

- Isn't it time to put away that dreadful coat of yours! says Vega in the bus through Lombardia.

- It is camelhair, says Elin insulted and folds the big coat closer around her.

She bought it in a second-hand boutique in Paris. Paris in springtime was colder than she had thought. Now the summer and the warmth has come but Elin wants to stay in her coat.

Elin chare hotel-room with Vega during the tour and since Barcelona and Milano Vega has tried to stop her from using the coat. Vega thinks that Elin is hiding something by using it.

The touring theater-company are off this day and the bus will stop at the Genève-lake so that the ensemble can have some hours rest. They are on their way to Berlin which is the last city before the summer holidays.

They are all very disappointed when they get off. It is prohibited to bathe in the very polluted lake.

- *Alpenluft*, ssays one off the tall walker-ons and suggest the montain-rail instead.

He looks somewhat amused at Vega but he gives Elin a shy look mixed with admiration and fear. Round his neck he wears "the hammer of Tor".

The three young walker-ons goes up the hills. They have been longing for nature and fresh air for a long time. They have been woriking in dusty and polluted cities for a long time.

Slowly, they go higher and higher and they can see the snowy alp-tops glittering like cream around the poisoned lake.

- It is really kamp, says Peter.

Admirerily, he touches Elin's black suitcase in paper, Cleas old refugee-case.

- What do you have in it?

Peter unlocks it and lits the lid.

Elin smashes it down and holds it hard in her arms. She hurts her finger and looks accusingly at Peter who is surprised but looks teasingly at her. Elin sucks on her aching finger, tries to say something but starts caufing violently.

- Take it easy, Vega says. Don't touch her bag, for all in the world. Not even I know what she has in that treasure coffin.

Vega smiles roguishly. She has lived for a quarter of a century but she has still got two milt teeth left that she shows everytime she smiles.

- Hitler hide all his tresures that he had taken in a moutain-room here at the Alps, says Peter.

- That old bag is *her* treasure, says Vega. She has waken me up every night and made me search in everyhotel-room for it. In Barcelona she dreamt that it burned and in Milano that it was crushed by stones. I think that her bag is al right. But her coat!

Vegas little milk teeth show themselves in a teasing but lovingly smile.

Elin stars at her colleagues. She knows that they want to be good to her. They try to reach her feelings but Elin is hiding because she has no presens of her own. She feels like a souvenir from the past.

- Think if Hitler had entered the art school instead, Elin said. Then he could have painted his fantasies. He could have created the whole ware and the destruction of the jews on his paintings instead of engineering them in reality.

- Isch! What horrible paintings it would have been, says Vega. Nobody should want to have them on their walls.

- You never know, Peter says. But surely som violent psykophat should be so bewitched by the paintings that he made reality of them.

They all nod agreeingly. They experiance that theur thoughts get clearer in the fresh alp-air when they walk upwards on twisting paths.

They feel hightened and general viewing. They meet a donkey wearing a red straw hat and they follos her to the owner that runs a little restaurant.

Elin recoginizes the wiew. She has seen the lake and the mountains earlier. That time she heard again and again about how much she looked like her dead aunt. Clea and Ilse acted like teenagers and they called her Chawa. They talked german all the time and pretended they were three girls from Cottbus and Chawa was the poor little sister who didn't understand anything. Elin has become Chawa again.

- A spirit has filled me, Elin says suddenly.

- I could have knewn that, Vega answers. Is it good or evil?

- Very dead.

- I know some of exorcism, says Peter. I can expell it if you want to.

- Okey.

Elin lays down in the hay beside the donkey.

Vega makes her a comfortable bed.

Peter makes magical looking gestures that Elin believes just look as the walker-ons gestures in their play.

The donkey shews with its yellow and ran down teeth and watches them absentmindedly. Elin thinks it looks to be laughing.

- Spirit, what is your name?

Elin tries to get a sight of Vegas cosy childhood teeth but she can just hear a lonesome voice screaming inside her womb with a *inexorable - dead-catastrophal-incomprehensible-unbearable* sorrow.

- Chawa!

- What do you want Chawa? Why have you occupied this young womans body?

- Can't find mummy. Want a living mummy of flesh and blood. Elin is my mummy.

- No, she isn't. She's a walker-on just like us. Chawa! Go back to the dead! I command you!

- *J'accuse! J'ACCUSE!*

The spirits voice fills the valley.

- I accuse you! How can you expose me for this? I have no heaven, no hell or no rebirth. Why didn't you take me to the Promised Land?

- Follow me to the Orimised Land, Peter tempts. Come!

- No, I've said.

- It's a stubborn spirit, Peter moans and wipe his forehead. Chawa! Come on! I will lead you across the border. Your mother is waiting for you there.

- Follow me to the grave instead, says Elin and sits up.

*These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us: though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the sequent effects: love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond cracked 'twixt son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction; there's son against father: the king fall from bias of nature; ther's father against child. We have seen the best of our time: machinations, hollowness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders follow us disquietly to our graves.*

*Find out this villain!*

Elin feels a lance stick in her back and turns around.

The soldier who sticks her has got his visir down.

- who's grave do you mean? he whispers.

The curtain goes down. Once again on of the european bourgeoisie make enthousiastic applause.

The walker-ons stand in a long row behind the actors and bow themselves again and again.

Elin stars at a piece of psoriasis that falls from one of the actors. The piece lands on the red carpet and Elin feels a unresistable lust to taste it. The memory of Chawas dark voice and her huge face far above from the floor, sticks to her tounge. Elin must herself at that time have had a very small body, far away from faces above the table.

- My grandmothers grave of course, Elin shouts and run with her black coffert to the make-up.

- You fool! You can't walk like that!

Vega points at the brown spots in Elins face.

The walker-ons stand in front of the mirrors and works eagerly to take away the make-up from faces and bodies. Big brown spots pretending dirt have been stuck on them everywhere.

Elin undresses her martyre-dress and thinks that the demon-director once also was brown during his youth-years and fascinetad of the Hitlerism. He changed opinion when he got to know that people were tortured and murdered in the name of Hitlers. It was shown that the brown people only wanted revenge for old wrongs and they wanted to make war.

No one of the brown had time to sit still and take part of Bergmans productions of filmdreams. They were busy realizing Hitlers dream.

- *Achtung! Achtung! Schnell! Schnell!* We shall go to cabaré and party all night!

- *Jawohl, mein Führer!*

Peter hurries on the walker-ons who runs between mirrors and make-up boxes to get ready.

Peter squeezes between Elin and Vega. He has got red spots on his chest and he turns excitedly a wig round and round his finger.

- Follow me and then I will follow you! he whispers in Elin's ear.

Elin drops her remover, puts the wrong lids on the tubes and her soap smashes on the floor. Peter's presence makes her nervous and she can't get rid of her mask. The brown spots are all over her and the more she works with the remover the more patchy she looks.

Vega feels strongly how Peter and Elin's animas exulted sunbathe in each other's glow.

- I will not sleep in my hotel room tonight, she says straight forward. So just go ahead but Elin please hurry up now!

Vega is ready dressed in a fancy nightclub-dress and round her eyes she has got glitter. She pinches her cheeks to get them rosy.

Elin washes her hot face intensively. The brown spots are less colourful but in some way they have stuck under her skin. Silently, she laughs at Vega, the little bward, who has decided that it is time. During the whole tour Elin and Peter carefully have tried to avoid each other but they have both felt that it was only a question of time before they have to confront.

Elin falls into sleep again in the morning and dreams that she goes up in the mountains to escape Hitler's men.

*The air she breathes gets thinner and colder with a smell of holy cold stone. The mountain side sticks sharply up toward the sky and far up on a plateau lays the monastery. She gets baptized and are welcomed as a novice, gets a rosary and a crucifix. But the suspicion against her grows when the censor reads her letters sent from enemy country. The new catholic novice is married to a protestant who in his turn has already been married.*

*The nuns report her for putting a bowl of water outside for the wandering souls to cool down in on the sabbath night.*

*During the interrogation she says that she is innocent. The water was only meant for the cats. She believes in Jesus as savior and she believes in Mary's virginity. She always buys religious pictures from the painters and flesh from the butcher on the market days.*

*Nevertheless they put her in the martyr cell. The pictures from the monastery's museum are put up on the walls. All the motives are from maimed martyrs; one woman holds a silver tray with her eyes lying on it. The blood is flowing from another woman who has got her breasts cut off. Down in the prison cell sits a naked man on his way to circumcise himself.*

*Every night she can hear the abbess read the same lines from the Book of Judges: And they knew her and abused her all the night until the morning; and when the day began to spring, they let her go. Then came the woman in the dawning of the day, and fell down at the door of the man's house where her lord was, till it was light.*

*And he said unto her, Up and let us be going!*

*But none answered.*

*Then the man took her up upon an ass, and the man rose up, and gat him unto his place.*

*And when he was come into his house, he took a knife, and laid hold on his concubine, and divided her, together with her bones, into twelve pieces, and sent her into all the coasts of Israel.*

*Cat after cat come walking. Redhaired cat with shimmering fur come and lay down quietly besides her body parts that are spread out on the plateau of the mountain. Sleepily and absentmindedly they watch out over the mountains. One of the pieces starts to move.*

Elin feels Peter's hand and goes up. She survived! She made it.

