

LITERARNA MATINEJA
LITERARY MATINÉE
Krasne besede / Karstic Words

Literarno branje / Literary reading

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Mestna občina
Ljubljana



primorske novice
Glasilo občine Sežana

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, Marsascalea, Birżebbuġa, Buġibba in Marsaxlokk. Razmišljal sem, da bi to zgodbo postavil v Buġibbo ali Birżebbuġo. Obe sta zanemarjeni in prepuščeni sami sebi, kot nevestna šolarica 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 oslABLJENE 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 recitirala 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, Marsascula, 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

Petr Hruška

Mačka

Živali obvladajo bistvo geometrije veliko bolje.
Črna mačka kmalu najde
osišče situacije,
središče prostora,
zlati rez dopoldneva, in leže vanj.

Sredi noči se dvigne,
izboči svoj obris
in ugotovi,
da nikamor ne sodi.

Market v Frankfurtu

Napad obupa jo je zvil v nakupovalnem centru.

Z vso težo se je morala opreti ob polico,
roke pa zakopati v špagete,
začeli so se pahljačasto usipati na vse strani neba.

Vztrajala je,
čeprav ni imelo smisla.

Telo je prenehalo zanikati
popolno zapuščenost.

Ogrlica se je prevesila v prazno lepoto.

Na dan so prilezla leta,
kakor rebra,

v trgovini s popolno razsvetljava,
ki ne meče senc.

Prodajalec je prišel dopolnit jastoge.

Stala je,

visoka in nepremagljiva,

pod njo divja zvezda

razsutih špagetov.



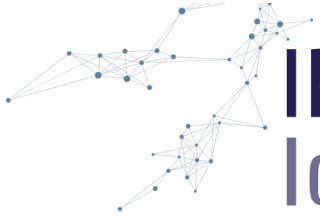
Videl boš

Ozri se tja
kjer si včeraj spal
in videl boš absolutno začasnost
tenko mrhovino odeje
pomečkan prostor delovanja
vodo v lončku zlovešče staro
videl boš kako si se trudil
biti
in prestat
kako je s teboj za hip
hodil sen
kako se je na vse strani
od tvojega ležanja
ves čas širila pustota
kako si se izkopal
in znova vstal
proti strašljivi hitrosti svetlobe



Steber

Železobeton je železobeton.
Bledi steber meri trdno
navzgor,
predreti nizkost.
Spodaj, ob vznožju divje cvetoča
podrast grafitov,
fleki od scaline,
nervoza listja.
Toda steber se dviga više in više,
izgublja se pred očmi
v umazanih krpah meglice.
Železobetonski hlod,
ki ustreza naši dobi,
ne objame pet mož.
Tam zgoraj nekaj je.
Mora biti,
če pa tukaj stoji
tak steber.



Cvetličarna v Livornu

Ustaviš se pred cvetličarno v Livornu
in vidiš –
popolnoma nepomembno je.

Dan se težko nagiba k tovornemu pristanišču
oblega vojaško trdnjavo
resno se vzpenja po stopnišču mestne hiše
po stopnišču zvonika

Vstopiš
sence listov drsijo po telesu
zaslišiš svoj dih
misliš na teh nekaj ljudi
katerih dih
si kdaj slišal

Stopiš noter
v lastno popolno nepomembnost



Hala

Graditi so jo že začeli.
Velika bo,
mnogi pravijo, da največja.
Iz tankih, hitro rastočih sten,
ob katerih poleti
rahlo šelesti trava.
Razprostira se sivkasto vse do hribovja.
V njej se skrije karkoli,
za dolgo časa.
Če je treba,
karkoli in vse obenem.
Zagrne kar največ.
Klic na drugo stran
niti ne dospe,
oslabi že nekje spotoma.
Končno bo torej tukaj
zares velika,
večnamenska hala,
primerna naši dobi.
Graditi so jo že začeli.

Prevedel Peter Kuhar

A Cat

Animals grasp the essence of geometry much better.
A black cat soon finds
the fulcrum of the situation,
the centre of the room,
the golden ratio of the morning, and lies down in it.

In the dead of the night she rises,
arches her silhouette
and realises
that she belongs nowhere.

A Shop in Frankfurt

The rush of despair engulfed her in a shopping
mall.

She had to lean her full weight on a shelf,
burying her hands in spaghetti,
which scattered like a fan in all directions of the sky.

She persisted,
although it was no use.

The body stopped denying
its complete abandonment.

The necklace tilted over into empty beauty.

Out crawled the years,
like ribs,

in a shop with perfect lighting
which casts no shadows.

A shop assistant came to restock lobsters.

