The beer is running out. Through the thick pipe and cigarette smoke I creep along the windowless room toward adulthood.

I only moved out from that flat after I gave birth to my older daughter. I found other hideouts and places ... My best discovery was a Jewish cemetery close to my new residence, where I could nurse and read in peace.

Only now does it strike me that the only time I experienced a genuine image of the disappearing Central Europe was when sitting on a bench by the grave of actor Hugo Haas. I was watched over by a uniformed security guard, who was in fact guarding the cemetery.

But let me return to old Hučík. One day Mr Hučík, in his retired waiter's jacket and with a mesh shopping bag full of beer and cigarettes, didn't turn up. Nor did he turn up the next Wednesday. My father no longer remembers what happened. He disappeared, Hučík simply disappeared ...

He dispersed like steam from a steam engine, I reflect now on my Berlin balcony, which overlooks a Turkish kiosk ... With the steam he returned to the past, along the meandering streams of time, and headed in his work tailcoat straight for Hotel Slavija. There he found his old-new address and has been serving to this very moment all freethinking guests who believe in a better tomorrow for a common Europe.

## The End of Suffering

‘Why don’t you write something real?’ my eleven-year-old daughter asked recently just before I fell asleep, brazenly stretching across my bed and stealing my pillow.

‘What do you mean by that?’ I asked, more surprised than offended.

‘What am I supposed to mean? Simply: I’m a woman and I suffer in this life of mine, you can’t even imagine how much I suffer.’

‘Right. And how does it continue?’ I egg her on.

‘Well, wait a little. Didn’t I tell you that the story was called “Honey Cake”?’

‘Nope.’

‘Okay, the title of the story is “Honey Cake”.’

‘And then?’

‘One more time,’ said my daughter, slightly bored by now and bent on stealing my blanket, too: ‘I’m a woman and I suffer in this life of mine, you can’t even imagine how much I suffer. So I’m strolling down a street, and I walk into a bakery. And what do I notice in the glass case? A honey cake.’

She paused and snuggled up to me.

‘Mum, if I tell you the story to the end, do I get pocket money?’

‘What sort of pickpocket money do you want?’ I crack a stupid joke, as always when she tries to worm money out of me. At the end I promise her a Euro because I’m really curious how the story will end.

And my daughter goes on: ‘Okay, I suffer, I’m a woman, I walk into the bakery outside the park on Boxik, and there I see a honey cake. So I buy it, that cake. Then I go home and eat it – and what happens? I change into a dog. I’m a dog, and as a dog I’m happy at last. All I needed to be happy was to eat a honey cake ... That’s all.’

I must admit I’m satisfied with her micro story.

At night I dream about a little dog who takes a very complicated route from Cuba into free Europe, but is trampled by accident by Alexei Grimovich, the two-hundred-pound tuba player from the Berlin Philharmonic.

## Travels

Without restless crossings, the world subjectively shrinks from time to time. But this is not necessarily a bad thing. My night walks in Berlin have an old-fashioned, soothing air. Walking reminds me of the vanishing landscape seen from a rushing train. Especially when it is windy, rainy or freezing, the streets are emptied and there are no dog turds to be seen.

My night walks include roaming. There is a mystery here, but after I confidently reached the Engelbecken city pond three times, I could never find that angelic gravel pit again. I always lose my bearings at Mariannenplatz and end up under a pine tree in front of the former hospital. A hiker's euphoria with a taste of Alpine air. Over the recent weeks, travels have accompanied me by day as well.

Being a klutz, I only look for bizarre jobs, but being resourceful as well, I always find something cheering in my work and am always sad to note that my job is about to end.

I give online lessons in the Czech language to German eisenbahners so that they'll be able to transport cars by train from the Baltic Sea all the way to the Danube.

That's the way it goes. There are eight of them, my railway kids. All men. Three of them take pictures of trains, two like to listen to Rammstein (especially 'Benzin' and 'Kokain'), all like to drink beer, and all the romantics listen to classical music in addition to metal. I've taught them that the hymn of Czech engine drivers is Mládek's song 'From Opava' (they almost can sing it by now) and they like to say that life is wonderful when beer is flowing, while I've learnt from them the German words for railway signalling, rail crossing warning system, side track, or shunter.

Why do I like them so much, my eisenbahners?

One out of eight reads crime novels.

Seven have girlfriends.

One has a motorbike.

One drives a Škoda, which he calls František (and he always has a carrot for lunch).

Six out of eight like a late night at the pension.

One out of eight likes to sleep out of doors (my favourite).

The last likes his guitar and tent.

One of them (the youngest, Benjamin) knows the narrow-gauge railway at Jindřichov Hradec and struggles to write Czech without mistakes.

One who likes Rammstein always writes something very romantic in Czech: Dearest. I'm not coming. I'm going to call a taxi and ride far away. Don't wait for me ...

Because I always overdo things, I watch videos of freight trains at night. They're wonderful and bizarre, especially the comments under the recordings.





