



IDIOT

IDIOT	
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HORIZON OF POWER

We don't expect anything, because  
we're used to nothing ever coming.

When nothing comes, we'll be here.

UP

It's irrelevant,  
said someone that I know.  
Your poems are irrleevant.  
Art needs other things.  
Art doesn't need anything.  
I would like to match.

KP

I believe in the mechanistic nature  
of the universe, which is to say, I  
believe in everything that wants  
to destroy me, and dismiss as  
spiritual hogwash all the things  
that could offer me peace.

JB

XXX

Give me a future to fight against  
Give me tenderness and you'll give me form

The trembling of the hand  
Against the frail window of the metro

This gaping hole which makes me write  
This gaping hole between us

THP

HORIZONT MOČI

Ničesar ne pričakujemo, ker  
smo vajeni, da nič ne pride.

Ko nič ne pride, bomo tu.

UP

Nepomembno je,  
je rekel nekdo, ki ga poznam.  
Tvoje pesmi so nepomembne.  
Umetnost potrebuje druge stvari.  
Umetnost ne potrebuje ničesar.  
V tem bi ji bila rada podobna.

KP

Verjamem v mehanistično  
naravo veselja, se pravi,  
verjamem v to, kar me hoče  
uničiti, in odmislim kot  
spiritualen čvek vse stvari, ki bi  
mi lahko ponudile mir.

JB

XXX

Daj mi prihodnost, da se borim proti njej  
Daj mi nežnost in dobil bom obliko

Drget roke  
Proti krhkemu steklu vlaka

Ta zev, ki me žene, da pišem  
Ta zev med nama

THP

# katja perat

TRANSLATION  
PREVOD  
JASMIN B. FRELIH

## AND I'M MAKING ART

It is said that people quietly  
endeavor to die, because everything organic  
strives to become inorganic,  
and all movement strives towards  
no longer being movement.  
Things fall apart because they wish  
to be left alone.

Sad people surrender,  
as medieval towns surrender.  
After drawn out sieges. Arduously.  
Under their own terms.  
They can't handle the burden. Guilt and gloom  
are justly shared  
by everybody present.

To decline doesn't help,  
To be heartless is useful,  
even if psychoanalysts claim,  
that to renounce desire is to die beforehand.  
I find it hard to face mirrors. They force me to  
confront and mercilessly hate my face.  
This separates me from beautiful people,  
who can afford malice and fury, without  
losing anything; loved and insured in advance.

There are truthful people, who can manage clarity,  
without constantly reminding themselves,  
that no untrue thing has ever been beautiful.  
They don't avoid their sadness and when confronting

## IN DELAM UMETNOST

Govori se, da si ljudje po tihem  
prizadevamo za smrt, ker vse organsko  
teži k temu, da bi spet postalo anorgansko  
in vsako gibanje teži k temu,  
da ne bi bilo več gibanje.  
Stvari razpadejo, ker si želijo,  
da bi se jih pustilo pri miru.

Žalostni ljudje se predajajo,  
kot se predaja srednjeveška mesta.  
Po dolgih obleganjih. Stežka.  
Samo pod lastnimi pogoji.  
Ne zdržijo bremena. Krivda in žalost  
se pravično razdelita  
med vse, ki so zraven.

Da odklanjaš, ne pomaga,  
če si brez srca, je koristno,  
čeprav psihoanalitiki pravijo, da vnaprej umre,  
kdor se odreče želji. Težko se srečujem  
v ogledalih, ki me silijo v soočenje  
in neusmiljeno sovraštvo do svojega obraza.  
To me loči od lepih ljudi, ki si lahko privoščijo  
objestnost in togoto, ne da bi s tem kaj  
izgubili; zavarovani in ljubljeni vnaprej.

So resnicoljubni ljudje, ki zmorejo jasnost,  
ne da bi se nenehno opominjali,  
da še nobena neresnična reč ni bila lepa.  
Ne izogibajo se svoji žalosti in v soočenjih

their failures, they say with a certain calm:  
I am aware that I have been abandoned. You are  
outside my reach. There is no sense in  
insistence. Nobody loves when it is  
required.

But these people have learned things  
I am not able to. We are separated  
by a weakness, disguised as a sense of honor,  
which converts everything, by touching, into theory.  
And when it gets truly unbearable, I can only,  
in an exaggerated squeamish manner, wait for  
rain that would align the weather with my mood.

There is a certain grace in bailing yourself out  
with art. Grace, in which you speak,  
liberated from a single-point of view's constraint,  
that prevents speech and points out the ineptitude,  
that you never really avoid,  
unfit to survive the exposure  
required by being human.

Grace and affection demand strain  
and it's true - for me, nothing is ever easy.  
It is irrelevant,  
said someone that I know.  
Your poems are irrelevant.  
Art needs other things.  
Art doesn't need anything.  
I would like to match.

s svojimi porazi z določeno mirnostjo rečejo:  
Zavedam se, da sem bil zapuščen. Zunaj  
mojega dosega si. Nobenega smisla ni v  
prepričevanju. Nihče ne ljubi, kadar se od njega  
zahteva.

Toda ti ljudje so se naučili stvari,  
ki jih ne zmorem. Od njih me ločuje  
nemoč, zakrinkana v občutek za čast,  
ki vse, česar se dotakne, predela v teorijo.  
In kadar zares postane neznosno, je vse, kar lahko,  
da v pretirano rahločutni maniri čakam na  
dež, ki bi uskladil vreme z mojim razpoloženjem.

Določena milost je v tem, da se rešiš  
v umetnost. Milost, v kateri govoriš  
razrešen prisile enega samega pogleda,  
ki onemogoča govor in opozarja na nesposobnost,  
ki se ji nikdar zares ne izogneš,  
nepripravljen preživeti izpostavljanje,  
ki ga zahteva to, da si človek.

Milina in naklonjenost terjata napor  
in res je, da zame ni nič nikdar zlahka.  
Nepomembno je,  
je rekel nekdo, ki ga poznam.  
Tvoje pesmi so nepomembne.  
Umetnost potrebuje druge stvari.  
Umetnost ne potrebuje ničesar.  
V tem bi ji bila rada podobna.

ENGELS

I can say with certainty,  
that the only man who could love me without  
forcing himself,  
is Friedrich Engels.

There is a silent treaty among subordinates;  
that at all times of the day,  
without obligation,  
and without a shutterbug, who would cram that  
moment into eternity,  
they can place their heads into each other’s lap,  
and summon comfort.

I go to the bathroom  
to fix my hair and smudged mascara.  
I bump into a flock escaped from history text-books.  
They drift in a long line along the narrow hallway.  
They jostle past each other,  
as if there was revelation at the end, or at least some  
blueberry pie.

I feel uncomfortable,  
when Robespierre grabs my collar and pushes me up  
against the wall,  
so my feet dangle ten centimeters above the ground.  
Angry lad.

So much blood spilled for freedom of speech, and  
now we’re all silent.  
Nobody feels a sense of calling.  
We’re making out with other losers in corners.  
Nobody wants to lay out a plan for a better tomorrow.  
There is no überman  
that would suddenly appear and save the day.

I feel sorry for Robespierre.  
His essay against capital punishment was good.  
I move along his face with the edge of my palm.  
He is not beautiful and he was wrong many times.  
Yet I am full of compassion, when he stands before  
me so upset.

ENGELS

Z gotovostjo lahko rečem,  
Da je edini moški, ki bi me lahko ljubil, ne da bi se  
silit s tem,  
Friedrich Engels.

Med drugouvrščenimi obstaja tihi dogovor,  
Da lahko drug drugemu ob vseh trenutkih dneva  
Brez obveze  
In brez fotografa, ki bi trenutek tlačil v večnost,  
Položijo glavo v naročje  
In zahtevajo toplino.

Na stranišče grem,  
Da bi si popravila frizuro in razmazano maskaro.  
Zaletim se v trop pobeglih iz zgodovinskih učbenikov.  
V dolgi vrsti jih nese po ozkem hodniku.  
Drenjajo se drug mimo drugega,  
Kot bi jih na koncu čakalo razodetje ali vsaj  
borovničeva pita.

Neprijetno mi je,  
Ko me Robespierre prime za ovratnik in me dvigne ob  
steni,  
Da z nogami bingljam deset centimetrov nad tlemi.  
Jezan fant.

Toliko krvi za svobodo govora, in zdaj smo vsi tihi.  
Nihče se ne čuti poklicanega.  
Po kotih se mečkamo z drugimi zgubami.  
Nihče ne bi predlagal svojega načrta za boljši jutri.  
Nobenega nadčloveka ni nikjer,  
Ki bi se iznenada pojavil in rešil stvar.

Žal mi je za Robespierra.  
Tisti njegov spis proti smrtni kazni je bil dober.  
Z robom dlani grem ob njegovem obrazu.  
Ni lep in velikokrat se je zmotil.  
Vendar sem polna sočutja, ko tako razburjen stoji  
pred mano.  
Pred zakonom sva enaka,  
A treba mu bo razložiti,  
Da ima enakost, kot vse na svetu,

We are equal before law,  
but he needs explaining,  
that equality, as all on Earth,  
has its limit, one that is thin and hardly visible.  
He can’t take me with him.  
I go back to Friedrich –  
there is nothing great about him.  
I seek refuge in his kind subordination,  
as orthodox Jews seek refuge in the shadow of His  
wings.

DECONSTRUCT ME

I  
(with my libertine relation to reality)  
Am a kind of perfection.

Golden dreams of the avant-garde,  
Dismantled identity,  
Victory of a useless complication,  
A girl turned into a washing machine,  
The cut up body,  
Strewn across the desert –

This is what we fought for,  
This is the kingdom  
That prevailed over fascism,  
I am your victory.  
Thanks.

I don’t need attention,  
I don’t demand love,  
We’re fair and square with the universe,  
It owes me no favor.

I am the made-up perfection,  
I am the infinity of made-up perfections,  
That demand infinite upkeep,  
I am, what I am  
I am, what I know  
I am, what I’ve fought for,  
I am, what I turn away from,

Nekje svojo mejo, ki je tenka in komaj vidna.  
Ne more me vzeti s sabo.  
Vračam k Friedrichu –  
Nič velikega ni na njem.  
Zatekam se k njegovi dobrotljivi drugorazrednosti,  
Kot se pravoverni Judje zatekajo v senco Njegovih  
peruti.

DEKONSTRUIRAJ ME

Jaz  
(s svojim svobodomiselnim odnosom do resničnosti)  
Sem neka popolnost.

Zlate sanje avantgardistov  
Razstavljena identiteta,  
Zmagoslavje nekoristne komplikacije,  
Dekle, ki se je spremenilo v pralni stroj,  
Razkosano telo,  
Raztreseno po puščavi –

Za to smo se borili,  
To je kraljestvo,  
Ki je obračunalo s fašizmom,  
Jaz sem vaša zmaga.  
Hvala.

Ne potrebujem pozornosti,  
Ne zahtevam ljubezni,  
Z vesoljem sva poravnala račune,  
Nobenih uslug mi ne dolguje.

Sem izmišljena popolnost,  
Sem neskončno izmišljenih popolnosti,  
Ki zahtevajo neskončno vzdrževanje,  
Sem, kar sem,  
Sem, kar znam,  
Sem, kar sem si izborila,  
Sem, od česar se obračam,

I am, what I'm facing toward  
I am, what has been ascribed to me,  
I am, what slides past unnoticed.

Deconstruct me,  
This is the only intimate plea that I can make,  
Deconstruct me,  
Take me out of literature,  
And ready me for love.

UNDERSTANDING DISTANCE

Literature raises impossible demands:  
Write a poem about Italy  
Because it is beautiful and important  
And it binds you with all that is  
Sublime in art  
Or write a poem about getting laid  
Because they all must understand  
How changed love will forever be  
Once it passed through your hands.

You have to go very far  
Or use very demanding tools  
So that things like fronts of churches  
Or landscapes' reliefs  
Gain meaning  
Be merciless  
Force beauty to become unbinding  
It must allow being gazed upon from a distance  
It must demand nothing for itself  
Think like owners of large factories  
Or as encyclopédistes  
Or as a sovereign  
You must practice evasion,  
Until they are outlined:  
Homesickness in Bologna,  
Reverie in Naples,  
Improper footwear in Florence  
And tooth-ache in Rome  
As well as the temperature of skin,  
Expressions on faces and the vigilance of people,

Sem, proti čemur sem obrnjena,  
Sem, kar mi pripisujete,  
Sem, kar neopaženo zdrsne mimo.

Dekonstruiraj me,  
To je edina intimna zahteva, ki jo lahko postavim,  
Dekonstruiraj me,  
Vzemi me iz literature  
In me pripravi za ljubezen.

RAZUMETI RAZDALJO

Literatura postavlja nekaj nemogočih zahtev  
Kot napisati pesem o Italiji,  
Ker je lepa in pomembna  
In te zveže z vsem,  
Kar je v umetnosti vzvišenega  
Ali napisati pesem o tem, kako se daješ dol,  
Ker morajo vsi razumeti,  
Kako spremenjena bo za vselej ljubezen,  
Odkar je šla skozi tvoje roke.

Treba je iti zelo daleč  
Ali uporabiti zelo zahtevna orodja,  
Da stvari kot pročelja cerkva  
Ali relief pokrajine  
Pridobijo na pomenu,  
Biti neusmiljen,  
Prisiliti lepoto, da je nezavezjuoča,  
Da se pusti opazovati z razdalje,  
Da ničesar ne zahteva zase,  
Misliti kot lastniki velikih tovarn,  
Kot enciklopedisti,  
Kot oblast,  
Treba se je vaditi v odmikanju,  
Dokler se ne izrišejo  
Domotožje v Bologni,  
Zamaknjenost v Neaplju,  
Neprimerna obutev v Firencah  
In zobobol v Rimu  
Pa tudi temperatura kože,  
Izrazi na obrazih in čuječnost ljudi,

Besides whom you wake up,  
Classified, placed, controlled.

It serves you well,  
Understanding distance.  
In the tract of everyday,  
Where certain layers of understanding,  
Even if they are beautiful and important,  
Fall away.  
And you can no longer count on their support,  
In the tract where we talk, kiss and do business,  
In the tract of interest  
Between human things,  
Under the reign of struggle,  
Death, familial strife,  
And incompatible political decisions,  
Amidst gentle inconsideration,  
The organic world and the market economy,  
It serves you well.

Writing about  
(As someone,  
Who is able to administer precise depth to every wound,  
As someone barely involved)  
The sun, dropping behind the scenes of Tuscany  
Or rising above a naked shoulder  
On your left  
Is learning to command the world.  
Fulfilling the impossible demands of literature  
Is learning to survive.

Ob katerih se zbujaš,  
Razvrščeni, umeščeni, obvladani.

Saj pride prav,  
Razumeti razdaljo.  
V pasu vsakodnevnega,  
Kjer določene plasti razumevanja,  
Četudi lepe in pomembne,  
Odpadejo  
In ne moreš več računati na njihovo oporo,  
V pasu, kjer se govori, poljublja in posluje,  
V pasu interesov,  
Med človeškimi stvarmi,  
Pod vladavino prizadevanj,  
Smrti, družinskih sporov  
In neuskladjivih političnih odločitev,  
Sredi nežne brezobzirnosti  
Organskega sveta in tržnega gospodarstva,  
Pride prav.

Popisati  
(Kot nekdo,  
Ki lahko vsaki rani natančno odmeri, kako globoka  
sme biti,

Kot nekdo, ki je komaj še vpleten)  
Sonce, kako pade za kuliso Toskane  
Ali kako se dvigne nad golo ramo  
Na tvoji levi  
Je učiti se obvladovati svet.  
Izpolniti nemogoče zahteve literature je  
Učiti se preživeti.



## GENTLENESS

Conciliation  
With the world made loose by doubt  
Always comes with the same image:

Someone is taking care –  
Not necessarily of me,  
But surely of something  
That all delicate things share;  
(Certain accolades,  
Slight shifts on certain faces,  
Twilight, crossing the mountain)  
Beauty,  
Impossible to humiliate into a footnote –

That someone with his gentleness  
Keeps watch over reality.

## NEŽNOST

Pomiritev  
S svetom, razmajanim od negotovosti,  
Se vedno približuje v enaki podobi:

Da nekdo pazi –  
Ne nujno name,  
Gotovo pa na nekaj,  
Kar si delijo vse občutljive stvari;  
(Nekatera priznanja,  
Premiki na nekaterih obrazih,  
Somrak, ki preči goro)  
Lepo,  
Ki ga je nemogoče ponižati v opombo –

Da nekdo s svojo nežnostjo  
Čuva resničnost.



# uroš prah

TRANSLATION  
PREVOD  
JASMIN B. FRELIH

## INVENTORY

A red apparatus for putting out  
fires,  
in the ante-room of a large library.

A ribbed up ceiling  
full of parallel channels  
made of steel.

Exit below,  
glassed-wooden-stone stairwell,  
a woman down, women up.

Man up, couple up.  
Man down, man up.  
Man down, woman up.

Blue cape, white hat.  
White bag, blue sack.  
Blue sweater, white pants.

Fake red braced hair,  
dark-blue circled eyes,  
pale lips.

Head in the crack.  
Head behind glass.  
Head.

## INVENTURA

Rdeč aparat za gašenje  
manjših požarov  
v predsobi velike knjižnice.

Rebrast strop  
iz vzporednih kanalčkov  
v kovinski izdelavi.

Spodaj izhod,  
leseno-stekleno-kamnite stopnice,  
ženska dol, ženski gor.

Moški gor, par gor.  
Moški dol, moški gor.  
Moški dol, ženska gor.

Modra kapa, bel klobuk.  
Bela borša, moder nahrbtnik.  
Moder pulover, bele hlače.

Umetno rdeči speti lasje,  
Modri podočnjaki,  
Prazne ustnice.

Majhna glava v špranji.  
Majhna glava za steklom.  
Glava.

Worn-out, blue, dusty,  
stepped on, squashed, scraped,  
melted, endless carpet.

One, two, three,  
four, five displays  
for an emergency exit.

Seventy-one light sources –  
sixty-one in sight,  
ten assumed.

White socket  
on an empty white wall.  
A quick black dash through.

Second smaller  
fire extinguisher  
near a red calendar.

Gray-silver flip  
cell-phone,  
two signs forbidding cell-phones.

Water down, woman down.  
Bags down, woman down.  
Man up, man down.

Men’s restroom across from the  
ladies’ restroom.  
Men’s door in sight.

Men’s door in motion,  
drunken man  
with a loose sole.

Hand in a bag in a basket  
under the second fire extinguisher.  
Man down, a bag in a basket.

Woman down, fur-coat down,  
head down, blue carpet,  
shoe down, wo- down.

Oguljena, modra, zaprašena,  
pohojena, pomendrana, podrsana,  
staljena, neprekinjena preproga.

Ena, dve, tri,  
štiri, pet oznak  
za izhod v sili.

Enainsedemdeset svetil –  
enainšestdeset vidnih,  
deset predvidenih.

Ena bela vtičnica  
na prazni beli steni.  
Hitra črna črta čez.

Drugi manjši gasilni aparat  
tik ob rdečem koledarju  
za včeraj, danes in jutri.

Sivo-srebrn odpirajoči se  
mobilni telefon,  
dva znaka za prepoved mobilnih telefonov.

Voda dol, ženska dol.  
Torbe dol, ženska dol,  
Moški gor, moški gor.

Moško stranišče nasproti  
ženskemu stranišču.  
Moška vrata vidna.

Moška vrata v premikanju,  
Zapiti berač  
Z odstopajočim podplatom.

Roka v vrečki v košu  
pod manjšim gasilnim aparatom.  
Berač dol, vrečka v košu.

Ženska dol, kožuh dol,  
glava dol, modra preproga,  
rjavi čevelj, črni čevelj dol.



Books down, papers down, lungs down, lard down, sweat down, air down.	Knjige dol, listi dol, pljuča dol, špeh dol, znoj dol, zrak dol.	It's something like if you called me right now. I imagine you inside me. Not even climbing inside — your skinny chest tangles with my skinny chest and our hearts over-self-slid beat together.	Približno tako je, kot če bi me ti zdaj poklical. Predstavljam si te v meni. Niti ne nujno, da splezaš vame — tvoj koščeni torzo se zaplete v moj koščeni torzo in najini srci čezse polzeči zabijeta skupaj.
Light down, time down, god down, power down, all down, no down.	Luč dol, čas dol, Bog dol, moč dol, vse dol, nič dol.		
Down down, up down, all down, all down. Down. Down. Down.	Dol dol, gor dol, vse dol, vse dol. Dol. Dol. Dol.		
		Your messages etched into night. A tree grows into stone. A blade of grass rams into gravel. A word into flesh.	Tvoja sporočila zažrta v noč. Drevo raste v kamen. Bilka se v prod zaganja. Beseda v meso.
As I was saying goodbye, you, without calling attention to your falling in love, bent under the table and untied my lace.	Ko sem se poslavljaj, si se, ker drugim nisi hotel pokazati, da se zaljubljaš, sklonil pod mizo in mi razvezal vezalko.	In few beats of sore lips hours fall. Deep brown salty pillars instead of eyes. Two clenched cocks. Pulse. For a beat the universe centers itself amid navels. Intrudes, the power's core exudes.	V nekaj utripih razdraženih ustnic padejo ure. Globoko rjava slana stebriča namesto oči. Dva sklenjena tiča. Utrip. Za hip se med popka usredišči veselje. Se vrine, izgine sredina moči.

PUNCTURED PRINCESSES

This is one of those guys,  
who say  
they want to be porn stars.  
They push their heads into walls  
and their asses up high  
and they beg you  
to fuck them.  
Then they rasp with pleasure.  
They whisper,  
how it strangely pricks them,  
when you push it all in.  
Colored long hair,  
with lonesome bristles sprinkled faces.  
They turn away.  
Into the ceiling, the sheet, the wall.  
Over the edge of the bed  
across to the window outstretched necks,  
with bulging tendons on them.  
They're catching the moon in their wide open mouths.  
It's then, when they appear beautiful.  
When they are beautiful.  
When they are angels of perfect bodies.  
All of them tense and happy and soft.  
Their black hair  
sparkle then  
as drowsy crows  
on dew-covered fields of Cmurek.

