SAMPLE TRANSLATION

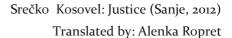
SREČKO KOSOVEL JUSTICE

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Srečko Kosovel: Justice

Politics gambling with the moment, counting on disorientation, giving political promises to supporters; inside, its shallow brevity engulfed by an abject fight for abject aims.

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There has been no era so grand in its questions and so pathetic in its answers as ours.

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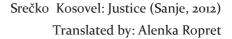
No wonder we have lost our faith in the divinity of the religion that was interfering high and low for a fortunate outcome in war, and preaching loyalty and complaisance towards European moguls, thus driving millions of innocent victims to death, orphaning tens of millions.

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Is it strange that in this era we are said to be trivial?

We are trivial because we want to serve trivialities, selfish ideas.

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We know it is the era of mediocrity, epigones and seekers, we know it is the era of lies, insincerity and hypocrisy. But even the confession itself is too much for us: to dare to acknowledge to ourselves the cruellest truth of all, that the life we are living is a *lie* and we have to live another, which will be the *truth*.

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We are slaves, and dream rather than choose to live and rule ourselves.

Even as we are being beaten with the whip of European imperialisms, we are kneeling before God, praying for our righteous masters.

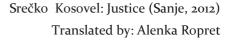
And they in turn let us have God and take from us all the rights given to man by God.

Too much have we been looking at Europe, too little at ourselves.

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True sense is not in civilisation or education, but in the culture of the heart. Once and for all we have to deal with those who in their petty bourgeois complacency have become blind to injustice and wrong. Once and for all let us deal with those who have been consoling starved, frostbitten mankind with otherworldly comforts, bemisting man with Christian humility and mercy.

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It is our belief that only during the time of Justice shall love prevail among people as the condition, goal and content of the life of each individual and mankind; love as a factor, turning mankind into a unit, the condition of eternal peace.

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Fighting for truth, defending justice, protesting against all counterhuman acts by blasé contemporary civilisation, fighting against rotten culture; in all this the spiritual force will show its potential.

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And let me set this down: all today's life, corruption, trafficking, all this can be healed.

All today's culture is a lie, all today's civilisation is a phrase, all mere form or a way to anchor political positions.

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I discovered a civilised face, and behind it shone, elementary, the true face of man. Fully alive, but fully repressed.

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Culture strikes out on its own.

It is like light: its force lies in quietness and luminosity; it does not hum like life, which erects prouder buildings by the day.

And neither does culture demand it; itself alone is the building above buildings, the construction of a weightless mentality, the building of mind and spirit, not taking an inch of land from mercenaries, and it prides itself upon this; it is eternal and everywhere, always watching over us like a bright goal towards which we should be heading.

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Pay no mind to those who sell their beliefs for a bowl of lentils, nor to those who have no beliefs at all.

It's only the seriousness and honesty of fellow warriors we should be interested in. Nor can we promise to any of them privileges we are not entitled to ourselves.

Nor should we claim that it is *us* who lead you to the land of Justice.

Not *us*, but *all* who fight for honesty, sincerity and principle in life, will contribute to progress.

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Calling Upon You

I am calling upon you, rebels of fire and earth, brothers of storm and brothers of tempest, brothers of floods and of shipwreck, brothers of all broken European hearts, I am calling upon you, brothers of this trampled soil, look, there... the grass has grown green, grown green and come to life, brothers of all broken European hearts!

Oh, if only love should awaken like this grass in hearts of the trampled, the poisoned by wrath and by hatred, if only this song should sing high, the tiny grass that has come to life. –

I am calling upon you, brothers of universal love!

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The victory of *truth* in the cultural, *humanism* in the economic, *justice* in social life will be the greatest triumph of modern mankind.

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We are a fire that must burn out, radiate into this darkness to illuminate it.

Fire is not matter, but a mission.

Therefore we do not fear death:
death is our mission,
death to the rotten, terrible life.

Therefore our mission is – the mission of presence.



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You only get to know a person when they have *command*.

Command is a test of a person's ethical power, striving to perform decent acts.

Youth is threatened from all sides by parties, and the times are marked by such depression that a person is measured by party affiliation, and is even allowed to live or sentenced to die according to the same.

So it is that gentlemen politicians, representatives of our "mild nation" and "lovely homeland" have made such a complete mess, confusing country and party.

Naturally, gentlemen politicians look at youth with a critical eye.

They consider it matter, whereas youth is life itself, the seed of life.

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This is the real meaning.
And another: the life of the soul.
In the soul, the centre of all ethnical feeling, originates all human action.
Cultural work is therefore necessary.

The real meaning is not in civilisation or education, but in the culture of the heart.

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A special feature of deep and beautiful souls is to show their lives, to show the only path that a soul should take: towards Beauty.



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History is not repetition,
but creation.

This is the only stance towards history
that we should take.

We should not be following examples from the past,
but from the living present, which we feel within ourselves.

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I see you: you are small; not because of numbers, but through timidity.

Why despair when mankind is being *regenerated*?

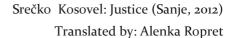
Deliverance is coming: *the deliverance of mankind*.

But you are depressed and dying.

Can't you feel the shimmer?
Can't you feel the crowds on the move?
A new mankind is rising.
So what, if it comes from the lowlands!
It has been humiliated.
So what, if it comes from the bottom!
It has been defiled.
So what, if it comes with thunder and lightning!
It has been suppressed.

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Only a mighty phalanx of all the oppressed will be our solution. For only those who've been oppressed are able to feel and create a new justice, a new world, built for man.





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And just as a crystal can only be shaped by the pressure of mountains and heavy layers of rock, so an idea, pure and mighty, only rises under a tight pressure of circumstance, can only acquire its life-force and confirmation through suffering.

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Man is a representative of the whole. What man feels, has to be done, it has to be done for the whole.

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Every revolution is a reflection of the cosmic will.

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Just as a mother's entire organism has to suffer giving birth to a child, so the entirety of mankind has to suffer giving birth to an idea.

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European man is our ideal, diverse in its faces but unified in its great striving: to love all people and act true to that love.

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Spirit should never be a slave; we should serve it and make it our only leader.

We have been born to carry the torches of Spirit, to assemble around it, to try to gather about it the humanity that has gone astray.

It is our task and our duty to light the unquenchable light and to orient ourselves by this fixed and eternal Pole.

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Working, We Are Building

Working, we are building our future.
Rolling rocks for its construction, dazzlingly white, fiery bright.
And we keep quiet.

Towers glaring in golden hopes.

Placed by the doors are mighty dreams like a fiery sea shimmering in golden flames.

And our work is granite-hard. and our dreams are pure like gold. and our dreams are no delusion.

The future belongs to those who believe in it.