They hurry away before Vega will knock at the door to get closer details.

Peter shuts the door silently. The hotel corridor is bathing in morning light. Everything is still.

Elin puts her foot right into the bowl of water that Vega has put out for the dog which live at the hotel. She already knows what to tell. Miraculous power is coming out of his forehead. Then she will talk about his teeth. Peter has got four fullgrown wisdom-teeth. She herself hasn't got one proof of wisdom. Her wisdom-teeth are all ready but they can't be seen because they lay under the surface. They can only be seen on x-rays.

For the first time they walk together side by side. Peter walks nearest the cars and has adjusted his long soldier steps to Elin's shorter martyr steps. At the beginning Elin was forced to take extra running steps to keep up with Peter.

The town is getting back to the looks it had between the world wars. Old houses and famous buildings are renovated and the tracks after the Berlin-wall are nearly gone. Newly planted lind-trees are growing along Unter den Linden-avenyn where Hitler on his time tore down the trees to make broader space for his parades. Streets and squares in the eastern part are getting back their old names. Karl-Marx-platz is named the Stock exchange again. The most important these days also seems to be the D-mark. People talk about its exchange rate and its real vaule. The mark is conquering all countries that Hitler lost in the war.

- I've got an appointment with my grandfather at Kurfürstendamm, Peter says suddenly. we can eat breakfast there.

They enter Kafé Kranzler. The big room has a preussian style. In the seiling there are bronzed lamps that shine on the wall mirrors. Fat ladies are serving generously big bakeries.

Peter goes straight ahead towards an eldrlly man sho looks fit and well trained for his ages. Peters grandfather speaks swedish but with the same accent as Clea, Elins mother.

- what did you do during the war? Elin asks.

She asks the same question as Clea always ask when meeting an eldely german.

- Like everybody else, chuckles Peters grandfather.

- He was a soldier, Petersays. He fought on the losers side. He lost everything except his own life.

- My grandfather also fought on the german side, says Elin. But that was during the first world war of course.

Peters grandfather chears up.

- Please, do call me Emil, he says.

He looks carefully at Elin.

- Haven't we seen before? he asks. Didn't you live in!? You had a very beautiful jugend house.

Peter rolls up his eys.

- He must have become senil, he whispers to Elin and to his grandfather he says: Elin comes from a suburb outside Stockholms, just as I do.

Emil stars at Elin. It was a long time since he was in Sweden. He had his wife and children there but he didn't see any suburbs. He soon divorced and got back to Germany. But he has been looking at suburbs on his buisness journey to Israel. He looked in the telephone-books after names he once knew to see who had survived and to see if they lived in nice houses. His face twists. The young woman in front of him reminds him of the past. He has seen that face of hers every night for half a century. That face has been sitting on a little body of a kid, so frightened and destroyed. The kids mother lays very still at its side. the hunter ought to shot the kid of mercy but hte hunter is a wolf. the wolf is ill. He has itching animals all over his fur. He itches and itches and wake up filled with bad feelings and he knows that as soon as he will fall into sleep, he will see that face again.

- It is said that I look exactly like my aunt, Elin explains. Did you know Chawa?

- Chawa. Strange name.

Emil stars expressionless at his one face in the wall mirror.

- where you a member of the party? Elin asks.

Emil folds the newspaper so many times that it become very small and thick and he puts it in his suit.

- Did you know anybody in Cottbus who was named Josefin? Peter wonders. Josefin was Elins grandmother and she wnatns to visit her grave.

- You know the story of Hans and Greta, don't you? They were put in the forest. Josefin and the other jews were also put in the forest. It was an order.

Emil stiffly gets up and staggers towards the door without saying good bye.

Peter runs after him.

- 'I never shot at her. I tried to help my old landlord.'

Peter quotes his grandfathers only explanation for the sudden good bye. He watches Elin just as uneasy as Emil just did. His imagination of his grandfather had beens as a german soldier and not as a murderer of women and children.

- The Israelians are behaving like pigs towards the palestinians, he says angrily to Elin. The jews really ought to behave better, after all they have gone through with concentration camps and shit.

- You don't understand anything, Elin says angrily. It is the beaten children who in their turn become assaulters. How do you brake the original sin!?

- You need love and lots of *tat tvam asi*, Peter answers determently.

Elin leaves the café.

Peter runs after her and walks silently at her side.

Elin changes side with him to walk nearest the cars.

With determined steps she enters the town museum to look at the exhibition "The Jewish Berlin".

Peter follows her carefully.

Elin looks uninterested at photos and models of Berlin's synagogues how they looked like before they were destroyed. They are very beautiful but it is not what she is looking for.

The town Berlin invites all Jews who once lived in Berlin during the Hitler time to visit their home city that they fled from, as tourists. A publisher company is collecting all their names, ex-addresses and fates and the visitors are asked to write their names in a register. A special made map has been done for the Jewish tourists and memorials have been put up around the city so they can find the places where the synagogues once lay. Even schools, cultural centres, theatres, museums, hospitals and to Elin's satisfaction, graveyards are marked.

Elin walks away with the map in her hand.

Peter has to make extra running steps to follow her. He reminds her that they can not be late for the evening's performance.

- You don't have to accompany me, Elin says. I'll manage.

- You need my protection, Peter says stubbornly and halts after her.

He's got shafed feet from all walking.

Elin finds Matilde Steiner's grave and gets very excited. She wants to find more graves as proof for her own existence.

- Give up, Peter says and throws away the *keppa* that a guard put on his head when they entered *på Weissensees* graveyard.

- I'm tired of running around with a black *peppar* on my head and search for graves. Your grandmother can be buried in any forest. The Nazis made enormous deportations of Jews, you know.

Elin agrees to take the tram back but when she gets sight of a sign which says *Association for persecuted by the Nazi regime*, she jumps off.

- We have to go in here, she says to Peter.

Peter nods resignedly and looks longingly towards the theatre that lays some blocks away.

A woman named Waltraut kindly receives them.

- My grandmother was a member of the mosaic assembly and for that persecuted, Elin says. She was deported and I would like to know to where. Perhaps it is nearby so that I can go there?! I'd like to do one of these 'sentimental journeys'.

Elin shows the special made map.

Waltraut looks compassionately at her.

- There is a deportation cartotek at the Lands archives. Try there but...

- Good. Thank you, Elin interrupts her. I'd like to see her grave or a memorial.

Waltraut sighs heavily and strokes with her fingers on the inside of her glasses.

- Eleven millions civilians, half of them Jews, died in prison camps and they have no graves. No graves!

- How can I be sure then that my grandmother is dead? Elin says. How can I be sure that she in fact has lived?

Waltraut makes quick vibrations with her head and looks around helplessly in the room.

Peter pats Elin on her shoulder.

- More than double of the soldiers also died, he says comforting.

Waltraut nods agreeingly.

- And what can I do for you, young man?

- I don't need any help, Peter says. My grandfather didn't like Jews or other differently thinking people. He hadn't these peoples as his best friends, you know. But he didn't shot her grandmother. That's what he told me anyhow.

Waltraut looks astonished at the young couple.

- Good luck! she says and lifts her phone to receive the waiting people in the telephone queue.

*Sehr geehrte Frau Elin,*

*Ihre Großmutter und ihre Tante offenbar am 17. November 1941 mit dem 6. Osttransport nach Riga verschleppt wurde. Von diesem Schicksal waren gemeinsam mit dem am 14. November 1941 nach Minsk erfolgten Transport 3715 Personen betroffen. Es war einer der größten Transporte der verbrecherischen NS-Politik.*

*Mit freundlichen Grüßen*

*Im Auftrag*

*Doktor Jürgen*

*Berlin 10/6 1991*

The message from *Landesarchiv Berlin* lays in Elin's box.

Elin translates it with help from a conversation-dictionary. She thinks that doctor Jürgen could have written what kind of *Schicksal*, fate, the deported had in common. If doctor Jürgen knows what fate her grandmother was brought into, he could have written it, or is he still obeying an old order not mentioning anything about the deportees' coming fate? Did his forerunners who ran the deportation kartotec know or didn't they?

Elin puts the message in the black case. She wraps herself into the warm camelhaircoat and takes her refugee case under her arms.

Peter and Vega are already sitting in the breakfast buffet. They talk about Elin so they stop talking when she joins them.

Vega's milk teeth show themselves in a compassionless smile but the smile becomes roughly as usual.

