

to vitomil and črtomir

**simona semenič**  
**we, the european corpses**

the sun will shine his golden rays on us, the european corpses  
srečko kosovel, ecstasy of death

in the memory of my grandmother milica strujić (1921-2015)

translated by barbara skubic

the opening line  
now it begins

the closing line  
now it begins

and then there's the in-between  
in between the opening and closing line that are, of course, a lot more complex than they seem at  
the first sight  
complex  
multi-layered  
equivocal  
in short, eloquent  
they reach beyond, for sure they reach beyond, the opening and closing lines  
and then there's the in-between

there's a lot there in the in-between

and elderly lady gets onstage, white hair, curly, most likely shampoo and set  
spruce, neatly dressed in an apricot suit, with a hat  
holding a suitcase in her hand, not too big  
standing at the door and waiting  
the elderly lady is alojzija bizjak, a female character  
her grandchildren and great-grandchildren and great-granddaughter simply call her lojzka  
alojzija bizjak is standing at the door with her little suitcase in hand and waiting

the master of ceremony  
the emcee, a male character  
but can be also played by a woman  
the emcee  
is talking after he's already entered, just before that opening line

he entered  
in the limelight, smoke, accompanied by music, a video projection  
or perhaps some other theatrical effect  
he stepped to the apron of the stage  
slowly, with some gravitas in each step  
supported by a thought, supported by a thought  
with an intention  
firmly, decidedly and slowly  
he stepped to the apron of the stage  
looked at us, us, the -  
the emcee  
or the mobilizer  
a male character that can also be played by a woman

bloody train  
bloody train  
no longer runs to italy

bloody train

he was standing on the apron of the stage  
looking at us  
suspense  
a theatrical effect

and only then he started

the opening line

a pause, in which the in-between begins, the in-between between the opening and closing lines

the second line

the second line is

an expression of affection  
a stance of a greeting  
something trifling in content, in fact, but in a civilised society of utmost importance in  
communication among adults  
to maintain a level of sophistication  
a formal thing, indispensable in the transfer of demands and wishes  
an expression of affection  
a stance of a greeting

and then  
the third line

in the third line the emcee  
the male character  
who can also be played by a woman  
the master of ceremony, the emcee or the mobilizer  
cuts to the core

but before the emcee cuts to the core alojzija bizjak comes to the door  
with her little suitcase  
and waits

in the third line he tells us it is time to move  
that he knows where we are, that he knows how things are  
something like that  
that he knows  
and that his task is to reveal it to us, the -

oh bloody hell, where is this shit going

in short, he knows  
he's now explaining what he knows  
we're listening, we're listening, we, the -  
he knows perfectly well that this way things lead nowhere  
that we're swimming in shit  
or something such like

the third line is long

bloody hell how long this third line is

he knows  
and is explaining it to us  
and then we know it, too, we, the -  
and we agree with him  
we understand, even before the third line really starts, we understand perfectly that this way things  
lead nowhere  
that we're swimming in shit

alozjija bizjak is standing at the door and waiting

although  
perhaps  
perhaps the emcee  
or mobilizer  
a male character that can also be played by a woman

perhaps it's better that he's played by a woman  
a maternal figure  
soft, rounded, warm  
with peace in her voice  
peace  
and passion

perhaps the emcee tells all this with choice words  
choice thoughts  
supported by statistical data  
with historic examples  
with philosophic premises

and we understand even better that we are swimming in shit  
we, the -

the fourth line doesn't happen immediately  
because the extra character enters the stage

are you done  
he says  
or

are you not done yet?  
or perhaps  
well, what about it?

this extra character quite obviously irritates the emcee  
who wants to finish his third line in peace, the one that establishes we're swimming in shit  
who wants to connect with us  
who wants to make contact with us  
eye contact  
thought contact  
energy contact  
because he'd like to be one hundred percent sure that even the last idiot among us is crystal clear on  
the fact that we're swimming in shit  
because he'd like to bring us elegantly to his fourth line

the fourth line will be the most important one  
in the fourth line he'll start to mobilize us  
he'll encourage us to get up from our comfy armchairs  
he'll encourage us to put down our silver spoon  
he'll encourage us to move our glutted gut  
this is why the emcee can also be a mobilizer  
because he'd like to turn us into his army

but we're not there yet, we're not yet at the fourth line, the most important one

alozjija bizjak checks her wrist watch

i'm not done yet, bloody hell leave me alone  
or something similar  
something more cultured  
depending on whether the character of the mobilizer is played by a man or a woman, with all due  
respect to those members of the female sex who swear like troopers  
depending also on whether the character of the mobilizer is recruiting using folksy vocabulary  
or slightly less folksy

okay then, the extra character says  
who is this extra character?  
is it even important?  
will he even appear again later?  
or is he only here to interrupt the emcee during the recruiting?

okay then, he says  
hurry up, he says  
you don't have your entire life at your disposal, he says

the emcee nods  
and then the fourth line

first he repeats his finding about the situation which is apparently unbearable and needs to be overcome, and then he talks about the need to move  
comfy armchairs  
silver spoons  
glutted guts

the extra character bolted long ago and is currently solving sudoku in the backstage, waiting for his next cue  
does he even have another cue?  
who is this extra character?  
does it even matter?

hurry up already

bloody train

you don't have your entire life at your disposal

fourth line  
lasts

milena enters  
she's beautiful  
milena is definitely played by a woman  
she walks across the stage

the fourth line lasts

dammit it's lasted for so long  
we're hearing that it is time to stand up  
we're hearing that it is time to stand together  
we're hearing that it is time to revolt  
stand up  
stand together  
revolt

milena is a truly beautiful woman  
anyone would notice her  
except the emcee, he doesn't notice her, he's so enraptured, he's so enthralled  
milena walks across the stage

and these italians, can you believe it  
as recently as three years ago their textbooks had italian border drawn almost down the middle of slovenia, can you believe it  
and our politicians chose to exercise the right to remain silent, can you believe it

the fourth line is truly long  
we're fidgeting in our chairs already  
because we're tired

bloody hell how we're tired of this agit-prop  
we prefer to glance towards milena  
milena is truly beautiful  
truly beautiful

it is time we stood up

alozjija bizjak is also looking at milena

it is time we stood together

she looks at milena and nods to her, smiling

it is time we revolted

and then milena leaves  
we've no choice but to agree with the emcee

it is time we stood up

will he not stop jerking off?

it is time we stood together

this one can't and won't stop jerking off

it is time we revolted

we understand  
we approve  
we nod

and he's flying  
he's high on the connection he's felt between us  
eye, thought, energy

and we're high on the same connection

where's milena?

at the back of the stage a silhouette appears  
one and then another  
holding hands  
moving forward slowly  
very slowly

it is time

to jerk

one

to jerk off: to masturbate.

france jerks off four times a day

two

to make spasmodic motions:

my legs jerked from fatigue

three

to make and serve (ice-cream sodas, for example) at a soda fountain.

why don't you go outside and jerk yourself a soda?