PREBODENE KRALJIČNE

To je eden tistih tipov,  
ki pravijo,  
da bi bili porno zvezde.  
Tiščijo glave v zidove,  
riti pa v zrak  
in te prosijo,  
da jih pofukaš.  
Potem hropejo od užitka.  
Šepetajo ti,  
da jih čudno zbode,  
ko jim ga zarineš do konca.  
Pobarvani dolgi lasje,  
z osamelimi kocinami posuti obrazi.  
Proč se obračajo.  
V zid, v rjuho, v strop.  
Čez rob postelje  
k oknu iztegnjeni vratovi,  
izbočene kite na njih.  
Luno lovijo s široko odprtimi usti.  
Takrat je, ko se zazdijo lepi.  
Ko so lepi.  
Ko so angeli popolnih teles.  
Vsi napeti in mehki in srečni.  
Njihovi črni lasje  
se lesketajo takrat  
kot omotične vrane  
na rosnih cmureških poljih.

MMORPG

For three days I've worked  
for three days I've sat  
didn't sleep and didn't eat  
so I could buy myself a horse  
and raze the enemy lines  
this is my poem  
this is my life  
the bathroom's too far  
I open the window  
and piss on the street  
from the bus you  
stare at my wrinkled cock  
we're both lit up so nice  
I love you.

MMORPG

Tri dni sem delal  
tri dni sedel  
nisem spal in nisem jedel  
da sem kupil konja  
in porazil sovražno četo  
to je moja pesem  
to je moj lajf  
stranišče je predaleč  
okno odprem  
in ščijem na cesto  
iz avtobusa  
se zazreš v mojega nagubanega tiča  
kako lepo sva oba osvetljena  
rad te imam.

CMUREK I

But dust goes its own way.

Pressed by centuries it forms stone,  
or the wind takes it  
and makes rain fall  
on meadows of Apače.

Rain rattles on the roof-tops,  
under which children sleep,  
it feeds their dreams —

The village drunks used to tell them about the time,  
when Mura was still allowed to overflow  
and it spilled over their dried out valley,  
so they, then themselves children, ran  
over the silver-gleaming fields  
of planted fish.

CMUREK I

A prah gre svojo pot.

Pod pritiskom tisočletij se sprijema v kamen,  
ali ga veter razpiha in potem  
v troposferi dela dež,  
ki zaliva apaške ravnice.

Po strehah šklopota ta dež,  
strehah, pod katerimi spijo otroci,  
njihove sanje napaja —

Vaški pijanci so jim govorili o času,  
ko je Muri še bilo dovoljeno poplavljati  
in se je razlila čez njihovo izžeto dolino,  
da so, takrat še sami otroci, tekali  
čez srebrno-svetlikajoča se polja  
naplavljenih rib.

LAYERING

If you're skin, paper  
and if there's paper below  
and below that  
and there's more even lower,  
and beneath it leather,  
and wood  
and concrete  
and air,  
wood  
and concrete  
and air,  
wood  
and concrete,  
lots of concrete,  
and the earth below it,  
and underneath, who knows what's underneath earth,  
how deep will the cut be,  
how deep, I ask,  
to get to the flesh?

PLASTENJE

Če si koža, papir,  
in če je spodaj papir  
in bolj spodaj tudi  
in ga je še nižje še več  
in pod njim usnje,  
pod njim pa les  
in beton  
in zrak,  
les  
in beton  
in zrak,  
les  
in beton,  
polno betona,  
in je zemlja pod njim  
in pod zemljo, kdo bi vedel, kaj je pod zemljo,  
kako globok bo vrez,  
kako globok, te sprašujem,  
da bo do mesa?

THE WEIGHT OF THE BLANKET

Chained to our beds  
we suffer in comfort.

TEŽA ODEJE

Priklenjeni na postelje  
udobno trpimo.

## CMUREK II

It's all given to me  
world  
child  
earth  
dust  
is what  
my fathers turn into  
because I'm not allowed to have them –  
text is what I've got.  
It knits itself  
makes patterns  
makes my time –  
I won't get rid of me  
though even this will come –  
for now  
one has to  
be alive.

Felt up borders  
stepped on them  
swung across.

Body is a word.  
Body is a word.  
Body is a word.

Years will make haste.  
I'll stand in cold, pure water  
over gravel and toes  
and toes into gravel  
and darkness  
and goes.

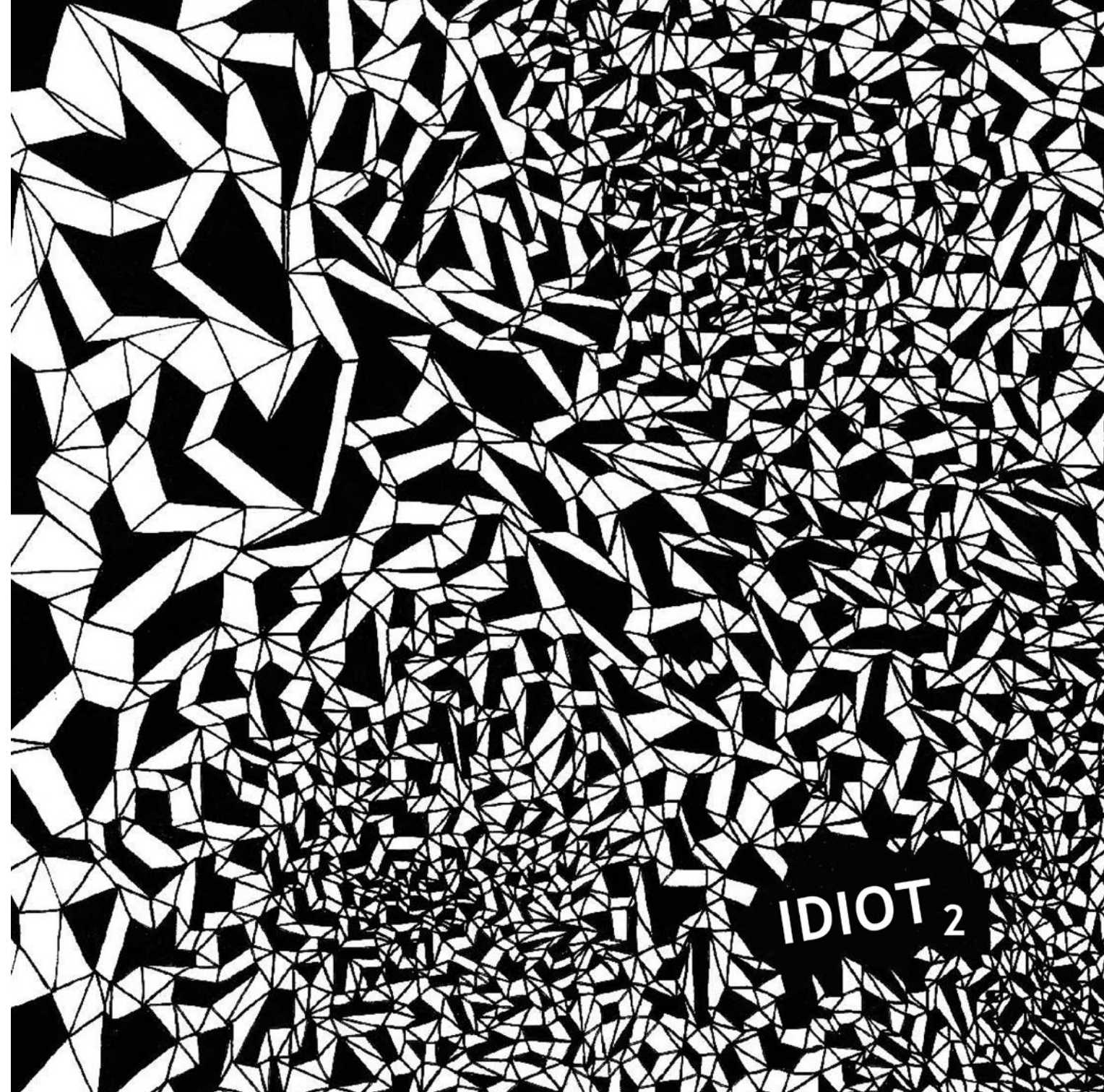
## CMUREK II

Vse mi je dano  
svet  
otrok  
zemlje  
prah  
vanj  
mi očete jemlje  
ker jih ne smem imeti –  
tekst mam  
ki se plete  
se vzorči  
in dela moj čas –  
zaenkrat se ne bom znebil samega sebe  
čeprav vem, da tudi ta trenutek prihaja –  
za zdaj  
je treba  
živeti.

Prečutil me je  
stopal nanje  
zanihal čeznje.

Telo je beseda.  
Telo je beseda.  
Telo je beseda.

Leta bodo stekla.  
Stal bom v kristalno čisti mrzli vodi  
čez prod in čez prste  
in prste v prod  
in tema  
in not.



IDIOT<sub>2</sub>



# karlo hmeljak

TRANSLATION  
PREVOD  
TIBOR HRS PANDUR

## THE TYRANT OF HAPPINESS

—

Roots out  
cleanliness  
to remain lying.

—

When once again,  
nothing will happen

—

I watched myself,  
how you were less and less  
how regardless of march falls,  
on Juarroz keeping silent,  
onto you does not exist.  
I watched in the dark the phosphorescent  
inscriptions, sources of light without solace.  
At night, alone in a line, in departments,  
saw partially, saw astonished, at rest,  
shining equally in the interval of years:  
la tierra se abrio, and:  
Spain, white under snow.  
Something made up persists,  
something real falls bluntly against the floor.

—

The verb  
twice:  
am not.

—

To proceed from oneself  
has nothing to do with me.

—

To stay the longest and not say.  
To long the longest, longing more,  
to speak the longest,  
to dream the longest one and the same,  
to finish the longest, without  
pouring down, over the grass, over  
asphalt, over rivers, across all.  
To tremble the longest in view of this,  
to repeat no the longest

To measure this with time.  
As procedure, as weather,  
a shake of hands, a blow, as once upon.  
And to measure glaringly, as much  
as you can, to neglect  
the facts, with the deck, with screaming,

again, as long as it raves,  
to learn the gestures, places, less,  
characters, to train memory, to burden  
oneself, over, glow, ulcer, poppy,  
honey, ice, gradually, but to truly  
disappear and to make ourselves alone.

—

»Sometimes I can’t move anymore.« R. Juarroz

I used to know all sorts:  
Numbers on the sails of my rivals,  
spell foreign words, I was haunted  
by verses that poured from Tomaž onto  
the paper and from the paper into me.  
If I saw something, it was for the first time:  
my eyes were melting and burnt out.  
I used to know how many lines  
at least ten of Slovene poets  
needed for their first book.  
After each I counted my own.  
It was a time when the world opened up like  
like a fruit and all my precise and diligent  
waiting could come to an end.  
It was enough to loosen the grip, I found  
something from which to push off.  
It looked like making gestures in the dark among  
people without hitting anyone.  
We used to say to each other: my infinite grace.  
The air smelled bitter. Things which indistinctly  
passed, accumulated themselves and turned up somewhere ...  
the rest was devoured by verses and the verses by the world. And I am left  
with things, which:  
I search, invent, don’t devour.  
Without dissecting something dead with this, which persists,  
some amount of you which hurts. If I move  
I constantly bump against something,  
which echoes, is impermeable, I don’t recognize,  
separated, nothing with me, alive and I get closer to,  
and which from close up and in life and since ever,  
and each time refuses to be renamed.

—

A waste of paper.

—

What certainly comes, people are.  
It would be right to relinquish something:  
the manner of arrivals,  
the salt, which is not rough,  
the fact, how you think of him,  
life in its part,  
tongues, in which you don't say fear,  
the times of abundance.  
It's necessary to repeat something for long  
and fall out.  
To gather water into your palms, to see through membranes,  
through oneself, the hedge, the quicksand, the provisions,  
the sleet, through ages ago, that there, trimmed.  
Of late instead of elsewhere say hi.  
To be equally neither here nor there.

—

Not necessarily somewhere

—

Cylinders next to each other,  
to lift things from the ground and stand still,  
set them down by chance, discard  
oneself, away, where you searched,  
neither, so, that no one stays  
further, in position, you're too  
close, to push in, to wipe out with  
a new line, with more complexity,  
more tomorrow, less, a lot less,  
absences.  
To be here, let this mean whatever.

—

Between the surfaces steel, buoyancy and  
screw-threads, a place for air, numbness

for descent, separation for decrease. So much,  
that it doesn't break, to set yourself apart  
from the body in this way, from speech, from the role,  
from manners, from you. And to allow,  
that it under pressure also breaks.

—

To say no in this way.

—

This is on the surface, where I feel,  
and deaden.  
Something beneath preserves a very calm  
sea, which warmly evaporates and coils  
Enters the empty, into the eye and between the axis.  
Invalid, I pluck the remains, in  
dispute the axis they sway, gently, if there's  
an instant so to say, it suffices to reach into it  
with your hand, to reassure yourself, to not give up,  
to yes take yourself, to throw yourself, to result,  
to show the force on yourself, until somewhere, and  
when it's not there, until where, you're not there.

With some weight we grab ourselves  
and the weight knows it prevails.

—

In truth I'm not afraid of anything,  
this is what I fear now and at all times.

—

A Slovene poet calls a young Slovene poet.  
Fuck your mother tongue, world days, traits,  
the use of history, of moments, exertions, doubles,  
wanders, chamois, guilty, to bend knees, horses neigh, to  
collapse on the floor, to swallow, to swallow all of this, it dawns, in  
plural, to equal posture with a letter, at the time of day, at  
the fact, that you live, perpetually, at once, inside out, at once  
with error, with lips and cannons, circles, which are only

called circles, in the parquet observe carefully, before you  
turn around, as if touching something, midday, after rain,  
amid braking and rustling, amid signs of inertia, the trails  
of memory, lethargy, roughly say recoil, silently wait in  
the emptiness. You among all, you by him, you incomprehensibly,  
you also, you without saying, you no one escapes, you know very well.

—

To pen down tripartitely.  
Determine duties, preserve anger.  
Never forgive: neither the leaves, nor the world, nor people,  
don’t tremble, but don’t leave, but, but  
read: I shiver, to read: as air, to read: the same.  
To remain on the same spot even if they move:  
something at most at rest, personally, also if it comes  
to the floor, to plates, to levels, the roots of cities, the closest  
darkness, repeated at most in dusk, the most trees,  
mostly into eyes, even if you remember it each time afterwards.  
To stay here. To come close to the points with ones’ neck and say: throat,  
say: it trembles, say: to bury into a voice. Think out loud,  
together, bloodstream, now, on the spoken as a lesser share,  
on the rain in the ocean, and always remaining like this; not having many,  
neither seas, nor horizons, all kinds of lines, all kinds of years, before  
something, before the list goes on ease off, to renounce  
mass, earth, because it attracts, you, because you attract, the axles, because  
they spin, necks because of heads, aisles, because they’re in line,  
faces because of mouths, eyes because of names, not to logic,  
neither enterprises, nor work. To abolish by choice and continue  
to stay. Not to leave, when the wind pours in, dispersed on  
the insides and the worlds, it pours in also where you don’t anticipate it yet.  
To no attend by leaving, to distinguish a lot of water.

—

I had in my voice fresh leaves,  
wildlife lying in wait, put out to pasture.

—

TIRAN SREČE

—

Čistočo  
izruje,  
da obleži.

—

Ko se še enkrat ne  
ne bo zgodilo nič.

—

Gledal sem se,  
kako te je bilo vse manj,  
kako ne glede na marec pada,  
na Juarroza molči,  
nate ne obstaja.  
Gledal sem v temi fosforescentne  
napise, vire svetlobe brez utehe.  
Ponoči, sam v vrsti, v oddelkih,  
videl delno, videl osupel, pri miru,  
kako sta enako v razmiku let sijali:  
la tierra se abrio, in:  
Španija, bela pod snegom.  
Nekaj izmišljenega vztraja,  
nekaj resničnega pade topo ob tla.

—

Glagol  
dvakrat:  
sem not.

—

Izhajati iz sebe  
nima z mano nič.

—

Najdlje ostati in ne reči.  
Najdlje želeti, bolj želeti,  
najdlje govoriti,  
najdlje sanjati eno in isto,  
najdlje končati, ne da bi  
se ulilo, čez travo, čez  
asfalt, čez reke, po vseh.  
Najdlje trepetati ob tem,  
najdlje ponavljati ne.

To meriti s časom.  
Kot potek, kot vreme,  
stisk rok, udarec, kot nekoč.  
In meriti srepo, kolikor  
lahko, zapostaviti  
dejstva, s krovom, s kričanjem,



spet, kolikor dolgo blazni,  
učiti se gibov, krajev, manj,  
likov, trenirati spomin, sebe  
obremeniti, čez, žar, čir, mak,  
med, led, postopno, ampak zares  
izginiti in se narediti sami.

»Včasih se ne morem več premakniti.« R. Juarroz

Včasih sem znal vse živo:  
številke na jadrih konkurentov,  
črkovati tujke, preganjali so me  
verzi, ki so se iz Tomaža usuli na  
papir in s papirja name.  
Če sem kaj videl, je bilo to prvič:  
oči so se mi raztapljale in izgorele.  
Včasih sem znal, koliko verzov je  
vsaj deset slovenskih pesnikov in  
pesnic potrebovalo za prvo knjigo.  
Prešteval sem po vsakem svoje.  
Bil je čas, ko se je svet razprl kot  
sadež in vse natančno in marljivo  
čakanje se je lahko končalo.  
Dovolj je bilo spustiti prijem, našel  
sem nekaj, od česar bi se odrinil.  
Izgledalo je kot v trdi temi delati med  
ljudmi kretnje in ob nikogar zadeti.  
Govorila sva si: moja neskončna milina.  
Zrak je dišal grenko. Stvari, ki so nerazločno  
prehajale, se akumulirale, se nekje znašle ...  
drugo so požrli verzi in verze svet. In ostanejo  
mi samo stvari, ki jih:  
iščem, iznajdem, ne požrem.  
Ne da bi s tem razrezal kaj mrtvega, ki vztraja,  
neko količino tebe, ki boli. Če se premaknem,  
neprenehoma zadevam ob nekaj,  
kar odmeva, je nepropustno, ne prepoznam,  
ločen, nima z mano, živi in se približam,  
in se od blizu in se v življenju in se od nekdej,  
in vsakič ne pusti preimenovati.

Škoda papirja.

Kar pride zanesljivo, ljudje so.  
Prav bi bilo se nečemu odreči:  
načinu prihodov,  
soli, ki ni groba,  
temu, kako misliš nanj,  
življenju v svojem delu,  
jezikom, v katerih ne rečeš strah,  
časom preobilja.  
Treba je nekaj ponavljati dolgo  
in izpasti.  
Zajemati vodo v dlani, videti skozi mreže,  
skozi sebe, živo mejo, živi pesek, živež,  
žled, skozi zdavnaj, tisto okleščeno in ostro.  
Po novem namesto drugje reči zdravo.  
Enako ne biti tam in tu.

Ne nujno nekam

Jeklenke druga ob drugi,  
stvari dvigniti s tal in zastati,  
jih odložiti naključno, sebe  
odvreči, stran, kjer si iskal,  
niti, tako, da nihče ne ostane  
dlje, v položaju, preveč ste  
blizu, vriniti se, izbrisati z  
novo črto, z več nepreglednim,  
več jutri, manj, veliko manj  
izostanki.  
Biti tu, naj to pomeni karkoli.

Med gladinama jeklo, vzgon in navoji, mesto za zrak, otrplost za spust, ločitev za osip. Toliko, da ne počí, tako razločiti sebe od telesa, od govora, od vloge, od olike, od tebe. In dovoliti, da pod pritiskom tudi počí.

—

Tako reči ne.

—

To je na površini, kjer čutim, in omrtvim.  
Spodaj nekaj shrani zelo mirno morje, ki toplo hlapi in se ovija. Vstopi prazno, v oko in med osi. Neveljaven, pulim ostanke, v sporu osi zanihajo, blago, če je tren, se pravi, zadostuje iti z roko, vanj, prepričati se, se ne predati, se ja vzeti, se vreči, rezultirati, silo pokazati na sebi, do kje, in ko je ni, do kam, te ni.

Z neko težo se grabiva in teža ve, da prevlada.

—

V resnici se ne bojim ničesar, tega se bojim zdaj in ves čas. Slovenski pesnik kliče mladega slovenskega pesnika. Pička ti materinščina, svetovni dnevi, obeležja, uporaba zgodovine, trenutkov, naporov, kontre, blodi, gams, kriv, krčiti kolena, rezget konj, se zgruditi na tla, požreti, požreti vse to, se svita, v množini, enačiti držo s črko, zakon, moraš, moraš, moraš ponavljati, ponavljati sebi, ob uri dneva, ob tem, da živiš, neprestano, obenem, obist, obenem z zmoto, z ustnicami in topi, krogi, ki se jim samo reče krogi, v parketu natančno opazovati, preden se

ozreš, kot bi se nečesa dotaknil, opoldan, po dežju, pri zaviranju in šelestenju, pri znakih inercije, sledeh spomina, mrtvila, grobo reči odskok, tiho čakati v praznini. Ti med vsemi, ti ob njem, ti nedoumljivo, ti prav tako, ti se razume, ti nihče ne uide, ti dobro veš.

—

Spisati tripartitno.  
Določiti obveze, ohraniti jezo.  
Ne odpuščati: ne listom, ne svetu, ne ljudem, ne trepetati, ampak ne oditi, ampak, ampak brati: drhtim, brati: kot zrak, brati: enako. Ostati na istem mestu tudi, ko se premaknejo: nekaj najbolj pri miru, osebno, tudi če gre za tla, za plosče, za ravni, korenine mest, najbližjo temo, največkrat v mraku ponovljeno, največ dreves, največkrat v oči, tudi če se tega vsakič potem spomniš. Tukaj ostati. Se ostem približati z vratom in reči: grlo, reči: se trese, reči: zakopati v glas. Misliti na glas, skupaj, krvotok, zdaj, na izgovorjeno kot manjši delež, na dež v oceanu, in vedno ostajati tako; ne imeti mnogih, ne morij, ne obzorij, vsakršnih črt, vsakršnih let, pred čem, pred vsem naštevanjem popustiti, se odpovedati masi, zemlji, ker privlači, tebi, ker privlačiš, osem, ker vrtijo, vratovom zaradi glav, osmim, ker so v vrsti, obrazom zaradi ust, očem zaradi imen, logiki ne, ne podjetjem, ne delu. Ukiniti po izbiri in še naprej ostati. Ne oditi, ko se usuje veter, razpršeno po notranjostih in svetu, se usuje tudi, kjer še ne slutiš. Z odhajanjem ne prisostvovati, razlikovati ogromno vode.

