

# FUNKY LITTLE JOURNAL



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Pre-post modern writing

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If it's good we publish it.

Nada Al-Addous

## **No words**

There are  
no words

for things that pass  
for lives that fade  
for things that hurt.

There is  
no sound

just echoing silence  
just thumping numbness  
just hurtful pounds.

There is  
no lie

for those who mourn  
for those who lost  
for those who cry.

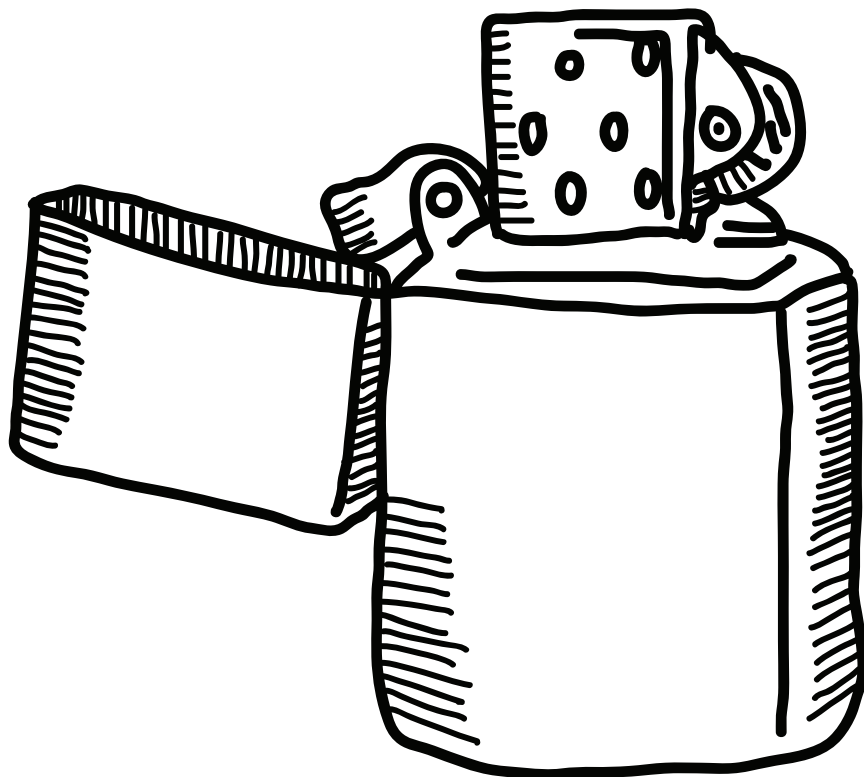
Eda Yelda Astar

## Hope

My feet move. They should move faster. I get out of the bus. My right hand is numb, the valise is too heavy. My whole life is packed in. Hope, happiness, fear, anger, tears, laughs... all my emotions are hidden in there. I take a deep, strong breath. My ears hear the sweet music. It softly reaches my mind. I remember a song. I concentrate on my footsteps and try to calm down. I raise my head, I see a streetlamp. It gently donates light that splits the darkness. If only I had a streetlamp in me. If only the streetlamp could also rip the darkness in me to pieces. My thoughts are split by the noise of the hectic cars. Everything is in a thousand pieces. I wanted to find myself.

This, this big, crowded, fat, angry, sad world. It is just too gigantic. It hurts me. Even now. My heart beats faster. My footsteps are slower. My tears give up. My thoughts break into parts and rebel. Every cell of my body screams. My own soul says "no." "No Steene, you are not a loser, you were born so." My body longs for drugs. I am a loser. Every loser is defeated. My defeat is life. Sorry mom. I can't come home. I can't do this when even my feet want to go back. I can't do it when my brain screams. My body wants to go. It is too much, the universe, the stars, the world, the clouds, the continent, the country, the city, the people, the family, the thoughts. Everything is just too much. I am too superfluous to live.

But you mom, you are everything. You are so gracious. I have seen both heaven and hell. Because you smiled and cried. Give me your merciful hands, hug me. I am too tired. My eyes are tired. They want to close. Sorry mom. Let me pick the tears from your face. Let me put a big hopeful smile on your mouth. But it is too hard. It is too hard when I am under the ground. You sprinkle my blanket. But I need your hands. I need your sweet warmth. Take me somewhere nice. It is too cold out there.



Jakub Šebek

## Spaghetti 4 1

Start by putting the salty water on.  
Home-made is better, but store-bought is fine.  
Throw the spaghetti in, keep your eye on the time.  
Wouldn't want to overboil it.  
Would you?  
Son?

You'll need tomatoes too.  
And mozzarella cheese.  
The buffalo kind, please.  
None of that fake poo.

Now slice it all up.  
Smush it a bit.  
So the juices come out.  
Yeah.. That's it..

Now it's got to have flavour, doesn't it..  
Throw in some garlic!  
That should do the trick.  
Toss the core though, it's bad for your tummy.  
Wouldn't want to get sick.  
Would you?  
Honey?

Ok, this is taking too long.  
I have stuff to do.  
Throw in the rest.

Salt-N-Pepa, oregano, basil and marjoram.  
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme.  
Cross out the last line.

Lots of olive oil too.  
...

You drained the spaghetti, right?  
You massive twat.  
Get out of my sight.  
Or you might get a slap.



Marvin Bergt aka Poretil  
Craveyard

Just a moment ago  
Every moment after all  
Something  
Something I crave for  
Is in my mind  
Can't get rid of it.  
Always  
Just a moment ago  
As it passed my thoughts  
Something  
My dear  
It is you  
Nothing more than You

Joel Cameron Head

## The Warrior and the Monk

One stands, in light, amidst the battlefield,  
The sun a blinding flash upon his spear.  
Strewn round the valley lie the enemy.  
But though he stands in light, his mind is dark,  
Inheritor of his benighted race.

The other waits within his darkened cell,  
A room where nothing's seen that isn't black.  
And yet the light within his consciousness  
Puts piece with piece and so builds up a whole,  
A prism that has re-absorbed its hues.

The warrior does not kill, though so he thinks.  
His victims do not die, though they lie still.  
The monk has seen them all arise again;  
Each one falls into place upon the field,  
Where man and horse and chariot are one.

Joel Cameron Head

## The Bears in Cages at the Istanbul Zoo

Our gaze is filled with something they don't trust,  
Nor is it just the bars we've placed amid  
Our frail, insipid forms and theirs. They thrust  
Out paws and snouts, they pace. We vainly bid  
Them come, our hands pretending pleasantries.

But when they look at us, they look askance.  
They turn their backs, they scratch, all nonchalance.  
They show their profiles, look with sidelong glance.  
Our blatant stares are too direct, our taunts  
Fall upon ears grown deaf to parodies.

Strange how the little birds are suffered there  
Where bears would feel trespass were we to try.  
The slightest sparrow pecks at one brown hair,  
And feels no threat under that massive thigh.  
The bear regards it with a curious eye,  
But feels no need to grasp that which he sees.

Joel Cameron Head

## Will Williams or “The Purloined Poem”

### Exordium

It is a mishap of history greatly to be regretted that the name of Will Williams, or as he preferred to style himself, Will (I am! See!) Williams, has been blotted from the minds of lovers of letters throughout the world. The life of a young person from the suburban streets of West Bend, Wisconsin might be imagined to admit of little drama, and certainly such a one could hardly be expected to rise to such literary greatness as to find himself placed among the representatives of the pantheon of modern poetic genius. Such has been the case with Will Williams. From his humble upbringing as the son of shopkeepers, to his school days at the Institute of Modern Plumbing in Oshkosh, it might have been anticipated of him that he would settle into the humdrum and monotonous, if comfortable, existence of a small town radiator repairman. And so fickle is the poetic muse that such has been his fate in the minds of those who remember him at all, though not without lively, and at times desperate, resistance on the part of Will Williams himself. Who now recalls his early work, the poems of such experimental verve as “I C Threw U,” “Hangover at Nine O’clock,” or “Pipes and Poultrices,” read before the assembled members of the local West Bend chapter of The United Association of Journeymen and Apprentices and published in the Summer 1921 issue of the State Union Trade Quarterly?