four

to jerk around: to take unfair advantage of, deceive, or manipulate

20 € for parking? don't try to jerk around with me!

it is time

very slowly

holding hands

they're walking towards us

jakob and andreja

or jakob and silvo

or

nina and andreja

or silvo and nina

very slowly

too slowly to be headed somewhere

holding hands

and like there's nothing else

just hand in hand

body by body

slowly moving towards us

just hand in hand

body by body

it is time

four times a day is absolutely too much

the man's not quite right in his head

alozija bizjak is looking left and right

she doesn't know from which side they're coming to get her

she's waiting patiently, acquiescently

here now we're lacking something general

and from behind another silhouette

or perhaps not, perhaps something concrete is missing

something very concrete

it is time we stood up  
it is time we stood together

but there's no fucking structure here  
what about structure?

it is time we revolted

a silhouette from the back  
weird, too wide  
is moving  
oh, god, two people are snogging  
no, not snogging, they're devouring each other, god, they'll gobble each other  
a silhouette from behind, two persons kissing so it's a single silhouette  
weird, too wide

jakob and andreja  
unless they're silvo and nina  
are slowly walking towards us  
hand in hand  
body by body

the persons kissing are jožica, 88 years old, and milan, 91 years old

we're watching and can't really decide whether we're comfortable with this  
it's nice when two people are kissing  
but to watch jožica, 88, and milan, 91, make out evokes mixed emotions in us, us, the -

the time has come, shouts the emcee, enraptured  
our time is here and now

it is time

this was a cue for the extra character  
because the extra character enters furiously, makes way through all the loved up couples and steps  
to the emcee or the mobilizer  
and shouts, it is time

it's not time yet, bloody hell  
depends on who's playing the emcee  
i'm not ready yet  
we're not ready yet

this one will jerk off until he's finished off

milena walks across the stage again  
this time even more beautiful, more glamorous, she changed her dress, milena crosses the stage  
wearing a gorgeous silk evening gown, a red one  
cut low, oh, all the saints in heaven, have a look at this low cut

milena crosses the stage

and right behind her tiptoes a dog

and behind the dog  
a talking parrot  
a dancing bear  
an acrobatic elephant  
a clapping lion  
a tiger on a horse  
and of course  
a monkey on a bicycle

a human head transplant is being planned  
based on a soviet experiment of the group lead by vladimir demikhov in 1954 carried out on dogs,  
sergio canavero, a neurosurgeon from turin, is forecasting the first successful human head transplant  
for 2017

it's time, yells the extra character again  
who is this extra character?

jožica, 88, and milan, 91, are making out  
we still don't know what to think of this

why would two people as old as sin be making out, it's not logical, it makes no sense, it's not what  
people tend to do  
so why?

it is time  
it is time

why don't people in the public sector all get laid amongst each other?  
because they're all related

it's not time yet, dammit  
we're not ready yet  
can't you see, i haven't yet  
i haven't yet  
i haven't yet

jerking off compared to sex is like

haven't yet explained enough that we're swimming in shit

is like

i haven't yet explained it in detail enough

a light bulb compared to the sun

it is true that we're in shit, but we have to look at it from the bright side  
a glass can be half empty or half full  
minuses have to be turned into pluses  
there's something beautiful in everything  
it is true that we're in shit, but at least we're swimming  
this is how you should be looking at it  
at least we're swimming

told often enough that this way things will lead us nowhere

what things

things  
things, like  
society  
social structure  
state structure  
garden structure  
gardens

i haven't yet  
i haven't yet

to enter the united states of america i don't need a visa  
i need the esta form whatever that's supposed to be

beyond what dammit?

milena leaves

if i don't have the esta form, whatever that is, things get complicated

milica the partisan breathless and flushed and rosy-cheeked hurries to the apron  
milica the partisan is also beautiful, sweet jesus, how beautiful she is  
milica the partisan is beautiful and glowing, despite being breathless and flushed

bloody hell, what about the structure?  
it's not logical  
it makes no sense

perhaps milica the partisan is only flushed and breathless because she's embarrassed  
milica the partisan is a shy character  
we notice this straight away  
she hurries to the apron of the stage and wants to say something  
but the emcee hasn't yet  
hasn't yet

is like tofu compared to

beefsteak  
rump steak  
skirt steak  
sirloin  
top loin  
flank

is like tofu compared to beefsteak  
jerking off compared to sex is like tofu compared to beefsteak

haven't yet explained enough that we're swimming in shit

milica the partisan is standing there, rosy-cheeked and breathless and wants to say something

things get complicated if you don't have the esta form, whatever that is supposed to be  
you can't board the plane  
you get stuck at the airport  
you pay a hundred or a couple of hundreds  
and then things are sorted out  
the air carriers involved thus bank another couple of hundreds  
there's never enough hundreds for air carriers

dammit, can't you see that things are not yet clear to us?  
that we don't yet have a clear picture?  
that we can't process it this fast?  
i need more time, we need more time, we, the -

that we stood up

beefsteak  
quickly grilled beef steak  
prepare a beefsteak  
beefsteak with eggs  
beefsteak tartare

that we stood up

it's not what people tend to do

is like a fur coat compared to the arctic fox

i'd like to say something  
says milica the partisan softly softly  
she speaks so softly than nobody hears her  
we notice her, because she's beautiful, truly beautiful, but we don't hear her  
she says softly softly that she wants to say something  
or something like that

jerking off compared to sex is like

an enormous bale of hay appears on stage  
it rolls across the stage  
somebody rolls it across the stage but we don't see him  
it's not time yet

what a stupid joke actually  
of course they get laid in public sector jobs, they do it most of all  
they're all intermarried

can i say something?

the extra character gives up for now  
moves backstage, finds the smoking section, lights up a cigarette and waits for his next cue  
who is this extra character?

milica the partisan would like to say something  
but she can't get a word in edgeways  
milica the partisan would like to share something with us

this leads nowhere

milica the partisan would like to tell her story  
while the emcee is once more in full swing  
because he knows  
because he's skilled  
well-read  
intelligent  
it's clear to him  
he sees the path we have to embark, we, the -  
we have to

what, bloody hell  
what

is like a plastic fork compared to a pitchfork

stand up  
rise

is like a toothpick compared to a crowbar

it's time we stood together  
it's time we revolted  
with him at the front  
the emcee will lead us

where to, bloody hell

where to

he knows, bloody hell  
he and his people know

we need them, we, the -

i just wanted to tell you, i wanted to say, oh, i don't even quite know where to begin, i don't even know what i want to achieve by telling, i don't quite know because i am, i am a shy and uncertain and slightly out of tune character

milica the partisan is a shy, uncertain and slightly unfocused character

and beautiful

yes, of course, milica the partisan is a beautiful character

i'm fed up with this shit, fed up with all these jokes

fress, guzzle and screw, there's nothing in tomorrow to pursue

this is something like milica the partisan would begin with if she could get a word in edgeways but milica the partisan can't get a word in edgeways no, not just because the emcee won't be disturbed

he jerks off, jerks off, jerks off, jerks off and doesn't stop jerking off, and won't stop jerking off