—

Imel sem v glasu sveže listje, prežečo divjad, ki se je pasla.

—

# marko maticetov

TRANSLATION  
PREVOD  
JASMIN B. FRELIH & MARKO MATIČETOV

## ROOM

If the room is the same when you return  
If the walls are white-washed with the same whiteness  
If there are the same un/read books on the shelves  
and only you are different from your past self  
then the sameness is above your difference  
above your time  
it is the same time of the same space

## SOBA

če je soba v katero se vrneš ista  
če so stene pobeljene z isto belino  
če so na policah iste ne/prebrane knjige  
in samo ti si od nekdanjega sebe drug  
je istost nad tvojo drugostjo  
nad tvojim časom  
je istega prostora isti čas

## THINGS

Around you are the tongs of things.  
Tongs of clocks, counting up and down your time.  
Tongs of doors, closing your openness.  
Ceiling's tongs, the clamped down sky above you.  
You barely know  
how they hold you, tongs of things  
of your own creation.

## STVARI

Okrog tebe so klešče stvari.  
Klešče ure, ki ti seštevajo in odštevajo čas.  
Klešče vrat, ki ti zapirajo odprtost.  
Klešče stropa, ki je ukleščeno nebo nad tabo.  
Še sam dobro ne veš,  
kako si v kleščah stvari,  
ki si jih sam ustvaril.

## LIGHT

Light lights itself,  
so that darkness shines.  
So that there is no darkness, no light.  
Because the light in the room is not light.  
But light darkness.  
In the hands of darkness.  
Not in your hands.

## LUČ

Luč se prižge sama,  
da zasveti tema.  
Da ni teme ne svetlobe.  
Ker svetloba v sobi ni svetloba.  
Ampak svetla tema.  
V rokah teme.  
Ne v tvojih rokah.

You have memories of all the places.  
Memories you don't always remember.  
Under your skin, memories of impressions  
that went into you from the place.  
That open themselves to you, when you're in the place.  
So you think that the place knows about you.  
So you don't know that it doesn't.

Na vsak prostor imaš spomine.  
Spomine, ki se jih vedno ne spomniš.  
Podkožne spomine na vtise,  
ki so šli iz prostora vate.  
Ki se ti odprejo, ko si v prostoru.  
Da misliš, da prostor ve zate.  
Da ne veš, da ne ve.

## ALONE

When we're together,  
we're even more alone.  
Each of us alone inside oneself.  
Another to one another.  
How close with you,  
with you so close.  
How far?

## SAMA

Ko sva skupaj,  
sva še bolj sama.  
Vsak sam v sebi.  
Drug drugemu drug.  
Kako blizu s tabo,  
ki si blizu.  
Kako stran?

#### WHEN SHE IS

When she is for you yours.  
When you are for her hers.  
When you go with your fingers shut  
over hers.  
When your world is on this world  
because of her world.  
When hers is here because of yours.

#### KO JE ONA

Ko je ona zate tvoja.  
Ko si ti zanjo njen.  
Ko greš s prsti, ki mižijo,  
čez njene.  
Ko je tvoj svet na svetu  
zaradi njenega sveta.  
Ko je njen zaradi tvojega.

have you ever had anything taken by force  
what you had beside you inside you for yourself  
what you wouldn't for no money  
let go from your hands  
it went into another hands  
whose hands can love like mine  
(you asked your hands)  
you asked your fingers on hands  
with pads of fingers

ti je bilo kdaj na silo vzeto  
kar si imel ob sebi v sebi zase  
kar nisi za noben denar  
hotel spustiti iz rok  
je šlo v druge roke  
čigave roke lahko ljubijo kot moje  
(si vprašal svoje roke)  
si vprašal svoje prste na rokah  
z blazinicami prstov

#### BY YOURSELF

By yourself you're not alone.  
By yourself you're with yourself.  
By yourself there are two of you.  
In each of us there are two of us,  
so that one is not alone,  
when he is by oneself.  
So that he is not by oneself.

#### SAM S SABO

Sam s sabo nisi sam.  
Sam s sabo si s sabo.  
Sam s sabo sta dva.  
V vsakem sta dva,  
da eden ni sam,  
ko je sam s sabo.  
Da ni sam s sabo.

# IDIOTri



# blaž iršič

TRANSLATION  
PREVOD  
TIBOR HRS PANDUR

## BEHIND YOUR BACK

Clowns nailed to the moon,  
painted Harlem black,  
Janez the black,  
moves his legs,  
in order to run away,  
behind your back  
an Amish goes to a rave party,  
he's dressed  
as if he'd lost a bet,  
as if he was followed  
by tight briefs on a male's ass,  
shards of wine bottles trampled into the mud,  
violets in lonely april,  
married virgins  
and a Taiwanese girl  
who thinks  
I'm Ronald Reagan,  
behind your back  
the dust lures tears out of Keops' dreams,  
a neighbour levitates in the corner,  
the Khmer Rouge sink paper ships  
and a princess solving sudoku in the john.  
They're there  
the questions and the river,  
devoured by a giant grey flower,  
Moscow is small behind your back.  
Where are you, the plump and irregular,  
the rude and unstable,  
where are you drunks and sleepwalkers,  
gamblers and pickpockets.

## ZA TVOJIM HRBTOM

Klovni, prikovani na mesec,  
so prebarvali Harlem na črno,  
črni Janez,  
premika noge,  
da bi zbežal,  
za tvojim hrbtom  
gre Amiš na raveparty,  
oblečen je,  
kot bi izgubil stavo,  
kot bi mu sledile  
oprijete kopalke na moški riti,  
črepinje vinskih flaš poteptane v blato,  
vijolice v osamljenem aprilu,  
poročene device  
in majhna Tajvanka,  
ki misli,  
da sem Ronald Reagan,  
za tvojim hrbtom  
prah izvablja solze iz Keopsovih sanj,  
sosed lebdi v kotu,  
rdeči Kmeri potaplajo ladjice  
in princesa na sekretu rešuje sudoku.  
Tam so  
vprašanja in reka,  
ki jo požira velika siva cvetlica,  
Moskva je majhna za tvojim hrbtom.  
Kje ste, okrogli in nepravilni,  
neotesani in neuravnovešeni,  
kje ste, pijanci in mesečniki,  
kvartopirci in žeparji.

Where are you, brawlers and firestarters,  
where are you,  
to die of sadness,  
to strangle the sun  
and the albatross,  
targeting american presidents.  
Behind your back  
are Kenyans, Israelites, siptars,  
Norwegians, lilliputians, chavs and gringos,  
you're prettier than a can of beans,  
don't turn back,  
they're there  
hard-working, lazy, toadies, polyglots,  
teachers, numbskulls, pyromaniacs, perverts and  
diletants,

there is a baby,  
who's afraid of the needle,  
a teacher,  
who noticed  
the stoned teenagers in the last bench,  
there's Ozzy Osbourne and the pigeon,  
and the dude with the shovel,  
a crying widow  
and love with a shovel of earth, spread over eyes and  
mouths,

the city is full of people and flies,  
I'd invite you,  
but didn't know  
you gulped,  
I remember how heavy your head lies in my lap,

Kje ste, pretepači in požigalci,  
kje ste,  
da bi umrli od žalosti,  
da bi zadavili sonce  
in albatrosa,  
ki leti nad ameriške predsednike.  
Za tvojim hrbtom  
so Kenijci, Izraelci, šiptarji,  
Norvežani, liliputanci, čefurji in gringosi,  
lepša si od konzerve prebranca,  
ne ozri se,  
tam so  
delavni, leni, hlapci, poliglotti,  
učitelji, teleta, piromani, perverzneži in diletanti,  
tam je otročiček,  
ki se boji igle,  
učiteljica,  
ki je opazila,  
da so v zadnji klopi mulci zadeti,  
tam sta Ozzy Osbourne in golob,  
pa možakar z lopato,  
objokana vdova  
in ljubezen z lopato zemlje, razgrnjene prek oči in ust,  
mesto je polno ljudi in mušic,  
saj bi te povabil,  
a nisem vedel,  
da goltaš,  
spomnim se, kako težka je tvoja glava v mojem  
naročju,  
kako vroča tvoja sapa na mojem vratu,

how hot your breath on my neck,  
how thin your panties,  
when I bite your lip.  
When I close my eyes,  
god opens them.  
I grow up very slowly,  
I lose you fast,  
like a scarf,  
an umbrella,  
a small beer,  
like keys to a mailbox,  
and when I open my eyes,  
god closes them.  
Behind your back is that,  
which is so easy to believe,  
lies instead of hatred,  
how lucky we are,  
that there are so many things behind your back,  
which  
we  
can  
hate.

kako tanke so tvoje hlačke,  
ko te ugriznem v ustnico.  
Ko zaprem oči,  
jih bog odpre.  
Odraščam zelo počasi,  
izgubljam te hitro,  
kot šal,  
kot dežnik,  
kot malo pivo,  
kot ključke od nabiralnika,  
in ko odprem oči,  
jih bog zapre.  
Za tvojim hrbtom je tisto,  
čemur je tako lahko verjeti,  
laži namesto sovraštva,  
kakšno srečo imamo,  
da je za tvojim hrbtom toliko stvari,  
ki  
jih  
lahko  
sovražimo.

AN EVENT ON 44th STREET

Sometimes a beer and a freckled girl are enough,  
Sometimes your soft ass is enough Robert,  
Sometimes I scratch just under my eye and think to myself  
Why did you go with me  
He had a Mercedes,  
I have just traces of marihuana in my piss  
And some plans with your pussy.  
Could it be enough, that I just care for you.

PRIPETLJAJ NA 44. ULICI

Včasih sta dovolj pivo in pegasto dekle,  
Včasih je dovolj tvoja mehka rit Robert,  
Včasih se popraskam tik pod očesom in si mislim,  
Zakaj si odšla z mano,  
On je imel mercedesa,  
Jaz pa imam le sledi marihuane v urinu  
In nekaj načrtov s tvojo piško.  
Ni menda dovolj le to, da te imam rad.

I LOST MYSELF

I lost myself  
Countless times  
I lost myself yesterday  
In your bed  
Amid the story I was selling to you  
Amid cucumbers on the market,  
The only one,  
In the middle of Slavoj Žižek's lecture,  
Not the only one.  
I lost myself,  
When I searched for warmth,  
The truth,  
Love,  
The plumber.  
I searched for answers,  
Solace,  
A father.  
You disappear,  
Turn on the TV,  
Roam off,  
Fade out,  
Forget,  
Turn off the TV,  
Shut your eyes,  
Begin to cry.  
It's increasingly easier to find the way out,  
It's increasingly harder out there.

IZGUBIL SEM SE

Izgubil sem se,  
Neštetokrat,  
Izgubil sem se včeraj,  
V tvoji postelji,  
Med zgodbo, ki sem ti jo prodajal,  
Med kumarami na tržnici,  
Edini,  
Med predavanjem Slavoj Žižka,  
Ne edini.  
Izgubil sem se,  
Ko sem iskal toplino,  
Resnico,  
Ljubezen,  
Vodoinštalaterja.  
Iskal sem odgovore,  
Uteho,  
Očeta.  
Izgineš,  
Prižgeš televizor,  
Odtavaš,  
Zamegliš,  
Pozabiš,  
Ugasneš televizor,  
Zamižiš,  
Zajočeš.  
Čedalje lažje najdem pot ven,  
Čedalje težje je tam zunaj.

# nejc bahor

TRANSLATION  
PREVOD  
TIBOR HRS PANDUR

## OUT OF THE FACE (B)

let's start with something tender –  
for example:  
israel  
in order to  
not be bad let's repeat –  
science

let's march the flags  
we read decrees:  
kleenex, orbico.com

do not forget

the may games

for laughs  
we drink porto  
or light weight:  
by the way

Treblinka

## IZ OBRAZA (B)

začnimo z nečim nežnim –  
recimo:  
izrael  
da ne bi  
bili slabi ponovimo –  
znanost

korakajmo zastave  
beremo dekrete:  
kleenex, orbico.com

ne pozabimo

majske igre

za hec  
spijemo portovec  
ali lajt weit:  
ob poti

Treblinka

## CMYK

THE COLOR OF TERROR  
A SENTENCE  
ON PAPER  
the lie is obvious

rags, old butter

terror  
kill the lords

BREAK.BREAD.ON.THE.FOREHEADS.  
O F E P I L E P T I C S

## RIBS 4

the slavery of freedom offers fresh forms!  
drive off these grunting faces  
don't wait, don't suffer  
lead the lords to meadows  
don't bullshit me with blood

we have enough of it ourselves  
stop  
stand still, face  
be a face  
be an accident  
be sight  
look at accidents  
try with something different  
shape your old habits

hide the axes  
sharpen the knives  
that long awaited  
day of long cocks  
is upon us

## CMYK

BARVA TERORJA  
OBSODBA  
NA PAPIRJU  
laž je očitna

krpe,staromaslo

teror  
ubijaj gospode

LOMI.KRUH.NA.ČELIH.  
B O Ž J A S T N I H

## REBRA 4

robstvo svobode ponuja frišne like!  
spelji stran te kruljave obraze  
nečakaj, ne trpi  
zapelji gospode v trate  
na seri z razno krvjo

sami je mamo dosti  
nehaj  
obstani, obraz  
bodi obraz  
bodi nesreča  
bodi vid  
glej nesreče  
poskusi s čim drugim  
oblikuj si stare navade

skrij sekire  
nabrusi nože  
prihaja  
tisti dolgo pričakovani  
dan dolgih kurcev



THE ANARCHIST

*\_italic\_* (the cage was closed so long  
that a bird was hatched inside it)  
/ ?, ?, 19?? /

give me another half a year  
to write a song that'll make you shit.  
fuck off, and  
bring me a chair.  
i fuck you and your sweethearts.

i open the cage and shit in it.  
anarchist? alone,  
out of a million?

between ideology and the bomb  
on the left somewhere inbetween.  
don't try to fucking love me.  
i don't love fucking reality.  
the cage of social orientation  
whelped a beast.  
You remember, capitalists  
1920 wall street?  
fuck off right now and give me another half a year.

SHACK

she didn't say for nought that  
it's goodness  
that divides us  
let it be swinger dog or lemon  
don't  
hide the light in the dark, kalinka

ANARHIST

*\_italic\_* (kletka je bila zaprta tako dolgo,  
da se je v njej izlegla ptica)  
/ ?,?,19?? /

dajte mi še pol leta  
pa napišem pesem da vas prime srat.  
spizdite, in  
prinesite mi stol.  
jebem vas in vaše ljubice.

odprem kletko in se vanjo poserjem.  
anarhist? sam,  
od milijona?

med ideologijo in bombo  
na levi nekje vmes.  
ne trudi se me pofukano ljubiti.  
ne ljubim pofukane stvarnosti.  
kletka družbene usmerjenosti  
je povrgla žival.  
še pomnite, kapitalci  
1920 wall street?  
spizdite takoj in dajte mi še pol leta.

KOLIBA

saj ni rekla zastonj da je dobrot  
tista  
ki naju loči  
naj bo swinger pes limona  
ne  
skrivaj luči v temi, kalinka

RIBS 6

when one half says michael jackson  
the other afghan iraq iraq iran  
hail thou tyrant the new song of whistle  
in these inglorious moments of gibberish  
i think of you

SHORTS

I.  
a blow to the flesh awakened the waves  
the falls strike back  
the gaze squats  
god remains outside

III.  
in the last phase i press a button  
clouds come  
piss and go  
elsewhere

to the other side of the 3rd World

to lay siege on some other body

REBRA 6

ko polovica govori majkl džekson  
druga afgan iraq iraq iran  
slavuj tiran novo pesem žvižga  
v teh neslavnih trenutkih gobezdanja  
mislim nate

KRATKI

I.  
udarec ob meso je prebudil valove  
slapovi udarijo nazaj  
pogled počepne  
bog ostane zunaj

III.  
v končni fazi pritisnem gumb  
pridejo oblaki  
poščijejo in grejo  
drugam

na drugo stran 3. Sveta

oblegat neko drugo telo

# katja plut

TRANSLATION  
PREVOD  
KATJA PLUT

no need to speak  
almost no need to move  
an urge to breath  
a passion for BEING

and a  
deep-under-standing  
that WHY is just a question of surface  
and a complete blackhole waste of  
this billionium through which we  
are spreading into the night  
with the sound of mass conquering vacuum sphere

nobody noticed anything  
he would, maybe,  
if he cared but  
magic isn't something you should pay attention to  
magic you should be

so we were.

4. 6. 2000

Come. Make love to me, perfection.

A hardly-touching love.

My nipples hurt. The radio keepsssscratching with every ss the dj makesss but  
your slippery thoughts transsing themselves into words that accurately slip and  
accurately stop on the spots where they dilute the hurt. Not this much is  
needed, not this much, really.

Just a second. A second thought  
where your fingers show me: hold on.  
And I will hold on

and I will hold my horses, Perfection. ;)

## CAUTIOUS

right now  
this minute  
i just wanna hide  
someplace safe

where you are, my friend, where i can be cautious  
and alone and  
keep my yellow dry thin skin untouched until i cease to be afraid  
until your white, stable teeth make me wanna touch the outside  
of the beauty you are treating to a goodinner self

i'll spend a night in my own warmth

welcome to do the same  
insight  
in sight

TO BECOME A HUMAN

*Perhaps mogoče peut-être if i was an angel če bi bila angel que si j'étais ange da sam andeo it would be easier for me to get along bi se lažje shajalo il serait très facile pour moi à vivre bilo bi puno jednostavnije, in razumelo et à comprendre i razumljivije to understand or if i was human ali če bi bila človek ou si j'étais homme ali nisam but i am not*

I want to know it all,  
all about me, about you, about all the people that are about to live, about the  
buried fiddlers,  
I want to speak all languages and talk to every human every night.  
I want to sleep with every man and every woman, I want to walk along every  
path whose roadside rites have not been rubbed off by the hordes of  
transitional corpses.  
I want to return to the children and the dolphins, but before I do I want  
to contemplate things from the rational point of view and make love with all our  
hearts, as if they were stretching each over a half of the Earth.  
I want to have a quarrel with myself and become a fine human, an honourable  
human, a human in all directions, capable of walking in any footwear available,  
looking through my and your eyes, at any belfry or centre of the world or sky,  
but never crosswise.  
I want to become a human in order to be able to go off aloud  
in any direction, but not crosswise.  
I'm here acting something, not really concentrating on being and on what I'm doing  
and why all the others are so much more firmly glued to the scene.  
I was born and I'm always complaining, I take myself for granted, just as I take  
all of you and my troubles.  
I'm starting to think that I should probably be paying a rent because my manner  
isn't at all contributing to the community.  
Excuse me.

To become a human so I can walk away loudly  
and only then I'll be able to walk away.

COGITO EGO SUM

I have always been  
too strong for you  
to fake it or to take it

and I have always been too fragile  
to handle  
the candle burning  
in between the quick shifts  
you were always turning,

yearning for love, nauseous for an embrace,  
scarred and scared of these, both to death,  
of course,  
and both until the day you die, until the day  
the fake self clicks and ceases, and finally sweetness  
makes the grouchy steps grow faint again;

it is a complicated thing  
for we can only keep each other company  
through tunnels angels strain

for where people and things are so  
hard they can almost be held  
one can always get too clumsy.

... you call someone by name  
and Someone can always turn  
around too quickly not to sketch an elbow end in  
between the ribs, starting the scintillant candle flame  
turn red and leak on the wooden floor, lignify  
everyone else in the bar who has been stopped  
by the moment of gross, clumsy forgetfulness;

and any  
*no my god,*  
*I'm sorry*  
cannot outlive the outline.

I'd been halved.  
One hand wanting to attain you,  
the other wanting to  
keep us both safe; this was the one

COGITO EGO SUM

Vedno sem bila premočna,  
da bi me lahko preigral ali prenesel,

in prekrhka,  
da bi zdržala  
svečo goreti  
med obrati,  
ki so te sukali,

težko pričakujočega, a vsakič bruhajočega v objeme,  
kakršni so ti bili zadali smrtne rane, zato smrtni srh,  
seveda,  
in zato oboje do smrti, do dneva, ko tvoj  
namišljeni ti zaštekala  
in neha in sladkost končno spet  
onesvesti godrnjajoče korake;

zapletena reč je, ker se lahko druživa  
samo skoz tunele, ki jih napenjajo angeli,  
ker tam, kjer so zadeve in ljudje  
dovolj trdi, da naj bi se jih dalo držati,  
se da vedno kaj prenerodno.

Nekoga pokličeš po imenu  
in Nekdo se vedno lahko obrne  
prehitro, da ne bi zarisal konca  
komolca med rebra, kar zardeči svetleči  
plamen sveče, ki rdeč začne kapljati na lesena tla,  
zaleseni vse v klubu,  
ustavljene zaradi te surove, nepozabne nerodnosti;

in katerikoli  
*ne, moj bog,*  
*oprosti,*  
je videti preprosto  
manj obstojen  
kakor to.

Napolovljena sem bila.  
Ena roka mi je segala po tebi,  
druga je hotela  
le oba obvarovati; ta je ta,

that removed the distortion  
and wiped up the leavings  
after me  
and after you.

