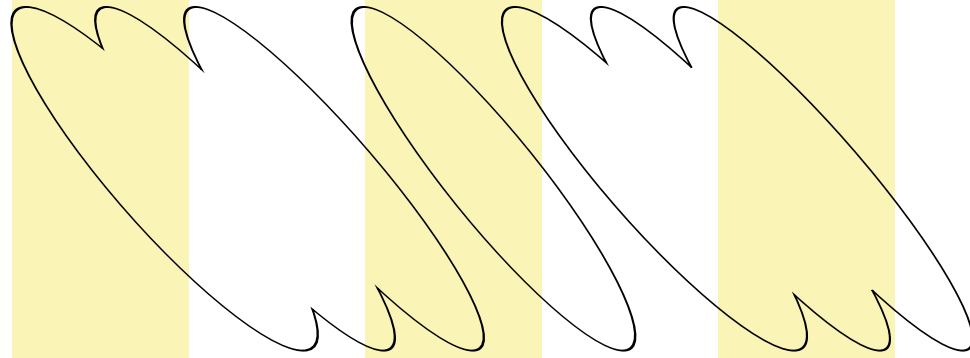


LIBRETO
OPERA-PERFORMANS
Rugile Baržūkaite,
Vaiva Grainite i Lina Lapelite

Sun & Sea



BOSA NOVA KREMA ZA SUNČANJE (1)

Daj, da namažem noge
Da se ne bi ljuštile, pucale, cepale

Dodaj mi, ja ću te namazati
Da ne bi pocrveneo kao rak

Dodaj mi, namazaću te...

MLADIĆ IZ VULKANSKOG PARA (1)

Leteo sam u Portugaliju na koridu
Kratak put, zabave radi
Pilot je morao da prizemlji avion u Londonu:
Pozvao sam prijatelje
I ostao kod njih nekoliko dana
Od tada,
Lukas i ja se nismo razdvajali

Nijedan klimatolog nije predskazao takav scenario
Možda je to neko i predosetio—
Možda bik

...možda bik?

HOR ODMORAŠA (1)

DANAS SU PODIGLI
PLAVU I ŽUTU ZASTAVU
VISOKO:
VIROVI U MORU
OSEKE
PLIME
PODVODNE STRUJE
DOZVOLJENO JE GACATI
PO VODI SAMO DO KOLENA!

PESMA SIRENE (1)

Čovek za koga sam se udala
Moj bivši, utopio se u jugoistočnoj Aziji
Bio je izvrstan plivač

SUNSCREEN BOSSA NOVA (1)

Hand it here, I need to rub my legs...
'Cause later they'll peel and crack,
And chap.

Hand it I will rub you...
Otherwise, you'll be red as a lobster...

Hand it I will rub you...

YOUNG MAN FROM THE VOLCANO COUPLE (1)

I flew to a Portuguese corrida - a short trip,
just for fun.
But then the pilot had to land the plane in London:
So I called up my friends
And stayed over for a couple of days.
And from that day on,
Lucas and I never been apart.

Not a single climatologist predicted a scenario like this.
Maybe someone had a feeling—
perhaps the bull?...

...perhaps the bull?...

VACATIONERS' CHORUS (1)

TODAY THEY HAVE RAISED
THE RED AND YELLOW FLAG UP HIGH:
THE WHIRLPOOLS OF THE SEA,
DROP-OFFS,
RIP-TIDES,
UNDERTOWS.
YOU'RE NOT ALLOWED
TO WADE IN
DEEPER THAN YOUR KNEES!

SIREN'S ARIA (1)

The man I once married,
My ex, he drowned in South-East Asia.
He was the best of swimmers,

Na letovanju sa svojom devojkom
Ni danas niko ne shvata
Kako se to moglo njemu dogoditi:
Jedni kažu
Plivao je predaleko od obale
Duboka voda ga je progutala
Drugi, koji su ga bolje poznavali
Tvrde da je bio grč
Zbog manjka magnezijuma...

