

HOTEL HATE

Brit Jensen

HateFree Culture

00:00

Clarinet - computer starting - keyboard sounds

BRIT NARRATION: I have an old, thick, heavy notebook. Silverish. I carry it with me everywhere. Recently, an IT man called it a tractor.

I have a folder on this computer with three sounds.

// volume button on PC – clarinet //

BRIT NARRATION: For many years, I did not know what to do with them. Sometimes I thought I would simply delete the folder. Right click, confirm and it's gone. But I never did it. Somehow I sensed that the shame wouldn't go away just like that.

And now it seems to me the best way to finally and forever get rid of these sounds is to play them. And that is what is going to happen now. You will hear them and they will thus become mist, disappear above us like hot air.

// clarinet //

// footsteps //

01:15

BRIT NARRATION: It's the year 2017.

Magdalena: I didn't sleep a wink.

Brit: I dreamt about it all night.

Magdalena: Me too, I looked at my phone at 3 AM and I couldn't fall asleep after that.

Brit: Really?

Magdalena: Yeah.

BRIT NARRATION: This is a recording from the morning after.

Magdalena: It's disgusting, like someone threw a bucket of filth at us, you know?

BRIT NARRATION: I am sitting on a white hotel bed with my friend and colleague Magdalena.

Magdalena: I had to wash my hands for a long time, because he touched me, right.

BRIT NARRATION: We are here participating in a radio festival, but now we are trying to recover from something completely different.

Brit: Well, let's just try to say what happened here – so we have it on record.

// clarinet //

Magdalena: Ok.

Brit: Should I say it or do you want to?

Magdalena: Well...

02:07

BRIT NARRATION: We were staying at hotel Flora in Olomouc, on the ninth floor.

Magdalena: We just came back from the pool.

Brit: To the hotel.

Magdalena: To the hotel.

BRIT NARRATION: It was Tuesday afternoon and we went swimming after a day at the festival.

Magdalena: We came into our room.

BRIT NARRATION: It was shortly after 8 PM.

Magdalena: We were pretty tired so you said: "I'm gonna go pay for the pool." And you left in, like, ten seconds. You just took your wallet and went downstairs.

Brit: Right.

Magdalena: And then I heard some: "Cunts, cunts" from the corridor. I thought: "Is someone shouting out there, what's going on?" I opened the door and he said: "I heard some loud banging, someone was slamming doors here." It didn't even occur to me that it was meant for us and I said: "I didn't hear anything" and I shut the door.

02:53

BRIT NARRATION: I heard him too on my way to the elevator but I assumed it didn't have anything to do with us. I went down and paid for the pool in the underground wellness centre.

Magdalena: Then you came back from the pool. // door // You closed the door again and he blew up again.

Brit: Right away.

Magdalena: Immediately.

Brit: I didn't even get as far as the hotel room table and there was banging on the door. // banging // So I opened the door. I saw him and I realized there was no way of talking with him.

BRIT NARRATION: The stranger was angry. // banging // He was standing too close and he started to insult me immediately.

Brit: And I think I said something like: "You know what?"

Magdalena: Yeah, exactly.

Brit: Then I just wanted to shut the door and at that moment when I started to close it he just leaned into it and he started ramming himself into our room, right?

03:45

BRIT NARRATION: I lunge at the door and push with all my strength. At the same time a thousand thoughts run through my head: Who is he, what does he want, how are we going to protect ourselves if he gets in?

Magdalena: But he was really strong. You almost got pushed off that door, right?

Brit: Right.

Magdalena: And you're quite sporty...

BRIT NARRATION: I push with both my arms, I lean against the door with everything I have. But I can feel my feet being slowly pushed back on the carpet.

Magdalena: You could see that it was really violent...

Brit: He was just pushing so hard, he just wanted to get into the room, our room.

Magdalena: Yeah.

BRIT NARRATION: I can feel him on the other side of the door. Then Magda joins me, she starts pushing next to me and finally the door clicks close.