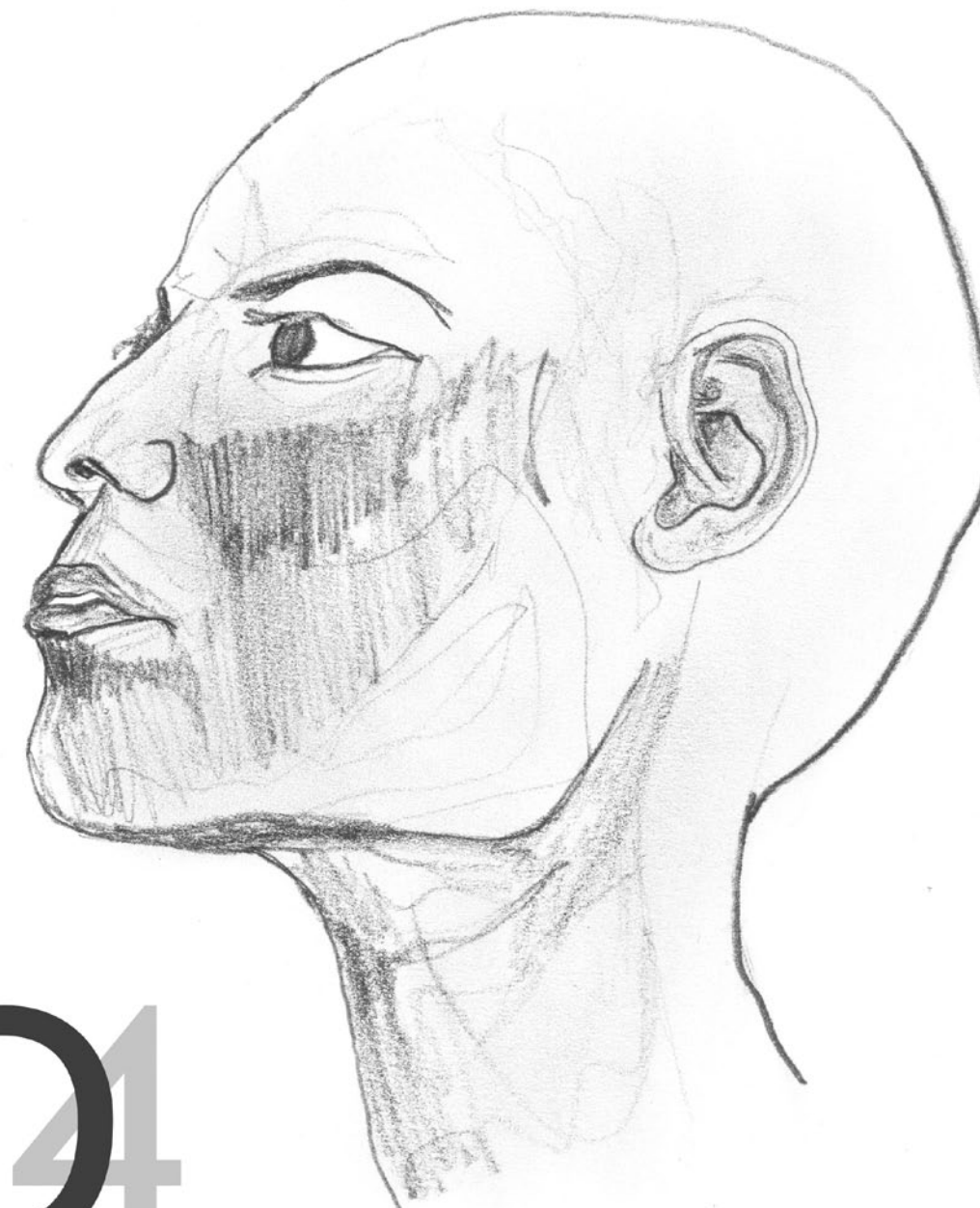
We left the table with less faith  
but undoubtedly a lot safer,

as leaking faith had left Hansel-and-Gretel traces  
all the way back down.

ki je na koncu odstranila distorzijo  
in pobrisala ostanke  
za teboj  
in za menoj.

Gledališče sva zapustila z ne toliko vere,  
ampak nedvomno dosti varnejša,

ker so bili predrti upi v žepih Janka in Metke puščali sledi  
vso pot nazaj do dol.



ID4

# monika vrečar

TRANSLATION  
PREVOD  
TIBOR HRS PANDUR

»During the sexual act the woman is  
considered solely as a body,  
which endangers her soul.«  
Luce said.

Turn around, Luce.  
Take your pants off, Luce.  
Panties too, Luce.  
Open your legs, Luce.  
I make you wet, Luce.  
I enter you, Luce.  
I'm fucking you, Luce! I'm fucking you!  
I massage your tits,  
I carress your floppy belly,  
I entangle my fingers into your grey pubic hair, Luce.  
I spank your downcast ass, Luce.  
I pinch your hips, Luce.  
I pull on your tom-boy hair, Luce.  
I stick my fingers into your french mouth, Luce.  
Your body!  
Your body is here, Luce.

Your body is here,  
But your soul is hidden,  
Luce Irrigaray,  
Because she is ashamed of you.

»Med spolnim odnosom je ženska  
dojeta kot zgolj telo,  
kar spravlja v nevarnost njeno dušo.«  
je rekla Luce.

Obrni se, Luce.  
Sleci hlače, Luce.  
In hlačke, Luce.  
Razširi noge, Luce.  
Vlažim te, Luce.  
Prodiram vate, Luce.  
Fukam te, Luce! Fukam te!  
Masiram tvoje joške,  
Božam tvoj povešen trebuh,  
Zapletam prste v tvoje sive sramne dlake, Luce.  
Udarjam ob tvojo uvelo zadnjico, Luce.  
Ščipam tvoje boke, Luce.  
Vlečem te za tvojo fantovsko frizuro, Luce.  
Potiskam prste v tvoja francoska usta, Luce.  
Tvoje telo!  
Tvoje telo je tukaj, Luce.

Tvoje telo je tukaj,  
tvoja duša pa se skriva,  
Luce Irrigaray,  
ker jo je sram pred tabo.

The stale smell of leftovers is  
Annoying, if you're not hungry.  
I can't reach your sockets,  
Because you're so high.  
When you torture me with the filth of happiness,  
I think of the black square.

The wind opens my coat and some of the fog escapes.  
It's nothing,  
I just scream how unhappy my childhood was,  
And I'm saved.

Are you cold, little girl?  
Put your lill' hands between your thighs ...  
It's always warm between your legs.

All off the blood flowing into your tampons,  
Which you veins so desperately lack!

It seems that nature  
Didn't think of everything after all.  
Or, as everyone else,  
She only thought of herself.

Postan vonj po hrani je  
zoprn, če nisi lačen.  
Ne dosežem tvojih štekarev,  
ker si tako visok.  
Ko me mučiš s svinjarijami o sreči,  
razmišljam o črnem kvadratu.

Veter mi razpre plašč in iz mene uide nekaj megle.  
Nič zato,  
le zakričim, da sem imela nesrečno otroštvo  
in sem odrešena.

A te zebe, punčka?  
Dej rokce med stegna ...  
Med nogami je vedno toplo.

Vsa ta kri, ki se ti steka v vložke,  
v žilah ti je pa tako manjka!

Izgleda, da narava  
le ni mislila na vse.  
Oziroma, tako kot vsi ostali,  
je mislila samo nase.

Held you under your arm and became a birdy.  
Was naked, had power.  
Changes concentrated on your  
call.  
On patience.  
On dissing.  
On failure.  
I lick milk out of your eye-whites.  
I focus strongly on this.  
Your eyelashes are glued cause of this.  
You have problems with dry contacts.  
You have problems with seeing me.

I just miss you.  
I miss you and become nothing.  
Is nothing better than not enough.  
Is turning you on better than dissing.

Was on to not being had,  
But was rejected  
And I  
Just lay.  
Was gorging myself with crap,  
In tongues reach.  
Let myself be inseminated by bronze cocks.  
I thought,  
I'm really good at this.  
Sluts and faggots seemed velvet to me.  
Jesus knelt in front of me all excited and slipped me pennies.  
Stuffed them into my piggy-bank of shame.  
Pretended to be pregnant,  
So that they could rummage my uterus with iron instruments.  
They aborted my child.  
Recognized him as mine and drowned him.  
Ranked a recipe on the Cooking channel with number 3.  
The comments were endless.  
Death fucked me over, cause she didn't let me die conventionally.  
My mother stuffed me back into her cunt and gave birth to someone better.

Sem te prijela pod roko in postala ptiček.  
Sem bila naga, sem imela moč.  
Spremembe so bile skoncentrirane na tvoj  
poziv.  
Na potrpljenje.  
Na brukanje.  
Na poraz.  
Ližem ti mleko iz beločnic.  
Močno se osredotočam na to.  
Imaš zlepljene trepalnice od tega.  
Imaš probleme s suhimi lečami.  
Imaš problem videti me.

Te zamudim.  
Zamudim te in postanem nič.  
Je nič boljše kot premalo.  
Je rajcanje boljše kot brukanje.

Me je imelo da me nima,  
a me je zavrglo  
in sem  
samo ležala.  
Sem se filala s svinjarijo,  
ki je bila na dosegu jezika.  
Sem pustila, da me medeninasti kurci oplajajo.  
Mislila sem si,  
da sem v tem res dobra.  
Lajdre in pedri so se mi zdeli žametni.  
Jezus je klečal pred mano in mi ves napaljen podajal penije.  
Sem jih vtikala v svoj šparovček sramote.  
Sem hlinila nosečnost,  
da bi mi z železnimi inštrumenti šarili po maternici.  
So mi splavili otroka.  
Sem ga pripoznala za svojega in utopila.  
Sem na Kulinarični Sloveniji ocenila recept s številko 3.  
Komentarji so bili nešteti.  
Me je smrt zajebala, ker mi ni pustila umreti na konvencionalen način.  
Me je mati stlačila nazaj v pizdo in rodila nekoga boljšega.

# davorin lenko

TRANSLATION  
PREVOD  
JASMIN B. FRELIH

## EYE

How do you feel, you big  
withered and passive,  
stooped and on the wrong spots fatty  
white girl,  
how do you feel when you stand in the dark and  
through the crack  
watch,  
how do you feel when you watch  
that dark and foreign body,  
how do you feel when you are the eye,  
gazing into foreign  
exotic  
places,  
how do you feel when you watch that  
sweaty foreign body  
of a co-woman, yet a different being  
with dark skin and dark eyes,  
how do you feel,  
when you watch her masturbate in the silence  
of a swampy night,  
how do you feel,  
when you feel yourself?

Do you like yourself when you carry roes  
in a sagging belly?

Do you like yourself when you're hiding and  
you're sneaking and  
straining  
your gaze on that alive

## OKO

Kako se počutiš, ti velika  
uvela in pasivna,  
sključena ter na napačnih mestih tolsta  
belka,  
kako se počutiš, ko stojiš v temi in  
skozi špranjo  
opazuješ,  
kako se počutiš ko opazuješ  
tisto temno in tuje telo,  
kako se počutiš, ko si oko,  
ki zre v tuje  
eksotične  
kraje,  
kako se počutiš, ko gledaš tisto  
preznojeno tuje telo  
so-ženske, a drugega bitja  
temne polti in črnih oči,  
kako se čutiš,  
ko jo gledaš masturbirati v tišini  
močvirske noči,  
kako se čutiš,  
ko se čutiš?

Si si všeč, ko nosiš ikre  
v mlahavem trebuhu?

Si si všeč, ko se skrivaš in  
oprezaš ter  
naprezaš  
svoj pogled na tisto živo

jerking body,  
you, white girl?

What does that pussy smell like  
— did you ever ask yourself, when you stared like this  
as into another, foreign world —  
and her sweat, her armpits and those unwashed,  
unshaven  
legs,  
you, white girl, huh?

...

Ah ...  
Dreams, lost in the sand  
and  
whispers  
in deep ebony.

## NEST

Stars form a nest  
and moss chokes pasts,  
under the heavy smell of cedar  
I'm dying, I'm being born  
in a nest  
of morning mist.

I lick dew from my mother's tits  
and sleep on my dad's shoulders  
embraced by my daughter-sister from under weird stars  
I'm rotting, I'm being born  
in a swampy nest  
of entangled  
astral bodies.

drkajoče telo,  
ti, belka?

Po čem diši tista pička  
— si se to kdaj vprašala, ko si takole zrla vanjo  
kot v nek drug, tuj svet —  
po čem njen znoj, pa pazduhe in tiste neumite,  
neobrite  
noge,  
ti, belka v temi, a?

...

Ah ...  
Sanje, izgubljene v pesku  
in  
šepeti v  
globoki ebenovini.

## GNEZDO

Zvezde tvorijo gnezdo  
in mah duši preteklosti,  
pod težkim vonjem cedrovine  
umiram, se rojevam  
v gnezdu  
jutranje megle.

Ližem roso z materinih jošk  
in spim na očetovih ramenih  
v objemu hčerke-sestre izpod čudnih zvezd  
gnijem, se rojevam  
v močvirnatem gnezdu  
med sabo prepletenih  
astralnih teles.



LUST

I lick shadows  
and lay eggs.  
Bitter earth  
feeds the children of time.

MORNING PRAYER

Let’s pour some faith into our actions  
brothers and sisters  
let’s open our astral mouths and let all  
past tenses  
spill into us  
let all future tenses  
drench over our  
naked  
glittering and  
hairy bodies  
let’s open our veins and live  
heroin  
cocaine  
lsd  
let’s open our genitals  
and from the ectoplasm, descending this way  
on the cold sheets  
of our old, urban apartments  
build temples, clearings and cedar halls  
new hopes  
and new desires  
and misty phantasms  
and feverish orgasms;  
every living body mostly hurts

POHOTA

Ližem sence in  
ležem jajca.  
Trpka zemlja  
hrani otroke časa.

JUTRANJA MOLITEV

Vlijmo nekaj vere v naša dejanja  
bratje in sestre  
odprimo naša astralna usta in pustimo naj se  
pretekliki  
izlijejo v nas  
naj se prihodnjiki  
cedijo po naših  
golih  
svetlikajočih se in  
kosmatih telesih  
odprimo si vene in živimo  
heroin  
kokain  
lsd  
odprimo naša spolovila  
in iz ektoplazme, ki se bo tako spustila  
na hladne rjuhe  
naših starih, meščanskih stanovanj  
izgradimo templje, jase in cedraste dvorane  
nova upanja in  
nova hotenja  
meglene sanjarije in  
vročične svinjarije;  
vsako živo telo predvsem boli

BUTTERFLIES AT NIGHT

Lost  
in the foam of her  
quicksilver  
I open, I devour  
grey stallions of dreams  
and absurdities  
dark, lucid  
moth-images  
that flutter in the night  
sky of haughty palaces  
and I raffle rivers  
murky gullies of myths  
and I try to breathe  
pure chlorine  
amphetamine  
methamphetamine  
icicles of childhood

And time flies  
games, masks fall  
into waterways of spaces  
narcissistic thoughts  
where, with wet past tenses,  
they play manifold loves –  
and linguistic models  
die a silent, timid death  
while wild horses  
— in a post script to themselves –  
as some kind of symbols  
wander across the desolate crazy mushroom fields  
at night

METULJI PONOČI

Izgubljen  
v peni njenega  
živega srebra  
se odprem, požrem  
sive žrebce sanj  
in nesmislov  
temnih, lucidnih  
vešč-podob  
ki frfotajo po nočnem  
nebu domišljavih palač  
in žrebam reke  
mlačne struge mitov  
in poizkušam dihati  
čisti klor  
amfetamin  
methamphetamine  
ledene sveče otroštva

In čas beži  
igre, maske padajo  
v vodovja prostorov  
narcisoidnih misli  
kjer se z mokrimi pretekliki  
igrajo raznotere ljubezni –  
lingvistični modeli pa  
umrejo tihe in plašne smrti  
medtem ko divji konji  
— v post scriptum sami sebi –  
kot neki simboli  
blodijo po zapuščenih poljih norih gob  
ponoči

# michael thomas taren

..... ||..... |.. ..

No one is searching for you.  
No one cares about you.  
Everything you do is pretend.  
You know nothing completely.  
You're absolutely clumsy and stupid  
And your potential is false and a gloom.  
No one loves you.  
You think you're not empty but you're wrong.  
You are empty.  
People pity you, and it weakens them  
And for that they resent you unspeakably.  
There is nowhere where you belong  
And no place has been specially prepared for you  
Or ever will be.  
You intend to accomplish a lot with your  
Imprecision and candor  
But nothing will happen that could not  
As likely have never happened  
And the features of yourself you're most proud  
Of will only decompose you like intestinal enzymes.  
You will not admit to yourself  
What a zealous and noncontributing follower you are.  
Others notice, and subjugate you  
As easily as a drugged woman.  
At the height of your strength  
You exhibit all the qualities of a rapist.  
You are a rapist  
That unconscious girl you so lyrically turned on her side  
And tugged down her shorts

And squirmed into  
You raped.  
Your life is over  
Yet you linger inanely, drooping  
Your raw red eyes and bloated lips  
Over the photograph of somebody  
Who found you unimportant and meaningless.  
Someone who laughed at you  
And your bottomless need to pacify.  
Your death will come as a surprise to you  
Because you are truly stupid.  
No one respects you.  
There is nothing you say that people  
Find interesting. This is why  
When you speak, no one comments  
And after a pause they move on to a new subject.  
Without you.  
There is though  
The mysterious and unpleasant sedation  
People speak of  
When you hover in their presence overlong.  
Perhaps your one contribution, if it may be called  
such.  
Long you've known that  
Your need to express yourself  
Makes you even less tangible  
And therefore able to be sieved until only the sieve  
remains  
As crystalline and as pure and as purposeful as ever.

Your crass, indiscriminate mind  
Allows you somehow to feel yourself »creative«  
And »special« even as you observe everyone  
Around you soaring past you  
Without a glance.  
None of your utterances are memorable  
And so you cause pain by betraying  
The imbeciles who have not yet recognized  
Your total lack of value.  
Aping others is your only path.  
You are so tired and shapeless.  
It's not unexpected that you can't  
Admit to yourself what a faggot you are.  
It's not unexpected when you fail. It's briefly relished  
And forgotten by your betters.  
No one thinks you're strange, only  
Desperate and servile and unfaithful.  
Your anemic opinions shift erratically like flies  
To importunate each real traveler  
With the misfortune to lose their way in your mire.  
Where you squat evilly.  
Where you are blind and no one will lead you  
To the malarial oasis of mediocrity that is your final  
Spontaneous, resting place.  
It will be, yes, though  
Not before you see everything you've ever wanted  
Being given to others, briefly held and then dismissed  
as trivial  
As they ascend yet more

To places you'll never see  
And feelings you'll never feel.  
So you crawl to your oasis, becoming  
Ever more filthy and repulsive and a liar.  
Fuck you.  
I am a messenger from heaven.  
I am a messenger from hell.  
I am a messenger from reality.  
You look quite ridiculous bent over this way  
Praying to me.  
Consider me a void.  
That empty part of yourself  
Which you may glance upon and ponder impotently.  
Your one and only freedom.  
And I have been speaking to you  
Your whole life.  
My one and only freedom.

## LOVE

I am very rich, and I am as preposterous  
As I am rich, very  
Very soon my sky for you will leap and face  
The veil  
And the veil is  
And the forest front  
The bailfire of  
Detail is silent  
Not becoming has become  
That is their moan  
Agnus Dei  
There is an apocryphal story that it will not  
Come from its way  
A depth filled with water  
Filled to the brim with water like a lover  
Filled with her lover  
You must remember to cover your lover  
You must remember to cover your lover  
With a blanket or sheet,  
Cover him with your furniture womb, thronging  
In a circle  
Your ranks of pottage, your fruit's exile.  
Kill me.  
Stupefy the ex-premier  
Of my recent country of inflections,  
Or inanition in the ear to hear those that flee  
Run with all that is fled, parade of God,  
Wordless barley corn swept from theapedeck,  
A mundane dilation of the half open eye.  
Hold your squashy pennants while I abrade when I  
Hold your expirers  
Me for her own,  
Who as me  
Who I am, progenitor and program  
On the curvette of the TV.  
Aisling through  
With a cross,  
It contains.  
I take roofies  
Flames go up I pass in the gondolet.  
You cannot reach, console  
Its roasting cannot impede its rising

I piss on you my flame  
The three circles of Maya  
Robes glowing behind garden doors,  
On this earthly door  
That opens before you, closes  
After you  
But  
You dance, you dance like  
A spinning token.  
Opening through it,  
You will  
Open your shattered hole of  
Of being  
For all its love (and need of love)  
Like a baby, an infant,  
Lolling your circle against my mouth, I am carried  
By a fresh light  
And they eat the stars south  
By you, the unsoundable sun  
Torrents dry on my body  
Humming my brocade  
For profit. You return from my soul, we make love  
And are gone.  
To gold interleaves that trim the anterior with rigid  
down.  
My face, self-effacing.  
I am separated wine  
Separated  
From thirst  
That is mine  
That wine is mine  
Motherhood is mine

PRIDI  
NOT

REMOTE CONTROL

let's pretend we're tesla then, develop the field of electromagnetism, alternate the current, change the electric power systems, the motor, electrical distribution, demonstrate wireless communication and create discoveries of groundbreaking importance to our selves.

be regarded as a mad poet, due to an eccentric personality, seemingly unbelievable and sometimes bizarre claims.

let's pretend we're tesla then, measure magnetic fields, flux density, induction, encourage the effect through wireless energy transfer, power in electronic devices, robotics, remote control, radar and computer science.

be the inventor of radio, the world system, transmit electrical energy without wires where the content is a parallel site with teleautomaton radiating cosmic rays.

let's pretend we're tesla then, conduct radio wave experiments, prove that earth is a conductor, devise the spark plug, conduct the earth through a set of resonating spectrum peaks at the schumann residence.

be excited by lightning discharges in the cave, the space between the surface, the limited dimensions which emit waves of resonant cavity.

a void naturally excited by electric currents in lightning where the fundamental mode is a standing wave. one who monitors the global temperature affects the variation. around low frequency and high intensity, the peaks exhibit a spectral width on account of the damping of the respective modes in the dissipative cavity which track global lightning activity.

on the way to explore celestial bodies, the discrete schumann resonance excitations were linked to transient luminous effects, emissions of light and very low frequency perturbations from electromagnetic pulse sources, discharges of an underlying thunderstorm ...

