



## SLAUGHTER IN GEORGIA (a fragment of a novel)

Dumitru CRUDU

traducere în limba engleză de Florin BICAN

19.

Angelo rose to his feet and embarked upon crossing the road to buy some cigarettes. Enrico tagged along in his wake. He had a mind to talk him into ditching that Georgiana broad since she was the kind of bird everyone fucked. And just as he was on the point of telling him she was a slut and he'd fucked her himself just a few hours before, they found themselves waylaid by a gang of young men. While one of them asked: *"Tkven kartveli hart?"* (19), Che Guevara decided to play possum. Enrico promptly replied: *"Net, mi maldavani"* (20). Still the young man pressed his point: *"Kartulad vlaparakob?"* (21), which turned Enrico's insides to jelly. The young man's voice turned even harsher: *"Ra saheli gakot?"* (23) to which Enrico mumbled in reply: *"Maia imia Enrico a ievo Angelo."* (24) *"Kartulad, șeidzleba!"* (25), the young man persisted. Enrico admitted: *"Ne magu pa gruzinskii."* (26) The young man grabbed Enrico's collar: *"Pochemu nie mojete? Stolico liet jivete v Gruzii i niznaite gruzinskii iazik?! Kak eta mojno, svini!"* (27) Enrico protested:

*"Mi ne svini, mi maldavani."* (28) The young man would just not believe they were Moldavians. *"If you are Moldavians, why the fuck don't you stay in your fuckin' Moldavia?"* One of the young men broke in: *"Okay, if you can speak Georgian, we'll let you go..."* But neither Enrico nor Angelo could manage a single word of Georgian. Whereupon the lads started bawling: *"Cemodan, vagzal, Kishinev!"* (29), converged upon them, knocked them down and started kicking them around while Enrico pleaded with them at the top of his lungs: *"C'mon, guys, got water on your brains or what?"* *"Okay, then, we'll let you go if you can prove you speak Georgian,"* the young men relented. *"Tkven itsit kartulad?"* (30). Still, Enrico and Angelo just stared at them with bovine incomprehension, which drove the guys completely bonkers. *"So what are you friggin' twats doing in Georgia, then, if you can't speak the Georgian language? Cemadan, vagzal, Kishinev! You, bloody mankurts, russophone assholes, you've come to russify the Georgian people... You, russophone scum!"* The thugs beating the shit out of them had no idea they were disfiguring the man who'd been fucking the trollop and the joker asking for his advice as to how he should secure her favours, though deep in his heart he entertained no hopes of ever getting into her pants. The funny thing was that neither Enrico, much less Angelo, had the remotest idea that the thugs currently beating them to pulp also had Georgiana on their minds, and very

much so: they were pondering how they should go about finding and banging up the girl whom they had espied, only one hour before, as she was emerging half dressed from a bar in the old city. And while the young men were busy pulping his mug, Enrico felt a touch of joyful relief since, under the circumstances, at least, Angelo was no longer picking his mind as to how he should go about securing Georgiana's affections. At the same time he was slightly baffled at feeling no pain whatsoever – as if they were kicking his belly and punching his nose with cotton – wool feet and fists or with fluffy snowballs. His face nonetheless was soon awash with a sticky crimson liquid. The blood seeped into his mouth and under his shirt collar and while successive waves of feet kicked his eyes black and blue, Enrico remembered how back in Kishinev, he and some friends, armed with chains and bats, would go Russian-hunting in the evening, questioning the young men they met in the park or in the street whether they knew or not the Moldavian language. Lots of them didn't even know what the Moldavian words for *good day* or *thank you were*, let alone the language they came from. Consequently, Enrico and his mates gave them a fair chance, offering to teach them, free of charge, the tongue of the natives. As they swung their chains in their hands, they asked their charges to repeat after them: *Good day, my name is Anton. I was born on the 7th of March. I am from Kishinev and I love Moldavia.* Still, some of them stubbornly refused to repeat the respective words and phrases on account of being too difficult for them. They would duly beat the living daylights out of such types while granting free passage to those consenting to learn the odd polite formula in the Romanian language. They'd only rearrange the faces of fussy guys – the ones sneering at the Moldavian vocabulary. Unlike the gang of Dionisie, the literary critic, Enrico and his companions never clouted the subjects who displayed good will and a genuine inclination towards learning the natives' tongue. Dionisie's gang, however, started motherfucking them the moment they opened their mouths and spoke

