

GORAN FERČEC is a writer, dramaturge, and theatre maker. He graduated from the Department of Dramaturgy at the Academy of Dramatic Art in Zagreb. Ferčec is a member of the editorial board of the Performing Arts Journal *Frakcija*. He co-founded the DK dramaturgy collective initiative, which seeks to promote performance texts by young authors. Since 2005, he has published performance and theory texts in the various journals and on the Third Programme of the Croatian Radio. His novel *There Will Be No Miracles Here* was published by Fraktura, Zagreb, in 2011. His performance text *A Letter to Heiner Müller*, directed by Bojan Djordjević, was premiered in 2011 at ZKM – Zagreb Youth Theatre. In 2014, his performance text *Workers* was premiered as part of the project *Vor den Hunden* in coproduction with fringe ensemble from Bonn and Schaubühne Lindenfels from Leipzig.

LIBRETO

NAMIJENJEN RADNICIMA U OSVAJANJU NAPUŠTENIH INDUSTRIJSKIH POSTROJENJA KOJI SE MOŽE PJEVATI A CAPPELLA ILI U PRATNJI RADNIH MAŠINA, ZVUKOVA IZ OKOLINE, GRADSKOG LIMENOG ORKESTRA, USNE HARMONIKE I ŠUMOVA KOJI IZLAZE IZ TVORNIČKIH ZIDOVA

A LIBRETTO

DEDICATED TO WORKERS TRYING TO RECLAIM ABANDONED INDUSTRIAL FACILITIES, TO BE SUNG A CAPPELLA OR ACCOMPANIED BY WORKING MACHINERY, AMBIENT NOISES, STREET BRASS BANDS, THE HARMONICA, OR NOISES ISSUING FROM INSIDE FACTORY WALLS

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GORAN FERČEC, pisac, dramaturg i saradnik na izvedbenim i pozorišnim projektima. Diplomirao je dramaturgiju na Akademiji za izvedbene umjetnosti u Zagrebu. Član je uredništva časopisa za izdavačke umjetnosti *Frakcija* i koosnivač Dramaturškog kolektiva (dk), inicijative koja se bavi promocijom izvedbenih tekstova mladih autora. Izvedbene i teorijske tekstove objavljuje u različitim magazinima te na Trećem programu hrvatskog radija. Autor je romana *Ovdje neće biti čuda* u izdanju izdavačke kuće Fraktura, objavljenog 2011. Iste godine u Zagrebačkom kazalištu mladih (ZKM) premijerno je izveden njegov tekst *Pismo Heineru Mülleru* u režiji Bojana Đorđevića. Izvedbeni tekst *Radnice* premijerno je izveden 2014. u sklopu projekta *Vor den Hunden* u koprodukciji fringe ensembles iz Bonna i Schaubühne Lindenfels iz Leipziga.

1.
Pronio se glas, od jedne do druge radničke šake,
nježno kao kad se iz ruke u ruku predaje vrabac,
ili fotografija,
ili čaša vode,
ili cigareta.
Pažljivo, tako da mu ni vjetar,
ni vrijeme,
ni prijetnje sa zvučnika ne mogu ništa.
Glas o vremenu,
glas o mjestu,
glas o budućnosti.
Glas bez budućnosti (ili glas čija je sudbina još uvijek neizvjesna).
Pronio se glas da je još uvijek moguće rukama otvoriti vrata i ući,
glas da još uvijek imamo pravo kročiti u krug tvornice,
da su strojevi hladni ali još uvijek živi,
i da nas zovu da svojim zglobovima pokrenemo njihove zglobove,
da zajedno napravimo pokret i jedno drugome završavamo rečenice.
Pronio se glas da strojevi obećaju da se nikada više neće zaustaviti,
da će trake ponovo krenuti,
da će izdržati četvrtu i petu smjenu,
da nas nikada više neće izdati
i da pripadaju samo nama,
poput dobrih životinja,
poput najodanijih drugova.
Pronio se glas i probudio nas dok poluslijepi sjedimo
svatko u svojoj mračnoj kuhinji čije jutarnje svjetlo ne
prepoznajemo,
jer smo uvijek izlazili dok je zora još nalikovala večeri,
a vraćali se dok je večer već nalikovala zori.
