

FOREST IS

English translation

Andreja:

Forest

Forest is

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Anton:

Forest

Milena O.:

Forest

Quiet

Quiet, calm

Anton:

Whenever I had a chance, to the forest

Tone:

Forest

Anton:

From forest to forest

Forest

Ida:

Rest

Tone:

So quiet

Ida:

Rustling

Fani:

Murmuring

Tone:

Harmony

Andreja:

Forest

Ida:

Leaves

-

Anton:

I lived there

Sonja:

Quiet

Andreja:

Quiet

Boža:

Recharge

Anton:

“Ou”

Andreja:

Peace

Milena O.:

Quiet

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Sonja:

Silence is a sound, too

Miha:

Such a blissful silence, that it can be quite scary for someone who is not used to it

Ida:

Such gentle... gentle voice, soothing .. so dreamy, this song

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Tone:

Everything is striving for the sun, for the space in the ground, for survival, for light

Janja:

You hear tiny sounds of birdsong, the rustling of leaves,
So basically those subtle sounds, the sounds of nature

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Tone:

A harmony of living beings and trees

Trees are also living beings, no?

There used to be a farmer here, Rutar

I had 5 years of forestry school, when he taught me so many things about beeches,
I kept wondering how long he must have observed them in order to get to that kind of
understanding

It's true, I'm telling you

Boža:

When you hug a tree, you can feel that the tree is helping you in some way, that it's giving you
something, that it really gives you energy

Andreja:

A part of me is always in the forest, so now when I'm in a bad mood or when I need energy, I go
to the forest

Anton:

And then I'd go back again

From forest to forest

I had such joy to live to this old age

Because I kept moving!

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Tone:

Three times, from the water to the mountain top and back, three times
Without difficulties

Boža:

Because when I walk, I don't think about my problems

And that, that's worth more than any medicine

Fani:

When you lie down there for a moment...

It was so beautiful when we'd lie under a big beech

And even when it's hot, there's always a bit of wind
Beech has such dense leaves, you know
And when the beech rustles, when it's shaking, that rustling...
Down in the valley, in the linden trees for example, it's not like that
When you're here in the forest, and there's a beech tree
That rustling.. If you could only capture that sound
I don't know, when I listen to that... there's nothing quite like it

Tone:

It's something so beautiful
And I just stand there and enjoy how beautiful that is
Back when we were kids, to keep us from disturbing at home,
They would send us to bring dad lunch
Dad was extremely attached to the forest, I can say
And he explained us all possible things, and showed us
Fir tree, spruce tree, Javornik fir tree
Fir tree, spruce tree, Javornik fir tree

Polyphony:

Fir tree - leaves - spruce tree - leaves - Javornik fir tree - leaves
Fir tree - leaves - spruce tree - leaves - Javornik fir tree - leaves
Fir tree - leaves - spruce tree - leaves - Javornik fir tree - leaves
Beech rustles, when it shakes the - leaves
Beech has such dense leaves - leaves

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Tone:

Every season had its own charm for me
In the spring, all is yellow, green
Summer when everything ripens
Autumn, when the new colors appear, right
And it is interesting how you can sense this change in the forest
How everything is expecting the arrival of something new
That anticipation of something new is interesting

And forest in itself is so calming, so that when we were stuck inside for days during the winter
time
We were so annoyed at each other, so nervous
Me, I needed one week in the forest to get back to myself
One week!

Andreja:

A tree that always fascinates me is the spruce, when you look at it
How lightly it stands on that long trunk, right
The wind is blowing, all kinds of things are happening, but this tree is just standing
And then when someone cuts it down, it's the end of it..., it's fallen, it's the end of its life, end
of...

Polyphony:

Zhing! Zhing! Zhing!
Zhiga-zhaga, zhiga zhaga...
How we sawed, we sawed... two people would saw together...
Back in the day, sawing was done by hand,
Thick trees were sawn by two people
If they were smaller, one could even saw alone
Zhing!

And now - shk, shk, shk, a chainsaw

Tone:

My elders, they did everything physically - chopped, peeled, chiseled, cleaned
Everything was done physically

Fani:

When a spruce is cut down, a big spruce, when it's falling down, it compresses so much air that
you feel like suffocating
When it crashes and pushes the air away, and the spruce is lying on the ground
It's like the sea, cut in half by a boat passing
Such an image, gorgeous, isn't it
Same is with the beech, only the spruce is more elegant

Andreja:

Spruce usually falls to the ground
When it fell to the ground and you know it was torn down well
That a forester tore it down properly
These sounds, when the tree meets the ground, "romp"...
To me this sound, it's the most beautiful sound in the forest
Because it makes me feel safe, 'cause I know that the tree has fallen to the ground
and that nothing bad will happen to those that are tearing it down

Tone:

I used to help dad
And he was always teaching me how to stand when a tree starts to fall
In the forest, a hundred things are lurking on you
Gravity, reckless actions
These days you can still read that someone has died in the forest

The problem is that you should not overestimate your knowledge, you know
But today, there are no real foresters anymore...
Sometimes it makes me feel sad

Ida:

First, you needed to pile up the wood
“On the ramp” they said
This was done with a horse, with chains – the chain was nailed into a wood, a log
This wasn’t done using a tractor
You’d pile it all up and then load it onto the wagon
You’d put the thinner wood on top, and then roll it all by hand on the wagon

Andreja:

My father spent whole weeks in the forest, driving wood from the forest
When he would work, sometimes he’d forget the time and it would get late
At home we would always worry
Is he okay, is everything okay, did something happened
So they always sent us children to go down the road and wait
Because there was no phone, so you never knew
There are a million things that can happen to you in the forest
So we were always there, waiting
“Okay, he’s coming, everything is okay”

Tone:

Back in the day, they used to go to the forest in pairs
Now there goes a machine, and a spreadsheet
And that... that love or emotional charge, it’s gone
Now, when he controls a machine – it’s a machine
He grabs, cuts, chisels, drags it near the train
Someone else loads it, and that’s it

Ida:

You know, we used to say – once there are machines, it's going to be easier
No.
You only have as much time as you take, and for what you take it

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Fani:

Once when my father and I loaded the wood onto the wagon
And we had a big horse
I was told to stand quietly by the wagon, as the herd of deer was passing by
And 16 deer were passing by
What horns they had, what a picture!