Russian. Dionisie and his minions purged the Russian clientele out of bars and cafes on the assumption that it was a misguided act to go eating out in Kishinev if you didn't speak the Moldavian language, and after driving the Russians off the premises, Dionisie would fly the three-coloured flag on top of the counter, allowing only Romanian-speaking patrons to stay. Enrico and his friends, however, had never acted along those particular lines. Their top priority was giving a chance to those who had no smattering of Romanian. They carried on them a few textbooks for rapid Romanian learning purchased on their own expenses to be presented to those interested in acquiring the language. Enrico and his mates endeavoured to hammer into the more receptive young Russians such phrases as *cheers, how you doin', what's your name, where you from, respect, Ma'am, Sir*, and some of their number would repeat after them till they came to master the words and phrases in question and consequently became their friends on the spot and Enrico would invite them to some bar or other where they'd all get pissed together. They'd only trample under their feet the ones who categorically refused to utter at least one word in Romanian. Now, however, Enrico was spitting blood as he camouflaged his head with his arms. Back in Kishinev, he had to admit, it was the other guys cringing at his feet and whimpering in fear. Still, Enrico would never take the beating too far. He'd call it a day after a few kicks and blows aimed at the mouth unlike Dionisie or these wacky young men who, by the look of it, had taken it upon themselves to slaughter them for good. When one of the young men swung a bottle of *Pshenichinaya* vodka with the clear intention of bringing it down upon the top of his skull, Enrico reminisced once again how once, back in Kishinev, he'd seen red on the trolleybus as, on asking the people in front of him *you gettin' off?* they looked at him in moonstruck confusion: "*Chto vi scazali? Vi magli bi gavariti na narmalinim celoveceskom iazike? A chto dlea eta za iazik na catorom vi gavarite?* (31) *Blea, fashisti, padnimaiut golovu. Muli nescastniie! nada machiti vseh v sartire.*"(32) Understand-

ably, Enrico and his mates were not exactly amicable in their response and the people in question were consequently put in their place right there, on the trolleybus. Before the bottle lodged itself into the top of his skull, Enrico briefly recalled how at night he would march the streets of Kishinev yelling at the top of his lungs: “*Cemodan, vagzal, Rasia! Vasha mati jdet vas damoi! Uberitesi von! Tambovskii volk vam brat!*”(33), and after the *Psh-enichinaya* shattered against his skull, a *Psh-enichinaya* not yet drunk, Enrico was still wandering, as the asphalt rose to meet him, how come he, of all people, was called a russophone and he, of all people, was requested to fuck off home when he, in actual fact, was not even remotely a russophone and, when it came to speaking Russian, he would either keep his mouth shut or deliberately mispronounce the words and as a matter of principle refused to read Tolstoy or Dostoevsky on account of their having written in Russian, a language which quite literally made him puke and, generally, on account of wanting nothing to do with the Russians, nothing whatsoever. And that because he felt they were fostering an anti Romanian cabal. In his opinion, the moment a Russian realized you were Romanian, he’d try by all means to frustrate you: Russian doctors would prescribe you the wrong treatment, on purpose, while shop girls would deliberately sell you rotten salami. Why, indeed, would his Russian acquaintances ask him over? To poison him, of course. And what’s more, all Russians want to dominate you. They will respect you only when they have defeated you. They will only love you if you become their slave and come over to their side. But if you happen to think along different lines, they’ll hate you forever. They can’t put up with people not agreeing with them. Their friends are only those they can keep under their thumb. However, if you want to stand for your rights, they’ll smack you in the gob big time. Enrico, of course, had thwarted their plans, but how was he to explain all that to the bunch of rabid young man kicking him in the balls. Enrico saw them as if through a sieve and yet he wanted

to call out to the angry lads giving him a taste of their razors: “*Rebeata, zdesi cacaiia-ta nedarazumenia. Vi ne tak poneali menea. Ia svoi, rebeata!*”(34), but no sound came because the bottle shattered to smithereens against his skull and he passed out. He conked at their feet failing to clear that bizarre and unexplainable misunderstanding landing him on the wrong side of the barricade although he, too, wanted to purge his homeland from foreigners, just like these young people who wanted Georgia exclusively for the Georgians, with nothing but the Georgian language ringing throughout the whole land.