not just because of that  
milica the partisan, this beautiful milica the partisan we're admiring in front of us this moment, is simply a mirage  
is a memory of milica the partisan like she was many many years ago  
in times when fairy tales began with once upon a time in a place far away  
then  
milica the partisan, a rosy-cheeked, breathless and shy character is from those times

today, when we're watching this, we, the -  
today this milica is in a hospice  
colourless  
bloodless  
lying in a hospice and can no longer speak

fress, guzzle and screw, there's nothing in tomorrow to pursue

a bale of hay, pushed by a sweaty farm boy  
a sweaty farm boy, pushing a bale of hay in front of him  
if he is a farm boy  
and if he is pushing a bale of hay in front of him  
and if he is sweaty

then he can very well be wearing a slovenian national costume, with a pheasant feather tucked into his hat

then he can also shout with joy

and if we're watching a performance that goes beyond the borders of our homeland, the farm boy can also be attired in the austrian national costume, so radically different from the slovenian one, in this case the performance, by choosing the austrian garb is definitely transposed from the narrow local juncture to a wider, global one

he was wearing a white uniform

bareheaded, laughing, he was standing on the waterfront

the sun, the breeze, the sea

freedom

it was june 1945

bareheaded, laughing, surrounded by other sailors

bareheaded, laughing

the sun, the breeze, the sea

freedom

this sailor i will marry, i thought then

no, no, this is not a love story

this is how milica would start her story if she was could get a word in edgeways  
but milica will never get a word in edgeways again

a farm boy

austrian national costume

perhaps, perhaps to achieve a radical moment appropriate for the context in which this performance takes place it would be best to have him as a farm boy

vigorous

firm

healthy

in a dirndl

radical, indeed

we're looking and keeping silent, we, the -

and jakob and nina are sitting at the edge of the stage, holding hands, dangling their feet, their heads

pressed together and they're chatting softly

or perhaps they're just looking at each other

because they are not kissing

kissing is what jožica, 88, and milan, 91 are still doing forcefully

silvo and andreja are simply sitting, holding hands

self-sufficient, with everything seemingly far away

with everything else seemingly non-existent

as if we don't exist, we, the -

as if he doesn't exist, the emcee or mobilizer

as if the shit in which we're swimming doesn't exist

nina and andreja are sitting, heads together  
just hand in hand  
body by body  
as if there's nothing else

and we're watching  
we, the -

the postman left a note for me  
oh, shit shit shit  
now what?  
tax office?

milena enters again  
in a new dress, tight, close-fitting  
walks across the stage again  
slowly  
beautiful  
seductive  
fuckable  
can we afford to think that when milena crosses the stage?

fuckable  
adjective  
means a trait of a person attractive to look at but with whom you cannot imagine a serious, lasting  
relationship  
also a person you rate, at first sight, as attractive, with sex appeal

for example  
i agree, her brother is really fuckable  
or  
yesterday i noticed an extremely fuckable girl  
or  
jožica, 88, after seven decades of life together still thinks her husband milan, 91, is immensely  
fuckable

milena is walking across the stage

tramping just because she can

milica is a shy character  
she's a mirage  
she's a memory  
of sun, breeze, sea  
of freedom  
he was so handsome, he was so handsome, he was as handsome as clark gable  
with moustache

in a white uniform  
bareheaded  
laughing  
he came to me  
slovenian, oh, no slovenian  
i didn't know any slovenian yet then  
he came to me  
like a whirlwind  
sun, breeze, sea  
comrade, would you join me  
comrade, would you join me, he said

and then he showed her his torpedo

with pleasure, comrade

with pleasure she inspected his torpedo

slovenian whore  
you slovenian whore

oh, shit, i hope it's not tax office  
court?  
oh, shit, i hope it's not court  
ministry?  
oh shit, i hope it's not ministry  
oh, shit shit shit

we are silent

he knows  
the emcee knows  
the emcee sees nothing but us  
he doesn't see milica the rosy-cheeked and breathless mirage  
he doesn't see jožica, 88, and milan, 91, making out  
he doesn't see a farm boy in a dirndl rolling a bale of hay  
he doesn't see alojzija bizjak waiting at the door  
he doesn't see jakob and silvo chatting in hushed tones as if there were nothing around, nothing but  
them,  
doesn't see the dog  
nor the talking parrot  
the dancing bear  
the acrobatic elephant  
the clapping lion  
tiger on a horse  
and not even the monkey on a bike  
the emcee sees only us, we're the ones that are important to him  
the emcee can tell the difference between the important things and things that are not important

transplantation of a human head certainly isn't among the important ones, now the only thing important is that we're swimming in shit and that we have to

what?  
what?

that we have to, we, the -  
we have to

solidarity  
democracy  
the will of people  
the right to decide  
justice

sun, breeze, sea

with pleasure, comrade  
and off we went  
he was so beautiful in that sun, that breeze, by that sea  
i loved him, strong, handsome, laughing  
i loved him in that moment, in that moment when all was possible  
i loved him, i loved that moment, loved that myself in that moment, a laughing rosy-cheeked partisan girl who fell in love with a sailor in that sun, that breeze, by that sea  
and off we went  
and the entire world was for the two of us, was for us all, the future was for the two of us, was for us all, the future was bright, it was safe, it was warm  
we were  
the two of us were  
all this  
the sun, the breeze, the sea, the future, all of us, then, in june 1945

once upon a time in a land far away

i got pregnant

torpedo, of course

he left

jolanda enters  
and stands there  
in the limelight  
jolanda, a female human in late middle age  
a hair parting, a strict, sharp nose, thin lips and a look that is impossible to describe with a vocabulary tipping towards poetry  
a female creature in a dress so unassuming and unnoticeable in colour and in shape that you cannot say for sure what colour it is and you cannot say for sure if it is trousers or a skirt  
a female creature that whiffs of a stereotype

a female creature which, in the street, makes you think that she cannot be anything but a staunch acolyte of the roman-catholic church  
but she could also be a former staunch commissar of the communist party, she looks that way, but despite the fact that she is in her late middle age, she's still too young, too young to have ever been ordained into this function  
a female creature in her late middle age without an expression in her eyes that would emanate a loyalty to this or that system of knowledge and values is standing in the limelight  
it seems that for a moment everything stopped  
jolanda steps forward and first takes everybody in with her glance  
the emcee who fell silent for a moment to underline the importance of what's just been said

what, fuck, what

easy to whip another guy's dick through the nettles

milica the partisan, still rosy-cheeked, glowing  
the sun, the breeze, the sea  
the farm boy in a dirndl who's stopped and is wiping away sweat  
jožica, 88, and milan, 91, who have stopped making out and are now just looking and smiling at each other

oh, god, one really doesn't know what stance to take regarding these two

andreja and silvo sitting on the portal and as if there were nothing else  
alozjija bizjak, who's waiting

we're looking, we, the -  
we're silent, we, the -

fress, guzzle and screw, there's nothing in tomorrow to pursue

they reach beyond what, dammit?