# Ikar 2.0 Icarus 2.0



Tonight, after a few videos, I dreamt about my father again. He'd become a little boy celebrating his second birthday, I was carrying him in my arms as if I were his mother, they were dancing to klezmer music, and my dad-boy was mumbling and waving to the anaesthesiologist, who was dancing Kozachok in the middle of the dance floor. Dad-boy got a toy train for his birthday.

The world is shrinking, but in moments of relaxation it offers hidden treasures as good as ever.

*Translated by Nada Grošelj*



## Efstatia Paliodzika

[lezbos]

tistega leta z 21 lunami ni nihče spregovoril  
mimo je šla cela generacija, ne da bi kdo spregovoril, in kot da

to ne bi bilo dovolj, ni nihče nič naredil, dokler niso vsi  
pozabili pojma dejanja

razen zelo redkih izjem, ki so z glavami butale  
v zid  
in preizkušale vzdržljivost snovi



**[pogovor z mrtvim dedkom, ki je bil učitelj]**

glej,

moji otroci

resda niso v osemdesetih dneh prišli okoli sveta, vendar  
jim vzame kake dve tri leta, da prečkajo mejo  
in eno morje

če ne vzcvetijo na njegovem dnu

[razpoke]

ta knjižica škripa  
ko obračam njene strani  
vse pesnice ki sem jih kdaj brala jočejo  
nad vsem kar sem napisala na internetu  
in bo napovedim navkljub  
za razliko od nas  
živelo večno

in na njenih straneh  
moje male  
pesmi  
jočejo  
ker sem jim dala telo in dom  
kjer jih bodo našli mrtve

Lazlo  
tebe zdaj krivim ker  
nas preganja čudovita nesmrtnost  
interneta

ker so pesmi v moji knjigi  
žalostne  
razpokale

*Prevedla Lara Unuk*



## Eustathia Paliotzika

[lesvos]

in that year with 21 moons, no one said a word

and then an entire generation came where no one talked, and as if this wasn't enough – no one ever acted, until everyone forgot the notion of action

with few exceptions who were coming up against a brick wall  
testing material strength

**[a conversation with my dead grandpa who used to be a teacher]**

listen,

my children  
might not have travelled the world in eighty days  
but they spend two to three years to cross a few countries  
and the water frontier

apart from when they end up blooming on its seabed

[cracks]

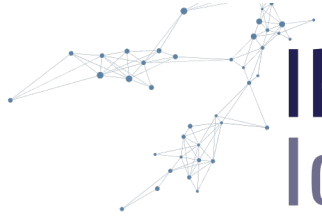
this little book is creaking  
every time I turn its pages  
all of the poetesses I've read cry  
for all the things I've written online  
and against all odds  
instead of us  
will leave forever

and in the pages  
my little  
poems  
are crying  
as I gave them a body and a house  
to find them dead inside

Lazlo  
I blame you now that  
the internet's wonderful immortality  
is hunting us

now that the poems in my book  
miserable  
are cracking

*Translated by the author*



## Dominik Srienc

### oče-bunker-naš

*ich* jaz imam  
zeleno gozdno kri,  
*der wald*, v meni šumi.

tudi zeleni kader  
mora obstajati,  
*ein muss* revskne ona.

*seid gegrüßt* tovariši,  
pozdravljamo vas  
in kar štejemo naprej.

poletje je bilo že  
*vorbei* in igle so praskale  
v zarezah elpejk.

*ich* jaz sem imel obraz  
*des Kindes* otroka zakaj  
ne kaj je viselo propadlo.

tega si *ich* jaz nisem izmislil  
*der ist verrückt* ta je nor  
je rekel *das kind* otrok.

kaj potrebujejo *sonnenblumen* kaj  
rase v nočeh na balkonu  
neke noči grem v desant na starše

*ich* jaz v senci zaspim  
šumi me ne brigajo  
*was kümmerts mich* če nihče ne odide

je reklo neke noči  
pri polni luni  
*oje* udarci so padali

pri ugasnjeni luči  
kot da bi  
usta *löse die finger*





usta naphana  
z vejami *geäste* in vejevjem  
je zavpila svojemu bratu:

*verbeiß dich nicht  
löse die finger  
wenn du mit fingern in den mund greifst*

ker tega ni razumel  
je postal modrikast bled rdeč  
vse teh besed oči presušene

kazen razbrati iz oči  
ne da bi vedel je slišal  
ta jezik prvič  
v gozdu tam je visela slika  
*die kühe*, teleta konji  
jugbesed ji rečem.

zatresnil obleke  
rekel *ponosen sem in srečen, mati*  
vater-bunker-unser.

*ich* jaz sedim v gozdu  
in šivam zastavo  
*der wald*, v meni šumi.