HOR ODMORAŠA (2)

SAVETUJEMO VAM DA OSTANETE
NA OBALI
NE OSTAVLJAJTE DECU
BEZ NADZORA!
GRADITE ZAMKOVE OD PESKA,
ŠETAJTE PO PLAŽI,
SKUPLJAJTE KAMENČIĆE
ŠKOLJKE, ČILIBAR I MLEČNE ZUBE!

PESMA BOGATE MAME (1)

Mom sinu je osam i po godina
I on je plivao u
Crnom
Žutom
Belom
Crvenom
Sredozemnom
Egejskom moru
Već je posetio i dva velika svetska okeana
Ostale ćemo posetiti ove godine!

Pre dve nedelje muž me je odveo u Australiju
na ronjenje
Dva fotografa su plivala za nama—uključeno u cenu!
Naš mali je ostao na obali s našom dadiljom...

Istraživali smo koralne šume,
Verali se po njihovim granama,
Umorile su nas, kakva gustina!

Kakvo olakšanje da Veliki koralni greben ima restoran i hotel!
Seli smo da pijemo piña colade—uključeno u cenu!
Pod vodom su ukusnije,
Pravi raj!

ŠANSONA O DIVLJENJU (1)

Kakvo nebo, pogledaj, tako vedro!
Ni oblačka
Šta je ono? Galebovi ili morske laste?
Ne razaznajem ih...

O la vida
La vida...

PESMA O ISCRPLJENOSTI, PESMA RADOHOLIČARA (1)

Smatram da ne bi trebalo da usporim,
Kolege bi me prezele
Rekle bi da mi nedostaje snaga volje

On vacation with his girlfriend.
To this very day, no one can understand how it
could happen to him:
Some say he was swimming out too far beyond
the shore,
And the deep waters took him in.
Others, knowing him better,
Claim he had suffered a cramp due to a magnesium
deficiency...

VACATIONERS' CHORUS (2)

YOU ARE STRONGLY ADVISED TO STAY
ON SHORE,
YOU SHOULD NOT LEAVE YOUR CHILDREN
UNOBSERVED!
JUST BUILD CASTLES IN THE SAND,
WALK THE BEACH COLLECTING STONES, SHELLS,
AMBER, AND BABY TEETH!...

WEALTHY MOMMY'S SONG (1)

My boy is eight and a half
And he has been swimming in
The Black,
The Yellow,
The White,
The Red,
The Mediterranean,
Aegean seas...
He has already visited two of the world's great oceans,
And we'll visit the remaining ones this year!

Two weeks ago, my husband took me diving
in Australia.
Two photographers swam after us—included in the price!
Our little one stayed on shore together with our nanny...

We explored the coral forests,
We climbed through their branches,
It certainly tired us, such density!...

What a relief that the Great Barrier Reef has a restaurant and hotel!
We sat down to sip our piña coladas—included in the price!
They taste better under the water,
Simply a paradise!

CHANSON OF ADMIRATION (1)

What a sky, just look, so clear!
Not a single cloud...
What is there?—seagulls or terns?
I can never tell...

O la vida
La vida...

SONG OF EXHAUSTION. WORKAHOLIC'S SONG (1)

I really don't feel that I can let myself slow down,
Because my colleagues will look down on me.
They'll say I have no strength of will.

Bio bih gubitnik u sopstvenim očima

Iscrpljenost, iscrpljenost...

Iscrpljenost, iscrpljenost...

Iscrpljenost—

Uživam da to pričam kao šalu—

Poput mamuta je,

Nepostojeće biće, izumrlo

Ima ga u enciklopedijama

No, u životu ga nikad nećete srest.

ŠANSONA O PREVIŠE SUNCA (2)

Kapci mi otežali

U glavi mi se vrti

Olakšalo i prazno telo

U boci nema više vode

KAPCI MI OTEŽALI

U GLAVI MI SE VRTI

OLAKŠALO I PRAZNO TELO

U BOCI NEMA VIŠE VODE

SAN

Gost sam u kući autora ove knjige

Prijatno je i opušteno, smeje mi se

Iznenada, domaćin počinje da trlja slepoočnice

Zatvara oči

Kaže: Ne osećam se dobro, opet se vratilo, vreme je!