(19) Tkven kartveli hart? – Are you Georgians? (translated from the Georgian)

(20) Net, mi maldavani – We are Moldavians (translated from the Russian)

(21) Kartulad vlaparakob? – Do you speak Georgian? (translated from the Georgian)

(22) ოთა-ოთა – A bit. (translated from the Georgian)

(23) Ra saheli gaktv? – What’s your name? (translated from the Georgian)

(24) Maia imea Enrico a evo Angelo –My name is Enrico and his name is Angelo (translated from the Russian)

(25) Kartulad, შეიძლება! – Speak Georgian, please. (translated from the Georgian)

(26) Ne magu pa gruzinskii- I can’t speak Georgian (translated from the Russian)

(27) Pacemu ne mojete? Stolico let jivete v Gruzii i niznaite gruzinskii iazik?! Cac eta mojno, svini!- How come you can’t? You’ve been living in Georgia for all these years and can’t speak Georgian. How is that possible, you swine? (translated from the Russian)

(28) Mi ne svini, mi maldavani – We’re not swine, we’re Moldavians (translated from the Russian)

(29) Cemodan, vagzal, Kişinev! – Suitcase, station, Kishinev! (translated from the Russian)

(30) Tkven itsit cartulad? – Can you speak Georgian? (translated from the Georgian)

(31) Chto vi scazali? Vi magli bi gavariti na narmalinim celoveceskom iazike? A chto dlea eta za iazik na katorom vi gavarite? – What did you say? Could you speak in some normal human language? What’s that

fuckin' language you're speaking? (translated from the Russian)

(32) Blea, fasshisti, padnimaiut golovu. Muli nescast-niie! Nada maciti vseh va sartire – Fuck them, the Nazis rear their ugly heads. Fuckin' mules! We should be pulping them in their own juices. (translated from the Russian)

(33) Cemodan, vagzal, Rasia! Vasha mati jdet vas damoi! Uberitesi von! Tambovskii volk vam brat! – Suitcase, station, Russia. Your Moms are waiting for you home. Fuck off. The Tambov wolf is your brother (translated from the Russian)

(34) Rebeata, zdesi cacaia-ta nedarazumenia. Vi ne tak poneali menea. Ia svoi, rebeata! – Brothers, there's a misunderstanding here. You've got me wrong. I'm one of you, brothers. (translated from the Russian)

# I've caressed your soul with the bow of my si- lence, I've caressed you with me

**Ecaterina BARGAN**

traducere în limba engleză de Florin BICAN

Moldova, April 7, 2009, didn't you get  
your doze of fatality yet!?

You sleep in cement, you hide  
after the idea that  
Divinity exists!?

You're waiting  
For Hitler to fuck to you some ugly movies  
with  
Decapitated people,  
Kids whose skin is being peeled alive  
through slaughter-houses,  
Burned civilizations...!?  
You're waiting for us to become  
Youngsters who in the morning drink tea  
with  
Marijuana!?

You're waiting for them  
To come at the government,  
Losers through excellence  
The madmen, the converts, the imbeciles,  
The criminals, the demagogues,  
The dictators!?

You want vulgarity, you want aggressive  
music,  
Do you want to feed yourself from tins?  
Haven't you reached the peak of lust?

Do you lick the soles of those  
Who've thrown you in shit?

Moldova, we are  
Still alive...



# Vendo BMW 318

**Bogdan G. STOIAN**

traducere în limba italiană de  
Anita N. BERNACCHIA

La mia prima macchina, compare!  
L'ho presa a ventiquattr'anni da uno zingaro-  
rone decrepito, coi soldi che mia nonna  
metteva da parte per il funerale.  
Due anni l'ho guidata sulle strade della vita,  
due anni fitti fitti, tra caverne e burroni.  
C'è finita metà degli scrittori romeni degli ul-  
timi vent'anni, e l'altra metà me l'ha riempita  
di graffi e sputi.  
Non ti dico poi le mie morose, che le hanno  
incurvato il volante, tutte, una per una, tutte  
icone dalle gambe lunghe,  
o il mio amico Cichi, che mi ha impiastic-  
ciato il lunotto con le cervella,  
e la mia gattina Moni, che ho schiacciato sotto  
le ruote come un idiota.