U radnom vremenu radnika,
u vremenu radnika.
Pronio se glas i podigao nam glave dok nijemi sjedimo
u keramičkim čekaonicama u redu za dijagnozu,
bez znanja o protokolu čekanja, dijagnoze, terapije, nade,
jer smo jedni drugima oduvijek pomagali prebacivanjem ruke preko
ramena
i gazeći radničkom cipelom čemer neizvjesnosti,
dok se cipela nije pobunila i raspala,
a čemer neizvjesnosti pretvorio u zajedničko ljetovanje.
Pronio se konačno glas dok bez greške u kalkulaciji
Prolazimo između polica super-mega-maxi samoposluga
i zbrajamo razliku između mogućeg i nužnog,
razliku koja uvijek ide u korist mogućeg koje nikad ne pokriva nužno.
Zbrajamo dok se s osjećajem poraza mimoilazimo između polica,
i u očima jedni drugima prepoznajemo konačnu sumu očaja u valuti
neimaštine.
Strojevi nas zovu poput Sirena.
Pjevaju nam pjesme o radničkoj slozi.
Šapuću nam mantru o svemu što smo propustili.
I govore nam da bi sve opet moglo biti dobro
ako izađemo iz svojih kuhinja,
napustimo keramičke čekaonice,
preskočimo police super-mega-maxi samoposluga,
i vratimo se na mjesto koje ne možemo zaboraviti,
i o kojem sanjamo kad ne sanjamo o letu avionom,
mjesto koje pripada nama i kojem pripadamo mi.
Pronio se glas koji nam kaže da se ponašamo
kao da je sve u najboljem redu,
da ne privlačimo nepotrebno pažnju,
da hodamo umjereno brzo i ne mašemo rukama,
da slučajno ne potčimo svi u isto vrijeme.
Da se polako i s jasnom namjerom uputimo prema cilju,
a kad stignemo na cilj da se uhvatimo za ruke,
ili da isprepletemo šake u živi zid,
ili da sabijemo tijela u kuglu za razvijačanje.
Pronio se glas da svi znamo što nam je cilj
i da krenemo prema njemu u trenutku kad krene netko od naših,
kad osjetimo gibanje kolektivnog tijela
u neko ljetno popodne ili zimsko jutro bez oblaka.
Povorka će se polako formirati,
kao u video klipu za osvježavajuće piće,
povorka s jednim ciljem i jednom idejom.
Oni koji su krenuli kući, krenut će za nama.
Oni koji nemaju kamo, bit će dobrodošli.
U prolazu ćemo se prepoznati i kimnuti si međusobno,
kao radnik radniku, pesnica stegnutih
ali blagih prema pticama i glasu koji se pronio.
Koračat ćemo prema cilju s uvjerenjem
da imamo pravo pokušati još jednom,
još jednom ući kroz vrata i napraviti sve baš
onako kako se nikada ranije nismo usudili.
Vjetar će nam dati podršku guranju u leđa.
Bacat ćemo pesnice pred sebe s osjećajem
da smo na trenutak opet moćni,
da je sve kao što je bilo nekad,
da idemo istim putem kojim smo išli nekad.
Dvadeset, trideset, četrdeset godina kročenja strojeva,
čeličnih zvijeri koje je trebalo neprestano hraniti,
i kojima je trebalo tepati da prebace normu,
tepati da nam ne pojedu šaku ili ruku ili prste.
Vraćamo se na zapuštenu periferiju
ponovo osvojiti vrijeme svrhovitosti.
Vraćamo se ponovo biti ovisni jedni o drugima,
u želji da budemo bolje, veće, snažnije tijelo,
a opet slobodni unatoč vibraciji strojeva,
individualci u kolektivnom brujanju mašina.
U zajedničkom maršu odbacujemo sve nepotrebno,
neiskorišteno vrijeme koje je prošlo i načelo zidove,
sporo vrijeme koje je strojeve pretvorilo u mrtve slonove.
Odbacujemo sve suvišno što nam sputava kretanje,
tramvaje, autobuse i ulice koje uglavnom nigdje ne idu.