Vreme, za šta? - pitam ga ja zabrinuto

On mi tada objasni sve:

U GLAVI IMAM TUMOR VELIČINE JAJETA

BOLI DA JEDVA MOGU DA IZDRŽIM!

MORAM POJESTI MALO RAČIĆA

SAMO TADA PATNJA UMINE.

MORAM NABAVITI RAČIĆE, BRZO,

ODVEDI ME U RESTORAN

GORE, NA BRDO, U ZAMAK

Počinje da paniči

Kažem: OK

Čekaj, kažem: Ne umem da vozim

Čekaj, kažem ponovo, sad već ljut:

Da jedeš račiće? Ti, ambasador

jedenja presnog?

Ti si portparol nekuvane vegetarijanske hrane.

Drzak si lažov?

Ti, prevarantu!

Počinjem da ga udaram pesnicama,

budim se okupan znojem -

Nikad nisam usnio čudniji san!

KOMENTAR FILOZOFA (1)

Zar nije smešno, čak i groteskno:

Antičke Persija, Kina, Indija,

Neke od najstarijih civilizacija

Prošle su hiljade godina

A mi ležimo ovde na plaži

Grickamo najsladše urme iz Irana

Igramo šah koji su izmislili indijski bramani

U kupaćim kostimima iz kineskih fabrika

And I'll become a loser in my own eyes.

Exhaustion, exhaustion, exhaustion, exhaustion...

Exhaustion, exhaustion, exhaustion, exhaustion...

Exhaustion—

I like to say it as a joke—

It's like a mammoth,

A nonexistent creature, gone extinct.

Encyclopedias have it,

But in life—a thing you'll never meet.

CHANSON OF TOO MUCH SUN (2)

My eyelids are heavy,

My head is dizzy,

Light and empty body,

There's no water left in the bottle.

MY EYELIDS ARE HEAVY,

MY HEAD IS DIZZY,

LIGHT AND EMPTY BODY,

THERE'S NO WATER LEFT IN THE BOTTLE.

DREAM

I'm a guest at the house of the author of this book.

It's pleasant and comfy atmosphere, I feel like laughing.

But all of a sudden, the host starts massaging his temples,

Closing his eyes,

He says: I don't feel too well, it's back again, it's time!

Time for what?—I ask him, feeling concerned.

And then he explains it all to me:

I HAVE IN MY HEAD A TUMOR THE SIZE OF AN EGG,

IT GIVES ME PAINS THAT I CAN HARDLY BEAR!

I NEED TO EAT A HANDFUL OF SHRIMP,

AND ONLY THEN DOES THE SUFFERING END.

I HAVE TO GET SOME SHRIMP, QUICKLY,

TAKE ME TO A RESTAURANT, UP THERE, ON THE

HILL, INSIDE THE CASTLE...

He starts to panic,

I say: OK.

Only wait, I say, I don't know how to drive.

And wait, I say again, now getting angry:

How can you eat shrimp when you are the ambassador

of eating raw?

You are the spokesman for uncooked, vegetarian food.

How can you be such an impudent liar?

You fraud!

I start to hit him with my fists, and wake up

soaking in sweat

I've never had a stranger dream!

PHILOSOPHER'S COMMENTARY (1)

Is it not a comical even grotesque situation:

Ancient Persia, China, India—

Some of the oldest civilizations in the world.

A thousand years went by and we are

Lying here on the beach,

Snacking on super sweet dates imported from Iran,

Playing a game of chess invented by Indian Brahmins,

Wearing swimming suits made in the factories of China—

Zar to nije parodija puta svile?

ŽALOPOJKA (1)

Nešto nije u redu s ljudima—dolaze s psima
Koji ostavljaju svoja sranja na plaži,
buve u pesku!
Vraćam se kući sa obale izujedana, koža me
ludački svrbi.

Nešto nije u redu s ljudima—piju pivo po danu
na vrućini!
Prosipaju ga, natapaju pesak
Smrdi kao u birtiji!