jolanda fixes her dress of indefinite shape and indefinite colours and steps towards alozjija bizjak

and an inhale  
and everything moves again  
the farm boy in a dirndl is rolling his bale of hay, nina and andreja press their heads together and dangle their feet  
milica the partisan wants to say something, jožica, 88, and milan, 91, are making out, the emcee

is like a puddle compared to the sea

can i just say something?

now what, are you or aren't you, motherfucker?

the extra character steps on stage and shouts something along these lines towards the emcee

such shambles, adds the extra character, such shambles or something similar, although shambles is perfectly fine here, because it can refer to the fact that the emcee hasn't finished yet, which is obvious, way obvious that he hasn't finished

is like a flower in the vase compared to a forest

but it can also refer to the action on stage, for example, the bale of hay itself gives an impression of, how to say, of a shambolic slaughterhouse mess

slaughterhouse or shambles  
a common way to say abattoir  
the cattle in the slaughterhouse made noise  
the farmhand made shambles of the hay he slept in  
shambles, in metaphorical sense, is an untidy, neglected and dirty space  
for example: what is this shambles here?

in a wider sense the expression can also be used to describe an untidy, confused situation or events  
for example: and that was when the shambles started!

the expression is also potentially linked to a classical reference to the augean stables which only heracles could clean by diverting a river through them, so somebody claiming to put things in order says i'll clean up these stables – or shambles –  
thus implicitly putting her or himself in heracles's place, in his book der witz und seine beziehung zum unbewußten sigmund freud quotes this expression, clearly made by someone who read too much classics as a child  
where is ariadne's thread that leads out of the scylla and charybdis of these shambolic augean stables?

what is this shambles or something along these lines, adds the extra character

jolanda, shocked, stares at the extra character and perhaps asks, shocked  
mary, mother of jesus who is this one?

but does this matter at all?

the extra character leaves before the emcee can answer  
but if he manages to answer, then for sure he doesn't say anything kind or refined or sophisticated regardless of whether he's played by a man or a woman and regardless of the side his vocabulary is tipping to

he went home, the sailor, to slovenia, to the vipava valley, this was his home, a village on a hilltop,  
small, pretty, sunlit  
the sun, the breeze, the sea

alozjija bizjak is waiting  
but she's not impatient and she's not fidgeting  
she's not constantly checking her watch  
alozjija bizjak is simply waiting

we could say she's resigned to waiting  
peacefully  
perhaps we can notice something like a smile on her lips  
but perhaps it just seems so  
she nods to jolanda  
and continues to wait  
jolanda steps right beside her, too close, alojzija bizjak steps away a little, jolanda steps after her  
alojzija bizjak smiles again, takes another step aside, but jolanda doesn't give up and follows her  
antonija bizjak feels slightly uncomfortable  
jolanda monitors alojzija bizjak closely

bloody hell, that milena simply disappeared in the meantime

fress, guzzle and screw, thereps nothing in tomorrow to pursue

if milica the partisan could get a word in edgeways now shepd continue her story  
shepd tell us that she and the slovenian sailor got married

a framed wedding photograph in a4 format, sepia in combination with a colour retouch  
a laughing young woman, a laughing young man, a wedding bouquet between them  
all so  
all so  
beautiful  
sepia and a colour retouch

jolanda takes a biro and a notebook from her bag of indefinable colours and shape and takes notes  
meticulously

she'd tell us that the slovenian sailor went before her to the slovenian village on a hilltop, small,  
pretty, sunlit, to prepare everything for her arrival

she'd tell us how she went after him, hugely pregnant, that she travelled almost two days, that for  
the first time in her life she left her home town and set for the unknown, alone, and that she arrived  
into one of the towns under these hills, pretty, sunlit, he was to wait for her there, but he didn't  
come, then she'd tell us how she put her suitcase with all she possessed on her shoulders and went  
onto that hill, pretty, sunlit, she was walking, with her huge belly up that hill, pretty, sunlit, to her  
husband the slovenian soldier  
if she could get a word in edgeways, of course

but milica the partisan will never again  
never again get a word in edgeways

jafar, jafar, my brother, fear not  
when you're afraid, remember allah

jolanda checked alojzija bizjak out very thoroughly, she memorised every detail that needed to be  
memorised, she etched it into her memory, recorded it in her notebook so she can use it when the  
time comes

and it will come for sure, it will come, this time  
jolanda puts the notebook and the biro back into her bag of indefinite colours and shape and steps to  
the farm boy, steps right next to him, too close, again too close, she's walking beside him and looks  
at him intently  
just as if she had to memorise every detail of the farm boy in dirndl so that she can use it when the  
time comes  
and it will come for sure, it will come, this time

is like a bottle compared to a breast

the emcee falls silent  
only for a moment, to clear his throat

four times a day is absolutely too much, the man is not quite right in the head

the emcee clears his throat  
and continues  
there's so much he could touch upon

jolanda takes a notebook and a biro from the handbag of indefinite colours and shape and  
meticulously records important details about the farm boy in dirndl

there's so much he could tell  
it's important to know  
it's important to be aware

we have a revolutionary leather cleaner for you and all the questions you faced  
about how to clean leather and give it all the necessary care while making it waterproof at the same  
time have been solved for you, all you need to do is to place an order for the leather cleaner via  
phone

it is important to become aware  
power is in your hands  
power is in our hands, in the hands of us, us, the -  
you're the tailors of your future  
we're the tailors of our future, we, the -  
you decide  
we decide, we, the -

a corpse  
a dead person, particularly before funeral  
to put, to place a corpse on a bier, into a casket  
to bury the corpse  
to transfer the corpse to a cemetery  
pale as death – or a corpse  
it was so quiet as if there was a corpse in the house  
wake for a corpse  
remove the corpses and the wounded  
he was alive, yet a corpse

a political corpse  
a person whose political activity is totally inhibited  
the patient was a living corpse  
very pale, emaciated  
he's a living corpse  
terminally ill

when she finally arrived to that hill, pretty, sunlit, the sun has set

the right to social security

jolanda puts the notebook and biro into the bag of indefinite colours and shape

the right to education

jožica, 88, and milan, 91, are making out

the right to dignified living

a farm boy in a dirndl is rolling a bale of hay

the right to freedom of expression

silvo and andreja  
or perhaps jakob and nina  
sit at the edge of the stage dangling legs

the right to religious practice

rights  
rights  
rights

what vitamin capsules are to apple and turnip

jolanda moves over to jožica, 88, and milan, 91, who won't stop making out despite the fact that jolanda is pressing her mug up to them, as if she'd find there, right there, the answer to whether be or not to be

jolanda is pressing her mug up to jožica, 88, and milan 91, who ignore her and continue snogging

milica the partisan persists, rosy-cheeked and breathless, because she wants to say something  
the emcee glances at milica the partisan, dammit, he finally noticed her

oh, dammit, he noticed her

have you noticed her?