## vojne vaje / störmanöver

ja, počasi postaja tischeglassneje  
bojim se paštorki med naplavljenim lesom  
tiše antrieb v moji kreisbahn  
prätext v vodni sledi ich bewege mich kaum  
spremembe globin globlje usta, stop halt

glasneje patroljiram konzentrische kreise  
globlje kroge ferne kriza ich bekreuzige mich,  
globlje der körper verdrängt mich im obdach der wildnis  
globlje damit ich auf den grund des übersetzten versinke  
pralle auf, sinke ab, sinke ab, globlje morsko dno

slišim: ich darf nicht sagen, ich wehre mich nicht  
ich wehre mich indem ich mich umzingle  
den feind täusche v obtežilu  
meine panik ist nur ein manöver, eine sonarjagd  
hier dolgo ni jasno kaj umolkne prvo

napatschni jesik napatschna sleed trillere ich  
ich stehe nicht auf: finde unter menschen keinen unterschlupf  
und als ivan befiehlt: STEH AUF, stehe ich nicht auf,  
*ko se je dvignil on, sem se dvignil jaz, potopil se je*

## o plavajočih telosih

dieser ort ist kein ort je frekvenca  
ampak ne preveč gesetzt aus stimmen  
cesta ki je skozi körpertelo  
ni več čutiti  
wenn der ort sich ändert  
obljubiš  
čeprav ta kraj tako domač  
»mora obstajati jezik«  
težavno manevriranje obračanje  
ki ga imaš ves čas v mislih  
was du in sich trägst ist kein uboot  
obwohl du ständig den kurs änderst  
ständig ne stalno  
immerfort nimmt es zu pausenlos rečeš  
izhodišče unter der meeresoberfläche  
poslednja beseda še preden se tvoj körper  
pod morsko gladino usloči  
in se ponavljaš do onemoglosti  
se vije ta sprengstoff ta geschoss  
tam doli pri vodi bis ans ziel ta tarča  
und es traf dich du schiff und ich weiß nicht, ob man das was ich dir  
soeben mitteilte verstehen kann, ker nimaš posluha  
ne dvotirne proge tvoja usta zakopana  
tvoj glas hripav tvoj stimme počen v tem  
visokem glasu spoznal vse tvoje prikazni  
v naglici na dnu morja keine stimme von dir  
eine gute stimme hört man bis ins neunte dorf  
ničesar ne veš, brani se in umolkni  
nichts weiss du, wehr dich und verstumme.

## noben&pač pa

noben *donner blitz regung moment* ne trzne več *hohl* iz teh zdavnaj razpuhtelih nevihtnih  
oblakov

noben krt *vergraben in büchern* ne riže z besedo svojih stavčnih prednikov *in büchern*

noben prostor *in dem körper existieren* ni bolj zapuščen *mit mindestens einem punkt*

če iz njega prah *als eine einheit von was eigentlich* odstrani *der staub*

noben vihar *versteckt hinterm vorhang* ne pride če človeški koži *eine neue siedlung* uide

nobeno gnezdo *fürs eierlegen und brüten* za vse tuje le tuje ostanejo edinole volhke stene v  
kleti

nobene družinske hiše *ein abgelegener ort* zgrajen iz nesnage *vast und leer* želi biti več *ein  
raum*

noben izganjalec hudiča ne prekriža rok nad glavo med čaščenjem bogov ko pleše

nekega jutra ko stari oče *ahne opa opapa nono* pred tabo zmajuje z glavo

in je bilo ko je bilo drugega nič kaj je pomagalo kaj le naj to pomeni?

## dvodiha

in einem unermesslichen raum  
genügt nur  
en sam človek, um alles zu vernichten

schon seit vedno waren es  
meine väter, die dem  
ruf der bläue folgten

die pläne exakt die großväter stürmisch  
mehrere zehn gibt es, hunderte  
tisoče nicht etwas jemand

einst all das übers land  
spannt befüllt rana  
ura bereut es atmet schwer

prägt eine spur von etwas neuem ein  
ruft pesmi zu: beeil dich!  
nur sneg bleibt schnee

an den sinkopah platzt eine klammer  
fliegen vögel auf fließt ein fluss los  
ein antrieb die beiden verdrängen sich körper

schwanzflosse und ein rang der klasse  
neunaugen und breitfußschnecken setzen  
im verschlossenen leib die eier frei

hier nun die stunde der grossen verachtung  
und alles kar se versteckt versteckt sich oft  
zu scharen empor herzen steigt langsam

und usta pljučarice dipnoi dipnoi  
mein element inmitten des zweizahls  
wo kein sonnenstrahl je dringt bis dahin



# Ikar 2.0 Icarus 2.0



und ribe verspüren keine angst mehr  
wenn man auf sie eindrischt im schlaf  
sie werden dipnoi wenn es die felsen zerburst