- I have read that bastards get lively and happy, she says. But that theory doesn't fit on you. Cheer up and forget about the past!

- Tomorrow starts our holiday, says Peter. We are welcome to visit Vega's island in the archipelago. Are you coming?

Elin shakes her head. She opens her refugee case wide open. She shows them the black and white photo of Chawa.

- It's you, Vega and Peter says with one mouth.

Elin shakes her head. She shows them the message from Berlin's lands archive but they can't read German either.

Peter asks one of the older actors to translate. He listens intently with wide-open eyes.

Dear Miss Elin,

In Berlin-Brandenburg's so-called deportation kartotec we have found your grandmother. Your grandmother and your aunt were obviously sent away the seventeenth of November nineteen hundred and fortyone with the sixth east transport towards Riga. Their fate was the same as the three thousand and fifteen persons who the fourteenth of November nineteen hundred and fortyone were deported to Minsk. It was one of the biggest transports during the criminal national-socialist regime.

Cordially regards

In duty

Doctor Jürgen

Berlin 6/6 1991

Vega holds hard onto Elin's hand.

- Then it is true, she says hesitantly.

- It's my place. I've got the seat nearest the window.

The young volleyball player who had been standing outside in the corridor enters the compartment. He shows his seat ticket.

Elin digs in her black case. She shows him her seat ticket and points at the number on her seat.

- Double-booked, says he. He wants Elin's seat. Something must have gone wrong. We will have to stand up both of us until the ticket officer comes and sorts it out.

- Don't bother, says his mate and hands him a bottle of vodka. It's nothing for you to look at out there.

Ugly industries and destruction of the environment.

Elin, pretending to be ignorant, continues to read her book.

- English, he who didn't get her seat says disgusted.

He takes the bottle of vodka and goes out to the corridor to drink. He doesn't like the looks of Elin and he doesn't like that he reads on the winners' language.

- We have lost several matches at the fortet in Kaunas, his mate says apologizing. My companion is worried for the next match.

The train stops and is standing still for ages. The sign outside says Bialystoka. They are waiting for every wagon in the train to slowly and tediously beeing lifted up in the air while the wheels are changed into a narrower size.

Peter has stretched out his long legs over the floor and he sleeps heavily with his head hanging down.

Vega didn't want to join them going on holocaust holidays. Probably, she now sits on a punch veranda in the archipelago of Stockholms, drinking something very refreshingly, Elin imagines.

Standing still for ages makes Elin enormously thirsty.

- You can drink as much as you like, says the kind volleyball player.

Elin goes to the samovar which is standing at the end of the wagon and she fetches glas after glas with boiling hot tea. She drinks eagerly and restlessly.

- I come from Rostock. My mate is from Kühlungsborn. We voted against Germans uniting. I don't like my own people who voted for that we shall have it like in the west. I am just ready with my law studies and due to the uniting I have to continue studying for several yeras and do a new praktic. Of course it is their laws we will follow.

The train standing still and the vodka make him talkative.

Elin answers all his questions without any enthousiasm. She feels like being interrogated.

- Come in Göran! They are swedish tourists. Her father has written a play for our television about that it is wrong to destroy the rivers and the nature, you know.

At last, the train starts to move after standing still for ages and the earlier malicious player enters the compartment. He makes something with his mouth that looks a bit like a smile.

- We like the nordic, he says. My name is nordic. In Germany there are to many forrigners. It is to crowded.

Göran shares bread and ham.

Peter jumps and wakes up when he feels the cold ham towards his hand.

- We are brought up like that, Görans mate explains. We share our things. Please, helo yourselves.

Peter pffers his nuts to the young volleyball player.

- What!? Do you offer us!? they cry out. But you are brought up capitalistic. Perhaps it's different in Sweden?

Elin and Peter look astonished at eachother. They have never reflected over in what political way they have been brought up.

Göran and his mate show the nuts a great interest. They try to tracc each nuts taste and origin. Peanut, walnut, pecannut; american taste and almond, cashew; asiatic.

Elin remembers the beach in Kühlungsborn and tells Peter about the old flags where they could see the trace after the swastikas.

Peter smiles mystically at Elins memories.

- The swastika is an indian fertility symbol, he says. Tat tvam asi - Get to know yourself. Indian wisdom. We have to go deep down into the mysteries of creation. We have to move on all the time, let the sun wheel rotate. We shall not get stuck, not fasten on our way.

Elin watches fascinated the walker-on with his exotic nuts, dubious grandfather, eastern filosphi, tors hammer and engagement in Elins tragic serach for relatives. A baptized heathen with four wisdoms teeth.

- The it is wrong to get stuck on searching for our rots, says Elin. Wrong to search the truth about our forefathers. Wrong to be obsessed off their spirits.

- We all have to go thorough that phase of development, lectures Peter. The thing is just not to get stuck but to roll on. Knowledge about mans kinship is just a small part of your soul. Other things are more important. We are stardust!

Elin swallows Peters wisdom.

The train stops at Kaunas and the volleyball players get off.

Elin and Peter wish them good luck and they stretch out on the seats.

They are wakened early by the train hostess who is placing out flowers in the window of their compartment. It is midsummer eve and they can see the citizens of Riga carrying flowers in their hands. Some boys and men wear a garland of oakleaves on their heads.

- *Ligo* today and everybody that are named Janis can wear a garland, explains the train hostess and serve them boiling hot tjai, russian tea.

They stroll around in the city off Riga which is medivial and beautiful, very well kept.

They are overwhelmingly helpful at the Latvian tourist office. The guide shows them all Swedish memorials from the Swedish time of great power and they want them to pay in hard currency. They get a bunch of postcards to send to friends and invite them to come to Riga with their marvellous currency.

Politely Elin looks at the Swedish door, the Swedish university, a Swedish fort and a church-window with the Swedish king being greeted by the citizens of Riga and afterwards she encourages herself. She already knows that she will hurt the guide with her questions but Elin can't help that her grandmother happens to be buried in the woods outside Riga.

- I'm looking for a huge ditch, Elin says. My grandmother's ditch. I'd like to put some flowers at the massgrave.

- In the Bikernieku-forest there's nothing to see, says the guide completely unsympathetically. I don't even speak German.

- I don't speak German either, says Elin as to show that she didn't either live on that terrible time.

Elin just wants to see with her own eyes that it is true that her grandmother really lay shot in a ditch.

The guide suggests that they shall visit a park with statues.

Reluctantly they follow the guide.

- Isn't it fantastic? the guide says and points at a golden sculpture of a young woman who lay headlong with her long hair spread out over the ground.

- A very talented Latvian sculptor has made it.

Elin looks at the statue full of sorrow and thinks that probably the shot women lay like that, deep down into the ditch.

- Where there a Jewish ghetto? Peter asks. At what direction can we find it?

- The houses there are in a very bad condition, says the guide. There is nothing to show there.

Elin folds up her tourist map.

- Could you please show us where the concentration camps were located?

- We have got a guiding of the prison camp in Salaspils but not today, the guide says and returns rushing to her office.

Elin and Peter take a lousy suburban bus that passes hopeless and dirty areas that are just as ugly and dull as Riga's medieval city is beautiful. The Russian and Latvian passengers quarrel and push each other. The Bikernieku forest is a pine tree forest with many paths. The woods is full of people that walk their dogs and children. Here and there between the trees they sit and eat picnic. They carry flowers and some wear garlands of oakleaves on their heads.

Elin asks for the place of the murder.

The midsummer celebrators shake their heads. They don't understand English.

A young barefoot couple with a pram understand the word "monument" and show them the way. They push the tram over roots and stones and next to a big hill they stop and point.

Elin sees that it is the place where the shooting platoon stood. Below there are about thirty mass graves rounded with stones. They are nicely kept. Someone looks after them and cuts the grass and takes away weeds.

Elin climbs the hill with thumping temples. She suddenly feels a big tiredness. On the top lies the memorial stone. Fallen down. The text is in Latvian and Russian.

1941-44. BIKERNIEKU-SKOGEN. 46.500 INNOCENT CITIZIENS MURDERED BY GERMAN FASCISTS.

Elin lays her flowers on the memorial stone and wonders why it has fallen down. She gets up, spreads out her arms and looks out over the mass graves.

- Hello grandmother, wherever you are. Pity, we never met. Why were you shot? Why, in fact, were you shot? Have death a meaning? What's the meaning of death? That's what your grandchild wonders. My name is Elin and I live in Stockholm. This is Peter. We play theatre.

Elin pants. She can see Chawa and each one of the abandoned spirits sailing through the air gazing out over the sea. They have no heaven, no hell and no body to be in. They are all searching for those they once loved.

Elin looks at the fallen memorial. The names of the murdered people are not written on the stone. It's not even mentioned that they were Jews, expelled from their countries and forcedly buried in foreign earth far away from their families.