but  
hell, bro

son  
what?  
hell, son  
social equality  
right to live  
right to choose  
right to  
to  
to  
to  
to be drowning in shit, yet still swimming

lose 3.5 kg every month with no effort, eating your favourite foods  
every month!  
proved several times, and now official – this special trick which allows you to lose weight without  
sacrifice and effort has now been confirmed by the european food safety agency

and milica the partisan again doesn't get to tell  
but honestly, who'd care to listen to milica the partisan

the sun, the breeze, the sea  
yes, yes, however

the sunlit hilltop

yes, yes, however

to  
to  
to  
to be drowning in shit, yet still swimming

after all god himself was incarnated amidst the dung in a betlehem stable

but

we, the -

jakob and andreja embrace, feet dangling  
look, we think, how beautiful,  
we think, we, the -  
how beautiful this is  
good thing it's not jakob and silvo, or nina and andreja  
so we can, without complex decision making on which stand to take, think of  
think of  
the sun, the breeze, the sea

and this husband, handsome, in white  
drunk, in boots, is kicking her on the floor

back and forth  
milica the partisan thinks of

what, bloody hell

of the sun, the breeze, the sea  
of freedom

he's kicking her while milica the partisan with her huge belly is lying on the floor thinking whatever she's thinking, she cannot say much, perhaps she's just counting kicks and waiting for it to pass, for him to

you damned croatian whore  
croatian whore

that he'll get bored and go on drinking

the sunlit hilltop  
in freedom

we're staring the challenges right into the eye and we're creating a better view of the world  
our windows are windows with character!  
unbelievable quantity discounts till the end of the month!

and i put up with it  
milica the partisan would say if the emcee would let her speak

fairy tales  
fairy tales  
fairy tales

we need to stand up  
stand up

fress, guzzle and screw, there's nothing in tomorrow to pursue

we have to revolt  
revolt

i put up with it because i had nowhere to go

slovenian whore

if you trust them, we trust them too  
car insurance for drivers with less than three years of experience

motherfucking stingy jewish git  
says the plumber who's just entered with a rennsteig crowbar for 29,99 euros in his right hand

the name of this character is the plumber with a rennsteig crowbar for 29,99 euros  
the character the plumber with a rennsteig crowbar for 29,99 euros is of the male gender because  
he's able to swear like god intended, and i'm saying this once more with all due respect to the  
specimens of the female gender who swear like old troopers  
fucking stingy jewish git or something such like

another plumber enters after him  
the name of this character is the plumber with rothenberger tongue-and-groove pliers for 44,99  
euros  
the plumber with rothenberger tongue-and-groove pliers for 44,99 euros adds that motherfucker is  
really a jew, he truly is a jew, not just stingy, apparently he occasionally also wears that jewish  
skullcap, but the motherfucking son of a whore is only jewish when he knows he's gonna make some  
profit out of it , this is profitable today, fucker, to be jewish, but get the moffo to pay people, no, not  
that, bloody motherfucking stingy jewish git, hell

the plumber with a rennsteig crowbar for 29,99 euros also swears on the sexual activity of their  
employer and his mother, the employer who is an adherent of the jewish system of instructions and  
values, he also calls him a rent boy, several times over, and to top it off also mentions what pain he'd  
inflict on the employer's reproductive organs, the one that simply keeps silent and nodding without  
daring to say what he thinks, and that their stingy employer, whom he essentially calls a street-  
walking adherent to the jewish system of beliefs and values, will see what it means to fuck, that is,  
sexually abuse the orifices of honest workers, all this certainly with all due respect to reproduction,  
sexual organs, religion, orifices and earning daily bread with activities originally intended for  
procreation

something like that  
as if we cared, we, the -  
as if we're interested, we, the -  
where for the love of god is milena?  
the hell  
or the hell  
where the hell is milena?

and then, thank god, oh no, not god, there was no god then anymore, no longer here, not there yet,  
it was in the in-between, thanks fuck, then, and then, thanks fuck he went out to drink  
i got up, like so many times before and so many times after, i cooked, i cleaned  
and when he got home at night again and laid on top of me, with his stinking breath, i spread my legs  
without a sound, what else was i to do, what else is a woman to do, just to keep peace, do you  
understand me, you let him have it, right

no, she doesn't get a word in edgeways  
who'd listen to this

social equality  
social justice  
social peace

it is time

oh, the fuckable milena!  
look at her! in her new gorgeous dress!  
so she hasn't disappeared!

we're looking at her, oh, she seems so beautiful to us, us, the -

just like so many times before and so many times after

is what draft is to a hurricane

and the jerk jerks off jerks off jerks off

a hilltop, pretty, sunlit

so you let him have it to keep peace

take destiny in your hands

never depend on anyone but yourself

the plumber with a rennsteig crowbar for 29,99 euros used his crowbar to lift the lid of the sewer  
oh, dammit, this will have to be replaced, too, yes, i said that ages ago, this is completely rusty, wait,  
here, dammit

and then he and the plumber with rothenberger tongue-and-groove pliers for 44,99 euros got into  
the sewer and now we can only see half of them, from the waist up only, when one or the other  
bends down we only see half of one

oh, i don't know the sound comes from the sewer, it's leaking, bugger, i don't know, wait, i'll do it,  
oh, bugger, i've told him, i told him last year that valves and pipes need to be replaced, but no, it's  
too expensive, let's keep fixing it, every fucking week we fiddle with this, motherfucking jewish git,  
that he has nowhere to get it from, but we can wade through this shit, my god the stench, fuck, again  
it'll take me two days to wash the stench off, yeah, if it only took two days, last time i smelled for a  
week, fucker, my old bag wouldn't let me have it for a week, that i smell of shit, she said, fuck, it  
doesn't work, it keeps leaking, worse and worse, dammit, it's leaking, oh, fuck the shit is almost in  
our shoes, bugger, we'll need help, call the plumber with rems pipe shears for 59,99 euros

jolanda takes her time with jožica, 88 and milan, 91

jožica, 88 and milan, 91, making out, are to jolanda, apparently, the key to the answer on the eternal  
enigma

which is what, which is what, dammit

too much swearing for my taste  
too much

the plumber with a rennsteig crowbar for 29,99 euros and the plumber with rothenberger tongue-  
and-groove pliers for 44,99 euros get out of the sewer and look into it, it is very obvious that the  
problem in the sewer is quite an enigma for them

so you let him have it, to keep peace

can i just say something  
says the mirage of the rosy-cheeked milica the partisan softly, too softly

the advantages of advertising in lavatories  
more time!  
the viewing time is on the average from 30 seconds to 2 minutes  
better focus!  
the visitor cannot avoid the advert, cannot leaf forward or change channel like he does on tv or radio  
the contents of the advert can thus be a lot more detailed  
better responsiveness!  
the feeling of relief increases the ability to remember the message of the advert by 40 %  
better differentiation!  
they can be aimed at the exclusively female or male population, a detailed differentiation of target  
income groups – restaurant (business people), pubs (youth) and also geographic differentiation  
the right moment!  
inactively used time – people don't find the ads disturbing (like they do during the film on tv, for  
example)  
greater individuality!  
an intimate space where a person has time to think  
better recognisability!  
adjusted ads – a better recognisability of a brand

is like a parliament compared to people

another character slowly rolls to the emcee and before it even manages to say anything

i need more time  
more time!

