

Maksa trazi burt, dio I

MAKSA: Hey guys, pa sam u veliki trouble zapao što već celo večer lutam po Špitzburgu I tražim antret od burta koju mi je rekomandirao moji vodika Štiv iz Iksiastona. Pri tu sam nekako naišao pa lutao a baš nikako da nađem. Hej, evo ide polismen. On će sigurno znati za taj burt. Njega ću ja pitati jer znam ja Amerikanski divaniti ka srebra. Hmm hmm, Mister policeman.

POLICE: Vel, vat is da trouble?

MAKSA: Me come tonight first time in my life dis place Špitzburg. Me got address here no can find. See? Slavisch burdinghouse number thirteen Pennsylvania Ave.

POLICE: I don't know vat chu vant. I can't understand you.

MAKSA: Votsa matter you can no ferštej? Me speakum prti gud English.

POLICE: Vot is da matter vit chu? Are you Hunky?

MAKSA: No mister, me Serbian.

POLICE: Vot, are you Siberian? Russian? Bolsheviki?

MAKSA: No mister no, me Serbian.

POLICE: Aha, you are Syrian.

MAKSA: Yes mister yes. Me good fella. Me no Bolsheviki.

POLICE: Aw right now, let's see your address. Hah that's thirteen Pennsylvania Avenue. That's the Slavisch boardinghouse. You just go in da alley dere across da street and knock at da door.

MAKSA: Thank you mister polismen, thank you. Ej lepo ti je to kad čovek zna Amerikanski divaniti. Lako ti je onda proći svuda i danju i noću. Čuje, čuješ. Danas bila perda ili je kakva krštenje. Baš izgleda da sam dobro naišao. Oj majko, držte sada.

*Šalaj šalaj pa šalaj, sjela Đura na tramvaj  
da se vozi u barake, da ju ljube bake šalaj  
Gledaj majko kakav je napio se rakija  
napio se šljivovice, pa me ljubi lice šalaj*

MAKSA: Hej, baš lepo peva. Ako je to burdingbašica bit će meni lepo ovde.

Maksa looks for a boardinghouse, part 1

MAKSA: Hey guys, I've fallen into some big trouble. I've been wandering around Pittsburgh all evening looking for the address of the boardinghouse that my foreman Steve from Ixiastone recommended to me. Now somehow, I've wound up here and I just can't seem to find it. But here comes a policeman. Surely, he will know of that boardinghouse. I'll ask him because I know how to talk American just like silver. Hmm hmm, Mister policeman.

POLICE: Well, what is the trouble?

MAKSA: Me come tonight first time in my life this place Pittsburgh. Me got address here no can find. See? Slavisch burdinghouse number thirteen Pennsylvania Ave.

POLICE: I don't know what you want. I can't understand you.

MAKSA: What's the matter, you can no *ferštej*? Me speak pretty good English.

POLICE: What is the matter with you? Are you Hunky?

MAKSA: No mister, me Serbian.

POLICE: What, are you Siberian? Russian? Bolshevik?

MAKSA: No mister no, me Serbian.

POLICE: Aha, you are Syrian.

MAKSA: Yes, mister yes. Me good fella. Me no Bolshevik.

POLICE: Aw right now, let's see your address. Hah that's thirteen Pennsylvania Avenue. That's the Slavisch boardinghouse. You just go in the alley there across the street and knock at the door.

MAKSA: Thank you mister policemen, thank you. Hey, it's nice when a fellow knows how to talk American. Then it's easy to go anywhere by day and by night. Listen to that! There must've been a party today or some sort of a christening. It looks like I've found a good place. Oh Mama, hold onto yourself now!

*Šalaj šalaj pa šalaj, Georgie got on the streetcar  
to go to the barracks, so the grannies can kiss her  
Look Ma how he is, he got drunk on brandy  
he got drunk on plum brandy, and he's kissing my face*

MAKSA: Hey, she sings beautifully! If that's the landlady, it'll be great for me here.

*Transcription and translation by Richard March*