// door click //

04:30

Magdalena: Then I started saying: "We have to call the police, we have to call the police."

BRIT NARRATION: But we are panicking. We don't know the number. Then Magda finds a phone number for the reception in some hotel folder.

Magdalena: So, then I called the reception and the receptionist said: "Yes, this man has already made a complaint about you." And I said: "But we're afraid of him. We're here on the ninth floor." He said: "Come downstairs, come down, I'll protect you." I said: "How are you going to protect us when we're on the ninth floor and you're at the reception?" He said: "Come downstairs, I'm a strong man, I'll protect you."

Brit: He really said that?

Magdalena: Yeah, he said something like that.

Brit: That's interesting because then he didn't protect us at all, right?

Magdalena: Not at all.

05:10

// elevator //

BRIT NARRATION: When we come down to the reception the same man is already standing there, a beer in his hand. Apparently, he managed to buy it in the restaurant before we gathered ourselves and got downstairs. He is immediately rude to us. The whole situation is incomprehensible to me. I don't understand who this man is, what he wants, but mainly, I just feel unsafe. A thought occurs to me, that he might have a knife, he might be on drugs. The only protection I can think of is to record it on my phone.

Brit: I'm recording this, just so you know, all right?

Man: Just act like you're not here alone, that's all.

Magdalena: So, you assaulted us, so we're calling the police.

Man: No no, you assaulted me and I'm calling the police.

Brit: Physically?

Magdalena: This man was trying to get into our room and he assaulted Brit.

Brit: I had to push back, he was pushing the door.

Man: By the way, you have to have permission for recording.

Brit: I told you I was recording, you know about it and you can leave. I don't need to talk to you at all.

Man: Czech Radio, I'll find you there and I'll report this to your boss.

Brit: You know, I'm just recording our conversation with the receptionist. We didn't ask you to come here.

06:30

BRIT NARRATION: The receptionist suggests a solution. Magda and I can move to another floor.

Magdalena: And why should we as victims move anywhere?

Man: Lesbian victims!

BRIT NARRATION: And there it is. That's the sound. Sound number 1 from the silver notebook.

Receptionist: I'll just ask...

Magdalena: You have cameras, you can see right now what happened. How he was trying to force himself into our room, how he was pushing the door against Brit as he was trying to get into our room.

Man: Brit? Yeah, Brit's also a dog food.

Receptionist: Just a moment. I called the janitor for...

Man: I'm not gonna be bothered by some lesbian passions. I want to get some sleep, I work unlike you.

Receptionist: Can I sort this out somehow?

Man: By the way, you ladies get paid from my taxes, just so you realise. Call the police.

Receptionist: Should I call the police then?

Man: Of course!

07:21

BRIT NARRATION: I remember looking straight at the reception desk in front of me. I just want it to stop.

Man: If you're not willing to sort this out, we'll just have to do it like this.

BRIT NARRATION: If I don't say anything, it has to stop.

Man: I have an expensive room, the most expensive one here, and I won't be bothered by your lesbian problems. I want to sleep, period.

BRIT NARRATION: I also wonder if the receptionist and the rest of the passers-by believe what the man is saying and think that me and Magda are a couple. And if that's the reason why no one is helping us. Why no one says anything to the rude man.

Magdalena: Why are you attacking me, why are you touching me?

Man: I'm touching the phone.

[short unintelligible part where they all speak at once]

Magdalena: Go away!

Man: I don't consent to being recorded.

Brit: He's already assaulted us once and we can't get away from him.

08:19

BRIT NARRATION: But the man does not stop. On the contrary, he keeps getting closer and closer.

Brit: I don't want to be recording you, I want to be recording here...

Man: So turn it off, turn it off.

Brit: I want you to get away from us.

Man: I'll find out your names and I'll complain about you to Czech Radio.

Brit: You've already assaulted me once.

Man: I didn't assault you. You're a bigger man than I am and I'm not gonna be dealing with this here.

