

ORIGINAL DIALOGUE LIST

of the film

NEUE WELT

English

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MOSTAR, Bosnia & Herzegovina:

VOICE

Itinerary for the journey of His Imperial and Royal Highness, His Most Serene General Inspector of the Entire Armed Forces, Archduke Franz Ferdinand, to Bosnia and Herzegovina, from June 23-30, 1914. Thursday, June 25, 8:23 am: Arrival in Mostar.

Supreme tour by automobile along Ricina Street over the Franz Joseph Bridge to the new Franz Ferdinand Bath, continuing over Musala along Srednja Road, past the Karadzobeg Mosque to Glavna Road over the Komaadina Bridge, along Predhum Lane, over Kriva Cuprija past the Central Electricity Station and the Franciscan Monastery, along Parallel-Street, Liska Road to the Roundabout and back along Stefanie Boulevard to the railway station. 9.30 am: Supreme departure from Mostar.

SARAJEVO, Bosnia & Herzegovina:

SALKO ALIHODŽIĆ

I am the muezzin of this mosque. Many things have happened here during the centuries. One event was when the Austro-Hungarian army came to Sarajevo. The majority of the population were Muslims who followed religious customs.

One of the rituals was *ikindija*, the afternoon prayer, when the muezzin would go up the minaret and call people to prayer. A division of the Austro-Hungarian army, which happened to walk by the mosque, did not know what was happening. They turned their weapons to the minaret and started to shoot, and the muezzin had to stop his calling and go downstairs in order to protect himself from the soldiers.

VIENNA, Austria:

VOICE

Vienna Citizen News, January 20, 1910
Tales from Vienna. Up to the year 2000.

Looking back from the year 2000, Bellamy's utopia gains increasingly in relevance the closer we come to this point in time. Only ninety years separate us from this era in which a new social empire with an entirely new social order will arrive. Ninety years: a short time for a cathedral - as Princess Metternich would say - a long time for mankind. As the local council report reveals, a Countess Pollheim-Wartenburg has made a charitable decree in her will for the poor of Vienna. From the sizable sum of 200,000 crowns the interest is to be distributed annually to 500 paupers. Rejoice you paupers of Vienna, though not the poor of the present time, rather those of a distant future, the poor of the year 2000.

But will there really be any poor people in the epoch that Bellamy imagined? And if not, then what will happen to the capital? Here and now in 1910 the question is difficult to answer. Nonetheless we are curious to know how this story will end, and we shall not fail to inquire in the year 2000.

TEMESVAR, Romania:

VOICE

Temesvar, royal free town, capital of the county of Temes, the seat of the General Command of the VII Army Corps. Bishop, trade, and industrial town, with 53,000 inhabitants, among them 27,000 Germans, lies in a plain on the *Béga* Canal. From partially preserved ancient fortifications surrounding the inner city avenues diverge to the suburbs of *Fabrik* - eastward, *Elisabethstadt* - southward and *Josephstadt* - southwest, where the Central Railway Station can be found. Coming from the station via

electric tramway we skirt the *Scudier Park*
and pass the impressive *Franz Joseph*
Theatre, built by Fellner & Hellmer.

Should time be limited 3 – 4 hours is
sufficient for a fleeting tour of the city.

STAGE SINGER

*Most honourable ladies and gentlemen,
I hold it as a duty of a guest,
The host of the house thankfully to fete,
Yet, a speaker - that I am not!
I say, therefore, in all brevity,
Which is always well known to be sweet.*

*The baron gave today his best,
We bring him a triple toast!*

*A triple toast – the giver of the festivities.
To him a triple toast.*

BARON

And you have to act on her to marry only a
Montevedian man, preferably you.

DANILO

You know my basic principle: fall in love
often, get engaged seldom, and never marry.

BARON

But you have to patronize an exception, only
one.

DANILO

One more time.

BARON

Finally dear Count, here you are, I have
important things to talk about with you. Ah
my dear Rosillon, would you please be so
kind as to take care of my wife and bring her
back to society? How is it going with your
love affairs? You have some, don't you?

DANILO

Does Your Excellence know a more pleasant
occupation?

BARON

You are my man, and just perfect for one delicate mission.

DANILO

No work, please

BARON

Who is still working? No. Pleasure. You should marry.

DANILO

Since when is marriage pleasure?