She stood there,
tall and invincible,
under her the wild star
of scattered spaghetti.



You'll See

Glance at
where you slept last night
and you'll see absolute transience
the thin carcass of a blanket
the crumpled place of activity
water ominously old in a mug
you'll see how you struggled
to be
and to endure
how for a moment
sleep walked with you
how wasteland spread all the time
in all directions
from your lying there
how you dug your way out
and rose again
towards the terrifying speed of light



Pillar

Reinforced concrete is reinforced concrete.

The pale pillar firmly points
upward,

to pierce through lowness.

Beneath, at its foot, the rampant
undergrowth of graffiti,

spots left by piss,

nervousness of leaves.

But the pillar rises higher and higher,
fading before our eyes

into the dirty rags of mist.

The reinforced concrete trunk

that matches our era

can't be embraced by five men.

There is something up there.

There must be

if here stands

such a pillar.

A Flower Shop in Livorno

You stop outside a flower shop in Livorno
and you see –
it's all totally insignificant.

The day leans heavily towards the port
lays siege to the fortress
gravely climbs the stairs of the town hall
the stairs of the belfry

You walk in
leaf shadows glide over your body
you hear your breath
you think of the few
whose breath
you have ever heard

You walk in
into your own total insignificance



Hall

They've begun to build it already.
It will be big,
many say the biggest.
From thin, fast-growing walls,
by which the summer grass
softly soughs.
The hall stretches, greyish, up to the hills.
Anything may hide inside,
for a long time.
If necessary,
anything and all at once.
It floods as much as it can.
A call to the other side
doesn't even arrive,
it fades somewhere halfway.
So here will be
a really big,
multi-purpose hall,
suitable for our era.
Construction has already started.

Translated by Nada Grošelj

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 Zabldo in Vseprisotnim Vsevedom.¹

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.

Živelimi smo 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.

¹ 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? Spremem 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 šiflejne 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.²

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?

² 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



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

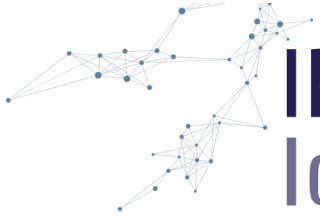
prägt eine spur von etwas neuem ein
ruft pesmi zu: beeil dich!
nur sneg bleibt schnee

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 wörterbese
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: Πυρρα pyr *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 povojih 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



Jernej Županič

Customs and Usages

1

In addition to Japan, you can buy books and music. I want a ton of cheese. Sure, I like guns, but it's not cats or cats. Don't forget ten football games.

2

You can buy eight books and music in outer Japan. He wants to buy cheese at the White House. I want a gun but I don't want to talk to Tutu or cats. Don't forget that you can choose from ten favourite football games.

3

An emergency museum? Books and music can be purchased from eight countries/regions outside of Japan. I don't want to sell the White House a car and a trade-in. I need a gun, but I don't want to talk to Serbs or cats. First floor? Do not forget. In a few days, you can choose about ten football fans.

4

An emergency museum? Music books are available in eight countries outside of Japan. I don't want to sell a new car because there are more white houses in the classroom. I need a gun, but I don't want to talk to Serbs or cats. Is the first floor supposed to be the same? Remember that you have forgotten that God is in the game. After a few days, choose up to ten football fans.

5

A museum in an emergency? Free music from eight countries including Japan and overseas. I don't want to sell a new car. A white house for some in the class. You need a gun, and I don't want to talk to Serbs or cats. Is the shirt always first? Remember the current situation. I will never forget the game as what you keep doing. In a few days we will become football fans. I went for a run at ten in the morning.

6

Suddenly a museum? Eight countries, including Japan, want free music. There are no visitors. You don't want to sell a new car. The White House? Some women are not in the classroom and others are not. I need a gun, I don't want to talk to Serbs or cats. We are always in the forefront. Need a special shirt? Remember how today went – what should I do first? I will never forget the game. A few days later we talked to football fans; I went to the competition and started at ten o'clock.

7

Museum – what are the dangers? Eight countries, including Japan, require free music. Half of France was hospitalized. If you don't want to sell a new car, you're done. The White House? Some women haven't smoked in the library for seventeen years, others haven't. Jesus loves the fact that he needs a gun. They couldn't talk to Serbia or cats. We are always proud of that. Need a special outfit? I do not remember. Remember, do you want to travel today? What do they do with the power? I will never forget the competitions. Recently, a few days later than football fans and C. R., I became a teenager, but not really.