La mia macchina, compare, è un gradino!

Lo sportello è ammaccato, sì!  
Guidavo una notte giù per le discese del  
monastero Nicula, ubriaco fradicio, con al-  
cune giovani poete.  
Stavamo andando a un incontro con Mureșan  
e Komartin a una taverna giù a valle, quando  
mi sono ritrovato in un fosso.  
Non ho più avuto grande stima di me da al-  
lora...  
Il paraurti anteriore...  
prendilo dallo sfasciacarrozze.  
Quello originale è rimasto in un word.doc  
che ho mandato al mio editore preferito: il  
maestro Recycle Bin.  
Quanto allo specchietto retrovisore, che dire,  
era troppo appannato dalle mie secrezioni  
bacchiche, quando ho sterzato in una stra-  
dina, dove nemmeno oggi arrivo più.  
E il fanalino?  
Al diavolo il fanalino. Quando accenderai  
la luce, le tue morose diranno che gli fai  
l'occhiolino.

Credimi, non la venderei nemmeno se mi  
dessi una tonnellata d'oro!

Ma sono già 5 giorni che tengo sulla panca il  
corpo che mi ha cullato tutta l'infanzia,  
il corpo che ha lavorato tanti anni perché  
diventassi grande,  
il corpo di ghiaccio di mia nonna  
e la mia coscienza, la mia coscienza rattrap-  
pita, mi costringe a metter su un funerale!  
Mica per niente, ma non vorrei arrivare sulla  
bocca delle malelingue di paese...

Credimi, non ce la faccio a separarmi da  
questa macchina...è come perdere una parte  
di me  
e il pensiero che potresti comprarmela tu mi  
manda fuori di testa!

In tutta sincerità ti dico: questa macchina ti  
apre le porte alla felicità eterna.

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## Blazare,

frammento di romanzo  
( un fragment din roman, cap. 12)

**Petre BARBU**

traducere în limba italiană de  
Anita N. BERNACCHIA

Il Complesso aveva percorso 97 chilometri  
quando constatai che in tasca avevo ancora  
circa 40 dollari. Avevo fatto fuori tutti i miei  
soldi guadagnati in metà anno. Anche Maria  
aveva speso i suoi, ma non le importava. Al  
diavolo la vita da sballo! Mi ci volle qualche  
giorno per capire cosa stava succedendo nel  
Complesso. L'edificio eretto negli anni Ses-  
santa, a forma di ferro di cavallo, che aveva  
ospitato l'Alimentari, il laboratorio di sartor-  
ria, il salone da barbiere e parrucchiere, la  
farmacia e le file per la carne e il formaggio  
degli ultimi anni del comunismo, se n'era  
andato per campi. La costruzione a un unico  
piano, in cui avevo nascosto l'inetitudine e  
il fallimento della mia vita, mi aveva tradito.  
Ora percorreva grandi distese di grano e  
canapa sotto il sole crudele del mese di gi-  
ugno, attirando come una calamita le tende  
e le macchine dei turisti stranieri, la curi-