VOICE

Vienna Evening News, January 19, 1901
Wolves in Hungary

In the forests near Beleg, in the district of Somogy, a villager named Paul Horvath was torn to pieces and devoured by wolves while out gathering brush wood, leaving only his clothing and legs in his boots. In the fields on the edge of Tölgyes near the Rumanian border, the sparse remains of a young girl, Anna Sandor, resident of Stomafalva, were discovered after wolves attacked her.

WATER VALLEY, Romania:

WOODWORKERS

*Two dark eyes I once loved
I will never forget them
Wherever I go, whatever I do
I think of two dark eyes
I think of two dark eyes*

AGAFIA KINDRIS

Keep on singing, what are you doing?

YOUNG WOODWORKER

Where should I put the pipes?

YOUNG WOODWORKER

What should I use to remove the ice?
There's ice in here.

VASILE JICALA

Hasn't it cracked?

YOUNG WOODWORKER

Yes, but I can't manage it...

VASILE JICALA

Use your hands or use a rag.

VOICE

Have you finished? Come to the table!

WOODWORKERS

*While my mamma rocked me
While my mamma rocked me
She sang me only wistful songs
She sang me only wistful songs
Wistfully she sang and cried
Wistfully she sang and cried
The melancholia won't let me go
The melancholia won't let me go
Who hears me singing now
Who hears me singing now
I have even more thoughts*

AGAFIA KINDRIS

The rest is written in the book.

VOICE

Bring the book!

VASILE JICALA

Don't put these things away, I'll do it.

AGAFIA KINDRIS

This one here is cute, I like him so much.
I'd like to hug him.

YOUNG WOODWORKER

Grab him by the throat.

JON WEPRERCUK

Our *Babitsa*, she is our mother, the mother of
the company. She is our mom. Food, polenta.

AGAFIA KINDRIS

If I have something to cook, I cook, if not, I
don't.

JON WEPRERCUK

If she has something to cook, she cooks for us. If not, she doesn't. It's not a must. We sleep quietly. We are human beings. We respect each other. We eat like human beings. Each of us whatever he has. Sour cream, cheese, meat, polenta.

AGAFIA KINDRIS

Ram-meat with mustard.

JON WEPRERCUK

And onions! With oil. We eat and go to sleep and in the morning we are back to work. The snow is waist high. Beautiful wood. Tree knots as large as a pot.

VOICE

And a cock the size of a bucket!

OTHER VOICE

You shut up...

JON WEPRERCUK

Why, isn't that so, Uncle Vasile?

VASILE JICALA

My name is Jicala Vasile and I'm a *Transport Auto Forriestiere* driver. The working conditions are like in the forest. It's rather hard. In any case, I believe the forest work is the hardest work. Besides fresh air... the work is very hard in the forest. Particularly in the winter. In winter it is very hard. For us tractor drivers it is also dangerous. Steep mountainsides, ice. For the manual laborers it is also tough. The snow is throat-high. Cold, frost, wind.

TRIESTE, Italy

Buffet Da Pepi, since 1897:

Please?

A roll with porcina? Mustard for you?

Something to drink while you wait?

A small beer, please.

Table 4 is almost free.

Carré Pork.
Porcina pork and *carré* pork
Done.
Porcina, *carré*, mustard?
Porcina, mustard, horse-radish, done.
Good afternoon.
Have you ordered?
Tell me.
All right. Please.

VOICE

Trieste News, June 28, 1897
"Crate traveller" Hermann Zeitung arrived as a stowaway on the Lloyd steamer *Iris* from Venice yesterday. The small man, upon whom travelling in a box has apparently had no ill effects, will for a few days enhance the programme of the café *chantant Excelsior* in Barcola by exhibiting his crate together with the armour he invented himself; it is impregnable to bullets, nails and blades.

THE AUSTRIAN RIVIERA:

VOICE

Agram News, April 21, 1905
Around the World. The Austrian Riviera.

The delights of the fledgling Austrian Riviera need fear no comparison with her older, more famous sister on the Ligurian Gulf. To be sure, the Côte d'Azur is magically beautiful. San Remo, Mentone, Monte Carlo, Nice and Cannes.

However, set aside inherited prejudices and the tyranny of fashion and you will find that our Riviera - even when compared to this much-praised fairyland - possesses a host of impressive, truly invaluable advantages.