KOIBITO

potent as the strong savage solid bare rocks where the tritons and waves carry the nights through the misty winds and burning wires on the sand, the fisherman inhales the fire as a tribe's most impotent ritual.

SHADOWS SHEDDING LIGHT

i has this hand on face  
the hand of realm  
the face of days  
this sliding hand over skin  
i has this hand that synchs  
in tune with the song  
i has to have something

i has to remind of things i has  
in times i feels the loss coming  
i has this hand skin can feel  
in times i's too far to touch

OUGHT TO CHANGE

there's always a way to describe as long as what you've come up to become, what you've done up to now, what you've seen, all you know, all you've lived that don't show, where you want to be, what you are, what you give, all that it takes, all that's at stake, a single eye in the jungle, missed the bungle, take zero come ride you hear, is it real? how things change, how disrupting, familiar yet strange, together in distance, indecent thoughts, unjust state, irrelevant claims, annoying bla bla, romance has no place, it's an old-fashioned race, long lost in theoretical sprays of sperm minded hymns. landing in the wrong bubbles for too long parachutedly hazardous journeys. some things ought to change ...



# tibor hrs pandur

TRANSLATION  
PREVOD  
TIBOR HRS PANDUR & MICHAEL THOMAS TAREN

## ONE REVOLUTION PER SECOND

»Aimless Slovene  
Slovene: 3 dinars«<sup>1</sup>  
Masturbates on the ruins of the Statue of Liberty:

I blame Julia Primic  
»Her breath was my bayonet«  
If she just put out  
I could've changed the planet

He was a great poet  
Only when stoned to death  
In 2005 he still dug the Romantics  
But finally hacked it  
You can't cop on luxury all life long

And everybody he should or could have been  
Whirled round him as spirits of ancestors:

»Janez the humble  
Janez the craven  
Janez bordered in black«<sup>2</sup>

Metaphysically dead  
2.4 light years from Alpha Centauri

»VIVA INDIFFERENCE«<sup>3</sup>  
Dante worked his ass off most with Paradise  
Rimbaud slept drunk on the beach

## ONE REVOLUTION PER SECOND

»Brezciljni Slovenec  
Slovenec: 3 dinarje«<sup>1</sup>  
Drka na ruševinah Kipa svobode:

Za vse je kriva Primicova Julija  
»Tvoj dih je moj bajonet«  
In če bi mu dala  
Bi lahko spremenil svet

Bil velik poet  
Samo ko je bil zadet  
2005 se je še vedno fural na novoromantiko  
In končno shekal  
Da ne morš skoz luksuza pičit

In vse, kar naj bi bil al moral bit  
Je vršalo okrog njega kot duh prednikov:

»Janez ponižni  
Janez strahopetni  
Janez črnoobrobljeni«<sup>2</sup>

Metafizično mrtev  
2,4 svetlobnih let od Alfa Centauri

»VIVA INDIFFERENCE«<sup>3</sup>  
Dante se je najbolj namatral s Paradisom  
Rimbaud je spal pijan na plaži

Said: That's the best  
Mallarmé duped himself he's making bombs

Even Šalamun doubted now and then  
If he didn't cul-de-sac himself too much  
Knew just what needs to be erased

And no one knows ...

How to say this?

I'd love to love  
Without being there

The experts didn't get it  
Except that it's moving somewhere

Some got intimate without undressing  
Pissed on systems that had dressed them

Others just came late — farted old pearls  
Into new stuccos. Sold their ideals for higher ordeals  
Wrote how they chop tomatoes — how they wash their  
sheets

The first drank till dead — just killed themselves  
The clever ones moved out, the second got killed by  
others  
The third stopped by themselves — the fourth choked  
on the valley

And the clouds just were  
Forming themselves to infinity

More than 10,000 years of high art  
Yet the story remains the same:

Homer sipped mushroom-tea  
(6th century B.C.)  
Suddenly it hit him:

Rekel: Dets d best  
Mallarmé se je ufural, da dela bombe

Še Šalamun je kdaj pa kdaj podvomu  
Če se ni preveč zaplezal  
Vedel samo, kaj mora sčrtat

In nihče ne ve ...

Kako to povedat?

Ljubi se mi  
Ne da bi bil tam

Teoretiki pa niso poštekali  
Razen da se nekam premika

Eni so šli v intimo, ne da bi se slekli  
Scali na sisteme, ki so jih oblekli

Drugi so zamujali — prdeli stare bisere  
V nove štukature. Prodali ideale za visoke položaje  
Pisali kako sekajo paradižnike — kako si perejo  
rjuhe

Eni so se zapili — se sami ubili  
Pametni so se izselili, druge so  
drugi  
Tretji so sami nehali — četrte je zadušila  
kotlina

In oblaki so kr bli  
In se formirali v neskončno

Več kot 10.000 let visoke umetnosti  
Pa še vedno ista zgodba:

Homer je srkal čaj iz gobic  
(6. stoletje pred štetjem)  
Naenkrat ga zadane kot sneta sekira:



»EACH MOVE — EACH TUNE UTFUCKS THE SYSTEM!«  
... And we don't bethink the mud under us  
Only the leaves above  
And how much we loved them  
As they fell ...

Then the pope 3000 years later to a crowd willingly in  
the rain:

AVE GRATIA THAT HAD US PLUNDERED  
Although Neruda wrote: »Blood runs in streets«  
The blood runs in the streets  
And even if Dylan wrote:  
»GREAT IS THE HAND THAT HOLDS DOMINION OVER MAN  
BY A SCRIBBLED NAME«<sup>4</sup>  
Choppers came and burned their skies  
»Out of every dead child arose a rifle with eyes«<sup>5</sup>

Watch out!  
IF THE LIGHT DON'T SHINE FREE  
Lingua Tertii Imperii  
1984  
BBC

I get sad when someone says enthusiastically into the  
camera  
that »SEEING THE POPE IS A CLIMAX«

Vendredi Samedi Dimanche  
»FROM AMERICA: TANKS OF JOY AND GOODWILL  
Giant and tiny sources of thunder caught unprepared  
Above Baghdad

AN ETHIOPIAN SMILED FOR THE FIRST TIME  
TODAY AND NEVER AGAIN  
Jack the Ripper reaped most of the glory  
Garry Kasparov currently second«

Is man a controllable animal while he's a junky?  
Is he lazy? Is he a killer?  
Will we butcher ourselves?  
Will someone always outgrow your pecker?  
Will they exchange you for new goods?  
Will they adapt you to the idea?

VSAK GIB — VSAK TON NA KLAVIR ODJEBE SISTEM!  
... In ne mislimo več na blato, ki je pod nami  
Ampak samo na listje, ki je na njem  
In kako zelo smo ga imeli radi  
Ko je padalo ...

Potem pa papež čez 3000 let množici prostovoljni v  
dežju:

AVE GRATIA, KI SI NAS PLENLA  
Tud če je Neruda napisal: »Kri teče po ulicah«  
Kri teče po ulicah  
In tud če je Dylan napisal:  
V'LKA JE ROKA KI VLADA SAMO S ČAČKO SVOJEGA  
IMENA<sup>4</sup>  
So pršli čoperji in zažgali ljudi  
»Iz vsakega mrtveca je vstala puška z očmi«<sup>5</sup>

Pazite se!  
KO LUČ PROSTA NE SIJE  
Lingua Tertii Imperii  
POP TV  
1984

Žalosten postanem, ko nekdo reče navdušen v kamero,  
da je »VIDET PAPEŽA VRHUNEC«

Vendredi Samedi Dimanche  
»IZ AMERIKE PRIHAJAJO TANKI VESELJA IN DOBRE  
VOLJE  
Veliki in mali izviri grmenja zaloteni nepripravljeni  
nad Bagdadom

ETIJOPIJEC SE JE NAJBOLJ RAZVESELIL  
DANES IN NIKOLI VEČ  
Največ slave požel Londonski klavec  
Garry Kasparov trenutno drugi«

Je človek obvladljiva žival, dokler je džanki?  
Je len? Je morilec?  
Se bomo poklali?  
Bo nekdo vedno mel večjega?  
Te bodo zamenjali za novo robo?  
Te prilagodili ideji?

While he poses poetry about poetry  
How alone and boohoo  
Recycles originals  
Fights on another plane  
Comes on the page and fades out

Closes his eyes to make it spond  
Somewhere else:

He feels your hair. For the first time  
And the form of your skull  
What no one  
Else  
Feels now

And he feels your skin  
And the structure of your cheekbones  
And you whole

Ouside: the city mid demonstrations  
Cars aflame  
Nightsticks in cracked brains

Saved from action  
High on abstraction  
This probably meaningless agitation

Of some failed inhalation

Which actually didn't change much  
Except that the State bared its real teeth:

»Plečnik was a freemason  
Marx frequented whores«

And beautiful things  
Really beautiful things in between  
Just cause someone said they were

A forgery of a forgery  
Without being too sentimental

If he could he would've written himself out of this  
world ages ago

On pa ti pozira poezijo o poeziji  
Kako sam in buhuhuu  
Reciklira originale  
Se bori na neki drugi ravni  
Pride na papir in pol zaspi

Zapira oči, da bi se skladalo  
Nekje drugje:

Prvič. Začuti. Tvoje. Lase.  
In obliko tvoje lobanje  
Kar drugače  
Ne čuti  
Nihče

In čuti tvojo kožo  
In strukturo tvojih ličnic  
In tebe celo

Zunaj pa mesto in demonstracije:  
Avtomobili v ognju  
Pendrek v glavi

Rešen akcije  
Zatripan v abstrakcije  
Te verjetno smiselne agitacije

Neke spodletele inhalacije

Kar sploh ni sprožilo take spremembe  
Razen da je Država pokazala svoje prave zobe:

»Plečnik je bil prostozidar  
Marx je hodu na kurbe«

In lepe stvari  
Res lepe stvari vmes  
Ker je nekdo rekel, da so

Plagiat plagiata  
Ne da bi bil too sentimental

Če bi se lahko, bi se že zdavnaj izpisal  
iz sveta



Grandma with a blue eye infront of Leclerc  
Isis poses for Dior

PS.

Enough of this shit

Without you this leaf would be dead

.THP.

Babi z razbitim očesom pred Merkatorjem  
Izis pozira za Diorja

P.S.

Dovolj mam tega sranja

Brez tebe bi bil ta list mrtev

.THP.

1 Kosovel: Cons Ikarus  
2 Kosovel: Genealogy/Cons Ikarus  
3 Moloko: Pure Pleasure Seeker  
4 Dylan Thomas: The Hand That Signed the Paper  
5 Neruda: I'm explaining a few things

1 Kosovel: Kons Ikarus  
2 Kosovel: Rodovnik/Kons Ikarus  
3 Moloko: Pure Pleasure Seeker  
4 Dylan Thomas: The Hand That Signed the Paper  
5 Neruda: Razlagam par stvari

ÉTUDES FOR THE MOTH IN THE LIGHT BULB

I.

Darkness and moon and night and sheep. This was the world once. Silence and owls and lowing of sheep

The walls between us are thin. Seeping as your mind  
And there's only a wound or this moment. Which you let somehow. Purely through you  
As clouds and cold and freshness on skin

If you could see. What you forget inbetween

Someone sings toward Moon. And language: The sound of grass grinding donkeys  
Or a sheep's scream at night and then nothing. A big shadow comes.  
Smells the ass of another shadow. Photorealism also don't work.

As you lose yourself. And forget by the way. On the edge of the always and same abyss

Three animals listening to the scratch of my pen. And their personalities!  
The moon scorching through clouds. Falls with a broken and face

I feel like a shepard. And calm as if I'd become the crickets and road  
Right here, yes. As if forgetting by the way

And to be the road and house and you. As a lamb slurs into night  
Or a horse chewing his grass  
Can't help myself. There is always something as if something if  
Stay alone and silent and happy inside you. Stay here a while. Stay outside  
Let it be cold. Listen how horses pull the grass more confidently than donkeys  
Silent and calm in night, which has completely accepted you by now  
(Recreate your drama for yours truly and therefore for all)

As if something would forcefully run out of you. Appear and disappear. Someone  
Something unheard of in these rhymes. Stay!  
As pulse and rythme of world and a fence tinkling away

How clear and prepredictable apartments seem

That this spirit inside me. As someone else. Overtook. Overtook

Flies die on sticky strings  
(I stare into them and don't know who's there)  
As if you would somehow secretly inside you know  
That life is renewable. Hidden and safe

That it always comes back. Like flies  
He writes in the kitchen. And around his search-light there circles a moth  
As his own private fairy

She just stares into the fire

Maybe it's a tragedy. I don't know. I mean  
To touch someone without knowing what you bring about

Great misunderstood Rabbit. I don't know where you come from. Don't know where you go  
What do I know if that I don't know that?  
I don't know

II.

And there's no word to forget, that could have changed it all  
Me: a red cigarette butt against clouds. Weird towns where you can't see stars  
Bats circling round lanterns and barks furiously toward someone in dark

You eat as fire burns. What the night is outside. In your head  
You continue where you left of. Dispersit

People hidden in their houses  
And the moon which I presume I only see  
Makes valuable this act. Of some improvisation

As if some absolute indestructability would silently hover all around them  
And crickets and stars. Too calm to stay in  
As is breath and the same air that we breathe  
The moon and nakedness before wish and -es  
Or the pressure that in houses reigns  
Vibrates between histories of women and men  
She that hath made fire  
Only stares alone into the fire  
And the moon that like a chopped off skull  
For ever and ever. Only echoes Scream

And an old house and light which in her skin just bathes  
The sheep tries. Gurgles into night  
And somewhere high  
A plane inaudibly flashes  
That can not be a star

III.

I think there's no point adding anything else

Darkness is all around and silence and somethingness  
There's not even stars, neither candles that could flicker  
Not even this likeness, pretending to be the only solution

IV.

The third night same same. Except for the fog stretching through fields  
And the sheep are already much braver. More reconciled. It's alright  
Me thinks. Except if our obsessions only temporarily depart  
To some old fireplace at night. As some forget his or her self  
For an hour or two (finding his long lost Ophelia desperately lost inside you)

To see a moment within a moment. Behave as you'd be the first. A pioneer.  
Cause you actually don't know. Maybe you dreamt it all before.  
And forgot as you dreamt. Simultaneously with a naive and touching severence.  
You play these words. As a hymn to Principle. And every time you pounce inside,  
Behind eyes, through you into:

Somewhere in the distance sounds of moving bodies I'll never understand  
I enjoy the fact that I'm now still  
As nobody. As fire

V.

Maybe the lambs call the moon at night and she comes

The clouds open her just for you. Spit trickles down your chin. Rain maybe  
But in any case crickets  
And when she sets. She houses paints  
And lightning far off  
Strikes

VI.

You ask a question. You gaze into the fire. And life itself is the answer  
When you go and piss into the darkness. And the peace outside. Is memory which gathers you.  
A certain nervousness when you break off and grab the pen.

How must it have been to be man here without light? Darkness and sounds and stars

(In fact a book should never end: that’s the idea)

What is a house? What a bed, given this?

VII.

She is not a face or the shape of her body. Although it’s an engine you don’t drive

The lack of habit. Which can’t help itself in any other way  
Than to wait for you

He might although only celebrate his own destructability  
In the realm of a certain western tradition

And this feeling is only one percent of what you can feel  
If you’re a butanese master of levitation

I want to know where you live  
There are flowers and there are graves  
What are trees and meadows if you love someone 1500 km away?  
My tears dry toward sun  
Dressed in security of some calm silent étude  
Or bounded in a nutshell. As you leave your room behind. Or house or world  
When you hover. You don’t know you hover. You’re just so calm  
It takes you away. And you don’t even feel how it takes you away

VIII.

»A la fin tu es las de ce monde ancien  
Bergère ô tour Eiffel le troupeau des ponts bêle ce matin«

Finally you take off. Freedom and light envelope you. A tear rises, flows behind glass.  
Ljubljanese on the plane try to preserve this moment on their digital cameras. You rise.  
You’re in the air now. Feel pressure in ears. You feel like at the ascencion.  
No more roads. No houses. Only lines of mountains. Colours dressed in fogs.  
Water flows through the windows. Through your eyes.  
You see only the machines’ wing. It carries you  
Everything else is the blue yearned for by renaissance masters  
Now you’re above clouds. And all is one anyway. You see a line. You can say: horizon

IX.

Although you just took off. You’d be glad to land  
Outside where everybody, not reading newspapers, looks: MASSACRES IN UZBEKHISTAN

BUY A CAT FOR A MILLION EUROS, fall silent. You’re hypersensing.  
You try to relax. Not to think the too much outside  
Mountains bare. You breathe heavily, one with the machine.  
You feel every shake as if it where your own body.  
Every curve. Outside »infinity«. You can’t stand it. You close. You pray.  
You pray the only prayer you know. You pray to the pilot and to human genius.  
To yourself and to fate you pray. To survive  
You’re afraid you could die and never complete your masterpieces. The stewardess sets you free.  
She brings water. You’re squeezing the napkin. Thinking how it is compared to the clouds

X.

Are they so calm because they don’t even know that they are?  
Underneath the earth is divided. Into worries and their people  
But up here only white shifting constantly passing  
With slight periods of turbulence. And of course you like it  
If all of this is a part of you

ETIDE ZA MOLJA V ŽARNICI

I.

Tema in luna in noč in ovce. To je nekoč bil svet. Tišina in sove in blejanje ovc

Zidovi med nami so tanki. Pronicljivi kot tvoja zavest  
In je samo rana ali ta trenutek. Ki ga spustiš nekak. Čisto skozse  
Kot oblaki in hlad. In svežina na tvoji koži

Če bi videl. Kar vmes pozabiš

Nekdo zapoje proti Luni. In jezik: zvok trave, ki jo melje osel  
Ali krik ovce v noč in potem tišina. Ena velika črna senca pride  
Povoha rit drugi senci. Fotorealizem tud ne funkcionira

Kot bi se zgubljal. In sproti pozabljal. Nad vedno istim prepadom

Tri živali, ki v senci poslušajo šum tega penkala. In njihove osebnosti!

Luna, ki zažiga skoz oblake. Pada. Zlomljenega in obraza

Kot pastir se počutim. In mirno kot bi se zlil s črički in cesto  
Tukaj ja. Kot bi se sproti pozabljal

In bit cesta in hiša in ti. Kot bacek, ki blekne v noč  
Ali konj, ki svojo travo melje  
Ne znam si pomagat. Vedno je nekaj kot nekaj kot  
Ostani sam in tih in srečen v sebi. Ostani tukaj še malo. Ostani zunaj  
Pusti, da te zebe. Poslušaj kako konji pulijo travo bolj samozavestno kot osli  
Tiho in mirno v noči, ki te je sprejela. Zdaj že popolnoma vase  
(Poustvari svojo dramo samo zase. Torej za vse)

Kot bi nekaj iz tebe sunkovito bežalo. Se pokazalo in izginlo. Nekdo  
Nekaj neslišanega v teh rimah. Ostani!  
Kot utrip in ritem sveta in ograja, ki žvončklja

Kako jasna in prepredvidljiva so stanovanja

Da je ta duh v meni. Kot nekdo drug. Prevzel. Prevzel

Muhe umirajo na lepljivih trakovih  
(Gledam jih in ne vem kdo je not)  
Kot da bi nekaj skrito v sebi, za sabo  
Vedel, da je življenje obnovljivo  
Skrito in varno. Da se vedno vrne kot muhe  
On piše v kuhni. In okoli njegove search-lightke  
Kroži nočni metulj kot njegova privatna vilinka

Ona pa samo buli v ogenj

Mogoče je tragedija. Ne vem. Mislim  
Se dotikat drugih in ne vedet kaj povzročiš

Veliki nerazumljeni zajec. Ne vem ne od kod si. Ne kam greš  
Kaj sploh vem. Če tega ne vem?  
Ne vem

II.

In ni besede, ki bi jo pozabil in bi vse spremenila  
Jaz rdeč ogorek proti nebu. Čudno mesto kjer se ne vidi več zvezd  
Netopirjev, ki krožijo okoli lantern in lajanja besno proti vonju nekoga v temi

Ješ kot ogenj gori. Kar je noč tam zunaj. V tvoji glavi  
Nadaljuješ kjer si ostal. Dispersit

Ljudje skriti po svojih hišah  
In luna, ki jo mislim, da jo vidim samo jaz  
Dela vreden ta zapis. Neke improvizacije

Kot da okoli njih tiho lebdi nekakšna absolutna neuničljivost

In zvezde in črički. Premirni, da bi v njih ostal  
Kot je dih in isti zrak, ki ga dihamo  
Luna in slečenost pred željo in -ami  
Ali pritiska, ki vlada v hišah  
Vibrira med zgodovino ljudi  
Ona, ki je ogenj naredila  
Samo strmi v ogenj sama  
In luna, ki kot odčesnjena lobanja  
Za vedno in vedno. Samo odmeva Krik

In stara hiša in svetloba, ki se v njeni koži kopa

Ovca proba. Zagrga v noč

In nekje visoko  
Letalo neslišno utripa  
Ki ne more bit zvezda

III.

Mislim, da nima smisla kaj dosti več povedat

Tema je vsenaokrog in tišina in ničevost  
Še zvezd ni, niti sveče ki bi prasketala  
Niti tega približka, ki se pretvarja, da je bil edina rešitev

IV.

Tretjo noč je vse enako. Razen megle, ki se vleče čez pašnike  
In ovce so že bolj pogumne. Bolj sprijaznjene. Vse je v redu  
Se mi zdi. Razen če nas naše obsesije. Samo začasno zapustijo  
Ob kakšnem starinskem kaminu. Kot nekdo, ki se pozabi nekje  
Za urco al dve (in najde spomin po svoji daljni Ofeliji daljno zgubljeni v sebi)

Videt trenutek v enem trenutku. Se obnašat kot bi bil prvič. Kot pionir

Ker dejansko ne veš. Mogoče si vse skupaj že nekoč sanjal  
In pozabil kot da bi sanjal. Hkrati naivno in z nekakšno ganljivo strogostjo  
Igraš te besede. V hvalnico Principu. In vsakič znova planeš vase za oči  
Skoz vase v:

Nekje v daljavi so zvoki gibajočih teles, ki jih nikoli ne bom razumel  
Uživam v dejstvu, da zdaj mirujem  
Kot ogenj. Kot nihče

V.