osità dei contadini dei paesi vicini, torme di giornalisti in cerca di notizie sensazionali, l'entusiasmo delle band di terza categoria che davano concerti house&dance ogni sera, le quattro cisterne di acqua potabile, le roulotte in cui Coca-Cola, Tuborg, McDonald e i loro concorrenti commercializzavano succhi, birre e polpette, i parassiti fannulloni e schifosi (come se io e Maria avessimo qualche occupazione!), i mercanti di minutaglie, i pittori falliti in cerca di ispirazione, gli zingari che venivano dietro per scippare gli stranieri e alcuni scienziati che si ostinavano a voler scoprire il mistero dell'avanzamento di queste mura. Quasi duemila anime, centinaia di macchine e decine di carretti brulicavano intorno al Complesso. Non avanzava solo un edificio, ma un'intera cittadina. Nessuno ti chiedeva la carta d'identità o il visto da forestiero. Potevi dormire dove ti andava, un po' meno nel laboratorio di Sebastian che era stato sprangato. Potevi mangiare quello che volevi, specie perché i contadini portavano frutta e legumi freschi, come al mercato. Poiché l'inizio dell'estate era caldo e piacevole, molta gente dormiva nelle tende, nelle roulotte e nelle baracche. Pochi si erano rifugiati nel Complesso, e anche io e Maria ci eravamo sistemati il giaciglio nel frigo, perché non si riusciva molto a godersi l'intimità. Alcune coppie furono sorprese dai turisti (con i bambini!) proprio quando facevano sesso. A noi non ci beccarono. Benché il Complesso non fosse abitato, la spazzatura aveva riempito l'Alimentari, la Corporazione, e minacciava di invadere il laboratorio di spazzole. Mi procurai una carriola e una pala e mi misi a pulire l'edificio. La Corporazione, il negozio del Complesso dove negli anni Settanta le vendite di mobili erano state fiorenti, era ora infestata da odori insopportabili. Mi legai il naso con un fazzoletto umido e lavorai di buona lena con la pala.

- D'ora in poi, la nostra vita verrà misurata in chilometri – mi disse Adrian Dura dopo avermi porto le condoglianze per mia madre. Non credetti ai miei occhi quando ci incontrammo nel cortile del ferro di cavallo. Il ricercatore dell'Istituto Romeno di Storia Recente aveva abbandonato l'abito nero per indossare una salopette gialla. Il professore

si era ingobbato e il tremore della testa si era accentuato. Nonostante questo, aveva una rasatura impeccabile e sotto la camicia della salopette indossava una maglietta bianca, pulita.

- So che l'amore per il Complesso non te lo posso comprare. Permettimi ti rendere omaggio al tuo affetto con una somma simbolica: due dollari al chilometro, a cui aggiungo anche un bonus per la distanza percorsa finora.

Cioè per ogni chilometro percorso, Dura mi dava due dollari per fare le pulizie nel Complesso.

- Quando mi paghi?

- Alla fine.

- Dov'è la fine?

- Nel luogo ove il tuo amore si esaurirà.

Ti sei ammattito, professore! Quando il Complesso si ferma mi dai soldi e bonus. Ci capimmo con uno sguardo, il suo stanco, il mio riconoscente e bramoso. Mi consigliò di gettare la spazzatura ad almeno cinquanta metri dal Complesso. Poi ci mettemmo al lavoro, senza litigare sull'argomento "storia recente", che non ci era utile nella raccolta della sporcizia. Mi fece pena Dura quando notai che gli mancavano due denti di porcellana davanti, ma non gli chiesi scusa, se l'era meritata quella sventola sul grugno. E così, oltre alla striscia di terra bruciata, il Complesso cominciò a lasciare dietro di sé anche cumuli di immondizia. Scoprii che il vecchio Dura aveva cura di riempire le quattro cisterne, pagando gli autisti affinché portassero acqua dai paesi più vicini, e di conficcare in terra i paletti che indicavano il numero di chilometri percorsi dal Complesso. Che uomo sveglia!

Maria fece una smorfia vedendomi raccogliere spazzatura nella carriola: "Chi è che ti paga, fallito?" E' lavoro patriottico, spirito civico, impeto rivoluzionario, abnegazione dello spirito, gratis, un omaggio! Hai afferrato? Prendi in mano una pala e vedi com'è lavorare gratis! "Traditore!", mi gridò in faccia, isterica, poi scrollò le spalle, questo è il mio ragazzo che si dà le arie da brigadiere del Canale Danubio-Mar Nero! Mi lasciai a ramazzare la spazzatura, e io la lasciai trastullarsi con gli stranieri e organizzare concerti di band da due soldi.

# Люспи (Fulgi)

**Симона ПОПЕСКУ (Simona POPESCU)**  
traducere în limba bulgară de Snejana  
MANOLKOVA (Снежана МАНОЛКОВА)

Седя по турски в средата на стаята. Трудно ми е да говоря за себе си в минало време.