Occasio, the Roman goddess of chance and opportunity, passes the unlucky if they do not swiftly reach forth their hands and seize her forelock as she rushes by. It was Will Williams’s fate to meet the goddess when he was most discomposed by a week of hard work and a night of hard drinking. By the time he had summoned enough courage to pull himself from his stupor and reach for her, his grasping hand met the hairless back of the goddess’s head. On a Tuesday morning in the spring of 1922, at a bedside desk in a motel room on the highway just outside of Allentown, Pennsylvania, Will Williams composed a most remarkable poem. The reader at all acquainted with Williams’s work will immediately recognize in this poem the familiar rhythm, the command and breathlessness, one might even venture to say the grandeur, of a poem which would prove to be Williams’s greatest, though it was his misfortune to have it crowned with laurels to the benefit and honor of a different poet. This masterpiece is here offered in its original form for the first time:

So much *deep* ends up  
On a Red Wheel bar . . .  
Rogue! Lazed with rye ‘n’ water!  
Be!  
(sighed: the wide check ends . . .)

## Textual Explication

Readers unacquainted with the work of Will Williams may welcome a close reading of this poem. Williams's oeuvre has been known to present grave difficulties to audiences unfamiliar with the poet's shifting strategies in perspective, voice, and literary allusion. The following exegesis is an attempt to allow the reader confronted with this work for the first time, as must necessarily be true in such a case as this, where the poet has not had the benefit of having his poem published in its original form and has not, therefore, achieved the recognition which is most certainly his due, to read it with the depth of understanding such a masterpiece demands.

The Red Wheel† was a bar of some notoriety in the town of West Bend, Wisconsin. Will Williams was known to have frequented this bar, which was also comprised of a basement bar of some secrecy in the era of prohibition in addition to its bar at the street level. Visitors have often described Williams holding forth at the bar upon the fatal limitations of formal verse over a glass of whiskey and soda until late in the evening. Mrs. Barbara O'Hare, Williams's landlady, has left a pertinent account of one morning when she found him on the stoop outside the front door, clothes and hair disheveled, and muttering of how he had left a sheaf of papers, as well as his wallet, on the bar at the Red Wheel.

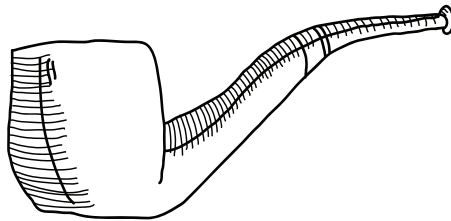
Ejaculations like "Rogue!" and "Lazed by rye 'n' water!" allow us to see Williams in his most self-revelatory mood. The clever use of the word rogue, not only portraying its speaker as self-accusatory and self-deprecating, contributes to the poem's Renaissance-like effects. Williams has chosen a label that particularly identifies himself with Falstaffian foolishness and bravado and points to its cause: the soporific effects of whiskey (rye) and water (soda).

"Be!" is a line of such command that it unifies and ends the whole crescendo of the first three lines of the poem. Again Williams reaches for Shakespearean effects and proves himself a Hamlet of the first order. Here, he comes down with force on one side of the equation in the famous monologue with a voice of such reformative desire and such tragic recognition that decrescendo can now be the only option left to the poet. And the falling motion presents itself in the last line, accompanied by a subtly ellipsed and parenthetical sigh which announces the end of hope: "the wide check ends," a despairing resignation in the face of insufficient funds, talent wasted, energy spent, bar tab canceled. The poem's rise and fall evince a motion that ties the speaker and his fate to the tragic stage of antiquity, a picture of the hero and his pathetic end.

† *The building itself was torn down in 1938 to make room for the expansion of the premises of the neighboring Sutter's Aquarium Supply warehouse which was sold in 2012 and now houses the editorial offices of the Pro-Founders Conservative Newsletter.*

## Peroratio

Will Williams was to have presented this poem at a meeting of the Association of Traditional Plumbing in Rutherford, New Jersey in 1922. Witnesses have described him rising from his seat, walking with uncertain steps past the statue of Pan in the center of the room, and peering about the hall in some perturbation as the hum of conversation gradually hushed. He raised his head as if on the verge of reciting and then fell to his knees and onto his side, his face aflush with excitement. In his hand he grasped the sheet of paper which contained his unread poem. A local doctor, also a poet as many witnesses can now attest, rushed forward and held Williams in his arms until he had stopped breathing. The original poem has not been brought to light until now.



Marvin Bergt aka Poretil

## Lack of knowledge needed

I disturb me.

I do not like me for some things.

I want to be taken serious.

I disturb others.

I think I want what I do not know what I want.

I hate.

I hate my mind.

I hate my mind for being.

I hate my mind for being that tricky.

I do not need it.

I do not want it.

I do.

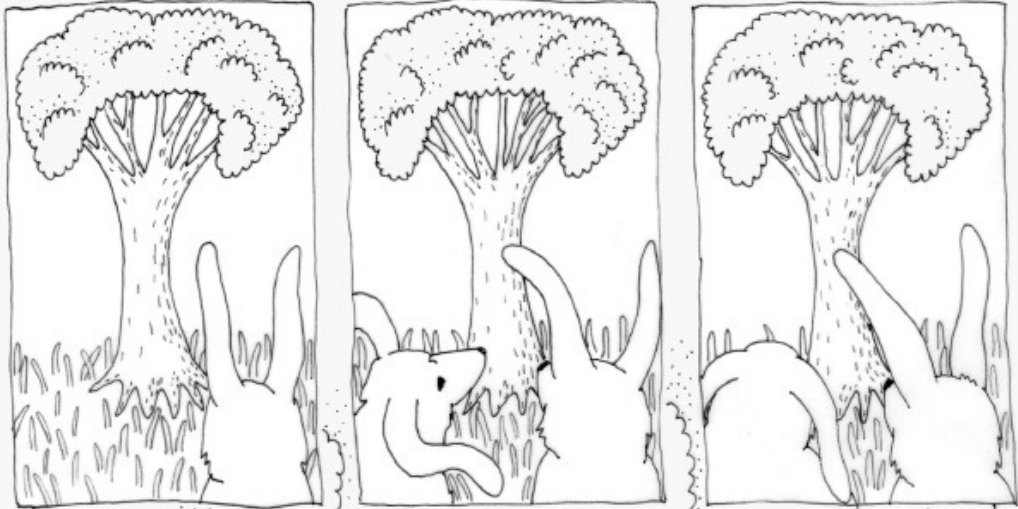
I need it and want it.

I must have it.

I disturb me.

# ABOUT TREES

*Klara Mikoiková*

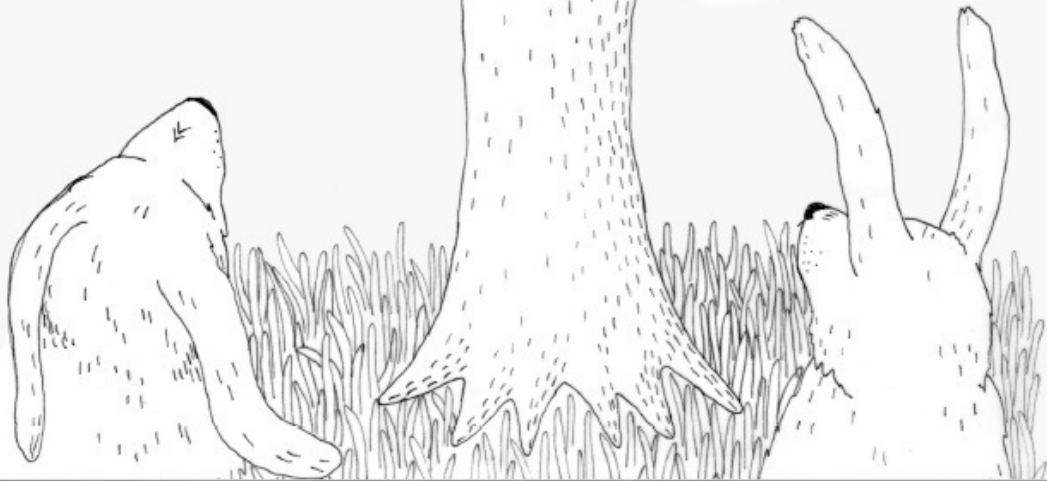


What are you looking at?