Zaobilazimo šetače kojima je dobro baš tako kako jest,
i koji neprestano hodaju u krug misleći da napreduju.
Što smo bliže objektu koji trebamo vratiti u svoje ruke
sve manje osjećamo da imamo što izgubiti.
Odbacujemo sve što danima nosimo sa sobom,
svu plastiku,
sve komade suhog mesa,
sve na čemu stoji otisnuto naše ime.
Možda nas ima hiljadu s neprestanim izgledima za rast.
Možda nas je samo jedan.
Što smo bliže cilju rješavamo se svega što nam sputava udove,
odbacujemo sve što nam reže prepone i vrat.
Skidamo sa sebe sav poliester suvremenog života.
Ostavljamo za sobom prazne džepove hlača,
ispuhane rukave znojnih košulja
i razgažene cipele od pseće kože.
Što smo bliže cilju sve smo dalje od svega
što su nam nudili kao moguću verziju života,
verziju stvorenu baš po potrebama nas koji više nismo potrebni.
Ulice su sad već premale i za nas hiljadu i za nas jednoga.
Mogli bismo pjevati u glas,
ali pjesma bi mogla otkriti naše namjere.
Mogli bismo jedni druge ohrabriti povicima,
ali povici bi mogli otkriti naš cilj.
Idemo u tišini i sve smo bliže cilju.
Osjećamo vibraciju strojeva koji nas pozdravljaju.
Zidovi su istovremeno i prepreka i zaštita.
Dok ih budemo pokušavali osvojiti,
oderat će nam kožu s dlanova i koljena.
Kad ih konačno svladamo,
bit će nam zaštita od vremena koje nas ne treba.
Sad smo već na cilju.
Više nam nitko nije potreban.
Ima nas dovoljno da preokrenemo budućnost kao rukavicu.
Dolazimo čisti i goli uzeti ono što nam pripada.
Tu, na ruševinama radničkog povijesti
započinje naš zajednički ples.

2.
Obrišite dlanove o koljena,
kao da masirate bolno mjesto prije odlučujućeg skoka.
Obrišite dlanove o prazne džepove plosnate guzice,
kao da provjeravate je li još tu ono jedino što imate.
Pogledajte u šake kao da su lopata ili pijuk ili sjekira.
Pogledajte u šake kao u nepotrebni alat od jučer,
trljanjem ih pretvorite u oružje za danas i otpor za sutra.
Kad ste ih dobro obrisali, pljunite u dlanove.
Pljunite u dlanove debeli komad sline
niz koju će skliznuti svaki sentiment,
i na koju se neće hvatati strah.
Prije nego stegnete šaku u pesnicu
treba svijet vratiti u prvobitno stanje.
Očistiti ostatke.
Pomesti tragove na prilazu.
Porezati šikaru.
Napraviti prilaz tamo gdje je bio.
Gdje se ulazilo i izlazilo.
Gdje se dolazilo i odlazilo.
U smjenama, na biciklima ili pješice.
Treba prokčiti, iskričiti, proširiti.
Pridite temeljima i zajedničkim rukama
provjerite stabilnost industrijskog pogona.
Pokušajte nekoliko puta grupno zanijhati zidove.
U ritmu njihanja brodskih olupina u zatvorenom brodogradilištu.
U ritmu njihanja praznih kreveta u napuštenim hotelima.
U ritmu šuštanja praznih gradskih fontana vaše mladosti.
Ima vas dovoljno da možete upotrijebiti množinu kao silu.
Precizno odredite snagu koja vam je ostala nakon
što je propalo sve u što ste ikada vjerovali.
Precizno odredite strane svijeta.
U odnosu na sunce, mjesec i druge vidljive planete.
U odnosu na doba dana.
U odnosu na grad.
U odnosu na ulice kojima se došli ovamo.
U odnosu na osjećaj težine
u glavi,
u rukama,
u nogama,
u želucu.
U odnosu na činjenicu da ste svakog jutra, da ste svakog jutra, da ste svakog jutra.
U odnosu na činjenicu da ste svakog jutra išli ovim putem, a onda više niste.
U odnosu na lažni osjećaj da se put nekad činio kraćim.
