

It was here that this realization of being different took hold

to be condemned to eternal loneliness

it was precisely this being different that has then...

(leader):

Giuliana Pachner  
Bernardina Piller-Puicher  
Erminia Colle Tiz

filmed by  
Peter Schreiner

Nearly all memories are of people,  
of customers and eating downstairs  
...for hours- you know,  
when one gets married and such

One soon got the notion,  
of having only been brought into this world,  
to serve the hotel

The first time- this is very important, I believe-  
when I opened the door on my own,  
..the heavy door downstairs-

I have a very clear image of that handle,  
Which struck me as huge, ever so high and heavy-

...but one had to learn that in an instant,  
to get away -

somehow it reminds me of my hand-  
...with those same fingers

slowly I begin perceiving her as one would a tree

- I also see a woman  
.. a woman's body

with strong roots-

I am convinced, I was happy then

...that was when I began to experience joy, I believe

- it lasted, until I was ten  
then I felt Barbara's love,  
.. the warmth  
and her youth

look, at those hands-  
..strong, sturdy hands-

Don't touch!

I was already in here  
When people still lived here-

Really?

Yes!

And what kind of memories do you have of it?

I envied them

the house  
that timber  
the tranquillity

I was so little

Such a house told me so much more

It also recounts in "Plodar"  
Do you understand?

That means, you can feel...

my childhood

If you had thirty more years to study...

yes, if only it were like that!

I would be able to teach them

could you convince them

if I had been able to learn so much

They say: all that wit makes you stupid

yes, all that sensibility drives you crazy

that's how people are

you know, it reverses the order

yes, it becomes sillier

it's more like antiquity

I am the antiquity

this is a very old custom

that is why I am the antiquity

that's how it was done once upon a time

different times

ancient times

nowadays so much is amiss

these days you don't consider knitting your own stockings anymore

one just throws everything out

nowadays nobody mends things any longer

they just chuck it out..

and get new stuff

such is the disparity of the world

of the ages

now I have to begin,  
to decrease the stitches...

what do you want to do?

you can't do a thing

you have to live with that modern world

now that we are already so old

one isn't quite that keen anymore

everything is a bit of a rush - alle sind nervös...  
everyone is nervous

nobody takes time anymore

it used to be so nice

a parlour full of spinning-wheels

windlasses with wool on them

what a good life

single

cheerful

quiet  
no fuss  
like today  
these days everything is a fuss  
well, most of it, anyway  
no, no  
these days everyone is sad  
they all used to be so merry  
singing, dancing, laughing  
today...oh, cut it out!  
as if they had to carry the world on their shoulders  
there is nothing one can do  
many things used to be blessed  
so many things  
such is life

Lord, bless your sons

I had to work,  
as if there were many

My father didn't spare me  
He said:  
Out and to work with you!

nothing you could do about that  
sure, my siblings had died  
and he wanted to continue with the farm  
he treated me like a boy

I had to do all the work (works), all!

Forever, always, good lord!

we didn't have it easy

dragging the dung, and everything..

- and all that...

It's almost a vertical drop

yes, but this was always the benefit

to be able to look at things differently  
to gain another perspective

After the death of my brother, Maurizio,  
there was this peculiar feeling

I used to come down at night,  
To fetch an apple and such

but I couldn't enter anymore  
because somehow a very powerful energy held me back

There on the left- do you see

there is the gruesome handmincingmachine  
where I stuck my hand in

it was a different part,  
with which one minced meat

but the same central body

for a while then I really hated the kitchen

back then we probably only spoke "Plodar"  
my brothers and I  
surely

a timeless place  
practical

No, it isn't a specific place

I believe, it is a kind of dimension, you know?

which we will enter again sometimes, later on

we are taking it along with us  
and occasionally it comes up again

when everything still seemed possible  
when everything was still whole

half past one!

when I was born

she married my father, which is where  
it began, the story

- Barbara -

There were still four of us- look!

this is really  
unity- longing for the completeness

somehow- as if we were one single unit

One can literally die of an excess of buoyancy  
I'm not sure whether you know what I mean

strange

I believe,  
one can't endure that  
after a while

Maurizio makes me laugh  
He was so...

hundreds of things he has..