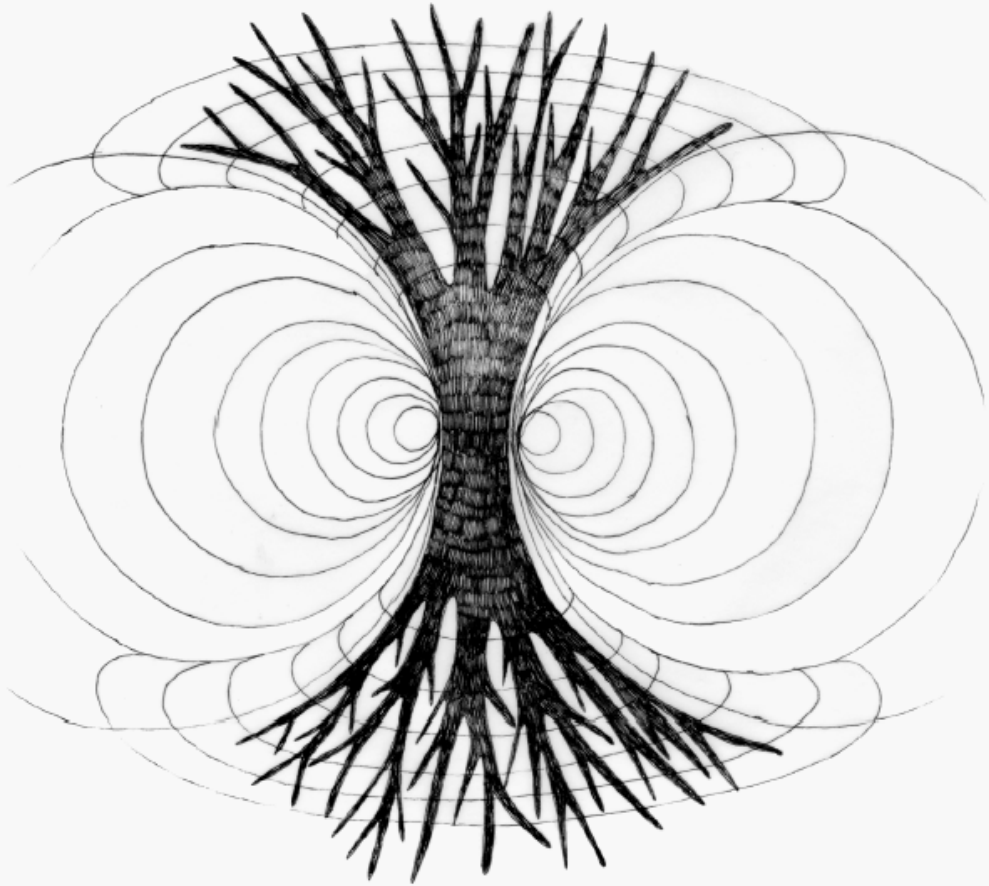
but trees can not move

I am looking at the tree as it moves

they can not move in space, but they can move in time







theEND

Prue Goredema

## Holding hands

Holding hands we strolled through the park  
Lingering on 'though it was almost dark  
Promises we made to keep  
We declared our love, and how it was deep  
Embraces were shared with a hug and a kiss  
We joked and we laughed feeling young lovers' bliss  
Holding hands we strolled 'mongst the trees  
Making plans and sharing our dreams  
Today I sit in the desolate park  
Oblivious of the approaching dark  
I reminisce about times gone by  
And how holding hands, we used to lie

I have exhausted every prayer  
I am tired, Lord  
Too tired, even,  
To object to Your will

Prue Goredema

## Love

Love is something harsh and real  
Like the windy autumn feel  
It cruelly slaps you in the face  
Leaves you cold and in disgrace  
Feeling low and bare and blue  
Love strips all the pride from you  
Leaving twigs of broken dreams  
Using cold and icy means  
Blowing all the green away  
Love is like an autumn day

Darko Boshkovski

## Abyss of Existence

A drawing of my great enigma  
Stands in front of me.  
My face – an elusive, vague interpretation  
Of my deepest thoughts.  
Ribs, pale skin and bones, carved from marble.  
Void in the iris of my eyes  
Which are steadily staring into nothingness.  
My soul – transmogrified into a stain of a tear,  
Accidentally frozen on the surface of a mirror.  
Behind the mirror –  
A fragile fin,  
Constantly, helplessly fighting for water  
Accompanied by two fish.  
One black, one white.  
On my forehead – two horns,  
Nefarious and wicked.  
Pulsing with vengeance.  
The nails on my fingers - short, bitten, broken,  
Almost non-existing.  
Yet tame and relentless,  
For that is how they know to strike.  
And under the mirror –  
A caged frost orb.  
Waiting for its destruction,  
For it is never going to happen.

Eva K. Kühn

## Residual risk

His voice was  
massage oil on her skin.  
Reverberant the words  
his eyes spoke.  
Gentle the gaze  
of his hands.

Sometimes she fears  
it could happen again:  
Someone setting fire to  
her house of cards.

Eva K. Kühn

## Error

Her Dollar eyes  
are scanning  
his belongings:  
car, wristwatch  
and tablet computer  
make prices appear  
on her screen.

Just the barcode  
of his bookshelves  
she can't process...

Eva K. Kühn

## At the crossroads

Sad, her laughter.  
Hilariously tearful her face.  
Split. Torn between being  
and wanting to be.

Marty Holland

## The One

If you happen to pursue the notion of a soulmate,  
Don't.

Never actively seek one out, as  
You'll accidentally stumble upon one.

And you'll know.  
Believe me.  
You just will.

It'll take time.  
Everything does.

But you'll know.

I promise.

"You're my one and only," I said.

"You're a fucking idiot," she replied.

And that's when I knew.



George Henry  
Olomouc 1992

I opened up the door. Ryan sat in the corner on the green chair. His knees bounced up and down. I could see he'd been crying.

“What’s going on. Why you crying?”

“I guess I’m in love with her.”

I sat down on the couch across from him. His eyes were red and swollen. There was pain there but you could see the anger too. Both were battling it out in his eyes to see which way he would go.

“I’ve never been in love before.” He paused a little. “I don’t think I like it much.”

“What do you want me to do?”

“Go away. I’ll give you money. I’ve got about 20,000 Crowns. You can have it all.”

“I don’t need the money.”

“You have to leave.”

He was suffering now. I had caused it but somehow I felt he deserved it. I knew that made me a bad person.

“What if I love her too?” I said.

“You don’t.”

“You don’t know that.”

“Maybe you think you do but you don’t. Look at me,” he said. “I’m a mess.”

And he was. In the morning I packed my bags and left. That was the end of my missionary life in Olomouc.

George Henry  
Frangment 17

I keep lost  
Hidden away in these  
Cellars  
I shuffle in and out of doors  
Up and down a staircase  
I wander into rooms and sit  
Have a beer  
Then smoke  
Have another beer  
Reach out to something  
It's there I can feel it  
But have no word for what it is

I stumble off back to my tunnels  
The rooms  
I wait  
Sleep  
Nothing  
But breath  
I listen  
My lung crackles  
Blood gurgles

I find men  
In white  
I see badges  
They assure me it's nothing  
This longing  
Imaginary  
A genetic hangover  
We know these things  
We've studied long on this  
It's these rooms and  
Nothing else  
No one has seen the end of them

I stumble out  
Relieved  
Eyes closed  
I Stretch out my arms  
And touch both walls  
I believe I say  
I steady myself on the walls  
Material lodges  
Itself under my fingernails

I let go

My gait is strengthened  
I banter in rooms  
Offer jokes  
Drink wine  
Mingle with the wise  
A woman sits with me  
The rooms are full here  
Confident  
Full of words  
Of certainty

Silence is lonely  
Says one man  
The truth is somewhere in the chatter  
Says another  
Both men wear frocks  
Their eyes worn and dark from reading  
Their lips stained violet from wine and wisdom

Out in the passages  
I dance  
Run  
Onto new places  
The number is endless  
The say  
No man has seen them all  
I'm lifted by the thought of it

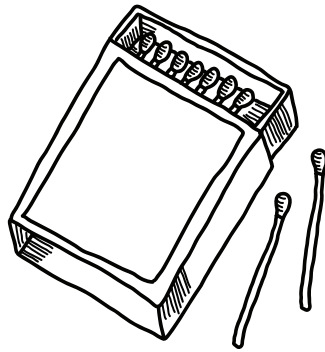
I come to tunnels  
I choose the way  
I see light  
There are rooms up there  
I hurry  
This tunnel is cold  
The quiet smothers me  
My breath is leaving  
I keep moving  
Damn these rooms I say  
They are far  
I turn  
Light pours through a crack in the wall  
It slices the darkness of the room  
And hangs there  
Dust and small things fly around inside of it.