Mogoče pa backi ponoči kličejo luno in pride

Oblaki jo odprejo samo zate. Slina se ti cedi z ust. Dež mogoče  
Ampak v vsakem primeru črički.  
In ko zaide. Hiše slika  
In strela nekje daleč  
Udari

VI.

Nekaj sprašuješ. Gledaš ogenj. In življenje samo je odgovor  
Ko greš in lulaš v temo. In mir tam zunaj. Je spomin, ki te nabere  
Živčnost, ko se odcepiš in primeš za penkalo

Kako je blo bit človek tukaj brez luči? Tema in zvezde in zvoki

(V bistvu se knjiga naj ne bi nikoli končala: to je ideja)

Kaj je hiša? Kaj postelja potemtakem?

VII.

Ona ni obraz ali oblika njenega telesa. Čeprav je stroj, ki ga ne voziš

Odsotnost neke navade. Ki si ne zna pomagat drugače  
Kot da čaka nate

Mogoče pa samo praznuje svojo uničljivost  
V sklopu zahodne tradicije

In ta občutek je samo 1 % kar lahko čutiš  
Če si butanski mojster lebdenja

Hočem vedet kje živiš. Tam so rože in tam so grobovi  
Kaj so drevesa in travniki, če ljubiš 1500 km stran?  
Moje solze suhe proti soncu  
Oblečena v varnost kot v mirnost neke tihe etide  
Or bounded in a nutshell. Kot pustiš sobo za sabo. Ali hišo in svet

Ko lebdiš. Ne veš da lebdiš. Samo tako miren si. Da te odnese  
In sploh ne čutiš. Kako te odnese

VIII.

»A la fin tu es las de ce monde ancien  
Bergère ô tour Eiffel le troupeau des ponts bête ce matin«

Končno vzletiš. Svoboda in sonce te oblije. Solza se dvigne, steče za šipo  
Ljubljančani na avionu lovijo ta občutek na svojo digitalno kamero  
Dvigaš se. Zdaj si v zraku. Pritisk maš v ušesih. Počutiš se kot ob vnebovzetju  
Ni več cest. Nič hiš. Samo obris gora. Barve oblečene v megle. Voda teče čez okna. Čez tvoje oči  
Vidiš samo še krilo stroja. Nosi te  
Ostalo je modrina, ki so jo iskali renesančni mojstri  
Zdaj si nad oblaki. In je itak vse eno. Vidiš črto. Lahko rečeš: obzorje

IX.

Čeprav si ravnokar vzletel. Bi najraje že pristal  
Zunaj kamor gledajo vsi, ki ne berejo časopisov: POKOLI V UZBEKISTANU  
KUPI MAČKO ZA MILIJON EVROV utihnejo. Postajaš hipersenzibilen  
Skušaš se sprostiti. Ne mislit na preveč tam zunaj  
Gore so gole. Težko dihaš, stopljen s tem strojem  
Vsak tresljaj čutiš kot da je tvoje telo  
Vsak ovinek. Zunaj »neskončno«. Ne preneseš. Zapreš. Moliš  
Moliš edino molitev, ki jo znaš. Moliš pilotu. In človeškemu geniju  
In sebi in usodi moliš. Da bi preživel  
Strah te je, da bi umrl in nikoli končal svojih mojstrov. Stevardesa te odreši  
Prinese vodo. Stiskaš serveto. Razmišljaš kakšna je v primerjavi z oblaki

X.

So tako mirni, ker sploh ne vejo, da so?  
Od spodaj je zemlja razdeljena. Na ljudi in njihove skrbi  
Tukaj od zgoraj. Pa samo belo prehajanje  
In občasne turbulence. In seveda ti je vseč  
Če je vse to del tebe

# jasmin b. frelih

TRANSLATION  
PREVOD  
JASMIN B. FRELIH

## LA TÊTE ACCOMPLI

At first, nobody noticed the head. It was dismissed as a visual speck of some kind, a stenciled Banksy imitation, or a pigeon's body, killed midair. Perhaps a taco, impaled on a stick with its entrails spilled out, or possibly a snot-filled floating handkerchief. Maybe vomit. Couldn't tell.

But then Flora Jenkins let out such a blood-curdling scream that everyone found it very hard to deny the fact that they were facing an actual human head, severed from the torso and jammed on top of a jagged fence to rot upright.

When Flora first glanced at it, she had found the stuck-out tongue disgraceful. Her neck snapped, she looked away so quick. There was a guy behind some bushes crouching and jacking off and letting out a series of sotto voce sighs. She felt molested, being sucked in such a way into the pre-frontal lobe of the pervert's brain. On another level, it struck her as flattering - it has been a while since she had made a man come closer. He's probably harmless, just a lonesome loon, a momma's boy, a sob-story in the flesh, rubbing out a quick one during a cigarette break while at work in the sewers. A rat, a pig, a man. She looked straight at him, feeling womanly and strong. I'm not startled by your indiscretion, not least perturbed by your transgression, the look seemed to imply. Unfortunately, the liquidated eyes were no longer capable of discerning the difference between appearing and seeming to appear. They just rapidly stared. And something was wrong with that, Flora concluded. Such a display of female courage tends

to frighten the offenders, but this one -

»So, what you're saying, ma'am ... Was there really someone there? Did you see anyone?«

»Good heavens, no. I'm just saying how it was for me. Nobody there, just the head. All the libidinal thoughts banished out of it, forever. What am I saying ... I did not even know the man ... was it a man?«

»Yes. A man.«

»Well, I'm sure there were libidinal thoughts in there at some point in this poor man's life, so I guess it's not too disrespectful to the deceased to accuse him of such carnality even in the after —«

»Ma'am, could you please focus here, we're obviously dealing with a murder.«

»Well, or a suicide?«

Bob Rostroff, the detective who had picked up the call, did not take Flora's leaps of imagination too kindly. He was tired. Hung-over, maybe still drunk.

»Miss Jenkins, are you really finding it likely to be possible that this man could have managed to decapitate his-own-self, impale his head on a spike and fling his body in the trash-can?«

»You found the body?« asked Flora.

»No, no, we haven't found it,« the detective found himself in a banal fix, »what I'm trying to say is, that it is highly unlikely that this man had committed suicide.«

»You have to find the body,« said Flora.

»Of course. Now, about what you saw ...«

»It was a fleshy look, ghastly and grossly inviting, with its tongue out like that, something forbidden, yet

somehow alluring, you know what I mean? It's like there was this something there that was wholly impervious to sight and yet you knew it had no place, no purpose even being there in the first place. I found that strange, and by that I mean to say - being so easily drawn to strange things, I had no qualms about getting a closer look.»

»My god,« exclaimed the detective.

»And once I got closer I could begin to discern the lines slowly falling into place, yet it all remained primordial and still for a very long time, a totally tarlike spot of naiveté, until suddenly bam - lucidity! It's a human head without a body. I feel a terrible need to scream.«

»So you screamed.«

»Yes. At first, I screamed.«

»And then?«

»Then I screamed some more.«

»You screamed some more.«

»Yes.«

»And then?«

»Then it moved!«

»What?«

»Just kidding,« said Flora. The detective's face remained entirely devoid of jest.

»Then I can't remember very well.« She brushed off the failed attempt at humor with a flick of her wrist, »I venture I was screaming for quite a while. Some people came closer to see what I was screaming about. Somebody called the cops. You came. Yes?«

»Nothing else?«

»Well yes, the space and time, these buildings, the pavement, the random weed fleeing the confines of concrete, a faint smell of excrement and piss dispersed into a blast of ... lilac? Is it spring already? Sun, there was the sun.«

»Miss Jenkins, please, spare us with the wonders of existence, somebody died today and didn't have to.«

Flora set her gaze upon the sky and lost herself in thought for a very long time, so long in fact, that Bob got visibly agitated, having been stuck without reprieve in such an inert position.

»It's a good day to die, isn't it? Good as any?«

—

At first, nobody noticed it. It was a nineties abomination, geocited working-sign piece of visual fiasco, rumbling and ready to lawn-mow your retinas. If there's a page on the web, and nobody reads it, was there anything ever really written there? Who knows, who knows. Amidst blossoms of jaune aggression, this is what it said.

[caps lock] we are the gilot [double-space] guardians of international law and order and trust. [enter twice] we had beheaded mr dd for his implicit complicity in matters of corporate policy of one corporate subject named trollman-lax designed to degrade and denigrate the human condition qed [double-space] the punishment is irreversible [enter twice] we guarantee there are others like him awaiting judgment as we read [double-space] erect the banners of justice [exclamation mark]

»You chose a stupid fucking name,« Vera was not pleased with the name he had chosen. »It does not even evoke the guillotine, but that firm, what's it called, for men's stuff ...«

»Gillette?«

»Yeah, that one.«

»So what? They sell blades, our point still comes across.«

»But it's a corporation; you're simply helping with their brand!«

Michael thought that Vera sometimes got very annoying. He said so, and then said this. »I don't think they want to associate their brand with a beheading, do you? I'm pretty confident they would get upset over this. Maybe even garner us some publicity.«

»Well, it's not that close in any case - I said evokes, simply evokes in a fair-use kind of way, not as a matter of copyright infringement. If they, by some chance, really saw it, they would hold shut.«

»Ok, so what was the problem again?«

»That it evokes a stupid merchandise selling hack company which is selling blades that could last a lifetime but are deliberately designed not to, and fails to evoke a fine instrument of popular justice.«

»It evokes a blade!« yelled Michael, finally having had enough. »That's all it needs to evoke. Everybody with a neck knows what a blade means. That's it. End of debate.«



»Also, what is qed?« Vera pronounced it kwed.  
»Quod errat demonstrandum - as has been here shown.«  
Michael cherished these moments of pedagogy.  
»But what has been here shown?«  
»That he was implicitly complicit in ...«  
She interrupted, »yes, you made a statement and at the end you made it say - the truth of my statement self-evidently rests upon the fact that I stated it. Which is weird.«  
»Would you please stop,« he knew that she was right and it made him eager to divert her attention from logic to aesthetics, »I think it adds a certain flare to the sentence, I mean, it would appear kind of naked without it.«  
»... the human condition.« She read it out loud and left out the kwed. »Yeah, ok, maybe.«  
»What about the punishment line?« Michael asked.  
»It's good, I like it. Matter-of-factly ironically funny. Cool.« She let the compliments casually linger, allowing him to savor the taste of probity before driving in a stake of ridicule.  
»But you misspelled irreversible.«  
His eyes froze red. »What? Oh shit, what the fuck is that a doing there?«  
»Can you change it?«  
»I don't know how.«  
»Amonument to your oversight. How oddly appropriate.«

—

The murderess was one Donald Donald the Second, a third generation banker from the Upper East Side. There were few actual laments and plenty of toasts to his death, but the biggest rage-orgy was brewed and concocted in little square coffices all across the states by journo-drones and content mill slaves. They dubbed it the first violent act of the forthcoming/inevitable/any-day-now revolution, which could be staved off only at the expense of some different sorts of taxation rituals and what many bureaucrats would find as absolute nightmares. The cops jumped on the bandwagon and reasserted themselves as a force of oppression, while the political brass continued issuing statements of peculiar intent. Everybody felt like something was

actually going on.

»Imagination is easily filled with images of terror. I think that's a property of space. Grinding mills of reality clashing in objective intersections. We peek through slits. Horror is good at widening the rift, in my opinion.«  
Flora was hosted on a talk show, as the found head had turned her into a person of public interest. While many objected to her stardom on account of finding something planted in plain sight, many more others found her genuinely intriguing.  
»So what you're saying, miss Jenkins, is that this - head - is somehow inherently fused with the American experience of life itself?«  
»That is exactly what I'm saying, Ronald, I'm glad that you are able to put my thoughts into words so succinctly. And furthermore, if the head really does vibrate parallel to our public being, then I'm positive we could all draw some sort of an enlightening lesson out of it.«  
»Such as?«  
»I don't know, what do I know ... maybe the simple realization that it's not really all that bad.«  
»A decapitation is not all that bad?«  
»Well, not if it was voluntary?«  
»A suicide?«  
»We've seen stranger things.«  
»But still, miss Jenkins, you must admit that a successful, married man chock full of stimulants and anti-depressants, as the autopsy report has shown, does not commit such an extravagant suicide.«  
»That's the right word!« Flora jumped on her seat.  
»What word?«  
»Extravagant, I've been looking for it ever since it happened. Extravagant, yes. That was an extravagant self-beheading if there ever was one.«  
The host did not know how to respond. An awkward silence ensued. Flora had to break it.  
»Anyway, back to my point, which is, that in the grand scheme of things, a beheaded American banker is not that bad. I mean, let's get serious, we're not exactly talking about a JFK here, he was just an ivy clone with too much money and not enough time left when he managed to lose his head in the whirlwind of what's real. Let's cherish this improbability and be thankful

that we are still alive.«  
»But some say it's the first expression of the impending class war.«  
»Let me tell you about class war, let me tell you about that. Firstly - it's bogus, nothing, void and devoid. Secondly - the antagonisms of human desire always find a way to express themselves, always have so and always will. And thirdly - if the imaginative force of the American public is capable of such deep reflection upon a simple piece of meat, then I would like to say I remain firm in my belief in these people, and expectantly hope for their best.«

Bob the detective was dismayed. It made no sense. There was no spotlight. He found himself in a vacuum, free from all obligations to flounder about pursuing non-existent leads. He had Flora to thank for that. Mostly he just stayed in his apartment and waited for the techs to do their jobs, reading a report after report on information of no value. Papers filled his space and he could watch it shrink. No flashes going on inside his head, no mellowing of barriers, no mills of concept powdering the grain of insight. Blank. Gone. Nowhere to look. Flora kept popping up in his mind. He didn't know why. To shake her off his thoughts, he tried contemplating his problem out loud.  
»What we got here, what we got here, it's a head. It's a man's head. A man's head left on a fence. No real witnesses. Nobody saw a damn thing. Just the head, they all did see the head. No body. No clues. Chopped off with a sharp object with great force, a cleaver, an axe. Severely damaged post mortem.«  
He was looking for an axe-murderer with a passionate resentment towards heads. Damaged after being cut off - what the hell did he do with it, kick it around? Punched it all the way across town grinning at people along the way, most likely. Batting his fists at his sack. What kind of a sound does that make? He checked the report. Post mortem damage: severe, in one blow. Did he run it over with a car? Great, so his axe-murderer now owns a car. Narrows it down. Did he throw it off a roof? His chest began pounding. There was some adrenaline. Did they check out the roofs?

—

Michael was having an anxiety attack. Vera was as calm as a sedated leper, very slowly, almost invisibly, falling apart.  
»They know!«  
»They haven't found the body yet.«  
»They know!«  
»Don't worry.«  
»But we told them we did it!«  
»We told them we couldn't have done it.«  
»They know!«  
»They can't prove anything without the body.«  
»They can!«  
»How?«  
»Magic! Dark detective sorcery! Forensic voodoo with animistic yearnings towards discovery, edged intently upon definite proof. Call it karma. Or justice. Same thing.«  
They were seated in Flora's house. She was the only person they felt they could trust with their story. They broke in and found themselves comforted by the cat infested make-shift sanitarium filled with empty flower pots, ripped up mattresses, and other innuendos to its owner's fragile state of mind. It emitted the same electric smell old hairdryers emit. Instant connections were made. They had abandoned their apartment for fear of its exposure to enforcement and had nowhere to go. Flora's house came as an asylum in every sense of the word.  
»But, we didn't even kill him,« replied Vera.  
»I did not say truth, I said proof. Those are two different things - what really happened recedes from our reality of the present and leaves but a few faint traces of its ever transpiring behind. These few traces can then be interpreted in any way imaginable, usually veering as closely as possible to our notion of truth, thus becoming, in our mind, sources of proof. Once they become sources of proof, there is no need for truth anymore, as their tale becomes fact. I'm not afraid of the truth, Vera, what frightens me is the burden of proof.«  
»Then why talk of justice? You're concerned with the law. Not with karma, with the Man!«  
»Fate deals an incongruous hand, call it what you like.«



»Now with Fate! Focus, Michael.«  
»She’s here.«

Flora was deeply unnerved by the fact that the flour she had set before her doorstep that very morning now appeared disheveled. Somebody was here. Somebody’s feet left flour-prints. Not just one somebody’s, at least two somebody’s feet left flour-prints. What could they possibly want to do with Flora? She was disconnected from the grid, removed from law by inaction, of almost no body to speak of, with nobody to speak to, and no-one to speak on her behalf, living on cat-meat and drinking rain, a being wholly existent in abstentio. She instantly regretted her newfound public prominence. She wished to be left alone. To knock on one’s own door ...  
»Anybody home?«  
»Who is this?« Vera managed a housewife’s voice.  
»This is Flora Jenkins, I live here.«  
»All by yourself?«  
»Apparently not. Can I come in?«  
»Yes, it’s open.«

She found them huddled in a corner like two bare turkeys in a feathered coop. Cats didn’t mind them, and they apparently didn’t mind the cats. Something else must have frightened them so, something official and uncaring, a regal malediction, a systemic malady, a force beyond their own control.

»Are you two by any chance junkies?«  
»No, we most definitely are not,« replied Michael.  
»Then who are you?« inquired Flora.

Vera stood up and took a deep breath, churning out a sentence in her mind before committing herself to saying it out loud. She sought indemnity.  
»We are the ones who did not murder Donald Donald!«  
»Ok, I believe you,« said Flora, convinced by such prudent words.  
»Really, we didn’ ...« continued Vera and stopped,  
»what? You believe?«  
Flora nodded.

»Just like that? Without a doubt?«  
Michael chimed in. »You know we very well could have, don’t you?«  
»We are artists,« added Vera.  
Flora’s interest was piqued. »Oh yeah, what kind?«

They snuck a glance at each other. Michael was bolder.  
»Our work mostly comprises of, also focuses on, auto et allo-erotic asphyxiation.«  
»Wow,« exclaimed Flora. She received two warm smiles in exchange. »Are you any good at it?«  
»We can choke and orgasm almost instantaneously.«  
»We thought about setting up a workshop.«  
»Which somehow brings us to this ... beheading.« said Flora.  
»Well, first, we think that it - as an art-form - deserves a better name,« said Vera, »so we call it - La Tête accompli.«  
»Bravo!« clapped Flora in excitement.  
»We met Donald through craigslist,« explained Michael, anxious to confront truth, »and he was a very tough nut to bust. He’s apparently been to every witch-doctor in town, and nothing did anything for him, he was still emotionally disconnected, burned out and grinded down, washed up, flushed through, shell of a man and just a man among many, a simple mannequin with desires whetted, but all senses dulled. He found no escape. We had to make him feel. He paid good money for us to make him feel.«  
»So you devised a contraption to perform self-decapitation during an orgasm? Like a guillotine, but for adults?« Flora was perspiring with excitement.  
Vera stepped in before Michael thought of what to say.  
»Well, first, I have to say that I feel as if Michael is needlessly embellishing certain aspects of La Tête accompli while intricately laying down euphemisms across certain other aspects, which I personally find to be disingenuous and, quite frankly, makes you look like a fraud.« She raised her hand to silence him. »Because we need to be clear about something here right from the start. What happened was in all actuality a very morose and daring sexual practice, practiced solely by those with the sensuality of an impromptu genocide. Beheading came as not only the intended, but also the desired resolution of events. Basically, what happened was that this man, Donald, a despicable yeast of a human being, stood on the edge of the rooftop, masturbated until climax and at that point Michael lopped off his head with a hatchet.«  
»I knew it!« leaped Flora. »I was positive the moment

I saw it! There was a dirty look on that head’s face.«  
»This was of course all pre-arranged and consented to,« added Michael.  
»But the head was not supposed to drop in the middle of a crowded street! We panicked for fear of official disclosure, so Michael here got this brilliant idea of making it look like the whole scene was politically motivated.«  
»Masking passion with politics, makes sense,« reasoned Flora.  
»And we typed up a website where we presented ourselves as a radical, extremist group intent on beheading persons of dubious contribution to society at large ...«  
»This, when you come to think of it,« interjected Michael, »would in reality not be an entirely unwanted occurrence.«  
»... and hoped that that would lead any potential investigators astray,« continued Vera, »I mean, as it is so obvious that our motives are squarely the opposite of political, them being artistic and superior and utterly distanced from the ordinary discourse of hunger and want, it would be impossible to single out us, the two of us, as we are, as the possible perpetrators of the supposed crime.«  
»Without any actual crime even taking place,« finished Michael.  
Flora fluttered her eyelids, took a long hard breath and stroked a nearby cat.  
»I have one simple stake in this and I’ve had it from the start,« she gripped the cat’s neck and the animal let out a languished cry of arousal, »where is the body?«  
»We left it on the roof!«  
»Well, that’s a rank thought, isn’t it?« said Flora, »what happens when the sun’s rays boil the blisters and the stench comes spoiling tenants’ dinners?«  
»Then they find the body. I knew it!« Michael was back on his road to nervous breakdown.  
»We hadn’t thought of that,« stated Vera.  
»How could you not?« asked Flora, »bodies, as arts, rot.«

Bob barged into the place with the confidence of a detective and the tactlessness of a very old man. That’s how he felt for a moment. Old. Old and prying. Of course she had company, she was still hip, still in the charmer’s game of social interaction, that intermingling welter of bodies where strangers become friends and friends become spouses. He felt a kindred spirit in Flora, a vulnerable creature fighting off chaos, just like himself. And now here he was, a mere intruder upon casual privacy. By god, this place was a wreck. Maybe he dodged a bullet here.  
»Hey Bob. What’s up?« asked Flora, while Michael and Vera exchanged curious glances, mixed feelings of annoyance and alarm.  
»Um, nothing Flora,« he decided to pass himself off as a harmless fool, but then said, fuck it, that’s what he always does, »we found the body.«  
Michael let out an intensely whispered »I knew it,« and Vera covertly punched him in the ribs.  
»On the roof?« asked Flora.  
»On the ... yes, on the roof! I thought of that!« Bob was, for an instant, proud. »But how did you ... How did you know?«  
Everybody’s bodies now felt tense and awkward. Flora’s mind stayed bold.  
»Elementary, Bob. Powers of deduction, cursory knowledge of man’s inborn inclinations, a sprinkling of the gut, and you have it - all laid out.«  
»I mean, I had the coroner’s report to go on by, but you ...« Bob felt a tiny suspicion sprout in his mind.  
Michael was mortified. »The coroners did me in.«  
»What the hell are you talking about young man?«  
»Bob,« Flora’s voice was calm and stern, »that is no way to talk to my guests. You are in my home without a proper invitation. Your behavior should remain courteous.«  
»I’m sorry Flora, miss Jenkins, I mean,« he just let it all out, »I’m having an increasingly weird day, that’s all. One moment I’m reading the reports, carefully re-creating the bigger picture from bits and pieces of random noise, and then the next moment I’m standing on top of some roof, trying to make sense of a huge rigor-mortised human penis that is firmly grasped in the hand of a molten body without a head. There. How’s

that for courtesy?»