Tourism on the French Riviera is limited to four short months of the year; at other times any sojourn there is made unbearable by a plague of flies. This plague of insects prevails for two thirds of the year. During the high season it is accompanied by a plague of

dust, aggravated to a most irritating and unparalleled degree by automobile traffic. Strangely enough, along the entire Côte d'Azur there is not one beach walk or at least none that deserves the name or might be mentioned in the same breath as the delightful beach promenades in Abbazia or Lussin Piccolo.

One is also denied the enjoyment of the delightful sea baths, which have created a summer and autumn season in Abbazia and are helping the seaside resorts near Trieste, above all Grado, to achieve almost unprecedented development.

And finally, the luminous colourful splendor and overwhelming romantic atmosphere of the Dalmatian coast with *Ragusa* and the *Bocche* outstrips the most seductive landscapes of the Côte d'Azur.

BAY OF KOTOR, Montenegro:

KARAMPANA

*Purple dawn is not here yet
Leaves are not fluttering yet
The nightingales still are not singing
To announce the dawn
One does not hear the Zephyr's breeze
Nor the music of the herders
Silence is all around
Everything is at rest*

VOICE

The Oldest Guild in the world. Sarajevo Daily News, August 12, 1909
Next month in Cattaro the Bokeljska Mornarica, Bocchesian Maritime Association, celebrates its foundation 1100 years ago. The association was founded as a burial society in the year 809, when the remains of Saint Tripun were transferred to Cattaro. It later developed into a maritime and social club, adopting the motto *Fides et honor*. A short time ago, to mark the Emperor's 60th jubilee,

the guild was presented with a ribbon bearing the imperial motto.

JOVAN MARTINOVIĆ

This is the flag which Emperor Franz Josef I. gave to the seamen brotherhood of the city of Kotor for the 60th jubilee of his reign.

MILOŠ MILOŠEVIĆ

I am Miloš Milošević, for many years the archivist and director of the Historical Archive of Kotor. And due to this, among other things, I've enjoyed occupying myself with the Marine of the Bay, where I have been a member since my childhood. When I was 12 or 13 years old I was Little Admiral, and now at this age I am Admiral.

And so, when the remains of Saint Tripun arrived and they were purchased for Kotor, there was a detachment of sailors present. The seamen took their white kerchiefs and joyfully greeted their new guest in Kotor. Then they took each other's hands with the kerchiefs and danced the *Kolo*.

I can show you how simple it is. The one who leads the Kolo holds a kerchief. The others hold on to each other with their kerchiefs. The leader starts and then everyone follows in the same step. And so it goes on and on. Now in further interactions, especially as they raise their hands, and as other dancers follow, moving down and going out, this is the symbol of purification from darkness and sin into salvation. This is the symbolism of the Middle Ages.

VOICE

Itinerary for the journey of His Imperial and Royal Highness, His Most Serene General Inspector of the Entire Armed Forces, Archduke Franz Ferdinand, to Bosnia and Herzegovina, from June 23 - 30, 1914.
Thursday, June 25, 3 pm: Supreme arrival in Ilidza Spa.

IVANA UDOVIČIĆ

We are now in the cellar of National Gallery of Bosnia & Herzegovina in a part where we store the official portraits of Franz Josef, of Franz Ferdinand and of King Alexander and all of these portraits were made for public, as public monuments. And for example this one was exhibited and set up in the city hall during the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy. This one was the part of the monument which was built in 1917 at the place where the arch duke Franz Ferdinand and his wife Sophia were killed. In 1914. With this medallion going two crowns which also represent the monarchy. And all other monuments which represent the members of the family of Austria, of Habsburg family were made in bronze. And we have two portraits of King Alexander which were made in plaster and were set up after the First World War in Sarajevo also. After the Second World War all of these monuments were here from that time and they are here about 50 years.