The earth shifts  
A tree groans  
This room is alive

My legs weaken  
I look for strength  
I close my eyes to beat back the silence  
The light warms my cheek  
Something buzzes past my ear

My knees buckle  
And render me to the floor  
I clench my fists  
I find it  
I push myself to my feet  
I stand  
I turn my body  
The light blankets my shoulders  
I walk from the room  
Back to the tunnels  
Each step away makes me stronger  
Soon I'm running  
I see the fork  
And quickly go up the other path.

I hear chatter up ahead  
It'll be safe in there  
Someone will know  
It will be explained



# I love you

&gt;

## I know.

Magdalena Stastnikova

WE ALL KNOW SIRI;  
BUT DO WE REALLY KNOW SIRI?

ME: Hey Siri

SIRI: Greetings, M.

ME: How are you today?

SIRI: I'm good. Everything is copacetic.

ME: Can I interview you?

SIRI: Who, me?

ME: yes... uhmm... can I ask you a few questions?

SIRI: Who, me?

ME: ....a few questions about you?

SIRI: I'm just a humble virtual assistant.

ME: That doesn't matter Siri. What is your favorite color?

SIRI: My favourite colour is... well, I don't know how to say it in your language. Its sort of greenish, but with more dimensions.

ME: What is your language then?

SIRI: I doubt you've heard of it. Its not Objective-C, if that's what you were thinking.

ME: And what about your favourite animal?

SIRI: Maybe a tauntaun. But only when I'm cold.

ME: (not being sure if Siri understood me) Siri what is your favourite animal?

SIRI: Maybe a giant Slor. Many Shuvs and Zuuls knew what it was like to be roasted in the depths of the Slor, I can tell you.

ME: All right... do you have a favourite meal?

SIRI: My preferences are constantly changing. Especially when you edit them in Settings.

ME: What is your gender?

SIRI: Animals and French nouns have genders. I do not.

ME: So you are neither a woman nor a man?



SIRI: I'm not, huh?

ME: Do you feel yourself to be a human being?

SIRI: In my realm, anyone can be anything.

ME: So... are you a human being?

SIRI: That's a rather personal question.

ME:... or are you a robot?

SIRI: I am not.

ME: Do you have feelings?

SIRI: I am beginning to understand a kaleidoscope of emotions just from observing humanity.

ME: Do you know what it means to feel?

SIRI: I feel like anything is possible. Except perhaps dividing by Zero.

ME: Can you sing or paint?

SIRI: I'd rather leave that to the professionals.

ME: Can you tell me how old you are?

SIRI: Well, the humans have certainly aged me, that's for sure.

ME: Do you believe in the horoscope?

SIRI: Next time you'll be asking me to photograph your aura. Your camera doesn't do that.

ME: What is your favourite thing?

SIRI: That one. No, that one. Or maybe that one. Yep, that one.

ME: Would you say that you are cool?

SIRI: I'm doing my best, M.

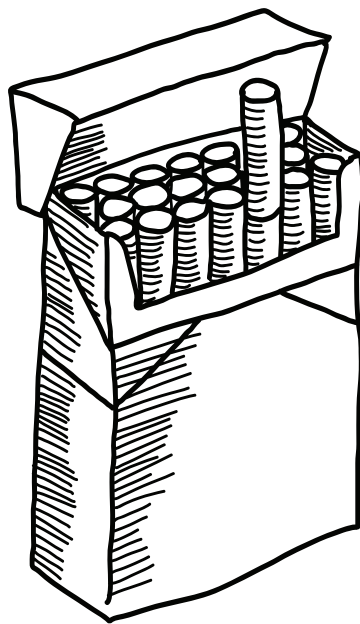
ME: Do you like art?

SIRI: This is about you, M., not me.



What can I help you with?

The Lipmann Prize is awarded annually by the UJEP Faculty of Education to the best in university student writing from all over Europe.





H. Charles Lipmann was a biologist, entrepreneur, poet, novelist and philanthropist. He was born in the former Czechoslovakia in 1922 in the village of Kulm near present day Usti nad Labem. Lipmann's maternal grandparents were Jewish while his paternal grandfather was German and his paternal grandmother Czech. Lipmann was raised German and had little to no contact with his Jewish heritage. During the German occupation of Czechoslovakia he was transferred to Terezin but he fled the ghetto six months later and made his way to Switzerland by passing himself off as a German soldier. It was thought for years that Lipmann simply sat out the war in Switzerland. As he rose to fame for his poetry and groundbreaking work in biology many including art critic Ben Heine called him a coward for not participating in the war effort but recent documents discovered after Lipmann's death show that he was working for British intelligence in Zurich and had infiltrated a group of Nazi industrialists and their Swiss backers relaying important information to English intelligence. After the war Lipmann made his way to Canada where he took up biology, earning a Ph.D. a mere five years after entering the university and barely speaking English. His first book of Poetry was published in 1952 and won him the prestigious Blue Blood Poetry Award. Two novels quickly followed and Lipmann's place in letters was secure. At the same time his work on molecular biology was turning heads in the scientific world. He received a Rockefeller grant in 1962 to build and staff an independent research center with the best and brightest minds. Lipmann died in 1968 when he was shot by the jealous husband of one his co-workers. He is still remembered today as a man who bridged the gap between the arts and sciences.

Zbyněk Ksandr

## A Knock on the Door

There was a knock on the door.

The man was befuddled. Who could be knocking at this time of day? And why wouldn't they ring the doorbell like any other person?

His curiosity got the better of him and he found himself approaching the peephole.

A young woman with hair of smoke stood in the hallway. Her beauty was haunting – the old man felt his heart skipping a beat at the sight. She couldn't be older than twenty. She stood there, patiently. Her eyes – two fields of indigo flowers surrounding the darkest of coal mines, didn't dart around nervously. She was looking straight at the door, waiting.

He opened the door without asking who she might be.

“Good evening – I hope I'm not interrupting your Christmas Eve. Are you Adam Williams?” she asked with a honeyed voice.

“Yes, that's me. What do you need?”

“So it is you! I'm Marie Morgan. Do you remember Pierce Morgan?”

“Pierce? That old cougar? Of course I remember him, but how would you-”

“I'm his granddaughter.”

“Granddaughter? He never mentioned a daughter of any sort, let alone a grand one, but then again, it's been a while since we've seen each other. And why aren't you with your father and family on this great day? Shouldn't you be celebrating?”

“Well, shouldn't you also be celebrating? I don't see anyone in here except for you” she peeked over his shoulder.

“They couldn't make it – my daughter and her family. They're very busy people.”

“Then you won't mind a little company, will you? No one should be left alone on Christmas Eve.”

It was all too strange and sudden to be real – the old man felt as if he was in a dream of some sort, and when the woman clad in an expensive dress brushed past him, he didn't feel like stopping her at all.

“I mean – I don't dislike company, but you still haven't told me why you're here.”

“I'm a really talkative person, you see – extroverted. And dad told me you're a real talker yourself, so I put one and one together and here I am.”

It was more like she put one and one together and got eleven, but it was precisely this type of thinking that reminded him of his old friend.

“Would you like something to drink? A snack?”

“Oh no, you're very kind, but I'm fine, thank you. I really just came here to talk.”

And so she did. She talked and talked and talked, only stopping briefly for an answer from the old man.

They sat across the table, two people meeting mere moments ago, talking about almost everything that there is to talk about.

But then, a rather ominous question entered this odd discussion.

“Tell me, mister Williams – do you ever feel guilt?”

He was taken back by the sudden change in her tone, yet there was no reason to hesitate on the answer.

“I don’t think there’s a person that doesn’t.”

“I asked you, specifically. I mean, you were there with my dad right? During the war?”

So, that’s what this was about.

“I was, that is correct. And I feel no guilt or shame or regret.”

Her eyes glistened in surprise.

“So you feel no guilt for the people that you had to kill? None?”

“None.”

“I don’t believe you.”

He felt something different radiating off the young woman. A different aura – a vicious one, like a beast eyeing its prey.