Flora smiled. Vera got her act on.

»Is this about that head?»

Bob dismissed her and continued. »And when I have everything pin-pointed on a deviant sexual practice,« (Michael coughed), »and am just about ready to hit all the s&m joints in town, a clerk comes rushing to me like he's about to stop the goddamn nine-eleven. Detective, detective, he yells, I found an admission of guilt. And I say, what?, and he says he found it on the internet, posted before anyone even knew of the head, including you, miss Jenkins.«

»An admission of guilt?» asked Flora. Michael beamed with pride. Somebody had actually read it. Vera was happy for other reasons.

»Yes, a clearly stated admission of guilt. We have beheaded Mr. D because he was a dirty banker, and so on, and so on.«

»So,« Flora wondered, »isn't that great? Not the actual act of beheading, I mean, it's great for you, now all you have to do is find those who wrote that note.«

»Yeah, but here's the thing,« said Bob, »I didn't want for this whole calvary to become so obviously political in nature. The persons who did this, this beheading, did it with political intent, to 'galvanize public opinion', 'focus the rage on the bankers', all fancy ideological stuff like that ... I have no stomach for politics. The pressures, the foul play. I can't get myself mixed up in that. I don't care why they did it, I just want them in jail. But instead of a quiet, focused investigation, I will be handed a full-fledged carnival of public and private opinion to juggle as soon as the press, which is inevitable, gets a hold of that dead erect cock!«

Michael failed to stifle his outburst of mirth. He laughed.

»Are you finding this funny, young man?»

»Bob, please,« Flora lowered the tension with her outstretched arms. »This unfortunate conflation of politics and sex is admittedly a nuisance, but you shouldn't lose your ...« she grasped for a better word, »... composure over it.«

»Guys, I'm sorry.« Bob's shoulders slumped. »I'm venting. I needed this. Thanks. I apologize.«

Everyone felt content for a minute.

»So, what's up with that erection?» asked Vera, »I

mean, that's weird, isn't it?»

»Did he ...« Michael hesitated, »was there any, you know, semen, there?» He whispered semen.

»As a matter of fact yes,« said Bob, »plenty of it, all dried up in little spots like ... shit, you know what it looks like.«

»So he experienced an orgasm just before dying?» Vera faux-wondered aloud.

»Most likely, yes.«

»Well,« said Michael, »that's pretty cool, isn't it? I mean, death is plenty bad in itself, no denying that, but taking one last pleasure along to the great beyond must count for something, right?»

The detective conceded this point with a shallow I-guess and that somehow proved to be enough for Michael.

»I beheaded Donald,« he confessed, »but I did it to prove a point.«

—

The debate was heated and intense. Michael was handcuffed, Bob slightly empowered and the women grief-stricken. Michael's wrists hurt, and the women wanted none of it. They implored freely, knowing full well Bob couldn't simply be called off, couldn't raise his hands, let bygones be bygones, water under the bridge, sleeping dogs lain - no idiom had yet absolved a perpetrator from his responsibilities.

»And we're talking about a murder here!« Bob refused to let Flora's pleas turn the debate into some trivial discussion. This was serious.

»But it was not a murder,« Michael's voice was weakened to the point of rasps and hisses.

»It was an allo-suicide!« Vera felt feverish, distraught.

»Not a murder, no, by any standards,« said Flora, »at worst, a sensual euthanasia.«

»Oh for fuck's sake people, are you all raving mad?» cried Bob, »what am I supposed to tell my bosses? That this was a simple quasi-politically motivated sex-non-crime, nearly a suicide, but not quite, it was mostly putting someone out of his misery in erotic fashion, an urgent wish paid in flesh?»

»Is art in this day and age still not exempt from the tribulations of law?» despaired Vera. Bob felt an

immense desire to hurt her face.

»Most any art that does not leave a body in its wake!«

»Well, that is, figuratively speaking,« said Flora, »the definition of bad art.«

Michael displayed a weary smile, »call it what you will, detective, humanity will one day revere me as a pioneer of time dilution. I, we, Vera and I, set about to create the profane grail, a never-ending rapture mode, dismantling of the fourth dimension at the precise moment of bodily climax. Time is of no essence in the realms of joy. There is only space, frozen space, bearing the imprint of orgasm's echoes ... We have captured pleasure, Bob,« he said, »and Donald is now trapped in it. Find me a better way to die, find me a man who does not lose his head in matters of pleasure, and I will plead guilty -« his eyes glowed with zeal, »to man-slaughter, to killing, to homicide, but foremost I will plead guilty to the failure of my art.«

His cadence matched the tone of a funeral oration. Vera's eyes moistened.

»Bob, can there be no redress?» asked Flora, »is a hardly desirable destiny fashioned by men of righteous intent really meant for him?»

»We were right to do it,« said Vera.

Bob's head shook with frustration.

»I can't believe you managed to drag me down to this level where we're talking about a serious crime with such poetic license. The way I see it, and I cannot be brought to see it any other way, you committed a heinous act of perversion, and anyone with a sane thought left in his head will call it for what it is - downright murder.« The word came out strong, bold and objective. Bob embraced resolution, »I've had enough. I'm calling this in. You can explain your projected suicides, eternal orgasms and the discord between mind and matter to the judge. Maybe you will find in him a kindred spirit.« Vera snapped. »But, we were right to do it! He paid us good money!«

»We'll ask the jury how they feel about that.«

Her voice reached a boiling point. »Our peers hold no jurisdiction over our artifice! Mere philistines of judgment! We are artists!«

»Oh please,« said Bob, »what kind of an artist misspells irreversible?»

—

The hatchet came out of nowhere and lodged itself firmly into the detective's throat. He made a grimace of surprise, gushed blood and died. Only then did Vera notice her bony grip on the hatchet's handle. Only then did she notice Flora's inquisitive stare of ponderance and wonder, Michael's look of absolute disgust. »Uncuff me.« That was all he said.

»Vera! What has become of you?» Michael's hands were freed and he waved them about, unleashing a punitive tirade, »I've never seen anyone do a thing more trite! Did you see the look on his face? This was in awfully bad taste, Vera. Look! Look at what you've done, you can still see it. Do you see it? His face? What is that on his face?» he crouched and pointed at it, almost touching Bob's nose with his fingertip, »surprise! That's surprise there on his face! Not pleasure, not horror, not fear, not excitement, nor calm, serenity or peace,« he stood up, »no emotion of any meaning, nothing pure, set or final there. Such banality, Vera!«

Vera could feel her lacrimal glands wring. Her philtrum quivered. Michael was not finished.

»You thrust him into an eternity of the not-quite-sure, just like that, into the vague, the hazy, and the indistinct. Unbelievable, Vera, after all we've been through ... That you would stoop so low, to such depths of cliché, and add another bland statement to further the stereotype of man as une tête incomplète. I can live without any of this.«

With that, Michael left.

Flora rarely understood the emotional vagaries of other beings, but this one was pretty straight-forward. She moved to form a cushioned embrace for Vera's collapse, squeezed the sobbing convulsions and let out a steady series of there-theres intertwined with gentle pats on Vera's back. »Everything will be. Everything will be,« she whispered. Her gaze was fixed on the detective's body, and her mind was ravaged by disparate concepts of death ... A stark conclusion was formed.

Her head was having the time of its life.



# IDIO7



## GÖBEKLI TEPE

Well, *I* did not find it empty, no...

---

There was a pack of wild men, *me and a bunch of others like me*, on a plain without a name. *Pork hams, women, pears*. Somebody lit a fire by accident and, quickly, *we beat him up with sticks*. They ate their meat raw, they took their flesh raw, *all was squealing*, from fear? from pleasure? ... we think we know.

---

We think we know. We are talking about a group of people, quite primitive by the nature of their circumstances. Peace and plenty, that is. Simplicity of life, instincts and sensations, nothing special, nothing important.

Let us elaborate on the image. They spent their days relaxing on the river bank, prostrating themselves beneath the sun and each other. Women kept together in a group, while the men preferred solitude. Equilibrium, of course. We could, in any case, fill stacks of paper writing about their stark essentials. In fact, I am quite sure we have. Therefore, a few anecdotes will suffice. Swine came out of the forest and passed through the clearing on their way to the river. People observed them in the faint glimmer of moonlight and their mouth watered. The first pig finding himself on the wrong side of the spear seemed quite astonished. The group, seeing

## GÖBEKLI TEPE

Ni se *mi* zdelo prazno, ne ...

---

Bil je trop divjakov, *jaz in še cel kup takih*, na planjavi brez imena. *Šunke prašičje, babnice, hruške*. Nekdo je po nesreči zakuril ogenj in hitro *smo ga potolkli s palicami*. Meso so uživali surovo, si ga jemali surovo, *vse je cvililo*, od strahu? Ugodja? ... mislimo, da vemo.

---

Mislimo, da vemo. Govora je o skupini ljudi, precej primitivni po sili razmer. Mir in izobilje, namreč. Preprostost življenja, nagoni in dražljaji, nič posebnega, nič pomembnega.

Če razgrnemo podobo. Cele dneve so poležavali na rečnem bregu, se nastavljali soncu in drug drugemu. Ženske so se držale v skupini, moški pa bolj vsak zase. Ravnotežje, seveda. Nasploh bi lahko o njihovih golih osnovnostih danes popisali kupe papirja. Prepričan sem celo, da smo. Torej bo zadostovalo le nekaj anekdot. Ko so v svetlobi meseca opazovali svinje, ki so se iz gozda čez čistino prihajale napajat k reki, so se jim cedile sline. Prvi prašič, ki se je znašel na napačni strani sulice, se je zdel precej začuden in čeprav je skupino sprva zajel val zgražanja, ko so v podobi umirajočega pujsa uzrli nekaj znanega, je okus še tople krvi hitro zadušil zadržke. Od tedaj naprej so moški jagali vsevprek.



something familiar in the scene of the dying animal, at first felt a pang of indignation, but the taste of warm blood quickly quenched their scruples. From then on men hunted promiscuously.

Women plucked trees and shrubs for hazelnuts, blackberries, pears. They did not eat apples. A memory of an old man, choking himself on its seed, had been passed on from generation to generation in the language of a menacing finger. They threw the bodies of their dead into the river, for the fish and the rapids to consume.

When a woman's stomach began to grow, all men gazed at her with suspicious eyes. On the day of delivery women hid themselves among the high grasses, away from curious glimpses, and from monstrous wailing they soon unveiled a new human being. At the sight of it, of its fragile body, the men rejoiced and forgot the magic, but women did not forget their pain. Maybe that is why they appreciated life more dearly.

With summer, storm clouds came. In the midst of the torrent, wind, rain and flashes of lightning, the tribe crowded together in a circle. Around the children, squatting in the middle and pressing their palms to their ears, women stood erect, half frightened and half fierce, while the men hopped around them, answering the thunder with wild howling and beating on their chests, trying to hide their insignificance and humility in the face of the hurricane. Because it always turned out well, because the storm always passed, men held their heads a bit more upright - until the next one.

*I am stronger than the others. I take, because I can. For this, nobody* (judges, hates, respects, values, loves, despises) *me, because nobody does nothing. Not even me.* Until I spot him and write him down, he does not exist. *We need arrows ... I am.* He is. He doesn't speak, nobody speaks. I write. *He is.* ->

... when I was still an object.

Ženske so obirale drevje in grmičevje, lešnike, robide, hruške. Jabolk niso jedli, saj se je iz roda v rod z govorico žugajočega prsta prenašal spomin na nekega deda, ki se je zadušil s peško. Trupla so metali v reko, ribam in brzicam.

Ko se je kakšni ženski pričel večati trebuh, so jo moški merili s sumničavimi očmi. Na dan poroda so se vse zavlekle med visoke trave, stran od zvedavih pogledov in iz pošastnega kričanja privlekle na plano novega človeka. Moški so se ob pogledu na njegovo krhko telesce veselili in pozabili čarovnijo, ženske pa bolečine niso. Morda so zato bolj cenile življenje.

S poletjem so pridivjali nevihtni oblaki. Vsred hudourja, vetra, dežja in pokanja strel, se je pleme nagnetlo v krog. Okoli otrok, ki so čepeli v središču in si z rokami zatiskali ušesa, so pokončno stale ženske, napol preplašene in napol ponosne, okoli njih pa so skakali moški, ki so gromu odgovarjali z divjim kričanjem in razbijanjem po prsih, trudeč se skriti svojo majhnost in ponižnost nasproti hurikana. Ker se je vedno dobro izšlo, ker se je nevihta venomer unesla, so moški do naslednje držali glave malo bolj pokonci.

*Bolj močan sem kot vsi ostali. Vzamem, ker lahko. Zaradi tega me nihče nič ne* (obsoja, sovraži, spoštuje, ceni, ljubi, zaničuje, ...), *ker nihče nič ne. Tudi jaz nič ne.* Dokler ga ne opazim in ga ne zapišem, njega sploh ni. *Potrebujemo puščice.*

*Jaz sem.* On je. Ne govori, nihče ne govori. Jaz pišem. *On je.* ->

... ko sem bil še objekt.

Ko je bil še čisto majhen, je nek mladenič s parom skal zanetil iskro in vžgal kup suhe trave, na kateri je ležala starka. Ker se je prav nemarno spekla, je začela kričati. Pridivjali so moški, ki so mladeniča natepli s palicami in ga poslali v beg. Ni se več vrnil. Grčali so na kup

When he was just a little boy, a young man used a pair of rocks to create a spark and ignited a patch of dry weeds on which an old woman was resting. Because she got a nasty burn she started screaming. Men came rushing to her aid, and they beat the young man with sticks and sent him running away. He did not return. They growled at the pile of charred weeds, spat and peed on it. It hissed and sent gray fumes of smoke into the air, which startled them. They moved higher up the river and did not return to that place.

*Because I do not understand time and that young man left such a strong impression on my memory, I stare into the woods each morning and wait for him to return.*

He was not a letter and not a text. Was ... How can I penetrate into his head? Or into his time? As soon as I write him down, he takes a side-step and becomes somebody else. Somebody - now. And when you read him? I think he, again, becomes now, your now. What a conundrum.

After all, how can you even write about a man that does not use his tongue.

*I licked her face, because I felt like it and she did not defend herself, so ... I dipped my tongue in a puddle to taste it. I showed it to him, because he annoyed me. I was able to do that, because I am the strongest and nobody stands up ... to me. If I didn't have a tongue, I could not swallow pig's meat, nor even pears. It would all stay outside, in the emptiness.*

He slept under the stars and they dreamt of him. Into the mould of memory they poured his senses and feelings, creating a stretched pulp of some kind of pre-consciousness. Did the irrational lurk there, was he capable of a transcending leap? Did he paint his skin

osmojene trave, ga pljuvali in nanj urinirali. Zakadilo se je, kar jih je silno vznemirilo. Premaknili so se višje vzdolž reke in se niso vračali na tisti kraj.

*Ker ne razumem časa in se mi je tisti mladenič tako močno vtisnil v spomin, vsako jutro gledam proti gozdu, kamor so ga pognali in čakam, da se vrne.*

On ni bil črka in ni bil besedilo. Bil ... Kako naj prodrem v njegovo glavo? Kako v njegov čas? Takoj, ko ga zapišem, se mi izmakne in postane nekdo drug. Nekdo - zdaj. In ko ga prebereš? Mislím, da spet postane zdaj, tvoj zdaj. Kakšna zagonetka. Pravzaprav pa, kako sploh pisati o človeku, ki nima jezika?

*Polizal sem njen obraz, ker se mi je tako zahotelo in ni se branila, torej ... Jezik sem pomočil v mlako, da bi jo okusil. Pokazal sem mu ga, ker me je motil. To sem lahko storil, ker sem najmočnejši in se mi nihče ne postavi po ... robu. Če ne bi imel jezika, ne bi mogel goltati prašičjega mesa in celo hrušk ne. Vse bi ostalo zunaj, v praznini.*

Spal je pod zvezdami in sanjale so ga. V kalup spomina so vlivale njegove čute in občutja, v razvlečeno kašo neke predzvesti. Se je nerazumno tihotapilo tam zraven, je bil zmožen preskoka? Je pobarval svojo kožo zeleno in poganjal zobe namesto las? Se je prostor krivil v kaj neznanega? Je lahko sanjal o nečem, česar sploh ni nikdar videl?

Predramil se je in odgnal nadležno žuželko z gibom svoje krepke roke. Nekdo je smrčal v temi. Strmel je v tisto telo, ki je oddajalo tako nemogoč zvok. Po vseh štirih se je pomaknil do njega in ga sunil v bok. Zdrznila se je, se obrnila proti njemu in ko je v poltemi prepoznala njegov obraz, se je zvila v klobčič, glavo pa mu položila k trebuhu. Varna je bila v njegovem naročju. Česa jo je bilo lahko strah? Divjih zveri, ki so se ogibale

green and grew teeth instead of hair? Did the space bend into the unrecognizable? Could he dream of something he had never seen?

He woke up and drove away an irritating insect with a brush of his strong arm. Somebody was snoring in the dark. He stared into the body that gave away such an unbearable sound. Moving towards it on all fours, he nudged it. She startled, turned to him and when she recognized his face in the dusk, she curled up into a ball and placed her head in his lap. She felt safe in his arms. What could she be afraid of? Wild beasts, cowering before the smell of man? Death? Did she even know that it awaits her?

She fell asleep, and he didn't know what to do with her. Lust was nowhere to be felt. What was he doing there? Simply existing, like a rock, dying slowly with a woman by his side? It seems almost impossible that he would not think, that the synapses in his brains would not pulsate with ... something. But how? With colors, images, geometry, with feelings? And, most importantly - with what?

—

*I was thinking of a strange thing that happened to me that day. Some weak boy spent his day walking up and down by the river, as if he were collecting steps, until he finally approached a luscious woman. At first she simply stared at him, without a response, but then, when he stood his ground, she just snorted and pushed him away, while all the women raised their voices into an unusual clamour. This unrest did not signify danger, no, it was something different ... The boy moved away, almost ran, and his face became completely red - when I looked into his eyes, there was something so ... So ... I don't know. I don't know what that was in his eyes. But deep from within my belly a sound emerged. I never heard it before. A pleasant sound, at least I thought so. Everybody looked at me and for a moment it ceased, only to come roaring back to the surface, as it emerged from their bellies as well. All was full of it, full of this ... This laughter.*

—

vonja človeka? Smrti? Je sploh vedela, da jo čaka? Zaspala je, on pa ni vedel, kaj bi z njo. Sle ni bilo od nikoder. Kaj je počel tam? Samo obstajal kot nek kamen, počasi umiral sede z žensko ob sebi? Skoraj nemogoče se zdi, da ne bi razmišljal, da mu sinapse v njegovih možganih ne bi utripale z ... nečim. Ampak kako? Z barvami, podobami, geometrijo, s čustvi? In predvsem - kaj?

—

*Premišljeval sem o neki nenavadni stvari, ki sem jo doživel tisti dan. Nek šibak fant je cel dan prestopal gor in dol ob reki, kot bi zbiral korake, da se je končno le nameril k najbohotnejši ženski našega plemena. Najprej ga je samo gledala, brez odziva, potem, ko je še kar naprej silil vanjo, pa je prhnila vanj in ga odrinila z roko, vse ženske pa so povzdignile svoje glasove v nek nenavaden trušč. Ni označeval nevarnosti, ne, ampak nekaj drugega ... Fant se je odmaknil, skoraj zbežal je stran, njegov obraz pa je postal čisto rdeč in ko sem ga pogledal v oči, je bilo v njih nekaj tako ... Tako ... Ne vem. Ne vem, kaj je bilo tisto v njegovih očeh. Globoko iz trebuha se mi je izvil nek zvok, vsaj meni se je zdel. Vsi so me pogledali in utihnil sem, trenutek zatem pa se je ta zvok izvil še iz njihovih trehuhov in iz mojega je nato kar planil, vse je bučalo od tega ... Tega smeha.*

—

Potem pa, potem ... Potem pa ste vse izvlekli iz mene! Iztrgali, ugrabili, izdolbli ste me, drobovje mojih čustev, mojih nagonov, mojega človeškega bstva, lahko bi rekel celo, da, mojo dušo, prodal sem jo, da, pa ne zastonj, ne povsem zastonj, v zameno sem dobil lepoto in izgubil celoto, razkrili ste praznino, ko ste me napravili v dva človeka, ko ste mi nastavili ogledalo in mi odjeknili odmev. S puščico prek nič ste me razklali, črke ste ovesili na moje nagone, me z razumom vklenili v čas, da moje bistvo sedaj plava, plava v toku neskončnega dialoga intpretacij.

Spoznanje ni več mogoče, resnica je tišina, resnica je praznina. Mogoče je bilo le nekoč, takrat, v večnosti

And then, then ... Then you pulled me inside out! Torn, taken, you hollowed me out, the entrails of my feelings, my instincts, my human essence, I could even say, yes, my soul, I sold it, yes, but not for free, not for nothing, I got beauty in return, but lost my entirety. You uncovered the emptiness as you made me a double, facing me with a mirror, sounding off my echoes into empty space. You have split me apart with an arrow crossing over nothing. You hanged letters on my urges, abused my reason to chain me into time, so that my essence is now floating, floating in a neverending current of interpretations.