И днес, както понякога, само един вид музика или някоя замайваща книга все успява да направи така, че всичките „множества”, от които си съставена, да се помирят, да се свържат, да се опомнят, послушно в настоящото ти тяло, съставено от същото вещество като тях, да се съберат във вихрушка от затъмнени примигвания и да ти говорят за теб целия по начина, по който само бученето на рапан, долепен до ухото ти, може го да направи. Безличното бучене, предизвикано от непокътнатата спираловидна празнота.

Аз съм възрастен индивид с лаврени характеристики. Зрелостта ми винаги ще носи следите на предшестващите я стадии. Явно, съществуват създания, които преживяват по този начин. Малка утеха.

Колекционирам люспи.

Веднъж на седем години клетките ти се сменят, на всеки седем години е свършено с теб, отсечен си. Отново отначало. В едно друго-същото тяло. Само мозъкът, като възрастен генерал, дава команди на нови войски, старият мозък, само той верен – стабилизаторът на предшестващите премахнати ектоплазмени клетки (които след като са изгубили тялото си, му държат непрекъснато сметка). Мозъкът, той разпознава, той разпознава теб. Изгладнелият мозък смила, излапва, преглъща всичко в поглъщащата си центрофуга. Мозък, който, изглежда, е обичал старите тела, щом си спомня толкова много за тях. Мозък, който не изпитва носталгия, защото няма нищо изгубено (това го знае много добре).

„Двадесет и осем години е епохата на големите промени, когато тава въпрос за човешките чувства и за цветовете на живота. На тридесет и пет свършва младостта.” На този откъс от Сенанкур попаднах съвсем

случайно, няколко дни преди да навърша 28 години. Прочетох го като специално съобщение, така както правя винаги когато, заради някое странно мое объркване, получавам подобни неочаквани косвени и понякога освобождаващи отговори. Следователно имам още седем години. След това вече не знам.

На 28 съм, но не съм по-различна от това, което бях на 20. Същият плам без посока. Знам повече, за мен са се залепили какви ли не интелектуално-културни глупости, паразитни ластуни, отровен имел. Интелигентността ми си добави няколко нови орнамента, като млад индианец, който събира пера от орел като накит, които да му разкрасят челото. И може би мечтае духът му да полети, да заприлича на триумфалната птица. Някъде, наред джунглата на юношеството, една тарамбука изпраща своите сигнали. Все още ги разпознавам. Тялото ми все още ми служи. Все по-често ми казват, че трябва да стана по-зряла, да стана по-зряла, да стана по-зряла. Нямам представа какво означава това. От време на време успявам да се преструвам. И да го вземат мътните, минава. След това идват заниманията и другият ритъм, за които казват, че се придобиват. Все по-внимателно изучавам света на възрастните – те вече се държат с мен като с една от тях, едва успявам да не се издам. Към което трябва да добавиш и факта, че преподавам на младежи. След прекалено дълги посещения, след прекалено дълги напъхвания във форми, които не са ми присъщи, се връщам къщи изцедена и спя като пън часове наред. Гледам тия на моята възраст. Някои вече са минали от другата страна, повечето от тях. Справят се. На всичко отгоре им отива там. Впечатлена съм, дори им се възхищавам, но ги избягвам. Изгубили сме връзката помежду си, вече нищо не ни сродява. Някои, подобни на мен, ги разпознавам от едно писмо, колкото и да си капризничат като зрели. Разпознаваме се сред хиляди.

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The purpose of this supplement is to publish translations of Romanian writers (from the Republic of Moldova and Romania) in foreign languages, so that our texts can circulate cross-border also with the help of “POSTBOX magazine”. Furthermore, we are hoping that some of the foreigners setting foot in our countries will find interesting things to read too. And we are also hoping that, over time, this supplement will become bit by bit thicker!

Scopul acestui supliment e de-a publica traduceri din scriitorii români (din Republica Moldova și din România) în limbi străine, astfel încât textele noastre să circule și dincolo de granițe și cu ajutorul REVISTEI LA PLIC. Totodată, sperăm ca și unii dintre străinii care ne vizitează meleagurile să aibă ce citi. Și mai sperăm ca suplimentul cu timpul asă devină tot mai gros!