...there was always something happening..

- Bajazzo-

I couldn't say much about myself  
....what I thought back then-

- da hab ich sie nur sehr geliebt...  
...das weiß ich -  
- I just loved them very much  
that I know-

And somehow the tragedy was already contained  
you know?

somehow

it is like a predetermined disaster

..you can't be that happy for long...

it was even in the papers

I don't want to have anything to do with such people

Ines told of it

no, Minja

not, as if something like that could cause a state of shock in a child

it affects your whole life

you just don't know

it is not because of the shooting

you do know how to shoot..

who knows?

to tell you the truth

listen- children have to witness something like that more often..

such experiences

when they quarrel and fight at home

that's not the same

but a shot

if the terror is that awful, some of it is retained

everything has changed

nobody wants a country kitchen anymore  
people smell of it

that granny still had a farm house kitchen

there in the picture

when she came over, everything smelled of smoke

but smoke does rise

"like a roof"

Yes, today I have been cutting the grass  
For an hour

it makes you tired  
you sweat

and it is dumb work..

we do have, too  
but they rather speak Italian

I don't know

but it is a pity, that it is getting lost

the old language

the "Island language"

they lived modestly

polenta every day

but it doesn't grow here-  
it is from Friaul

only potatoes grow here

a poor country

that's the way it is

now we are the old people

this is me

and the other one is Bernardina

the one in the black dress

it is strange

this is a place I dream of, very often

you know?

around here

it was like an epic

back then

this almost collective work

all thoughts disappear

when you do physical work



everyone was dwelling on their own thoughts

I, too, wanted to be like the men

I didn't make it

once I dreamed, that we were flying through the forest

I felt terribly nostalgic then, you know

in this forest

dreamed

we were flying right over the woods

that was entirely...

it vanishes

the culture of the "Plodar"

vanishes

everything gets lost

the jobs of the past

the language

of long ago

the ancients die

everything becomes extinct

it's a completely different world

it doesn't work anymore

too bad

shame, Giuliana

what are you going to do

in a few years,

once the old people passed on

us old ones

not much "Plodar" will be spoken in our houses, I think

Much of it is no longer understood,  
Even though I speak Plodoric

Huh?

I don't understand a thing!

Sure, "I don't understand a thing"...

Give them a kick!

Learn!- I say...

take care!

Learn already, you damn idiots!

It is a pity..

that is true!

I can't stand it

.. I would have to give lessons  
and say:  
come over here, all of you!

I'll teach you "Plodar"

remain right here at the table and we shall begin

that's right!-

I would teach them

that would be a good idea

I would be strict

They could learn Italian later on

yes later, as much as you want

that is true

but what can you do

it is not possible

they talk Italian in the kindergarden

they talk Italian at school

then they come home and there are italian parents

it won't work any other way

Don't you think this would be possible?

who knows

a spark of phantasy, a little contemplation

who knows

this is hot

I'm going now

Should we prepare something to eat for Piero?

wait, it will come to me

otherwise the other one will make a fuss

you think so?

they will come soon

I've locked upstairs

not that it matters

I can't find myself

maybe I am covered by the tree

I can't see myself

that was really such an

essential condition for survival –

not letting oneself be that bothered by appearances

or

being conquered

they had taken away your space

but couldn't steal your dialect

and a guest in there

in that sense he is also a place like that

you understand?

a path, which somehow takes you away

into the open

this is important

the direction and the light  
remained the same

in the process one tends to forget

the small as well as the bigger worries and trepidations

they were all so content and

imagined things

it seemed nearly impossible to me

it couldn't be,

that young people

without choices, hardly knowing anything

decide, to grow old in a village like this

without having seen a thing or learned

I believe, it has something to do with the village,

not just the inn

now and at the hour of our death, amen

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, now and for ever and all eternity

Have you ever contemplated going away?

No- what?

Well, going away or doing something else

No

Did that never occur to you?

No

Living differently

How would you like to live?