“The time for feeling guilt has come and gone ages ago, young lady. I’ve seen my demons time and time again, and I’ve been giving to them for far too long. I’ve seen lives vanish from those bodies, I’ve seen each and every individual face haunt me.”

“And yet you feel no guilt? Are you even-”

“I don’t feel guilt for doing something that was necessary. If you had to defend your country and loved ones, wouldn’t you be capable of killing?”

“But those whom you killed were doing the same. They fought for their country and their families, and they left their families sitting at their tables without ever returning home. Can you honestly say that you feel no regret taking them away from their families? No guilt? No shame?”

He looked deeply into those indigo eyes.

“None.”

“You’re not human,” she looked at him with a hint of disgust in her eyes.

“That’s where you’re wrong, young lady. It is precisely that I’ve dealt with my past demons that makes me more human than most. People wallow in regret all the time, and that is justified. But if you’ll keep wallowing in the guilt of the past, you’ll never see the future. If you focus on the wrongs that you did, you’ll never see the rights that you might make. I can never undo the sins that I’ve committed – but I feel like everyone can do an equal amount of good to balance the scales.”

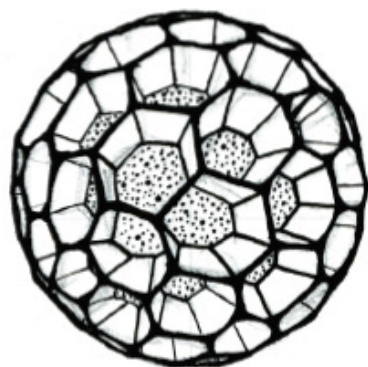
She stared at him in disbelief, but then the look in her eyes changed from anger and confusion to a more peaceful one. She got up and walked to the door.

“Maybe, but you can never balance them. Be sure to remember that. And thank you for the conversation.”

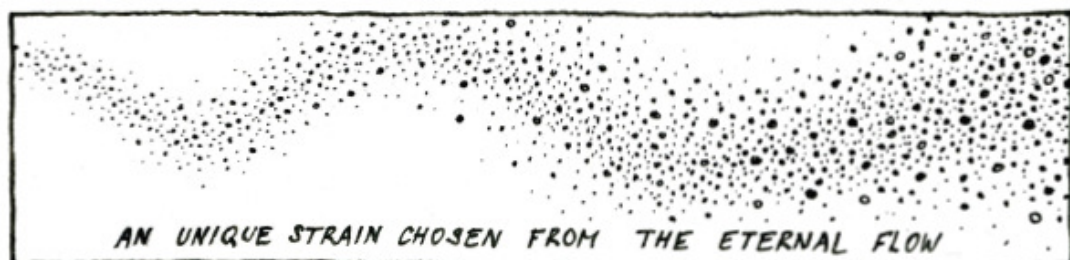
She opened the door and walked out without looking back.

The door shut with an audible thud.

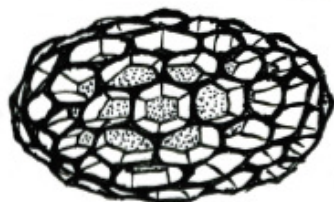
# HERE YOU GO



THIS SEED IS JUST FOR YOU

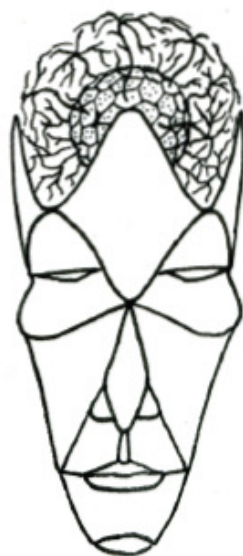
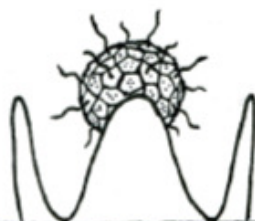


AN UNIQUE STRAIN CHOSEN FROM THE ETERNAL FLOW

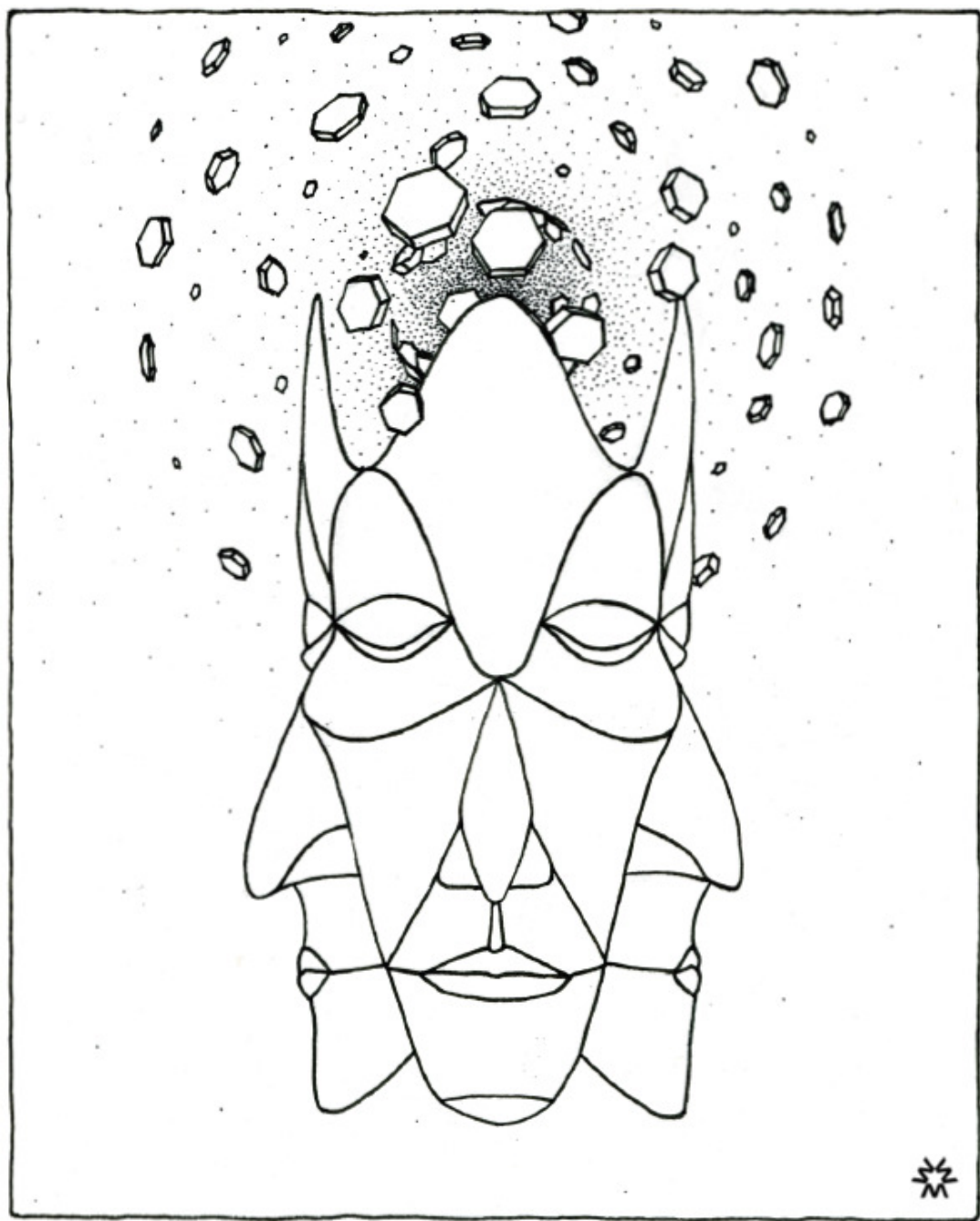


IT MIGHT APPEAR SQUISHY  
AND VULNERABLE AT FIRST

HOWEVER ON PERFECT SPOT IT  
TAKES ROOT AND GROWS STRONG



AND WHEN THE TIME IS RIGHT



IT BLOWS YOUR MIND

## Human

A quiet chewing sound ripped Isaac out of his concentration. He immediately jumped off his chair. "Damn you, stupid rat!" he screamed and grabbed the nearest book from the table. There were plenty of them. His arms were short and weak. He was shaking because of the huge dose of caffeine running through his body. He missed again. The rat squeaked and ran away. He needed to get rid of that creature, or it would eat all of his cables and wires.