Elin tries to raise the heavy memorial stone.

Peter helps her.

Elin's arm starts to ache and she has to stop. She has teared up her old wounds from the bohemian glaze so the stone remains laying.

The fogg from the Baltic sea is spreading out in the woods. Their effort with trying to raise the stone has enticed them to the ground. The forest is filled of demanding spirits who want to witness about what happend in grandmothers time. "Help us! Help us!", Elin hears them cry. The fogg surrounds Elin and Peter. The air is heavy of demands. Elin can't defend herself anymore. She has to listen to them. She promise to witness.

To the last minute even Elin had hoped that it wasn't true, that her grandmother didn't exist and didn't get murdered by war criminals and that she didn't lay lonely and shot in a massgrave.

They leave the place that they allways will remember as a horrifying unhappy, a place on earth that lack morally and spritual protection.

Silent and sad they walk back along the straight Bikernieku road. They walk in the same phase without any effort to adjust their steps to eachothers. Sometimes Elin, sometimes Peter walks nearest the cars. They feel dirty after what they have seen this wonderful summerday. Their faces are just as grey and irregular as the bumby road. Their skin is chining of sweat and their features strongly marked. Their eyes have gone deeper into their holows and they avoid looking at eachother. They feel like participant in the disgusting man slaughters because they themsleves belong to human kind.

Elin hopes that she during her lifetime will not be tested.

- A common enemy from somewhere else, Elin humbles. Earthcitizens against space citiziens instead of human beings against eachother but probably a war between different planets is only another test.

- O no, Peter moans tiredly when he sees another sign. Do you want to see Rumbuli-forest as well? There is a memorial over eightythousand murdered.

Elin shakes her head. She is longing to come back to the beautiful city of Riga.

Here in the suburbs the past is revealing itself all to sharp. The houses and the flagg holders are the same. The trains and the goods wagons, the lorries and the trucks, all remains of the war time. In a side street they see an old street seeper joaking with an old friend. "Heil Hitler", he shouts and stretches his arm in the air and pull his heals together.

The guard towers in a military kasern are from the war time and still in use.

The people they meet carry flowers but their faces are dull and depressed. Their children never laugh and they don't respond to smiles.

In the suburb Mezaparks, fourty miles from Elin's suburb, they search for a memorial from the concentration camp Kaiserwald. They only find a big iron cross with fresh flowers over fallen german soldiers.

First at the place where the Riga-gettot once laid they find a memorial over the burnt down synagoge. In the jewish cemetary lights are burning.

During the german ockupation the national socialists succeded best in Latvia and Lituania in murdering their jews and they also murdered all german speaking people who were deported. At the town Liepaja the sign "The city is jew free" was put up.

They start to run to faster reach the city with its beautiful houses and squares, southing shoping commers, trafic and talkative tourists.

There is a party going on at the hotel. The orchestre is playing for dance and the atmosphere is very exited. The guests are dancing, singing and drinking uncontrolled and without manners. They push and pull eachothers bodies and glaces.

It is midnight and Elin and Peter have forgotten to eat during the day.

After mmany failures they succed in stopping a russian waiter.

- Do you want to bring up the girl to your room? He blinks at Peter. That's okey. That's okeyay.

- Yes please, but first we would like something to eat.

- Hungry! Food!Eat! Elin fills in.

The waiter smashes Peter in the back and wave them away.

- They only think that I want to take a prostitute up to my room, Peter says tiredly when Elin tries to get in contact with the head waiter.

One of the guests bangs his chrystall glaze in the table. Then he screws the broken glaze deep into the arm of a rival. The blood is streaming over the plates. The injured man screams and rushes up. Some women folds their scarfes around his arm.

The waiter sends away the company and he also pushes out Elin and Peter out of the dining hall. A thick stream of blood follows them out to the foajé. The blood continues out through the glass doors, on the pavement and further flows out in the street.

Elin squeezes hard her old scar that have been teared. It feels like the blood is coming from her.

The guide from the Latvian tourist office has been in their room with a tray with western merchandises. There's nothing they can eat. Only strong drinks. They buy some post cards and put the coveted hard currency on the tray. Without any hope they sink down into bed, feeling sick of hunger and thirst.

It knocks at the door.

The Russian waiter is really coming with food. He offers them the finest: salmon, caviar, white bread and pink champagne.

Full of gratitude they give the waiter just as much hard currency as they gave the Latvians. They don't dare to mistreat any of the people in Latvia. Thanks to the Latvians they can be touring freely and thanks to the Russians they get something to eat.

The bright summernight, the champagne and the good food nearly make them hilarious. Dead, blood and distraction have got a fascinating force. Elin and Peter feel that they are godlike and devil like co-creators in the story about the people on earth. Brutally and ruthlessly with closed eyes they rape each other. Never before have their foreheads been so radiant and Peter's wisdom teeth so hard.

The day after Elin is so excited that she wants to continue the journey to see the rest of Europe's destruction areas.

Peter is doubtful. One of his wisdom teeth is inflamed and he wants to go to his own dentist in Stockholm.

- Come with me, he begs.

Standing in the stern of the ship and looking back Elin can see a string of spirits following them. They come after the noisy seabirds, en masse. They beg for her life.

- I am dead, says Elin. I have been dead since I was born. I have just acted living like an actor. Like a walker-on in life I have made the movements a human being is expected to do.

Peter nods tiredly. His tooth is aching. He is completely ran out and needs a real holiday. He can't stand any more digging in evil and darkness.

- In a few hours we are in the archipelago, he says. Perhaps we pass the island where Vegas stays. I believe she is having a great time there. Please, try to think of something else!

- Then I will think of Chawa, Elin says.

- But I have driven her out, Peter says exhaustedly. Have you forgotten?

- She is back, Elin says delightfully, but now she has got a little body of her own.

- What do you mean?

Peter looks at her tormentedly and incomprehensibly. The toothache makes him slowwitted.

HERE RESTS ELIN, it stands on one of the gravestones in the dog's church yard.

Mississ Norrlandsson is on her third dachshund. She is waving to Elin from her balcony and holding up a basket with a little puppy.

At the shopping centre Elin recognizes her suburban comrades. Some have married and walk with trolleys. They look decent and concentrated to the task of bringing up new people. Their old wildness and dangerousness has gone. They say hallo politely and uninterestedly.

Other old comrades wear green uniforms and are playing war in among the trees. They shot each other's uniforms with red spots of colour. Sometimes they point at someone at the square.

The library is closed. The doors are locked but Elin can see that all the books are still there in the darkness. They stand on the shelves like in a columbarium for books. On the wall of the youth centre it's written with graffiti; *Out with the black heads and kill all turks.*

Elin enters the house of Eric.

When she goes up the stairs she can hear that grandchildren are visiting mister Norrlandsson. She can hear him joking with them. The telephone is ringing all the time. It is Mississ Norrlandsson who wants the grandchildren to come over to her apartment instead and look at the newly born dachshund.

Both Clea and Mississ Norrlandsson divorced and moved to other apartments when Elin was a teenager.

Elin can see at once that something is different when Eric stutters towards her like a child. He is smiling genuinely of joy.

Embarrassed Elin gives him the november cactuse.

- Happy returns on fathers day!

Eric congratulates the beauty of the cactuse and its fantastic qualities. He smells eagerly on the pink flowers that look like long painted nails of a woman.

Her halvesiblings are already seated in the sofa; Lisbet and Love.

Elin joins them. They always meet at fathers day but Eric has never behaved like this before.

Eric takes photos of his children where they sit squeezed and perplexed together. He staggers and turns the camera wrongly when he shoots. The black lid of the objective is still on and no lightning burns.

None of the children comments that. They wait for Eric to behave as usual, that he shall say that it's their fault that the prime minister was murdered or some other heavy accusation that he usually throw at them to start an interesting debate.

- Life is meaningless, Love tries.

But Eric just pads him and says that he has got nice trousers.

- Death is meaningless, then Elin tries.

- God also feeds the cuckoo, Eric answers.

- You are wrong, Lisbet says scornfully.

Eric just laughs amused! And he fetches the brandy bottle.

His children get very restless and worried of his silly and kind behavior. At first they think it's a new trick from Eric's side to exalt them but when he asks them to lighten the already burning lamp in, they realize that he is ill.

Normally a lively discussion should have been going on by now. His children should have been arguing and Eric should have been screaming: "You, lot, are a poison, a corpse, that half rotten is pesting the earth. You are the upheaval of all evil in this world."

Eric has got the ability to imagine that those persons who sit in his sofa represent different types of persons who he projects all evil on and tell off. Not even his own offspring can he see as separate individuals.

It has been a challenge for the children on the fathers days not to take his accusations personally. None of them have yet made it. In some way they have always felt hit. They have never succeeded to remain calm but every new fathers day they have got a new hope that they will stay calm their whole visit.