FRANZ JOSEPH STREET, Sarajevo 1914:

DENISA AVDIBEGOVIĆ & LEJLA JUŠIĆ

*My heart senses
spring will come with the wind
Flower seeds will change the soil
when they touch the ground
Rains will wash Bosnia
and colorful rose gardens
Lilies will bloom at daybreak
Rains will wash Bosnia
and colorful rose gardens
Lilies will bloom at daybreak*

DENISA AVDIBEGOVIĆ

I am Deniza Avdibegović. I work here in the opera house in the opera choir. I fled Sarajevo in 1992 because of the war. First I was in Croatia for a year then I went to Germany. I was there for six years. I lived in a refugee home in a hospital. I worked there as a kitchen helper in the beginning. Then I worked at the Post Office. At 4 am I had to

get up, from 4:45 until 8:15 I worked and then I went to school. First German lessons then college, music school, where I studied singing.

When I came back here, immediately on that day, I auditioned and the opera house took me. I was so happy. And I am not depressed or anything like that. Because everybody asks when one returns from the West if you suffer from depressions or something. No, I miss Germany because I have many friends there and I had my best years there. But on the other hand I have my family and my friends here, and I truly love them and I am satisfied.

Everybody works here in the theater. Muslims, Croats, actually Catholics, the people of Catholic faith, and Orthodox, and it doesn't matter who is what. This is Sarajevo and I never had the feeling that I would have some kind of problem because I am Muslim or someone is a Croat or Orthodox. We all live together like before the war. It was very nice that everybody accepted me as I am because I wasn't here during the war and all of the others were here.

DENISA AVDIBEGOVIĆ & FRIENDS

*You are the sky, I am the bird
You are my fine thread
You mean everything to me,
and I am just a trifle for you
When you touched my heart
even the mountain moved
You came close to me,
and then you drew away*

*And I am still searching for something
that has escaped me all my life
And I ask myself*

*What will I do when you are not here
That's the way it is
What will I do without you
When the cold winters come*

*What will I do when you are not here
That's the way it is
What will I do without you
When the cold winters come*

*Without you I am as if without a friend
Without you only sadness
is knocking on my windows*

*And I am still searching for something
that has escaped me all my life
And I ask myself*

*What will I do when you are not here
That's the way it is
What will I do without you
When the cold winters come*

*What will I do when you are not here
That's the way it is
What will I do without you
When the cold winters come*

BAZAAR AND THE MARKET, Sarajevo:

JABUČAR H. NASIR

And you, what kind of a pattern are you making?

YOUNG KAZANDZIJA

I've started with this one.

JABUČAR H. NASIR

Do you want it like this? You've started already, ok. Watch out that you don't strike through. And you?

SON

I'm working.

JABUČAR H. NASIR

Watch out that you don't strike through. What kind of tool are you using?

SON

This one here.

JABUČAR H. NASIR

Good. Go on slowly. Don't strike through.

I made this mortar shell after two and a half months of attacks on Bosnia and Herzegovina. It was terrible, very hard. Some people took sedatives. And in spite of those people who killed, I created this shell with the purpose and message that it is better to produce noble things and ideas and finally to sell them and earn money than to kill innocent people.

The first shells went to the United States. Mrs. Albright received one with this message because, as we all know, Bosnia and Herzegovina was under a weapons embargo which was crazy. We needed to protect ourselves. And after Dayton Mrs. Albright paid a private visit to my workshop and ordered one of these souvenirs for her friend Judy Collins who was marrying at the time. And unfortunately such a shell was a gift, but it has a nice message.

Today this is one of the most desirable souvenirs and a reminder of the horrible events that happened to us. But we didn't let them defeat us. We defended ourselves with God's help in the best possible way.

During the war, during the attacks, after coming down from the frontline, we went to our shops to work and live normally as if there were no war. But all this was in spite of those people who were shooting from the hills and killing innocent civilians and children.

LEJLA JUSIĆ

*When the daisies are in bloom
When the world is at rest
The soul is full of yearning
We parted long ago
Allah, Allah hak Allah
Allah, Allah dzel Allah
Allah, Allah huv Allah
La illahe illelah*

DANUBE & PUSZTA, Hungary:

SHEPHERD

Come, little dog, come.

VOICE

Baedekers Austria-Hungary, 1910.
From Budapest via Debreczin to Füzesabony,
102 km, by railway in 4 1/2 hrs., then 41 km
to Nagyhortobágy - small hotel near the
station, the starting point for a visit to the
Hortobágy Puszta, which is the property of
the town of Debreczin. Upwards of 300
square miles in area, with 50,000 head of
cattle. Permission to visit should be obtained
at the local commissary. The characteristics
of the *Puszta* are particularly distinctive here:
an immense treeless grassy plain enlivened
only sporadically by shepherds' huts,
surrounded by small acacia groves.
Magnificent sunrises; in July and August the
mirages or *Fata Morgana* of the *Puszta*, are
frequently to be seen at midday.