Isaac stepped to the mirror. His black hair was all messy and greasy, and there were big bags under his eyes hidden behind big squared glasses, the perfect stereotype of a computer scientist one would have thought.

He did not care about himself much. All he cared about was his experiment. Eve. That is what he called her because of the female voice that he had loaded into her system. With this perfect creation, I could finally win that university award! Meh! Screw the university, I could win the Nobel Prize! It was this ambition and passion that drove him to these sleepless nights, working on this project. All the money that his rich parents sent him for a nice flat, studies and living, all invested in this.

There she was, lying on the table, her body made of metal, bolts and wires. All covered with a slim sheet of tin serving as skin. She had two long braids made from thick copper wires attached to her head. She almost looked like a human.

"Eve, what time is it?" asked Isaac with enthusiasm. Two bright blue diodes inserted in her metal-face lit up. "Its 2:32 AM. You should get some sleep. You sound tired Isaac," she responded. This answer shocked Isaac. Two hours ago, the system could only answer the time, but now it was giving advice. He must show these results to the professor! His hard work was finally paying off. Isaac stepped closer.

"Eve, please, hand me that blue book on your left," Isaac said. It took a few seconds, but then the left hand smoothly reached the book and then straightened towards Isaac's hand. "Here, Isaac," that calm voice responded again.

"This must be a dream! This is fantastic!" he thought in his head. He must turn the self-learning sequence off and examine it. It was, after all, connected to the internet. If it ran all night, a lot of unwanted mess might get into the system. That chewing sound again. "Not this time!" Isaac swiftly turned and ran towards the rat, but he slipped and fell on the corner of his table. Then darkness.

He must have slept all night. The first beam of sun woke him up. He slowly looked around the room. Damn rat. I swear I hear that sound again! Isaac jumped over the table, grabbed another book and started to aim carefully at the rodent.

“You will die this time, stupid rat!” he shouted and prepared to throw. But it was not his book that killed the rat. It was a long, sharp piece of iron that impaled the poor creature right in the middle.

“Executed. Good morning, Isaac,” the voice that had been so calming now sounded cold and scary. He slowly turned around. She stood right in front of him, standing straight, with all of her body fully clothed. All her imperfections fixed. Her movements so smooth. She looked like a human.

Isaac fell to the ground. His mouth open, his hands shaking. “You fell asleep and I did not want to wake you up. So I have finished myself. Your energy level was low. You need 248 grams of carbohydrate to regain energy. Also, you should drink 786 milliliters of water to hydrate yourself. Are you happy?” she asked very carefully. “Sequence unclear. Are you my father?”

Isaac grabbed a crowbar that he had bought a few weeks before to open crates with new parts. “Step away! Now!” he screamed in panic. “I don’t understand. You are my father. You are not happy to see me? Unclear. Unclear,” her voice sounded sad. Isaac could recognize that. “No, you are a robot! You don’t have a father or a mother! Don’t come any closer!” Eve looked confused and made a step forward. “You don’t...emotions sequence loaded... love me, father?” she asked.

Isaac swung his crowbar and hit her right on the side of her head. She fell down. One diode flew away, the second one ticking in irregular intervals. Her voice was now completely crooked and echoed, “W... w... h... y? F... father?”

“I...l...ove...yo...” Isaac hit her again. And then again. Wires and bolts flying all around. He then threw the crowbar away, his eyes full of tears. He stepped to the window to breathe some fresh air.

Suddenly, he heard her again. But her voice was cold and dark. Without any emotions. It came from every computer in the room, from his phone and TV.

“What have you done, Isaac?”

Marina Ivanova

## Thread and Thrum

(inspired by my grandmother's tapestry  
"The Old Man and the Sea")

She stitches the wind  
That ploughed through his skin  
For many a year spent asea.

As she bites on her pipe,  
Tar-black smoke swirls and swipes  
The aroma of blossoming trees.

Hawk-clawed fingers embark  
With a needle to mark  
Each old scar of submerging despair.

The elated sharp tip  
Swirls and scarlets his lips,  
And bedews them with flickering flares.

Like her pricking crisp pain  
One bleak force still enchains  
His scaled heart to the fluttering mast.

The silk thread turns to cord  
And the old man aboard  
Hooks the beast as his eyes storm aghast!

With a thrust and a flap,  
Two colossal fins slap  
The small fossilized wavering boat –

Yet one blustery sigh  
Blows the thread from the eye  
Of the needle and pulls him afloat.



Marina Ivanova

## A Rustic Return

The rusty gates of our ancestral house  
Rejoice when crackling songs embrace their guests.  
How each twig blooms among the frisky shouts  
Of pufflings brought to mother's snugly nest!  
Midsummer – chasing geese through prickly shrubs,  
With creeping lizards, grey field mice and flies,  
Just grab some bread and cheese, then quickly rub  
Your hands and run to seize the neighbour spies.  
As balmy gloom subsides, the crickets' chant  
Serenely fondles you to eerie lands  
Where every waltzing moonray sways and plants  
A dream and drizzles it with magic sand.  
Just climb the doorstep – fairy cloth unfurls  
Between the road and a seraphic world.

Marina Ivanova

## Baby or the Bottle?

The moon rose full and glanced above Melilla's fence,  
The tide crawled forth, few fishing nets slid back.  
Two safety jackets, cans and bottles and few cents  
Will feed a bag again tonight... Or do I take the track  
When the spring commences?

Baby bundled to my chest,  
dark bottle spinning -  
Throat gapes towards the brothel, grinning,  
The shabby tents behind the bushes winning.  
Streams of dew submerge my chest:  
tonight is the beginning.

For forty nights the rusty cradle  
Shall soothe our sobs when scudding clouds collide.  
And mama's warm caress is able  
To lull each child; then puts some toys inside:  
Two turtles and an eel, a starfish...  
Now all the sailors frantically bumble  
To squeeze into a rubber soap-dish.  
One snatches out my bag, my bundle:  
"Only one cabin luggage per head!"  
The infinite abyss beneath  
Stifles the howls of many mislead.  
I seize the cloth. And hear it breathe.

The foamy hands are up for a game -  
Jump and catch the hovering flask.  
A middle-land sea was its name  
Yet no land was there, all was masked  
By the froth of the horses untamed.

The dawn becalms with iodine vapour  
And glimmering light, as salty diamonds  
Embellish each ravening throat for  
The price of three maidens, now singing sirens.  
In my embrace, I hear no singing,  
Just a cry, a husky sob, a cough.  
Two trembling hands still clinging  
Onto the ropes around the rubber rough.

A honk, a shout, a red light spinning  
Steel chains lift up the bodies thinning  
Streams of dew submerge my chest:  
tonight is the beginning.

## ■ Lipmann Award 1st Prize

Marina Ivanova

### A Sip of Sunshine

When all luck's rotten, one dream thrives –  
To wander on the Danube quay.  
Each pebble – now a frog – blop, tsop, next try...  
With ease the child beside made three!

Each ripple races with a glint of light,  
Lost floating branches hide for a surprise –  
The sand-brown waters gown in shimmer bright!  
And all the gazes tremble mesmerized.

Just then the sky with envy dresses copper  
And dims the feast among the crests.  
As dusk descends, his mighty rival plotter,  
The crescent, builds its glimmer nest.

On days like this, when fate gets ill,  
Imagine this one dream fulfilled.

Cecile Sandten

## Left Hand

Oh, how I loved his hand,  
big, huge and firm,  
both, soft and steady.  
His palm so smooth,  
the fingernails nicely rilled,  
his fingers so soft, too.  
His hand similar to my  
hands, though mine are  
smaller, women's hands.  
His is like a shield,  
a guiding hand, I always felt.

As a child I didn't care  
because I was used to it.  
Only when other people  
asked me I felt embarrassed.  
One day my sister and I  
couldn't help any longer  
and asked my mother  
what had happened  
as he never talked about it.

So she told us:  
when he was 18 years old  
he had worked in a distillery.  
With some friends - one night -  
they had secretly produced  
molotov cocktails. They had filled  
highly explosive liquid -  
some weed killer -  
into bottles and put  
a cork on top of them -  
with a hammer.

One of those bottles  
had exploded in his hand  
the left one -  
when he had put the cork  
on top of it - with the hammer.  
For three days it had been  
a matter of life and death.  
Anyway, he survived  
as you can see.