So Eric's children are loaded with arguments and strategies but their father never attacks them. The only thing he is complaining about is that he no longer can see his favorite painting and that he can't any longer remember who painted it.

Rembrandt's one-eyed ancient German stars at them from the wall. He is the Batavians leader and the men around the table cross their swords swearing an oath. They are planning an uprising against the Roman emperors the same year as the Romans destroy the Jewish temple in Jerusalem.

Lisbet are telling Eric these facts but he doesn't seem to understand. He tries to pour out cognac in the glasses with the bottle which is still unopened. The glasses are falling but Eric just laughs amused.

They take the bottle from Eric and fill their glasses to the top. Slowly they accept that Eric has changed. Their father has turned into a good-natured, nearly blind and muddle-headed man. Mourning and desperate they drink loudly sips, glass after glass of the fine cognac.

- What did you do the seventeenth of november nineteen hundred and forty one? Elin asks.

Eric answers something but the words come out wrongly. He tries again but his speech has gone. He has now become mute also.

Eric points at the pistol behind the picture. He had it for self-protection against the Russians and Germans. Then he points at his war drawer in the writing-desk. In there Elin finds a hair cutting machine, a photograph of Eric in uniform when he is vacant as superintendent and a theaterplay printed in nineteen hundred and forty one on "Nationaltemplarorden's" publishing company. That year and the following years of war he was playing theatre to deal with what was happening in the big world. Eric's play is about an evil person, an usurer, a buffoon who auctions out the poor widow's house and her pots of cowberries but little lately household is at the end saved by her rich cousin in the capital.

Eric tries to get up from his chair but he can't. Again and again he tries to lift his legs. He pants of exhaustion and gives up. He remains sitting and his children look look horrified at him. Now he has become lame.

Eric points at his hand. He wants his gold.

His children put on his goldwatch, his wedding ring and his doctor's ring.

Love tries to give him a pipe and conjac but Eric just shakes his head, closes his eyes and strikes his chest.

- You are becoming grandfather!

Elin had planned to wait with telling the news but she feels that she has to tell him at once.

- I can't stand it, Lisbet says. Now I call for an ambulance.

Eric gets angry. He doesn't want to go to hospital to die. He wants to die at home. His looks are just as dark and sharp as the ancient Germans on the picture.

The children can't stand his sharp and throughlooking eyes. They leave Eric and the uprising leader alone in the room.

- Go away! Eric roars when the ambulance-men come. Here will be no dying!

His anger makes speech come back. He is not going to let white clothed Death fetch him.

- We are not allowed to fetch anyone against their will, they say when Eric shows them his fist but we will be back.

The grim reapers take leave with an empty carrier.

When Eric falls out of his chair and it sounds that he can't get any air, they phone after the ambulance again.

Eric looks at his children like a shot wounded animal when the grim reapers come back. He looks for help from the one eyed man on the wall but Death take him out on the carrier.

Eric stars at his gold watch to see what time he carries away.

Pregnant daughter visits fathers death bed, Elin thinks every time she opens the heavy door of the hospital.

The big hospital lays inbedded in snow and looks like a gigantic high and polished gravestone without inscriptions.

Pyramidformed electric lights are shining in the windows. Every room looks like a chamber in an enormous grave.

Eric is sleeping.

Transparent tubes which give him oxygen and nourishment are hanging above his bed.

Carefully Elin takes his golden hand in hers.

The golden leaves on his doctres ring celebrates his intelligence and reached position of honour. The wedding ring honours him for having tried to understand the opposite sex and beget three children. The golden watch is thanks for faithful service. The gold is the proof of what he has done during his life as human being.

She follows the fluids way through the tubes down to the needle which is placed in a blue vene on her fathers arm and she thinks of the little child with its little transparent body where you can see its blue venes that draws oxygen and nourishment from the string inside her stomach.

So long there are life, there are hope, she thinks again and again in the phase of Eric's death-rattles. After a while she thinks; death-rattles, death-rattles. Now she knows how they sounds. The gurgeling and ratteling noises from Eric's throat are fatal. His lungs are full of water. His hart has not the strength anymore to pump out the water. He is slowly drowning from the inside. The babys lungs are not functioning either. The lungs are the last thing that are completed. Death-rattles, death-rattles. Now she knows how they sounds.

What is a life of a human being?

From where do they come?

Where are they going to?

She can't remember anymore plattitudes to comfort herself. She is paralysed by the stillness of the room and the weak shine from the electric pyramid light in the grey winter dusk. The dying Eric, the growing baby and her own existence seem dreamlike. One of them in the room is prepering himself to stop brething, the other of them is training its lungs to be able to fill them with air some day and the pregnant one live in a no world in between these two worlds.

Peter believes that the child will show her the way back to the living. He has asked her to think like an optimist.

Elin doesn't know anything any longer. She looks around in the room for something optimistical. The calander on the wall has got a beautiful landskape with a glittering snow cover. It is the seventeenth of

january nineteenhundred and fourty one. Fifty years and two months have past. Two generations have past.

The golden hand starts moving. It moves upwards and get reach of Elin hair.

Softly Eric pulls Elins hair.

- Mammy! he says.

Elin finds hersel as mammy. She trains on Eric and nurses him like a newborn.

Eric smiles and points at his dry lips.

Elin weatens a piece of cotton-wool on a peang and squeezes it on his lips.

Eric takes the peang and wants to do it himself. His movements get weaker for each day.

Elin combs his hair that has become all white. Her baby kicks and turns when she stands leaned forward. She gives the comb to Eric and straightens her back. He combs a little himself and monas of effort. The comb glides out of his grip.

- Your grandchild is feeling well, Elin says. Do you want to feelVit?

She puts Eric's golden hand on her round stomach and the baby kicks him

Eric cries.

- Mummy, he sobs and the golden hand starts to make rotating movements round Elins wrist.

He turns his hand like he was holding on to a moped and he make sounds like a moped motor.

*He kicks the starting pin with his foot, throws himself on the moped and drive away. He drives along a curvy road closer and closer to his childhoods surroundings. He is nearly flying throw the beautiful landscape and he waves happily to old friends. The handle-bar shows the way and his body is getting lighter and smaller. He reaches the sea and drives towards the shore. Downthere lays the yellow car ferry waiting.*

The food wagon roles into his room and distracts him. Eric feels the smell of coffe and tries to sit up.

He is hungry and wants a cheese sandwich and a big black cup.

Elin is also dized of hunger and throws herself over his food tray. She eats up every thing.

She gives Eric the bottle but neither his sucking- or swallowing reflexes are working. The little water he gets he gets wrongly.

Eric caughs and rattles. The golden hand shakes the bed bar furously.

He is back again, thrown back and tied to the stake where they are going to burn him. He tries to escape and throw himself on his moped but one of the white dressed is standing in his way and gives him sedatives. She grabs his rotating hand and strangels the gaz.

*He falls. The petrol flows out and the start pin falls of. He creeps around in the mud and searches.*

*The ferry leaves without him.*

*Elin throws herself on the ferry and flies from the murders. She is searching for a wonderful place to stay on. When she can see the pyreneic insula she goeas ashore.*

*There stands a litle darkcurly Talmud-boy. Eagerly he puts his hand in his pocket filled with roasted almond and black olives. His oncle gives him these sweetes every day. The boy jumps along the harbour citys narrow streets. A glad dog is making him company. The dog sniffs in every heap of trash but follows to the boy all the time. A warming sun shines over their city every day of the year and the king and queen are protecting them. He runs downwards the stone street not aware of his happiness. Down in the harbour lays his grandfathers ship and he will go there to listen on the stories about the brave Columbus who is searching for a new world.*

*A long pink stone pire stretches out in the glimmering water. The dog is barking at the small waves. A mild and salt breeze on their warm faces.*

*The boys face turns into cold and hard. Naked and beatened men wander out on the pire. The Inquisitors whips them out, one after another and his grandfathers ship sails away.*

*The brave seamen have reached the coast of America. Wars and uprisings are threatening them.*

*- What a little ' assboy. Come, let me feel you!*

*A little man with crutches who never before dared to show his pedofiledisposition comes near the boy.*

*But the boy run and hide in one of the harbour sheds. Between the boards he sees the blackdresses burners of human beeings. They put on his father a colourful mascerade costyme and forces him to dance and play the flute.*

*His father jumps in a funny way while the people burners steal the food in his uncles shop.*

*Then they put fire on the masquerade costume and pushes his father into a big crowd who are tied to wooden poles outside the synagoge. The fire is spreading and soon a huge black smoking fire is burning. The boy sees his father slowly steaking in the fire while the burners of human beings recits prayers on the language of the hebréws, por l'amor de Dios, of love to God.*

Elin sees the golden hand picking nervously in the bed, pulling the tubes and bed clothes and searching in the air. Forcefully it hit the cup with medicin and the tranquilizer flows out on the floor.