U odnosu na subjektivni osjećaj da su ulice bile manje.
U odnosu na fizički osjećaj da je uspon sada strmiji, iako ste vi samo stariji.
U odnosu na bolove u nogama, grčeve u rukama, ukočenost vrata, zaokčenost kičme.
U odnosu na slomljene kosti, izluzane hrskavice, odrezane prste, polomljene nokte.
U odnosu na kiselinu u želucu, zrak u plućima, kamenje u bubrezima.
U odnosu na zarazu koja se zove rad i s kojom sad živite kao što biste živjeli od sjećanja.
U odnosu na sjećanja koja više nisu vaša.
U odnosu na rad kojeg više nema.
U odnosu na virus koji je ostao.
U odnosu na kolektivni osjećaj nalik bolesti.
U odnosu na bolest koja jedina konstantno brine za vas.
U odnosu na jednostavnu činjenicu smrti.
U odnosu na propusnost zidova.

1.
The word has got around, from one worker's hand to another,
gently, like handing over a sparrow,
or a photograph,
or a glass of water,
or a cigarette.
Carefully, so that neither the wind,
nor time,
nor threats coming from the loudspeakers may harm it.
A word about time,
a word about the placeč,
a word about the future.
A word with no future (or a word whose fate is still uncertain).
The word has got around that it's still possible to open the door with
your hands and enter,
the word that we're still entitled to set foot into the factory
perimeter,
that the machines are cold but still alive,
and that they're calling on us to use our joints to set their joints in
motion,
to start moving together and complete each other's sentences.
The word has got around that the machines have promised never to
stop again,
that the lines will start again,
that they'll get through the fourth and fifth shift,
that they'll never betray us,
and that they belong only to us,
like good animals,
like the most loyal of friends.
The word has got around and woken us up, while we're sitting, half-
blind,
each one of us in their dark kitchen, whose morning light we don't
recognize,
because we always used to get out when the sunrise still looked
more like the evening
and return when the evening already looked like the sunrise.
During the working hours of workers,
in an age of workers.
The word has got around and raised our heads, while we're sitting,
silent,
in ceramic-tiled waiting rooms, waiting for our diagnoses,
with no knowledge of the protocols of waiting, diagnosis, therapy,
hope,
because we always used to help one another with a pat on the
shoulder
and by treading with our workmen's boots over the ache of
uncertainty,
until our boots rebelled and fell apart
and the ache of uncertainty turned into spending summer holidays
together.
The word has finally got around, while we're walking,
with no mistake in the calculation, along the aisles of super-mega-
maxi supermarkets,
working out the difference between the possible and the necessary,
the difference that always favours the possible, which never meets
the necessary.
Calculating, feeling defeated, while we pass each other between the
aisles,
recognizing in each others' eyes the sum total of despair, calculated
in the currency of
poverty.
The machines are calling out to us, like the Sirens.
They're singing to us songs about workers' unity.
They're whispering to us a mantra about all of our missed
opportunities.
And they're telling us that it can all be fine again
if we get out of our kitchens,
leave those ceramic-tiled waiting rooms,
skip the aisles of hyper-mega-maxi supermarkets,
and return to the place we cannot forget,
the place we dream about when we're not dreaming about riding on
an airplane,
a place that belongs to us and to which we likewise belong.
The word has got around telling us to act
as though everything were just fine,
to avoid attracting undue attention,
to walk moderately fast and not wave our arms,
and never ever start running all together at once.
To head, slowly and with clear intentions, toward our goal
and when we reach it, to hold each other's hands,
or twine our hands into a human wall,
or to press our bodies together, into a wrecking ball.
The word has got around that we all know what our goal is
and that we should head toward it as soon as one of ours makes a
move,
when we feel the moving of the collective body
on a summer afternoon or a cloudless winter morning.
A column will slowly form,
like in that fizzy drink video clip,
a column with a single goal and a single idea.
Those who were headed home will start walking with us.
Those with nowhere to go will be welcome.
In passing, we will recognize and nod to each other,
like worker to worker, with clenched fists
but gentle with the birds and the word that has got around.