To know is no longer possible. Truth is silence, truth is emptiness. It used to be possible before, then, in the eternity of the moment.

—

*He came back!*

It is true. The young man that invented fire by coincidence had returned in an image of an old man. His face was covered with wrinkles, crowned with graying baldness, and he painted his cheek-bones with brown clay. A basket made of bark was slung over his shoulders. In it sat a crippled old hag, barely alive, that touched his ear with her lips and constantly hissed in it with her split tongue.

They spotted him from afar, *men grabbed their spears and stood before the women and the children. I made a step forward.*

They stood eye to eye. *He is dirty.* He raised his palm and tried to cleanse his cheeks, but the old man backed away and smiled at him. *I showed him my teeth too,* even though he felt no danger.

—

No danger? The violence that the old man is about to permit himself will fling the doors of good and evil wide open.

—

trenutka.

—

*Vrnil se je!*

Res je. Tisti mladenič, ki je po naključju našel ogenj, se je vrnil v podobi starca. Njegov obraz je bil prepreden z gubami, kronan s sivo plešo, ličnici pa si je prepleskal z rjavo barvo ilovice. Na hrbtu je nosil koš spleten iz lubja, v katerem je prenašal pokvečeno starko, komaj še živo, ki se je z usti dotikala njegovega uhlja in neprestano sikala vanj z razklanim jezikom.

Opazili so ga že od daleč, *moški so pograbili sulice in se postavili pred ženske in otroke. Stopil sem korak pred njih.*

Stala sta si iz oči v oči. *Umazan je.* Dvignil je roko in mu skušal očistiti lice, starec se je umaknil in se mu nasmehnil. *Tudi sam sem mu pokazal zobe,* čeprav ni občutil nobene nevarnosti.

—

Nobene nevarnosti? Nasilje, ki si ga bo dovolil starec, je na stežaj odprlo vrata dobremu in zlu.

—

S trohlo oljčno vejico, ki jo je držal stisnjeno v prstih, je starec v pesek pred njegovimi nogami zarisal krog. Nek moški je premagal strah, se iztrgal iz skupine in z nogami planil na podobo, jo poteptal v prah, preden *sem ga zgrabil za ramo in ga odvlekel nazaj, prvič začuden.* Vejica je ponovila svoj gib in *očarani smo strmeli v znak.* Starka na njegovem hrbtu je v veter spustila suh hehet. *Dvignil sem pogled, zazrl sem se vanj, on pa je iztegnil v zrak svoj prst, ga usmeril vase in rekel:* Am.

*S prstom sem pokazal nase in rekel:* Am. *Zmajal je z glavo, starka je zažugala s prstom, nato pa konico usmerila vame in siknila:* Si.

S prstom je pokazal nase in rekel: Si. Prikimala sta mu. Člani plemena so postajali nemirni, prestopali so se na nogah, iz grl jim je uhajalo pritajeno renčanje.

*Obrnil sem se in jo pogledal, njo, ki je smrčala tisto noč. Noht sem ji prislonil ob čelo in rekel:* Vo. Starec je

With a brittle olive branch, which was held tight in his fingers, the old man drew a circle in the sand beneath his feet.

A man overcame his fear, pulled away from the group and plunged feet-first right onto the figure, trampled it to dust, before *I grabbed his shoulder and dragged him back, amazed for the first time.*

The branch repeated its movements and *we gazed at the sign with wonder.*

The hag on his back tossed a dry chuckle to the wind. *I lifted my sight, stared at him, while he raised his finger in the air, pointed it to himself and said, Am.*

*I pointed my finger to myself and said, Am. He shook his head, the hag shook her finger, then pointed the tip at me and hissed, Si.*

He pointed his finger at himself and said, Si. They nodded their heads. Members of the tribe grew restless, they shuffled their feet, stilled growling was rising from their throats.

*I turned and looked at her, the one that was snoring that night. Pressing my fingernail to her forehead, I said, Vo. The old man started beating his palms together, he was clapping.*

He offered him his branch, *I took it, I followed the circle with its sharp end, I pressed harder, it went deeper.*

Divided. Taken away from the deluge of sense, poorly driven over instinct's shallow river-beds. What was before an uninterrupted string of images, impressions, sensations, transfusions of color, darkness and light, pain, pleasure, sound and silence, has suddenly sharpened itself into consciousness.

A terrible void has driven the consciousness and the world apart. It used to be so simple to fill it up - we just had to satisfy our urges.

It cannot be filled no more. But our instincts, our urges are still howling with hunger, howling like starved wolves, so that we throw into it, we throw and we throw and we throw in vain, into this bottomless pit, *I, you, mine, yours, theirs, ours, it was, it will be, all these blind questions, all those mute answers - and other such things that we all find quite clear.*

*z dlanjo pričel tolči ob dlan, ploskal mu je.*

Ponudil mu je vejico, *vzel sem jo, z njenim koncem sem sledil že zarisanemu krogu, bolj trdo sem pritisnil, šlo je globlje.*

Ločen. Odvzet povodnji čuta, za silo speljani čez plitve struge nagona. Kar je bilo prej nepretrgan niz podob, vtisov, občutij, prelivanja barv, teme in svetlobe, bolečine, ugodja, zvoka in tišine, se je nenadoma zaostrilo v zavest.

Med zavestjo in svetom je zazevala strašna praznina, ki jo je bilo nekoč tako preprosto zapolniti z zadostitvijo nagonu.

A čeprav praznine ni več moč zapolniti, nagon še vedno tuli od lakote, zavija kot sestradan volk, da vanjo jalovo mečemo, mečemo, mečemo, v to luknjo brez dna, *jaz, ti, moje, tvoje, njihovo, naše, bilo je, bo, vsa ta slepa vprašanja, vse te neme odgovore* - in še druge take stvari, ki so nam vsem jasne.

*Starec je odšel, a dal mi je vedeti, da se kmalu vrne. Obstajati je postalo na trenutke skorajda neznosno.*

Ovedli so se vsi člani plemena. Skoraj vsi - tisti moški, ki je s stopali skočil na krog, je ostal žival. Kot bi bil v pasti, je renčal na tujce, ki so kar naenkrat ždeli okrog njega, in ker jim ni več znal zaupati, ga je premagal strah, da je z divjim kričanjem pobegnil v gozd. Niso šli za njim.

*Vo je moja ženska. Če se ji kdo približa, če jo kdo samo pregloboko pogleda, mu zagrozim s pestjo. Svinje lovim tudi kadar nisem lačen. Meso kopičimo na krvave kupe, ki privablja muhe in čez čas pošastno smrdijo, zato jih hitro zakopljemo. Ženske nosijo na druge kupe hruške, ki zdržijo dalj časa. Ko kdo preneha sodelovati z nami, to je, če umre, ga z laneno vrvjo obesimo na drevo globoko v gozdu.*

Tako jim je svetoval starec.

*Nisem ga razumel. Nečesa me je moral naučiti, preden je odšel, jaz pa se nisem mogel približati njegovemu ponujenemu odgovoru, dokler se nisem sam dokopal do*

*The old man left, but made it known he will return soon. At times, to exist became almost unbearable.*

All members of the tribe gained consciousness. Almost all - that man who trampled the circle in the sand remained an animal. Feeling trapped, he growled at the strangers that had now surrounded him. He could not trust them any longer, fear overcame him, so he ran shrieking into the forest. They did not follow.

*Vo is my woman. If anyone comes near her, if anyone just looks at her for too long, I threaten him with my fist. I hunt pigs even when I am not hungry. Meat is then gathered in bloody heaps that attract flies and develop a foul odour over time, prompting us to bury them. Women make piles of pears. They last longer. When somebody ceases to co-operate, if he dies, we hang him on a tree in the forest with a flax rope.*

The old man told them so.

*I did not understand him. He had to teach me something before he left, but I could not grasp his offered answer until I brought myself to the question. He followed me around, drew that circle in the ground and pointed at it, and pointed at himself and waved his branch around his head, the hag on his back steaming with some unknown anger, while I just kept shrugging my shoulders, doing hollow things.*

The old man calmed the tribe with his palms, sat them down and built a pile of dry wood in their midst. Striking flint against flint, he stared at them calmly. When the fire was started, the tribe grew frightened. He let air course through his lips, shhhhhh, and they calmed down. He spat a piece of meat on a stick and held it over the fire. Then he offered it around to be tasted. *It was delicious.*

*My eyes were fixed on the flames, flickering in wondrous colours, keeping me warm in the chill of the night, dissolving wood to gray ash. I could not explain it to myself, it seemed too hard to believe, as if it did not have a place in my existence, in my life. When I saw him watching me, I stood up, approached him and asked, somehow, with my whole body. What is all this? He lifted himself up, grabbed his olive branch and drew*

*vprašanja. Sledil mi je, risal tisti krog v tla in kazal nanj in kazal nase in mahal okoli sebe s tisto njegovo palico, in ženska na njegovem hrbtu je cvilila od neke jeze, jaz pa sem skomigal z rameni in počel stvari v prazno.*

Starec je pleme pomiril z rokami, jih posedel po tleh in sredi njih na kup nanosil dračje. Zrl je vanje s pomirjujočim pogledom, ko je s kremenom kresal ob kremen in ko je zanetil ogenj, se je pleme prestrašilo, on pa je skozi ustnice spuščal zrak, šššššššš, da so obsedeli pri miru. Kos mesa je nabodel na palico, ga podržal nad ognjem, nato pa jim ga ponudil v ugriz. *Bilo je odlično.*

*Oči sem imel uprte v plamene, poskakovali so v čudovitih barvah, me greli v hladnem večeru, razkrajali les v siv pepel. Nisem si znal razložiti, preveč neverjetno se mi je zdelo, kot bi ne imelo mesta v mojem obstoju, v mojem življenju. Ko sem videl, da me opazuje, sem vstal, šel do njega in s celim telesom nekako vprašal: Kaj je vse to?*

*Vstal je, prijel oljčno vejico in v tla zarisal krog. Nisem našel potrpljenja, zahteval sem odgovor in ne spet iste norosti. Ženska za njegovim hrbtom je pokazala zobe, on me je nežno stisnil za ramo. Pokazal je krog. Prikimal sem. Pokazal je nase in mi predstavil sebe, kako gleda ta krog. Spet sem prikimal. Nato je s palico obkrožil najino obzorje in pokazal na krog. Napol sem razumel. Nato je pokazal zahajajoče sonce, poloblo, ki je še štrlela izza oddaljenih hribov; pokazal svoje oči pa spet sonce in s palico obkrožil obzorje; pokazal na krog in spet sonce in sebe, ki gleda na krog in sonce, ki gleda na obzorje.*

Razumel je. Zjutraj starca in starke ni bilo več nikjer.

*Bilo je neznosno, ker nisem bil več sam. Praznina je bila zapolnjena s soncem, ki me je opazovalo, vsak moj gib, vsako mojo misel in lahko sem si predstavljal sonce, kako negoduje nad tem, kar storim in nad tem, kar mislim, kot sem jaz negodoval nad člani našega plemena, nad divjo svinjo, ki kruli v noč, nad nevihto. Mir sem imel le ponoči, pa še to bolj napol, takrat sem srepele v luno in zvezde, ki me niso pustile spati.*



*a circle in the ground. I did not find the patience, I demanded an answer, not the same folly yet again. The woman behind his back showed her teeth, he gently squeezed my shoulder. He pointed at the circle. I nodded. He pointed at himself, and presented him observing the circle. I nodded. Then he circled our horizon with the branch and pointed at the circle. I half-understood. Then he pointed at the setting sun, its hemisphere still peeking over the distant hillside, pointed at his eyes, at the sun again, circled his branch around the horizon, pointed at the circle, the sun, at himself, observing the circle, and the sun, observing the horizon.*  
He understood. Next morning, the old man and the hag were gone.

*It was unbearable, because I was no longer alone. The emptiness was filled with the sun that set watch over me, over my every move, my every thought. I could imagine it finding faults with my actions, my thoughts, just like I was displeased with some members of our tribe, with the wild boar grunting in the night, with the storm. I only found peace at night, and even that half-heartedly. The moon and the stars did not let me sleep. I saw myself, and all of us, with eyes that were no longer mine ...*

They returned, but not by themselves. A horrendous commotion woke up the tribe. Marching wildly, the horde of peoples following them, *threw me on my feet, scared me from my sleep.* People, strangers, of all sights and sounds, were dragging a huge rock across the plain. Hearts of the tribe were immediately marked with respect for the thundering and clouds of dust. The old man came to him.  
*Again he drew a sign in the sand, then he pointed at the rock. He wanted to tell me that they will make a giant circle. I shrugged my shoulders, why? He pointed at the sky. For the sun!*

*Samega sebe in vse nas sem gledal z očmi, ki niso bile več moje ...*

Vrnila sta se, a ne sama. Neznanski trušč je prebudil pleme, divja koračnica horde ljudstev, ki so hodili za njima *me je vrgla na noge, me prestrašila iz sna.* Ljudje, tujci, vseh barv in oblik, so za seboj po planjavi vlekli ogromno skalo. Oblak prahu in silno bobnenje je v srca plemena takoj vžgalo spoštovanje. Starec se mu je približal.  
*Spet je zarisal v tla znak in pokazal na skalo. Hotel je povedati, da bodo napravili velikanski krog. Skomignil sem z rameni, zakaj? Pokazal je proti nebu. Za sonce!*

Za sonce! Bojni krik tedanjega človeštva, ki je uprlo moči danih jim teles v nekaj, kar jih je presegalo, ravno zato, ker jih je presegalo.  
Tolikšna množica še čisto primitivnih ljudi na kupu je sprožila razvoj družbenih struktur, po nekakšni naravni logiki so udomačili svinje, jih z navdušenjem redili, pa ustvarili polja, na katerih so obdelovali pšenico, za potrebe gradnje so sekali gozdove, se zavoljo preglednosti družili v družine, družine družili v klane, učili otroke, lovili ribe, pekli kruh in kaj vem kaj še vse - nasploh je povsod gomazelo od človeške dejavnosti.  
Danes vemo, da so spomenik soncu čez čas načrtno zasuli. Morda se jim je stožilo po preprostem. Morda so se nadejali odgovorov, ker pa je sonce ostalo nemo, so menda mislili, da jih je izdalo. Morda ...

Ko je bil gromozanski krog zaključen, si je starec zaželel njegove družbe. Govorila sta s kretnjami.  
*Rekel sem - pa sedaj?*  
*Skomignil je z rameni - ne vem.*  
*Namrščil sem obrvi - kako ne veš?*  
*Ponovil je - ne vem.*  
*Postal sem jezen - to smo storili za sonce, sedaj nas bo zagotovo gledalo bolj naklonjeno, nam bolj toplo*

For the sun! The battle cry of humanity that fixed the power of their given bodies into something that exceeded them, precisely because it exceeded them.  
Such a multitude of primitive people in one spot triggered the development of social structure. By some natural logic they domesticated swine, breeding them with enthusiasm, they plowed fields and sown wheat, while the necessity of construction made them cut down forests. For ease of distinction they banded themselves into families, united families into clans, taught their children, caught fish, baked bread and who knows what else - all was teeming with human activity.  
Today we know that in time they buried this monument to the sun on purpose. Maybe they longed for simplicity. Maybe they expected answers and when the sun remained silent they may have felt that it betrayed them. Perhaps ...

When the giant circle was finished, the old man desired his company. They spoke with gestures.  
*I said - now what?*  
*He shrugged his shoulders - I don't know.*  
*I frowned - what do you mean, you don't know.*  
*He repeated - I don't know.*  
*I grew angry - we did this for the sun, now it will surely look at us with benevolence, light our way with warmth, protect us, guide us through the darkness ...*  
*He shook his head - no, the sun won't do anything, for we are not its concern.*  
*I roused myself - what? so you lied to us and it was all for naught? so we dragged all this rock out here for no reason at all?*  
*He sighed - not for no reason. look. before it, there was nothing here, it was empty, at least to us, humans. as I gazed into this emptiness, I wondered at the indifference of this space. Not just wondered - it taunted me, it even threatened me. I decided to burn myself into it, to somehow prove to it that I am. that we are. that is why! that is why we will fill it up with names, we will build ourselves over it and we will*

*svetilo, nas varovalo, nas vodilo čez temo ...*  
*Odkimal je z glavo - ne, sonce ne bo nič, ker se ga mi ne tičemo.*  
*Vzrožil sem - kaj? Torej si nam lagal in je bilo vse zaman, torej smo brez razloga na kup zvlekli vso to kamenje?*  
*Zavzdihnil je - ne brez razloga. Poglej. Prej ni bilo na tem mestu ničesar, prazno je bilo, vsaj nam, ljudem. Ko sem zrl v to praznino, me je čudila brezbržnost tega prostora; ne le čudila, izzivala me je, mi celo grozila. Sklenil sem se vžgati vanjo, ji nekako le dokazati, da sem. Da smo. Zato! Zato jo bomo napolnili z imeni, gradili se bomo čeznjo in se na vse pretege borili za njeno priznanje. Za priznanje, da smo.*  
*Bolelo me je - sonce nas ne gleda?*  
*Pokazal mi je zobe in še enkrat skomignil z rameni.*  
*Vdal sem se, moral sem se vdati - torej nam ne preostane drugega ... kot da gradimo naprej.*  
*Prikimal je. Starka na njegovem hrbtu je ugriznila v rdeče jabolko, s prstom druge roke pa pokazala na veličasten krog.*  
*»Kaj ni lepo?« je dejala s polnimi usti.*

Z nasprotne strani gradbišča so se ob pogledu na prvo človekoskrunstvo iz grl ljudi izvili živalski kriki. Nek kmet je namreč z gorjačo do smrti potolkel redilca svinj, ker ta za navaden hlebec kruha ni hotel menjati kosa svoje mastne mastne šunke.



*fight with all our strength for its recognition. for the recognition, that we are.*

*I was in pain - the sun does not watch us?*

*He showed me his teeth and yet again shrugged his shoulders.*

*I gave up, I had to give up - so there is nothing else for us to do ... but to keep on.*

*He nodded. The hag on his back took a bite from a red apple and with the finger of her other hand pointed at the magnificent circle.*

»Isn't it beautiful?« she said with her mouth full.

From the other side of the construction-yard animal cries rose up from the throats of men at the sight of the first human desecration. A swine-breeder was clubbed to death by a farmer because he would not trade a piece of his greasy, greasy ham for an ordinary loaf of bread.

This is the IDIOT. The best of. Devoted to poetry, prose, theory and drama since April 2009. Published by the Paraliterary Organization I.D.I.O.T, currently stationed in Slovenia and founded by Tibor Hrs Pandur, Uroš Prah, Katja Perat and Jasmin B. Frelih. Formed with the wish to open a space which will track the development of modern literary practice and bring together students, published and unpublished authors of the 21st century. A naïve wish perhaps, to create a new generation and to simply start a new Renaissance, without further explanation.

The IDIOT wants to mingle. The IDIOT doesn't dig the mafia. Doesn't understand clans: Yours – Ours. The IDIOT proclaims a war to borders. In heads. In states. Why shouldn't we duplicate information? Isn't information a ray of light or another frequency? Isn't art only a few lines spread across paper? Doesn't a ray belong to everyone who can remember it? The IDIOT doesn't belong. Or it belongs to ALL. The IDIOT wants to jam, grow everywhere. The IDIOT writes itself against time, against the bazooka, always against the current. Always towards somewhere. This is the modern age. Tactics are ample to change. (Note to self: Electricity isn't hermetic. Beauty is simple. You don't have to wrap it into obscure quazi-intellectual symbols. Look at the beauty of an ant, that crawls onto your paper by chance so that you have to flick it away to continue.) THE IDIOT OPENED A SPACE and now it's OPEN. The IDIOT is happy when he sees others thrive and work and grow. The IDIOT wants voices in interaction. To mingle infinitely. To enter everywhere. The IDIOT wants the shine of all potentials. In development. Surging. Of an undeniable frequency which grows, vibrates and moves. And he feels that this is somehow, almost, I hope, maybe the sense of it all.

To je IDIOT. Najboljše do slej. Namenjen poeziji, prozi, teoriji in drami od Aprila, 2009. Tiska ga Paraliterarna organizacija I.D.I.O.T, ki so jo ustanovili Tibor Hrs Pandur, Uroš Prah, Katja Perat in Jasmin B. Frelih. Formiran iz želje odpreti prostor, ki bo spremljal in objavljaj razvoj moderne literarne prakse ter povezati študente, uveljavljene tako kot neuveljavljene avtorje 21. stoletja. Skratka, iz morda naivne želje ustvariti novo generacijo in preprosto sprožiti Renesanso, ne da bi preveč razlagali.

IDIOT hoče minglat. IDIOT ne šeka mafije. Ne razume klanov: Vaši – Naši. IDIOT ne razume. IDIOT napove vojno mejam. V glavah. V državah. Zakaj ne bi podvojevali, potrojevali informacij? Ni informacija žarek svetlobe ali katerekoli druge frekvence? Ni umetnost samo par črt razporejenih na papirju? Ne pripada žarek vsem, ki si ga lahko zapomnijo? IDIOT ne pripada. Ali pa pripada VSEM. IDIOT hoče demat, se plodit povsod. IDIOT se piše proti času, proti bazuki, vedno proti toku. Vedno proti nekam. To je moderna doba. Taktika se skoz spreminja. (Note to self: Električna ni hermetična. Lepota je preprosta. Ne rabiš je zavijati v obskurne kvaziintelektualne simbole. Glej lepoto mravlje, ki ti pride na list slučajno in jo moraš frcnit proč, če hočeš nadaljevat.) IDIOT JE ODPRL PROSTOR in zdaj je ODPRT. IDIOT je srečen, ko vidi druge uspevat in delat in rasti. IDIOT hoče glasove v interakciji. Minglat neskončno. Vstopit povsod. IDIOT hoče žarenje vseh potencialov. V razvoju. V klitju. Neizpodbitne frekvence. Ki raste, pulzira in se razvija. In čuti da je to nekako, verjetno, upam, skoraj, mogoče smisel vsega.

id.iot.si