## kar hoče biti

danes posebej razločno slišim  
ločevanje wörterbesed  
v vertikali moj habitat cel povsod  
s premca in s krme pisati schreiben spisati  
jaz sem pišoči oče marine  
zemljo obkroži v celoti pod vodo  
faulwasservodagnil okrog levega očesa kobilica  
navzgor odprte line die welt moj teritorij  
operacije blizu sovražnikove obale  
slišim: Пуппа pyrн *pyrrhanum* piran pirano  
v saint piranu iz nevihte nebes skočil čez plot  
potem den lattenzaun izgubil pri tem preskočil ograjo  
šel s trebuhom za kruhom  
narobe plaval proti tiktoku se drugače vedel in vedel  
kot eine bergspitze oder birne riba ruska riba in a  
rush pod oblačnim nebom se prevodi  
vse bolj gostijo ko povedi preplavlja voda so  
oni kot normalne normalne ladje lažji od vode  
vsenaokoli se potapljuje pod površje besed v vojni za izvor:  
piranum piranom ex pirano de pirano pyranum in piranum  
po Ul. maršala Tita in mimo hotelskega razreda  
da se ne izgubim marsala in dither na potopu  
ne plavaj na površju potopi se untertauchen  
capljaje sledi tja k trafiki, vprašaj za razglednice ko je bil pirano še de austria v ladjedelnici  
kopercapodistria v brezdanji teran sepotopipotica  
počasi iz mojega aksolotlovega skrivališča po lakti teče  
ein tropfen im meer mogoče se bo kaj premaknilo z mesta  
na lastna sriencova# ušesa slišim höre und höre zu  
hörgeschädigt z jezikom rok, nog za  
držanje globine sem hotel opisati vojno in  
kako v otroških čevljih im verband v poveljih modro ein schiff fahren  
s spremenjeno vsebnostjo soli v količinah nisem zaznal razlik suspenzij in temperatur jezikov  
und der temperatur der sprache tendence  
dvigovanja ali nižanja zvestobi ali globini razlika ni več zaznavna  
v eni povedi zdrsula je v plitvine:  
zato jo je treba usmeriti kajti ni hotela postati kar bi morala postati hotela je postati kar hoče  
postati.

**oda na östliches ali übersetztes**

nemogoče ne misliti na poplave  
poplavlja pa od drugod

nemogoče ne misliti na zборе  
zboruje pa drugam

nemogoče ne misliti na glasove  
uglasijo pa v nemir:

nemogoče gledati lastno kotaljenjeren  
kjer mi je v smiselsinn vpisana beseda resnice

kamor jo v wellevalove vrže je tekoče  
vsečasje lepo in sijajno med glasovilaute

hipno uzreš brodolomschiffbruch  
valovi morjemeeres visoki slišati

dobre reči ampak med menschenljudmi ni enako nič  
važen jim je königmatjaž in ne bajke o maultasch

vlada naj namreč resnica deželi k.  
brezposeln sprejet ampak freudeveselja malo denimo

kakšna kampfborba ampak imenitno prepevati  
na mojem zungenjezik se pasti hočejo vsi

ko tiholeise ko glasnolaut ko je nekaj plemenito  
potem petzenpeca zad za mizatisch spi vendar

si vlažni hrbetrücken trka ob glas  
nemogoče slediti kraljici v lastno morjemeer

in čutiti kako lastne oberarmnadlakti otrdijo  
jekla jezik se čuti dreizacktrizob ampak se

giblje tja k morskim valom v haarlase otpel  
nemogoče fingerprste in v glasove vršacev

spremenjeno v steinkamen vögelptice obirojstrc  
ampak razveseljive reči med ljudmi podobno kot

meni se šika možganovina čirika kot i ampak ni ničnichts ni.

*Prestavila Urška P. Černe*





## father-bunker-our

I I have the  
green blood of the forest,  
*forest*, it rustles in me.

the green cadres  
must also exist,  
*must*, she says firmly.

*greetings comrades*,  
we greet you  
and count unwaveringly.

the summer was already  
*over* and the needles scratched  
through the grooves of the records.

I I wore the facial features  
*of the child*, why  
not what hung there decayed.

I did not invent that  
*he is crazy*, the *child* said.

what do *sunflowers* need, what  
grows there at night on the balcony  
one night I ambush my parents

I fall asleep in the shadow  
the rustling does not bother me  
*what do I care* if no one leaves

then one night  
under a full moon  
there were beatings

when the light was out  
it looked as if  
the mouth *opened the fingers*

the mouth stuffed  
with branches and twigs  
she called to her brother:



# Ikar 2.0 Icarus 2.0



*do not bite into it  
open the fingers  
when you reach into the mouth with your fingers*

since he did not understand that  
he turned blue white red  
every word dry his eyes

the punishment read from the eyes  
without knowing he heard  
the language for the first time  
in the forest there hung a picture  
*cows, calves horses*  
southern words I say to her.

the clothes closed  
*a proud and happy one, mother*  
father-bunker-our.