Onda sviraju zanosan duet sa odbačenim
ostacima sendviča
Kao da ceo dan ležiš do beskućnika!

Nedavno sam raširila peškir preko ostataka
dimljene ribe—
Trula koža i kosti!
Legla sam i osetila smrad
Legnem na stomak, strano telo—
Češ šampanjca—bocnuo me u rebra!
Šta nije u redu s ljudima—zar je tako teško otići
do korpe za otpatke?

Nešto nije u redu s ljudima—dolaze
s psima
Koji ostavljaju svoja sranja na plaži, buve u pesku!

HOR ODMORAŠA (3)

Izmenile su se boje mora i neba.
OVE SEZONE MORE JE ZELENO
KAO ŠUMA!

PESMA SIRENE (2)

Prapraprabaka riba
Prenela je na svoje potomke tajnu
kontrolne škrge:
Svako životinjsko carstvo ima svoje privilegije,
Sve je mudro smišljeno, ali čovečanstvo...
Ne morate se vraćati daleko u prošlost—moj
malopremenući muž, moj bivši—
Bio je sklon osionom ponašanju.
Taj sisar ograničene snage pluća
Na svaki način pokušava da uđe u more,
Zaroni duboko:
Hoće da pobeđi i kontroliše ono što nije u njegovoj moći...

Kiseli talasi,
Pena kao od slonovače,
Ljuljaju čamce pune konzervi,
Turista, voća i oružja.

Avioni na nebu
Brodovi u plovidbi morima.

KISELI TALASI
PENA KAO OD SLONOVAČE—
AVIONI NA NEBU,
BRODOVI U PLOVIDBI MORIMA

Is this not a parody of the Silk Road?

SONG OF COMPLAINT (1)

What's wrong with people—they come here
with their dogs,
Who leave shit on the beach, fleas on the sand!
I come home from the shore, covered with bites, and my
skin itching like mad.

What's wrong with people—they drink beer
in the heat of the day!
They spill it and it seeps into the sand,
Then it smells like a slum-hole!

Which then plays a nice duet with bites of sandwich left
behind—
It feels like lying all day by a homeless man!

Recently, I stretched my blanket out—right on
the old remains of smoked fish—
It was all rotten skin and bones!
I could smell the stench as I lay down.
Turning on my stomach, a foreign body—
A champagne cork—poking my ribs!
What's wrong with people—is it so hard to walk to a trash
bin, or what?

What's wrong with people—they come here
with their dogs,
Who leave shit on the beach, fleas on the sand!...

VACATIONERS' CHORUS (3)

The colours of the sea and sky have changed.
THIS SEASON THE SEA IS AS GREEN
AS THE FOREST

SIREN'S ARIA (2)

The great-great-great-grandmother of fish
Passed on to her descendants the secrets
of gill control:
Every animal kingdom has its special privileges,
Everything is wisely planned out, but humankind—
Well, you don't have to look far—my aforementioned
husband, my ex—
Was so inclined to rash behavior.
This mammal with limited lung power,
Still tries so hard to go into the sea,
To dive down deep:
He wants to conquer and control what is not his to own...

Acidic waves,
Ivory foam,
Rocking the boats full of canned goods, tourists, fruits,
and weapons.

Airplanes in the sky,
Ships sailing the sea.

ACIDY WAVES,
IVORY FOAM—
AIRPLANES IN THE SKY,
SHIPS SAILING THE SEA...

DALEKA PESMA VULKANSKOG PARA

—U koje doba jutro je tvoj let?
—U sedam i petnaest.

—Moraš biti tamo pre pet...
—Već postajem tužna...

—Ujutro ću spremiti omet... Znači, vidimo se
za nedelju dana
—Ta nedelja biće duga...

—Ne zaboravimo da kupimo gorivo!
—Molim, namaži mi izgorela ramena.

PESMA BOGATE MAME (2)

Rekli smo da ćemo za godinu i po tamo proslaviti
sinovljev rođendan!
Kakav čaroban prizor!
Ti koralni rogovi, ta izbeljena, bleđa belina...
To moraš da vidiš, ne da se opisati!