the extra character has in the meantime

beyond what?

has in the meantime lost the will to actively participate in the scenes of executing pressure on the  
emcee and hence he rolls off to where he came from  
sudoku or the smoking room or perhaps the lavatories

more time!  
better focus!

is like a porno on the radio compared to

is like

fairy tales  
fairy tales  
fairy tales

alozija bizjak hasn't got tired of waiting, in her apricot-coloured suit, with a little hat, with a little suitcase, she's standing at the door, waiting acquiescently, waiting peacefully  
it's time

fress, guzzle and screw, there's nothing in tomorrow to pursue

human rights and fundamental liberties  
equality in front of the law  
regardless of nationality, race, gender, language, religion, political or other belief, financial status, birth, education, social standing or any other personal circumstance  
and then  
1 against 99  
1 against 99  
1 against 99

the plumber with rems pipe shears for 59,99 euros enters, goes to the sewer, consults with the plumber with a rennsteig crowbar for 29,99 euros and the plumber with rothenberger tongue-and-groove pliers for 44,99 euros  
bugger mingy motherfucking jewish git  
the plumber with rems pipe shears for 59,99 euros jumps into the sewer  
oh bugger, oh bugger o bugger shit now reaches the knees oh bugger  
the plumber with rems pipe shears for 59,99 euros gets out of the sewer  
bugger mingy jewish git bloody hell

i thought he'd stop once i gave birth  
he didn't stop  
the only difference that now  
handsome  
statuesque  
in boots he kicked the little girl too  
croatian whore  
you croatian whore  
it was hard for me to learn the language, i made no progress, no progress  
a village on hilltop, sunlit throughout the year  
and so years went by  
and more years

1 against 99  
of what?  
of what?

for example  
1 gyppo against 99 of us  
or  
1 cripple against 99 of us  
or  
1 whore against 99 of us,

a corpse  
a dead human, particularly until the funeral

human life is inviolable

particularly until the funeral

no one may be subjected to torture or to cruel, inhuman or degrading treatment or punishment

is like botox compared to

until the second baby arrived  
i thought the second time would work, that we'd make a son, but we didn't, it was another daughter  
and i still couldn't learn the language right  
and i still had nowhere to go

slovenian whore  
you slovenian whore

and i stayed

croatian whore  
you croatian whore

you let him have it to keep peace

everyone has the right to personal dignity

everyone has the right to personal safety

dear electronic bank user!  
in order to ensure your safety we're preparing additional security mechanisms to approve monetary transactions in the electronic banking  
supreme authentication mechanism or authorisation of payments is signing money orders the client sent via electronic bank  
the authorisation guarantees the security component intended to improve the safety of web-based payments following the directive of the european banking authority

jolanda closes her notebook  
enlightened by the making out of jožica, 88, and milan, 91, she steps towards nina and andreja or jakob and andreja or jakob and silvo or jakob and nina or andreja and silvo or silvo and nina  
or towards all of them, perhaps all four of them are sitting on the apron of the stage together and chat holding hands, dangling feet, as if there were nothing else, as if there were no jolanda shovelling her devoted mug into theirs, who takes her notebook and her biro out of her bag to record all the important details  
and as if we weren't here, we, the -

the inviolability of the physical and mental integrity of every person and his privacy and personality rights shall be guaranteed

i'll be washing off this stench the whole fucking week

i prayed every day, to god, although then in between he was no longer and was not yet  
oh, god, my god, help me, where are you god  
to my late mother whom i never really knew, she died before i could really know what a mother was  
oh, mother, my mother, help me, mother, where are you mother  
but i had to pray in secret also, because my husband and his boots prevented me from it very  
devotedly  
i stopped going to the church, the three of us stopped going after the sunday the priest singled out  
our family as an example of an unsuitable one in his sermon, with a drunkard and a gypsy woman,  
that's what they called me, a gypsy woman, a gypsy woman  
gypsies, gypsies  
i didn't learn slovenian well enough, but well enough to understand that the sunlit hilltop was for  
others, for better ones

authentication  
authorisation

the emcee smiles at us  
we're close to the end, he sensed through in the eye, thought and energy contact between himself  
and us we were close to the end, that we understand him, that we got it, that it's etched into our  
consciousness  
time has come for us to take our fate in our own hands  
1 against 99, the calculation is clear, regardless from which side you're looking at it  
1 against 99  
we understand

when you escort your loved ones to their eternal rest, we're with you, hot discounts for larger  
purchases of graveyard candles, only here!

the plumber with rems pipe shears for 59,99 euros and the plumber with a rennsteig crowbar for  
29,99 euros and the plumber with rothenberger tongue-and-groove pliers for 44,99 euros are  
standing by the sewer and looking into it, scratching their beards, hair or whatever actors scratch  
when, in their roles, they try to solve the burning enigma

would you like to know what to do for your health while watching television?

we would, of course we would, we, the -

meet elliptical trainer, a revolutionary new device, excellent for your cardiovascular health,  
development of long, lean muscles and improvement of general physical and psychological state that  
allows you to keep fit and be at the same time entertained in the comfort of your home, at your own  
pace, whenever you want

we were more hungry than full, times were such, whatever my husband earned he drank or ate,  
there was not much left for the three of us, first the man of the house needed to be fed, more often  
hungry than full  
gypsies gypsies gypsies

but i had nowhere to go and nothing to go with

perhaps the plumber with the unior pipe cutter for 199,99 euros will know how to help, shall we call him, yeah, do, what else, call him, perhaps he'll know how to solve this shit, dammit, it's leaking more and more, it smells so bad, oh shit, dammit, i'll be washing the stench off me for a week, you're not getting any again for a week hehehe, hahaha, oh, fuck, now you started fucking with me, too hahaha, hehehe, fuck, look how it pours, the sewer will soon be full, dammit, tell the plumber with unior pipe cutter for 199,99 euros to bring fishing waders, what, for all, yes, hell, for all, of course for all, will you wade into this shit wearing shoes, because fuck it, i won't, four pairs of fishing waders.

jolanda walks to the emcee  
the emcee doesn't notice her  
1 against 99  
constitutional rights  
the right to file petitions and pursue other initiatives of general significance  
the right of peaceful assembly and public meeting  
the right, in accordance with the law, to participate either directly or through elected representatives in the management of public affairs

the sun, the breeze, the sea  
the sunlit hilltop

he definitely won't stop jerking off, we've already reconciled with that  
we're considering if it would make sense to leave the event, but we can't really decide, even though we're getting a bit tired of it all  
we're considering if it were possible to leave the event unnoticed, unobtrusively, conflict-free or would it perhaps be better to get up demonstratively, as noisily as possible  
excuse me, pardon me, apologies, sorry, pardon through the entire row to share our opinion of the event with everyone

if there was a possibility that milica the partisan could one more time get a word in edgeways then she'd

we're thinking, we, the -  
because this one won't stop jerking off until he's dead

jerking off compared to sex is like

authentication  
authorisation  
autofecalisation

and milena comes to rescue again  
perhaps it's worth to endure for her sake  
milena parades across the stage in a dress more beautiful than before  
this time in silver  
like a  
like a

fuck twat that stingy jewish git motherfucker  
the plumber with rems pipe shears for 59,99 euros, the plumber with rothenberger tongue-and-groove pliers for 44,99 euros and the plumber with a rennsteig crowbar for 29,99 euros are standing above the sewer and chatting  
fuck twat that stingy jewish git motherfucker

like a fairy godmother who'd fulfil our wish any moment now

jolanda takes notes with her mug right next to the emcee, the emcee takes no notice, a little bit more, a little bit longer and we'll stand up, the emcee feels that we're right on the edge