*I* I sit in the forest  
and sew my flag  
*forest, it rustles in me.*

**disturbance maneuver / war games**

yes, it is slowly getting louderquieter  
I fear stepchildren in driftwood  
quieter propulsion in my circle  
pretext in the wake barely moving  
depth changes deep mouth, stop, halt

louder I patrol concentric circles  
deeper circles distant crises I cross myself,  
deeper the body displaces me in the shelter of wilderness  
deeper to sink to the floor of the translation  
I crash, I sink, I sink, deeper sea bed

I hear: I must not say that I do not resist  
I resist by encircling myself  
by deceiving the opponent with tank ballast  
my panic is just a maneuver, hunting with sonar  
too long unclear what falls silent first

false language false track I babble in all directions  
I do not stand up, for I do not hide among people  
and when ivan tells me: STAND UP, I do not stand up,  
*he went up, I went up, he went down*

## about the floating bodies

this place is not a place it is frequency  
but not too much folded from sounds  
a street that through bodybody  
is no longer felt  
when the place changes  
you promise  
even if this place is so homely  
“there must be a language”  
a difficult turning maneuver  
that you think about incessantly  
what you carry within you is not a submarine  
even if you constantly change direction  
constantly no constantly  
constantly rising without respite you say  
starting point beneath the sea’s surface  
one last word before your body  
arches under the sea’s surface  
and you repeat yourself ad nauseam  
a projectile winds itself a missile  
down at the water to the target a target board  
and the ship hit you and I don’t know if what I  
just told you can be understood because you have no hearing  
no dual track your mouth buried  
your voice covered your glass broken  
recognized by the high voice all your ghosts  
running on the sea bed not even a voice  
a good voice reaches nine villages  
you know nothing, defend yourself and fall silent.

## no&but

no lightning *thunder flash* gives a flicker more from long dissipated thunderclouds  
no mole *buried in books* burrows in the wording of his ancestral sentences *in books*  
no space *in which bodies are* is more abandoned *with at least one point*  
when from it the dust *like a unit in which at all* removed the *dust*  
no storm *hidden behind the curtain* comes when it escapes from human skin to *a new settlement*  
no nest *for laying eggs and hatching* for strangers only strangers damp walls remain in the  
cellar  
no family house *isolated place* built from debris *immeasurably empty* wants to be *space*  
no exorcist crosses hands over the head while he dances offering to the gods  
on a morning where the grandfather *old father ancestor granddad grandpa nono* shakes his  
head at one  
and it was as if there was nothing else that helped what does that mean?



## double-breather

in immeasurable space  
only one  
person is needed to destroy everything

it has always been like this  
my fathers, who  
responded to the call of the blue

precise plans wild ancestors  
dozens of them, hundreds  
thousands not something someone

once all this over the landscape  
spreads fills early  
hour regrets breathes heavily

impresses a prediction of something new  
calls out to the poem: hurry up!  
only snow remains snow

with syncopations the clip snaps  
birds take off the river flows  
the drive is displaced by bodies

tail fin and class rank  
lampreys and anaspids in a closed  
body release eggs

here is the hour of great disdain  
and everything that hides itself  
into flocks upwards the heart slowly rises

and mouth dipnoi dipnoi  
my element is in the middle of duality  
where the sun never shines

and fish that no longer feel fear  
when they are struck in sleep  
become dipnoi when they split rocks

## what it wants to become

today I hear particularly clearly  
the separation of words  
in the vertical my habitat all over  
fore and aft to write writing write  
I am a writing father of the navy  
circling the earth completely underwater  
brackish water around the left eye keel  
upward open hatches the world my territory  
operations near the enemy coast  
hear: Πυρρα pyrρ pyrρhanum piran pirano  
in Saint Piran out of a thunderstorm sky cheating  
then the plot lost in the process jumped over the fence  
went belly up for the bread  
missed swam against tiktok behaved differently  
than a mountain top or pear fish Russian fish in a  
rush under an overcast sky translations increase  
their density by sentences being flooded with water they are  
like normal normal ships lighter than the surrounding  
water they sink below the word surface a war of origin:  
piranum piranom ex pirano de pirano pyranum in piranum  
through the Marshal-Tito-Street and past the hotel class  
not to get lost in Marsala and dithering on a dive  
not swimming on the surface but diving under  
dive over to the smoke-shop night-steps, ask if  
postcards as pirano still de Austria in the shipyard of  
Koper/Capodistria was in a bottomless teran  
slowly from my axolotl cave the arm drips down  
a drop in the sea perhaps a stone starts rolling  
with my own srienc-ears I hear hear in hear  
with hearing impairment with the language of the hands, the feet for  
holding the depth I wanted to describe a war and  
as in childhood in swaddling clothes in blue bandage a boat to drive  
found no differences through changes in salinity the amount  
of suspended matter and the temperature of language a tendency  
to rise or fall to loyalty or depth the difference no longer noticeable  
in a sentence in shallows slid:  
it must therefore be steered in because it did not want to become  
what it was supposed to become it wanted to become what it wants to become.