Naša beba, naš sin napuniće 10 godina
za godinu i po!
Želim da svojim očima vidi Veliki
koralni greben!

Mom sinu je osam i po godina
I on je već plivao u
Crnom
Žutom
Belom
Crvenom
Sredozemnom
Egejskom moru
Već je posetio i dva velika svetska okeana
Ostale ćemo posetiti ove godine!

FILOZOFOV KOMENTAR (2)

Banana nastaje, sazreva negde
u Južnoj Americi
A završi negde na drugom kraju planete
Tako daleko od kuće.
Postojala je samo da bismo utolili glad
u jednom zalogaju
Da nam pruži osećaj blaženstva.

Serotonin iz Ekvadora—u našoj ravnici na severu.
U svako doba dana ili godine.

ŽALOPOJKA (2)

...od detinjstva mi dimljena riba budi
neprijatne misli:
Baka me je terala da doručkujem dimljenu
ribu s majonezom—
Svaki dan isto
Čudan stvor, sada pokojan.

Naša seoska kuća je puna bakinih stvari,
Ne želimo ih više u kući:
Idemo onamo sledećeg vikenda

THE VOLCANO COUPLE'S DISTANCE SONG

—So what time in the morning is your flight?
—It's quarter past seven!

—So you need to be there before five...
—I am already getting sad...

—In the morning, I'll make an omelet... Then we'll see
each other in a week...
—But that week seems so long...

—We should remember to get some gas!
—Can you rub my shoulders? They're burning.

WEALTHY MOMMY'S SONG (2)

...we said we'd celebrate our son's birthday there in
a year and a half!
What an amazing sight!
Those coral horns, that bleached, pallid whiteness...
You have to see it, words cannot describe it!

...our baby boy will be ten in a year
and a half!
I want him to see the Great Barrier Reef with his
own eyes!

My boy is eight and a half
And he's already been swimming in
The Black,
The Yellow,
The White,
The Red,
The Mediterranean,
Aegean seas...
He has already visited two of the world's great oceans,
And we'll visit the remaining ones this year!

PHILOSOPHER'S COMMENTARY (2)

The banana comes into being, ripens somewhere
in South America,
And then it ends up on the other side of the planet,
So far away from home.
It only existed to satisfy our hunger
in one bite,
To give us a feeling of bliss.

Serotonin from Ecuador—in our northern flatland,
For any time of day or time of year...

SONG OF COMPLAINT (2)

...ever since my childhood, smoked fish carries
unpleasant associations:
My grandmother used to make me eat smoked fish with
mayonnaise for breakfast—
Everyday, the same.
A strange bird, now passed away.

Our farmhouse is full of grandmother's things, we didn't
want them anymore at home:
We're going out there next weekend,

Izneću na sunce sve kapute,
krzna i knjige.
Ali to sunce...
Ne znaš šta da očekuješ
Ni sneg sred leta me ne bi iznenadio!
Sve je iskočilo iz zgloba:
Maj nam je doneo mraz i sneg
A zima pupoljke i gljive...

Bili smo za Božić u našoj seljačkoj kući,
Ove godine nije bilo mraza i snega,
kao da je bio Uskrs!
Neobično, veoma neobično, uzrok čudnog raspoloženja:
Ujutro sam ustala pre svih i otišla u šumu
Tamo je bila zelena sveža mahovina,
Kao da je proleće!
Išla sam stazom, pored izvora
Našla sam tri lisičarke!
Kraj decembra, kako to?

Kako je baka umela da kaže: kraj sveta!

ŠANSONA O DIVLJENJU (3)

Haljine ružičaste boje lepršaju:
Meduze plešu u parovima
Vreće smaragd-nih boja
Boce sa crvenim kapicama.

Ah, more nikad nije bilo tako puno boja!