We shall walk toward the goal, believing
that we're entitled to try once more,
once more to walk through that door and arrange everything
precisely
like we never dared to do before.
The wind will support us by blowing in our backs.
We'll throw our fists before us, feeling
strong for a moment,
feeling that everything is like it used to be,
that we're on the same path we were on before.
Twenty, thirty, forty years of taming the machines,
steel beasts that constantly had to be fed
and cajoled to exceed their norms,
cajoled so they wouldn't eat our hands or arms or fingers.
We're going back to our shabby suburbs,
to reclaim the time of purposefulness.
We're going back, once more to depend on each other,
seeking to form a better, bigger, stronger body,
and yet, free, despite the vibrations of the machines,
individuals in the collective humming of the machines.
In our collective marching, we discard all that is unnecessary,
unused time, which has gone through and cut into the walls,
the slow time that turned the machines into dead elephants.
We discard all that is redundant and interferes with our moving,
the trams, buses, and streets, which mostly lead nowhere.
We evade strollers, who are happy with things just the way they are,
and who keep walking in circles, thinking they're making progress.
The closer we get to the facility we're meant to reclaim,
the more we feel we have nothing to lose.
We discard all those things we've been carrying with us for days,
all that plastic,
all those smoked hams,
all things that bear our name.
Maybe there are a thousand of us, with our numbers set to keep
growing.
Maybe there's only one of us.
The closer we get to our goal, the more we get rid of whatever
inhibits our limbs,
discarding whatever cuts into our groins and necks.
Taking off from our bodies all that polyester of contemporary life.
Leaving behind our pants with empty pockets,
the deflated sleeves of our sweaty shirts,
and our worn-out dog-skin shoes.
The closer we get to our goal, the farther away we are from all
that they offered to us as a possible version of life,
a version created expressly according to the needs of us, who are no
longer needed.
The streets are now already too narrow for a thousand of us, as well
as for only one of us.
We could sing all together,
but our song might reveal our intentions.
We could shout to encourage one another,
but our shouts might reveal our goal.
We walk in silence and keep getting closer to our goal.
We can feel the vibrations of the machines greeting us.
The walls are both an obstacle and protection.
When we attempt to scale them,
they'll tear the skin off from our palms and knees.
When we finally overcome them,
they'll protect us from an age that doesn't need us.
Now we're already at our goal.
We don't need anybody anymore.
There are enough of us to turn the future inside out, like a glove.
We're coming, clean and bare, to take what belongs to us.
Here, on the ruins of workers' history,
our collective dance begins.

2.
Wipe your palms against your knees,
as though massaging a painful spot before making the decisive
jump.
Wipe your palms against the empty pockets on your arses,
as though to check if your sole possession is still there.
Take a look at your hands as they were a shovel, pickaxe, or
axe.
Take a look at your hands as the unneeded tools of yesterday
and wipe them to turn them into a weapon for today and resistance
for tomorrow.
When you've wiped them off properly, spit in your palms.
Spit out a nice fat piece of saliva in your palms,
which will wipe off every sentiment
and be resistant to fear.
Before you clench your hand into a fist,
the world must be returned to its original state.
Clear the remains.
Remove the tracks on the approach.
Cut down the thicket.
Make an approach where it used to be.
Where we used to go in and out.
Where we used to come and go.
In shifts, cycling or walking.
One must clear the way, cut through it, widen it.
Approach the foundations and check, with your hands together,
the stability of the industrial facility.
All together, try a few times to rock the walls.
In the rocking rhythm of shipwrecks at a closed shipyard.
In the rocking rhythm of empty beds in abandoned hotels.
In the rustling rhythm of the empty street fountains of your youth
days.
There are enough of you to use your multitude as power.
Determine precisely your remaining strength,
following the collapse of all you ever believed in.
Precisely determine the four cardinal directions.
In relation to the sun, the moon, and other visible planets.
In relation to the time of day.
In relation to the city.
In relation to the streets that led you here.
In relation to the feeling of weight

U odnosu na ciglenu prašinu koju južno nije raspršilo uokolo.
U odnosu na metalnu prašinu koju je bura nije raspuhala mornarima u oči.
U odnosu na vibracije strojeva.