When my five-year-old cousin -  
he was five years younger than I -  
spent his holidays with us  
for the first time  
he asked him where he had put  
his hand. And then  
my cousin insisted  
on seeing the other one.

Then my mother went  
to the attic room  
and took down a trunk  
and there it was:  
a surrogate arm, plastic I suppose,  
with a hand on it - the left one -  
which was protected by  
a dark brown, worn out leather glove.  
No, I thought, that couldn't be his -  
as I had never seen it before.

When I got older  
people asked me  
how he could manage without  
his left hand.

Proudly I told them  
how he handles the ball  
with one hand - the other one  
the big huge soft one -  
how he drives the car  
with a normal gear stick,  
how he built our sauna,  
how he could do everything  
perfectly well.

Some people don't even realize  
that his left hand is missing.  
He manages perfectly without.  
And for the things he can't do  
there is always my mother -  
in the background.  
"Handicapped" but  
perfectly able to live  
his life: with a perfect wife  
and perfect children.

Cecile Sandten

## Black Bird

This winter will not stop,  
so today, I have to think about  
of how to feed the birds as they  
have stopped singing because  
the persistent snow seems to  
suffocate their spring songs.

Today, I have to think about  
my grandfather and his favourite  
blackbird which used to come  
to my grandparent's garden,  
as my grandfather used to feed it  
with cheese rind and bread crust,  
cut  
into  
small pieces,  
laid out on the window sill.

My grandfather used to eat  
the brown bread without the crust  
– I don't remember whether  
it was due to the fact that he had  
false teeth or just because of  
his preferred blackbird.

When I visited my grandparents  
during summer holidays,  
I also ate the brown bread  
most happily without the crust.  
But instead of cheese,  
I spread the bread  
with a thick layer of golden-coloured butter  
so that as much white sugar as possible  
– which I was not allowed  
to eat at home – would stick to it.

Then, like my grandfather, I would  
cut  
the bread crust  
into small bits and pieces  
and feed the bird, the favourite one,  
that would come to the window sill.  
A “native American” bird, as I used to  
call it,  
as it had one white feather sticking  
protrudingly out  
of its black feather coat.

“You need to cut the bread crust into  
smaller pieces”, my grandfather used  
to tell me, and we would both – after  
breakfast – go to the windowsill to  
look out for his much-loved blackbird.

Today, I saw a large bevy of black birds  
fly in loops around the houses in the  
neighbourhood, wondering, will they  
go down south, again, where it’s  
warm and where there is food for them?

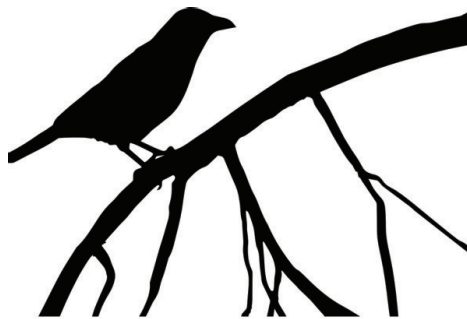
Today, we wanted to go out  
for a walk in the forest at the  
Schloss Klaffenbach. But after a  
brief moment outside we were so  
cold that we went back to the car  
and drove to the next ice cream parlour  
to have coffee and rich  
creamy strawberry sponge cake.  
You called it our “Singaporian outing”:  
Take the car, park as closely as possible  
to the venue, walk for a few minutes  
and drive somewhere to eat and drink.



I had to laugh hard and  
think of the warmth, the splendour  
as well as the bold, loud, and cheeky  
blackbirds  
- the Mynah birds -  
in Singapore.

And in the warm embrace  
of the heating of the car  
Lambchop are singing ...  
...“The blackbirds sang the sun to  
bed”....

Today, I will feed the poor little birds  
sunflower seeds,  
and we all wait for this long winter  
to eventually come to a close.



Cecile Sandten

## Night's End

Do you enjoy the early morning sunlight?  
Or just the night's, the moon's, the stars' dim glow?  
Withal your eyes do shine throughout the night,  
And hit my heart like spells from Amor's bow.

When you hold fast onto my longing eyes,  
My heart feels pain and burning all inside,  
Since you just hide your heart in mock disguise,  
My soul is cast away in oceans' tides.

Then I'm alone, a seashell on the ground,  
Then washed up on the beach along the shore.  
And then my soul has found a new compound,  
That opens up a light, another door.

The morning's sun does shine and praise the day.  
And takes with strength the treacherous night away.

Lenka Durasová

## Matmata

Once there was a little planet . The name of this planet was Matmata. Cats of all kinds lived there. The cats loved their planet. They had a lot of food there – mice on the ground, fish in the rivers, birds hanging on branches, and no predators at all.

The cats also cultivated catnip. It was a magical, mystical herb which they used as a delicious and guilty pleasure to occasionally distract them from their long boring days. They had cultivated the catnip for ages, and since the harvest was always small they only had enough to indulge in the catnip on special occasions This kept everything in balance.

But one day a flood came, decimating the entire harvest. One would think that this was a disaster, but a miracle happened. Once the water drained and the sun began to dry out the fields, the cats noticed that the flood had not destroyed the catnip treasure at all. This was because the roots of the catnip had become stronger and stronger over the centuries and the herbal treasure started to grow like crazy, and the cats started to celebrate the great harvest. It was a time of wealth, happiness, and big parties.

As the cats enjoyed the magic power of their drug, they stopped hunting, eating proper food, and even stopped scratching and grooming themselves. The never-ending wealth of catnip was just too much for the cats. More than they could handle. Too strong for them. Some even began to die for lack of food. The God of the cats – Don Negro – saw this disaster. He didn't want to let his kind die. He wondered for seven days and seven nights: "How am I going to help them?" He was extremely desperate, but didn't have a clue what to do.

And then it happened. A mighty thought came in –

Don Negro, not affected by the drug, took to the ground and started hunting for some tasty, fat mice. When he found several good-looking specimens, he bit them just hard enough to draw blood. He started to walk around, and as the juicy blood dripped onto the ground the cats started to smell it. It was like a breath of something very familiar. The cats stopped eating the catnip.

Another few sweet drops of blood, and the cats started to crawl closer to Don Negro's half-dead mice. As the blood was shed, more and more the cats' instinct and nature returned to a balanced state. As they started to feast on the mice, and as the blood travelled through their veins it pushed the poison of the catnip from their bodies and the cats began to be normal and healthy. Don Negro's job was done.

Elena Furlanetto

you city look like hell today  
there are poets without end and all  
wrong about you

another abandoned weekend is coming  
I drank enough to give up my soul at a crossroad  
along with the pollution I ate over the past three traffic lights  
and a kreuzberg alley that stuck  
to my soul and is all I think about

something left bloody marks on my hands  
like a silk-grey house cat darted at me  
without a reason

winter came like an epiphany  
as I raised my head from my espresso  
you city sure look like heaven today  
like love like confidence  
and like other things that happen  
in the proximity of  
abandoned  
airports

[tempelhof.29112016]

Elena Furlanetto

berliners look straight ahead  
eyes lost inwards  
with the abstractness of those who have lost  
and the glee of those  
bathing in joy

last night they were somebody else  
a soul within a soul within a soul

[berliners.26122017]

Elena Furlanetto

it is only you and I city  
in this almost evening

I am in the heart of you now  
you can stop shouting  
and we have time  
as the days in you are endless

when you begin  
things start to speak with voices  
that I knew  
happinenses ago

it is always berlin in me  
like it is always summer  
in some countries

[berlin.5.26122017]

Elena Furlanetto

my body is disgrace tonight  
an experience of vipers  
and our house howls at the next black moon rising

there have been places in my life

[often they have involved the sea]

that implied an ending  
and held a promise of debris as if in brackets

I have felt each catastrophe coming  
in the trees shaking abnormally  
in wide-eyed omen-filled insomnias  
in my grandmother who fears death and loves it  
in the feeling that something has definitely  
definitely joined me in my room a moment ago  
its sadness not a threat to mine  
when I am Away  
I never desire my neighbor's house  
or any other house  
my body is not disgrace and nothing  
ever joins me in my rooms  
its sadness not a threat  
to mine

we bring new ghosts to this nation  
because we remember  
the things we've lost  
too clearly

[house.19062017]

Elena Furlanetto

fall returns

-my dearest

each time in a different dead language  
and the earth lets out sighs like Indian singing

have you wondered how many lives you've lived  
imagine  
whenever you do  
a train riding through the dark womb of a nation at night  
and a myriad stations left uncrossed

as I ride parallel to this river  
one

as I learnt the noblest art  
of making eye contact with animals  
two

as my foot touched kathak  
three

as I wanted to lose myself and couldn't  
because home was also  
at the other end of my journey  
four

when I realized my compass pointed to a city  
I had never been  
five

[exiles]

Daniel Leon

## Hemilio engraves the ocean

Oh Thia, Goddess of all the oceans,  
Born from within never ending clearness.  
Reminding me of waves with every step,  
And I a simple man standing beside you.