And that horse - an animal feels - that horse was shivering
Because it was probably afraid
My dad said "keep quiet, don't ask anything"
Because deer can get scared and then hurt you
But I was so scared that my legs were shaking,
And I was looking at that horse whose skin was shivering.
And well, the deer just passed by, fully uninterested.

Tone:

You know, the old saying about the forest said:
You should never show your back to a bear or an evil person
And that's true.

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Andreja:

You have to walk through the forest in silence
You have to listen to the forest, you have to listen to the sounds of animals

Fani:

Because you never know, an animal is an animal

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Janja:

Because those sounds are so loud at night

Ida:

Night... night.
When there was full moon, we saw it on top of the hill, roaring
Well that... they don't roar like that anymore.
It must be really cold
That sound, it's so... terrifying

Anton:

A deer, a deer roars, right
A hind doesn't roar but goes "ou", when it's scared
A doe barks just like that, every animal...
A fox makes sounds in its own way, right

Sonja:

In the fall, the deer were mating, roaring
How a doe would bark...
In the winter we would listen to the wolves howling

Leonida:

Howling, such howling...

When everything is quiet, and then that sound comes...

Those are the jackals

Andreja:

In complete silence, we'd turn off the light and follow the sounds of the dormice, of the owl howling

Janja:

If an owl howled, it meant we won't catch anything that night

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Miha:

Even a small hedgehog makes such a noise in the forest that it sounds as if a beggar is roaming around in the forest

Tone:

And a summer of dormice it was!

Our dad taught us all kinds of things, and showed us how dormice run

Because they were all dormice hunters around here!

Fani:

When they're hunting dormice... there is so much rustling, when the dormice are running up and down the trees

Anton:

From beech to beech!

Miha:

Climbing and whistling, up and down the trees

Ida:

Sneezing, sneezing of dormice, you know, a dormouse is sneezing so loud

Miha:

A dormouse is a nocturnal animal

Janja:

At night, in pure darkness, when I'd go with my father, I was terribly afraid

Ida:

Night

Janja:

Collecting the traps at night

Ida:

Night, right?

Tone:

Without light, going around, setting traps on trees

Ida:

Because you'd put a trap on a stick and hook it onto a branch, so that it can get caught

Janja:

Owls are natural enemies and dormice are smart animals, so when they heard an owl howling at night, they wouldn't come out of their hole, and we couldn't catch them

Anton:

For me, there's no joy like hunting, like hunting, hunt, just the hunt
And so when asked what I'll study, I said I'll become a hunter

Janja:

This anticipation, whether we will catch something or not... it was so exciting that I somehow overcame the fear and went

Miha:

Bam! That's how it sounds, and that means that the trap has been triggered. And then, the hunter goes to check whether a dormouse got caught, or if the trap just got off by itself

Ida:

Because when you'd come with a battery light and see - yes, there's a long hairy tail hanging down... I mean, I was so, so passionate.

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Miha:

If you walk through the forest, and hear cracking of a whip or breaking of branches
It means that the devil is approaching with his flock of dormice, they all have a mark on their ears. But if you ask real dormice hunters, they will say that it's because the dormice like to bite each other. But Valvasor* had written that we should quickly run away, as the devil is coming with his flock of dormice. (*Janez Vajkard Valvasor, a historian)

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Andreja:

I'm convinced that the trees cry

Milena K.:

Your heart would ache when you'd see everything torn down

Ida:

Where used to be a linden tree, there was now only a pile, a pile of branches
It was cracking, everything was cracking...

Anton:

Winters were severe, freezing, half a meter of snow
Everything frozen, minus thirty degrees

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Tone:

It was so cold that the coffee froze
In the forest, there is no kitchen
There's frost, there's snow, there's rain, right?

Miha:

At night, that cracking of trees started
Terrible sounds were coming out of the forest,
Of breaking, of cracking, of creaking, of ice falling
Breaking of branches, of trees, it was really like being in a horrible battle

Ida:

Like on the war front.
Like on the war front, that's how much it was cracking in the forest
It's true, like on the war front
Really horrible

-

Andreja:

To me it was such a terrible sound that after hearing it, I felt convinced that the trees cry.
Because that cracking...
Even though it was far from our home to the forest, the sound was so loud
That cracking, that creaking, that

Polyphony:

That cracking, that creaking, that
That cracking, that creaking, that
Cracking so much, cracking so much in the forest
Breaking branches, breaking trees
Cracking and creaking
It was all breaking
Freezing, cold, freezing, cold
That ice
It was so cold

Andreja:

They cried
Really, as if trees... I really believe that the trees do cry.

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Tone:

It was terrible, it was really something terrible
Those who loved the forest were crying
It's true

Milena K.:

And now, it has grown again, somehow

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Anton:

In the spring, the first sound was a cuckoo
I found that sound the most beautiful in spring
When I'd go there to graze cows, I'd stop and listen
It was always there, without a doubt
And then it would cuckoo for two months
Until we'd start mowing, then it would fly away

Polyphony:

And then again
Forest
Forest
Leaves
The joy of being in the forest
Paradise on Earth
I lived there
Quiet

Quiet
Rest
"Ou"
Peace
Quiet