Going away and doing a different kind of work

I'd rather stay at home

among the farmers it was like that

they even wanted me to marry a rich farmer

my parents would have loved to see that

even more work!

discovering oneself

there was a time when people used to value something like that

it was like that

thereby

life is full of occurrences

you can see it too

and everyone has to take it like that  
the way one has begun, one has to go on  
and now, at the end  
I am old

it is difficult  
it is hard  
to master life properly  
you can't always take care of everything

there are times,  
when you should be sad  
but you can't be sad all the time!  
you have to throw everything from a mountain  
throw everything from a mountain and into a valley  
they used to say  
the sadness  
that's the way you have to do it  
then life becomes easier

inbetween there is a face  
how arrogant I was back then  
what pride and  
actually I came into the world quite rich  
I thought, the whole world was mine  
I could do everything  
I actually had delusions  
that really was a really good clout behind the ears  
you discover, what's in you  
suddenly a void  
all friends and suitors run away  
from such a monster  
that was really monstrous

this half  
on this side I was the same  
Picasso  
a different person  
maybe it reflects my soul too  
you can also become such a monster through drink  
destroy yourself  
more than just physically, I think..

without pain

the dialect was  
almost unbearable  
because it confined me so much to that place

and I wanted to get away  
probably from the dialect too  
from this  
sticky dependency  
gooey warmth

When they were making hay  
there was a pond  
and there were young girls  
who were spending the nights in the barn above  
and they always went to the pond,  
to comb their hair and to wash  
they had long hair  
and people said from afar: "Witches!"  
"There are the witches..."  
that's how it became "witches' pond" to this day  
they are still talking about it  
but they were no witches  
merely girls, brushing their hair

and washing a little

spending the nights in the loft of the barn,  
where they stored the hay

My mother said,  
they used to tell her

long before,

yes, that was a long time ago  
nowadays such things no longer happen  
those people must surely have been hallucinating

No!

There was something!

You think, they would vividly recount things,  
That never were?

they've imagined it like that

No!

as if I had no face at all

look!

what followed...

at that point I already had to make my decision, so to speak

for life

it's a long time ago, that we were kids

ages

for a time, when we were children,  
we used to believe in things like that

the "Wild Danger" in the night

"don't go outside!"

the "Wild Danger" seizes you, carries you away..

you won't find home anymore  
starving to death

wild animals grab you

nowadays, there is none of that anymore



they thought we were stupid

dumb

isn't it awful, this weather

Is he going to look for wild mushrooms?

in this weather...

hard luck, it's raining on his only day off

yes, she is a disbeliever

she always says: "there is no such thing"

yes, but she says, she herself has been afraid,

of the wretched souls....

that is a contradiction

I'm not afraid of the wretched souls...

I pray to them every day

and she says, that she doesn't believe in it,  
but she is scared of it...

I believe in it!

one has to believe ...

that there is another world...

yes, sure...

not- as they say-: "there is simply nothing" ...

One has to believe, that there is something after all!

that's what I think...

What would be the point of suffering?

where would

I'm thinking of my brothers

where would all the memories go,  
all the dreams, all hope, you ever had...

that it all ends in the grave

that's just not possible...

not possible...

all the desperation, all the bothers in life...

All in vain?

that just can't be

don't you think, that it is their own conscience?

No, no!

thumping and kicking up a breeze..

seems to me

that you imagine something like that

and say to the others:

tonight I have heard some noise

a shot or something

if it wasn't reality, my dear!

everyone has their name on it..

every cook...

wanted it...

that was also my brother's name, how strange

standing here, one looks like Christ..

like a crucifixion...

that has something to do with the nails,  
with the Passion

If you hold on to these two things here,  
then it is like a crucifixion....look!

you only have to do this

I don't arrange anything, because I don't know, if they are going to come

I could never say that...

"have you eaten enough?

Do you want some more of it?

I already refused that when I was eight

Piero beat me, but it didn't work  
I didn't want to, in the dining hall

rather the whole trouble down there in the kitchen,  
than this false servile behaviour

I can't do it

Come on in!

it is very steep

Watch out!

this is the loo

now we are going up to the hayloft...