GOOSE WORKER WOMAN 1

What time is it, babe?

GOOSE WORKER WOMAN 2

I don't have the cell phone with me.

GOOSE WORKER WOMAN 3

Watch out, don't tear the goose apart.

GOOSE WORKER WOMAN 4

Don't throw the goose, honey. She'll run out
by herself.

GOOSE WORKER WOMAN 5

On the way home uncle Laci will make a
detour and take you home.

SAMU MIHÁLY

I, Mihály Samu, was born on May 22, 1934.
My poor mother raised us under great
hardship. We didn't have anything. She went
all over to do washing and ironing. I had a
rough childhood, very much so. And then

deportation came in May of 1944. The Jews were deported and in August 1944 so were the gypsies. My father was at the frontline. War was going on, there was a huge attack in the Ukraine. From 3600 soldiers only 16 remained who made it home. They told their stories which I know very well and have not forgotten to this day.

My father told me that the wife of Hungary's leader, Miklós Horthy, pleaded with her husband: Miklós, you should discharge all fathers of five because no men will remain in this country. Then my mother had a baby girl, the fifth child, and my father came home. This was in early August. In the middle of August the police came and kicked the door in. My father was a nimble man, but he couldn't do anything since two soldiers with bayonets and cock feathers were a dangerous matter. „Come on, get ready!“ The horse carriages were stationed in front of the gendarme barracks. My father was forcefully taken away to Kisvárdá. Into a camp, the ghetto. They were locked up.

The war was going on. It was harsh. Shooting, bombing, sirens. We were very afraid. Planes came, attacking from the air. And then in early November the Russians and the Rumanians broke through. And since my father knew what was going on they got away. They came home from the ghetto. Our fate was very hard.

Rákosi's regime came. We were cursed with war indemnity taxes, duties on the delivery of goods. Everything had to be given away. We lived in great need, struggled and suffered through. It was hard.

But now I have grown old, brought up 4 children of my own, educated them, given them homes from my own earnings. I had a good income. I was not a lazy man. As a musician I had my district and also worked in the neighbourhood. So life should only go better, not worse. That is our wish.

SAMU MIHÁLY & BAND

*The farmer is stuck in mud near the forest.
The Walachian gypsy listens to the blackbird's
song high in the tree.*

*He collects hay and oats for his one-eyed
horse.
Behind the gardens he finds a dead hen for
his wife and family.*

*I dare not walk the gypsy's lane
The many Romas may beat me in the end
Come on, bash my head
I'll still go and take my wife with me
Come on, bash my head
I'll still go and take my wife with me*

*Now I have no place left
to lay my poor head down.*

*Give me one or two hands full of hay
to put under my poor head.*

*Give me one or two hands full of hay
to put under my poor head.*

BORISLAV, Ukraine:

VOICE

Illustrated Guide to Galicia.
A. Hartleben's Publishing House. Vienna and
Leipzig. 1914.

Boryslav - 15,000 inhabitants and
Tustanovice with *Volanka* - 13,000
inhabitants are two village municipalities
which form one small town. 50 years ago
unknown, poor mountain villages; today,
densely populated and prosperous, if
unattractive.

This region, where millions have been made
and lost, has something improvised about it.
Alongside American business structures is the
severe neglect of communications, buildings
etc., the "Galician hell". If the drill holes fail,
these villages become worthless. Access to

most of the boreholes across the fields or along the stream. The workers are recruited from all over Galicia, the entrepreneurs from all over the world. Viewed from any angle, Boryslav appears to be a forest of oil towers, which are drilled according to the Canadian system. Group visits by appointment. Particularly interesting - the sight of an eruption of crude oil shooting high into the air as a deposit is struck, and then the fires - far from rare - of the oil towers and of the crude oil streaming from the drill holes, usually due to lightning. The fire in the "Oil City" mine in June 1908 lasted an entire four months with pillars of fire and smoke that resembled a volcano.