PESMA O ISCRPLJENOSTI, PESMA RADOHOLIČARA (2)

Konačno naučih da ostanem miran
Ne nosim svoja raspoloženja kući
Na poslu su nepisana pravila, možemo ih nazvati etikecija
Ne jadikujte kad stvari postanu nezgodne,
Kad ste neispavani
Kad ste meteoropata
I kad ste snuždeni, smešite se...

Uzdržana osećanja, primetio sam, ne gube se lako,
Vezuju se za vašu psihu:
Uzdržana negativna neočekivano pokulja
Kao lava.
Krivo mi je kad ne mogu da se
Obuzdam i budem smiren
U javnosti
Posramljen sam...

KAO LAVA, KAO LAVA, KAO LAVA, KAO LAVA...
ISCRPLJENOST, ISCRPLJENOST, ISCRPLJENOST,
ISCRPLJENOST...
KAO MAMUT...
NEPOSTOJEĆE BIĆE...PROHUJALO, IZUMRLO:
U ENCIKLOPEDIJAMA ANALIMA ISTORIJE POSTOJI
A U ŽIVOTU JE NEŠTO ŠTO
NIKAD NEĆETE SRESTI
NIKAD NEĆETE SRESTI...
LETOVANJE JE UBILO MAMUTE
ZVANIČNO TO BIĆE NE POSTOJI
ALI ZAPRAVO,
TO JE VRSTA KOJA
SE MNOŽI

I'll carry out all the coats, and furs, and books
into the sun.
Only that sun...
One doesn't know what to expect...
Even snow in summer wouldn't surprise me!
Everything is out of joint:
The beginning of May brought frost and snow
And winter gives us buds and mushrooms...

You see, we had Christmas at our farmhouse,
But this year, there was no frost, no snow, it felt like it
could be Easter!
Unusual, very unusual, it made for a very strange mood:
In the morning, I rose before everyone else and I went into the
woods—There was refreshing green moss,
Just like in springtime!
And as I walked the path, there beyond the well,
I found three chanterelles!
The end of December, how come?

As granny liked to say: The end of the world!

CHANSON OF ADMIRATION (3)

Rose-colored dresses flutter:
Jellyfish dance along in pairs—
With emerald-colored bags,
Bottles and red bottle-caps.

O the sea never had so much color!

SONG OF EXHAUSTION WORKOHOLIC'S SONG (2)

I finally learned to stay calm,
Not to take my state of mind home.
And at work there are unwritten rules, we could call them etiquette:
Don't complain when things get difficult,
When you are lacking sleep,
When you are under the weather.
Even if you run out of gas—just keep smiling...

But suppressed emotions, I noticed, don't disappear so easily,
They get knotted up in your psyche:
Suppressed negativity finds a way out unexpectedly,
Like lava.
I feel so bad when I can't control myself,
And I lose my cool in public.
Then I feel sorry for myself, guilty,
I feel ashamed...

LIKE LAVA, LIKE LAVA, LIKE LAVA, LIKE LAVA...
EXHAUSTION, EXHAUSTION, EXHAUSTION,
EXHAUSTION,
IT'S LIKE A MAMMOTH—
A NON-EXISTENT CREATURE GONE EXTINCT:
ENCYCLOPEDIAS, THE ANNALS OF HISTORY—HAVE IT,
BUT IN LIFE—A THING YOU'LL NEVER MEET
YOU'LL NEVER MEET
YOU'LL NEVER MEET...
VACATION IS WHAT KILLED THE MAMMOTH—
OFFICIALLY, THE CREATURE DOES NOT EXIST,
BUT ACTUALLY,
IT'S A SPECIES THAT
BREEDS AT THE

VELIKOM BRZINOM

POSLE ODMORA,
VAŠA KOSA SIJA,
VAŠE OČI BLISTAJU,
SVE JE U REDU.

Posle odmora,
Vaša kosa sija,
Vaše oči blistaju,
Sve je u redu.