U odnosu na vibraciju u vašim mišićima koja je ostala tamo za sljedeći život.
U odnosu na erekcije radnika u jutarnjoj smjeni.
Nakon što odredite strane svijeta, pogledajte dobro to što stoji pred vama.
To je vaš cijeli život sveden na najjednostavniju moguću formu.
To su zidovi hrama vaše radničke predanosti.
Arheološki ostaci vaše vjere u rad i vašeg jedinog znanja.
Kolektivno ćete vratiti sve što vam pripada, neovisno do strane svijeta, mjesečeve mijene, plime ili oseke.
Bit će vaše sve što je na trenutak bilo izgubljeno, privatizirano, rasprodano, uništeno.
Precizno odredite svu snagu koja vam je ostala.
Pružite si ruke dok stojite i poduprite jedni druge.
Počnite brojati da biste uhvatili ritam potreban za zalet.
Udahnite za svakim parnim brojem, izdahnite s neparnim.
Vaša snaga nikad nije bila veća i manja istovremeno.
Stanite u raskorak radnika koji traži svoja prava.
Napravite nekoliko koraka unazad.
Pogledajte udesno unisono i bez fokusa.
Pogledajte lijevo kao da znate kuda gledate.
Napravite nekoliko koraka unaprijed.
Trznite lopaticama kao krilima.
Na vašim ramenima ne stoji ništa i nitko.
Stojite goli i slobodni.
Došli ste uzeti ono što vam pripada.
Podignite glavu visoko, kao da su sve glave jedna.
Cilj je pred vama i ništa više nemate za izgubiti.
Vaše kolektivno tijelo ima cilj.
Vaš je cilj veći od vašeg tijela.
Nitko nije suvišan i svatko je potreban.
Nazovite to kako želite ali nipošto ne odustajte.
Iskoristite vlastito tijelo kao nešto što nije samo tijelo.
Nazovite ga kako hoćete samo ne odustajte.
Napnite tijelo snagom koju ste poznavali, snagom kojom ste kolektivno prebacivali normu i prije nego bi sirene označile kraj radnog vremena.
Podignite ruke u visinu ramena.
Položite dlanove na leđa jedni drugima.
Lagano raširite noge i osjetite težinu tijela.
Uprite stopala u beton tako da istisnete sav vakuum vremena.
Prašina je vaš saveznik, mahovina je vaš putokaz, od vremena kaosa prema vremenu svrhovitosti.
Znate da nema svijeta boljeg od ovog.
Njišete se lagano, svjesni da nosite snagu.
Njišete se lagano poput zaboravljenog mora.
Zidovi vam pjevaju pjesme dobrodošlice.
Sve što ste ikada napravili sad je pjesma.
Sve jeke mašina sad su simfonija utisnuta u ciglu.
Industrijska okna otvaraju se vašoj kolektivnoj snazi.
Gledate svoju proletersku prošlost ugrehanu u zidove.
Unutra vas čekaju ukroćene zvijeri koje prepoznaju jedino vaš glas.
Kad osjetite da je vrijeme da kolektivno tijelo krene, dajte znak glavnom jedni drugima.
Snažnije rukama uprite drugarska leđa.
Zazviždite pjesmu čija je melodija svima znana.
Ako ste namjeravali krenuti polako, odbacite suzdržanost i umjerenost.
Napnite izmučene mišiće.
Uprite izlizane zglobove.
Uhvatite ispod ruku one koji vam se učine slabima.
Formirajte jedno odlučno tijelo, onakvo kakvo ste oduvijek bili.
U trenutku kad trubu nekog automobila, ili kliktaj galeba, ili lupanje loncima prepoznate kao znak za kretanje, krenite!
Zatrčite se raširenih ruku.
Zatrčite se kao da utrčavate u more.
Zatrčite se urlajući neku rečenicu mašine.
Zatrčite se i uvjerenjem prođite kroz zidove.
Zatrčite se pazeći jedni na druge.
Zatrčite se kao da kasnite na posao.
Utrčite u hodnik i pustite glas da se razbije u jeku.
Jeka će vas odvesti do vašeg mjesta.
Kad jednom udete, nitko vas više nikada neće moći izbaciti.