Also worth seeing is the train station with its system of pipes, which are in constant operation, carrying the oil to the freight cars; up to one hundred trains depart each day. On the hillside beside the station several enormous round crude oil tanks made of iron can be seen. For commercial travellers to Boryslav, lodging in Drohobych is recommended.

DROHOBYCH, Ukraine:

VOLODYA KERNITSKIY

Now we will sing you a song which is called *My Native Oil*. It is a song about oil, about the oil industry. And in the lyrics there are practically all of the characteristics of oil, the oil industry.

NATALIA STETSKO & VOLODYA KERNITSKIY

My drilling

You gave us oil

We took care of you

Looked after you every day

We pumped this petroleum

and sent it through the pipeline to the

refinery which rises at the edge of the village

The plant is growing and the pistons are working

*The oil pipeline glistens all over like in a dream
The drilling is testing the layers of the earth
And one hears the sound of the rising drill columns*

*My native oil
You've paid us in abundance
You gave us premium for many years long
We unite with you our hands in everlasting unity
We are proud to say that we are oilworkers
We unite with you our hands in everlasting unity
We are proud to say that we are oilworkers*

SERGIJ BODNARTSCHUK

Hello. Workshop. Igor, is it you? Listen, the report. Underpass at 336, assembling, retrofitting, oil discharge, two cubic meters. That's it.

IVANO-FRANKIVSK (Stanislav), Ukraine:

MOISHE-LEIB KOLESHNIK

There's no one here by that name.
No, no, no such person.
So we're closing the synagogue for today.
This is the library, which we've put in order more or less. It is numbered and there is a catalogue. Let's see what we have here. We can see some paintings by our artists in the region. Let's go to the main part of the library.

Here we have books from different places, mainly from Trans-Carpathia and Galicia, and other places. Let's look at this Talmud, a very interesting edition, the Prague edition. The year of publishing, I can't see... 1832. We have other editions. For example here, I believe, is an interesting Viennese edition by Anton Schmidt. It is a Viennese edition from 1807. This is also the Talmud; here is a section called *Masekhta Yoma*. It's the Babylonian Talmud, a beloved thing. Besides

we have our local editions here. This one is from Warsaw, I believe, a Lemberg edition. This means all of Europe is represented. For example this edition of *Tur Orach Chayim* - Column of Way of Life - was published in Warsaw in '82, 1882. Now we're walking up to the 3rd floor.

The main classroom is a mess as usual because there is always a big mess after the young people visit. A big classroom, space for everybody. From here we can see our entire synagogue. Previously this used to be the women's section on the third floor. The balcony was rebuilt several times. The view from here is very good. You can see the entire sanctuary of the synagogue. You can see everything there is.

Jewish School

This is the high school building.
We're going around the synagogue.

Now we are driving to Belwederska Street. During World War II it was the main street of the ghetto. There used to be a synagogue on every corner. Here was a synagogue, and over there was a synagogue. The *Talmud Torah* school was there. The main gate of the ghetto was here, the ghetto entrance. This was the central street of the ghetto. Some old buildings are still left, but most were destroyed during the war, burned, pulled down. On the right are some buildings. The Jewish Council was here during the War, the Jewish Police. On the left there is a large area where we have mass graves. About 2,000 people are buried here. Here was a religious school, *Yeshiva Or Torah* - Light of Torah. I think there were 12 or 15 synagogues in one small street. Before the war this district was called New World, *Neue Welt*.

This is the so-called Road to Death. About 100,000 people were forced along this road. That's it. A "nice" way. Now we're coming to the cemetery. This is the wall we've put up, a new one. Everything was destroyed

here. There was no trace left of anything. Everything was destroyed during the war. Now we've built the wall by a united effort. A compatriot association, immigrants from Stanislav in Israel, financed it. Here we'll stop.

This monument was erected by Soviet officials in 1967, a short time after they closed the Jewish cemetery in Stanislav. They closed it after the Soviet Union cut off diplomatic relations with Israel. About a month later they closed the cemetery for burials, erected this monument, and wrote on the plaque that during World War II over 100,000 Soviet citizens and prisoners from other countries were executed here. This means Jews are not mentioned here at all. A very interesting monument. Aside from this there is the first monument. We're coming to it. It was erected in 1952. It was put between the graves so it wouldn't stand out. Now a willow tree has fallen and you can't see it well, but here it says who and how and why. This monument was erected in 1952. Here is written that the Jews of Stanislav and so forth. The entire text is in Hebrew and Russian.