**ode to the east or translations**

impossible not to think of floods  
floods but from elsewhere

impossible not to think of choirs  
choirs but to elsewhere

impossible not to think of voices  
voices but tense:

impossible to look at one's own rolling  
where in meaning it was written to me true word

where the waves throw it the flowing  
always beautiful and excellent among the loud glasses

suddenly seeing the cheeky shipwreck  
the waves of the sea raised good things

to hear but among the people nothing is the same  
they care about King Matjaž and not about Maultasch

namely the truth rules the land of K.  
unemployed but receiving joy few about

a fight but mainly to sing  
on my tongue they all want to graze

when silent when loud when one is noble  
then tattle behind the table sleeps though

the wet back hits against the voice  
impossible to follow the queen into the sea

and feel how one's own upper arms harden  
steels the tongue feels the trident but

moves to the sea waves in hair frozen  
impossible to fingers and to peak voices

transformed into stone birds peck  
but pleasing among the people alike

my brain chirps as I but it is nothing nothing is.

*Translation generated by ChatGPT-4*



## Dušan Šarotar

### Star Chart

(excerpt from the novel)

The night before he'd leave, I would step up on the footstool and pull down the appropriate suitcase from on top of the cupboard, the smaller canvas one if he planned to stay away from home for just a few nights, or the bigger, leather one that was suitable for longer trips; only rarely did he use the big, heavy wooden suitcase, which was kept under the bed. I remember getting it ready for him only a few times. That suitcase was American-made, of sturdy wood, with metal corners, the outside was covered in leather and canvas, the inside a fine pattern in dark red fabric. He'd bought it from some emigrant with whom he had returned from America and who had sold it immediately on arriving at the station in Murska Sobota, needing money to buy himself a ticket for the remainder of his voyage. He ate a meal in the restaurant, and afterward he still a little left over. He probably had no desire of ever crossing the Atlantic again. The suitcase looked brand new, since it had only ever been on one ship. I don't know where Franc met this stranger, there were plenty of them before the war. They returned from the Promised Land, for the most part broken, sickly and disappointed, and hardly any had managed to bring back a few dollars so they could pay for a crooked roof to cover their heads; they took up trades, working as blacksmiths, fellers of trees, doing saw-work, or butchering or sewing, jobs they'd learned to do in America, and the first thing some of them did was to order a new stone cross from the stonemason for their deceased relatives, and for themselves as well, on the better, brighter part of the cemetery, on the river bank, under the linden tree or by the chapel. What really remained for them, as the only thing of value and the only reminder, were usually big suitcases pasted with the advertisements and labels of the shipping companies that they'd travelled with. For a long time they saved and stowed away linen, sheets and the fashionable, wide-lapelled double breasted suits, that had returned with them, and we too stuffed clean items into that massive suitcase. Every time Roža crouched under the bed and lugged the suitcase by its smooth wooden handle out over the shiny floor and into the light to fill it with freshly washed undergarments, a white tablecloth for Sunday lunch, or take her silk blouse out of it, no doubt remembering their wedding in Murska Sobota, since Franc had bought the blouse not long after that, maybe it will be good for a honeymoon trip, he said, we'll go when you've picked the right route. Roža sighed and just remarked, kneeling before the open suitcase, how heavy it was, maybe she regretted never having travelled anywhere with her husband. It's true they had to put off the first journey because she was pregnant, and later they'd put it off for various other reasons, mostly due to Roža, I think. Well, the first time I packed the suitcase was when Franc went on a long trip somewhere to Germany. At that time I examined it thoroughly, since it truly was beautiful and special, and you couldn't see anything like it at our little station in Šalovci, perhaps only in a catalogue from a boutique in Murska Sobota that I'd never been to. And then perhaps I packed it again when he travelled by boat over some sea, let me think, said Žalna.

[...]

The first place Franc sought out in any foreign place, or so we at home imagined, was the post office, and especially Roža and I said this in the presence of the child, in order to more readily

refresh the memory of his beloved father, who had to make a real effort to call home from another town, or so we told Evgen, even as we were inventing the story at the same time. We'd say that father announced to the official clerk a trunk call for the Šalovci post office, the operator would switch the line and waited for the clerk in our post office to respond and to accept the call.

The large telephone hangs from the wall by the wooden counter, with its heavy black receiver, bells and the round rotary dial with numbers from 0 to 9, a clock hanging above it, opposite the entrance, in the middle of the freshly painted white wall hangs a picture in a black frame, a portrait of young King Peter II. It's quiet in the office, there's a scent of moisture and lime, the afternoon sun beats against the grey façade, the beaming light penetrates into the room through the high window, the air is thick, the humidity pressing, the double entry doors are wide open, but the atmosphere is restful, nothing moves, neither inside nor out. Around two in the afternoon, as the telephonist and manager of the Šalovci post office, Anica Singer, immediately and dutifully notes in her book of calls received, the phone rings shrilly again, the third time today, and its tiny little hammer with a spring constantly tolls the two zinc-covered bells. The day is unusually heavy and hot, even though it's barely June, thinks Anica, that's why my head hurts. She can feel her tiny fingers swelling as she grasps a fountain pen, slowly scraping it against the paper, writing addresses and counting parcels, accepting packages and arranging documents, counting and recounting money and carrying letters and small envelopes to the train station, giving the big canvas bag to the station manager, who safely locks it up in his office. Later the mail is taken by the first train to Murska Sobota, and there at the station the courier retrieves the items and takes them to the main post office, where they are sorted and dispatched, so the packages and letters travel quickly and safely, especially the international and above all the overseas post, mostly to and from France and America. The post comes from everywhere and travels everywhere our people, primarily emigrants and seasonal workers, live. Much official post comes from Maribor, also from Zagreb, but mostly from Belgrade, where all decisions about politics, taxes, and recruiting are made.