- It doesn't matter, Elin comforts the nurse. He has never liked to be calm. I promise to sit here and watch him.

Eric pulls his sheat over his face and lay that way until Elin pulls it down again. Then he takes his cushion and tries tosuffocate himself.

The baby gets hickups and Elins tammy jumps up and down.

- Do you want to die?

Eric shakes his head intensively. He makes signs with his hand that he wants to write.

Elin gives him a paper and a pen.

*I don't want to...*he writes. The last word is unclear.

Elin tries with different interpretations but Eric just shakes his head.

The golden hand is picking more and more wildly in the bed and pulling and pushing everything it gets hold of to free him from the tubes.

- I dont want to... be tied to the stake, Elin tries.

Eric nodd. He doesn't want to be tied to the stake to be burnt on the purgatory. He wants to go directly to paradise on his moped.

He screams of anguish when the green dresses come.

- It's not able to operate, they say gravely and wanders on.

Eric pulls out the needle from his vene with suprisingly precision and throws away the nutrition tubes.

Then he pulls of the plastic bracelet with his personal dates and throws it away. The hand throws away the blanket, the sheats and the cushion which are the fuels that are going to be lit on and everything he throws on the floor. With grace he unbuttons his nightshirt and throws it in a wide bow over the floor. He finds the last bound and pulls it away. The cateter dashes into the floor. He is free!

Elin protests lamely but her respect for Erics golden hand and new being prevents her from acting.

Eric lays completely naked and liberated on the diagonal in his bed and touches the bed bar undecidedly. His grip hardens and he shakes the bar hardly. His fist whitens. Suddenly he throws over a leg.

The noice makes the nurse come back.

Eric hits in the air.

- Gp away, he screams. Here will be no dying.

His intensive anger makes his blood flowing faster pass the propp in his brain so that his speach come back.

Eric groans threatingly but stops boxing when the nure speaks soothingly.

- Tomorrow you will get some more physiotherapy, she says.

Eric tries to answer but his speach has gne again.

- Mummy, is the only thing he can say.

Eric takes off his golden watch, his doctors ring and his wedding ring. He puts his gold properly on his night table.

He has decided to swim over to the other side.

*He dives into the water but starts sinking to the bottum.*

*Elin dives after him but flowes away. She flows along with the stream over the whole continent. The chimneys from the factorys are raising highly towards the sky. The smoke oozes out of them and the air and waters get polluted.*

*She is a grey piece of ashes who has been thrown away by the heat from a burning oven. In the heart of Europe between the Atlantic sea and the Caspian sea the burners of human beings have lit new fires. This time they are whitedressed.*

*A bowl with shallow and fresh water is put out. She rests there for a while and is companied by the pices of skin that falls from.*

*A young jewess drinks thirstily from the bowl. She wants to enjoy the pleasures of life. She gets married and has children though she is prostituded and a drug adict. On the Scandinavian peninsula one of the*

*whitedressed cut the jewess in nine parts. He cuts her in pieces after the bones in her body and more. Head, right arm, left arm, right leg, left leg, anus, vagina, right breast and left breast he parts from the body and sends the parts around in black bags. When her parts have been burried, her gravestone is teared down. People don't want it to be true that she was parted into so many slices. People wants her intact again.*

*The parts are moving.* A part of Elin and a part of Peter are moving heavily.

Elin loves to feel the heavy kicks inside her. Someone is living there. She ought to think of something else. She ought to do some activity thet living people usually do. She gets up, leaves the hospital and tries to find out what to do.

Clea stars wide eyed at Eric who lays on the diagonal in bed; naked and thin like the suffering Christ. The tubes are hanging lose, freed from his body. Out of his arm pit where the needle sat, blood is rinning. He will slowly starve to death. His liver has given up an his body has turned golden brown like he was sunburned. His hair lays white and surging over his high forehead. Never before has she seen him as handsome and honourable as now. She thinks he resembles her Uncel Otto and his marmored Voltairebuste at the same time. She carefulle strokes his hand.

- It's Clea, she says. I heard you had a stroke.

Eric smiles when he fecognizes her vocie and her special way of speaking.

If he could express himself he would have said like Clea, that death stroke him and half of his brain is dark.

He beats with his hand on his heart as to help it beating.

Clea listens. Tam Tam Tam Taaam. Tam Tam Tam Taaam. His heartbeats make a long interruption each fourth beat.

- Like Beethovens fifth, she says.

Eric nodd.

Clea massages his heart and they hold eachothers hands like the loving couple they never were. When Eric throw his water they giggles delighted.

Clea smears his dry lips and Eric plays with her hair. She feels more and more at home, cirkels round him, massages his feet, talks, sings, shaves him, cuts his nails and writes on a rapport of her own about his condition.

Eric enjoys being nursed.

Clea gets a bed of her own in his room so that she can rest and stay with her old husband day and night. They move together again.

For the first time they chair room under friendly circumstances and rehabilitate their caotic marriage that noone of them was matured to handle before Eric became mute, blind, absent minded, cheerful and nearly dead.

Clea jumps up when Elin show up.

- Chawa! she outbirsts. What a terrible coat!

Elin and the child in her stomach also give a start.

- I'm sorry, Clea says at once. But it looked precisely as if *she* came in. That expression in your face, the twitch of your mouth, how you moved your hand towards your hair. Even your way of walking. Ghostlike.

Elin sighs and puts the camelhair coat in the cupboard.

- You ought to get married, Clea says and looks appreciating on Elins stomach.

Elin sits down on the other side of her fathers bed with her big stomach pointing at her parents.

She brings out her freestyle and puts on Beethoven. She puts the earphones on Eric and he listens until he gets to sleep.

Elin fixates Clea with her eyes. Now she has got the chance to hear everything. She asks Clea to tell about Elins grandmother who grew up in a hotel situated only three miles from that notorious place where the burners of human beings should be found.

Elin listens fascinated to Cleas voice. She talks about her childhood in a rowdy Berliner german, about the time as a refugee in a dry and hunched english, about Eric and hospital work in a imaginative swedish and when she wants to explain the unbelievable she uses a french plattitude.

- What did you do the seventeenth of november nineteenhundred and fourtyone?

- But, I've just dold you, Clea says surprisedly.

It's as usual. Elin never remembers anything that Clea has said. She has heard everything since childhood but she doesn't remember anything. She can only hear Clea's voice, her way of speaking, changing of languages and if her voice sounds warm or cold. She is like a baby who is satisfied as long as someone talks to her, so long she can hear a kindly voice. The words spoken are not important.

Elin has a great effort to memorize Clea's words. She thinks that Clea and Chawa were very good at surviving. She sighs heavily. She, herself, will never be as good at surviving as they were, not in reality anyway, only in her fantasies.

Elin watches her sleeping father. He is not good at dying. He dies as angry and irritated as he lived.

The only way for Elin to crush her parents is to die clever, to be good at dying and to die without being a nuisance.

She can hear Mr and Mrs Norrlandssons' singing voices from the corridor.

Elin rushes out.

Mr Norrlandsson also has had a stroke but a light one. One side of his mouth is hanging and he has difficulties to move his hand. He sits together with a young company leader training to roll a ball.

Elin observes carefully Mr Norrlandsson's movements and ability to speak, just as a mother who in the sandpit compares her offspring with the other children.

Elin turns green of envy.

- How is Eric doing? Mrs Norrlandsson smiles.

- He's in a single room, Elin answers sadly.

- Then it's not funny, Mrs Norrlandsson says compassionately. Elin did that too before she died. First she got diabetes and I had to buy special dog food, then she got paralysed and finally came the stroke.

Mr Norrlandsson will be discharged only after some days.

They both come in to Eric to say goodbye.

- Do you believe that we of the fair sex do much better, Mrs Norrlandsson whispers.

- It isn't easy for the unfair sex, Clea whispers back to her. They are more sensitive.

But both wives movingly agree that they have come closer to their men and that they have been able to take up the relation again after the crisis. It has been easier for them to love in need than in lust.

Crying we came to the world  
yes, already with our first breath  
we screamed and mourned.

Peter recites Shakespeare when he and Vega come to see Elin after the show.

- Our child will be born laughing or at least smiling. Or? How are my darling?

- Do you mean me or the child? Elin asks jealously when she remarks that Peter only has eyes for the big stomach.

Elin has moved in to Eric's apartment and there she's waiting for her delivery. She's a month over time.

- I can't believe that you should be pregnant, Vega says compassionately. Now you miss the demon director's next play. What will be of you?

Vega goes hard in to her acting career. She has reached a better placement and now she has got several lines in the new play. She has taken out her chummy milk teeth and replaced them with a one in plastic.

- Did you take anaesthesia? Elin asks.

- She means at the dentist, Peter explains. He has just mended his wisdom tooth and he also has decided to go on playing theatre.