Vi oduvijek pripadate ovdje.
Zidovi su vaši.
Podovi su vaši.
Rupe u krovu su vaše.
Zamračena skladišta za skrivenu ljubav ne pripadaju nikome osim vama.
Vi odlučujete kako će izgledati kraj vremena.
Vi odlučujete kako će izgledati kraj rada.
Neka započne radničko slavlje.

3.
Zadnji nek zatvori vrata.
Nitko više ne može ući ni izaći.
Mi koji smo ovdje, tu i ostajemo.
Ne trebamo svjedoke ni sljedbenike.
Zidovi pamte sve naše pobjede.
Udružimo ponovo snage.
Trebamo očistiti ostatke.
Pomesti podove.
Oprati prozore.
Ostrugati žbuku sa svake cigle, ciglu po ciglu.
Očetakati žičanom četkom.
Od prašine i zvukova.
Ciglu po ciglu, rastaviti zgradu, i zatim ponovo sastaviti, ciglu po ciglu, novu zgradu za nove radnike.
Pogledajmo svoje nove zidove.
Pogledajmo sebe, radnici, i prije nego pokrenemo mašine, stanimo u sliku za budućnost.
Zadržimo, radnici, dah u slici i sliku u srcu.
Nek traje koliko je potrebno da izgori šibica.
Tako kako vidimo sebe dok nestajemo, tako će nas vidjeti zauvijek.
Mahnimo novim generacijama i pokrenimo mašine.
Radnici, budimo nježni prema mašinama.
Pa će zvijeri u njima biti milostive prema nama, i našem posljednjem velikom poslu, dok im budemo pružali tijelo da ga progutaju, požderu, samelju.
Nek nas ne bude strah posljednjeg velikog posla.
Tijela su nam znojna od radosti.
Sjećamo se svake pobjede, svake pauze za cigaretu, svake proslave praznika rada.
Trebamo pokrenuti mašine.
Vrijeme nikada nije bilo gore.
Vrijeme nikada nije bilo bolje.
Trebamo ponovo pokrenuti mašine.
Trebamo nahraniti čelične zvijeri.
Ostaviti aždaju kapitalizma gladnu.
Ulazimo u čeljust mašina s podignutom rukom.
Hranimo mašine koje su nekad hranile nas.
Puštamo mašinama da nas požderu, progutaju i pretvore u novu snagu.
Puštamo da nas pretvore u metal za brodske elise.
Da nas pretvore u elise za brodske motore.
Sve što smo napravili sad je pjesma.

in your head,
in your arms,
in your legs,
in your stomach.
In relation to the fact that every morning, every morning, every morning.
In relation to the fact that every morning, you came this way and then you didn't anymore.
In relation to the false feeling that the journey once seemed shorter.
In relation to the subjective feeling that the streets were smaller.
In relation to the physical feeling that the incline is now steeper, although you're just older.
In relation to the pain in your legs, spasms in your arms, rigidity of your necks, stiffness in your backs.
In relation to your broken bones, worn-out cartilage, cut fingers, broken nails.
In relation to the acid in your stomachs, air in your lungs, stones in your kidneys.
In relation to the contagion called work, with which you now live like you'd live on memories.
In relation to memories that are no longer yours.
In relation to work that is no longer here.
In relation to the virus that still remains.
In relation to a collective feeling similar to disease.
In relation to disease, which is the only one who's constantly worried about you.
In relation to the simple fact of death.
In relation to the permeability of walls.
In relation to the fact that the *jugo* didn't disperse.
In relation to the metal dust that the *bura* didn't blow into the eyes of sailors.
In relation to the vibrations of the machines.
In relation to the vibrations in your muscles, which remain there for your next life.
In relation to the erections of morning-shift workers.
Once you've determined the four cardinal directions, take a good look at what's in front you.
It is your entire life, reduced to its simplest possible form.
It's the walls of the temple of your worker's commitment.
The archaeological remains of your faith in work and your only skill.
Collectively, you will retake all that belongs to you, regardless of the cardinal directions, phases of the Moon, high or low tide.
All that was lost for a moment, privatized, sold, destroyed, will be yours.