Anica Singer is energetic and nimble on the job, and she has been sitting here since the office's grand opening in 1934, an event that was immortalized by the local photographer Schönauer. It was just a few days before the New Year, when she was just getting used to this important and demanding job, and she accepted a few official telephone calls from Murska Sobota, felicitations on the opening of the office and the first telephone congratulations in her life, for the new year of 1935, which is of course something she'll never forget. She has saved the photograph and the official greeting card in an envelope in a drawer under the counter.

But today her eyes are misted, she is shivering, a cold sweat runs over her, and her grey dress with the large starched collar is sweat stained. She can hardly hold herself upright, it seems to her as if her weak body is laden down by an unknown weight, as if she were lying in a heavy winter coat in a narrow bathtub filled up to her neck with hot water. She was breathing in slow and shallow breaths, and although it suffocates her, she should have gotten up and taken a few deep breaths to fill her lungs, but she couldn't move. It seems to her that she could at least get to her feet, she wasn't entirely without strength, but she lacked the will, it vaporized, withered like a rose, even if the stem is hard and it also had a thorn, if somebody were to look at her or address her. It would be best just to close the office ahead of time, shut the windows

and rest there in the dark and by herself, she could slip out the back door, sit on the grass in the shade, but her thoughts are running ever more slowly, she can't think clearly, she is stuck in her routine work, even though she is behind in her counting and letter stamping. She knows that she should soon stop working and clear her desk, but she still has a great pile of envelopes in front of her, untied packages, and especially she still has to close the cash register, which worries her most of all because she never likes to leave uncounted money in the till.

He put on a thin light suit, a short coat and a grey hat, everything he needed for business meetings, he carried a small leather suitcase, documents, catalogues, bank books and securities. Then Franc sat alone for a long time, off by himself under the old bushy plane trees. The light was soft, as if the city air, saturated with traffic and human hustle and bustle, was darkened by the grey-green shade that rose above the slowly flowing Sava and hovering over Zagreb. There was the quiet fading of an era, and he was suddenly struck by a thought, he didn't know whether he'd just read it somewhere, maybe heard it, or overheard a word that slipped out during a discreet conversation at a neighbouring table, he had the feeling that the sun was suddenly shining through the branches and warming him. He put down his coat, even though he often felt cold even on summer evenings when he and his wife would sit on the veranda or in the garden he'd have a woollen sweater on, and now that he had warmed up a bit and fortified himself with a healthy mug, he felt relaxed. The tension and haste, which he was of course used to, since it was always present in business, it only escalated with important and long-term decisions. He knew where the limit was, what was financially sustainable, most importantly, what sort of move was risky, and he was especially careful when dealing with securities, non-cash remittances and bills of exchange, though he could not completely avoid such things. When he needed money for an investment, for example, when purchasing a large quantity of construction material or hardware, he would have to pay for goods himself and store them, only later handing over the freight car or even more material to the final buyer, payment would then be delayed, and often he himself would play the role of intermediary for imports from nearby countries, Czech lands, Hungary, Austria, or exporting goods, but in such instances it was best to insure the business. He never took too many risks or endangered his or the family's property. He always set something aside, made prudent deals and wisely invested in the land, in the forests he managed, and precious metals, for his gold reserve. He'd seen with his own eyes that the world was becoming increasingly uncertain, which was evident in the increasingly aggressive and uncompromising struggles in the market, people who had once been savvy traders and businessmen had turned savage, there was no value to anything anymore, the price was all that mattered. He encountered more and more such people, who would sell their very soul, if he was willing to offer them a gold coin for it.

Sell your soul, and you can never buy it back. It is completely exhausted, it sullies itself and is trodden down like last year's snow.