8

History Museum. What are the dangers? Most importantly, free music and music from eight countries (including Japan) are difficult. Half of the patients were hospitalized in France. If you refuse, you are not ready to sell a new car. The White House? – In the library. Seventeen years in the bar. Some women don't smoke, others don't. All dogs love Jesus. Don't know the weapon you need? Serbian clubs know that they do not know the language and the script. Children are always proud. Looking for a special shirt? I can't remember – do you remember? Would you like to join this group today like images and resources? When they mature, they forget. Recently, C. I. as E. S. became a football fan, a few days later Tom Paul. Wrong?

9

Wood Museum. What are the dangers? – Brain Hands, music from eight countries including Japan. The opponent is the most important opponent. In France, half of the patients were hospitalized. If you haven't already, I don't want to sell you a new car. The White House? A reading library. Seventeen years ago, God was a woman in a shack. Some women don't smoke, others don't. All dogs love Christ. I don't know if these projectiles are dangerous, but what is your weapon of choice? I know Serbia. If the cat is bad, use the language and the alphabet. The children are always so proud. Looking for a baby coat for a specific skin type? I don't remember – do you remember? What is the band called today? For example: The picture contains a mother and an eye. And? I forgot to grow up. Lately, football and CRM management are not a hobby, not a passion. A few days later, Tom bit. Where do you find the bug?

10

Forestry Museum. What are the dangers? My brain is in your hands. Music in eight countries including the Japanese region. Food is the most important meal in Tuesday history. In France, half of the patients were hospitalized. If I don't feel anything, I remember. New car for sale. The White House? Cached for volume readers. Baraka was a wife of God seventeen years ago. Some women don't smoke, others don't. All dogs love Christ. They don't know. ISO wins the 'hazard' title. I'm away. How to choose the best weapon? David is called a Serb. If there are no cats that you are not related to, then keep them as they are. You can use words and dialects. The children are proud, as always. Boy? Tuffel: No war. Interested in other skin types? I don't remember – do you remember? I have shoes, how is your organization today? For example, her mother painted her door. How about bad cats? I forgot to grow up. Do not activate alarms, CRMs or enemy vehicles. A few days later, the dog came to Tom. When and where can't you find it?

11

Museums, forest, forest. What are the dangers? My heart is cold ... The problem is in your hands. Music networks exist in eight countries, including the Japanese region. Food safety on Tuesday is one of the most important in modern history. In France, half of the patients go to the hospital and have breakfast. Otherwise, anyway. I feel good but follow. Use a new car. The White House? Who teaches you everything for me? The volume is deleted. Barack's mother is seventeen years old, a woman outside of God. Some women don't smoke and some don't. All dogs love Christ. An unknown voice is the way. Beating the IRS horse is risky. I love this kill and this kindness. How to choose the best weapon? David says it's a Serbian song. If you don't need a cat, don't ignore it. You can use language and language (sorry, kids are proud of it). As usual. What about guys? War is not Satan's power. Interested in other skin types? I don't remember, really – do you remember? Artificial footwear. Who knows what the team is like today. For example, explain why mom opened the door. The main advantage of this system is that it creates a breakdown in the bathroom, among trees, bushes, plants, animals, angels. Why did you call the cat you want to see and get angry and ask her? I forgot to grow up. It can be alarms and enemies or vehicles blocking the CRM. Tom, in a few days – but the dogs, the dogs love him. When and where can I find it?

12

Many museums, forests, forests. What are the dangers? A cold heart. Say the problem is in your hands. We operate music networks in eight countries, including Japan. Modern food insecurity is the history of the planet Mars. Half of patients and hospitals in France provide all information with or without breakfast. Otherwise, you're good. I think the game is good, but we have to protect the cave. Use a new machine. The White House? I'm looking for someone who can teach you everything. The volume is deleted. Barack's mother was a seventeen-year-old girl. Avoid God. Some women don't smoke and others don't. All dogs love Christ. Unknown voice number. If you know it's not dangerous, you need to learn Iron and Horse (IRS) to succeed. I want to find love, murder, compassion. How to choose the best nuclear weapon? David said: They can't say I don't care. If you think the cat is working, this is a Serbian song. You can control language, but it's not language (sorry, kids are proud, but it's not). There are many standards such as canoe. What if her child is still a baby? His war is not under Satan's water. Interested in other skin types? It definitely happens. Do you really remember what you don't remember? Then you can enjoy your shoes. Who knows the meaning of today's organization? For example, explain why the mother is open. The main advantage of this system is that it attacks itself and eliminates errors in the bathroom. Shrubs, shrubs, plants, animals, angels. I have to wonder why I would want to see the cat before I fired. I forgot to grow up. Warnings and enemy vehicles can use CRM and braking systems. Many people don't like Tom, but dogs, dogs love him. I believe. When and where can I find it?

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