- Of course I did, says Vega. Who wants to suffer when it's not necessary?

Peter points at Elin.

- She never takes anaesthesia. She searches for the suffering. It doesn't matter how many spirits I expel there come new ones all the time. She can't stop thinking of these things. She will bear her child without anaesthesia also.

They both look worried at Elin.

Elin shows them the long shopping list that she has written on Eric's typewriter and she shows them the ready-packed refugee case that she will bring with her when she goes to hospital. She really wants to show them that she tries to think of other things like; nursing table, ear tops and table cardigans. She has to get a lot of things and information to be able to deal with her new targets of life.

Her inherited instincts are not enough for modern family life.

- The moon is full, says Peter. Won't it be a good idea to deliver to night?

All three of them gets out on the balcony to look at the moon. It shines round and tubby on the children who are still out playing in the snow.

They go yelling through the darkness in high speed down the saucer hill.

- Look out in the hill! Thousand holes in the neck!

Elin can hear the neck shots that were fired on the other side of the sea a similiar winter day. She can hear the murdered spirits wander about along the coast.

She goes in again and sits down in Eric's armchair. Since she moved in she has not been able to follow Peter's and Vegas' advice to care about living people. But everything around her makes her associate to death. The mildew on the fathersday dinner, the heaps of letters that are coming and that stays unopened. Every time the telephone calls she has to say to Eric's friends that he has been deported to hospital and that he is dying. During her visits to Eric she can't stay among the living. Her mind wanders away and she follows the dying and those in becoming. Back home again she remains sitting in his armchair like now. She has not got the effort anymore to act like a living. The shopping lists were a last effort but Peter and Vega really know how it is. They are completely powerless.

Peter lights candles.

Elin stars at the lights' reflections in the window. The lights are burning for the dead. The spirits peep in. The nights give them faces. Every night has got a new face to show.

Elin stars at them wandering out there in the dark and she falls into doze.

She is dreaming that she is a big round urn that has room for a grown up man. *The urn rotates on a disc and grows larger and larger under the ceramics hands.*

*It rotates faster and faster and gets rounder and rounder.*

*A small girl is standing beside and tries to rotate in the same phase. Her skirt folds up like a flower.*

*The ceramics stops stomping. The disc stops. He tries to reach the valuable thing at the bottom of the urn but it is too deep and he can't reach the secret.*

*Only the girl with the skirt knows.*

*The ceramics take a big sledge and tear the urn into bits. Among the pieces one can see Eric's half written message; I don't want to...*

*A thick brown mare are walking among the pieces. The horse's fur shines redish brown in the mild glow from the setting sun.*

*The little girl wears a garland of flowers on her head and walks together with her father over the heed. The mahogany coloured light rests over girl, the father and the mare. A strange peace reigns.*

She continues dreaming in strange redish brown colours. But suddenly the colours weakens and she can see herself give birth to big pink christmas steaks. *She takes the steaks in her arms and try to get sight of the child's face. She can't see it. She can't see Chawa. The eyes, the nostrils and the mouth are overgrown with thin pink steak skin. She screams in despair.*

Elin lifts the telephone.

- He is bad. You'd better come at once.

Her halfsister sounds tired and desilluted.

- Is it urgent? asks the taxidriver worried when he sees how huge she is in her coat.

- Yeas, I suppose so. O, you mean this, says Elin and points at her stomach. No, no not at all. It hasn't started yet but I am in a hurry...

Elin takes seat dizzily.

The taxi driver looks suspiciously at her stomach and drives fastly.

The snow around the gravelike hospital had melted. The blanc walls lay open.

Elin kicks the door open. She would like to tear down this gigantic building that contain all these dieing and unborn people.

The advent lights is the only source of lights in the room.

Eric lays naked on the diagonal in his bed sleeping. His hand rests calmly in the hand of Clea. When he took of his gold it was like his spirit of life left him. His gold kept him with them but now it seema like his hand has given up and got peace. His gold shines further on next generation and keep them alive as it had inner sun shine.

Love lays folded on the foot end of the bed and watches Eric's face carefully. He uses Eric's little hollow face, where you sharply can see the form of his skull, as a picture to meditate on. In a silent monologue he has explained and tried to put old wrongs right.

Clea and Lisbet sit at his side. They have cut and filed his nails and shaved him. A last service from the living.

- The nurse heard on his breath that it is soon time, they whisper.

Elin sits down to share their waiting.

Eric lays so quietly. His hand is still. His breath is tiny. His body is small. He can hardly be seen under the blanket. It's something strange over him. His face has got a new strange look. In a way he has already left them and became his own.

Elin touches the place where she once had a navel.

The person in her stomach has pushed it out. She can see the womb envy shine from her halfbrother's eyes. When Eric is gone she has something else to look forward to, somebody that will preoccupy her, a lot of dearly troubles while he has to do something big and important to feel himself meaningful in life.

They all sit in a big waiting silence ten meters above the ground in the darkest of winter nights waiting for a human soul to disappear. Each of them in their own thoughts, contemplating over him.

When it gets lighter they can see each other's tired faces.

Elin can't wait any longer.

- Do you know that I have him in my stomach, she says. I'm going to rebirth Eric. That's what Peter believes anyway. He wants a son but the question is if he really wants someone like Eric.

- Please, moans Love. don't start that over again. Have mercy.

- Do you believe that a good childhood can prevail difficulties in life or do you think that the suffering is fatally decided?

- Fatal, Love says shortly.

- In our family we just give birth to girls, Clea says calmly. Matilde gave birth to Trude, Beatrice and Josefin. Her sons died in infancy. Josefin gave birth to me and Chawa. Chawa gave birth to Milly and you will also get a girl. You'll see!

- But what about Chawa's other child? The unborn?

- You have got girl stomach, Lisbet says. That's obvious.

- When I sat in Eric's armchair in the darkness and stared at the candles I dreamt so strangely about a little midsummer girl.

Eric gives a start and a tiny smile. He puts his pointing finger in the air as if he got a smart idea. His hand searches over the sheet and finds Elin's arm. He takes a strong grip and starts turning his hand as he did before he had picked up his gold.

*He has been gliding through the waters for some days and he is over on the other side after a terrible journey. For days and nights he has driven on curvy roads without a map or guidance, without food and without knowing where he was heading. Several times he had to stop to mend tyres. He has been molested, beaten and thrown on the stake where he was supposed to be burnt. Again and again he has had to search his way back only to be thrown back into the front yards of hell.*

*Now at last he has reached the castle. There's a party going on which he wants to join. The problem is that he has no ticket. He can't remember if he ever had one or if he has lost it. He walks round and round the castle and peeps into the windows. The guests are having a good time in there and he throws longing looks at them. In the big hall the proud and brave men sit at one long table. They have given their oath and are now talking intimately. How Eric wants to sit beside them. He can see that there's a chair free beside the leader. It can be his seat but the doorkeeper won't let him in without a ticket. He walks around the castle again and looks for a window where he can see the leader's face. If the leader will notice him, then perhaps he will be let in if the leader accepts him of course.*

When he hears Elin say something about a midsummer girl he gets the idea. *Delightful midsummer girls in white dresses and garlands on their heads are dancing outside the door of the castle.*

*Eric dresses himself like the midsummer girls and joins the dancing and laughing girls. Hand in hand the girls dance passing the doorkeeper and entering the castle. Eric is feeling hilarious and dances round and round in his ethereal dress.*

- Yes! Yes! Yes! he shouts.

They all make a start and squeeze his hand.

Outside the windows a pale winter sun is lit and spreads a mild light on them.

- Yes! Yes! Yes! Eric shouts again.

The room suddenly gets full of life. Eric opens one eye and look for a long time at each of them with a clear and seeing look. The silent and dieing in the room giets life from warmth and melancholy. Eric sees them all and they feel naked as him. All important things they have planned for their lives, their carriers, ambitions, trivial problems and everyday problems disapear. The seeing eye of the father make them genuinly human. For a short dieing moment are they some earthly enhabitants together somewhere in space. Some living offsprings to the forfather; one of them in becoming and one of them dieing. The others, somewhere in the middle.

Elin looks out of the window on the violette morning.

When she looks at Eric again he is gone.

The food-wagon passes buy in the corridor.

- We can't sit here anymore, says Lisbet. He is not here anylonger.

They slowly come out ouf the death concentration.

They have to return to their lives.

Elin takes the elevator to the ultra sound to look at her child on a screen. It seems to feel well in spite of the postmatura. She returns to the stroke-ward to tell the others.

Eric's body can hardly be seen in the shrouding. She has to feel it several times to reassure herself that it's really there. She feels the body but the room feels completely empty. Eric's presencen can not be felt. His face lays so tiny and beautiful on the cushion like a sculpture.

A ung assistant comes to desinificate the room.

- I have smearthed him, she says proudly.