Don't touch!

they are waiting, somehow

as it was in the beginning, Is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen

the first place, where they searched for me,  
was here

whenever something wasn't right  
for them- then I was around here

That's where I was then, sleeping for hours –

It was like a balm

a salve

to the soul

from the village, from Plodn...one goes away

because I thought:  
there will always be an alternative -

to the village, to the Bellavista

maybe also to death

I saw myself like an ant in a funnel

I ran up to the brink there

then I acted, as if I had fallen down into it

somehow they are not here

that's why I have no use for the cemetery

they are still

it is a perversion

these stones

Isn't life hard enough?

Somehow one of them got punished

the other one didn't have the courage,  
to imagine another reality

there you are like a

...his creature

his naked creature

there you can speak more forthright

it is also easier,  
to feel a bit of humility

vests, tissues

articles for ladies, panty hoses

socks, knee-lengths and other stuff

when we were kids it was like a game for us

like a fable

how can one ever forget the magic  
of a midnight mass on christmas eve

we were really young then

and then

to be made to perceive collectively

that was

Heaven is probably only  
the absence of this suffering

of this pain

that is heaven then

simply the hope,  
that everything is not in vain

but that still remains open for me

whether we need God

only because of fear

it is strange

here, for example, my grandfather died

the dreams of parents, of family...

of childhood, of a normal life

they were only dreams really

which were

annihilated very fast

and then there are the children's cheerful voices of

here my brother shot himself into the mouth

now everything is over

it will soon be Christmas

today is the fourteenth

yesterday was Holy Lucia

at the Comelico there was a celebration

because she is a saint of the church

she is said to be good for the eyes

but that's all nonsense

none of that helps

Holy Mary, Mother of God,  
pray for us sinners,  
now and at the hour of our death.  
Amen.

the Lord is with thee,  
blessed art thou amongst women,  
and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus.

Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done,  
On Earth as it is in heaven...

the way home

the arduous way back

when everything still seems far away

- yes! ... yes! ...

I am here already

you know something?

you always give in

I just don't want quarrels

they exploit this weakness

if everyone acted like that, as weak as you

That is not true!

you always say to me, I only look after Lori

she should stop it and just go upstairs

the latest studies have indicated  
that the ship had changed direction unexpectedly

the wreck of the Andrea Doria is still surrounded by many mysteries

since 1981 many divers have lost their lives, going down to a depth of 70 meters and lower

the two trials that followed have brought to light,

that the calamity had been caused by fog

great political men- writers, poets, historians-  
have established Rome as a cultural center

her large army has also turned Rome into a military centre

For a while I had thought:  
Plodn as fate

Home as fate

Dialect as fate

looks like Rimini  
that is again the touristic aspect

there are only pictures of me in the kitchen  
in lieu of my brother

I can only see myself being in the kitchen

all the time

eternally

practically without a place of retreat

where escape was no longer possible

What are you to do?

you have to pretend not to pay any attention to it

continue struggling

there is no saint for that

that is the way it goes

now

I am done

there you have it

look, how beautiful

look, how beautiful, my stocking

I am done

look, how precise

look, how beautiful

(trailer:)

with:

Giuliana Pachner  
Bernardina Piller-Puicher  
Erminia Colle Tiz  
Barbara Pachner  
Diana Pachner  
Gino Sacco Comis  
Luigi Kratter  
Marina Casanova Borca  
Kaur Jasvir  
Nadejda Khrolenko  
Alexander Khrolenko  
Cecilia Piller Rosina  
Eugenio Fauner  
Marco Soravia Puicher  
Maurizio Piller Roner  
Andrea Polencic  
Luca Kratter  
Giuseppina Pachner-Quinz  
Giorgio Piller Puicher  
Musikkapelle Maria Luggau  
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Pina Piller Hoffer  
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Maurizio Kratter  
Simona Kratter  
Bar Alpino, Sappada  
Gianni Pachner

Translations:

Giuliana Pachner  
Julia Hofer  
Maria Schreiner

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Gerhard Kastler

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Re-Recording:

Listo-Video, Vienna

Linguistic supervision:

Maria Hornung

Production management:



Susanne Schreiner  
Gerhard Kastler

Camera, sound, editing:  
Peter Schreiner

Concept and realisation:  
Peter Schreiner  
In collaboration with  
Giuliana Pachner

echt.zeit.film, Vienna

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