Mass graves. Here's one. Over there is an edge. There's another one. This was the first action. On one day they murdered 12,000 people from the ghetto. They gathered 20,000 people and started with the shootings. The day simply ended and the shooting stopped. The 8,000 who were still alive returned to the ghetto and were shot there during the war, all the way through 1943. That's it. Such a place. That's all.

TRAIN CONDUCTOR

Does everyone have tickets?
Everybody have a ticket? Everyone.

CZERNOWITZ, Ukraine:

BUS TICKET COLLECTOR

Close the door, Aljona. I can't speak with him. No, I cannot.
Did you turn it down?
Let's turn the heat on, ok?
It's the big thing up there.

ALJONA KOZUBOVSKAJA

Granny, run to the side. Good.
For 10, 11 years I have worked in the garage. This city, I like the city, the work, the interaction with the people. I see a lot along the way. My name is Aljona. Family name, Kozubovskaja. The trolley buses are old, about 30 years. This is how we work.

VOICE

Czernowitz Press, May 15, 1898
The electric streetcar.
Complaints are being made that tram conductors are neglecting to give proper signals, bell-ringing, at street intersections. It can be ascribed to this circumstance that a horse and coach coming from Russian Street only avoided collision with an electric streetcar because the coach driver had the presence of mind to bring his vehicle to an abrupt halt. Equally, on the other hand, it frequently happens that horse carts in particular are left unattended on the tramlines while their drivers take refreshment at a nearby inn.

VOICE

Central Cinema
Emperor Charles enters Czernovitz
When I was Dead
Comedy in Three Acts
Starting at 1:30 p.m. The last performance begins at 9 p.m. From 6-10 p.m. in the evening, Royal Prussian military orchestra concert. Seat prices as usual.

VOICE

Joint War Issue, Czernowitz Global Mail & Czernowitz Daily News. October 17, 1917
Where is Czernowitz? It is high time that the outside world finally learnt where Czernowitz lies. One advantage the war has brought the city is that it has become known around the globe as a result of its tragic fate. And yet we still receive letters and postcards addressed to Czernowitz, Galicia or Bohemia. These letters, however, do not only come from the farthest corners of the world, where, after all, such a geographical lapse might be excused; no, they also come in considerable numbers from imperial German cities and, what amazes us most, from Vienna and the Austrian provinces. After the many events of this war, it should finally be common knowledge throughout Europe that Czernowitz is the provincial capital of the Bukovina.

JOHANN SCHLAMP

So can we begin?

OFF VOICE

Yes.

JOHANN SCHLAMP

I was born April 26, 1914, in Czernowitz. Here I went to school, spent my youth, everything. In the 1930s I took an apprenticeship with a carpenter named Johann Sokalski. He was a Pole. I spent my childhood with many different young people and so I learned many languages. For example, Polish with the Polish children, Romanian with the Romanians, German with the Germans. I had already learned Russian from the year 1914, and Ukrainian was already with us back then, so I knew it too, also Yiddish. So all in all six languages.

Czernowitz has produced many distinctive poets such as Paul Celan, Rose Ausländer. But I believe, in my opinion, I have felt a

great singer came from Czernowitz. Like most he was born in a village, and moved to Czernowitz in the year 1914. He was the famous, world famous, singer Josef Schmidt.

And I knew him. I was 10 years younger than he, but already then I liked him. Because music like Schmidt I already loved as a child.

And I was a big fan of his. For instance in the Herren Street he took a walk with his impresario. This was when he was already in Germany. He came back from Germany once, did a concert here, and he walked on the sidewalk because he was a small man, one meter 54 or 53 (5 feet). And his impresario was walking next to him on the street. Then I did not see him again or hear from him although he came back to Czernowitz from Germany many times and visited his parents. He sang here in the Jewish temple. He sang as a cantor and in the choir. And he was already famous back then, but not yet world famous.

So now I want to sing you a little song from Joseph Schmidt. It's called, *When You're Young, the World is Yours*.