Brit: Can't you get him away from us?

Magdalena: He was trying to break into our room and now this!

08:46

BRIT NARRATION: The words: "You're a bigger man than I am" stayed with me for a long long time after the incident. They are the definition of shame. As if in one sentence this horrid man uncovered and proved everything I had been afraid of. That I am not woman enough, not human enough, that there is something wrong with me and I basically have no value. Here in front of the receptionist, Magdalena and a few random men, who must be waiting to finally check into this wonderful hotel.

Receptionist: I am sorry that this situation happened.

// music //

Receptionist: Now, they're here, they're coming in.

BRIT NARRATION: The Olomouc Police are fast, they arrive in five minutes.

Receptionist: Thank you for coming, these guests had a problem with this guest, they were arguing.

Magdalena: This man assaulted us.

BRIT NARRATION: I don't feel in danger anymore and I want to turn off the recording on my phone. „Keep him away from me please, because he assaulted me and I don't want him here“... And the last words my phone records:

Man: They're lesbians, they're lesbians.

// clarinet //

BRIT NARRATION: Then we try to explain to the police that we are not a couple and that that is not what this is all about. We still don't know what it actually is about. Then colleagues from Czech Radio come and help us move into another hotel.

// clarinet //

10:30

Lenka: We were sitting with some friends in a pub in Žižkov.

BRIT NARRATION: Lenka

Lenka: We were just talking, sitting at a table, us three girls. It was a pub where most people were middle-aged men. But there were also a few women, mostly there with their male partners. And

we'd had about two small beers when a man came to us, he wanted us to have shots with him at the bar. And he kept bothering us at our table, he was leaning over my chair so close that he was touching my cheek. And I told him to go away, to stop, that we were not interested. And all my friends said: "No, thank you, we're not interested." But he kept standing there so I just told him: "No, really, stop it." And I said it in a strict tone: "Go away, we are not interested." And that made him angry, he went back to the bar and shouted at the whole pub: "What a bitch." - "What a bitch, who does she think she is?" And no one raised an eyebrow, everyone just carried on. The pub got silent for a moment and then they all started talking again. And I thought, I can't let this be, it's so humiliating and no one stood up for me. I got really angry and I got up with the small beer and I went to the bar and said: "What did you say? What did you say?" And he said: "That you're a bitch." So I threw the beer in his face.

Now I was waiting for some reaction, I guess from all the bystanders, but instead I heard the bartender saying: "You spilled it on me!" because he got hit by a few drops. But the man was already holding me by the neck and he dragged me aside. He held me by the neck with one hand and with the other he was painfully groping my breast. It was so humiliating. And he started to yell at me. And not one, not one of the other men got up. My friend ran over and hung on his arm saying: "Leave her alone! Leave her alone!" He just pushed her away and she fell on the ground and no one said a word. But by that time he had let go of me, he just held my shawl, because he was now focused on my friend, and I approached a nearby table, because they say that if you don't ask directly for help, no one is going to help you. So I went to the closest table and I said to the men: "You saw this, why don't you do something, why don't you say something to him?" And they said: "We didn't hear anything. We don't know what he said to you." I said: "That's impossible, he was holding me by my neck right there, he pushed her to the ground, what is this?" "Oh, we don't know about any of that, sort that out between yourselves." And instead of throwing that man out, the bartender told us to go away. Like, to stop creating conflict and go away. The beers are on the house, but go away.

// music //

Lenka: Then I called my boyfriend, crying. I suddenly understood why girls feel shame after being raped. It just seemed to hit me so personally. There was nothing to be ashamed of, but I was ashamed to say it because it just seemed so intimate.

// music //

// door //

14:20

Magdalena: Come.

Voice: Hello.

Magdalena and Brit: Hello.

BRIT NARRATION: The next day I am afraid of the man from the Flora Hotel.

Magdalena: We have this problem. Yesterday we were assaulted in the Flora Hotel and we didn't find out who attacked us, so we'd like to know his name.