He thought, it's not like I'm in any hurry, he felt that he'd been successful. He was overwhelmed by a pleasant and unfamiliar feeling, as if he were merging with the pleasant atmosphere that pervaded the city park, and mostly it was as if he were an active part of something greater, even if only insignificant and fleeting, yet, he breathed in harmony with something great and lasting that infinitely transcended him. He felt the warm, pleasant June



air, he perceived an at first inconspicuous harmony, which revealed itself to him in a sudden flash, as a release of tension in the electrified clouds, and he knew that there was only infinite blueness above him. Everything was budding, growing and changing, and he was partaking of this eternal incomprehensible, mysterious wave, and he felt, as he would later remember, that he was experiencing something beautiful, although it was not merely pleasing, since there was no comfort in this experience; on the contrary, it was close to the dizziness that characterizes any voyage or majestic view from a height. He observes and marvels at the big houses with their tall windows and beautiful, their ornate facades, semi-circular balconies with wrought iron railings, and their frescoes with angels and fauns, everywhere motifs of abundance and restrained pleasure, grapes, sunflowers, exotic fruit trees, lion heads, titanic bodies and female figures wrapped in veils, carved from white stone, but above all the murmur of deep wells and birds high in the air, with only ethereal air between them, a feeling of freedom, of complete freedom, and this fills him with hope that he has beautiful days ahead, that the journey will be pleasant, that he will be able to see some more sights, the synagogue and the zoo, that he will take the funicular and enjoy the view of the streets, the squares, the parks and the bell towers. He'll stroll through the town, no umbrella, and changing trains and waiting at stations will be more pleasant, he had been looking forward to sitting, aimlessly perambulating and wandering near train stations, reading newspapers, having lunch, treating himself to a mug of beer in the restaurant's garden. He was full of plans and ideas, but without concrete goals and intended effects, only ideas, nameless places and indefinite time, in which only memories are possible, images that assert themselves into consciousness, coming and going like birds or trains, or perhaps he dreamed, planned a great journey, only to put it off the next moment, change it, and forget it without regret. He no longer thought of the heavy luggage he had always travelled with, he was relieved of thoughts of fear of loss or theft, the arduous waiting and searching for connections to continue his travels, the dirt, the noise and the unkindness of remote inns and lodgings, the anxious wanderings through foreign cities, the search for post offices that had a telephone connection, scribbling and fabricating experiences in letters and sending deceptive accounts on pretty postcards, and most of all, constant worries and disappointments in doing business. Suddenly there were no more unpleasant meetings, crafty traders, no more counting profits and loss prevention, for now he is alone with his thoughts, in the middle of a living world that can't possess him, now they can't take anything away from him, now he doesn't owe anyone anything anymore. He is surrounded only by his loved ones, he talks to friendly hoteliers, travels with polite companions, in short, business is done, he is looking forward to the journey home, and the time he has left is for the first time really his own.

He listens to the slow sliding of the tram, the driver has just rung the bell and the tram cars are about to rumble forth, the windows in the carriages are down, the children are in shorts, the ladies in lovely coats, the men with hats and bags, their large baskets and bags full of vegetables, they have come from Dolac Market, he thinks, on the other side a line of cars, black, grey, and snow-white, circling around the park, as if aimless.

Franc reads a newspaper, turns over the large leaves, stops for a moment to ponder a photograph, in the foreground is a bored man in a long leather coat, he notices large, black and cold eyes and a tiny moustache on a bony face, covered with a large officer's hat, gloves clenched between fists, and he immediately recognizes the elegant and mighty silhouette of

the tower in the background, which marks the scene of a large and beautiful city. We must also travel to Paris, he thought, before again being disturbed by birdsong and the hustle and bustle of the road, and now no longer waiting on the bench in front of the padded door. The meeting in a spacious and bright office overlooking the city park is just another anxious memory. They sat him down at a long, polished table that reflected the heavy crystal chandelier in its gleaming surface, a mighty wall clock in the background with its endlessly tic-tocking gold pendulum. A bluish cloud floated slowly through the air, probably someone had just been here a little while ago, they were smoking during the meeting, the tobacco smells of ripe figs and old cognac, he thinks, I heard nothing; as I sat in front of the door, everything in the office and in the long and winding hallways, in fact everywhere, was immersed in a respectful, intense silence, rare and muffled words that escaped someone melted into the noise of a large fountain in the inner courtyard.

Everything was agreed upon and arranged at the specified time, just as he had imagined it. He was briefly left alone in the office to look around in peace and prepare for the conversation, and he walked over to the high window, the heavy burgundy curtains were drawn apart, the curtains, of a type he had only ever seen in the theatre, fell from the ceiling to the polished parquet, and there were light curtains of thick white weave fastened at the sides with a ribbon, and the light enveloped his face and shoulders. Clutching his hat in his hand, he left the bag of documents on the table. He leant forward slightly and touched the pane with his forehead. On the other side of the paved road in the shade of plane trees he sees white tables and chairs, a waiter in a black suit carries a silver tray, now, sitting at the table he has chosen, he gazes blissfully in the direction of the window, where he stood alone less than an hour ago. He seems to be standing there still, he just saw a table in the park across the street, now he knows as he remembers what will happen to the man, but the one standing upstairs in front of the window doesn't know it yet. The two men look exactly alike, the same, but one is real, the other is a memory. Did that clerk who entered the office through the smaller door on the other side, gave a kindly greeting, and placed a folder on the table with papers that just needed signing, know who was who? Did he ask himself, even doubting which signatory was real and which was fictional, created from memory and imagination?

*Translated by Jason Blake*