PRIČA O VULKANU

LJUDI PLANIRAJU CELE GODINE
DESET DANA SVOGA ODMORA
KOJI UPRAŽNJAVAJU
JEDANPUT GODIŠNJE
SADA SEDE OZNOJENI
U ČEKAONICI AERODROMA
A ZLATNI VREO PESAK POSTOJI SAMO
U PROSPEKTU

VULKAN JE PRORADIO IZNENADA
SUPROTNO SVIM DIJAGRAMIMA
I DNEVNOM REDU
NIJEDAN KLIMATOLOG NIJE PREDSKAZAO
TAKAV SCENARIO.

PRE NEGO ŠTO JE STIGAO
DO AERODROMA
AVION JE UHVAĆEN
U CRNI OBLAK
PEPEO KOJI BUDE UVUČEN U VRELI MOTOR
PRETVORI SE U STAKLO:
PEPEO, AVION
PEPEO, AVION
PEPEO, AVION...

LJUBAVNA PESMA VULKANSKOG PARA (2)

Ostao sam tamo nekoliko dana
Dok se pepeo i panika nisu smirili
I paraliza aerodroma nije prestala
Moj ondašnji prijatelj me je upoznao sa bratom:
—Zajedno smo!
—Zajedno smo!

SESTRINA 3D PESMA

Plakala sam kad sam saznala
da će koralni nestati
S Velikim koralnim grebenom
izumreće i ribe
Od ajkula do najmanjih ribica.
Plakala sam kad sam saznala da pčele
u ogromnom broju padaju s neba
Da će s njima biljke na planeti umreti
Plakala sam kad sam saznala da sam smrtna
Da će moje telo jednog dana
ostariti i uvenuti
Da neću videti, osećati ili iskusiti miris nikad više...
Majka je ostavila uključen 3D štampač
Mašina je počela da me štampa.

HIGHEST RATE.

AFTER VACATION,
YOUR HAIR SHINES,
YOUR EYES GLITTER,
EVERYTHING IS FINE.

After vacation,
Your hair shines,
Your eyes glitter,
Everything is fine.

THE STORY OF THE VOLCANO

PEOPLE HAVE BEEN PLANNING
ALL YEAR LONG THEIR TEN DAYS OFF THEIR
VACATION,
WHICH THEY ONLY TAKE ONCE EVERY YEAR.
NOW SITTING ALL SWEATY IN THE AIRPORT
WAITING ROOM—
GOLDEN HOT SAND EXISTS ONLY
IN THE BROCHURE.

THE VOLCANO ERUPTED UNEXPECTEDLY,
CONTRARY TO ALL THE DIAGRAMS AND
TIME TABLES—
NOT A SINGLE CLIMATOLOGIST PREDICTED A
SCENARIO LIKE THIS.

BEFORE IT REACHED THE AIRPORT,
THE AIRPLANE WAS CAUGHT UP
IN THE BLACK CLOUD.
WHEN ASHES ARE DRAWN INTO
THE HOT ENGINE,
THEY BECOME GLASS:
ASHES, AEROPLANES,
ASHES, AEROPLANES,
ASHES, AEROPLANES...

THE VOLCANO COUPLE'S LOVE SONG (2)

I stayed over for a couple of days,
Until the panic and the ashes diminished.
Until airport paralysis came to an end.
My friend here introduced me to his brother:
—We are together!...
—We are together!...

3D SISTERS' SONG

—I cried so much when I learned that corals
will be gone.
And together with the Great Barrier Reef the fish would
go extinct—
From sharks to the smallest fry.
—I cried so much when I learned bees are massively
falling from the sky,
And with them all the world's plant life will die.
—I cried so much when I understood that
I am mortal,
That my body will one day get old and wither.
And I won't see, or feel, or smell ever again...
—My mother left a 3D printer turned on.
And the machine began to print me out.

Kad moje telo umre
ostaću na pustoj planeti bez ptica, životinja i korala
Ali pritiskom na jedno dugme
ja ću ponovo stvoriti ovaj svet.
—3D koralni nikad ne nestaju!
—3D životinje ne gube rogove!
—3D hrana nema cenu!
—3D JA živim zauvek!