1 against 99  
so clear it couldn't be any clearer

is like exercise while watching tv compared to

if there was a possibility that milica the partisan could one more time get a word in edgeways then she'd

enters the plumber with the unior pipe cutter for 199,99 euros and four pair of fishing waders  
the plumbers put on waders, all while chatting  
oh, fuck, it started pouring out, oh fuck, fuck, it's pouring, now what do we do, i'm not going in, will you, dammit it smells so bad, how long has it been pouring, well, i don't know, first it was leaking, now it's pouring, o fuck, it's gushing, look at all this shit, just look at all this shit, i told him that, the corrupt little skank, me too, yes, i told him too, the stingy swine, of, fuck, how nasty it stinks, what shall we do, fuck, well old fucking pipes, what can you, you can fucking wait all this piping should have been replaced years ago, oh fuck, how it gushes, oh fucking shit

we're watching  
watching the plumbers how zealously they look into the sewer, we're watching the stinking slush that started pouring from the sewer and is dripping down from the stage

fuck, it stinks

if there was a possibility that milica the partisan could one more time get a word in edgeways then she'd

it really stinks, it stinks to us, too, us, the -

we're watching how the scene with the plumbers will unfold, the emcee keeps talking and milica the partisan would still like to speak, but the shit is dripping towards us, the shit is really dripping towards us, us, the -

no structure, no story, no manners  
nothing, truly nothing

the faeces are truly dripping towards us

if it can't be without profanity, banality and primitivism, then at least the language should be on a certain level

the faeces are really dripping towards us, a little more and they'll reach our feet, a little more and our soles will be in a puddle

then she'd tell us that one day she left the sunlit hilltop  
that she packed her suitcase, that she took the girls and left for the valley  
before they left she cleaned the house and cooked lunch, so that the sailor could eat in peace when he returned into the empty house  
she'd tell us that she left although she had nothing to leave with and nowhere to leave to and although she never managed to learn slovenian really well in all those years on a sunlit hilltop

1 against 99  
of course we understand

oh fuck, do you think it a pipe or a valve, fuck, i don't know, could be either, dammit, it's gushing, something needs to be done, yes, yes, of course, change the piping, like ten years ago, yes, hell, yes, at least ten if not more, oh bloody hell, i'm telling you this piping has been rotting for at least twenty-five years, ever since i've been working in this quarter, bloody hell, it doesn't matter which fucking stingy jewish git is in control, there's never enough money to fix it, oh, fuck, look how it gushes, something needs to be done

we're watching how it drips towards us, smelling how it stinks all around us, watching and don't know what stance we should take regarding this situation.

it's dripping from the sewer, a farm boy in a dirndl is rolling a bale of hay, the mirage of milica the partisan still thinks she'll get a word in edgeways, the emcee, oh, yes, is jerking off, alojzija bizjak is waiting, milena is here again, in a new designer masterpiece, dancing, milena is dancing, those two at the edge of the stage, unless they're three or four, behave like there's nothing there, the two of them are sitting, embraced, or all four of them are sitting, embraced there at the edge of the stage and as if nothing else existed, the plumbers are still chatting about solutions to the sewage enigma, jožica, 88 and milan, 91 are still making out, they're not disturbed neither by the stench nor by jolanda who's rushing around, avoiding the brown puddle that's spreading around, until she comes to milica the partisan and takes her notepad and biro from her bag

fress, guzzle and screw, there's nothing in tomorrow to pursue

nothing, nothing at all

eat, drink and be merry

milica the partisan looks at jolanda and smiles to her  
jolanda is standing close, very close to milica the partisan and is taking notes  
milica the partisan asks her quietly, too quietly for us to hear, if she can tell her something  
of course, responds jolanda and almost presses her mug onto her face  
milica the partisan starts to talk, jolanda is furiously writing, but there are things that are important and things that are not important and jolanda is a master in recognising important things so she puts her notepad and biro into her bag of indescribable colours and shapes and moves on to milena

milena is beautiful, dressed in a fashion design masterpiece, she's dancing

jolanda is watching milena, from a little distance, with her head she's following milena's movements, she looks a little funny to us when she's turning her head here-and-there up-and-down, it could easily go to her neck

i decided to leave, even though i had nowhere to go and nothing to go with  
but although i left, i left my husband his lunch on the stove, for the last time  
and we went to the valley, each one with her own suitcase, we went to the valley, relying only on the goodness of the people

on god's mercy

on the goodness of the people

god's mercy

it's not manure, it's just a dog that shat

collective consciousness

collective responsibility

social consciousness

social responsibility

civic consciousness

civic responsibility

and the shit is drizzling drizzling drizzling towards us

enter death with a scythe in her hand

what is this now?

death with a scythe in her hand is gorgeous, imposing, she puts everyone in shade, even milena  
we all look at death with a scythe in her hand, the emcee notices her, too, although she doesn't disturb him much, the emcee feels that we're close to the end and now is not the time for him to interrupt his thought, it's not time yet, a little longer and we'll be there, where he wants us, the emcee feels it and so he merely glances at death with a scythe in her hand despite her magnificence and continues with his lucid thought about

about what, actually?

death with a scythe in her hand slowly crosses the stage, and with every step she strikes the handle of the scythe on the floor

dammit, but we'll have to do something, well, best thing is to call that stingy cunt and let him decide what to do, fuck him, i won't wade through this shit, hell, yes, you're right, what the hell, he doesn't have money, and we're supposed to wade through this, do call him, no, you call him, no i don't get along with him so well, you call him, what, me, oh fuck, i don't know, hell, we have to call him, this

shit won't stop pouring by itself, if you want to get any from your old bag, hahaha, hehehe, we need to call the boss, okay, well, i'll call him, and tell him to bring a pair of waders if the stingy twat can still afford a pair, hehehe, hahaha

alozjija bizjak waves to death with a scythe in her hand, as if she wanted to say look at me, i'm waiting here  
death with a scythe in her hand waves to alozjija, as if to say look at me, i'm coming

class struggle

another character enters with a pair of fishing waders in his hands

give me another minute, the emcee tells him, we're almost there, just a minute

but another character waves his hand and hints to the fishing waders, like, no, no, i didn't come to hurry you, i'm now in the role of the stingy jewish cunt  
another character, because of the austerity in art for the better future of our children

whose child?  
whose child?