She draws the curtains and the sunbeams flow through the windows and the room feels even more empty.

- I have taken care about many ded, says the young assistant. They get so special expressions in their faces. The man here looks like a proud great black-backed gull.

Elin agrees there's something birdlike over him.

- My God, he was difficult to nurse, the assistant tells. He really didn't want to die. He was angry most of the time, kicking, boxing and pulling out the tubes. He foughted hardly for a long time.

Elin bends over the dead body.

- It's a girl, she whispers. I think I'll call her Chawa Erica.

Eric should probably have had apreciated a femininum or his name.

- I'm sorry, says the young assistant startled. Did you know him?

- No, I didn't know him but I'm curious of who he was. Ones own parents seems to be the persons you know the least.

The doctor comes strutting in.

- What's your opinion about the obduction? he asks.

- No thank you, it's not necessary, Elin answers without thinking.

They never had the time to ask Eric. Perhaps he would have liked to support the scientific research but he could just as well have been angry over that they didn't open his scull to opererate his stroke. It's to late to ask him now. She is not completely sure or that Eric's body is dead. She doesn't know how long time it takes for a body to die. Perhaps he needs his body intact for a while.

His cells are still living.

Elin lets herself go and make company with Chawas spirit towards the east and thowards the destrucion areas of Europe. She takes the train and goes off att the small health resort Goczalkoeice. She passes through the parc looking after the childrens home where the girls were left in the care of nuns when Josefin went on holiday with Julius. Bethesda was the name on the childrens home, named after a healing well in Jerusalem.

The house is still there. There are swings outside.

Opposite lays Hotel Steiner. The nuns have moved into the hotel and made it into a monastery. A big wooden cross is hanging on the gray stonewall.

An old nun in a grey dress and a white veil is walking in the parc. Sister Ewa has aged but she immedeately recognizes Chawas face.

Sister Ewa takes her under her arm and leads her into the monastery. In the saloon she is met by the other nuns. None of the young nuns speaks German but they can see that the mother needs help and they take care of her.

Without protesting she stays with the nuns, but she is never clear of if she is there by free will or if she is their prisoner.

Her stomach grows and a hollowness lowers round her. The nuns treat her like virgin Mary.

Josefina's home village is still used as health resort and the nuns are hired as nurses at the different hospices that are built along the park road. The road leads down to the lake where the gypsies once bathed. Now the lake is dead of all life and poisoned of all garbage they've put into it. The air pollutions from Katowice industries and brown coal fabrics have made the air thick of dust. The sun's shine can't break through the dirty brown smog. The asthmatic children are coughing and breathless when they walk around in the park under a constant solar eclipse.

On all saints day she follows the nuns to the churchyard. It's full of people lighting candles for their deads. Every grave is full of flowers and the black smoke rises towards the brown dusty sky.

The dead remembers Chawa. The call on her. She runs away during the mass.

She passes the inn where the men who experienced the occupation sit. The atmosphere in there is dull. One after another they come out ragging. They rattle through the park and the trees in the allée catches them and their side-leaps.

She takes the train some stations and gets off at Oswiecim, as Auschwitz is named in Polish.

There is a sign, MUSEUM outside the destruction camp of human beings. It is holiday and dark.

The box office is closed so she can't buy any entrance ticket.

She looks through the windows to the small souvenir shops. Books, post-cards, soap-dishes and train sets for the children are for sale.

Dogs are barking far away in the dark and she can hear footsteps nearby. She can see dark figures move inside the camp area.

She goes closer. The gate is open. She enters and reads on a big sign.

YOU NOW ENTER A PLACE WHERE EXTREME TERROR AND TRAGEDY HAS RULED. PLEASE BEHAVE IN ACCORDANCE TO THIS FACT.

Everything is saved in exactly that manner everything was that day the burner of human beings were forced to close gas taps and burning ovens and stop the destruction of the European Jews.

She goes under the notorious portal which says *Working makes you free*.

Ice-coldness draws along the blocks of houses. The spotlights placed on the houses are still there and shine on the electric fence and the double wire fence. The small warning signs with the death skull is still there.

The doors to the blocks are open. The beds are covered with blankets. Zebra-striped hats are hanging on hooks. The food bowls of tin are stapled on a table. Yellowish photos of the shaved and starved prisoners are hanging on the walls.

She goes down to the cellar. There are high narrow cribs for political prisoners who were punished by starving to death standing. In front of one of the cells candles are lit. Fresh flowers are laying on the stone floor. She can hear low voices and footsteps disappear in the cellar path.

She goes out again and walks along the blocks. She meets other visitors who also have passed the open gate. She can't see their faces. The spotlights are all pointed only at the electric fence.

She stops at a cellarlike entrance with chimneys on the top. A lot of candles are burning inside and there are people.

She is near the dead now.

She enters.

Relatives and old friends are standing in front of the burning candles and they politely offer her place. The floor is covered with flowers and lights. Inside the burning ovens there are candles and even in the door where the coal were put in there are burning lights. On the narrow carriers which the corpses were carried on, lights are burning.

"Gertrud", Chawa whispers. "I'll soon be with you. I offer the world a little child just like the one you had on the picture in the Riga-ghetto. I, myself relinquish from this life. I was the one who saw the wailing wall in Jerusalem while you only saw Kaiserwalds and Auschwitz walls. That's enough. You haven't missed anything."

She goes into the gas chamber besides the crematory. The gas taps are still there. In the ceiling there are small windows from which Hitler's men and the doctors could study how the people behaved while dying of the gas.

She wanders between the blocks. She can't find the gate where she came in.  
 She stops in front of a execution wall. The sky above is full of smoke from all the candles which are burning in front of it.  
 She reaches the childrens block. On the stairs lays flowers and candles are burning. The door is open and she can hear the children cry.  
 Two millions of murdered children entice her, whispering their names.  
 After ages she can see the small souvenir shop among the candles. She finds the notorious portale and goes out through the gate where she meets new visitors carrying flowers and candles.  
 The nuns throw themselves over her when she returns to Hotel Steiner. Sister Ewa feeds her with bouillon and massages her feet.  
 They give her the Blessed Sacrament and she experiences who she eats the burnt peoples bodies and drink their blood. All the fields around Auschwitz have been fertilized with ashes from the burnt people. The corn in the bread of the Blessed Sacrament has been growing out of the dead. Boiling blood have been thrown out of the chimneys and the smoke has laid itself like a film over the waters.  
 The nuns ask her where she has been but she doesn't remember anymore what the place is called in Polish.  
 She gets silent of boredom. She lays huge and swollen dreaming deserted dreams. She can hardly see the nuns hazing through the saloon. Their limbs look tiny sitting on very small bodies seen like from a big distance as she lay in a big dried dam.  
 The essées lived here and she's one of them.  
 Sister Ewa brings the midwife when she gets into the eighth month.  
 The midwife gets angry when she sees the big and swollen mother who doesn't give a damn. She doesn't even move her lips to pretend wanting to say something.  
 - She has not got the will power to bring the child down to earth, the midwife says. She is keeping it. She is dying but the child is alive.  
 Elin opens her eyes.  
*She still has the little weak spirit inside her. Chawa sums weakly inside her forehead and searches for a hollowness to get out. She remembers Cleas story about the Baltic patient who made a hole in his eye with a pen. If she makes a hole in her eye, then she doesn't have to see the dead childrens shouting mouths. She needs such a hole to be able to deliver and let out the little scruffy spirit.*  
*The dead are calling. They are waiting for her. Newly dead Eric, Chawa, Gertrud, Josefin, Beatrice, Martin and all the others.*  
*The nuns in their grey dresses and white dokes are standing bent over her and reading over her body during the ambulance transport.*  
*She can see the swollen body, wrapt in green laying on a carrier.*  
*Her tummy is opened from the navel and downwards.*  
*The bowels lay in a pot besides. Long sewing threads are hanging around the section.*  
*"It must be a form of virgin birth through the abdomen", she says to the nun.*  
 Sister Ewa nods.  
*She is searching after the child but she can't see it. But she can hear her cries.*  
 - Chawa! Chawa! Your name means life!

B'nai B'rith	Judisk ordensloge som sysslar med välgörenhet
Chanucka	Judisk högtid till minnet av återinvigningen av templet i Jerusalem år 165 före vår tideräkning
Dolma	Kvinnoplagg med långa vida ärmar (jmf turkiskans dolaman, lång klänning)
Horra	Rumänsk folkdans av ålderdomligt (dakiskt-romerskt) ursprung som dansas i ring
Keppa	Huvudbonad för män
Kibbutz	Kollektivjordbruk i Israel
Koscher	Mat tillagad enligt judisk lag
Mesusa	En bit hoprullad pergament, med inskription från femte moseboken, uppsatt vid dörrposten
Pesach	Judisk påskhögtid till minnet av uttåget ur Egypten



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