Policeman: Please just wait one moment.

Magdalena: We'll wait.

BRIT NARRATION: I have no idea who he is and why he attacked us, especially me, and if I should be worried that he would come after me again.

// bells //

14:50

Brit: Okay, so we just came out of the police station.

Magdalena: Yeah, we couldn't record in there, but we found out his name, which is the same as one famous Czech actor and he lives in a village near Prague.

Brit: You've already googled him, haven't you?

Magdalena: I googled him and he is even a CSc. That means Candidate of Science, so he can't be completely stupid.

Brit: Mmm. It feels good to know who he is, right?

Magdalena: Yeah, it's kind of fair, isn't it?

Brit: I mostly wonder if he knew us, knew me, and if he purposefully aimed at me, or if it was just a coincidence.

// clarinet //

Brit: Uh!

15:38

// dog growling //

Kalibová: No, he doesn't bite. Stop growling, you.

BRIT NARRATION: What to do with a sound like Sound number 1?

Kalibová: Well.

BRIT NARRATION: There is something almost incredible in the Czech Republic.

Kalibová: I am Klára Kalibová, a lawyer and director of the In IUSTITIA organisation.

BRIT NARRATION: An organisation, where lawyers and social workers help the victims of hate crimes for free.

Kalibová: Our clients are people who were assaulted for being different. So usually people assaulted for their skin colour, faith, sexual orientation or disability. As to the forms of assault, we have cases of verbal assault, stalking, social media stalking, physical assault and physical assault resulting in death and murder.

16:33

// Train station atmosphere //

BRIT NARRATION: I decide to report the incident to the offence committee.

Brit: I'm going to Olomouc.

BRIT NARRATION: That means repeatedly going to Olomouc for interviews and also meeting that man again.

Brit: And it gives me stomach aches.

BRIT NARRATION: I am only able to manage it thanks to the fact that I am represented by In IUSTITIA. The whole process takes fifteen months.

Magdalena: So, after a year we're back in Olomouc.

Brit: Yeah.

BRIT NARRATION: Summer 2018, the man from the hotel is found guilty of offence against civil coexistence and is fined 500 crowns. But he appeals and the appellate authority finds that there were many process faults in the offence proceedings and the whole thing goes back to the beginning to the offence committee in Olomouc. But it is not reviewed again in time limit and so the whole case expires.

// clarinet //

BRIT NARRATION: At the end of it all, I am left with the sound: Sound number 1, which Magdalena and I named Hotel Hate.

17:52

// TV jingle //

BRIT NARRATION: Year 2021, Sound number 2.

Presenter: After three years of delays and hours of heated debate, members of parliament gave gay and lesbian marriage a chance yesterday and the proposal will proceed to a second reading. In some parts of the world it is commonplace, in others it is a complete taboo, and in this country it is another issue that divides society. Is marriage a right or a privilege? What does marriage as such actually represent...

BRIT NARRATION: My friend Katka got invited to speak as a sociologist on TV.

Presenter: Kateřina Nedbálková, a sociologist from the Department of Sociology at Masaryk University in Brno, has accepted our invitation to participate in Friday's Interview.

Katka: Good afternoon.

// jingle //

18:37

Presenter: Is marriage for everyone?

Katka: This is a question to which it is difficult to give a clear answer, at least from a sociological point of view. Sociology can offer insight into how marriage or the family has changed historically and what new forms it is taking.

// jingle //

// car door //

Brit: Uh, ouch!

BRIT NARRATION: In response to the interview, a handful of expressively homophobic emails landed in her inbox. Now we are heading north to talk to one of the senders.

Katla: He writes: "Dear Madam Associate Professor, I am sorry to address you, but I must. I happened to see an interview with you on the issue of sexless marriage, and unfortunately, I was disappointed. I recognise that gays and lesbians do not have it easy. But no matter how anyone rationalises it, it is a perversion of the natural order. We need to tolerate it, because in a way it is not the fault of those afflicted. But why do they have Pride Parades? What do they have to be proud of? They are perverts and they can be glad we tolerate them. So why are they bragging about it? They have always been faggots and in today's wannabe democratic society they brag about being gay."