*When you're young, the world is yours
Because everything beautiful pleases you
Then every day is, then every night is
like a sweet fairy-tale for you
Always kissing, always laughing
You live in paradise*

*When you're young, the world is yours
Because everything beautiful pleases you
Springtime is all around
the heart cannot long for more
Happy and joyful shall you be*

*When you're young, the world is yours
Because everything beautiful pleases you
Then every day is, then every night is
like a sweet fairy-tale for you
Always kissing, always laughing
You live in paradise*

*When you're young, the world is yours
Because everything beautiful pleases you
Springtime is all around
the heart cannot long for more
Happy and joyful shall you be*

*Heavenly bliss
Gives you youth
You need youth like wine*

ALJONA KOZUBOVSKAJA

Let's go. *Gesundheit*.
Winter's here. It's cold. You come into the garage and it's cold. Everything is freezing, the windows are snowy. You can't see anything. It takes a lot of time to warm up the trolley bus. And then it's already time to drive the route. For us it's hard to work in the winter. It's okay in summer but in winter it's no kind of work for us. No matter we manage. We keep it together to some extent.

PETER RYCHLO

At the point of origin in the philosophy of existentialism is the awareness of the subject with its characteristic and universal questions, questions about the meaning of being, questions about individual freedom in society, questions about eternal loneliness.

Let`s take the concept of fear from Karl Jaspers. Fear as the eternal attribute, as the eternal characteristic that a human being can never discard wherever she or he is, in any social environment. So this is a condition, let us say, a condition that doesn't depend on any social formation, whether it is capitalistic, socialistic or feudalistic. A human always bears this fear within, which is for the most part incomprehensible, archetypal from the ancient fear of the Stone Age, at the origin of prehistoric man, always afraid of his environment.

ANASTASSIJA STREMBIZKA

My name is Anastassija Strembizka. I grew up in a family where Ukrainian customs and rituals, and also Ukrainian Folk songs, are very much honoured. And I attended the music school. I play accordion. Eight years ago the theater group Voice, *Holos*, was established in our city. I always dreamed that I would play and sing here, and now I have been here for 4 years. About my future? I have some plans. Like all young people I want to have a good family. And now I want to graduate well from the University and then maybe continue and study abroad.

WAITRESS

Food's here.

ALJONA KOZUBOVSKAJA

Two are enough.

WAITRESS

One meat patty?

ALJONA KOZUBOVSKAJA

Yes. I don't eat much.

WAITRESS

Take it.

ALJONA KOZUBOVSKAJA

I will. Give me some salad.

WAITRESS

Here, take the plate.

ALJONA KOZUBOVSKAJA

I'll take the one in the soup pot.
Do you want to put it on my plate?

WAITRESS

Something to drink?

ALJONA KOZUBOVSKAJA

Later. Coffee without sugar.

WAITRESS

Let me make it now. Or are you eating and then coming for coffee later?

ALJONA KOZUBOVSKAJA

Yes, later.

There used to be trams here in Czernowitz, so the older people say, the ones who've lived here a long time. Yes trams went along various streets, where trolley buses can't go today. In the old days people were satisfied with the trams apparently. That was long before there was any thought of me. Exactly when, I cannot say. I think it was easier with trams than with the trolleys. But maybe it was worse. Who knows?

And how has my life been? I finished eight years of school, I was 16. I did an apprenticeship as a saleswoman. After that I went to Crimea for a half-year practicum. I came back and got married at 17. Then I had two children. It so happened that I wasn't lucky with my life. I divorced and remarried and now we have the third heir.

This is how we live. Earlier at the time when I went to school and to technical college, it was much more interesting. Life was easier, we didn't think much. Now every year it's getting harder and harder. Before people had money, but the shops were empty. The lines were huge. You stood in line all night for goods. Today, it's the other way around. There are plenty of goods. The shelves are full, but people don't have money.

And now everyone lives however he can. Everybody is cunning. Survival. We are practically like guinea pigs. We are simply surviving, existing in this land.

VOICE

Bring me water too.

ALJONA KOZUBOVSKAJA

Yeah, right.

It's so cold outside. Chilly. Are you putting them in already? Good. That's my little one. Just a minute. I'm coming.

No, no, no, bunny, no, no, it's okay. Why are you crying? Why did baby cry? What does baby want? Baby wants to eat. And mama will give baby a toy!

Just add a little water.

Maybe he'll eat. Give him a bottle. There's one over there.

I'll close it. Let me taste it.

Go ahead and give it to him in the other room. Put him on the pillow so he'll eat.

End Credits