another character, because of the austerity in art for the better future of our children,  
also appears in the role of the stingy jewish git

1 against 99  
clear as mid-july on the waterfront of the dalmatian city of split

1 gyppo  
1 cripple  
1 whore

the extra character steps to the plumbers

shit drizzles  
shit stinks

the mirage of milica the partisan, bright, rosy-cheeked, laughing, as if sunlit

we went to the valley, she wants to say  
i and the girls went to the valley, sun lit, she wants to say  
we didn't know if we'd be good enough for the sun in the valley, i hadn't learnt slovenian well  
enough, she wants to say

and shit drizzles  
shit stinks

and we're still thinking what stance to take regarding all this shit that drips, trickles, pours towards us, on our legs and higher, we're thinking, we, the -

dammit, it will drown them, this needs to be solved, yes, hell, it needs to be solved, but who will wade into this shit, will you boss, well, i don't know, there is no point, we'll have to find a different solution, who'll get dirty now, we don't even know where it's leaking, if the four of you can't find the source, i won't, either, well, boss, these pipes should have been changed ages ago, yes, should have, and the valves, too, fuck, well, well, it's too late now, boss, yes, but who knew that it would deteriorate so quickly, yes, who could have known, now what do we do, well, i don't know, but unless we do something it will flood them, yes, flood, fuck, but now there's nothing to do, it will flood them, shall we call the water distribution, yes, that would be the best, let someone from the water distribution come, too, so we can figure out what to do, but boss, they'll be flooded in the meantime, yes, yes, i understand, it's hard, but there's nothing we can do, it is what it is, perhaps those from the water distribution system will know what to do to help

we're still thinking what stance to take regarding all this

she wants to fuck, but keeps her knees together

shit stinks stinks stinks it stinks so disgustingly that it's impossible to think, let alone watch

jožica, 88, and milan, 91 who are making out

the plumbers and the extra character in the role of the stingy jewish git who earnestly debate looking into the sewer and towards whom just now another new male character is walking with an interesting prop

death with a scythe in her hand slowly walking towards alojzija bizjak

the plumbers, the extra character in the role of the stingy jewish git and the new male character with an interesting prop who earnestly debate looking into the sewer and towards whom someone else is walking just this moment

a farm boy in a dirndl rolling a bale of hay

plumbers and other four male characters who are earnestly debating looking into the shaft and to whom just this moment another one joined

those two or three or four on the apron of the stage, as if nothing existed

plumbers and five male characters how they chat by the shaft when one more arrives

milica the partisan, as if lit by the sun

plumbers and six male characters

the emcee, oh yes, who's still jerking off

plumbers and seven male characters

jolanda who's pressing her mug into milena

plumbers and eight male characters

we can't even watch milena anymore, the beautiful milena dancing

plumbers and nine male characters

oh bloody hell how it stinks

death with a scythe in her hand comes to alojzija bizjak and gives her her hand, alojzija bizjak smiles, takes death's hand and takes a step

stop

indicates death with a scythe in her hand

because death with a scythe in her hand, this magnificent, imposing, exciting character, doesn't speak

stop, she indicates

alojzija bizjak stops

i would tell them all this

all this and much more

i'd tell you that the sun in the valley shone for me also, i'd tell you that on the hilltop it also shone for me, but i didn't notice it, i'd tell you, not in a very beautiful slovenian because i never managed to learn it, i'm sorry, but i couldn't, just couldn't, but i could have still told you and you'd still understand me

plumbers and ten male characters

the time has come, our time is now, 1 against 99

if you wanted

if you wanted to hear her, but milica the partisan doesn't get her word in edgeways

plumbers and eleven male characters

death with a scythe in her hand points at the suitcase

death with a scythe in her hand wags her index finger left and right, which we understand as a line without words that tells alojzija bizjak that she simply cannot take her suitcase with her

how is that, asks alojzija bizjak, this is my suitcase, it holds all my favourite things

death with a scythe in her hand wags her index finger left and right again

and perhaps alojzija bizjak doesn't say anything, perhaps she just holds her suitcase close with both hands and we understand that as a line without words which tells death with a scythe in her hand that alojzija bizjak won't be separated from her suitcase under any circumstances

but death with a scythe in her hand doesn't give a flying fuck about alojzija bizjak

she wants to take the suitcase, but alojzija bizjak is holding it tight, but we know from the start that death is stronger than alojzija bizjak even though we have to admit right here that, bloody hell, the stench of the shit is even stronger, death rips the suitcase from alojzija bizjak's hands and tosses it

into the air

plumbers and twelve male characters

the suitcase is flying through the air

the plumbers and thirteen male characters

alozjija bizjak is following the suitcase with her gaze

plumbers and fourteen male characters and they all follow the suitcase with their gaze

the suitcase falls on the ground and valuables pour out of it, golden earrings, golden chains, golden rings, golden bracelets, golden things with this or that precious stone

plumbers and fifteen male characters run to the valuables, the stingy jewish git in line with the psychology of the character is first, but also the farm boy in a dirndl, and milena, not at all worried about dipping her designer masterpiece in the puddle, and jolanda, and of course the emcee who is an inch short trying to beat the stingy jewish git

is like democracy compared to

only jožica, 88, and milan, 91, are still making out

and milica the partisan is smiling, rosy-cheeked and as if sunlit, poor thing still thinks she'd get her word in edgeways

jakob and andreja or jakob and silvo or nina and andreja or silvo and nina or all of them together didn't even notice neither the shit nor the suitcase nor the golden treasures with this or that precious stone

death with a scythe in her hand offers alozjija bizjak her other hand

alozjija bizjak holds it and they leave together while the plumbers, other male characters, the farm boy in a dirndl, the beautiful milena, jolanda and the emcee are fighting for the valuables but perhaps the clever theatre director followed the quote on the title page from our great constructivist poet kosovel (google him) and filled the suitcase with dung from the beginning and they're fighting for dung, although, to be honest, this would cross all lines of acceptable, we do after all understand, we're up to our throats in shit

oh, bloody hell, they're in shit up to their throats, this is your fault you stingy jewish git, you're not getting this, too, no, motherfucker, all you'll get is a kick to the balls, here, i'll take this, no you won't, fuck you, you inherited, i didn't, i'll take it, no you won't you greedy pig, i will, fuck you, you've always had an ass full of everything, you're not getting this, too, leave me alone, fucker, no, you leave me, i'll punch you in the face, here, twat, ouch, motherfucker, here's to you, ouch, ouch, ouch, ouch, you cunt, slut, fuck you, ouch, ouch, ouch, ouch, fuck, here, i'll use this to punch your face, fucker, ouch, ouch, ouch, ouch

1 gyppo 1 cripple 1 whore

politics is a whore from a brothel, milica the partisan would say in the end  
of course, if she still knew how to speak her mixture of slovenian and croatian  
politics is a whore from a brothel

i am certain she wouldn't say it to insult prostitutes who work hard for their daily bread in houses of love

but milica the partisan will never again  
never again get her words in edgeways

sun, breeze, sea

freedom