// traffic and an ambulance in the background //

BRIT NARRATION: My Danish friend Rosa is worried about us. She said that we should really consider this plan. We have no idea who this person is, yet we are going to his home. "And," Rosa says, "talking to haters usually ends badly. They always end up being kind of nice people who never intended on doing anything bad. The whole thing gets relativized, but the hate remains."

// car music - car moving - car stops - keys //

20:34

Brit: Let's go.

Brit: Oh wow, the wind.

BRIT NARRATION: We came to a half empty asphalt rest place at the edge of a small village.

Katka and Brit: Good afternoon.

Mr Procházka: Good afternoon ladies, I'm glad to see you.

Katka: Same to you, hello.

Mr Procházka: Good to meet you, come in. Catch your breath first, would you like coffee or tea?

BRIT NARRATION: Mr Procházka lives alone.

20:59

Mr Procházka: Are you in a hurry?

Katka and Brit: Not at all.

Mr Procházka: I'm really very happy to have you here. Take a seat, I have a bit of an old bachelor place here.

Katka: Oh, we used to have one just like that at home.

Mr Procházka: Yes, I also have this...

BRIT NARRATION: There is a wooden wall from the seventies and huge crates in the living room.

Mr Procházka: Coffee or tea?

Katka: We'll take some coffee, please.

Brit: Yes, thank you, black please.

Mr Procházka: All right.

21:26

Mr Procházka: I admit, I'm always here alone, even though I visit my wife for the weekend or something. But we can't be together because I carry the watering can wrong, when I go water the garden, you know. So we agreed to each have our own life, but we go to family gatherings together. We have a sort of an Italian marriage. I sometimes feel sad in the evenings alone, but I have my own regime, my own life, she does too. And I mention this because when I'm alone and especially when there's this, not cuntvirus, but coronavirus, to be polite, I regularly buy vitamins, as I told my GP. That means beer, right. And sometimes I buy some antidepressants. I prefer Demi-Sec. But I drink it in the evening and then I feel as smart as the radio. I turn on the TV and I channel surf a bit, a bit of sport and some such, and that day, there was a debate in the parliament about these marriages – single-sex – and then they were talking about adoption. And as I was switching channels I found on Prima TV an interview on this topic with Mrs Associate Professor here.

Katka: ČT24 wasn't it?

Mr Procházka: Or ČT, I'm not sure now... But I know you were there for an interview at around half past six. So I listened to it for a while and I thought: "Damn, such an educated woman, she's right. But this, if they're thinking about the children, not only"... Because you were talking mostly about the partners, the adults, but the children, well... And I couldn't finish watching it to the end. I turned it off and I thought: "Damn, such educated people, but that's the time we live in." Today is really is like that, what used to be the obverse is now the reverse... just think about it.

Brit: So, you do this often, that you write to people when you see something you disagree with on the TV?

Mr Procházka: No, not very often, but sometimes, when I take the "antidepressant" and it gets me mad, then I do. You know, I feel angry at myself the next day. I say to myself: "I'd better turn the computer off," because, sometimes it's just such bullshit..

23:55

Katka: If you were to remember what you wrote to me, could you? Or you just wrote it and now...

Mr Procházka: I have it saved, you can see it...

Katka: I believe you, but I read it before we came here. But is it something you write and then you think: "Oh, did I really write that? I won't look at it anymore, because I was..."

Mr Procházka: I was sorry for it, like I said. But look: partly I was satisfied. I wrote my opinion. I wrote about what I don't like in this society.