Determine precisely all of your remaining strength.
With your hands, reach out to each other while you're standing and support each other.
Start counting, to get into the rhythm needed to gain momentum.
Inhale on every even number, exhale on every odd number.
Your strength has never been bigger or smaller at the same time.
Assume the position of a worker demanding his rights.
Take a few steps backward.
Look right, all of you, without focusing.
Look left as though you knew what you're looking at.
Take a few steps forward.
Flap your shoulder blades like wings.
There is nothing and no one standing on your shoulders.
You're standing naked and free.
You've come to take what belongs to you.
Raise your head up high, as if all the heads were one.
The goal is before you and you have nothing to lose anymore.
Your collective body has a purpose.
Your purpose is larger than your body:
No one is redundant and everyone is needed.
Call it what you will but certainly don't quit.
Use your own body as something that is not only a body.
Call it what you will, just don't give up.
Push your body with the strength you once knew, the strength with which you collectively used to exceed the norm, even before the sirens announced closing time.
Raise your arms to your shoulders.
Place your palms on each other's backs.
Apply your feet to the concrete floor so as to squeeze out the entire vacuum of time.
The dust is your ally, the moss your guidepost, from a time of chaos to a time of purposefulness.
You know there is no world better than this.
You're rocking gently, aware that you carry power.
You're rocking gently, like a forgotten sea.
The walls are singing songs of welcome to you.
All that you ever made is now a song.
All the clanging of the machines is now a symphony impressed into the bricks.
Industrial shafts are opening up to your collective power.
You observe your proletarian past scribbled into the walls.
Inside, there are tamed beasts awaiting you that recognize only your voice.
When you feel that the time has come for the collective body to start moving, make a nod to one another.
Support your comrades' backs more firmly.
Start whistling the song whose melody is known to all.
If you intended to set off slowly, discard restraint and moderation.
Tighten those tormented muscles.
Engage those worn-out joints.
Hold the hands of those who seem weak.
Form a resolute body, the kind of body you always were.
The moment when you recognize the siren of a car, or the shriek of a seagull, or the banging of pots as the signal to go, go!
Run with your arms stretched open.
Run as though you were running into the sea.
Run, shouting a line of a machine.
Run and use your beliefs to get through walls.
Run, taking care of each other.
Run as though you were late for work.
Run into the corridor and let your voice break into a roar.
The roar will take you to your spot.
Once you're in, no one can ever drive you out.
You've always belonged here.
The walls are yours.
The floors are yours.
The holes in the roof are yours.
The darkened warehouses for secret love belong to no one but you.
You decide what the end of time will look like.
You decide what the end of work will look like.
Let the workers' celebration begin.

3.
Let the last among us close the door.
No one can come in or get out anymore.
We, who are here, are staying put.
We need neither witnesses nor followers.
The walls remember all our victories.
Let us reunite our forces.
We need to clear the remains.
Wipe the floors.
Clean the windows.
Brush the plaster off from every brick, brick by brick.
Brush them off with a metal brush.
Brush off the dust and the noises.
Brick by brick, take the building apart and then reassemble it, brick by brick, a new building for the new workers.
Let's look at our new walls.
Let's look at ourselves, workers, and before we start the machines, let us make a picture for the future.
Let us keep our breath, workers, in the picture and the picture in our heart.
Let it last for as long as a match takes to burn.
The way we see ourselves whilst perishing, that's how we'll be seen forever.
Let us wave to the new generations and start the machines.
Workers, let us be gentle to the machines.
Then the beasts inside them will take mercy on us and our last great job, when we offer them our body, to swallow, devour, crush it.
Let us not be afraid of our final great job.
Our bodies are sweaty with joy.
We remember every victory, every cigarette break, every labour day celebration.
We must start the machines.
The time has never been worse.
The time has never been better.
We need to restart the machines.
We need to feed the steel beasts.
Leave the dragon of capitalism hungry.
We're going into the jaws of the machines with a raised arm.
We're feeding the machines that once fed us.
We're letting the machines devour, swallow, and turn us into a new force.
We're letting them turn us into metal for ship propellers.
Into propellers for ship engines.
All we ever made is now a song.