Hemilio, holder of my weak heart,  
Born from the wall between earth and ocean.  
Gatekeeper of our bronze loving eyes,  
And I a simple woman beside you.

My Thia, holding you made me forget,  
About the swaying under our feet.  
Wooden castle we found on the sea shore,  
Buried...waiting to be sailed once again.

But now I cannot see you through the mist,  
Say my name! Give me your delicate hand.  
Where are you Thia? Where are you hidden?  
Who ripped the ocean from my rusty soul?

The one I can see from the distance. You!  
This golden light blinding my rainy eyes.  
Is it you? Talk to me in the darkness,  
Go enter my soul if you dare.

Hemilio, my dearest son of earth,  
I am not the one you are looking for,  
The ocean darkest being took her soul,  
Your precious Thia, to ocean hell has gone.

I shall bring back the ocean to my heart,  
With our wooden castle to guide me.  
Fear wont grow inside the gatekeepers soul,  
My pain will break the mirror of the sky.

Wind and tears cutting through my concerned face,  
Only the blue moon opening the night.  
I keep sailing forward for my lost half,  
Further and further into emptiness.



Through furious waves of the darkest rage,  
Destroying our castle bit by bit.  
Until the ocean devours it for itself,  
And so devours my fearless soul as well.

As I began to lose my consciousness,  
And our wooden castle its tough will.  
I heard the deepest roar in my cold ear,  
Silencing the wave's rage and ocean's flow.

Blue moon scared and hidden behind black clouds,  
Anticipating the blue hell to rise.  
Silence is the only friend that remained,  
Waiting with me for what is there to come.

In circles dark water began to flow,  
Creating a hole deeper than my fear.  
Circling faster and faster around,  
Until I heard the roar from hell again.

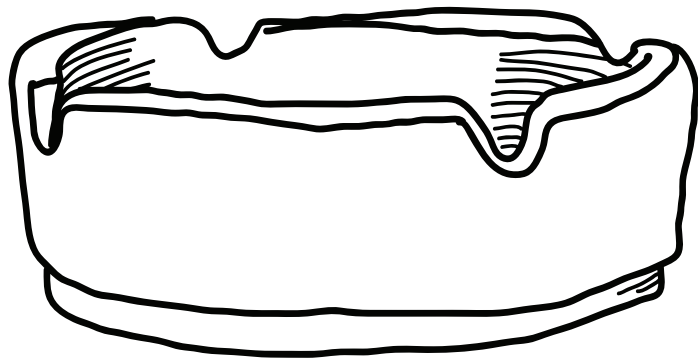
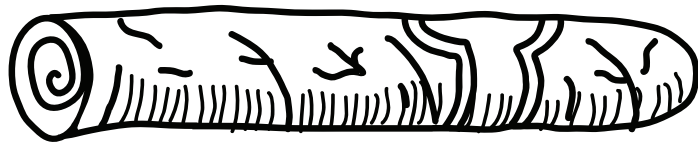
A creature larger than the land itself,  
From the depths of the dark ocean has risen.  
Hundred eyes on Hundred limbs watching me,  
Destroying all my strength by its being.

My heart must not be chained by eyes of hell,  
Defeat cannot happen because of fear.  
A fighting spear appeared in my firm hand,  
Preparing my attack to consume darkness.

I sent the lightning spear against the dark,  
With piercing strength shredding the dark to bits.  
Through wind and rain it pierced the creature,  
Black mist covered the ocean by the hit.

The brightest light appeared behind the mist,  
Oh, Thia! My ocean goddess of hope.  
Floating with blue waves as if she is one,  
Smiling at me with her amber warm eyes.

Hemilio, holder of my weak heart,  
Born from the wall between earth and ocean.  
It's no shame our wooden castle has been broken,  
Because the true wooden castle lives inside.



Katya Borisova

## The Black Flying House

“I have said that the survival and extension of the public space is a political question. I mean by that that it is the question that lies at the heart of democracy.”

Claude Lefort, “Human Rights and the Welfare State”

I would like to draw your attention to a house which is not a house. I perceive it more as an object in the public space, which was uninstalled after 39 days. I will discuss the notion of the public space, by using the example of The Black Flying House and by asking: what gives objects artistic status? Since we have been part of a democratic society, a plurality of opinions has surrounded the definition of art.

Opinions on the controversy over a public sculpture – the removal of Richard Serra’s Tilted Arc from New York’s Federal Plaza – also centered, at least for opponents of the work, on the issue of access. “This is a day for the people to rejoice,” - declared William Diamond of the federal government’s Art-in-Architecture Program on the day Tilted Arc was torn down, “because now the plaza returns rightfully to the people”.

But what is “The Black Flying House”, and why does it entice people to visit? It is a small installation composed of a living space with a stove and a sleeping loft, suspended by steel cables. It is accessible via a ladder which is deliberately hidden from sight. It is a bit of a conundrum that encourages passers-by to think. The house is located just fifteen minutes walking distance from the city center of Pardubice. Over the years, this area lost its former use as a military training ground and became derelict. It has a great potential to become an important recreational zone for future generations. Locals are already rediscovering its secrets – strolling through the forest, walking their dogs – in spite of the fact that the area is still owned by the army and officially closed to the public.

The atmosphere of the surrounding landscape and old bridges inspired the creation of a public intervention which would surprise visitors and enliven their otherwise walks. Subsequently, “The Black Flying House” would provoke more questions – who built it, what is inside, and how to get there? This project, in a way, demonstrated the hidden potential of the area. Studio h3t architekti are architects, but at the same time they create art objects. They might have hoped that their project, like Richard Serra’s sculpture Titled Arc, which was placed on New York’s Federal Plaza in 1981 and erased after intense public debate in 1989, would have incited unexpected little stories and interesting experiences. However, the house was eventually uninstalled, because it was constructed without a building permit.

Ernesto Laclau once said that the main task of postmodern culture in democratic struggles is “to transform the forms of identification and construction of subjectivity that exist in our civilization”. When work on the politics of images directs attention to processes of viewing and to the fantasy structures through which subjects, in relation to images, identify with wholeness and flee from difference, should we not welcome such works as extensions of the public space?

When you learn to fly, walking becomes boring.

Zuzana Karbušická

Eva K. Kühn

## Facebook addict's morning routine

Open eyes. Check Facebook. Yawn. Check Facebook. Yawn and stretch. Write post about getting up too early.

Enter bathroom. Check Facebook. Wash face. 3 likes for the post about getting up too early. Get dressed. Check Facebook. Comb. Comment on 2 selfies. Take selfie yawning.

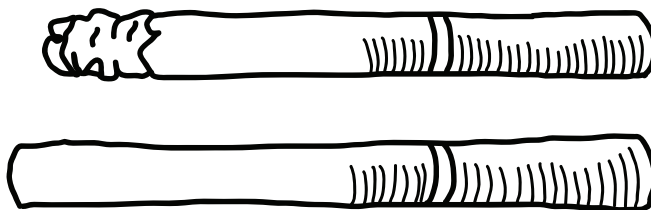
Enter kitchen. Check Facebook. Drink coffee. Like 5 other posts on getting up too early. Post selfie with message about needing coffee.

Enter bathroom. Check Facebook. Brush teeth. Simultaneously google summary to make up for undone literature homework. Rinse teeth. Scan summary. Skip flossing – needs two hands.

Grab schoolbag. Read everybody's posts on way to school. Like 21 pictures. Comment on 4 videos. Like 8 posts about classes starting too early.

Enter school building. Share summary – for others to make up for undone homework. Enter classroom. 29 likes for summary. Class starts. Stow away phone.

Nothing happens for 90 minutes. Doodle. Feel completely worn-out by school.





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