// music //

Mr Procházka: Look at it like this, you're dealing with this single-sex life. Look, to be honest, when I was a teenager, that kind of person was a pervert for us, we made fun of them and that's it. I'm just saying that it's not normal. Human kind always has a male and a female. But every rule has exceptions, as they say, and that counts also for human life. So these people just have it in them, I'm not judging them for it. They just have it in them, it's not their fault, they're just trying to live with it. You know, I've learned, and a lot of people have, to tolerate it. I mostly mind how some people show off too much. I mean, why do they do Pride Parades? We of course respect it, they might be proud that they can stomach it, I don't know. This makes me angry, I feel that we're degenerating, right. That we're making up crap that used to be normal, and so...

25:32

Brit: And what if what used to be normal was hurtful for a lot of people for many years?

Mr Procházka: The question is, was it hurtful? People took it as it was, it was normal. Take America, there you touch a girl like this and it's sexual harassment.

Brit: Well, if it happened...

Mr Procházka: And here, even if you haven't seen each other in years. Even if you're not married, you jump at each other and kiss, even adults, right.

Katka: They also do that in America, but there's a difference when, for example, at work, in a hospital someone slaps a nurse's ass, which used to happen all the time, and the nurses...

Brit: Never liked it.

Katka: Do you think it feels good?

Mr Procházka: I don't know, I can't really judge this. I don't know. But with us it used to be a kind of joke. You know, after work, you just slapped her and she was glad someone gave her attention, I don't know.

// music //

26:36

Mr Procházka: My point is, that it should not go into extremes, ie. that people who have a normal marriage are perverts. If I say an extreme example.

Katka: And you think that could?

Mr Procházka: Well, I don't know. But when you look where everything is going, it's hard to tell. I can't judge it. When I take the "antidepressant", I'm an old know-it-all. But tell me why do they want to stop putting gender on IDs? It just seems that we're dealing with, I don't know....

Brit: To me it seems that we're a developed society that addresses issues concerning minorities.

Mr Procházka: Well, I think it's not a developed society. I think it's, as I said, a society that's degenerating.

// atmosphere changes //

27:31

Eva: Generally speaking the work environment was interesting because it was so noble, intellectual, we discussed beauty...

BRIT NARRATION: Eva

Eva: ... and literature, poetry and such. I wrote some text then, but it was very general. And then one of my noble colleagues started coming at me with very vulgar words, I couldn't believe my eyes. Although I have experience from manual work environments, I was never, at thirty five years old – it doesn't actually matter how old I was – I was never shouted at like that. That I'm some frustrated menopausal cow. It shocked me so much, I wasn't ready for that at all, I wasn't able to give an adequate reaction. Even though the door was closed, which was seemingly prepared so that the incident would have no witnesses, people could hear it outside. So people asked me after what had happened.

Eva: It's a situation that's completely outside of any standard social situation. It's an attack on your body, on your intimate matters that you usually keep hidden. Be it your breasts or, I don't know, beauty standards, who's attractive and who isn't. Those things are so individual, personal and intimate that I think it's completely inappropriate to comment on them. In your shock you're just totally defenceless. You freeze and you don't want to give into it, escalate the vulgarities more. It's incredibly hard. At the same time I often thought: "If only I had fought back more." I was retrospectively accusing myself of how much I could have been the cause of those situations, that those men sometimes treated me like that.

// clarinet //

Mr Procházka: I admit, that I do think that many of these kids from single-sex marriages might have a better life than in many classical families. But how would the other children take it, right?

Katka: It's interesting that you don't think that it's up to the adults to react to these things. Like, when you said that you were a leader of these children's groups, that is a role in which people should make things right. When you see that they're bullying someone because they're fat or have glasses.

Mr Procházka: I do that, but like I said, who knows if the upbringing can manage it. Of course, personally when I see them acting like that I call them out, I sort them out.

// music //

Mr Procházka: Like I said, I'm not trying to decide based on if the person is black or white, lesbian or some such. I just evaluate people based on who they are, at least I try to.