Odštampaću te, majko,
Kad te budem trebala
I sestru ću odštampani
Kad mi bude nedostajala
Svi mi zajedno, odštampaćemo izvesnu količinu mesa
I račiće, takođe
Kad nam se bude jelo nešto ukusno
Odštampaćemo i pčele
Tako će ostati bar nešto od slasti.

3D KORALI NIKAD NE NESTAJU!
3D ŽIVOTINJE NE GUBE ROGOVE!
3D HRANA NEMA CENU!
3D JA ŽIVIM ZAUVEK!

BOSA NOVA KREMA ZA SUNČANJE (2)

Da li bi mi time namazao leđa?
Kupila sam za nas kremu za sunčanje
Šta piše?
—hajde da pročitamo
Trebalo bi da je dobra
Dodaj mi naočare
Pogledaj u drugu torbu

Zaštita za veoma osetljivu kožu...
Schutz für überempfindliche Haut...
Захист для гіперчутливої шкіри...
Protezione per la pelle ipersensibile...

HOR ODMORAŠA (4)

OVE GODINE MORE JE ZELENO
KAO ŠUMA:
EUTROFIKACIJA!
BOTANIČKE BAŠTE SU PROCVETALE
U MORU
VODA CVETA.
NAŠA TELA SU POKRIVENA KLIZAVIM ZELENIM
RUNOM
NAŠI KUPAČI KOSTIMI SE PUNE ALGAMA.
PRAZNE KUĆICE PUŽEVA, NABUJALA MORSKA
TRAVA, OSTACI RIBA
I SVE VRSTE ŠKOLJKI.

Tekstovi: Vaiva Grainite
Prevod s litvanskog: Rimas Užgiris
Prevod s engleskog: Vera Konjović
Kompozicija i muzička direkcija: Lina Lapelite
Režija i scenografija: Rugilė Barzdžiukaitė
Koncept i razvoj: Rugilė Barzdžiukaitė, Vaiva Grainite i Lina Lapelite
Dizajn libreta: Goda Budvytytė

Sun & Sea (Marina) digitalni album možete kupiti na
sunandsea.bandcamp.com

When my body dies, I will remain,
In an empty planet without birds, animals and corals.
Yet with the press of a single button,
I will remake this world again:
—3D corals never fade away!
—3D animals never lose their horns!
—3D food doesn't have a price!
—3D me lives forever!

I will print you out, mother,
When I need you,
My sister too, I will print you out,
When I miss you dearly.
All of us together will print out some meat,
And shrimp as well,
When we want something savoury to eat.
And we will print out the bees,
So that at least some sweetness is left.

3D CORALS NEVER FADE AWAY!
3D ANIMALS NEVER LOSE THEIR HORNS!
3D FOOD DOESN'T HAVE A PRICE!
3D ME LIVES FOREVER!

SUNSCREEN BOSSA NOVA (2)

Will you cover my back with it, please?...
I bought us some new sunscreen...
What does it say?...
...let's read it...
It should be good enough...
Hand me my glasses...
Look in the other bag there...

Protection for hypersensitive skin...
Schutz für überempfindliche Haut...
Захист для гіперчутливої шкіри...
Protezione per la pelle ipersensibile...

VACATIONERS' CHORUS (4)

THIS YEAR THE SEA IS AS GREEN
AS A FOREST:
EUTROPHICATION!
BOTANICAL GARDENS ARE FLOURISHING IN THE
SEA—
THE WATER BLOOMS.
OUR BODIES ARE COVERED WITH A SLIPPERY
GREEN FLEECE,
OUR SWIMSUITS ARE FILLING UP WITH ALGAE,
EMPTY SNAIL HOMES, SWOLLEN SEAWEED,
FISH REMAINS,
AND ALL KINDS OF SHELLS...

Texts: Vaiva Grainytė
Translation from Lithuanian to English: Rimas Užgiris,
Translation from English to Serbian: Vera Konjović
Composer & musical director: Lina Lapelytė
Director & scenographer: Rugilė Barzdžiukaitė
Concept & development: Rugilė Barzdžiukaitė, Vaiva Grainytė, Lina Lapelytė
Libretto design: Goda Budvytytė

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