// music changes - car - satnav //

30:50

BRIT NARRATION: We changed Mr Procházka's name on his request, but we know his real name. We wanted to record interviews with other senders of even worse emails, but they refused. Thus, I only have one interview on my computer. Sound number 2, Mr Procházka and his faggots.

// clarinet //

Aneta: What happened was that my girlfriend attacked me, she slapped me several times.

BRIT NARRATION: Aneta

Aneta: ... I called the police to get her out of my flat. Three policemen arrived at our place. I was lying on the bed and the policemen started insulting me. They called me a faggot in thongs. One of them pulled out a phone and started recording a video and said he'd put it on Facebook and so on. I was defending myself verbally, and I did use indiscriminate language. I said that they were faggots, not me. And one of the policemen couldn't hold himself back, he jumped on me and slapped me on the bed. Then the second one hit me with a fist twice. I was in complete shock, complete shock. And the policemen left and that was that.

Before, about five or six years ago when I was living as a man, nothing like this had ever happened to me, never. And by making my life-long dream of becoming a woman come true, by working on making it, these conflicts started to happen.

33:16

Aneta: I was in a parking incident, for example. I drive a lot. And once a man, whose parking spot I'd taken, got out of his car, came to my car window and said: "You cunt, you rusty cunt, what do you think you're doing?" And he started assaulting me like that. Because he had no idea I was transsexual. I completely froze at that moment, I locked myself in the car in case he wanted to take it further. And on the one hand I felt flattered because he identified me as a woman and had no idea I was transsexual. On the other hand, as a woman, he humiliated me so much because of a totally pointless issue. I was really afraid, I was afraid that he would attack me. I had to lock myself in the car and wait until he left and I couldn't see him anymore. But the disrespect towards women from people who don't identify me as transsexual, which is most people. Usually they don't until I speak, since my voice is still pretty masculine. So, unless I speak, people usually don't identify me as someone who used to be a man. And these conflicts... Sometimes I'm just afraid to speak during those conflicts.

// clarinet //

35:14

BRIT NARRATION: What now? The sounds are piling up. We have one last sound from the silver notebook. And, surprisingly, here I can offer you something like a happy end.

BRIT NARRATION: It is a recent recording from autumn 2022, on a train on our way to Berlin, almost by accident. Katka and I were sitting in the dining car and eating a shared apple strudel. I turned on the recording just to capture the dining car's atmosphere. I do that sometimes because I like collecting sounds.

Man on train: Oh dude...

BRIT NARRATION: Soon after a man sitting close to us started to curse and swear into his phone.

Brit: What do you remember? I turned on the recording...

Katka: And I started noticing him more and more because he was talking on his phone really loudly and I was curious what kind of a phone call it was. It kept escalating. At first, he was calling a person who kept saying he was going to see that cunt. He repeated that a few times, we were surprised, but we laughed it off. So that was one phone call. Then there was the second phone call, someone called him I think, and he immediately went on the offensive against the man on the phone. He told him that if he ever saw him in person he would bash his head in with a stone... then he mentioned the daughter, and that was almost too... I don't know if I even want to talk about it. I remember clearly what he said. It was something so awful, so vulgar. I could say it but it's so disgusting that it would feel like I actually said it. He told him to prepare his daughter, that he would fuck her. To prepare her so that her cunt wouldn't stink.

Man on train: After

37:27

Katka: Then I felt it was enough, I couldn't take any more, I couldn't stay seated.

Man on train: Look!

Katka: And keep silent next to such a man.

Man: You'll get beaten up anyway.

Katka: So when he stopped talking for a moment I said: "The way you are talking is really awful, you shouldn't talk like that." I was a bit curious about what would happen then. And the reaction was immediate.

Man on train: You like listening in on me, so you can just fucking sit somewhere else.

Katka: I can't listen to it.

Man: Then mind your own business, bitches. I also don't like that lesbians are sitting next to me, but do I say something?

BRIT NARRATION: And there it is, Sound number 3.

38:06

Katka: He repeated the word lesbian a few times.

Man on train: Get your teeth fixed faggot.

// announcement //

Man on train: And get some matching socks so you don't look like a loser. Well, don't come at me then, don't come at me.

Katka: He was trying to mobilise all kinds of stuff to attack us, to insult us.

Man on train: Mind your own business, I don't give a fuck about your faggot bullshit, you get it? Your stupid lesbian, you cunt... *[unintelligible]*

Brit: And did it get to you?

Katka: Well, it did. I guess it wasn't as much as if I had heard these things when I was thirteen, fourteen, fifteen. But it got to me and it stayed with me for some time, definitely the whole rest of the day. I don't feel that way now, but right after that, for the rest of the day the feeling was very intense. I kept looking at my teeth in the mirror, to see if they were crooked or not.

// clarinet //

39:16

BRIT NARRATION: But this time the end is very different.

Man on train: Just mind your own business.

Katka: The moment he said he also didn't like sitting next to lesbians, a waiter appeared and said that that wasn't alright and to stop it.

Brit: Yeah, he immediately tried to stop him. And when the man didn't stop, the waiter went to get the – what do you call them – the train conductor.

Katka: Conductor.

Brit: Conductor.

Katka: He got the conductor.

Brit: And the conductor came.

Katka: He came and started dealing with the man, but then the man again took up his cursing: "some fucking lesbians aren't gonna boss me around." And surprisingly the conductor strongly set the boundaries and said: "No, you can't talk like that." And he suggested the man leave the train.

Conductor: We would like you to get off the train on your own.

Man on train: Right, right.

40:14

Conductor: Shall we try it?

Man on train: No. Are you gonna come with me so I can punch you in the face?

Conductor: I won't come with you.

Man on train: I'll get off, you just watch out that I don't smash you on my way out okay?

Brit: Then he got off.

Katka: He got up and said okay but we don't know what happened next.

Brit: The waiter and the conductor reacted to those homophobic insults strongly, immediately and without hesitation.

Katka: Yeah.

Brit: It just happened like that.

// clarinet //

40:53

BRIT NARRATION: Three sounds flew out of my computer, through your ears into a shared space. Three sounds telling a small story of everyday hate, as I have seen it during the last three years. And then there is the large story. A story consisting of many more small hatreds. A story told by many women like Lenka, Eva and Aneta.

BRIT NARRATION: As for the file on my computer, I have sorted it out. My three sounds are not mine anymore, but ours. I can finally delete the file with a clear mind.

// sound of the computer trash file //

// singing //

“Old granny's going, old granny's going to town to sell fur. Old grandpa's throwing, old grandpa's throwing hard buns at her. She's quickly leaving, he's quickly chasing. She's in the attic, he's yelling at her, stop with the fussing. She's quickly leaving, he's quickly chasing. She's in the attic, he's yelling at her, stop with the fussing.”

42:24

BRIT NARRATION: The sounds for this documentary were collected and put together by me, Brit Jensen. I had other people working with me and helping me at all stages of recording and narration. Especially Kateřina Nedbálková, without whom this documentary could not exist. Magdalena Sodomková spent the evening with me at Hotel Hate in Olomouc and went through the whole offence proceedings with me. The attorneys and other staff from In IUSTITIA supported us legally and personally. Huge thanks to Lenka, Eva and Aneta for their trust and courage to share their personal experiences. And also to my friends Jeanne and Adéla, with whom I consulted repeatedly throughout the process. The music is from my daughter Tinka, who helped me find folk

songs and played them herself on clarinet and flute. Adam Voneš created the sound design and provided the mix. Lukáš Houdek worked on the documentary as a dramaturg. The documentary features the folk songs "Stará bába jede", "Utíkej, Káčo, utíkej" and "Ještě jsem se neoženil". We have changed the male voices in the documentary to preserve anonymity. In IUSTITIA offers free social services, legal information and representation to people affected by prejudiced violence. It has branches throughout the Czech Republic.